



# Shoestring Nomad

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Europe   North America   Central America and the Caribbean   South America   Asia   Africa  
Oceania

**Europe** <sup>43</sup>

**United Kingdom**

London

Scotland

**Ireland**

Dublin

**France**

Paris

Monaco

Belgium

**Netherlands**

Amsterdam

Luxembourg

**Germany**

Berlin

Austria

Switzerland

Liechtenstein

Denmark

Sweden

Norway

Finland

Iceland

**Spain**

Madrid

Barcelona

Portugal

Italy

San Marino

Malta

**Czech Republic**

Prague

Slovakia

**Poland**

Warsaw

**Hungary**

Budapest

Slovenia  
Estonia  
Latvia  
Lithuania  
Croatia  
Bosnia and Herzegovina  
Serbia  
Montenegro  
Kosovo  
Macedonia  
Albania

**Greece**

Athens  
  
Bulgaria  
Romania  
Moldova  
Ukraine  
Russia

**North America** <sup>3</sup>

**Canada**

Montreal

**United States**

New York City  
  
Mexico

**Central America and the Caribbean** <sup>8</sup>

Guatemala  
Belize  
El Salvador  
Honduras  
Costa Rica  
Panama  
Cuba  
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**South America** <sup>9</sup>

Colombia  
Venezuela  
Ecuador  
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Uruguay

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**Turkey**

Istanbul

**Georgia (country)**

Tbilisi

Armenia

Azerbaijan

Iran

Iraq

Syria

Lebanon

**Israel**

Jerusalem

Tel Aviv

Jordan

Saudi Arabia

Yemen

United Arab Emirates

Qatar

Bahrain

Kuwait

Afghanistan

Pakistan

India

Nepal

Bangladesh

Sri Lanka

Maldives

Kazakhstan

Kyrgyzstan

Tajikistan

Turkmenistan

Uzbekistan

Mongolia

**China**

Beijing

Hong Kong

Macao

Taiwan

North Korea

South Korea

Japan

Myanmar

Laos  
Vietnam  
Cambodia  
Thailand  
Malaysia  
Singapore  
Indonesia  
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Philippines  
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Morocco  
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Auckland

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Q H W P A I B C D E F G J K L M N O R S T U V X Y Z Ç

12 questions you never dared to ask

14 hours (and 17 minutes)

14.11, Wednesday

36 people on Thursday!

4 people on the road

6.8.10 Artwork

789 angel

789 - I wanna hitch with Frankenstein

99 problems are enough, right? Don't buy a car! And especially not with LR Cars

A bicycle ride to a Sustainable organic squatted farm

A free hug never comes too late

A journey in Leiden

A physical address for rent / mail forwarding

a room (to rent) for March, but maybe longer

A sense for dumpsters  
A shared experience  
a spot in someone's garden...?  
A typical internet month at the Casa  
A week in photos  
A weird veggie  
About Casa Robino  
Academy of Free Travel  
Action Camp Slideshow  
ad hoc squatted art exhibit  
Adan playing saturday 8-8-09  
All is Just Fine  
Alternative ways for artists to make a living  
Amnesty in Gaza  
AMS-MAS-AMS-MAS  
Amsterdam goes green  
an introduction to ham radio  
anarchism and the art of humor  
and i woke up  
Ang, Caro, and Ethan arriving today  
Anything is possible  
apache -> nginx  
apartment swap?  
Appreciation Portfolio  
Aris, so long  
Around the world, and back.  
arriving at Casa Robino with 2 Danes  
Art expo in Delft looking for help with dumpstered meal  
As if nothing changed ...  
Australian trash  
Back for a bit... And everything is just fine  
Back home!  
Back to Amsterdam  
back to my island  
Balcony Redesign and Happy Worms  
Bday on Saturday  
Beach  
because you learn more outside of the classroom.  
Benefiting From Waste-Based-Society  
Beware of the hugs  
BeWarned  
Bewelcome press-stuff done!  
Bibi on the Road  
Bicycle Benefits

Bicycle Bloopers  
Bicycle-Festival Cyclocamp  
bike fixing yeah  
Bike List  
Bike Lock Pancake & Tea Day  
bike notes  
bikes  
Biological Open Source  
Birds  
Boat Hitching INFO  
Bolognese  
Book recycling, books4life in Amsterdam  
Book search!  
Boulder, USA, housing projects  
breaking things  
brewing kombucha tea  
bringing plant-watering to a whole new level  
Bristol activism  
Brouwerij 't IJ for Beer!  
Bubble Bombs Chaos – Beach  
Build Your Own Farm - Free the Hardware!  
Bye casa!  
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Can't start early enough  
Casa Bike Locks  
casa catering crashes wedding party at ot-301  
Casa Christmas  
Casa Inspired Haiku!  
Casa Life (repost from paxus.wordpress.com)  
casa needs a (somekindof) maid  
Casa Reshaping Process  
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Casa Robino Retires  
Casa Robino Wiki is open...  
Casa South America  
Casa-Study on Dumpsterdiving :)  
Casa Style Peer Pressure  
Casa Update. Pindakaas with Sambal.  
Casa Wintersleep  
Casa?  
CasaLeipzig !?!  
Cat desinfector on the way  
Cave Man Charlie in distress!  
Chair fixingsz



Cheap Viagra! Cheap Viagra! Cheap Viagra!  
Child tale  
Circular photo of the Zula  
Clothes, KLEIDUNG, toej, Clothes.CLOTHES!!!!cloTHES, VETEMENTS, Kleding,CLOTHES!!!!  
CloudFlare  
Coitus interruptus  
coming and going's  
Coming Home  
Coming home  
Common shower, a mental painting  
Community asa projects, member integration, input  
Continuing on Rene's Story  
couchsurfing goes for profit - go go bewelcome!  
Coup de gueule: this website is not user friendly  
cradle-to-cradle: the third industrial revolution  
Create a Story  
creating it together  
Creative Communists  
Critical Mass! Pakistan  
Crossroads  
CS goes HC  
Current Hosts Block  
cycling for climate justice  
cycling for climate justice  
cycling for climate justice  
dancing in toronto  
Dank u Casa  
Danube  
dear dumpster fairy  
death of a plant  
Death Penalty internship  
Decentralization and Second Generation Social Networks... a seminal manifesto?  
delicious delicious  
Desde la casa  
dessert: vegan fruit and nut cake, from the dumpster  
destiny? I don't believe in that  
digesting uncooked vegan food  
Dining and Dancing  
Dinner Nights with a Twist  
discrimination poster  
d.i.y. clean  
Does racial profiling amount to wrongful discrimination?  
Donate Internet to Casa  
Donate towards a Work of Art

Donations for the Casa  
Down the Danube with a paddle boat  
drinks r good  
drupalwiki.net  
Dumpster Diving for a Doctorate on Fox-News  
Dumpster Diving goodies from the Dappermarkt  
Dumpster Diving Tour Den Haag  
Dumpster Film Screening 28th Feb  
dumpstered recipes  
Dumpstering at the Albert Cuyp  
Eat Moldy Foods!  
ecological versus un-sustainable products  
English is not enough  
European penguin  
EVA and PastaMadre: the world is so beautifully little  
Every Guest a Host: Inside a Nomad-Base  
Every new story is now twittered....  
Everybody Loves Me  
Everything is just fine  
Everything You Thought Was a Lie  
Eviction squat Schijnheilig  
Evictions, Arrests, The FIT Team, and Social unrest  
Existential Risk Reduction  
exploring subcultures: vegan americans  
Feeding 5000 people on food what otherwise would have been wasted  
Feel free to contribute to European Consultation on Food Waste  
Fight fire with fire  
Film screening TOMORROW  
Filming the dumpstering  
Finally, the long awaited "scandal" happened today :(  
Finding yourself  
Five minutes of Bambi  
flickr forgets  
For the World of Tomorrow  
for your eyes only  
free cinema festival  
Free Tea and Post  
Free the Books: Open Library this Friday  
Freeloading  
From Casa to Gorleben  
from dumpster to catwalk  
from little things, big things grow  
From Sustainable to Shared Hospitality  
From Thursday to Sunday

Fruta Feia, Tempting Europe with Ugly Fruit  
fundable  
Funding opportunities  
future "Project Flower Power"  
Gardening thing this weekend!  
Getting a tax number tip...easy and fast  
Getting along just fine! A project for the casa!  
girls night out  
Give-Away Party  
Giveaways  
Global revolution day?  
Goals in life  
good food stuff  
good karma  
good to the last drop.  
goodbye letter  
Great Hobonia  
Green tunnel, delirium and recovery  
Greetings to casa!  
Grow local food  
Growing strong  
Guaka: happy birthday! A new wiki for you!  
guess the quoted:  
Guidelines for Sustainability  
GUYS CLOTHES SWAPPING EVENT (Ladies welcome of course!)  
Hackerspaces  
hacking the wireless  
halfway uphill  
Hallucinogens for the Peace Process  
Happy Birthday  
hAPpY THaNksGiViNg !  
Harvest Season / Seasonal Work? (Anything?)  
have fun this week!  
Healthywiki kick off  
Heaps of bread  
Hello casa.  
help me get across the water  
here we go again  
Het Geheugenhuis (Memory House) : someone wants to join?  
Hey, that's not the right way !  
hippy lawyers for you!  
History of Art changes  
hitch field trip this weekend :)  
Hitch for global cooling in Finland

Hitch to Trash and vice versa  
Hitchgathering 2010  
Hitchgathering 2011 Artwork  
Hitchgathering 2011: Going to Bulgaria!  
hitchhikers all along  
hitchhikers combined  
hitchhiking a boat across an ocean  
Hitchhiking and hypocrisy.  
hitchhiking buddy  
hitchhiking hotline, how may we help you?  
hitchhiking in Colombia  
Hitchhiking in North America (via Zuphit's request),  
Hitchhiking race for drinking water 2010  
Hitching to Berlin  
hola casa  
Homenade to our cooks  
Hooray lightfoot!  
Hostage situation  
Hosting Requests  
house has moved  
how difficult it is to keep in touch  
How Food Shapes our Cities  
How much plastic do we produce?  
How things are moving in Berlin  
how to build a birdhouse  
how to make soap  
human triptych  
hitchingscool  
"i am never just in one place at a time"  
I have built a new bike (it needs a name, cast your vote!)  
I miss everyone already  
I promise not to pee outside my litter boxes if everyone helps to clean them for me  
I suffer for you all...  
I went the wrong way, so I took a U-turn and ended up here...  
i would rather be dumpster-diving  
IBRR  
If you want to build a Wind Turbine  
If you were a women, with children...  
image gallery  
in search of free\* art-enabling electronic goods  
Inspirational pilgrimage  
Inspirations and Connections  
Interesting story/journey...

Introducing: Colorado (chocolate factory dumpster diving, armed drug dealers, strange encounters and the unlikely)

Invitation to set up Casa Leipzig

istanbul twilight, i'm in love: my online postcard to you.

It has been a while!

It should be simple

its been far too long!

It's delicious...with pasta madre

Jam

Journey to Texel

Just a little text I wrote today

just as I imagined

just o song i like to share

just ring the doorbell and say @#\$%^

Kasper on the road

Keep on Moving

keep the donderdag dinners going

Keeping PastaMadre alive

kick. start. go!

Kilos and kilos

Kitten: Everything Is Just Fine

la critica 2009

Largescale Hitchhiking on San Francisco Bay. sort of.

Last day of the year...

Late, but maybe not to late New Years Resolutions

learning to live

Learning

LeidsePlein

less than free

Let me out!

let's get away from here.

let's get visual

Lets stop throwing out last nights dinner.

Letter: The cruel destiny of refugees in Iceland

Letter to Casa

life, death, and exams

Life happens when you make no plans

lightfoot all the way to KANSAS CITY!

lightfoot amsterdam - berlin

Lightfoot at Rainbow

Lightfoot Boxes in the Bay Area

Lightfoot - Casale Monferrato, Piedmonte, Italia

Lightfoot Deliveries

Lightfoot in Italy

Lightfoot Lessons

Lightfoot mission accomplished

Lightfoot mission in Milan: community and freedom

lightfoot request a'dam - berlin

Lightfoot Sustainable Post sweeping the globe

lightfoot to gent

lightning strikes the postman

Living and dieing in Portugal/Spain.

Living in a treehouse

Living With Less. Documentary with Casa people

Living With Zero Money, Abundantly

Long-distance hiking on the Pacific Crest Trail

Long Live Pasta Madre!

Look who is back!

Looking for: Bike parts and hitchhikers heading east

Looking for: Bike parts and hitchhikers heading east

Looking for dumpster divers

mac book pro you might want?

mad wind and sweet air

Maemo Summit

make 10 euros!!!

Make me an admin!

Mark & James on a joint trip

Mas Rapido, soon

meaowwww

medical for professional hitchhikers?

Meeting people, sharing stories

memcache for sustainable web serving?

Memories of Amsterdam

Memories of Aris

Mensen van nu

meta-writing. to be read only in times of abundant and deliberate idleness.

Migrobirdo's Vision

Mindmapping SHE

miracle ticket

Mobile Bike Repair

Model UN dinner

Monday one year after

Montreal community project... on the plateau!

more bikes

more magical than usual

More quotes...

Moving onwards and developing

Music festivals for free -or- festival dumpsterdiving

Mutiny!  
My dramatic goodbye/see ya later to Casa.  
My driver's heart stopped. We are both fine.  
My trip, so far  
Naming the rooms  
Need your support, or we are going to close.  
Neighbourhood dumpstering  
Net seeker  
new activity stream features  
New Arrivals and Loud Buzzing  
New Books for the house  
New Dumpster Finds  
New Dumpsters, New Food Masterpieces and Beans for Kitten  
New Give Away Shop Goodies  
New Lightfoot Box!  
new look and lovecasting far and wide  
New nomad base in France (Lyon): Casa bonita  
New nomad base open in Romania  
New repression statistics  
New Shower Curtain  
new theme and all that  
New theme for casarobino.org  
New Theme?  
no hippies allowed  
noah's pudding  
Noise requests and nomadic hospitality  
Nomadbase in the New Yorker (also: I'm back in Europe)  
nomadbases around  
Nose Bridge Hacker Collective Space in San Fran  
Not Plan A  
Note to all Casa People  
NY NY  
occupied universitat de barcelona  
Odesa, missing Casa  
oerol means another bike/hike trip to the islands  
office dumpster diving  
offline mode  
Offloading breads & patisseries,  
Oil and Water  
Omelet Competition  
On the road again...  
On the way to Odessa... and further on  
"Once upon a time: a woman with children..." Meeting Davide some years ago  
One day I will go to Malmo

one more smile  
One more time  
One of those sundays...  
One term down, two more to go!  
One year casa, it must be love.  
Only a Matter of Time  
open diary of mine,warning: not censored  
open dinner as usual  
openid frenzy  
OpenStreetMap  
orange crayon of liberty  
organic farmers' market at the Noorderkerk in de Jordann - Saturdays  
Our new oven and Giorgio's hair  
Pacific island story  
Pancake & Tea Sunday Begins,  
Partyyyyy  
Pasta Madre, step by step  
Pasta Madre  
pastaMadre in Casa Robino  
Paul Pantone shows GEET in Albuquerque  
Paxus gets caught  
Peru! (and Chile?)  
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Pick Up A Hitchhiker Today,  
Plastic cucumber  
Polenta misfortune - who can improve my cooking fortune  
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Populatechnolog and Decree.  
Post Scarcity Foundation - well first a blog  
Postal Book Project  
Postcards for the casa  
Preparing the Bikes for More Sunny Times  
Projects we work on  
protest against bad design  
Public Pasta Madre  
Punishment Park  
putting things into place in Barcelona  
quick thoughts on backup and encryption  
Quotes from the work  
Radical ways of living in Eastern Europe, Food Not Bombs and the politics of starving,  
rainbow Gathering resource  
Random Roads News  
Random Routes along the North coast of Spain  
raw foods



ready for the neti?  
recreating governance in an open source way  
RepRap @ Peak Hierarchy  
ressurrect the dinner's in order to cover rent+ other expenses of the casa  
Returning  
Road Junky Film Festival  
Robbing the Casa  
Robin Hood Robbing Banks  
Robino is a kind of... Tomato!  
Rooftop gardening  
R'SHE  
Ruby on Rails Conference 30-31 October... Rubyists of all countries unite!  
Sailing away from the western society: Lorelei's story  
Saturday before September  
Save the Bikes  
"SchonCasa" Project Berlin  
Sea, Sand, Sun and mudbaths  
Searching for a Star  
Serbia Contacts / Denver, Colorado,  
Setting up a food-coop  
Setting up a massage network  
Sewing Machine New World Discovery  
Sharing with the dead  
Sharism  
she conference berlin on nomadism  
She Nomad Conference in New York  
She threw herself under a train the bitch  
shit luck  
shit  
Simon's Summer retreat  
Skip Diving Expedition Tomorrow (Saturday)?  
Skipping in Spain  
Skipping Waste Documentary  
skipping waste in french  
Skipping Waste Torrent  
Smoking Apples  
SNOW! , green lighthouse warmth, thursday night dinner  
so much on the way  
so when I was walking to the casa  
Social media changes our way of communicating, but for better or worse?  
soon to come...  
Sorry for not hugging you all goodbye.  
sport-voor-nop  
springtime

sprouting mung beans  
Squatting goes Berserk  
Start a new give-away shop in Amsterdam  
still here  
Stranded sick in Montpellier...  
strangers enter  
street spirit  
Subtitles for the fil-m  
Surfing on Abundance  
Surreal Estate - A New York City Community Project  
Sustainability skillsharing camp thing  
Tags and Primary links  
Tasks and Guillaume's pictures  
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Temmuzda  
Temptations  
Thank you!  
thanks, traveling nat!  
The Art and Science of Dumpster Diving  
The bloodclots will get you in the end, II  
The bloodclots will get you in the end,  
The Creation  
The daily exchange  
The day after the Casa...  
The Free Tea BIG Surprise Party  
The Germ  
The Gospel of Nomads visiting Existence  
The History of Carrot  
The hitchhiker dislikers  
The improbable productivity of doing nothing  
The IRC room is now accessible through Casarobino.org  
the judgement day  
The kitten's back indoor  
the man who turned his home into a public library,  
The new era of the kitten!  
The Other Side  
The Patron Saint of Bicycles  
The Quote Machine (with assistants)  
The science of Rutabaga  
The sixth room  
the third side of a coin  
The tubes that did snap - eventually  
The unique highway  
there are no mountains in the netherlands

There is no way of living a false life correctly  
There will be Nomads @ Nomadic Futures?  
thou shall dumpsterdive  
Thursday dinner - Adan going to Rotterdam soon?  
thursday night dinner in istanbul  
thursday night is dinner night  
Tikopia: the story of a society how made the choise to become sustainable  
Tips for Hitchhiking to Iceland  
Today is robino day  
Today's Dumpster Diving Results  
tools for survival  
Tools  
total eclipse of the coeur  
Totally Random, Rancid Love Attack  
Trashwiki on Make Blog + cross pollination  
Travel for life  
Trust roots  
trusted users  
Tuesday's Dumpster Haul  
tui!  
Tumbleweeds  
turkey net ban  
Two Easy Recipes  
Une Petite Renaissance (please?)  
Unorganising continues: nomadbase conference Berlin  
unsustainable  
update on Kasper's bread  
us of a, this summer?  
Valentina's box operation  
van niets komt iets  
Vegan Carrot Cake!  
Vegan Chocolate-Espresso Cake with Vegan Buttercream Icing  
vegan istanbul guide  
Vegetarian option  
Verjaardagsfeestje Robin  
VHEMT  
Visawiki and Sharewiki  
volunteers to meet an feed artists?  
Walking for 30 years...  
walking through air  
wanted: 20 kilo of organic flower  
Warm showers  
Waystations  
we always need new hosts

we are getting there...  
We found kitten! ...  
We have settled on earth and forgotten heaven [1]  
We have WAY too much organic bread...come and get it!!!  
we laugh indoors  
we want skillsurfers!  
Website should be more fixed now  
What do you mean, sustainability?  
What the hell is wikipedia?  
what's the latest?  
When I arrived  
When Robins away the mice come out to play  
When you are all whatever, it will all click together  
WHERE ARE YOU FROM, NOT?  
Where in the world is Casa San Robino?  
Where is hitchwiki  
where to drink, what?  
Who We Are  
Whoopie, it's working :)  
Who's going to the Antwerpen BeWelcome Collective?  
Why hitchhiking feels better than paying for a shared ride  
Why toilet paper is sooo..... important for a nomad :)  
will feed for food  
will trade drawing(s) for a new flickr pro account.  
Will\_mend\_your\_clothes  
Winter and a place to stay (a la Blues, Creativity and Instict) ,  
wireless music control @ casarobino  
without a pen humanity can fall apart in a minute  
World - 1 / Apple - 0  
Xrandom Dumpstered Xmass Dinner  
you can call me bells!  
You have to log in again  
Zula wall  
çin yeni yılı / ☒

### **Part III — Your turn** <sup>1</sup>

Nomadic futures

Cover photograph: [National Park Service](#) · Public domain — A backpacker setting up camp in the Denali backcountry

# Shoestring Nomad

Compiled from [Nomadwiki](#), the collaborative guide for nomads — free camping, tramp lifestyle, cheap travel, not tourism. Extra nomadbase stories from [Casa Robino](#) (CC-BY-SA 3.0).

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This edition starts with practice (how to travel light anywhere), then a geographic half (each country, with city pages nested where they exist), then voices from Casa Robino, and ends by sending you out and back to the wiki. Hitchhiking, dumpster diving, and hospitality-exchange how-tos belong in the other books in this catalog. Where Nomadwiki repeats those topics, this edition keeps a short pointer instead of a second copy.

Nomadwiki city pages that exist (Amsterdam, Berlin, London, Paris, New York, Istanbul, Tbilisi, Beijing, and others) sit under their country. Hostels and camps change; use the live wiki, not this book, for pins.

## Part I — Practice

Cheap travel is a pile of ordinary skills: sleep, food, moving, staying well, not spending money you do not have. The pages that follow are those skills without a destination attached.

Hitchhiking, dumpster diving, and hospitality exchange have their own books in this catalog. Where Nomadwiki repeats them, this edition keeps a short pointer. What stays here is the rest of the kit — walking, camping, volunteering, water, winter.

Place-specific notes come after this. If you only read one section before you leave, read this one.

## Part II — Places

Visas, seasons, and what “cheap” means change at borders. These country chapters are orientation, not a promise that last year’s camp still exists.

City chapters sit under the country they belong to, capital and main cities first, where Nomadwiki actually has them. Hostels, squats, and neighbourhood tips go stale. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) page when you are actually going.

The order is geographic, not A–Z: Europe first, then North America, the rest of the Americas, Asia, Africa, Oceania.

## Voices from the road

[Casa Robino](#) was a nomadbase. The posts that follow are from that house and its orbit: guests, dumps, hitching, the daily mess of sharing space. They are not a manual. They are what it looked like when people actually did this.

## Part III — Your turn

You do not need a round-the-world ticket, a laptop visa, or a year off. You need a way to sleep, a way to eat, and a direction. The practice pages are that kit. The country and city pages are so the first border is not a surprise. The Casa Robino stories are proof that houses like that existed, and that people walked in.

Leave for a week. A tent or a couch, a stove or a dumpster, walking or a thumb. See whether the days get larger. If they do, go further. If they do not, you still went.

This is not the coworking-passport version of nomadism. It is the older one: low spend, high trust, the wiki in your pocket, the next town instead of the next booking. You already know enough to start. The rest you learn by being somewhere.

# Accessible healthcare

You have no [Insurance](#), or are abroad and not covered, or you don't have your card with you, so what do you do?

- trickery: switch the card with someone else
- **you need to go to a free / cheap place.**

The intention of this document:

- **Have a map of places to navigate and get medical assistance when needed**
- Where to get checks and how to stay healthy?

## EEA and EU countries

If you are a citizen of an EEA or EU country you should get an [ESIC card](#).

## Places

### Free

- Vienna: <http://www.barmherzige-brueder.at/site/wien/home> (checked)
- Munich: [http://www.en.uni-muenchen.de/about\\_lmu\\_alt/academics/medical\\_center/index.html](http://www.en.uni-muenchen.de/about_lmu_alt/academics/medical_center/index.html) (heard about a hospital in Munich)
- UK / NHS (checked)
- India (checked Delhi, 2010) Normally health care fees where they are not completely free of charge, are really cheap and affordable also by nomads; unless you want to deal with any private western hospital (where though also lots of rich indians do go) which is going to cost you more than you could even conceive.

## Local / Stories

- Slovenia: ER is free

- Netherlands:
  - (Aalkmar hospital) I was rushed to a hospital with an injury threatening my finger. I didn't have my documents with me (including [EHIC card](#)). The doctor sat down with me and explained I need to pay 200€ upfront for him to take a look at it. I found that morbid and went away.
- Spain:
  - have to fill in papers to use the card
  - I was surprised to discover all dental care is private. A filling costs 50-70€, and a presupuesto for a root canal treatment was 430€. So I needed to head back to my home country to get free healthcare.
- UK:
  - Got superb treatment in the UK by NHS (stitches). Got brought to Royal London Hospital by a local and no one wanted to see any documents.
  - Dentistry is either private, or subsidized by NHS: <http://www.whatprice.co.uk/dentist/nhs-private-prices.html>
- Sweden: "[...]has free healthcare for illegal immigrants, should be possible to get if you are traveling"
- India:
  - [Fede](#) after having been bitten by a probably rabish dog in the centre of Delhi (Paharganj, March 2010 don't have more recent updates but should be the same), has been visited, medicated and calmed down completely for free by a local doctor who sent him straightly to the hospital where he received antitetan and antirabies vaccines again completely free of charge. The day after, back to the same hospital they suggested him to go on with the treatment in his home country having the fligh the day after. Every consultation and cure was free and every doctor or staff member was extremely nice, helpful, competent and professional.
- Turkey:

A pain in the a\*\*!! Everything is private, it looks and sounds like United States, hospital and medical treatments are just a business, which as usual can be extremely profitable; every turkish person does have a health insurance, provided by his employer, whether public or private, which covers (probably not all..) his/her expenses. Unless you have your own insurance, you may prefer to go out into the



neighbouring countries like Georgia, Armenia and Iran eastwards or Bulgaria and Greece (EU) westwards.

- - I didn't have any personal direct experience, thankfully; though every person living in the country, Turkish or foreigner, told me about stories and strongly advised me against staying in the country with no health insurance, even ER should be paying..and expensive..

## General

- Emergency treatment is free everywhere in Europe (?)
  - probably not
  - what is covered under ER?
- Some countries have more accessible healthcare than others
- We should get better at treating ourselves

## Precautions

- Take care of your problems in your home countries when you're there
- Have a [Basic medical kit](#) with you

## Dental care

Dentistry is a big problem:

- **Who would do it pro bono?**
- Where in Europe is it cheapest?
- [EHIC card](#) seems to not cover dentistry. In Spain, all dental care is private.
- Is DIY dentistry possible?

## Self-cure

See [Basic medical kit](#). [Nomadbases](#) should probably be better equipped, include a small pharmacy & tried natural remedies.

Feasible DIY medicine

- first aid
- stitching, removing stitches

## Sources

- <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/finance/personalfinance/insurance/travel/8615933/What-does-my-EHIC-entitle-me-to.html>
- 

Source: [Accessible healthcare](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Accommodation

### Hospitality exchange

#### BeWelcome

- [BeWelcome.org](http://BeWelcome.org)

BeWelcome (often abbreviated as BW) is a hospitality exchange service that is run by a non-profit organization. The website was founded in February 2007. As of September 2013, the organisation has more than 48,000 members in more than 150 countries all around the world who offer free accommodation and help during travels. Joining is free and the software behind the site is free and open-source software.

#### Couch Surfing

- [CouchSurfing.org](http://CouchSurfing.org)

Couchsurfing is the most popular and well known of these particular 'free accommodation' community sites. It connects surfers with hosts all over the world. Not as popular with some since it was sold to the private for-profit corporation Better World Through Travel in 2011.

#### WarmShowers

- [Warmshowers.org](http://Warmshowers.org)

The Warm Showers Community is a free worldwide hospitality exchange for touring cyclists. People who are willing to host touring cyclists sign up and provide their

contact information, and may occasionally have someone stay with them and share great stories and a drink.

## **Global freeloaders**

- [globalfreeloaders.com](http://globalfreeloaders.com)

GlobalFreeloaders is an online community, bringing people together to offer you free accommodation all over the world. Save money and make new friends whilst seeing the world from a local's perspective!

## **Rural hospitality**

People offering places to stay in rural areas (villages and farms, not towns).

- [Maps](#)
- [Wiki](#)
- [CS groups](#)

## **Hospitality club**

[www.hospitalityclub.org](http://www.hospitalityclub.org) -

Not unlike CouchSurfing, Hospitality Club aims to bring people together—hosts and guests, travelers and locals.

"The Hospitality Club is an international, Internet-based hospitality service of appr. 300,000 members in 226 countries. Its members use the website HospitalityClub.org to coordinate free accommodation and other services, such as guiding or regaling travelers." wikipedia

Bothies(Scotland) -

For all you need to know about bothies ad where they are located, check out [www.mountainbothies.org.uk](http://www.mountainbothies.org.uk)

## **Cheap alternative accommodation options**

[www.airbnb.com](http://www.airbnb.com) -

"Cheap alternative accomodation and a nice way to get to know the locals."

Airbnb connects travelers seeking authentic experiences with hosts offering unique, inspiring spaces around the world.

## **Camping**

## **Home exchange**

[www.stay4free.com](http://www.stay4free.com)

"Home exchange is when two parties agree to exchange their homes for a period of time for vacation. It is easy to list your home and find available homes on Stay4free.com. The advantages are numerous: 1) you stay for free, 2) live like a local in an authentic home, and 3) save thousands on expensive hotels!"

## **Retreats**

### **Nunraw Abbey**

- [www.nunraw.org.uk](http://www.nunraw.org.uk)

The Abbey offers retreats at their Guesthouse on a donations basis. Get in touch via their website to book.

"Nunraw Abbey or Sancta Maria Abbey, Nunraw is a working Trappist (Ordo Cisterciensis Stricteris Observantiae) monastery. It was the first Cistercian house to be founded in Scotland since the Reformation. Founded in 1946 by monks from Mount St. Joseph Abbey, Roscrea, Ireland, and consecrated as an Abbey in 1948, it nestles at the foot of the Lammermuir Hills on the southern edge of East Lothian. The estate of the abbey is technically called White Castle after an early hill-fort on the land."

### **Boulder Gardens Eco-Sanctuary**

"In the California mojave desert north west of joshua tree there is an accommodating space for temporary living for just about all nomadic souls who can also bring the needed manifestations to the land and inhabitants. If you are passing through or in

need of decompression and/or healing, you might find what you need out there amongst the ancient Joshua's." - [www.facebook.com/boulder.gardens.9](http://www.facebook.com/boulder.gardens.9)

## RoadJunky Oasis

- [roadjunkyoasis.com](http://roadjunkyoasis.com)

## Other notable mentions

[www.servas.org](http://www.servas.org)

[www.opencouchsurfing.org](http://www.opencouchsurfing.org)

[www.racespace.org](http://www.racespace.org)

[www.tejo.org/eo/ps\\_lingv\\_en](http://www.tejo.org/eo/ps_lingv_en)

[www.hospex.net](http://www.hospex.net)

[www.lghei.org](http://www.lghei.org)

[www.meeturplanet.com](http://www.meeturplanet.com)

[www.travelersfortravelers.com](http://www.travelersfortravelers.com)

[www.tripping.com](http://www.tripping.com)

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Source: [Accommodation](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Asking for food

**Asking food** is the easiest way to get it free, legally and often also nicely by people. It is the main skill of regular so-called "freeloaders" and shouldn't be taken as a thing to take advantage from..(as neither any other kindness received)

It is also quite simple as it sounds, though lots of people might feel uncomfortable, shy or embarrassed doing it. Often people offer you food so much before than you need to ask them for it..As you are hitchhiking or clearly not behaving as a tourist /

person who can spend money you will be offered food so many more times than you expect.

In case you are not offered, you can't find anything [dumpster diving](#) and you don't want to [fast](#) asking directly can be a good option.

Just go where there is some food, better if the shop is small, family owned, simple. In big malls might be hard because of several "responsibilities" and basically because of a huge lack of kindness due to greed and respect of the law / regular / ordinary western vision of life.. Explain the shopkeeper (fruitseller, baker, etc) your situation of moneyless traveler, talk to him and be friendly, the chances you won't get anything to it are really low and even in that case you can just change shop, wait or fast meanwhile you find somebody nicer.

It will be up to your honesty evaluate if you can't actually afford to spend money for that food (often you'll be making pleasure to the person who offer accepting their offer and watching their smile as confirm of it..) or not, how much of that food you really need (in some country people might be ready to take the food out of their children's mouths to give it to a guest..) according to how "poor" is the person and how big his/her heart is.

The situation can be really awkward and strange from the emotional point of view especially if you are not used to it.

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## Black riding

**Black riding** or **fare evasion** is an illegal way to use public or private [transport](#) for free.

The situations do differ a lot according to the country, the means of transportation you are using and the local habits and mentality. Generally, like for [shoplifting](#) the more is usual the more it means that it is doable but also that companies do take some precaution, i.e. there are checks; while when is not usual or it is impossible, or people normally don't do it.

## How

Just get on the bus, train, ferry or station and don't buy the ticket. If there is any obstacle (like a barrier) impeding you the entrance avoid it, jump it or pass behind somebody who is paying; if there is a human being asking you to pay then it's a bit more complicated but you have to find a way not to be noticed. Then, once in, behave and pretend as a perfect normal passenger, forget you haven't paid and remember it only when you start to see [checkers](#).

## Public transport

This is the most frequent and easiest means blackriders. In some cities like [London](#) and sometimes even in entire countries like in the [Netherlands](#), [UK](#) or [Turkey](#) it is almost always technically impossible since the ticket is checked by the driver who doesn't let you in if you don't pay it. Some exception though are more than possible view your status of moneyless traveler, some driver may let you in just for some stop or some passenger (e.g. in Turkey) may pay for you. In some city like [Paris](#) there are also some blackriders (probably illegal and anonymous, called something like "la mutuelle") association where you pay a monthly cheap amount and you can bring your fine if controllers bust you. Are becoming popular also some mobile app, to inform other blackriders if there are checkers around, similar to those for speed radars for cars.

## Trains

Trains are normally the most blackriders means after public transport, and especially in certain countries like [Italy](#), [Spain](#) or [Sweden](#) are very easy to take for free what contrast the little hardness of hitchin. Keep in mind that often trains are long; and normally the checker is one or two. Try to get on the farrest part of the train from him/her, then wait, if there is enough people it will take quite a long time to check anyone. The main fact is that (unless you stay on for few time, few stops) You have to "cross" him/her and go to the part he/she already checked. You have two option, one, the most known (also by them, who often open the doors for this reason) and used is the toilet, hide inside and wait they have passed. If not wait until a certain stop, when the train stops he/she has to go down and make a sign to the driver before the train starts again, in that moment you will go to the already checked part.

On night trains, it's a bit more complicated since all the cabins are reserved and registered in advance, though when you'll have succeeded you'll have also a free bed for the night.. Get on early and find a cabin with possibly more than one empty bed (the more are empty the better it is) and a good/cool company that could help you once explained the situation. Hide your luggage among the others' ones. Go and hide in the toilet straight after the train had started or even before, the checkers normally pass at the very beginning of the departure not to bother the passengers after. Wait..it can be long but you have to be sure the checker already controlled the cabin you choosed for your night. Once back, ask the other "cool" passenger if they passed and confirmed there are some free bed. [Fede](#), after having tried to hitch a longride the whole day, on september 2013, found en empty cabin with a very cool german guy who did help him a lot and traveled (even with his very small experience in blackriding and his very not cold blood) from [Stockholm](#) to [Malmo](#) all the night long with no ticket sleeping kind of relaxed and waking up at his destination.

## Ferries

It's a bit harder than the previous but it does work and especially in some expensive country like [Norway](#) it does represent a good option to move with no money. You have to mingle with the cars. Stay away from other backpackers/travelers on foot if they have the ticket, if they don't and want to come with you split in small groups. Sometimes (almost always in Norway) tickets are issued and paid on the land by some workers from the company who come to you at the harbour and ask you if you need to buy the ticket. Hide from them and wait for the ferry to come, once they start to board people just go in walking, ticket sellers should be quite busy with cars. This is also one of the few way (with plane hitchhiking from [Scotland](#)) to get to [Iceland](#) for free from [Denmark](#), to go to [Greece](#) from [Italy](#) and viceversa or to go around Egean Sea (Greek islands) with no money.

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Source: [Black riding](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0



# Camping gear



**Camping gear** is fairly important [equipment](#) for the low/no-budget [nomad](#).

## Hammocks

- [Choosing a tarp for a hammock](#)

## Camp fire

- For informations about how to make a Do It Yourself camp stove, see [DIY equipment](#).

## See also

- [Gear](#)



Tents1.jpg

Tents1.jpg — Sujay Kulkarni (Public domain)

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Source: [Camping gear](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Camping



**Camping** is a great way to reduce costs, especially when camping wild, that is not in a paid for spot. Free or wild camping requires some improvisation and can give you a sense of adventure.

## Leave no trace

Leave no trace is a set of principles regarding responsible wild camping. In short it tries to preserve the outdoors for the current and next generation.

The most important ones to know and remember when camping are:

- Take your trashes with you and dispose of them properly. It's very important to leave a place clean. Ideally cleaner than you found it.
- Don't alter your camping place, for example by digging or destroying trees and branches
- If you need to make a fire, minimise the impact of the fire.

Detailed information about these principles can be found all over the internet.

## Legal free camping

Wild camping is legal in most parts of [Norway](#), [Sweden](#), [Finland](#), [Scotland](#) and it's called "[freedom to roam](#)" or "every man's right". ('add more countries?')

In general, in [Wales](#) and [England](#) wild camping is tolerated (but still forbidden!) in open access land, marked with a [[http://www.scarboroughramblers.co.uk/rightsofway/pics/ETNE\\_L4\\_Open\\_Access\\_Land\\_tcm6-8147.JPG](http://www.scarboroughramblers.co.uk/rightsofway/pics/ETNE_L4_Open_Access_Land_tcm6-8147.JPG)] special symbol]. Make sure to pitch your tent at least 1-2km from the nearest road.

The exception to this rule is [Dartmoor](#) National Park, where wild camping is legal within certain boundaries. Dartmoor did designate certain [[http://www.dartmoor-npa.gov.uk/\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0007/43909/vi-camping\\_map\\_309.pdf](http://www.dartmoor-npa.gov.uk/_data/assets/pdf_file/0007/43909/vi-camping_map_309.pdf)] areas] for wild camping.

Even in [Germany](#) wild camping is legal in specific places. In [Brandenburg](#) it is legal to pitch a tent for one night. [Saxon Switzerland](#) National Park has a tradition called Boofen, which means you can sleep overnight in the open under a rock overhang or cave. Mostly these are quite scenic locations under or between rocks, close to climbing areas. For a list of these places, see [[http://wandern-saechsische-schweiz.de/Liste\\_Boofen.htm](http://wandern-saechsische-schweiz.de/Liste_Boofen.htm)] here] (**in German**). Note that wild camping at other spots than these designated ones is strictly prohibited!

## Illegal free camping

In Western Europe it's not legal to just put your tent anywhere. It's still very possible. Some tips:

- find a secluded spot where you're not directly visible from the road or any houses
- it's best to pitch your tent after dark
- and break up your tent not too late in the morning



## United States

[boondocking.org](http://boondocking.org) offers a web application which will allow you to enter GPS coordinates for your favorite camping spots, and find spots near your current location. Combining a mapping program and a GPS, now you should always be able to find free camping on your favorite public or private lands.

## More info

- [Moneyless.org](http://Moneyless.org)



Itajuru20.jpg

Itajuru20.jpg — Fabrício Paixão da Rocha (CC BY 3.0)

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Source: [Camping](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Car

For nomads traveling by their own motor vehicle, unique issues may arise. If these are not properly taken care of, a journey by car might become very expensive. Remember, your vehicle may also be your [Accommodation](#). On this page we share practical tips.

## Fuel

Gas prices vary between European countries. Here is an [overview from December 2014](#)

## Parking

Parking in inner cities can be very expensive. The good news is that most cities have excellent P+R infrastructure. General information about car parking in Europe is on [car-parking.eu](#) If you are looking for free parking in Germany, there is [Gratisparken.de](#)

## Toll roads

## Insurance

Insurance fees vary hugely between different European countries. Consider registering a car in another country (but be aware that in most cases, you need to re-register your vehicle when it's longer than three months outside of the country of registration)

## Registration and taxes

## Repair

# Cycling

With **cycling** you find a nice compromise between ecology, speed and slow travel, meeting people and losing weight (which is the most important of all). From a short trip to a continent spanning journey, a bicycle is a great human powered tool!

There are several options depending on the maximum weight you want to carry, how fit you are, the amount of kilometers per day you want to achieve, and so on.

If you decide to travel pretty lightweight (between 5 and 17 to 20kg), it is awesome to have baggage racks in the front and/or in the back to keep your back free. Two advantages here, first it is less tiring and secondly you sweat less so you can more easily go to disco disco party party after a good day of cycling! Try to put as much weight as you can as close to the ground because it gives more adhesion and you have less chances to slip in XXXtrem curves.

Some people chose to have a [trailer](#) to carry more stuff. The friction created by the added wheels makes it much harder, especially going up. A combination with an electric bike (and a solar pannel?) can be a good choice.

Always have a [good lock](#) for your bike (U-locks are the best), especially if it is a good bicycle. The best would be to put inside a house anytime you can. As well, think of a system to take all your stuff easily with you, otherwise you will have to leave them on your bike if you are too lazy to spend 15min freeing your baggages every time you stop.

Of course it depends on a lot of things, but an average speed on flat is between 15km and 20km/h. To plan on something between 60 to 80km a day is already a good distance if you want to enjoy the landscapes, take some breaks under the trees and have a beer in each village you cross. More means waking up earlier and be more in a 'sporty' trip, and less means really enjoying beer under the trees (or just enjoying slow travel)!

Keep in mind that 'national roads' (like the ones we have in [Europe](#)) are enjoyable compared to highways if you have a car, but are often horrible by bike... It is really stressful to have big trucks overtaking all the time, the noise of the cars, you cannot

talk with your buddy. Plan your trip so that you avoid them as much as you can. It can be really worth making a 10km detour but enjoying the view and the peacefulness of a less frequented secondary road.

Before you leave for a long trip, it is good to know your bike, to know its limits, to know which tool sizes you need to fix it, and so on. Start to make some small trip, repair it yourself, have fun before the real adventure and troubles begins!

Anyway, do not forget to leave with a reparation set and to have good breaks, the rest is only decoration;). On the way you can find plenty of people ready to help you!

## Reparation kit

- **Patches and special vulcanisation glue** are the basic to repair a flat tyre. You can add some other things to make it easier.
- **Some basic tools and wrenches** that fit your bike.
- **A bit of metal wire** for the emergency fixings if a piece breaks.
- Why not **a spare brake cable**?

What other things should I pack?

## History

In 1886, Thomas Stevens became the first man to cycle round the world. His two-year jaunt on a penny-farthing saw him tackle roads more suited for ox-drawn carts than bicycles.

## Types of bike

Racing bike, mountain bike, electric bike, recumbent bicycle, tandems, old pieces of metal gathered from random basements, all give advantages and impose restrictions.

You have to first define what type of travel you like! It is nice to make some small trips trying all sort of different combinations to know what is best for you. Once you know what you like, how many kilograms you can carry, your budget, the amount of kilometers per day, sleeping in a tent or hostels, etc. then you can see what fits you best.



With a **race bike** you will be very fast (>15-20km/h) and can cover a lot of distance each day but you cannot carry a lot of weight because the wheels are too weak. You will need a trailer to have more stuff and cycling outside roads in good/average state is often annoying (flat tyres, wheel breaks, and so on). A **mountain bike** will allow you to do some crazy stuff on the dirt roads, but is much more tiring in the long run.

**Electric bikes** are really cool as long as you find electricity to keep them charged:).

**Recumbent bikes** are awesome energy-wise, as they go really fast using less energy, but they are more dangerous and not really done to cycle uphill. **Tandems** are a lot of fun, but require a bit of practice. If you take a tandem, make sure you take the second seat so that you don't have to pedal when the first one is not looking.

## Find your route

- [globalbiker.org](http://globalbiker.org) have biking routes, only in France for now (feb 2015).
- [opencyclemap.org](http://opencyclemap.org) is good map for finding your route.

## Find a bike when travelling

When you are travelling without a bike, sometimes you miss so much to ride on a bike, to feel the air flowing through your hair, to smell the breeze! Here are some ideas on how to find a cheap or free bike when travelling:

- Check those websites: [BikeSharing](http://BikeSharing) [bikesurf.org](http://bikesurf.org) [borrowmybike.org](http://borrowmybike.org) [spinlister](http://spinlister).
- Find local discussion/forum page on [hospitality network](http://hospitality network) for example, and ask if somebody can borrow a bike.
- Find a local bike workshop, often you can buy, or build yourself a bike cheaply.
- Make a sign on the street saying "I am looking for a free/cheap bike" while [busking](http://busking) (or not).
- Go in some small villages and ask the grand pa's or grand ma's if they have old bike rusting in the basement. Sometimes you'll find really awesome bikes!

# Dumpster diving

This topic is covered in another book in this catalog (hitchhiking, dumpster diving, or hospitality exchange). See the live wiki: [https://nomadwiki.org/en/Dumpster\\_diving](https://nomadwiki.org/en/Dumpster_diving)



2009 dd day 015.03.JPG

2009 dd day 015.03.JPG — Sigurdas (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Dumpster diving](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Earning on the road

**Earning on the road** can be easier than you think. Basically, you don't need to be a professional musician, acrobat or talented skillful person to get people's attention or

get a temporary job. Entertain them, provide a service, and fulfill a persons or businesses needs and wants. For this you will get their attention, their thanks, their appreciation, but also in-kind support and pay. You can find jobs in advance, take temporary work or busk occasionally. You can stay in one place to earn and gather funds or move quickly from place to place.

## Street Busking

Busking is a flexible skill. You can busk in one place, while traveling, busk in a public square or highway. While the locations, situations and circumstances may change; basically it always works the same. Take an instrument that you can carry and play. Harmonica is the easiest to travel and carry, along with the ukulele and different kinds of flutes. However, it is easy to carry and travel with some balls you can juggle with. The possibilities are endless. Imagine yourself as a passerby; or a pedestrian. What would entertain you? If you really can't find any skill, invent it and create it, as each of us is full of abilities and potential!

As for locations, find a well transited place, such as a pedestrian street in city centres, or a subway exit etc. Check the situation for your performance (acoustic condition if you play music, visibility if you wish to make a spectacle. Like hitchhiking, give people the possibility to stop. Ask other buskers in the surrounding vicinity for information. Take time and effort to do this, and while some may not be friendly, you will find the right ones ready to help you. Get to know them, especially if they are local. They know the "rules" (official and practical).

Start performing but for a long period (minimum 30min - 1h). Don't have high expectations and especially don't get disappointed if you don't see money dropping quickly. You may earn what you need in the first five minutes or the last five minutes. Just keep playing/performing. Try to call the attention to your performance. The more you will impress people the more money you will get.

## Street Busking Ideas

- On the Make Money Busking website, you can find some useful tips about how to make better money performing in the streets and how to face the most common troubles Buskers have. However, as for everything, it will be your experience that will lead to the best advice.

- [The busking Project.com](#) is a valuable resource for street performers.
- A way to make money on the road. Buy picture postcards and put stamps on them, then set up your own postbox where tourists are passing.

## Annoyances

1. [Police](#) may come to bother you. It may never happen or it may happen all the time. Just keep calm and be relaxed (especially if you are abroad). Often, you may be in a weaker power position. Don't run. Listen to what they have to say and what they want. Ask them why you can't play, where is the problem, where you can go etc. If you can't communicate just stop performing and move somewhere else.
2. Other buskers may come to bother you. They may start to play next to you, argue that it's their place for years etc... Behave as with the police. They are nice people normally come to prevent you, ask you when you will have finished, if they can play after you etc, kindly and gently, the arrogants normally just get nervous angry and might aggress you, verbally as physically. Keep calm and wise, you won't lose so much money changing spot, if you can't make your rights be respected just let it flow and move somewhere else, show them how small they are!:) )
3. Nearby shopkeepers might be bothered by your performance, because you "take clients away", if they feel you are too loud, or simply because they are that bored. They have rights, because they can't go elsewhere to do their business while you can. Again, keep calm if they are aggressive. Just take your stuff and change location. Wait until their shop closes in the evening.

## Paying Jobs

There may be a chance to take a temporary job while on the road to earn some money or at least receive some in-kind supports (food and board). The types of jobs available will be varied, with some requiring skills, and others not. However, if taking a job in the [underground economy](#), rather than [volunteering](#), it's best to identify a paying job do as to earn financial payment. Given that you are on the road, you may be not have the documentation or visa to legally work. Therefore, you may be working in a legally grey area. This brings both opportunities but also challenges and annoyances. The opportunities comes from the fact that billions of dollars in cash

circulate through the underground economy. The challenge is not getting exploited or caught.

This section does not include tips, websites or advice about working in the [black economy](#), which includes income generated through illegal means (example: prostitution, gambling).

- Disclaimer: working and intentionally not declaring income is, in most cases, a legal offense. nomadwiki.org in no way endorses tax evasion. However, The doctor who takes cash for a office

visit maybe working off the books; so is the waiter who doesn't report cash tips. It a valuable part of every economy.

## Types of Jobs

- Tutoring students at school or college level in a subject area or language. You may want to get a Teaching English in a Foreign Language qualification if you are traveling abroad.
- Work as a proofreader.
- Work in the tourism, hospitality industries; which a a big employer home in your home country and abroad (Coffee shops, bars, pubs, restaurants).
- If you have a skill, use it (cook, bartender, carpenter, welder, plumber).
- Earn money from your craft skills (Sewing, ceramics, jewelry).
- Teach music lessons.
- [Livesafely.org](#) has a list of Jobs That Pay Cash Under The Table.

## Job Websites

- [Live-In Jobs](#) - Free Live-in Jobs Service for Backpackers. Dee Cooper offers a free service providing contacts for Hotels looking for staff throughout the UK on a 3-6 month contract basis. As it's live-in and meals are usually provided on shift, it's a great way of saving the cash before getting back on the road. You will need an EU passport, or a working holiday [visa](#), or an ancestry visa.
- [The Jobs Abroad Bulletin \(JAB\)](#) - is a bulletin board full of job vacancies posted by employers looking for staff. We allow employers to post vacancies to us for free so JAB can contain as many jobs as possible.

- [Any Work -Any Where](#) - provides information on paid live-in jobs, and also voluntary opportunities around the world.
- [Fruit Picking Jobs](#) - Seasonal Work & Harvest Jobs Around the World.
- [Picking Jobs](#) - Picking Jobs is the place to find fruit picking jobs and other seasonal work around the world. They post available jobs worldwide, across [Europe](#), [North America](#), [Australasia](#) and [Africa](#)
- [Back Door Jobs](#) - short-term adventure jobs and international short-term job opportunities.
- [Back Work Couples](#) - is a site offering live-in job opportunities for couples.

## Advice Websites

There are many websites that offer advice to those seeking underground economy jobs.

## Annoyances

In theory, many of the jobs you take should involve paying tax. However, underground economy jobs are largely cash only, or use methods so that the government can not track the currency movement.

- The risk of getting exploited with lower pay or not being paid at all.
- No Social Security, health benefits, or any worker protection.

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Source: [Earning on the road](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# European Health Insurance Card

Example of a French card **European Health Insurance Card** or **EHIC** is issued free of charge and allows anyone who is insured by or covered by a statutory social security scheme of the EEA countries and Switzerland to receive medical treatment in another member state for free or at a reduced cost, if that treatment becomes necessary during their visit (for example, due to illness or an accident), or if they have a chronic pre-existing condition which requires care such as kidney dialysis. It is valid for 5 years.



## Participating countries



Carte Européenne d'Assurance Maladie France.jpg

Carte Européenne d'Assurance Maladie France.jpg — Zeugma fr (talk) (Antoine FLEURY-GOBERT) (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [European Health Insurance Card](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Fasting

**Fasting** is a word which represent the capacity of the human body to run without any external food using its own natural energy reserves.

It can be a very useful skill and asset for nomads especially in certain conditions (wilderness, expensive places, unsafe food, etc) where is hard to get [good food](#) in an easy way, whether it may be [asking](#), [dumpster diving](#), buying or [shoplifting](#).

**It is as simply as it sounds! JUST DON'T EAT!:) Human body can run up to 1 and in certain cases even 3 months without introducing any source of ordinary food and**

energy. [Meditation](#) and [exercises](#) to canalize body energy like [yoga](#), Qi Gong, Tai Chi Chuan and similar might help a lot during your fasting time.

## Skip a meal

It is the simplest and easiest way to perform fasting. We are used to think that we need to eat 3 times a day which is totally not true. Between every meal it changes just the length of the period you don't eat in between (breakfast, means exactly breaking the night fasting..), getting them longer won't be as hard as you imagine. **When the hunger comes, just ignore it**, don't think about it and in less than 20-30 minutes it should have been disappeared (unless you keep thinking stuff like: "gosh, i'm really hungry, how i'd love a gorgeous vegan healthy free food right now..")

## Fast as medicine and health improvement

In several kinds of diet fasting seriously (from 1 to 3 days to 1 week or longer period) is more than recommended to cure intestine and stomach diseases as to keep them healthy and strong. While fasting your body gets disintoxicated from all toxins it can't get rid of while you keep eating. **It is often recommended to drink a lot** while fasting intentionally as it helps the body get out toxins, though there is also a 'dry' kind of fasting which consists in not drinking either (as Muslims do in daytime during Ramadan) but which should never last more than 24 or exceptionally 48hrs.. Consult a real and serious doctor (not normal big pharma cheaters..) about it or ask people with experience on it can be a help to the main info you find on the internet.

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Source: [Fasting](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Food banks

A **food bank** is a non-profit, charitable organization that distributes [food](#) to those who have difficulty purchasing enough food to avoid hunger. It is not a [Soup Kitchen](#), which usually provides cooked food to anyone who asks. Most food banks are unable to help people who come in off the street without a referral. A referral system means vouchers are handed out to those in need by various sorts of front line care



professionals, such as social workers, health visitors, Citizens Advice, Jobcentres and housing officials. Sometimes, you may be able to buy or trade them. The voucher can typically be exchanged at the food bank for a package of food sufficient to last three days.

As a nomad, utilizing a food bank brings forth many ethical questions, since they are largely geared towards the homeless, the (working) poor, the marginalized and the displaced. As a nomad, you must ask yourself, is it right to use this resource. There is no right or wrong, and the decision is yours. You should not rely on food banks or become dependent on them. Use in acute situations. A [Soup Kitchen](#), may be a better option

## United Kingdom

- [The Trussell Trust](#) partners with churches and communities, and has 400 foodbanks currently launched. Nearly every large town has one.
- [The Salvation Army](#) is a Christian based group, which usually has a location in most large towns that offers dinner.

## Singapore

- [Singapore Buddhist Lodge](#) offers free vegetarian food.

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Source: [Food banks](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Food

**Food** is essential, every day. Learning how to skip a meal, fast and find food in difficult situation might help you if you can't find an easy access to it and you are far from usual way to get it..

- [WWOOF](#)
- [Dumpster diving](#)
- [Food banks](#)
- [Foraging](#)
- [Soup kitchens](#)

- [Fasting](#)
- [Asking](#)

## How much food you need for a hike

After some tests here is a really simple rule to calculate how much food you need when you go for a several days hike in autonomy, so you don't bring too much or not enough.

- Count the weight of all the nourishing food: dry pasta, raw meal, raw rice, bread, dry meat, ginger bread, cheese, cereals, chocolate, nuts, walnuts, almonds, cakes, hummus, ...
- Count one third of the weight of all the food "less nourishing": ham, stews, sardines, vegetable dishes, chicken, cooked pasta, cooked rice, ...
- Don't count at all raw fruits and raw vegetables.

If you add everything you should get 800 grammes per day per person, then you are good and you even have a security margin.

It is of course less precise than a full energetic calculation, but you have a really fast rule that roughly works. This rule was made and tested many times by hikers from the south of France.

### • **The International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON)**

Hare Krishna Food for Life is the world's largest vegan and vegetarian non-profit food relief organization. You may encounter movement members providing free food at festivals or you may encounter their restaurants; these establishments are founded on the beliefs of Gaudiya Vaishnava religious organization, founded in 1966 in New York City by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Srila Prabhupada. They have established cheap vegetarian restaurants worldwide. [is a great resource, with a list of ISKCON Restaurants](#) in various cities around the world.

### • **Karma Kitchen**

A group of restaurants worldwide, whose menus have no prices and where the check reads \$0.00. However, each bill had a footnote: "Your meal was a gift from someone who came before you. To keep the chain of gifts alive, we invite you to pay it forward

for those who dine after you." That's [Karma Kitchen](#), a volunteer-driven experiment in generosity.

### • Sikh Temples

The strong importance Sikhs place on community has contributed to the emergence of langar—which roughly translates to ‘kitchen’ or ‘canteen.’ It is a practice whereby volunteers in the gurdwaras cook free North Indian food for anyone, regardless of your faith, gender, ethnicity, or financial status, from midday to midnight at your local gurdwara. The only condition is that you cover your head and take off your shoes before entering the langar hall. For more information on visiting a {[http://www.sikhiwiki.org/index.php/Visiting\\_a\\_Gurdwara](http://www.sikhiwiki.org/index.php/Visiting_a_Gurdwara) Sikh Gurdwara, see this site}. People should take langar as a blessing by the Guru. When in the [[Langar Hall], it is better to ask for less rather than take too much and waste the food. Say “very little” to the Sewadar (volunteer) serving the Langar. If you require more later, just wait for the Sewadar to come around. There are Sikh temples in probably every city in the world.

### • Liggering

A 'ligger' (UK) is an individual who attends parties, openings, social gatherings and events such as launches and celebrity events with the sole intention of obtaining free food and drink. Sometimes called a blagger (US). The French would call a ligger a 'pique-assiette,’ or someone “who picks from others’ plates”. Others on the scene prefer the term “eventing”.

Liggering, blagging, or eventing may be a source of free food and drinks.

### Tips

- Use [EventBrite](#). Set the price filter to “Free”.
- Liggering is best in global cities like [London](#), [New York](#), [Beijing](#) etc. You might find less success in developing cities.
- Dress specifically for the event and wear the right things to fit in. While some events require professional (medical events), others might be casual.
- Be ready to bluff and have a story. Maybe you're a researcher, investor or journalist. Never a student.

- If there is a guest list, and they say you're not on there, say you have it in the diary you're supposed to be here, or that your work-experience guy should have emailed to put you on the guest list.
- Check who the sponsor and organizer is. The tech sponsors might be good for beer and pizza; Universities have budgets for decent wine; art galleries are social and fun. Events organised by the legal profession, or indeed any professional association are good for drink. The challenge is good food.
- Look for the word "reception" as you pass by art galleries, hotels and other possible venues. Look for opening night and press only events. These are usually the first night before the public events. Look for press/ industry nights at fairs, exhibitions, conventions and expos. Look for presentations at Universities.
- Don't get drunk. Stay away from funerals and weddings (private family events).
- [The secret world of liggers](#) is a good newspaper introduction.

## More information

- [moneyless.org](#) has an article about getting food without money

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Source: [Food](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Foraging



**Foraging** is searching for wild food resources. From food that grows on trees, to food under the ground and in shrubberies, conduct a search for food and knowing where to look is a useful skill. From Dandelions to chickweed, tasty food can be found both



in the countryside, forest but also in the cities. From research and practice, you will know what to eat and more important what not to eat.



Vaccinium corymbosum3.jpg

Vaccinium corymbosum3.jpg — Tiia Monto (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Foraging](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Free and cheap travel

## Hitchhiking

Hitchwiki is a collaborative website for gathering information about hitchhiking and other ways of extremely cheap ways of transport. It is maintained by many active hitchhikers all around the world. We have information about how to hitch out of big cities, how to cover long distances, maps and many more tips.

## Walking

The simple act of walking has been rendered alien and almost obsolete in the contemporary world we live in. Ordinary walking can become a rebellious and subversive act. Roads are public space and people who choose to walk and cycle are not slowing traffic or getting in the way. They are simply occupying public space in a legal way as people have done since time immemorial. Our streets and roads are meant to connect us not divide us.

## Free/cheap organized rideshares

## Biking

Travel by bike is also a very good option for free travels

## Blackriding

Take trains or public transportation without a valid ticket is easier than what people think, especially if you are abroad from your residential country. Fines can hardly be sent outside of the country they are issued and controllers can't really force you to pay cash if you say you have no money. A good excuse, story will make everything easier for you.

# Health and Well-Being

Stay healthy - prevention & problem solving

- [Insurance](#)
- [Accessible Healthcare](#)

But also specific aspects of

- [Food](#)
- etc

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Source: [Health and Well-Being](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Hitchhiking

This topic is covered in another book in this catalog (hitchhiking, dumpster diving, or hospitality exchange). See the live wiki: <https://nomadwiki.org/en/Hitchhiking>





Liften in de woestijn.jpg

Liften in de woestijn.jpg — lijccoo (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Hitchhiking](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Hospitality exchange

This topic is covered in another book in this catalog (hitchhiking, dumpster diving, or hospitality exchange). See the live wiki: [https://nomadwiki.org/en/Hospitality\\_exchange](https://nomadwiki.org/en/Hospitality_exchange)

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Source: [Hospitality exchange](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Housesitting and caretaking

**Housesitting and caretaking** can be a great way to get find comfortable place for a while. You get to stay in a house in exchange for watering the plants, possibly feeding the animals and just making sure the house looks inhabited.

In some countries there's also a more institutionalized form, in the [Netherlands](#) it's called "anti-kraak" (anti-squatting) as it's a way to keep squatters out. (Funny enough many people have started squatting after living in an anti-kraak building for a while.)

- <http://www.mindmyhouse.com/> **Mind my house** requires looking after and living in people's homes while they are away. Membership costs \$20 per year (£13, €15).
- <http://www.housesitworld.com/> **House it world** is an international house sitting service for home minders, Caretakers & house sitters since. Sitters are wanted for Caretaker and Home minding jobs in the USA, Europe, London, England, Paris, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Australia, Canada, New Zealand.
- <http://www.caretaker.org/> **THE CARETAKER GAZETTE** is a unique newsletter containing property care taking and house sitting jobs, advice, and information for property caretakers, housesitters, and landowners. Published since 1983, it's the only publication in the world dedicated to the property caretaking field.
- <http://www.trustedhousesitters.com/> **Trusted house sitters** asks 59€ per year (£50) membership. Really too much for a budget traveller. It is well spread around the world, with a huge presence in UK.
- <http://www.luxuryhousesitting.com/> **Luxury House Sitting** has a small 10\$ (£6.50, 7.50€) per year membership cost, which is much lower than the rest. Still a good idea to give a look from time to time, and spend a free vacation in a luxury house!

# How to find cheap flights

**Finding cheap flights** is a nice skill. [Hitchhiking](#) is a good way to get around but how can you get to other continents if you don't have oceans of time?

## Search engines

- [Skyscanner](#) is a great way for finding cheap flights. Choose "whole month" or even "whole year" for this to work properly.
- [AZair.com](#) is a specialized low-cost search engine. It can combine diff. carriers (up to 3 changes), search by region (from: Scandinavia, to: Mediterranean), search in long time windows (June-October), has data form 45+ LCCs (mostly European and Middle-eastern), works fast
- [Azuon](#) is Windows program that has many low-cost airlines in its database such as [Ryanair](#), [Norwegian](#), [Wizzair](#), [AirAsia](#) and many more.
- [ITA's Matrix](#) lets you search in advanced ways.
- [Drungli](#) is very simple search tool for flights in EU, but it covers some cheaper airlines (eg. [Ryanair](#)).
- [Kayak](#)
- [Hopper](#) Flight research tools.
- [airixo](#) nice presentation, allows for search to 'anywhere'. Limited to Europe.
- [skypicker](#) maps options, allows for search to 'anywhere'.
- [JetMap](#) shows routes for low cost airlines but doesn't have a search. Especially good for European connections; outside Europe it's not always up to date. [See airliners list](#)
- [SkipLagged](#) finds "Hidden City" connections, sometimes it's cheaper to book a flight to a third city, and you simply don't board the last plane.
- [Jetcost](#) Compare different search engine - they also list companies that scam their customers though

## Avoid scams

- [Edreams](#), **GO Voyages**, **Opodo** and **Travellink** belong to one company, Odigeo, that [keeps on scamming people](#)

## Other useful resources

Promotions & error fares:

- [holidaypirates.com](http://holidaypirates.com)
- [rushflights.com](http://rushflights.com)
- [flynous.com](http://flynous.com)
- [fly4free.com](http://fly4free.com)
- [spirit.com](http://spirit.com) is a budget airline that connects the U.S. with Central America.
- [1](#) lists budget airlines by country.
- [SleepingAirports.net](http://SleepingAirports.net) might be useful sometimes

## Articles

- [Use a fake location for cheap airfare](#)



Ryan.b737.750pix.jpg

Ryan.b737.750pix.jpg — wikimediacommons>Denniss (Public domain)

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Source: [How to find cheap flights](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Insurance

**Insurance** is a tricky topic for nomads.

## Health insurance

Within the [EU](#) things are fairly well organized, but not too much either. If you are a resident somewhere you're supposed to pay for health insurance in that country and it will also cover you in other EU countries.

## Travel insurance

### United Kingdom

- [Money.co.uk](#)
- [Money supermarket](#)
- [Compare the Market](#)

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Source: [Insurance](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Intentional communities

## Intentional communities

Intentional communities come in myriad different shapes, sizes, and scenarios. From ecovillages, cohousing setups, housing cooperatives to communes, what they share is a commitment to doing things together -- a concept which has caused the model's popularity in recent times.

# Examples of Intentional Communities

## General

- [The Camphill Movement](#) is an initiative for social change inspired by anthroposophy. Camphill communities are residential "life-sharing" communities and schools for adults and children with learning disabilities, mental health problems and other special needs, which provide services and support for work, learning and daily living. There are 119 Camphill communities in 23 countries in [Europe](#), [North America](#), Southern [Africa](#) and [Asia](#) (as of March 2012)." - wikipedia
- [The intentional communities directory](#) is a means to search for an intentional community, ecovillage, cohousing, commune, co-op, or other cooperative living arrangement. You can browse through their community lists, look at maps, or search their database. You can filter your search on many key characteristics of each community such as location, size, etc.
- [The Rainbow Family Of Living Light](#) are intentional community builders, adhering to values of non-violence and alternative lifestyles.

## [North America](#)

- [Slab City \(The Slabs\) \(located at 33°15'32"N 115°27'59"W\)](#) is a snowbird campsite in the Colorado Desert in southeastern California. It is used by recreational vehicle owners and squatters from across North America. It takes its name from the concrete slabs that remain from the abandoned World War II Marine barracks of Camp Dunlap.

## [United Kingdom](#)

- [Coed Hills Rural Art Space - Pronounced 'coyd'](#) is one of [Wales](#)' leading centres for sustainable living and the creative arts. They aim to become a centre of education focused on nature, sustainability and traditional woodland skills and crafts, contributing to local tourism, employment and the rural economy. They are working towards self-sufficiency in energy production: this will reduce our costs and our effect on the local and global environment, and serve as a living

experiment in what is possible. We do not claim to be perfect, but we are constantly exploring and sharing what we learn both from cutting edge technology and from the knowledge and wisdom of previous generations. Their [ [www.coedhills.co.uk](http://www.coedhills.co.uk) Website] website is under construction at the moment.

- [Faslane Peace Camp](#) is a permanent peace camp sited alongside Faslane Naval base in Argyll and Bute, [Scotland](#). They are protesting against Trident, the British Nuclear weapons system which consists of 4 nuclear powered submarines, each armed to the teeth with enough explosive plutonium to end the world (all true). This is the sole reason for their existence and as such, those living here have put their personal lives, for the most part, on hold to live here and campaign. They are always happy to welcome people who are interested in the issues and want to help them out a bit with camp life like chopping wood, painting caravans, repairing structures... They especially like to host people who are interested in making mischief with us.

## More

- [The intentional communities directory](#) is a guide to communal living in the [United Kingdom](#).

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# International Voluntary Programmes

"Sometimes it's possible to be enrolled in international programs that are partly or completely financed by public or private institutions. It's an interesting experience where you can meet a lot of nice people and learn something new. Age limit and country origin may apply."

## YOUTH IN ACTION

Youth in Action, is financed by European Union and it's often restricted to people below 25 years of age, even if some of the projects have no age restriction, so it's still worth to try. The organization is paying for food and accommodation, plus 70% of the



travel expenses to reach the place. Sometimes there is a participation fee, others it is completely free. It's during one of this workshop that me and Oti met for the first time. - [www.eacea.ec.europa.eu/youth/](http://www.eacea.ec.europa.eu/youth/)

## GRUNTVIG

Grundtvig programs are similar to Youth in Action, but without age restriction. Plus you have free food, free accommodation, free transportation and even the program fee is completely financed by the institution! Too good to be true, that's why you can apply only once every three years. - [www.ec.europa.eu/education/lifelong-learning-programme/grundtvig\\_en.htm](http://www.ec.europa.eu/education/lifelong-learning-programme/grundtvig_en.htm)

## EVS

The European Voluntary Service (EVS) provides young [Europeans](#) with the unique chance to express their personal commitment through unpaid and full-time voluntary activities in a foreign country within or outside the EU. In this way, it seeks to develop solidarity, mutual understanding and tolerance among young people, thus contributing to reinforcing social cohesion in the European Union and to promoting young people's active citizenship. It's free for volunteers, and you receive free accommodation and food, insurance and pocket money. The only thing you might have to pay is a small part (maximum 10%) of your travel costs. Usually volunteers must be 18 - 30 years old on the application deadline. - [http://ec.europa.eu/youth/youth-in-action-programme/european-voluntary-service\\_en.htm](http://ec.europa.eu/youth/youth-in-action-programme/european-voluntary-service_en.htm)

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Source: [International Voluntary Programmes](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Knife

**Knife** is always a big question and the choice of which one can fire some heated debates amongst travelers! For sure you will use one, and it is so nice to have one with you.

## What type of metal?

- **Carbon blade** are much easier to sharpen and they cut really well. On the other hand, they are less resistant to 'torsion', and they rust, so be careful to always dry them carefully!
- **Stainless steel** are rust free and therefore often chosen by travelers but they don't cut as well.

## Some nice nomad knives

- **The classic French [Opinel](#)**, simple, resistant, efficient, nice wooden style. Available in both carbon and stainless, from different sizes: number 8 or 9 are good sizes. Don't forget to lock it with the Virobloc twist lock, as you can cut yourself very deeply if it is not locked. Count around 8€. An awesome quality/price ratio.
- **[Swiss knife](#)** are a bit more heavy and expensive but have more possibilities and the blade is of a nice quality.
- Another French knife, **[Laguiole](#)**. They are quite expensive but of a good quality, and often have a corkscrew which is missing on the Opinel and without all the other debatable accessories of the Swiss knife. Be careful, the brand 'Laguiole' is not legally protected so there are many fake Laguiole, from Asia or even [France](#), make sure you get a real one if you pay the price for it.

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Source: [Knife](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## List of ecovillages

The following is a **list of ecovillages**. An [ecovillage](#) is an [Intentional Communities](#) which strives to be socially, economically, and ecologically [sustainable](#).

A more complete listing of ecovillages can be found on the external website [ic.org](#)

## Africa and Middle East

- [Penyon Bay Ecovillage](#) – Morocco

- [Working Villages International](#) – Congo

## Oceania

- [Aldinga Arts EcoVillage](#) – Australia
- [Cape Paterson Eco Village](#) – Australia
- [Curumbin Ecovillage](#) – Australia
- [Crystal Waters Village](#) – Australia
- [Homeland Community](#) – Australia
- [Kookaburra Park Eco-Village](#) – Australia
- [Somerville Ecovillage](#) – Australia
- [Riverside](#) - New Zealand
- [Tui Community](#) - New Zealand
- [Wilderland](#) - New Zealand

## Asia

- [Sarvodaya](#) – Sri Lanka
- [Misool Eco Resort](#) - Indonesia
- [Konohana Family](#) - Japan

## Europe

- [AiH in English, AiH in Danish](#) – Denmark
- [Freetown Christiania](#) – Denmark
- [Munksøgård](#) – Denmark
- [BedZED](#) – England
- [Kew Bridge Eco Village](#) - England
- [Landmatters](#) – England
- [Keuruun ekokylä](#) - Finland
- [Stamm der Likatier](#) – Germany
- [ZEGG](#) – Germany
- [Sólheimar Ecovillage](#) – Iceland
- [The Village](#) - Ireland
- [Damanhur](#) – Italy
- [Torri Superiore](#) – Italy

- [Ecovillage Brabant](#) - Netherlands
- [Zonneterp-project](#) – Netherlands
- [Tamera](#) – Portugal
- [Awakened Life](#) – Portugal
- [Big Stone](#) - Russia
- [Grishino](#) - Russia
- [Kovcheg](#) - Russia
- [Findhorn Ecovillage](#) – Scotland
- [Zajezka](#) – Slovakia
- [Chiva](#) – Spain
- [Ecoforest](#) – Spain
- [Lakabe](#) – Spain
- [Matavenero y Poibueno](#) – Spain
- [Taldea](#) – Spain
- [Valle de Acuario](#) – Spain
- [Valle del pino de los Condes](#) – Spain
- [Valle de Sensaciones](#) – Spain
- [Güneşköy](#) – Turkey
- [Hermes Projekt](#) – Turkey
- [Imece evi](#) – Turkey
- [Brithdir Mawr](#) – Wales

## North America

### Canada

- [Earthwalk Sustainable Living Centre](#) – Colborne, Ontario
- [EcoReality](#) – British Columbia
- [Kakwa Ecovillage Cooperative](#) – British Columbia
- [Lightwork Ecovillage](#) – Gambier Island, British Columbia
- [Mont Radar](#) – Quebec
- [O.U.R. Ecovillage](#) – British Columbia
- [Prairie's Edge Eco-Village](#) – Manitoba
- [The Nonmune](#) – Vancouver, British Columbia
- [Yarrow Ecovillage](#) – British Columbia
- [Yoga Ecovillage](#) – Salt Spring Island, British Columbia

- [Cité Écologique](#) - Ham-Nord, Quebec

## Mexico

- [Bosque Village](#) – Michoacan
- [Huehucoyotl](#)
- Teopantli Kalpulli Comunidad - Jalisco

## United States

- [Berea College Ecovillage](#) – Kentucky
- [Cobb Hill](#) – Vermont
- [Cypress Villages](#) - Iowa
- [Dancing Rabbit](#) – Missouri
- [Dreamtime Village](#) – Wisconsin
- [Earthaven Ecovillage](#) – North Carolina
- [EcoVillage at Ithaca](#) – New York
- [Ecovillage Training Center at The Farm](#) – Tennessee
- [EcoVillage of Loudoun County](#) – Virginia
- [Enright Ridge Urban Eco-Village](#) – Cincinnati, Ohio
- [Hawks Haven](#) - Paonia, Colorado
- [Los Angeles Eco-Village](#) – California
- [Lost Valley Eco-Village](#) – Dexter, Oregon
- [Maitreya Ecovillage](#) – Eugene, Oregon
- [Manitou Arbor](#) – Michigan
- [Orange Twin Conservation Community](#) – Georgia
- [PAZ Ecovillage](#) – Texas
- [Sirius Community](#) - Massachusetts
- [Plan B Ecovillage](#) – Missouri
- [Solaris Valhalla Farm](#) – Cabool, Missouri
- [Twin Oaks Community](#) – Virginia
- [Vegan Ecovillage](#) – Hawaii
- [White Hawk Ecovillage](#) – New York

## South & Central America

- [Rancho Delicioso](#) – Montezuma, Costa Rica

- [Ecovila Clareando](#) – Piracaia-SP BRAZIL
- [AldeaFeliz](#) – Colombia
- [Bliss Center](#) – Argentina
- [Comunidad Chobita, Asociación Civil Conciencia Comunitaria](#) – Argentina
- [Ecopueblo Pualafquén](#) – Chile
- [Eco village Piracanga](#) - Bahia Brazil
- [Ecovila Cunha](#) – Brazil
- [Finca Las Brisas](#) – Costa Rica
- [Gaia Ecovilla](#) – Argentina
- [Gaviotas](#) – Colombia
- [Lothlorien](#) – Brazil
- [São Paulo Ecovila](#) – Brazil
- [Yacu Yura](#) – Argentina
- [Footprints Eco Resort](#) - Caribbean
- [Fuente Verde](#) - Costa Rica
- [Gaia Sagrada Eco-Community & Retreat Center](#) - Cuenca, Ecuador

## External links

- [Global Ecovillage Network](#) – Lists 397 ecovillages as of January 17, 2008
- [Ecovillage Directory](#) – Lists 314 ecovillages as of February 8, 2009
- [Ecovillage Network of the Americas](#)
- [Red Ibérica de Ecoaldeas \(Iberian network ecovillages\)](#)
- [Ecobasa](#), directory of sustainable communities, eco-villages and individuals looking for alternative ways of living

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Source: [List of ecovillages](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Money

Except for people who go completely moneyless **money** is quite a necessity. On [Nomadwiki](#) you'll find many ways to reduce your need of money but we also have some information about making money.

- [Earning On The Road](#)
- [Busking](#)
- [Bargaining](#)
- [Black Economy](#)

## Transferring money

### Bitcoin

Bitcoins can be quite speculative, but if you know what you're doing it can be a great way to store money. You don't need a bank account anymore and through websites such as LocalBitcoins and DealCoin you can exchange your BTC into whatever currency you need. Some might say it's safer than walking around with cash. The value is moving around a lot, but it's mostly going up. Also note that there's no need to have 1 BTC, you can also have 0.001 bitcoins. You don't need [internet](#) to receive money this way (your address is enough) but you do need internet to spend it.

Given that a simple transaction currently costs 0.0001 BTC (8 dollar cents on this moment) it's already quite a viable alternative to Western Union and their ridiculous fee structure.

### Bank account / credit card

In recent years interesting bank accounts with prepaid credit cards have popped up. An example is the German Number26 and the English Revolut. For Revolut you only need a European address to receive the credit card, Revolut has great exchange rates. Number26 is slightly better even, it's a real bank account, now available in Germany, France, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Slovakia and Spain. You need an address in one of these countries, but it doesn't have to be an official address. See also this article on [moneyless.org](#).



## Other services

- [Transferwise](#)
- [MoneyGram](#)
- [PayPal](#)

## Moneyless Travel

While not a new concept, a growing of nomads are seeking to travel and live moneyless. While easier to accomplish is stationary (if you stay in one place, like cave living), its more difficult when travelling.

- [Moneyless.info](#)
- Moneyless.org: how to travel without money
- [Moneyless manifesto](#) by [Mark Boyle](#)
- [The Ultimate Guide to Traveling Without Money](#)
- [Moneyless traveller Tomi Astikainen](#)
- [How to Travel to Every European Capital Without Spending a Penny.](#)
- [28 Ways to Sleep Free Traveling.](#)
- [Ruso Loco – Traveled 107+ Countries With No Money.](#)
- [How to travel the world with almost no money - Tomislav Perko](#)
- [Travelling without spending money](#) | Simon Dabbicco | TEDxCrocettaSalon

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Source: [Money](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Purifying water

While you may come across fresh, clear water many times on your travels, care must be taken to avoid becoming sick when drinking it. Microscopic bacteria is often found in fresh water stream and rivers, especially near civilization or agricultural areas (farms). Even slight contamination of a water source can leave you violently ill. Fortunately, there are multiple ways to [treat suspected water](#).

- **Boil the water for at least 10 minutes**, even though 15 to 20 minutes are recommended to reduce the risks. This is one of the most surefire ways to purify

water and includes roadside puddles, brown sludge from underground, radiator liquid. It tends to require lots of patience for sure and fuel (if you don't have a wood [cooker](#)).

- **Leave it exposed in the sun (with lemon juice) in a transparent bottle.**

According to some recent studies, leaving water exposed to sun should take 6 hours before being drinkable, and reduced to 30 minutes if adding lemon. Read [this article](#).

- **Water filtering.** Personal water filters have become commonplace among hikers to ensure that their water is safe to drink. For the average traveler, however, they may be bulky and expensive.

A cheap way of filtering water, although much more time consuming than industry-made filters, is **to do it with wood**. Follow [this link](#) to learn a bit more about it. Using a soft bottle you could as well make a cork out of wood fitting the hole of your bottle. The water will make the cork swell and be blocked in the hole. Now by putting pressure on the bottle, the water will be filtered through the wooden cork, eliminating most of the bacterias. Pine trees seem to be one of the best to filter.

- **Chemical treatment.** From simple household bleach, iodine, chlorine, or similar chemicals to two-part time-sensitive compounds, chemical purification can offer a small, light-weight and inexpensive option to ensure water purity. Many chemicals can leave water with a slight aftertaste, which can be removed by adding a small amount of lemon, tea leaves, powdered drink mix or similar flavoring. When using chemical compounds, it is important to follow manufacturer guidelines, as many of these chemicals are poisonous if misused. A personal favorite of 'Stove' is "Aqua mira", either in a two part liquid or a small dissolvable pill. Liquid to treat 120 liters costs approx \$10. However, this is not recommended for long-term use.

Otherwise you must consume plastic en masse by buying new bottles and be careful that they are well sealed. As well avoid ice put into drinks if you don't know how they are made. If the ice blocks of your Tequila Sunrise are made with bad water, you might end up with more than a hangover.

Water can be unsuitable for drinking for another reason: the cities are too big and not well enough equipped, and water is treated with enough chemicals to make it bad for

long-term drinking, even though it cannot really make you sick. In this case bottled water is your only option... For short stays it is not really a problem

## Buying a commercial filter

Good, cheap and light commercial water filters are:

- [Life Straw](#)
- [Sawyer Mini](#)

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Source: [Purifying water](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Rideshares

**Sharing rides** can be a good way to get around for not too much money. Still, there are

### Rideshare catalogs

- **[Triphopping](#)** searches rideshare sites, buses, trains, planes, hitchhiking tips and even more ways of getting around. You can post a ride request of your own, or if you're driving with empty seats, you can offer a ride to the community. You can also find places to stay on your way and see who's around and what's going on.

## Rideshare websites

- **[covoiturage-libre.fr](http://covoiturage-libre.fr)** is "no account management, no notice to users, no photo, no booking, no automatic SMS" ... just an ad (with phone and email) and a search engine. C ' is the basis of carpooling, and nothing more.
- **[hitchhikers.org](http://hitchhikers.org)**, despite the name is NOT a website for hitchhikers. If you want to [hitchhike](http://hitchhike), check Hitchwiki.
- **[BlaBlaCar](http://BlaBlaCar)** connects drivers who have empty seats with people looking for a ride through the self-proclaimed largest car share service in [Europe](#). Fuel costs for the journey are shared.
- **[Carpooling.com](http://Carpooling.com)**

## Focused on one country

- <http://www.eurostop.be/eng/>

## Facebook Rideshare Groups

- **[The Edinburgh Connection facebook group](#)** is a lift share group for people who want to travel from Edinburgh to other areas (e.g. Bristol/London/Sheffield/Nottingham, Glasgow) or from these other areas to Edinburgh (or maybe even just going through Edinburgh and can pick people up en route) .... and either need a lift or would like to offer space in their car.

## To organize

Found at <http://www.bewelcome.org/forums/s5858>

Many of these are actually owned by the same company. We should make that clear on this page.

<http://www.blablacar.com/>

<http://www.carpooling.it/>

<http://www.bring-me.it/>

<http://www.autostradecarpooling.it/>

<http://www.roadsharing.com/it/>

<http://www.karzoo.eu/en/home>

<http://www.eurokm.com/home>

<http://e-carpool.eu/>

<http://www.ekoroad.com/>

<http://www.mitfahrgelegenheit.at/>

<http://www.mitfahrgelegenheit.de/>

<http://www.mitfahrgelegenheit.ch/>

<http://www.carpooling.fr/>

<http://www.carpooling.es/>

<http://www.carpooling.pl/>

<http://www.pamemazi.gr/>

<http://www.carpooling.co.uk/>

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Source: [Rideshares](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Sailing



**Sailing** can be a good way to get around. If you're lucky you don't have to pay to go long distances.

## Finding boats

[findacrew.net](http://findacrew.net) is a good website for people looking for jobs/voluntary work on sailboats.

On [7knots.com](http://7knots.com) some people offer free places on their boats in exchange for work, some will ask you to share common living costs.

## Hitchhiking boats

More information about hitchhiking boats:

- Hitchwiki.



- Randomroads.org story with some special considerations for hitching on boats



Ankerspill.jpg

Ankerspill.jpg — CeGe (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Sailing](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Squatting

**Squatting** is still a great way to find a nice place to stay for a longer period.

## Europe

In some [European](#) countries the law could be on your side when squatting.



## The Netherlands

In the Netherlands, squatting is illegal since October 2010. However, when you do manage to squat a property and have a bed and kitchen table in before the police shows up, you cannot be evicted right away. This is because the European Convention on Human Rights (ECHR) rules the right on a place to live higher than the right of ownership. That in return means the owner has to go through a court trial to evict you, taking a minimum of 6 weeks. After that you will be faced with a ~250 euro fine though.

## Resources

- <http://planet.squat.net/>

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Source: Squatting License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Tarp

Basically a **tarp** is a sheet of plastic, which is tossed over a ridgeline, tied between two trees, walking sticks, or whatever you can find. Unlike the static tents and bivys, tarps are very flexible. Besides the multiple designs, you can decide, whether you want to use a groundsheet or carry a mosquito net.

## What do you need?

In outdoor shops, you can find dozens of tarps; industrially made, ultralight and equipped with all the features to settle the needs of the modern backpacker. Correspondingly high will be your expenses. The good news is, if you can't afford that, you can just go to your local hardware store and get a simple plastic tarp. A compromise could be a rain poncho from the army surplus store.

To accomodate one person it should have a size of 3 x 3 m (10 x 10 feet). For your ridgeline you need a cord or a rope of 10 meter length. Parachute cord is approved, but any other stable cord will do as well. Optionally, you can bring some tent pegs, but you can use sticks or rocks as well.

## How to set it up?

Depending on, whether you want to be protected from sun, rain, wind or cold, there are various ways to set them up. On the internet, there are a lot of websites, describing the different methods.

The most basic way is the A-frame. You ridge your paracord between two trees, toss your tarp over it and stake the edges to the ground.

## Websites about tarp camping

- [Tarpin' it](#), Thread on Digihitch.com (Registration needed)
- [Rigging a tarp](#), YouTube-Video about setting up an A-frame
- [Different tarp shelters](#)

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Source: [Tarp](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Train



**Trains** are a form of transport in (almost) all countries in the [world](#). As one can expect, rates, speeds and quality standards will differ greatly from country to country!

There is also the concept of Freighthopping, freight train hopping, or simply as train hopping.

## Europe

A cheap way to get around by train in Europe during a certain period of time might be via [Interrail](#).

## Train hopping

- [Train Hopping](#) Guide for the [United States](#). Contains good hints and tips.
- [How to jump trains](#)
- [Hitchwiki - train hopping](#)

## Finding cheap train tickets

- [seat61](#) has good links to websites for finding cheap train tickets
- We have some information about [finding cheap train tickets in France](#) on Nomadwiki



Train by the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad.jpg

Train by the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad.jpg — Michael Gäbler (CC BY 3.0)

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Source: [Train](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Transport

**Transport** is big these days. There are lots of good ways to get around.

- [Walking](#)
  - [Bicycle](#)
  - [Boat](#), [Hitchhiking a boat](#)
  - [Car](#)
  - [Hitchhiking](#)
  - [Train](#)
  - [Airplane](#), [Hitchhiking airplanes](#)
- 

Source: [Transport](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Traveling with children

## Useful Links

While being a nomad is sometimes traveling alone, it often may mean traveling with others, for short or long periods. Sometimes, it may include your child. Having a child (or children) should not disqualify you.

- [The Vagabond Family](#) that answers some basic questions.
- [Education and socialization](#).
- [Long term Travel As Education](#). It was published on Boots-N-All.
- [Road Schooling 101](#). Published in Wandr'ly Magazine with lots of resources and age leveled recommendations.



- [How to Take Your Kids Out Of School](#) and travel with the teacher's blessing.
  - [Five Great Resources for World Schooling](#) on Wandering Educators.
  - [Traveling with Children in Central America](#) on the Irish Times Newspaper.
  - [Petit Bibi on the road](#) - Sitarane's ordeal hitchhiking around the world with Weirdo and Cranky
- 

Source: [Traveling with children](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Vaccines

**Vaccines** are essential to stay healthy while traveling. The easiest is really to go and see your doctor or even better, a vaccination center if there is one in your city. They will have the latest information and be able to advise the best depending on your destination. But hereunder a small list to give you an idea.

For vaccination it is good to do it 3 months in advance because some of them need a second or third injection to be really effective. Otherwise you might end up needing to do one on the road! You can look at your government's website, health or travelling page. [Pasteur Institutes](#) can have some information as well. There are many debates on vaccines, on their real efficiency, on the secondary effects, the long term biological disorder, but the choice is all yours as are the consequences if you don't do them. Knowing that some countries won't let you in without some vaccination (Yellow fever for example)!

## Vaccinations for a world tour

- **Hepatitis A** is highly recommended. Possible to do it at once with Typhoid.
- **Hepatitis B** is very recommended as well but many people have it.
- **Typhoid** is very recommended and possible to do it in the same injection as Hepatitis A.
- **Yellow fever** is compulsory to enter [Ethiopia](#) for example.
- **Diphtheria, Tetanus, Poliomyelitis**, usually people have it, but check if you do not need a injection to reactivate it.
- **Meningitis A and C** is to do if going in the [Sub-Saharan areas](#).

- **Japanese encephalitis** is only needed in [South-East Asia](#).
- **Rabies** is not compulsory, you only have to avoid being bitten by a dog. The vaccine does not protect entirely, it only gives you a few more days to reach a hospital.

But no worries, everything is going to be alright!

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Source: [Vaccines](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Vehicle

A car or recreational vehicle can provide four walls and a roof over your head and even tea and coffee facilities. Whether its a car, caravan, camper-van, motor home or recreational vehicle, a vehicle can be both [transport](#) and [accommodation](#).

## Living in a Car

A car is a means of [transport](#), but it can also mean [accommodation](#), and even a home.

## Equipment

- A car.
- A travel kettle that plugs into the cigarette lighter.
- Bungee ropes, gardening wire, torches and some bed linen.
- A gas stove, pots and pans.
- A deodoriser, that you hang in the car.

## Advantages

- It is not illegal to sleep in your car, but you will be woken by curious coppers.
- You can travel when you want, and stay in one place when you want.
- Parking is largely free.
- Getting to pick up hitchhikers.

## Disadvantages

- Hot in the summer, problem of shade from an early-morning sun, cold in the winter.
- There is no running water, electricity or refrigeration.
- Paying for gas, but you can make money from ride shares.

## How do you sleep?

Sliding forward the two front seats provides space for a back-seat bedroom. A bean bag behind the driver's seat will help, pillows to level out the back bench.

## Where do you shower?

Service stations, bus stations, train stations, rivers, lakes, a connection you have made via [hospitality exchange](#) and public facilities.

## Where you go to the toilet?

Bus stations, train stations, supermarkets and of course public toilets. If you have the nerve it is possible to enter a larger restaurant or bar, when it's busy.

## Security

Never leave anything on display, and always lock your vehicle. A vehicle is safer when in a pack of vehicles, rather than a lone vehicle on the edge of the pack. When you park up chat with the people camping around you.

## A Caravan

Think about buying a caravan, which is a vehicle equipped for living in, and is typically towed by a car.

## Hints and Tips

- Use online websites to locate a cheap car for your journey.
- Buy insurance cover.
- Having a more discrete vehicle will always lower your chances of theft.
- Know where the nearest public toilet is, along with nearest gym, post offices etc.



- Think about buying a roof top tent for your car. They are pretty amazing, since easily mount directly to your roof rack or aftermarket roof bars and can be fully setup in just a few minutes.

## Living in a Recreational Vehicle

A recreational vehicle (RV), often called a "caravan", "camper van" and "motorhome", is, in North America, the usual term for a motor vehicle or trailer equipped with living space and amenities found in a home. If you have the cash then, a camper van or RV is a great way to go. However, they are much more expensive than cars if you are looking to buy.

In some countries, such as [Australia](#), there are many places to hire a camper van, and many places to buy and sell them cheaply. You may also make a profit if you have good [bargaining](#) and selling skills. You can learn more about buying and selling a camper van in Australia [here](#).

## Where do you park?

Parking is an issue for those with cars, or those with a RV. You can park anywhere, from fields, parking lots, roads to service stations. In many ways, using a RV or car as accommodation is similar to [Camping](#) by tent.

## RV Gatherings

- [The Rubber Tramp Rendezvous](#) started in 2010 in the [United States](#), and still going.

## Free Camping

Free camping is a great way to reduce your daily costs, by not paying campsite fees. The downside is that you do not have the facilities that the campsite offers (toilet or shower). If you follow your common sense you can enjoy free camping in lots of lovely areas, meet people and [save money](#).

## Suitable wild camping areas

- **Beaches:** Beaches are a great, and for many, the best place to free camp. You can normally park up in a sandy or dirt car park, facing the sea. Beach areas are normally quiet and have beautiful views and sounds. Some have toilets, and some have cold water showers.
- **Truck stops:** Many cross-country main roads have truck stops where truckers stop overnight. Almost all are free, some not being much more than dirt areas to the side of fuel stations. These areas can be good places to stop for the night. Safety is generally good. Stay out of the way of the trucks. The trucks need a lot of space to turn, and won't be happy if you are parked in the way. Look on the dirt surface to see their tire tracks, this will indicate where they turn and park.
- **Road laybys:** It is often possible to find road laybys in which to park. Often around lakes or mountain areas. Parking next to a busy road isn't a good idea. Crime can be high in roadside areas.
- **Supermarket car parks:** Some supermarkets allow vehicles to park overnight. Ask permission before stopping for the night, as you don't want to be locked in or clamped.
- **City parks:** Many city parks have large roads or avenues around them. It is often possible to find somewhere to park for the night.
- **Urban areas:** If you have a small vehicle, you can often park in urban areas. Always be aware of your profile though, crime is an issue.

## Free camping Tips and Hints

- Try and buy supplies, fuel and food in local establishments.
- It is important to not upset the local people, police and authorities. If you do upset people you, and everyone else there, will almost certainly be moved on. This may also jeopardise the future of the free camping location.
- Never leave any rubbish or waste behind.
- Never make excessive noise. If you are playing music ensure only you can hear it.
- Park sensible, so that people can use the parking bays around your vehicle.

- If you have to run your engine to charge your leisure batteries, do so during the day, and not at night or early morning.
  - Don't ever use a generator, as they are noisy and everyone will hear it. If you need mains electricity then you probably need a campsite.
- 

Source: [Vehicle](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Volunteering

**Volunteering** can be a great way to get around. There are also some organizations that charge you money to take you to a developing country where you can volunteer. These organizations are better avoided. On the other hand you should always ask yourself the question: can I really improve the situation? If you only have one week to offer many organizations will probably refuse your "help" since it usually takes them more time to get you up to speed with useful tasks. This can be different if you're ready to [teach English](#) in an orphanage or if you have advanced skills that can be instantly useful, for example [web development](#).

## Organizations and websites

### **Paid Membership:**

[helpx.net](#), short for "help exchange", this website puts willing volunteers in touch with people or businesses who need help with their farms, vineyards, ranches, hostels, sailing boats etc. throughout the world. After signing up for premier membership, which costs €20 (£18 approx) for two years, volunteers can search the current vacancies noticeboard and reviews and sign up for work, usually unpaid but in exchange for free board and lodging. Free membership gives access to basic information about some vacancies.

[workaway.info](#) is similar to Helpx, Workaway puts travellers in contact with homestay hosts who offer food and board in exchange for work. It costs €22, or roughly £19 for a 2 year membership.

WWOOF is an exchange - In return for volunteer help, WWOOF hosts offer food, accommodation and opportunities to learn about organic lifestyles. WWOOF organizations link people who want to volunteer on organic farms or smallholdings with people who are looking for volunteer help. Many countries have national WWOOF groups. Each national organization has its own membership arrangements and a separate membership fee. Get the links to each page here - <http://www.wwoofindependents.org/wwfiles/national.asp>

SE7EN encourages social and environmental volunteering around the world. They list free and low-cost volunteering opportunities world-wide that have social and / or environmental aims. They also list volunteers with time and skills to offer. Volunteers and hosts can make direct contact with each other to arrange a volunteering stay. Membership costs €15 (£13 approx) for 2 years which gives you full use of the site, and makes available the hosts contact information. (Not all opportunities on this site are free)

### **FREE Membership:**

VolunteersBase.com same concept as the sites mentioned above, the big difference is that is completely free (no fees, no memberships, no money). Volunteers can contact projects directly. It works with all sort of projects. If you like the idea please show your support by promoting, it is a new site and it has 280+ volunteering opportunities listed so far (03-2014). It will always be FREE or it will die trying:)

ThePoosh.org hospitality site for anyone, anywhere in the world wishing to participate in or start their own sustainable self-build project. It promotes the exchange of labor, knowledge, skills and community values and encourages sustainable self-build projects to offer food and accommodation for volunteer members. It's free.

## Sailing

## **Teaching OPPORTUNITIES**

<http://www.workingabroad.com> -

Voluntary Work Information Service - information on all volunteer work opportunities in over 150 countries worldwide in the environmental & humanitarian sectors.

<http://www.worldteach.org> -

Teach English Abroad at WorldTeach, teaching volunteer opportunities worldwide. WorldTeach is a non-profit organization that provides opportunities for individuals to make a meaningful contribution to international education by living and working as volunteer teachers in developing countries.

<http://www.teachanywhere.com> -

Find jobs teaching abroad and teaching work overseas with Teachanywhere.

## **need more info**

<http://www.openhouses.de/Internationales> -

<http://www.globalhelpswap.com> -

<http://www.fhinz.co.nz> -

## **No fee programs**

Some links from <http://idealistcareers.org/10-no-fee-international-volunteer-programs/>

JENGA Community development outreach

- <http://tostan.org>
- <http://challengesworldwide.com/>
- <http://www.aimint.org/usa/contact/ministry-interests>
- [Kiva](#)
- [Bankers without borders](#)
- [HEDON Household energy network](#)
- [VSO international](#)
- [Volunteer for economic growth](#)
- [United Nations](#)

# Individuals

You can add yourself here if you're ready to host volunteers. Be aware that this page is public on the [internet](#).

## Facebook groups

This page from the Facebook group cannot be copied here: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/FREE.NOMADS/doc/1417143698497347/>

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Source: [Volunteering](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Wagenplatz

A **Wagenplatz** is a space for campers. Spaces in Germany that emerged after the Second World War, when refugees could park their mobile trailers and caravans, given they had no other accommodation. Given that they are free, they are distinct from trailer parks or campsites. They are located primarily in Germany, and can be found in the [United Kingdom](#) where such sites are used by [New Age Travellers](#).

## History

These cars villages reemerged in the mid-1980s, in parallel to the squatter scene. Such spaces or trailer villages are tolerated by the landowners and authorities, but are constantly in danger of being evicted. Residents outlook is associated with a "phase out consumption-oriented society" and a "step towards self-determined life", but also as a way of mobile life.

## [Germany](#)

## [United Kingdom](#)

The trailer scene is linked to the new age traveller movement.

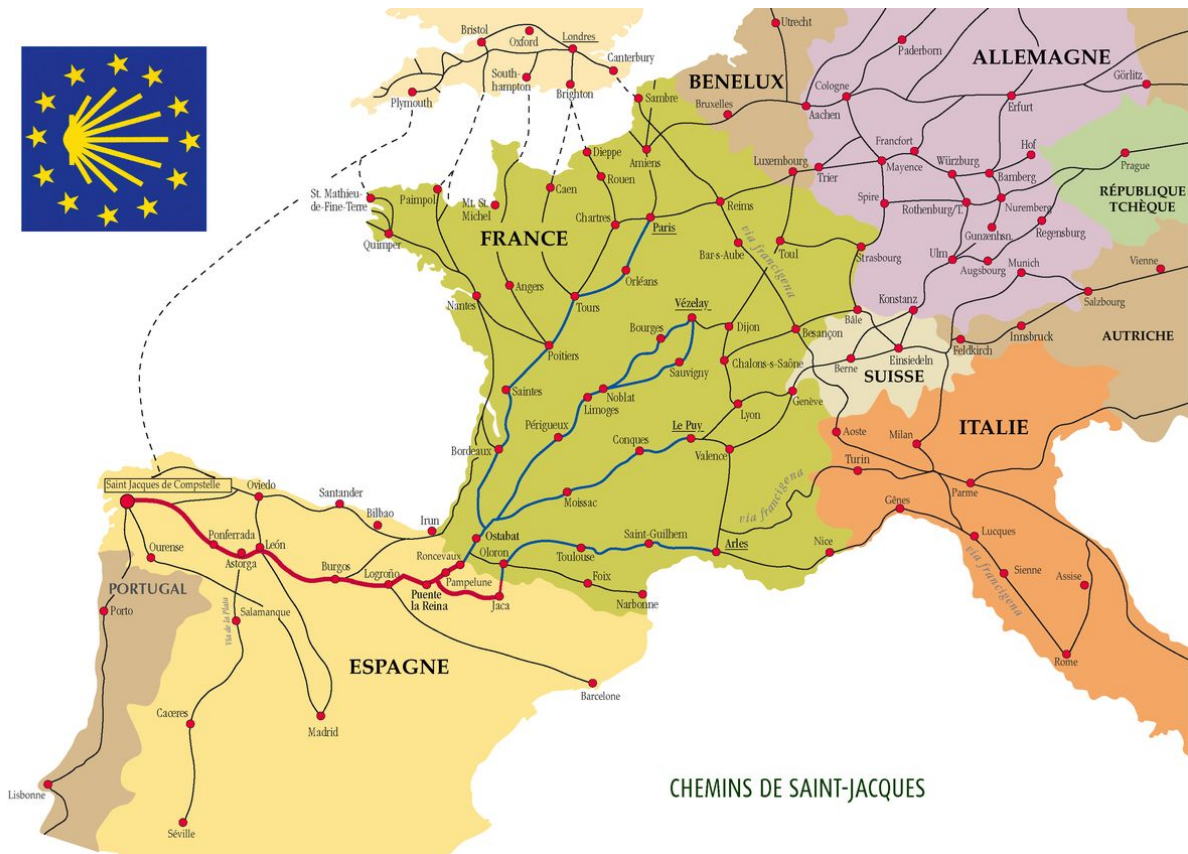
## Resources

- [Wagendorf](#).

Source: [Wagenplatz](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Walking

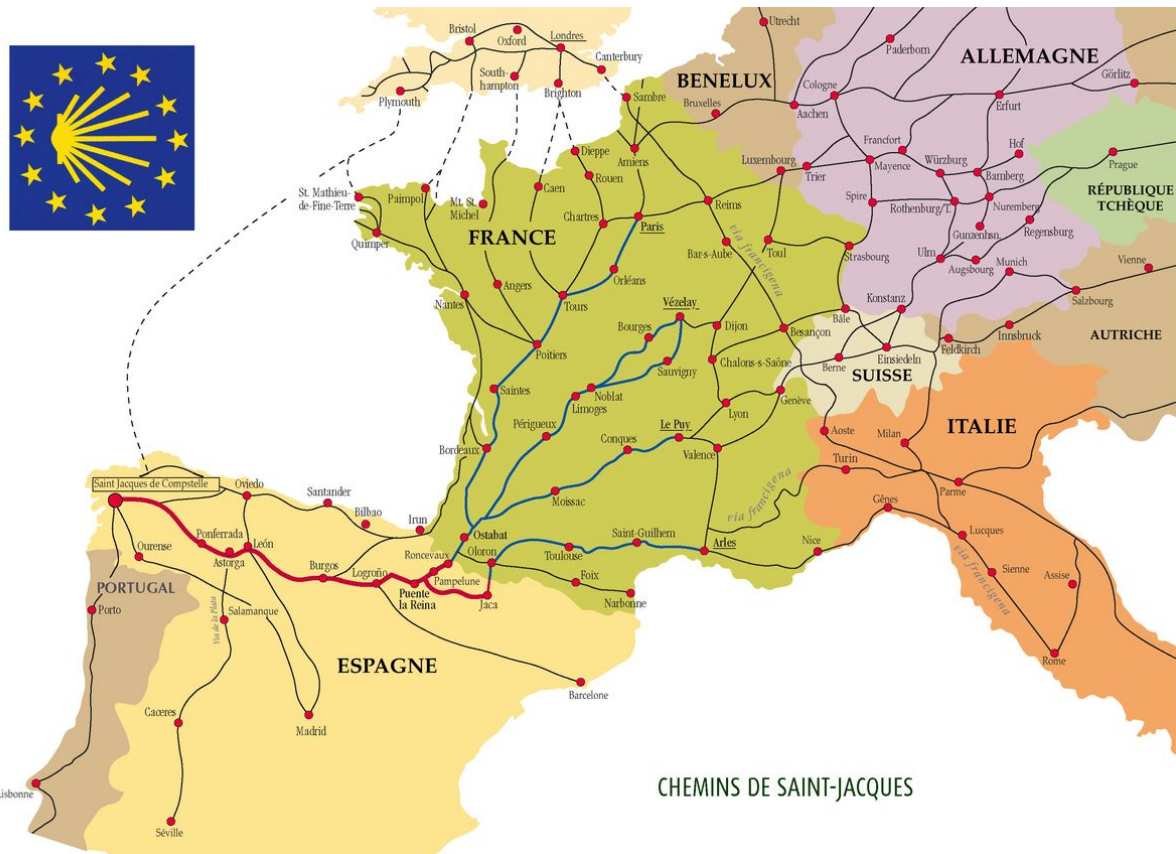
**Walking** is the oldest and probably the most zen way of getting around. You need time, but it's quite rewarding. With some training you can walk about 25 to 30 km a day.



There are many relatively convenient [trails](#) out there, on which you will not be bothered much by [cars](#). For example on the [Camino de Santiago](#). Often you can also find relatively cheap [accommodation](#) in strategic locations so you don't have to carry a [tent](#) and other [camping gear](#) with you.

It can be nice to combine walking with [hitchhiking](#).





Stjacquescompostelle1.png

Stjacquescompostelle1.png — map of Mr Manfred Zentgraf, Volkach, Germany (CC BY-SA 3.0)

Source: [Walking](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Winter retreats

List of good places to retreat for cold months.

### La Palma, Canary Islands, Spain

Summer / Spring all year round (really) and very good place to [squat](#) or live in nature, not so many tourists as in the other islands. There is a big free spot (a squatted land / house) that is pretty much inside the city of Santa Cruz de la Palma, the people in town call it "barranco de los hippies" some people call it "Casa loca" and others just the barranco, lots of free places to sleep inside the house or for [camping](#) around, also

some caves with nice people. The town offers very good dumpsters and life goes easy and free all year round. The site is posted at [Trustroots](#), so if you go to La Palma there, it's [pinned in the map](#). Remember that is not the only place in the island, it's just the closest one to the port or airport.

## **Beneficio, Spain**

Up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, this permanent [Rainbow](#) village has been a resting point for many travelers for the last... 30 years? Be warned: Very hippie!

## **Chefchaouen, Morocco**

Also up in the (Rif) mountains, this is a very relaxed, small blue Moroccan town. Created and painted blue by the Jews of Andalusia after they were expelled following the Reconquista. You can get a bed for 2 euros in the low season, and if you're into it, there's lots of kif around. Less hustlers, and not as aggressive, as other Moroccan cities.

## **Granada, Spain**

Student city and quite a lot of hippies around, too. Some folks are living up at the mountains in caves, but it's tiny bit cold in a cave during winter months. Average day temperatures are around +13°C/+55°F.

## **Lanzarote, Canary Islands, Spain**

Very nice weathers, probably one of the warmest spots in EU during the winter. Swim almost any day in the winter. Easy to get to - 50€ flights from a lot of places. [Totalism Hackbase](#) is a live-in hacklab camp in Lanzarote for theory, hacking and avant art.

## **Azores**

The Azores are a group of several volcanic islands situated in the middle of the Atlantic, owned by Portugal - more correctly, they are a distanced autonomous region of Portugal.

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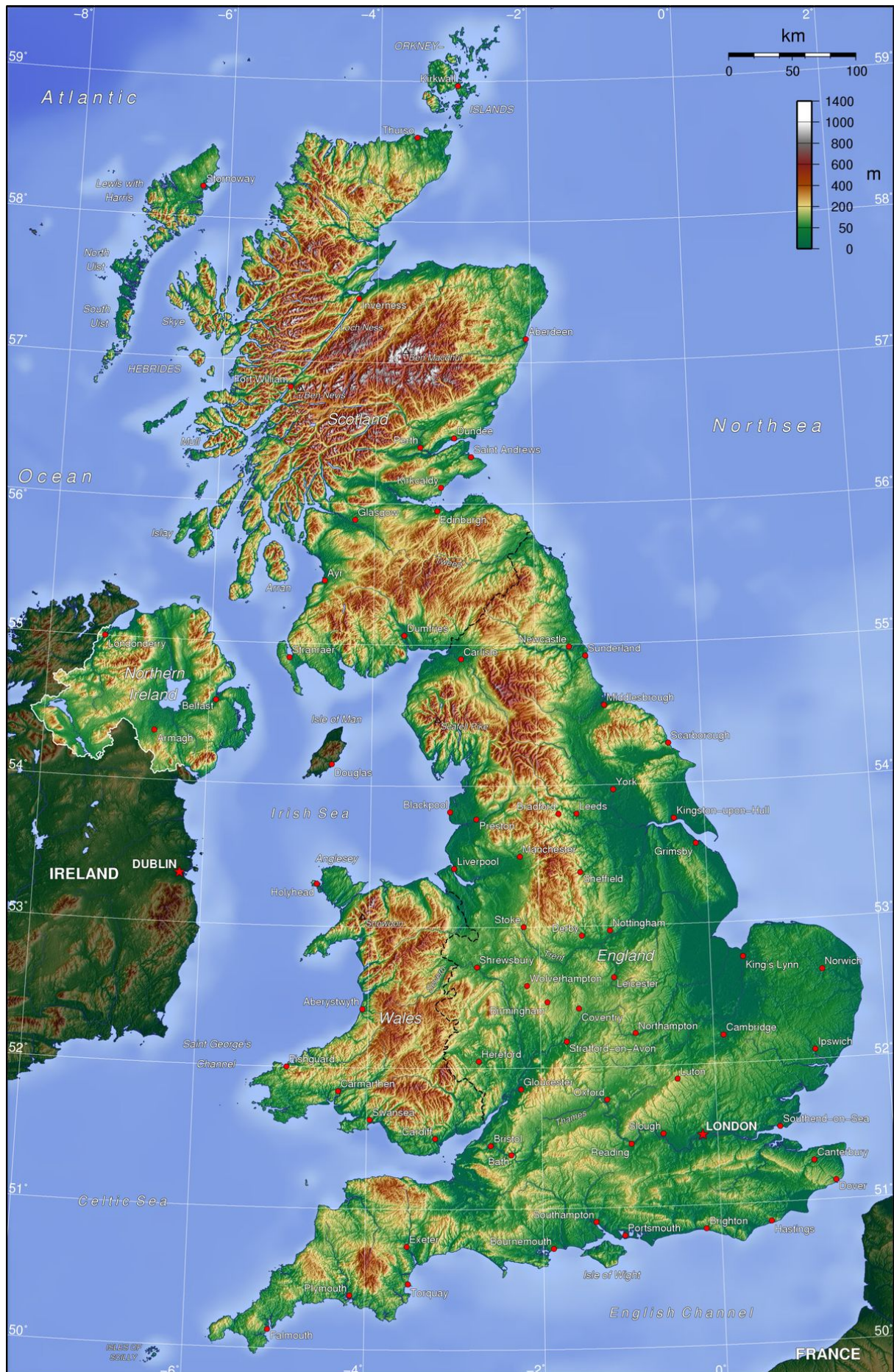
Source: [Winter retreats](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Europe

West to east: the British Isles, France and the Low Countries, the German-speaking lands, the Nordics, Iberia, Italy, then central Europe, the Baltics, the Balkans, and the east.

**United Kingdom**





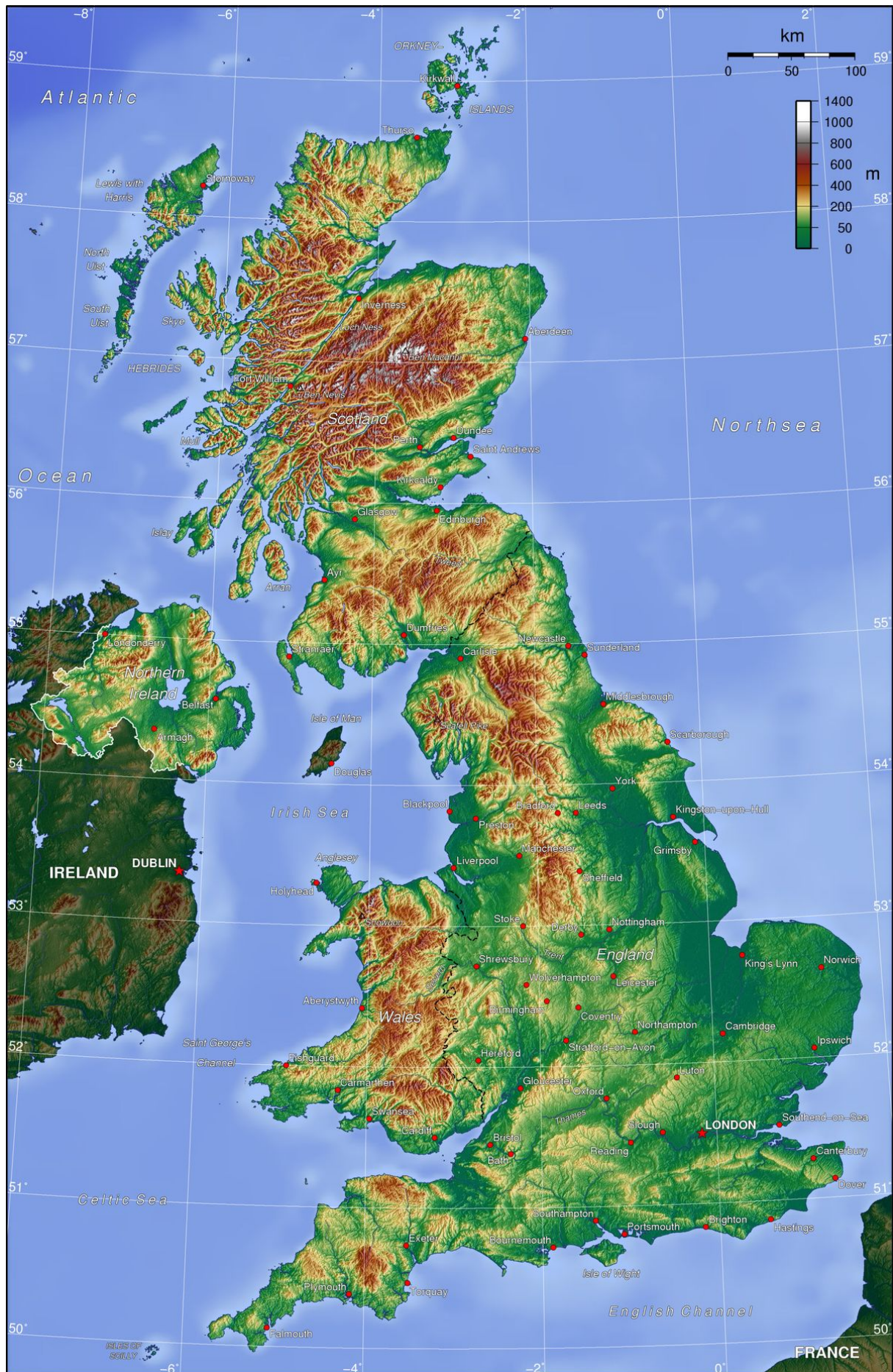
The **United Kingdom** is a member state of the European Union which forms the so-

called Common Travel area with [Ireland](#) and is not part of the [Schengen Agreement](#). It is quite an expensive country.

## Hints

- Whether you are a EEA CITIZENS (EUROPEAN ECONOMIC AREA or not, you have to pass through immigration control. Be prepared. They are likely to ask a couple of questions. They have refused many Nomads. It doesn't matter if you have a European passport or a valid visa. The United Kingdom is not part of the Schengen Agreement. If you are an EEA citizen, then use the separate channel marked 'EEA/EU passports'. Dress up, look smart, be confident, be calm, and be polite. Be prepared for questions such as: 'For what purpose are you entering....where will you be visiting....where will you be staying....how long will you be staying..etc'
- You can deposit money at any UK police station for someone in difficulty to collect at another police station.
- Beware of 'Schedule 7' of the Terrorism Act 2000 is a power that allows the police (as well as customs and immigration officers – “etc”) to question you in places like airports without the right to silence. There is [advice here](#) if stopped and questioned.





Uk\_topo\_en.jpg



Source: [United Kingdom](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# London

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

This book does not reprint named ramps, dumpsters, hostels, or other pins. They go out of date. Follow the note above to the live map or wiki.

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Source: [London](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Scotland

**Scotland** is a highly nomad-friendly country, with the ease of hitchhiking and legality of wild camping. The weather isn't really as bad as its reputation. As with everywhere in the [United Kingdom](#), supermarkets like Tesco, Morrison's and Sainsbury's provide extremely cheap food.

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Source: [Scotland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Ireland

**Ireland** (Republic of Ireland) is a member state of the [European Union](#) but with only partial participation in the [Schengen Agreement](#). The recent and inevitable economic downturn has made the people a bit more accommodating and brotherly again. However, Ireland remains an expensive country. Dublin is the capital city and main

point of ferry and flight entry. The two main languages spoken in Ireland are Irish and English. Irish is a minority but official language, whilst everyone can speak English.

- [Ireland's 10 best parks](#) for adventure and activity.

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Source: [Ireland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Dublin

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

### Seomra Spraoi

Many of Dublin's freegans hang out in Seomra Spraoi, an autonomous social centre near Mountjoy Square in the city centre. If you come to Seomra on a Wednesday evening (food is served at 7:30), there's a vegan café there and you should be able to meet them and hopefully arrange to go skipping with them sometime. You may also be interested in the bike workshop at Seomra, which is also open on Wednesday evenings. It is well equipped with tools and expertise and it's a great way to learn how to look after your own bike. In particular, it's handy for fixing up any abandoned bicycles you might happen to come across. Seomra also has a decently-sized freeshop upstairs, which is open whenever Seomra is open. It is particularly good for clothes. The website says that it's usually open from Monday to Thursday from 6 to 10pm. <http://seomraspraoi.org/>

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Source: [Dublin](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## France

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# Paris

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# Monaco

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# Belgium

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Source: [Belgium](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Netherlands

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# Amsterdam

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## Squatting

- [Vondelbunker](#) is a [squatted](#) bar, with a lot of people from the local squatting scene hanging out and nice events.
  - [Schijnheilig](#) (or [on FB](#))
- 

Source: [Amsterdam](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Luxembourg

Luxembourg is one of the tiniest and richest states in Europe. Its GDP per capita it's probably the highest in the continent and this can often be seen.

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Source: [Luxembourg](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Germany

## Getting Clothes

In Germany there are shops where you can bring unused clothes in a good state and/or take new clothes home. It does not cost anything. A list of these shops is available [here](#). (German)

# Hygiene

Most toilets on the service stations are maintained by [Sanifair](#) and are clean. You get a 0.50 euro coupon as part of the 0.70 euro service fee, which you can redeem when buying things at the petrol station shop or in the restaurant. [Pathofdhamma](#) suggest to seize the moment and jump the barrier if there are no people or cameras around. The turnstyle is only blocked for the inwards direction. With some luck and smooth moves, you can sneak in. Turn it towards you, walk one step; turn it again, walk another step: you are in!

There are showers in most Raststätte and Autohof service stations on and near the autobahn. Prices are between 2 euro and 5 euro.



Station multimedia Allemagne 2006.jpg

Station multimedia Allemagne 2006.jpg — nicowien (CC BY-SA 3.0)



TelefonzelleFrankfurt060422.jpg

TelefonzelleFrankfurt060422.jpg — JuergenG (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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## Berlin

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## Free STD tests

If you want to do it for free and anonymously, you go to AIDS Hilfe in Charlottenburg. They ask you for a donation for the quick tests (results after half an hour), but if you choose the laboratory one they might still ask for a donation, but do it for free as well if you choose so. You need to collect your results in person, usually one week later. The service is officially free only for those who can't afford it.

## Links

- [Stressfaktor](#) seems to be a great source of alternative information and events in Berlin.
  - If you are looking for "less alternative" events you can check [Resident Advisor](#) and [Was geht heut ab](#).
  - [Free things to do in Berlin](#) guide.
  - [Free Advice Berlin](#) FB group
  - [Free Your Stuff](#) FB group for stuff people give away
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Source: [Berlin](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Austria

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Source: [Austria](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Switzerland

**Switzerland** is one of the most expensive countries in [Europe](#).

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Source: [Switzerland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0



# Liechtenstein

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Source: [Liechtenstein](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Denmark

Denmark is a very wealthy country in [Northern Europe](#).

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Source: [Denmark](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Sweden

## Freedom to roam

In Sweden allemansrätten (lit. "the everyman's right") is a freedom granted by the Constitution of Sweden. It is defined as actions that are not crimes, will not make a person liable to pay damages, nor can be prohibited by any authority. As in other Nordic countries, the Swedish right to roam comes with an equal emphasis being placed upon the responsibility to look after the countryside; the maxim is "do not disturb, do not destroy".

Allemansrätten gives a person the right to access, walk, cycle, ride, ski, and camp on any land—with the exception of private gardens, the immediate vicinity of a dwelling house and land under cultivation. Restrictions apply for nature reserves and other protected areas. It also gives the right to pick wild flowers, mushrooms and berries (provided one knows they are not legally protected), but not to hunt in any way. Swimming in any lake and putting an unpowered boat on any water is permitted unless explicitly forbidden. Visiting beaches and walking by a shoreline is permitted, providing it is not a part of a garden or within the immediate vicinity of a residence

(legally defined as the hemfridszon). The hemfridszon's size depends on conditions but can be as large as 70 metres from an ordinary dwelling house.

Fishing remains essentially private—apart from on the biggest five lakes and the coast of the Baltic Sea, Öresund, Kattegat and Skagerrak. It is permitted to drive a car on a private road unless explicitly signposted otherwise. Small camp fires are generally permitted, but in some periods banned by local authorities due to wild fire risk. It is allowed to put up a tent on any uncultivated land for a night or two.

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Source: [Sweden](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Norway

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Source: [Norway](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Finland

### Maps

- [Finterest.fi](#) - Interactive map of Finland (e.g. free campings and fireplaces)
- Free topographic maps of Finland for [Android phones](#) and [browser](#).
- [Hiking maps](#)
- Coordinates of free cottages and lean-ons to stay all around the country: [Laavu.org](#). See "accommodation" section of this article for more.

### Kayaking and canoeing

Finland is full of lakes and rivers, thus doing trips with Kayak or canoe are very popular. It's an easy and affordable way to move even long distances (longest lakes in Finland are hundreds of kilometers long). Since you can camp pretty much anywhere in Finland, you can just stay overnight at islands or coastal rocks.

A good site to find out about good routes is unfortunately only in Finnish, but using translation programs you can navigate there pretty easily: [Melontareitit.com](#)

## Read on

- [Hitchbase](#) page for Finland with somewhat outdated tips for locations
  - [Lonely Planet – Finland eBook \(2003\) preview](#)
  - [Kyydit.net](#) - [rideshare](#) network for Finland
  - [Kimppa.net](#) - another [rideshare](#) network for Finland
  - [Truck drivers offering rides on FB group](#)
  - [Finterest.fi](#) - interactive map of Finland (e.g. free campings and fireplaces)
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Source: [Finland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Iceland

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Source: [Iceland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Spain

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Source: [Spain](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Madrid

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## Laboratorios ciudadanos

Citizen laboratories are created in vacant city spaces. Twenty have opened in the last few years, including [La Tabacalera](#), [Esta es una plaza](#) and [Campo de la Cebada](#). Each specialises in a particular field, such as agriculture and urban economy, social and

cultural integration, collaborative art or digital economy. An introduction to the scene can be found [here](#).

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## Barcelona

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## Portugal

### Links

- [Portal Anarquista](#) ([FB group](#))
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## Italy

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Source: [Italy](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# San Marino

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## Malta

### Second hand shops

There are 3 quite cheap and good charity shops in Hamrun, on San Guzepp street. To find second-hand electronics and other goods there is a website [maltapark.com](#)

### Equipment

If you want to buy camping equipment, you might want to go to Mosta to the Army Surplus shop.

### Where to spend time

To meet locals, you generally have a few spots:

- Maori bar on Triq-il-Lanca (you go down the straight street and turn to Sant Bastjan when it ends, and then you will see a tunel, which you take to find yourself on the seacoast. Then you will see a couple of tiny buildings on the right, one of them is Maori)
- ĠUGAR - Hangout & Bar
- Wild Honey cafe
- Vilhena Band Club on Triq Sarria
- You also have to check if there are events in the St James Cavalier Centre for Creativity -- they have great music with (often) free entrance
- Also, there is always some activity on the FB community 'Film/Tv work Malta', you can help students with making their movies -- and it's a great way to meet locals

## Places to explore

- Sa Maison Garden, Sa Malson -- just a nice tiny garden with a great view
- Generally there is a lot of abandoned forts left from the Brits. It's amazing to be there! You can break into Fort Ricasoli easily -- there is a path leading to the tunnels and weapons preserved from the older times. Fort Campbell is a bit further, but also a great place to be.

## Corruption

- [Daphne Caruana Galizia, Panama Papers journalist and "one-woman WikiLeaks," killed by car bomb](#)

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## Czech Republic

Czech Republic is a nice country in [Central Europe](#), from the geographically point of view, even though referred to as "Eastern Europe" by several western Europeans.

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Source: [Czech Republic](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Prague

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Prague is a city in [Czech Republic](#).

Extensive underground and tramway public system. Here you find the official websites with maps and info: <http://www.dpp.cz/en/> Very easy to blackride, no tolls in the metro stations and no drivers who ask for tickets at bus/tramway entrance.

Hospitality exchange community is pretty well extended. If the weather is nice also the parks on the western and southern (hilly) parts of the city are good for wildcamping. Going a bit further you find also national parks like prirodní park sarkalásky.

Local restaurants are quite cheap, with 30-50 Czech crowns (1-2€) you can easily have a soup and rice. Dumpsterdiving and freegans opportunities are also good, check <https://trashwiki.org/en/Prague>.

## Busking

There is an official website [busking.cz](http://busking.cz) (unfortunately just in Czech) with lots of info about areas, permits etc. Basically there are 3 different kind of areas, one where any street performance is totally forbidden (very few places), another where are forbidden only music performances and then any other place where everything is allowed.

The city centre is always overcrowded with tourists and can make you earn very good [money](#) in spite of the cheap cost of life of the country (you could easily make in an hour what an average Czech make in one week).

In the main, touristic square of the old town (staroměstské náměstí) there is also often (furthermore than dozens of buskers, musicians, performers, etc) a police van with informations and explanations, also in English, about the official laws, policy and regulations. Václavské náměstí and Na Příkopě are also very good spots, commercial and pedestrian streets.

If you stand on one leg on an advertisement panel playing your instrument, police may come astonished and ask you (after what are you doing so and why..) to come down, check your documents and kindly ask you not to do it anymore.

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Source: [Prague](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0



# Slovakia

**Slovakia** is a very beautiful country located south of [Poland](#), neighboring [Ukraine](#), [Hungary](#), [Czech](#) and [Austria](#). Its people are generally friendly, though as always can differ from each personal experience.

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Source: [Slovakia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Poland

**Poland** is a nice and welcoming country in [Eastern Europe](#) according to the UN statistics division (and to many western europeans) even though most of Polish and Eastern European people tend to refer to it as "Central Europe".

A [FB group](#) to look for travel companions (not only hitchhikers).

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# Warsaw

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Source: [Warsaw](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Hungary

Hungary is a nice quite small country, located in Central Europe from a geographical points of view, and in Eastern Europe from the official UN statistics.

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## Budapest

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

### Second hand shops

A lot of Humana shops, but they don't accept things, only sell. There is a thrift store on Wesselényi utca 51, and you can bring things (as well as buy) there.

### Where to spend time in Budapest

There are some places for nightlife / places to grab a coffee during the day in the Jewish quarter

- Ricsi's world jewish street food -- the place ususally has musicians in the evening who play traditional Hungarian music
- Fekete Kutya -- just a place where locals meet for a shot
- I reaaally like the place called Massolit -- it is a vintage bookstore, also there is an option to have a coffee, and there is a tiny green courtyard with 3 tables (looks like a countryhouse garden)
- Another cafe which I can recommend is Terv Presso (also in the downtown)

(be aware that on Sunndays pubs and bars, as well as a lot of other places are closed)

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# Slovenia

**Slovenia** is a country between [Italy](#), [Austria](#), [Hungary](#) and [Croatia](#). It's quite a rich country.

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# Estonia

- Lilleoru might be interesting to check out; <http://www.lilleoru.ee/en/local-customs-at-lilleoru> (Keywords; vegetarianism, new age, yoga, sobriety, sustainable living)
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# Latvia

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Source: [Latvia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Lithuania

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# Croatia

**Croatia** is a country in [Southern Europe](#). Capital - [Zagreb](#). It is a member state of the [European Union](#) and is preparing to join the [Schengen Agreement](#) by 2015.

Croatia gets quite touristic during the summer months and visiting in autumn might be better idea. Second half of June, July and August are very hot. September is ideal as it's hot during the day and chilly in the night. It can rain but usually just an occasional shower. Sometimes there's no rains and it looks like premature autumn with all the burnt leaves.

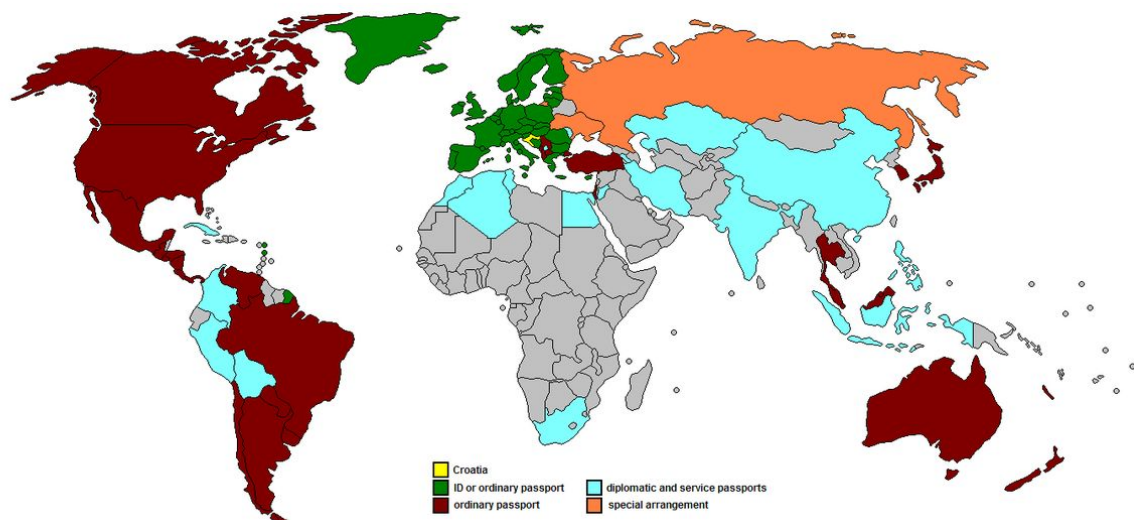
## Locations outside cities

- [Plitvička Jezera](#) national park
- Bay of the abandoned hotels in [Kupari](#)



Croatia\_minefields.png

Croatia\_minefields.png — wikimediacommons>Electionworld (Public domain)



Croatia\_visa\_policy.PNG

Croatia\_visa\_policy.PNG — Goran.S2 (Public domain)

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## Bosnia and Herzegovina

**Bosnia and Herzegovina** (Bosna i Hercegovina, Босна и Херцеговина, usually shortened to BiH) is a European country located on the [Balkan peninsula](#). It was formerly part of [Yugoslavia](#) but gained independence in 1992. It borders [Croatia](#) to the north, west and southwest, [Serbia](#) to the east and [Montenegro](#) to the southeast. Mostly mountainous, it has access to a tiny portion of the Adriatic Sea coastline in the south.

### Dangers

Country has one of the most severe land mine problems in the world and accidents happen every year. Be aware that serious flooding in May 2014, shifted some land mines, and also shifted some notices marking unsafe or cleared areas. Walking off the road into the bushes on a spot you are not familiar with is not a good idea. Stick to paths, tire tracks and well grazed fields.

In the war houses were often rigged with mines as their owners fled during the war. If something looks "too abandoned", stay away from it. In general, any area which

seems visited recently is safe to go, but any area which is all overgrown, and clearly not visited by anyone for a decade is not to be trusted until locals confirm it's safe.

Read more from [Wikipedia](#) or from [BH MAC](#).

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Source: [Bosnia and Herzegovina](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Serbia

- [Travel club "Klub Putnika"](#)
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Source: [Serbia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Montenegro

Montenegro, officially the Republic of Montenegro, is a small and beautiful country in the [Balkans](#), located on the mediteraneen coast between [Croatia](#) and [Albania](#).

Montenegro was part of Yugoslavia and declared independence from Serbia on 3 June of 2006. Montenegro use euro, but is not part of [European Union](#).

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## Kosovo

**Kosovo** is a new independent republic in southeastern Europe, which has been under United Nations administration since 1999.

## Border crossing

Crossing to [Serbia](#) used to be difficult if you entered Kosovo from [Albania](#) or [Macedonia](#). Nowadays (2014) it should be easier and you should be able to enter with ID card and hence not have "wrong stamps" in your passport.

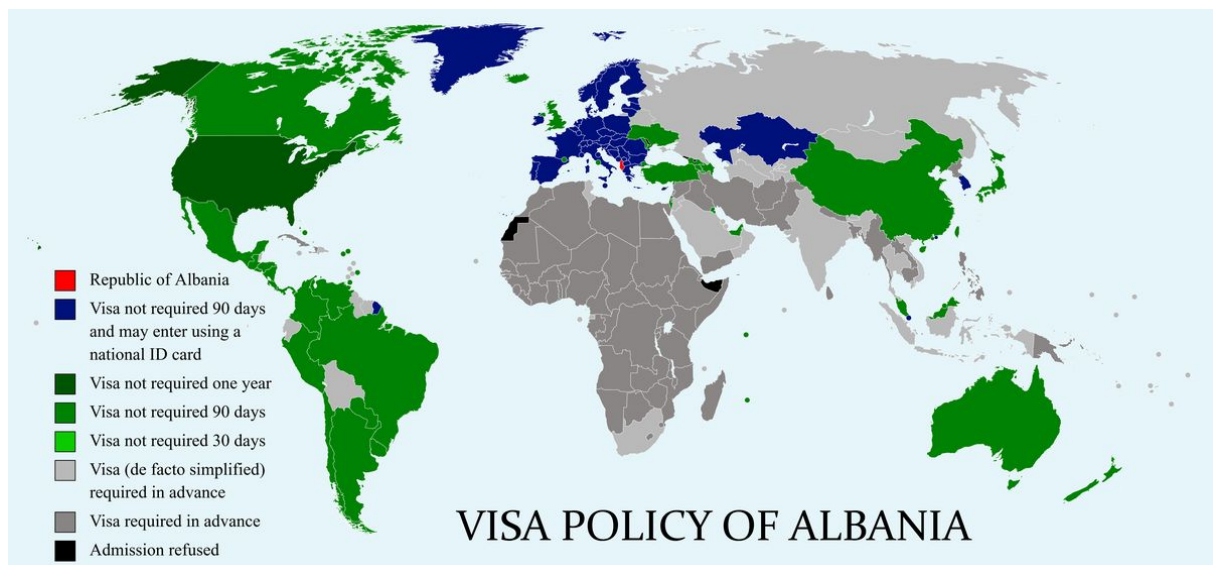
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Source: [Kosovo](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Macedonia

Source: [Macedonia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Albania



Visa policy of Albania.png

Visa policy of Albania.png — Twofortnights (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Albania](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0



# Greece

**Greece** is a country in [Southern Europe](#), bordering [Albania](#), [FYRoM](#), [Bulgaria](#), and [Turkey](#). It is a member state of the [European Union](#) as well as the [Schengen Agreement](#).

There are some [Free hot springs](#) in Greece.

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Source: [Greece](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Athens

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

Archeological sites are overpriced and often close early. Please add good tips;)

You can act as being a student. If you are good, you get in for free..

“Hitch:Athens\_(Greece)”{.wikilink}

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Source: [Athens](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Bulgaria

Bulgaria is a small and beautiful country in Easter [Europe](#). Crossroads for many vagabonds, travelers and hitchhikers on their way to Turkey, Asia and back it is probably the "poorest" (lowest GDP) country in the EU, and one of the richest for heritage, beauty and culture. Prices are generally cheap (except along the resorts of the Black Sea coast..)compared to the rest of Europe often the half. Most of

youngsters speak an excellent English, especially in big cities like [Sofia](#) or [Plovdiv](#), the Bulgarian language is Slavic and very similar to Russian (at least for the vocabulary not really the grammar, though don't ever tell it to a Bulgarian..they'll tell you has nothing to do with..) and sometimes also to Serbian; speaking any of them may help you a lot to get around. It offers great opportunities for hitchhiking, work exchange programs and busking.

Take also a look on Alternative Bulgaria's CS group: <https://www.couchsurfing.com/groups/alternative-bulgaria>

dear travelers of life,

Me and a friend are travelling in Bulgaria these days and found a wonderful place in a rural area to revive on the southern slopes of the Pirin mountains. You are warmly welcomed to visit, to be free & creative, exchange, learn, and expand activities in the place and the region. It is even possible to stay for a longer time to support the ongoing developments of this inspiring eco-nomadic community-centursharalia

The initiator of the place made together with lots of great helpers all infrastructure available for comfortable and creative eco-living to expand. Inside and outside compost-toilets, heating and electricity by wood/solar/wind systems, a structure of self-organising, decentralisation, permaculture, aquaponics, private and dormitory sleeping rooms and a huge kitchen. There are excursions to other inspiring places and the possibility to increase the selforganising aspect of the center. In the nearby region there is also the possibility to build your own little ecohouse with support from the center:)

About us:

We are two humanists moving with the intention to spark the revival of eco-social living in rural areas. In this journey we travel around inspiring projects where we support and record video-material for a documentary we make. Meanwhile we like to expand the good vibes, play on our guitar and melodica, plant trees and lay a foundation for more activities to manifest.

Call us for more info

0031643818736

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# Romania

Romania is a very interesting country in Eastern Europe.

Romanian is a latin language with many influences from Slavic and Turkish languages, and can be fairly understood knowing some other languages of the same family (Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese, etc).

In [Transilvania](#) most of people are native Hungarians, even though they can speak and understand Romanian.

Lots of youngsters will understand English pretty well, though if you intend to hitchhike or pass through villages and isolated areas you might want to learn a bit of local languages as usual. Unfortunately Romania, more old people than youngsters, are also very racist and xenophobic, specially if you don't look European (white). There is different levels, but if you are (or even look like) Arab, Roma (Gipsy) or Black, you can feel it, more in the south than Transylvania.

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# Moldova

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# Ukraine

## Language

The biggest problem you could encounter is that few people speak English or other foreign languages. Some command of Russian (the Communist-era lingua franca and many Ukrainians' native language) or Ukrainian is advisable. Polish is also widely understood. When the language barrier is overcome, Ukrainians are generally hospitable and open people.

## Weather

In winter Ukraine can get very cold, for example in January 2006, it hit  $-35^{\circ}\text{C}$ , which makes hitchhiking very dangerous. The cost of train travel is very cheap – usually around one Euro for every 100 km (for overnight sleeping carriages), so bear that in mind when going from city to city. It might be hot in summer (up to  $+35^{\circ}\text{C}$ ), so don't forget to take a hat with you to protect yourself from lots of sunbathing.

## Events

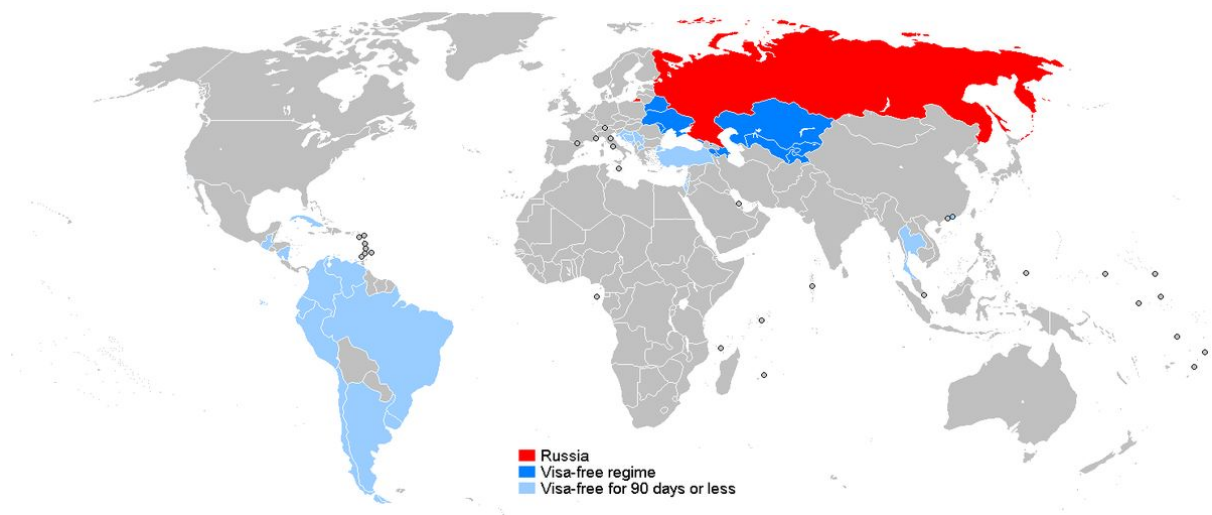
Make sure to check Shipot, a rainbow gathering style event at carpatian mountains in July every year. ([FB group](#)).

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Source: [Ukraine](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Russia

- [Russian music thread on FB](#) for inspiration



RussiaVisaPolicy.PNG

RussiaVisaPolicy.PNG — Datastat (Public domain)

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## North America

Canada, the United States, Mexico.

## Canada

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## Montreal

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# United States

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# New York City

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# Mexico

## Links

- [Tomi's tips](#) (Please help to copy the information from that article to Nomadwiki)
- 

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# Central America and the Caribbean

The isthmus, then the Caribbean.

# Guatemala

**Guatemala** is a country in [Central America](#).

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# Belize

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# El Salvador

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# Honduras

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# Costa Rica

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# Panama

**Panama** is a country in [Central America](#).

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# Cuba

## Weather

Cuba has a tropical climate with a dry season from october to april and a humid season between may and september. In summer it will be between 30 °C and 37 °C at daytime but with very high humidity which really makes you sweat. During summer the sun is strong so do something to protect yourself (woman sometimes take an umbrella, on the road people often wait under bridges or in small bus stop houses). Also heavy tropical rainfalls with local flooding can occur at any time, be prepared. Also carry enough water with you.

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Source: [Cuba](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Dominican Republic

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Source: [Dominican Republic](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# South America

The Caribbean coast south to the Southern Cone, and Brazil.

# Colombia

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# Venezuela

**Venezuela** is a country in [South America](#).

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# Ecuador

## Healthcare

**Centros de Salud**, found in most cities and towns, give out free condoms, and probably healthcare too.

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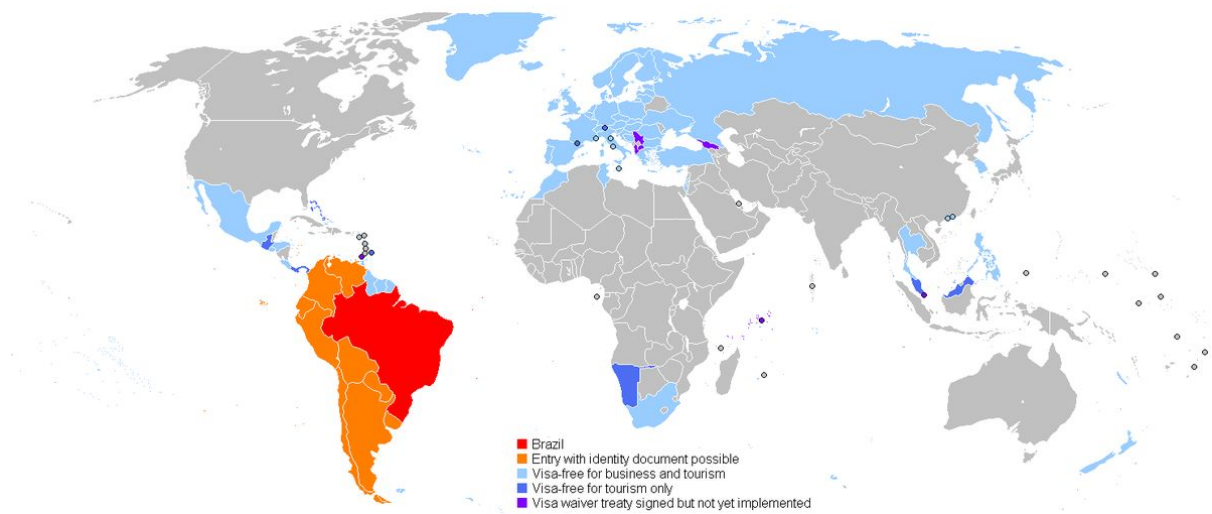
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# Bolivia

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# Brazil



BrasilVisaPolicy.PNG

BrasilVisaPolicy.PNG — Datastat (Public domain)

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Source: [Brazil](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Paraguay

Source: [Paraguay](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Chile

[Guide to relocating to Chile](#)

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# Argentina

## Vaccinations

In many hospitals around the country anyone can get FREE vaccinations such as ones for yellow fever, etc.

## Money

Don't change your money at a bank or casa de cambio- they will give you the official rate set by the government, about 10pesos/USD. Better do it on the black market where the rate is about 15pesos/USD. You can see the exact unofficial rate at <http://dolarblue.net/> so you don't get ripped off. In Buenos Aires you can change your money by going up to anyone yelling "cambio" on the street La Florida. Check the money carefully to be sure you aren't buying counterfeits! In other major cities, walk down the main pedestrian road in the center and maybe you will find an "arbolito" ("little tree") who will change it. Otherwise, ask your host or friends if they want to buy your dollars.

Update: as of December 2015 the new government removed the official USD rate control. The "blue dollar" is within 0.50 pesos of the official rate now. And the only way to get the "blue dollar" rate is with perfect condition \$100 bills. As at early February 2016 the blue rate was 15.4 pesos, the official rate was 15.2 pesos, and the rate for an average condition US\$20 bill was 13.5 pesos.

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# Uruguay

**The Oriental Republic of Uruguay** (República Oriental del Uruguay) is a country in [South America](#) and it is one of the most awesome countries ever.

More than half of Uruguay's population is concentrated in the capital of [Montevideo](#), meaning a very low population density in the country's interior. In the Uruguayan countryside you will doubtlessly encounter some of the most laid back, friendly folks you could imagine. Humble, generous and curious about anyone passing through, it is the people rather than the geography that make travel memorable in this overlooked corner of the continent. The tranquility of the countryside and the openness of the people will leave an impression on any traveler. Uruguay is a relatively small country, so traveling from the top Northern city to [Montevideo](#) would not take much time. From [Rivera](#) (a border town with [Brazil](#)) to Montevideo it is about 520 km.

## Why is Uruguay awesome

- President of Uruguay, [José Mujica](#), has been described as "the world's 'humblest' president", due to his austere lifestyle and his donation of around 90 percent of his \$12,000 (£7,500) monthly salary to charities that benefit poor people and small entrepreneurs. He might also [give a lift for a hitchhiker](#)
- Production, sale and consumption of cannabis [is legalised](#).
- [Same-sex marriage](#) and [abortion](#) are legal.
- [Hitchhiking](#) works great.
- The Economist [named](#) Uruguay "country of the year" in 2013.
- Uruguay has a warm temperate [climate](#) with almost unknown freezing temperatures.

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Source: [Uruguay](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Asia

From the land bridge at Turkey through the Middle East, the Indian subcontinent, Central Asia, then east and southeast to the Pacific.

# Turkey

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## Istanbul

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

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## Georgia (country)

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## Tbilisi

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Source: [Tbilisi](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Armenia

Armenia is a tiny beautiful country extremely rich in nature beauties and history.

Visa policy is quite friendly for many different kind of passports and people are usually very friendly towards foreigners.

The border with Turkey is closed, as also the one with Azerbaijan (Nagorno-Karabakh is de facto Armenian even if not recognized by most of countries) and its enclaves.

It may represent a good stop for nomads doing the silk road between Europe and Asia. Cheap, friendly and easy to get in, hikers and mountain lovers will definitely find it worth to visit.

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# Azerbaijan

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# Iran



Hitchin\_out\_of\_Tabriz\_direction\_south.jpeg

Hitchin\_out\_of\_Tabriz\_direction\_south.jpeg — Guaka

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Source: [Iran](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Iraq

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Source: [Iraq](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Syria

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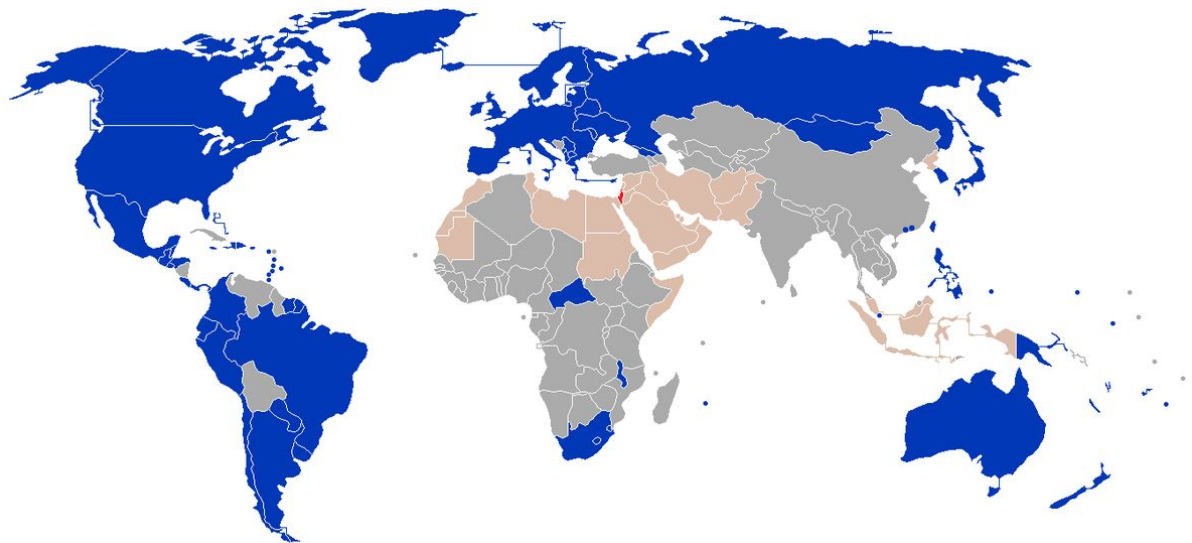
# Lebanon

Lebanon is a country in the Middle East.

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# Israel



IsraelVisaPolicy.PNG

IsraelVisaPolicy.PNG — Datastat (Public domain)

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# Jerusalem

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

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# Tel Aviv

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

If you need [clothes](#), look around you when you walk in Tel Aviv, many Israelis just put on the street the clothes they don't need. You can also go to the [flea market](#) in Jaffa where you can find everything you need for quite cheap, it's near Yefet Street

If you need to work on your computer, you can go to 9 Maze Street, there is place made by the city where you have internet, cheap coffee, and you can work for free. It's open from Sunday to Thursday, from 9:00 to 22:00.

Also, if tired, you can hang out on a sofa in the theatre hall in the Habima square, there is a good wifi there.

If you walk around Tel Aviv, there are some nice neighbourhood to see. The Carmel Market area is nice, Jaffo the Arab town is very beautiful, and walking around the flea market area is also very nice.

If you want to go out or to find event, check the [DIY Tel Aviv Blog](#) where many events are listed every week. You can also check the [Tel Aviv Alternative Facebook group](#). And [world.timeout.com](#) list also many events in Tel Aviv.

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# Jordan

## Things to see in Jordan

A list of some stuff to see nature and else.

- **The surroundings of [Jerash](#)** are very nice hills, are bit greener than the rest of the country.
- **Dana Valley**. Around Dana, a lot of nice walks, canyons with water and palm trees.
- **Dead Sea**. Most roads from the cities to the Dead Sea are beautiful and worth seeing. Go to [Dead Sea](#) page for a bit more.
- **Petra** hard not to hear from it if you are in Jordan.
- **Wadi Rum**, another classic of Jordan. Go (hitchhike?) to the last village. You can sleep there (hotel or ask where to pitch a tent) or a walk a bit further to Lawrence Spring to be more alone, even if regularly people pass during the day and sometimes around nightfall. It is the last place with water. You can walk around the desert, but it is very big and locals will often insist to rent you a 4WD and nights in their camps. Walking and staying overnight away from Lawrence Spring means carrying a lot of water. You can stay for free under the tree next to the spring. There you have water and shadow, and the village is not far for food.

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# Saudi Arabia

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# Yemen

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# United Arab Emirates

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# Qatar

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# Bahrain

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# Kuwait

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# Afghanistan

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# Pakistan

**Pakistan** is a country in [Southern Asia](#).

To cross **Pakistan** from west to east, you need to go through "[Baloutchistan](#)", a region which spreads between [Afghanistan](#), Pakistan and [Iran](#). A region which is fighting for their independance since many years, a region which brings up terror and violence, because the Pakistani police, the Taliban and the Balochis fight each other. As a tourist you get an police escort" from [weitumdiwelt.de \(Going through an exciting country\)](#). See also the video about crossing Pakistan from Iran to India: [vimeo.com/84466726](#).

## Safety

- [Police](#) have a terrible reputation in Pakistan.
- Discussion about safety [at Nomads FB group](#).
- [Two Czech travellers kidnapped in Pakistan \(and freed after two years\)](#)

## Safety for female travellers

The general safety concerns about kidnappings are exactly the same for men and for women. In general in Pakistan I ([user:Nina](#)) try to interact as much as possible with women, and (unfortunately) try to ignore local men as much as possible. I reserve my friendly smile only for women, and treat men with coldness.

## Borders

Pakistan has borders with [Iran](#), [Afghanistan](#), [China](#) and [India](#).

## External Links

[Stories from a female adventurer in Pakistan - 2011 and 2015](#)

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# India

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# Nepal

## Resources

- [Nepal: A Tourist's/Nomad's Manual](#)
- 

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# Bangladesh





bees\_at\_food\_park.jpg

bees\_at\_food\_park.jpg — Guaka

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## Sri Lanka

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## Maldives

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# Kazakhstan

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# Kyrgyzstan

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# Tajikistan

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# Turkmenistan

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# Uzbekistan

**Uzbekistan** is famous to be a sort of police state with a huge inflation and difficult life for cheap/free travelers.

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Source: [Uzbekistan](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Mongolia

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## China

language: Chinese sounds very difficult, but with some basic words getting around and connecting with people will be much easier.

A must-have app: Baidu translate. With wifi it translates sentences and texts as well as voice (English and Chinese spoken, directly translated). There it is possible to save sentences and texts (using the little star - you find the saved ones in "me"). Prepare texts of introduction, asking in hotels, restaurants, for hitchhiking... Offline it has a dictionary. Almost anyone has internet on their phone so you can use their internet to translate.

Remember that Chinese people are very obedient, like to follow rules and being honest about them. Make sure whatever you do, to let them know that this is perfectly fine and right to do by the rules.

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## Beijing

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# Hong Kong

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# Macao

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Source: [Macao](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Taiwan

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# North Korea

Until a revolution or some form of perestrojka, **North Korea** (officially the Democratic People's Republic of Korea or DPRK) is probably the last country on the face of the planet Earth where you cannot go put up your thumb on the side of the road.

Country borders [China](#) to the north, [Russia](#) to the north east and [South Korea](#) to the south.

## Medias

There is a nice North Korea travel documentary called "DPRK: The Land Of Whispers". You can watch it on [Youtube](#).

Guy Delisle wrote a graphic novel about his two months stay in Pyongyang. See [Wikipedia page](#)

## How to get there

However, you can actually go to North Korea; only independent travel to North Korea is not permitted. As long as you're willing to pay (quite expensive actually) and observe the rules there, you'll be fine and probably in for a treat in the world's most mysterious country.

Country has limited slots for visitors and you can go only on specific important dates and always with an assigned tour agency.

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Source: [North Korea](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## South Korea

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Source: [South Korea](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## Japan

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Source: [Japan](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Myanmar

**Myanmar** (formerly known as **Burma**) is quite isolated country in [Southeast Asia](#). Although most people (including Lonely Planet) connect Myanmar only with its bad government, this is not the whole story and should not be the only fact to focus on. Rather it is much more worth seeing Myanmar how it really is: A beautiful country, with hospitable and friendly people and an incredible rich culture. This country has so much to give, it is awesome.

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# Laos

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# Vietnam

**Vietnam** is a country in [Southeast Asia](#).

Google Maps doesn't work so well for Vietnam, you might want to check [VietBando maps](#) instead.

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Source: [Vietnam](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Cambodia

**Cambodia** is a country in [Southeast Asia](#).

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# Thailand

**Thailand** is a country in [Southeast Asia](#).



Sriwan KuayTiow.JPG

Sriwan KuayTiow.JPG — Jpatokal (CC BY-SA 4.0)





SomTam Larb StickyRice.JPG

SomTam Larb StickyRice.JPG — User: (WT-shared) Jpatokal at wts wikivoyage (CC BY-SA 4.0)

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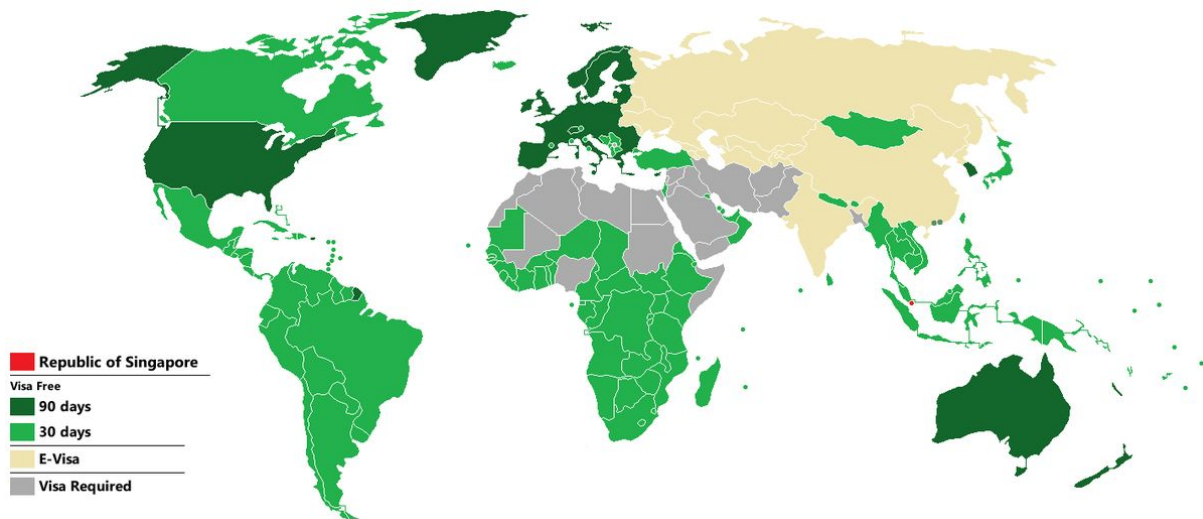
## Malaysia

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## Singapore

**Singapore** is a tiny country in [Southeast Asia](#). It is super modern compared surrounding [Malaysia](#) and [Indonesia](#) and can thus feel very exhausting for a backpacker traveling in the region, but on the other hand offers good opportunities for making quickly some [money](#).



Visa-policy\_of\_Singapore.png

Visa-policy\_of\_Singapore.png — Gorden Cheng (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Singapore](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Indonesia

**Indonesia** is a country in [Southeast Asia](#).

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# Brunei

In general Brunei is not a destination for backpackers, but for rich businessmen.

Afternoon of friday the whole country literally stops - they close shops, head home, and practice their faith. The people are generally nice.

History is in the water village - the old town of Brunei. You can experience the traditional cultural lifestyle there. You can take a boat there for B\$1.

Brunei is duty free.

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# Philippines

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# Timor-Leste

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# Africa

The Maghreb and Egypt first, then west, the centre, the east, and the south.

# Morocco

**Morocco** is a wonderful place to be a nomad. Everyone is multilingual, everything is reasonably cheap, the weather is good and hospitality is abundant. It is important to understand that there are two very different sides to Morocco. There are the cities, from the modern industrial metropolis of Casablanca, to the crazy, filthy, magical streets of Marrakech. The beating hearts of Morocco, fuelled entirely by tourist dollars, some people hate the cities, others never want to leave them. The other side of Morocco is the countryside, the mountains and farmland, largely populated by ethnic Berbers, for whom hospitality is sacred. In the cities, people expect payment for nearly everything. By contrast, in the little mountain villages you would offend someone if you offered him money for his hospitality. If you are friendly and speak a little French, you can expect a cup of tea or even a meal at almost every Berber village. Keep a notebook to write Facebook addresses and phone numbers in! You will also have many interactions with European tourists if you stick to the main tourist routes. Camping is tolerated everywhere, although not technically permitted. The

police are supposed to tell you to pack up your tent and find a hotel, but this never really happens.

In the cities, everyone speaks French and almost everyone speaks English. Spanish, Italian, German, even a little Japanese are often spoken to some degree by shopkeepers. But if you plan on exploring outside the cities, you will have a much better time if you speak a little French. It is often essential for hitchhiking and asking directions.

**Fes** - The old quarter of Fes is one of the best preserved medinas in the Arabic world. The ancient leather tanning vats are a popular destination. As you try to enter people will tell you there is an admission fee -- this is NOT true; the vats are a public area, just push past the hustlers.

**Essaouira** - A very chilled out beach town in the south. The medina is small, but cleaner (only slightly) and quieter than what you find everywhere else.

It is often said on online forums that you can just pitch your tent on the beach in Essaouira. I hate to speak ill of what is a very friendly, pleasant city, but the fact is that some pretty unsavoury characters sometimes walk the beach at night. You're better off camping in the thick bushes and trees a few hundred meters behind the beach.

**Chefchaouen** - The goat's horns, a small city up in the Rif mountains, founded by Jews expelled from Spain after the Reconquista. Painted blue, laid-back, some hustlers(harmless, even though they can be annoying) trying to sell you hash.

**Ouarzazate** A fairly uninteresting city in itself, but friendly and clean, Ouarzazate is the biggest city on the Saharan side of the atlas, and the hub for tours to Erg Chebbi, Erg Chigaga, the Dades and Todra gorges, and Ait Benhaddou. If you want to camp, walk about 2km west along the main highway, and find a hidden spot in the farms and orchards that line the road. Workers are usually out there until dusk, so either ask their permission or wait till they're gone.

# Algeria

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# Tunisia

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# Egypt

Egypt is a country situated in the north-east corner of [Africa](#). It is bordered by the [Gaza Strip](#), [Israel](#), [Lybia](#), and [Sudan](#). The capital of Egypt is [Cairo](#), one of the biggest city in Africa.

This country is part of the Arab world, and the population is mostly Muslim.

The currency is the Egyptian pound (EGP). As for August 2015 1 EGP = 0.11 EUR = 0.12 USD

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# Mauritania

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# Sierra Leone

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# Burkina Faso

**Burkina Faso** formerly **Upper Volta**, is a landlocked country in [West Africa](#). It is surrounded by six countries: [Mali](#) to the north, [Niger](#) to the east, [Benin](#) to the south east, [Togo](#) and [Ghana](#) to the south, and [Côte d'Ivoire](#) to the south west. Many experienced travellers consider Burkina Faso to be one of the most friendly and inviting countries in Africa. However Burkina Faso is also a very poor country.

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# Mali

**Mali** is a big land-locked country in [West Africa](#).

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# Sudan

Source: [Sudan](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Ethiopia

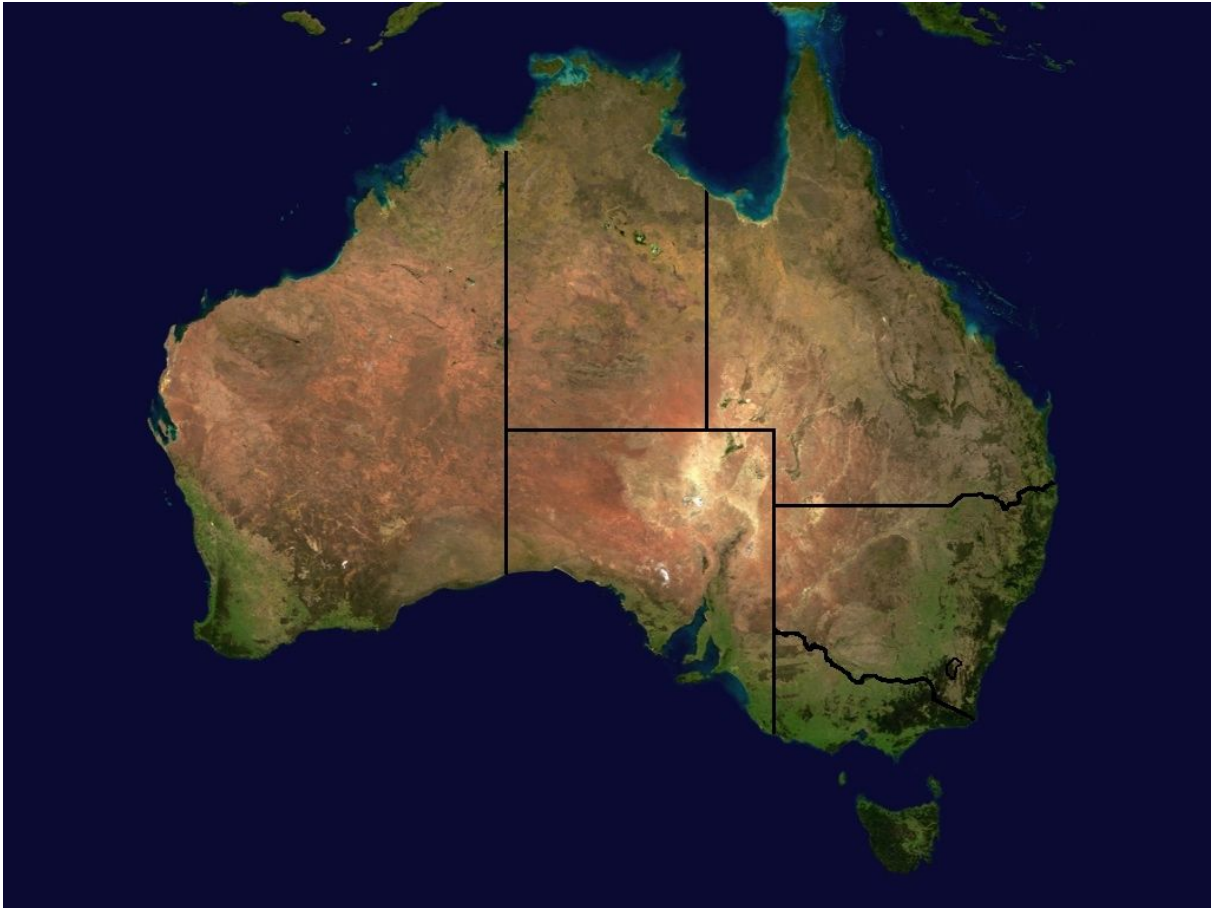
Source: [Ethiopia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Oceania

Australia and New Zealand, then the Pacific islands.

## Australia

Uluru/Ayers Rock



**Australia** is a country large as [Europe](#) but with 23 million inhabitants. You can then easily imagine that there are very vast areas only populated with kangaroos and camels. Therefore you have to take extra care if you leave some the mains roads and the touristic place. Australia can be as much a dream of huge empty spaces with genuinely generous people as quite a hell if you get stuck without water after being beaten by a deadly snake or spider. But if you take the necessary precautions you will not be part of the very very few people that die every year because of wildlife ha ha. More seriously, Australia is a safe country as long as you respect some basic rules, which really make sense here compared to Europe for example as you can end up in some really remote place.



People in Australia are really laid back and they will enjoy a chat every now and then while waiting for the bus or doing a “barbie” (barbecue) in the public park. Police forces and government agents are following this general attitude, however they are nice as long as you obey the rules. Australians are really into this “safety first” mentality and you will find all the time fences, “do not ...” boards, yellow lines that you shouldn't cross. Crossing at red lights or doing bike without helmet for example can expose you to nice fines. A difficult task in Australia is to analyze whether the safety instructions are total bullshit or are a real survival advice. Because they have so many safety instructions all the time, you can get bored after a while and start not considering them anymore. And still, when they tell you that there are crocodiles and deadly jellyfishes in the sea and that you shouldn't go swimming, they are right. Or the same when they tell you not to dive from this rock, because people died from an underwater hidden rock. So keep your brain open and don't forget that Australia, even-though very European looking, has some particularities that you should not forget.

Australia has an economy partly based on backpackers (this is how travellers are called here): in fact, a lot of jobs like fruit-picking are done by foreigners because no Australian want to do it. Then the backpackers spend the money they just earned buying second-hand cars or renting them to visit the touristic places and to sleep in the “backpackers” (shortening often used meaning backpackers' hostels, sort of slang from Australia and [New Zealand](#). A bit confusing at the beginning but you get used to it very fast). Now it's your to take part in the Australian economy he he. It is a quite expensive country, alcohol and tobacco for example, but the ratio wage/cost of living is one of the best in the world, and finding a job is not too difficult. Conclusion is: when you only travel, you can easily spend a looooot of money. But when you work, you earn a looooot of money as well

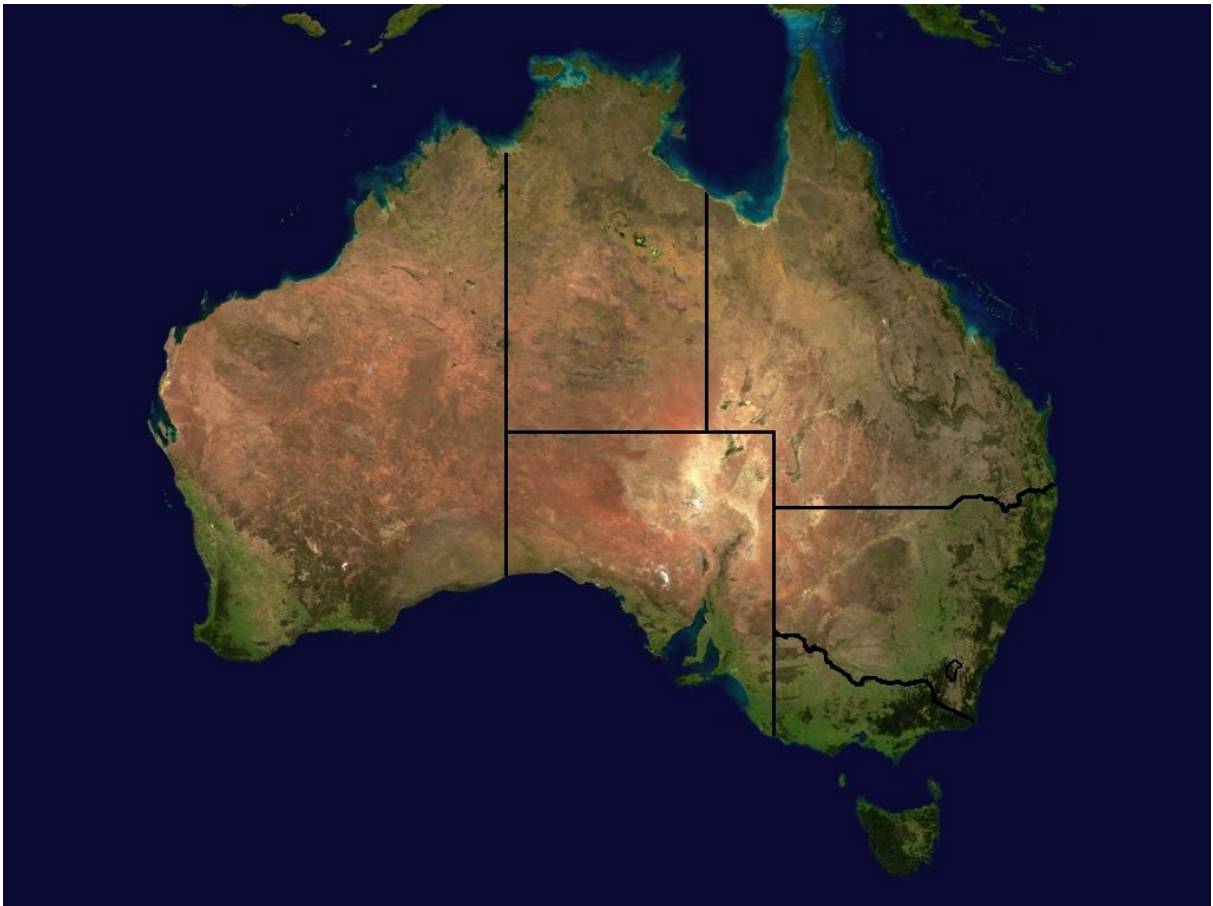
Without any intention of advertisement, but [Gumtree](#) as kind of a monopoly for all second-hand and new stuff possibly imaginable: from electronics to finding roommates or buying a house, finding travelling mates or jobs, carpooling, offering language courses and so on. Most likely you will hear about it one day! It is simply very efficient because everybody uses it.

They are 6 states in Australia, [New South Wales](#), [Queensland](#), [South Australia](#), [Tasmania](#) and [Western Australia](#), - and two mainland territories, the [Northern Territory](#) and the [Australian Capital Territory](#) (basically it is [Canberra](#)).



Uluru, helicopter view, cropped.jpg

Uluru, helicopter view, cropped.jpg — Corey Leopold (CC BY 2.0)



Australia satellite states.jpg

Australia satellite states.jpg — derivative work: Harpagon (talk)

Image:Australia\_satellite\_plane.jpg: created by NASA

Image:Australia\_location\_map.png: Diceman (CC BY-SA 3.0)

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Source: [Australia](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Sydney

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

## Where to party?

## See also

- **[Blue Mountains](#)** are some nice mountains that you can access driving a few hours from Sydney. Some places there are really touristic, some not at all and offer great walks!
- 

Source: [Sydney](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

# Melbourne

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

## Other stuff

You will have to wake up early, but [Melbourne Underground](#) offers a free 2h30-3h walking tour at 10h30am every day. It is on a donation base, and the guides are usually cool and give a nice overlook of the city.

## Where to party?

Melbourne has a lot of underground and rooftops bars that you will not find without knowing. Try to ask around you or to look on internet to find nice places. But remember that alcohol is expensive in Australia...

## See also

- **[Penguin Island](#)**. If you are ready to give a bit of money away, you can see several hundreds of penguins coming out in a few minutes of the sea at nightfall on Phillip Island. Costs probably more than AUS\$20.
- **[The Great Ocean Road](#)** offers spectacular views of the seaside that you unfortunately will have to share with the thousands of tourists that come there every year.

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Source: [Melbourne](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## New Zealand

New Zealand is divided in two islands, the [North Island](#) (or Te Ika-a-Māui) which is a bit smaller but has 3,5 million of NZ's 4,5 million inhabitants, and the [South Island](#) which is more touristic and supposedly more beautiful although this is not scientifically proven yet. People often compare [Australia](#) to New Zealand and they indeed have a lot in common. The culture is very similar and people seem to be even more relaxed in NZ as they are in Australia, the fact of living on an island probably. Still there are two main differences: First New Zealanders play rugby, and not this weird Australian "footie", and distances are much shorter than in Australia and you don't risk as much with NZ's climate and wildlife. Depending on when you travel, and

on which island you should be careful that there can be heavy snow with blocked roads for some days (especially on the West Coast of the South Island). A story says that New Zealand has 20 sheep for one person but this is actually a myth. 1982 NZ indeed had 70 million sheep for 3,5 million people, but this number dropped to only 31 million in 2011. Which is not too bad already.

Because/thanks to the closeness to Asia, you will enjoy taking pictures in the touristic places with full buses of Asian tourists. The [Working-Holiday Visa](#) is a great opportunity for all young people of the countries in the convention, and you can soon feel at home surrounded by mainly Germans and Frenchs. You really have to go out of the beaten tracks if you don't like too much taking selfies in front of glaciers.

Now, once this is said, it is really understandable why New Zealand is so visited. It is a very safe country with amazing landscapes, in 15 minutes or half an hour the nature changes completely, from yellow sunshining hills to snowy mountains diving into deep blue sea, rivers and tropical forests, huge empty beaches. Even if you don't like to visit touristic places, you can still enjoy Kiwiland by taking other roads. A bit of an expensive country though, especially on beer and tobacco, but quite well paid and jobs even not declared are not too difficult to find.

## Where the hell is Kiwi?

Although it is the dream of every NZ-traveler to see a kiwi, you would be very lucky if you see one elsewhere then on road boards, on the shops, on the banks, in the souvenir shops. If you want it so badly that you cannot come back without having seen one, go to Stewart Island also called Rakiura, otherwise you will have to stop dreaming. But no, don't give up your dreams godamm'it, you will see one! On the other hand, you can easily find another type of kiwi, as it is how New Zealanders call themselves "Hey I'm Kiwi, nice to meet you. What about you?". "Oh what nice, me I'm Sagittarius" could then be a typical conversation.

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Source: [New Zealand](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0



# Auckland

Hostels, camps, and neighbourhood tips change. Use the live [Nomadwiki](#) city page for what is current. This chapter is a snapshot of general orientation, not a pin list.

This book does not reprint named ramps, dumpsters, hostels, or other pins. They go out of date. Follow the note above to the live map or wiki.

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Source: [Auckland](#) License: CC-BY-SA-4.0

## 12 questions you never dared to ask

**0. What is CasaRobino?** A self-organised travelers home, a nomad base. It is also a real social network of traveling friends that keeps on expanding, who comes to their «Amsterdam based house» once in a while, to stay for just a couple of days or for much longer, who comes here to learn and or to contribute.

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node/3379

## 14 hours (and 17 minutes)

Yep, 14 hours. And 17 minutes. It's not even a record for hitch-hiking between Amsterdam and Hamburg. One time it took me 24 hours, of which I only slept 8h, so the total of active hitch-hiking would be around 16 hours. That's an average speed of 33 km/h. I started in the wind and the rain at the spot near the house. My sign said "A1, Hilversum". In less than 20 min, a guy in a delivery van told me : "You're completely on the wrong side of town! Hop in, I'll drop you off in a similar place, near the entrance of the A1". Which he did. Which was good. The spot there was the very entrance of the ring, it was highly hitch-hikable, but it still took me another 20 min before someone else stopped. Though I'm positive that at least 20% of the traffic was going my way. I was standing before the "cars only" sign so I was fine. But the guy stopped on the emergency lane, one and a half metre after the fateful sign. I crossed

the line, hoping that the angry Eye would be watching another way, walked two paces, put my hand on the door handle and a police van materialized out of thin air. They told the guy to go away and I was left alone to deal with two of them. Goddamnit! I wish the roles had been reversed. I wish I had been in that car, and I had stopped to pick-up a hitch-hiker and the police would have suddenly dropped from the sky to prevent me from making a good deed. God help them... But I wasn't. They threatened me with a very arguable 25€ fine and took me back to the city. I started again from the Amstel official spot, that is notorious for being SHIT. The rain and the wind were a little bit less rainy and windy. One guy finally stopped that was going to... Hilversum! Yeah, rock n'roll baby! My first 10 km! He dropped me off at the first gas station on the way out of town, where I quickly found a truck driver that was going to Groningen. He just had to deliver something in Apeldoorn before. I decided to try the Groningen way. He dropped me off at the border (there's a gas station right on it). It was already night. The highway up there is... disused by night. I had one car every 10 minutes. That were of course only driving to the nearest exit. I spent probably two hours there, touring the truck parking, but they were all feuerabendt (on pause for the night) and interviewing all the drivers that happened to pull over. There was this polish trucker, to whom I said "hi", "please" and "thank you" in polish (pretty much everything I can say, with "One beer please"). He wasn't at all going my way but made a detour to get me past Oldenburg, near Bremen. We had no common language whatsoever so it was a pretty silent trip. God bless him. Same desused gas station. Neon light pouring on a empty parking lot. One disabused attendant reading a magasine at the counter of the customerless shop. The bulk shadow of a couple of trucks, vibrating to the sound of their engine sometime, and sometime to the snoring of the road-warrior within. Chilly wind, no rain. "Sorry, I'm going to Bremen" ... 10 min ... "Sorry I'm working here" (sorry to hear that man!) ... 15 min ... And so on of another hour. There was that one guy that was only able to speak in "fast forward". He told me something like he was not going my way, but that there was a bigger place, with more people where he could drop me at. I got a ride for 15 km, to a strictly similar place, that was, I found out later, completely on the wrong direction. Stayed there another hour, I had a bad book, but plenty of patience so I read it anyway. After a while came a couple of kids that pitied me and took me with them. They were indeed going in the direction of Hamburg and, leaving the gas station, they did a U-turn at a neighbouring exit to find the right way again. They left me one gas station away from home. Spirit was high! I was sure of waiting less than 20 minutes before I found a direct ride home. Half an hour later, a guy that was going to Denmark shared



the end of a joint with me. Spirit went higher! Half an hour after, I got a ride. Finally! To the next gas station... Stillhorn is the name. The hitch-hiking spot to get out of Hamburg. Because the westside of the highway is reachable by public transportation. Needless to say, I was on the eastside. After a while, a delivery van took me in and drove me right in the heart of an industrial area. "Walk that way, there's a bus station" - "How far?" - "How should I know, I've never been here. Bye now". There was a bus station, but it was actually in the opposite direction. I found that out after having walked 30 min in the wrong way. I decided to hitch-hike the way back. Man! One car, one ride. One 40 year old man, that was looking at me with wide-opened eyes : "WTF you're doing here at this time!". He took me to the bus station, that indeed had nightbuses. Right after I got out of the car, one of them came that was going to "Altona Bf." That's straight where I live. I was home shortly before 2am. Love, peace and mass destruction. Julien

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node/1626

## 14.11,Wednesday

9.37pm Urska from Slovenia just returned from the center an hour ago, totally broken and lost. After five minutes she managed to tell us that she had an accident with Locomotif and the front wheel is not livable anymore so in the middle of fear how to tell that to Robino she got disorientated and became lost in a second, locked the bike somewhere in the minutes of chaos and was wondering to casa for around two hours, she still doesn't know what time it is. Poor girl. Anu and Mark came from Utrecht where they were on conference for programmers or something like that. Computer business anyway. They are still connected and working.... working.... working.... Derick, Robino and me were working on the dinner but then I left them alone in hope I'll managed to catch some of my dead lines. Instead of that I'm writing this post cos everyone should know how easy going is everything today. Everyone is so calm and peaceful, we forgot all the problems like they would vanish like my boss and now I'm - still unemployed. Yea, I'm still spinning in my What-to-feel-next state but I'm just feeling so good here today, I can not even describe. After all those roads and people in the last month, only today I felt true piece in me like usually, like me when I have a 'home'. Also managed to meditate for half an hour and then I went to sleep for an hour. I over reacted with my third eye and someone was sending me too much love... Please, do not think of me before consulting me. Really, I'm too sensitive. But like I've

said, so many special people here, totally relaxed calm, SATISFIED vibes {we can't go any further than this/I have arguments just not now,here}, ENVIROMENT TO GROW MENTALLY Feel so safe with those DEFENITELY NOT made-in-serie personalities. Thank you Anu, Urska, Robin, Marc, Derick. THE DINNER, bon appetit.

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node/138

## 36 people on Thursday!

As i looked around the room for one final head count i was filled with a sense of wonder as i realised the total had reached a record breaking 36 people. Not only had we managed to squeeze that amount of people into a two bedroom apartment but we had also managed to feed all of them from the dumpster. As the food we had spent all day preparing quickly disappeared and the satisfied smile of those who have been well fed crossed everyone's mouths i thought how incredible it is to live here and be around so many good people. Throughout the night so many new connections were made and old ones maintained :) I hope to see some of those faces again. Everyone that helped make that night a success should be proud of themselves, it really was quite an achievement to create that much food in such a small kitchen! Next week, however, i think we should try to push the donations box a little more as we can't continue with the dinners if we don't pay the rent and out of 36 people there was only 10 euro in the donations box... :( Sunshine and smiles and hugs and love to everyone who came and everyone who helped x

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node/5194

## 4 people on the road

Four friends left hitchhiking and one just got stranded hopelessly (again). Guess who? Sitarane first send me a weird txt: "Just left the station (2h!). Two guys from Hamburg wanted 200 euro for the trip and a woman convinced them to take me for free. And gave me 20 euro... What?" And now he just called. The guys dropped him somewhere at the airport, which is in the other direction and just before it is getting dark now, Julien still wants to make it back to Hamburg... How would the others be making it Today? Fleur to Metz, and Marc and Kasya South to Eindhoven...

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## 6.8.10 Artwork

Artwork created for 6.8.10, Acrylic on cardboard

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node/10540

### 789 angel

yes, finally i will wright something about the 789project, i tried before but the computer unplugged half way through and i didnt have anything saved. well there is so much to tell about so i just want to narrow it down to one man who picked me up in ukraine, getting there and back is a big part about what the gathering was about. so i was on the ring road outside l'viv, it was getting dark and was poring rain and i knew it would be a cold night. i thought the best thing to do was to keep hitching and maybe get a truck driving into poland. i had my harmonica blowing and was humming some words like 'send me an angel'. a few min later my 7th ride back home pulled up, he spoke english as much as i speak russian so communication was fun, i dig that stuff. i showed him on the map where we were headed and he was going that direction to his village about 20km from the polish border. we were rolling and the rain was coming down hard. he asked where we would sleep, i said at a gas station so we could have a roof to go under. he was an angel so he invited us to his house to sleep, gladly i said yes and thanks. we pulled up a mud road to his house where we met his family who were surprised to see us of course. he also invited his neighbours over because one could speak good english. this mans house was great, he set us up in our own huge room with a table on which he loaded too much food to eat, even though his family had already eaten. along with the food was drinks, wine, beer and 7 or 8 vodka shots which he made us drink continuously, there was no refusing allowed. i was really digging getting drunk with these people, we were very interested in each other. with the help of his neighbour we learned a lot about each other and laughed while the thunder and lightning crashed outside and knocked out the power, with candles lit he insisted i play them a song on my guitar. that night i slept beautifully (vodka helped) and in the morning was the same thing, he laid the table with way to much food to possibly finish and another beer with 2 vodka shots. he wanted to give

me a pair of shoes but i said no because i didnt need them. after a shower and exchanging addresses he gave us a ride before he went to work, 20km out of his way to the polish border. we said our goodbyes and i shook his hand, then he tried to give me 50euro, i had to refuse, he already did too much for us and that is a lot of money in ukraine. my mother wouldnt even give me that much money. i got out and closed the door and he got out and came around the car and put the money in my pocket, i went to reach for it and he held my arm, he wouldnt let me refuse it. man, i was very close to tears as he was driving away. i hear from lots of people that i should be crazy for hitchhiking so much and anything terrible could happen. i know i would never have met this family and felt their kindness if i didnt hitchhike. they brightened my already existing faith in the good people of our world and that is just one of the 37 rides i had in those 2 weeks. we are the majority!!!

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node/4862

## 789 - I wanna hitch with Frankenstein

Slogans are important sometimes. They give a face, something recognizable and catchy to create a nice connecting element. So when we were in Paris for the European Hitchhiking Day/ Week/ Whatever at "[8/8/8/](#) Paris wants you for a nomadic date", thinking about the next slogan for [7/8/9.](#), all we came up with was, "789 the road is mine". Obviously that slogan will never hold. Now, 3 months later we finally sat down for a full-on brainstorm. Here are the results: # 789 - rewrite the plot line # 789 - hold up your sign # 789 - all roads intertwine # 789 - the global transmission line # 789 - fuck sleeping, we're fine # 789- welcome to the hitchhikers storyline # 789 - come to be mine # 789 - electromagnetic delay line You can find the [whole list](#) with more than 30 slogans on <[hitchwiki.org](http://hitchwiki.org)>. Feel free to add your own. We might set up a beauty contest and we wouldn't want to miss yours :)

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node/187

# 99 problems are enough, right? Don't buy a car! And especially not with LR Cars

I used to have a cool sticker on my laptop that said “99 problems and a car ain't one”. Let's say I forgot about it when I decided to buy a car (well, I didn't actually). Yes, I bought a car. I bought a fucking car. And a fucking car it is. I wanted to get a car that's both useful and low on oil consumption so my choice was a Renault Megane. It was not supposed to be too old, so I set my mind on 2004 or after. (brief: [LR Cars](#) = bad; don't buy cars!) After a couple of weeks of looking around I finally found something at a company not too far from Brussels. I went there to take a look, looked fine, sounded good. I made an advance payment of a couple of hundred euros. Came back a couple of days later to buy it. Then the guy suddenly started talking about how there's no warranty. Strange. What to do? I would lose the advance payment if I'd stop now. So I went ahead and did it. By the way, no worries, I still [hitched to Lithuania](#) after that. But I also had some good trips with my car. Things broke down at random times but I found a nice garage to fix stuff. Unfortunately, recently things broke down on a worse scale. The injection thing of the engine stopped working and somehow the entire engine (and car) is beyond repair according to my friendly vehicle repair man. Okay, I didn't need the car that badly, so I would just get rid of the remnants. I called around a bit and found out it wasn't even so easy to get rid of it. And when looking for ways to get rid of it I found out the following: **In Belgium a consumer has the legal right to minimum 1 year warranty when buying a second hand good (including cars) from a company** So now things have slightly changed. I sent the guys an email about it to state these findings. They didn't reply. I called them up today, and they're kind of dodging the issue telling me I should drop by. So next week I'll get a tow truck to tow the car there. Meanwhile, as lawyers cost an arm and a leg and Belgium does not allow “no cure no pay” cases, it'll be nice if my findings are easily found by people looking for more information about their company, to have some more leverage when discussing the settlement. Now I happen to have quite a few domains related to second hand cars so I spent some time on making sure their name will be linked to my bad experience until they handle this in a more appropriate way. Here they are: [LR Cars in Kortenberg](#) (in Dutch). Oh, and yes, another open door lesson learned: don't buy a car (especially not from dodgy second hand car salesmen).

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# A bicycle ride to a Sustainable organic squatted farm

[img\_assist|nid=4611|title=De Spruitjes|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=120] 13:35 06.08.09 Just back from a bicycle trip to the village of Harmelen, near Utrecht, about 40k south of Amsterdam. 24 hours ago, Kasper and I left, unbeknownst to us, for a marathon bicycle ride. What, do you ask, was so interesting in the quaint village of Harmelen, to entice such a journey. on the outskirts of town lies an old abandoned farm, which, for the last 8 years has been a squat working with various permaculture and organic gardening/farming practices. As it turns out, Kasper's cousin is living there, but to our surprise Joris had left 15 minutes before our arrival. Naturally we were welcomed to some tea and a bit of lounging around. Befitting the surroundings, i opened my new book, [The Secret World of Plants](#), to the second chapter which tells about the innate psychic connection between plants and humans, describing several experiments. Several cups of tea later, and no Joris, we decided to leave.. almost, Kasper concluded that if we missed him by 15 minutes, we should wait 15 more minutes before we leave, just in case. On our way out of town, just at the point we were to head north, another route intersected from the south, as we passed by we heard in the distance, "KASPER!". It was Joris, and the cousins Reunited. After a few minutes chit chatting we were invited back to the farm for dinner. It was then that i met Kenny, who has been living at [De Spruitjes](#), since the beginning (with longer periods of WWOOFing elsewhere). And of the 9 or so people living there, it is Kenny who does most of the work with the plants, also running the [WWOOFing](#) program there. We got to talking about plants and herbs, planting seasons (he just put in winter cabbage, and gave me some extra seedlings as well!), compost toilets, grey water systems and the such. We all sat around outside and ate dinner together with a fresh salad from the land. Long after dinner, it was late into the night that Kenny and I talked about social organizing and the difficulties of motivation in squat like and communal living environments. We talked about some possible solutions and our own personal dreams and desires of sustainable living, loving and life. I have returned to the city again with the inspiration to spread the seed of life.

You can find De Spruitjes at the end of the [Spruit en Bosch, Harmelen](#).

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node/4612

## A free hug never comes too late

That was fun to see good old Wren again.

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node/27971

## A journey in Leiden

Warm atmosphere, people chilling, fresh movie, cold rain, freezing sea where some of the features of the cycling trip we made from Casarobino in Amsterdam to Leiden 40km away (in principle) to see the documentary about dumpsterdiving made by Lily. Me and Marcel departed pretty late from the casa (to be respectfull of the tradition of the house) and headed to Leiden. So we didn't see so much of the countryside (when there is) but yes we could enjoy the view of one masterpiece of Netherlands: Schiphol airport, sweet... After having thinking of either hitchhike or hijacke a plane we decided that it was a better option to open a coffee-shop at the entrance of the airport. Then bloody cycle signs gave us some hard time. We still suspect a certain biker from Madison, Wisconsin who is said to falsificate the directions... It probably influenced my decision of spreading french drinking-song repertory all other the world starting with Marcel who is now quickly becoming an authentic troubadour. Of course we arrived after the end of the documentary. — There where Amylin, Kasper and Laura also part of the Casa sect. As well as of course Lily and a certain Charlie from Mad... etc. better known as Caveman the dumpsterdiving fairy of Casarobino. And many other people how came from all around to see the movie. (the rest will follow)

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node/2367



# A physical address for rent / mail forwarding

Mail Forwarding [This USA RV club offers a physical address to travelers](#), and, while a bit expensive (~\$100 US/year), they will even read your mail to you over the phone, but only to its RV club members in the USA. Do you know of any other places that offer a physical address? Other than Casa Robino :) ?

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node/8684

# a room (to rent) for March, but maybe longer

Hello! Is anyone looking for a room to rent? My friend Louella is leaving her room on the 1st of March and she needs to find someone to replace her... The room for rent is in Bos en Lommer, Trouwingstraat 14. It is available for one month, but it could be more (they have to talk with the landlord). There are two nice Swedish flatmates who study graphic design at my school. The apartment is all furnished with really nice bath room and nice kitchen, with washing machine, dish washer, oven,... The room is small, single bed and shelves, but it's next to the balcony, with a big window which brings a nice light. (the pics were taken at night. normally it is very bright!) The big living room is usable for every body. it's 400 a month plus 40 electricity. you can contact her on this email: papiloule@hotmail.fr

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node/9674

# A sense for dumpsters

A night at the east side casa. Dear lord, our last bunch of green beans..no..wait..we'll find others later..but Robin's super spicy reactionary concoction again dissipates our 16th or 70th box of beans from the skip plunging from the week previous. Buckets of tea. Miss Brown has no brakes, turning out onto the main road. A bakery to the left. STOP STOP STOP! Miss Brown doesn't stop. Swing out to a skid. I spotted it on the way here. Come come come! A skip full of bread. Turkish flat bread! Bread bread

bread! A bicycle basket full of bread! With oil, paprika, oregano, basil and heat...  
mmm! So, new spot, next to the green lighthouse. Yyyyyy!

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node/7954

## A shared experience

Recently we made a documentary about nomad bases. With the focus being in Berlin!  
And then we made a website to contain it as well, so you can share that! <http://nomadbase.info>

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node/27786

## a spot in someone's garden...?

Hello everyone, I don't really know where to look so I thought "casa-ists" might be able to give me a bit of advice! I am in the mood for planting a tent in a green area, where my needs would be : toilet, access to tap or fresh water, quiet sleep, organic grapes, privacy/solitude when I wish, and no scheduled activity (or little) (or I could do some work but not too tiring and not too many hours). :) I have a bit of money, but not much. another option would be of renting someone's van for a little, but I don't know if that's possible. Does anyone have any idea where I could start looking? Or other suggestions for getting away for someone who mainly wants to sleep and eat grapes and not think too much? bises and hugs, Sarah

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node/20984

## A typical internet month at the Casa

A graph with all [DNS lookups](#) from the Casa, including lookups from browsers, mail programs, FTP, console, terminal, news readers, and anything else you need to translate an address name such as casarobino.org into an ip-address, in order to actually get what you've asked for.

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node/454

# A week in photos

Days come and go, weeks come and go, and so on. No day is the same, ever. In the past weeks we've had many wonderful people coming along and staying, and many great experiences. The photos are from Thursday to Thursday and the top 4 are by [Tau](#) Thank you all for being who you are.

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node/12856

# A weird veggie

I just fished this weird veggie while dumpster diving in Oslo (along with a lot of Okra). Anyone knows what it is? I'm looking for recipes and ways to prepare it..

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node/8286

# About Casa Robino

Casa Robino is an apartment in Amsterdam. casarobino.org is the collective web presence of the people who are, have been and will be at Casa Robino.

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node/2397

# Academy of Free Travel

The Academy of Free Travel (AFT) sounds vaguely Casa-esque, but more temporary and exclusively for hitchhikers. Apparently they have set up hitchhiker houses (in the past) in 3 Russian cities, Kyrgistan, Tajikistan, and Egypt. I hear the next one is to be in Tbilisi, Georgia. An English AFT page is [here](#), with links to other pages in Russian, and a CouchSurfing thread is [here](#), including a couple people who have stayed at AFT houses. Hugs! ~George

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node/18790

# Action Camp Slideshow

This is the video of the action camp which Paxus organized last summer. [tinyurl.com/seccap](http://tinyurl.com/seccap)

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node/311

## ad hoc squatted art exhibit



When I first entered, it felt just as cold as outside, minus the windchill factor. The distinct difference, however, was felt in presence and movement: collaborative teams of volunteer-squatters removing debris, cleaning, re-painting grimy old walls and building new ones, organizing, setting up, and taking down... Hours later, some music began in the dance hall room with the bar and stage that had been out of commission for at least ten years prior- and as such, there was warmth. That was the opening night. It's still open. It's occupied. We invite you to take a look. You can even see some of my paintings through the window outside. There's even more (from several others) within. Passeerdersgracht 23 - Amsterdam [www.schijnheilig.org](http://www.schijnheilig.org)

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node/8944

# Adan playing saturday 8-8-09

One more time we will be disturbing the people while they eat with our sax/bass/drums trio at PACIFIC PARC (Wester Park) at around 18.30. Tot seems. Dooee.

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node/4645

## All is Just Fine

Some of you are wondering how I am doing and also how the Casa is. My answer: Perfect! I hardly spend time online for the past months and I am enjoying my time mostly with cleaning, cooking, drinking tea and sitting. At the same time we keep the house quiet. I would be happy if you would call me if you want to hear more, or you like to talk about the weather with me :-)) I promise another and longer update on this website when time is right. Thanks!

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node/22869

## Alternative ways for artists to make a living

Hi kids. Well, sorry to those who have already gotten the information, but here's for the others: I'm starting this week a discussion/brainstorm on alternative solution for artists to make a living in the context of more and more artistic content being put on computers. And shared around with nothing getting to the artists. Even if the guy that got a free copy really wants to support the artist. So far the way that the corporate bastards have found seem pretty inadequate: DRM, sueing random Joes for 100s of thousands... I think we can come up with better :) So I invite you to join [THIS DISCUSSION LIST](#). And to have a look at the associated [wiki page](#) (that's a bit empty obviously). Hoping to see you taking part in the talk. I'm available at all time for technical questions, through the channels you can find at <http://sitarane.mp> If you have some friends that are confronted to this issue, or are just loud about all that sharing / free speech / open source / society mumbo jumbo, forward this to them. It can't hurt. Julien PS: I'm in Lyon, France all next week for whom it may be interesting...

# Amnesty in Gaza

While i complete my law degree which will really enable me to start kicking some ass, i joined (amongst others) the Amnesty society at uni to try to help out in any way i can. Over Christmas people in the Amnesy soc from my uni, along with hundreds of others, are driving 350 ambulances filled with medical supplies, and educational supplies over Europe to Gaza to end the blockade which has caused so much suffering to so many for over 18months. I volunteered to be a part of that voyage but unfortunately due to a massive workload and family comitments i had to withdraw my application. However i still want to help, which is where you come in. For this mission to succeed we need as much media attention as possible. Without the world watching at best they will make it as far as Egypt and be refused entrance and turned away. At worst they will be fired upon and the supplies stolen. This has happened before and without the eyes of the world watching it may happen again. The people that are doing this are just normal students, some of them my friends. The convoy will arrive at the boarder on the 27th of December, the aniversary of the first attacks and will hope to cross the boarder in a march on the the 31st. Al jazeera will be covering the story and filming the convoy throughout their journey. What i need from all of you who read this is to tell just one other person about what we are doing, raise awareness, watch the reports and if you have any other ideas on how to get this issue into the media then please let me know. I have volunteered to help with publicity over Christmas as i can't be on the actual convoy so i thought this was good a place as any to start. If anyone has any ideas on how to help, let me know! I need all the help i can get :) for more info check ou the links, please take a moment to read the info on them! The first two are about the convoy, the second two are about the conflict.

<http://www.gazafreedommarch.org/article.php?list=type&type=416> <http://www.vivapalestina.org/pictures.htm> <http://www.guardian.co.uk/world/2009/sep/18/israel-gaza-blockade-reconstruction> <http://www.amnesty.org/en/news-and-updates/report/israel-rations-palestinians-trickle-water-20091027>

# AMS-MAS-AMS-MAS

Yesterday, I ate breakfast in Maastricht, lunch in Amsterdam, and dinner in Maastricht again. I woke up earlier than usual. The night before, I started to remember all of the little things that I had forgotten to pack upon my chaotic departure... Things I hoped that someone might decide to lightfoot in my direction, but truly things that would only really be important to me. A few of my paintings and sketches, a pair of tweezers I've been carrying since Thailand, a pouch of henna from Morocco, my Turkish phrasebook... But, back to waking up earlier than usual... I felt an urge to take advantage of the daytime. I felt the urge to say my proper goodbyes to Laura and Robino, both of whom I missed the opportunity to give hugs to. I felt the urge to hitchhike. So, I hitched from Maastricht to Amsterdam (arriving around noon!) and back (arriving before dinnertime!) in the same day. The more amazing thing about this story is that instead of bothering to walk all the way to our "official casa hitching spot", I tried the bus stop on Jan van Galenstraat across from the Albert Heijn instead. The very second I stepped into place, with my thumb and my UTRECHT sign, a driver who had been stopped at a red light unlocked his passenger-side door. Instantaneously. Not even a single second of waiting before my first lift! (And, thanks to my Turkish phrasebook, we could communicate, since he was Turkish, after all). Things are clicking into place!

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node/2404

## Amsterdam goes green

Some of us went to see a presentation on permaculture yesterday, which was organised by the [SWOMP](#)-people. We had a good time hearing about the 12 [principles](#) of [permaculture](#) - and after a video sharing ideas and inspiration with some of the people around. I also got some new ideas for the balcony ([vertical gardening](#)) and also learned more about some of the ideas that are currently buzzing, related to transition town networks and knowlegde/ skill-sharing. Our ideas stand very close to these and there are many ways we can help enabling this revo-thing. At the same time, it is funny to [note](#) that even the Amsterdam city council wants to investigate how to make their rooftops green.

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node/318



# an introduction to ham radio

This week, a lot has happened to me, both in real life and through the internet— and via [\[\[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amateur\\_radio|amateur radio - also known as ham radio - communities\]\]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amateur_radio). I think the world of [\[\[http://www.arrl.org/ham-radio-history|ham radio\]\]](http://www.arrl.org/ham-radio-history) is something of interest to Casa people, even and especially, as nomads. It could also be helpful for the Danube raft project, for example, when for vast stretches of time there may be no access to internet. For now, I'm re-posting some things from e-mails that my friend [\[\[http://www.noshortageofwork.com/|Brooke\]\]](http://www.noshortageofwork.com/) shared with me – first about a famous long-distance ham radio traveler/operator, and second about ham radio, itself, and why we should learn & use it: \* In 1954, inspired by the 1947 book *Kon Tiki*, [\[\[http://www.netcore.us/sk/VP2VBa.htm|Danny Weil\]\]](http://www.netcore.us/sk/VP2VBa.htm) left England in a boat he made himself to circumnavigate the world alone. He learned the Morse code and radio theory and got a ham license. He set up his radio on numerous tiny islands and talked with over 100,000 hams all over the globe. We think of him as the first “DXpeditioner.” ([\[\[http://www.dxpub.com/|DX\]\]](http://www.dxpub.com/) is the Morse code abbreviation for long distance.) [\[\[http://www.Yasme.org|The Yasme Foundation\]\]](http://www.Yasme.org) (named after Danny's boat) was set up to fund expeditions that involved ham radio, and one couple, Lloyd (W6KG) and Iris (W6QL) Colvin became their primary DXpeditioners, operating from over 100 countries and amassing over 1 million contacts. \* In 1966 at the age of 14, way before computer nets of any kind, I joined a similarly amazing technology-driven community. After school I would talk to people all over the world and had exchanged postcards with thousands by the time I'd graduated high school. Mostly we talked about ourselves, or worse yet, our equipment, but every so often something important happened and we needed to help each other, like when the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia or Nicaragua had an earthquake. We were about a million strong then and we could look each other up in a book that listed our address and government issued call signs. We were a community – and we trusted each other. And we still do, only we're much stronger. When I was a hitch-hiker in the 1970's there were no cell phones or internet and 911 was just beginning. But I carried a small ham radio with me and if I ever really got in trouble, I'd put out a call to the ether, and a complete stranger would come and help me – someone I could trust and who trusted me. It is an amazing, multi-faceted hobby. And a load of fun. It fits in perfectly with travel, especially the kind you do. If you listen to the [\[\[http://dokufunk.org/upload/weil.mp3|audio interview of Danny Weil\]\]](http://dokufunk.org/upload/weil.mp3) (and I just did for the first time last night and all I can say is “wow.”), I think

you'll hear the voice of someone who built a life-long lifestyle around our hobby that you could imagine emulating in your own way. It offers a pay-it-forward opportunity. I've provided relief communications help during the Nicaraguan earthquake, and I've flown into Haiti seven times re-equipping hams after 22 years under Papa Doc when our hobby was illegal. These were vastly more soul-satisfying experiences than my typical days vagabonding. Although we're fairly hidden from view, hams are everywhere. Case in point: This morning, coming into work on my commuter train, I ran into another contester I've met only twice in person (WV2ZOW) who has been following this thread, so we talked about you. We also talked about the possibility I might go back to Costa Rica at the end of November for another contest, and he might join me. I think you'll see that, like with Couch Surfers, hams have formed an amazing community around a common interest in communications. We're different in that we have a higher barrier of entry; you must first pass a test. This serves a useful purpose in that it weeds out the riffraff, and it almost guarantees trustworthiness. That test is an easy one for those, like you, who are accustomed to learning new things - no harder than a college mid-term. And, no matter where you land on this planet, I am confident I can find a fellow ham who will gladly show you our hobby and tutor you for the test.

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node/17037

## **anarchism and the art of humor**

Another wonderful dumpster-dove dinner. Julian and I charged to the market at quarter past 5 through a typically drizzly amsterdam evening. We arrived just in time. The best score was a pile of shrink-wrapped broccoli heads. The most heart warming score - the guy who stopped us picking through the grapes in the dumpster so he could load up a bag of grapes straight from the table. Over dinner we discussed the difference between hippies and punks. Julian put it well saying, "the philosophy is hard to define. The way they look isn't." We discussed the seeming paradoxes of functional consensus with fundamentalist anarchism. And amidst banter and teasing we noted the challenge of being funny without making fun of someone. How do we do this? How does this happen? I still think it's the food, even if Julian thinks it's drugs.

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node/102

## and i woke up

And I woke up, in a tent, next to a stranger, on a field pulsating with techno and breakbeats through the thorny weeds. The sun blanketed our group of nomadic siblings in its morning glow and drank up the rain from previous hours in a matter of minutes. As if performing some strange ritual to greet the new day, together we danced. My feet were dirty and blistered, and nevertheless, and without a word, I repacked my baggage and walked out to the fields, trying to retrace and relocate the way out. How to exit from nowhere? Internally, I tried to justify my sudden departure, but words failed in the realm of feelings. The road was calling me. My feet carried me several kilometers back, past endless fields of dried-up sunflowers; past the forks in the dusty dirt paths that pointed in various directions; past boundless nothingness. I kept on walking, without anything to ease my hunger or thirst, nor any certainty of anything, until I started to see the first traces of “civilization”: mounds of litter; the outskirts of a small town of twenty houses or so. I found the little road that led back to the bigger road. I put out my thumb again. It was a new day again. It was morning again. I was on the road again. Let me start over: I encountered a group of about 14 or so camions and vans on the Bulgarian side of the Romanian border the night before. I asked one of them, “Who are you guys?” He replied, “We are Sound.” I watched and waited, like a child on Christmas Eve who can hear Santa Claus in the next room but doesn’t want to get out of bed for fear of scaring him off. The border was dead, but Sound was tempting and colorful, and before I could reconsider, Francesco decided to adopt me as his sister. And so, I was onboard, and we were off. That other day had been a drudgingly painful recovery from the previous night, which is another story entirely. On the road, everything blends into one: one long nightdaynightdaynight and million different encounters. Thus, that “other day” was spent mostly in an air-conditioned mini-van whose driver took me in as a personal guest hitchhiker, even though his other passengers were all paying customers. He bought me coffee that would help to keep my eyes open for just long enough to continue walking another 20 kilometers after he’d let me out. And it did. I was broke and thirsty and agitated and guarded and hurt and confused and hungry, but nightfall found me at the border, where I met Sound and briefly escaped into an alternate tunnel of reality. Back on the road again, I spoke in a mixture of languages and gestured in a variety of manners. I carried myself like a parcel: with clear start and end destinations, and a jumble of mystery in between. I had told my ex-boyfriend that I would stop hitchhiking to give him peace of mind; I had suggested it as a compromise of sorts, but I quickly took

back that suggestion, knowing it could never work. The road loves me more than anyone else ever has. The road is long and winding and bumpy and continuous. The road is exhausting and exuberant; starved and fulfilling. How, then, can the destination ever be worthy of the journey?

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node/4817

## Ang, Caro, and Ethan arriving today

[img\_assist|nid=580|title=Angie, Caroline, and Ethan|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135] Hi Casa Robino, just a brief introduction from Angie, Caroline, and Ethan before we jet off to Amsterdam this evening. We've been in Barcelona for the past few weeks with Paxus, Sky, Kassia, (former Casa hosts), Hawina, and Willow. We all live at Twin Oaks Community in Virginia and we're kinda a unit. We're all activists and anarchists and queer and polyamorous. Other than that, we're all completely different. Caroline is a yoga teacher who is always looking for people to practice with, and Angie and Ethan are bringing coffee. See you tonight around 11.

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node/581

## Anything is possible

After nearly four days straight on the road (and sea) from Marrakech, Morocco, I have successfully hitchhiked back to the Casa in Amsterdam. My route: Wednesday– Left Marrakech in the afternoon, wound up getting stuck in Rabat by night, spontaneously hosted by a boy I met in the streets in the Ville Nouvelle, who wound up living in a “very modest” but very kind little cement block home in Salé AND, coincidentally, being a mutual friend of my friend Mounir, from Marrakech. Thursday– Left Salé in the morning by a small route nacional which took me to the highway, on and off, picked up by many Moroccans who confused me for a Moroccan girl, and I wound up having to speak my limited Arabic to get by, as none of them could speak any French. Later, I was picked up by a very friendly Spaniard working for an NGO in Tetouan and still afterwards, I found myself getting blown off the road by hardcore winds in Assilah while walking along the impressive coastline... And getting a ride straight to the entrance to the port in Tanger, where I promptly met a Spanish truck driver who

agreed to take me onto the ferry for free. After waiting many long hours in a line that went nowhere, in a truck that wasn't moving, we got through security and customs and loaded onto the ferry just as the sun was setting. Friday started just as we were exiting the ferry in Algeciras. I'm lucky that my driver was one of only two to complete all of the necessary paperwork while onboard to ensure that we'd be able to leave the port before it officially closes for the night. We continued onward toward Granada. He eventually left me somewhere near Alicante not long after the sun had risen. Perfect. The next rides were shorter, from Spaniards who normally don't take hitchhikers but are nevertheless happy to have me onboard with them and chat me up for some hours as we move slowly up the coast toward Barcelona. Near the border of France, at the very last service station in Spain, I met a Dutch driver and magically convinced him to take me, despite his initial nervousness...He was driving medical supplies for his father's company and normally doesn't take hitchhikers, but he quickly warmed up and was by far the luckiest and longest ride I've ever had. He dropped me at the door to Casa Robino on early Saturday evening around 17h30, after much music, conversation, and radically changing weather conditions throughout our long journey. I actually made it here much quicker than I originally had thought was possible. This is proof that anything IS possible. amylin \*\*\* P.S. Why am I "access denied" when i want to edit the fact that my name is misspelled under "current hosts"?

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node/229

## apache -> nginx

I moved the server to nginx. I also added a decent expires header and more gzip encoding. casarobino.org (and [trashwiki](#)) should now be a lot faster. There might be some glitches here and there. Just let me know.

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node/40

# apartment swap?

Anybody interested in swapping apartments/'place to crash for 2' between x-mas and new year? I can offer a very nice apartment in the centre of Amsterdam, bikes and a cat. hugs, Nico 06-16966082 nicoleeuw\_1999@yahoo.com

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node/15938

## Appreciation Portfolio

Many barter and commerce systems have wish lists and offer lists for their members. I think there is something important missing from this configuration, appreciation portfolio. An appreciation portfolio is a window into the identity of the person who authors it. It is an effort to show how to send appreciation to someone. Typically, for things they have done that they are not seeking compensation for. So you would list things you like, make suggestions for specific kinds of appreciations (it could be a ticket to a local concert, or a train ticket to Istanbul, or a funny post card) as well as general information (i am a huge Bruce Cockburn fan, i do winter hiking) and the person viewing the portfolio has easy and less easy ways to express these appreciations.

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node/282

## Aris, so long

“I am really happy to leave this terrible weather and go far away.” – Aris in the offline guestbook, 22nd of November. [img\_assist|nid=1976|title=|desc=Aris in Quiberon|link=none|align=center|width=400] Aris. We can still see her sitting on the back-porch, smiling, overwhelming everyone with her smile. Full of joy and perception. She understood the art of perceiving, of traveling; the art of hitchhiking and the art of balancing. Aris was a wonderful young girl with an amazing potential. She was very remarkable with a great sense of direction, depth, and dedication. Aris left Casa Robino on the 22th of November 2008. A day later she wrote us: “It is gonna be a hard winter and Aris is going to the South to deal with French keyboards which she hates so much.” She hitched out of Amsterdam to meet the skillsurfers and joined them the

next day in a French community, to take part in the skills-tour. Aris was passionately dreaming about creating a different world, a world where we share ideas, visions, and dreams. Aris had the power to move something, to make a difference. Aris was incredibly [enthusiastic](#) about the [Skillsurfers](#). She spotted a flyer here in the house, found out more about the project online and was enchanted. She joined then to add her youthful but effective organizing energy. Shortly after she joined skillsurfers in France they arrived in Barcelona and under her gentle guidance, they were already more together. Aris was traveling with a filmcamera and she wanted to join the tour to document it, and to take part in it. Before leaving, she left the casa several beautiful hand-written leaflets and flyers about the skillsharing and left wonderful notes in the offline guest-book that inspired fellow visitors and hosts of the house. Aris wrote us several times, while on tour. She [wrote us](#) when she was in Barcelona, giving us an eye-witness account of an student occupation of the Barcelona University, and later on she joined another project, [Migrobirdo](#), a group of young people, which is travelling from Germany to other countries, cultures and societies with a sailing-boat to [promote](#) sustainable change. (Migrobirdo means migrating bird in Esperanto).  
[img\_assist|nid=1974|title=Aris|desc=Crew of Migrobirdo, a group of young people, which is travelling from Germany to other countries, cultures and societies with a sailing-boat. |link=popup|align=center|width=400] Aris was on this boat when it [capsized](#) in the Atlantic Ocean just off the coast of Morocco ([interactive map](#)). The boat had already crossed the Mediterranean and was now heading South. “Salam. We got in a night trip to larence an waiting for good wind to go direction Rabat”, was the [last news](#) we heard from the crew. Aris, our thoughts and empathy are with you, with the [crew](#), the friends and family of the members and everyone who is affected. Aris might still be alive - even after a 3 day search. We never know. But one thing is for



sure: Aris will always be with us. [Aris posts and quotes at CasaRobino-](#)  
[Aris messages on the online guestbook-](#) [Aris profile at CouchSurfing-](#) [About our](#)  
[friends and partner-project Migrobirdo](#)



# Around the world, and back.

Dear casa Robino When we started to write this letter, we were sitting at a tropical island, drinking cheap Thai whiskey with ice we stole from 7-eleven. We had a tent pitched on a beautiful white sandy beach and every morning we awoke to the feeling of the hot blazing, Thai sun. We left Amsterdam to find the sun, and we finally made it! After leaving the freezing cold of Amsterdam we started our journey south towards Malta, with the sun and Google Weather as our guides. As we headed towards Lyon and casa Bonita, we met so many people along our way all very kind and sometimes a bit odd. Some of the most memorable was being a group of Romanian coke fiends that drove us to a drug deal in Luxemburg at 180KMH on an icy motorway whilst the rain poured.. All the while listening to pumping traditional Romanian music. As the driver chatted away using only his knees to steer. How could we forget passing a joint around with this guys, whilst waiting in a parking lot for the “parcel” to arrive. Amidst all the excitement of our recent encounter and the 5kg of Nuttela, Nimmy managed to misplace our map, and our only logical guide. Many times along the way we felt truly blessed with good fortune to meet so many outstanding, kind, humans. One of these being Dino the Italian truck driver and his sidekick Billy the playboy dog, who fed us salmon baguettes and shared his wisdom of Italy. He arranged for us to be taken to our final destination, Lyon. Casa Bonita, “the water Nazis!” If it’s dumpster diving in casa robino, it’s showering in fear of an outburst from Julian at casa Bonita. Our 2-day rest place became a one-week Christmas fiesta in Lyon. We befriended a couple of Romanian philosophers and Nimmy finally had the chance to celebrate the birth of Christ. Despite the lack of any holiday traditions (other than the excessive amounts of alcohol that Emily purchased in a sudden bout of Christmas spirit.) there was still definitely a sense of Christmas in the air. With all the festivities going to our head, once again we began pondering our possibilities of our journey south. With the temperatures in Malta dropping, and the chance of chasing the rainbow to Greece, we once again found ourselves reconsidering our final destination. With our inability to make committed decisions we suggested that we head towards Turkey, keeping with our typical, elastic, plans. Leaving casa Bonita we prepared ourselves with the challenge of hitching through Italy, where we would stop to rest with Nimmy’s family in Padova, next to Venice. Not wanting to overstay, we hoped to find a couch to crash on but we were completely overwhelmed with the generous hospitality of Nimmy’s family, who paid for our tired heads to rest in nothing more than the “luxury” of a quaint Italian Bed & Breakfast! We indulged for three days on Italian food and soft

cotton sheets. We celebrated new years in what the padovians proudly claim as the largest square in Europe! (Citations needed). With many grateful thanks to the kindness of Nimmys family we left Italy with a very enlightened perception of hitching in the country. At this point we found it to be, believe it or not, the easiest country to get a lift that we've encountered so far (and even now when typing this again, it is only second to New Zealand). Feeling rested we were ready to begin the next leg of our journey through the eastern bloc. We were excited about the next leg of our journey as we had heard so many positive stories of hitching through Eastern Europe. We thought this to be true when we were confronted with our first sign of competition of two other hitch-hikers in Ljubliana. Though soon we found that due to the lack of human existence, let alone humans with automobiles, getting a lift in Eastern Europe is not as easy as we had hoped. Our journey from this point onwards became extremely disjointed, with many long waits in cold, cold and lonely gas stations. Though things were looking up when we were lucky enough to take a ride with some truly authentic Croatian gangsters. We spent one of our nights at what we thought to be the most well equipped gas station in Eastern Europe, with an outdoor heater and the switch at the tip of our fingers, some warm tea in our thermos and some biscuits from Italy. After freezing for 7 hours we decided to take a rest in our own private and heated suite, which was in fact the baby change-room in the toilet block. We slept until early morning when we were woken abruptly by an angry cleaning lady that we had locked out. We managed to make a quick escape, grab a lift and very slowly move through the desolate lands that was once Yugoslavia. With only 15km to the Serbian border we were yet to find out that this would be the place where we would stumble across our toughest challenge so far. Due to the fact that we spent most of our last few days standing and waiting outside in the cold, Emily had been gradually turning a lovely shade of purple during this time. After another long wait, in another lonely gas station, Emily asked Nimmy why her hands were white and her veins were black... So with Nimmy's "professional training" he manages to identify Emily's new colour as Hypothermia. Things quite quickly deteriorate after this, Emily was now no longer able to stand or communicate with anyone, and with no other way out of the gas station then to hitch, we found ourselves in a slight conundrum. So when a german couple offered to take us to the next town, to the closest hot Nimmy jumped for joy and Emily groaned her gratitude "Small Town, Croatia". We arrived around 10pm, after a quick e-mail exchange and a warm good-bye, from our two friendly and very curious Christians. We were welcomed by the owner of a small bar who also was the owner of the hotel. He invited us in for some hot chocolate, and after this drove us to

his hotel, the only one in town. After asking where we were from, Nimmy was confronted with the line “Oh your from Israel?! You know the past owners of the hotel, they were Jewish!” As we were both in a bit of a daze, Nimmy didn’t even notice the pictures hanging in the lobby, huge black and white posters displaying the old “Weiner Hotel” and the original owners. Being a big happy Jewish family in their past existence. So now that Nimmy had overcome his horrifying experience, we decided that it was all worth it for the hot shower and the feeling of blood running in Emily’s fingers and toes. We dined on piles of biscuits and watched late-night Croatian T.V. Today we can say that this all was a very enlightening experience. The next morning we set off again in an attempt to hitch to Serbia, we stood and waited for a long time again, and again Emily was turning purple so we decided on good health and headed back into town, to buy a train ticket to Beograd. Belgrade: Nothing much seems to happen in Belgrade. Nimmy got some good photos of a Jewish cemetery, and Emily nearly got drugged in a nightclub. After a few days of eating and regaining health, and as the Temperature continued to decline, we decided to take the train to Istanbul. We travelled through Bulgaria, stopping in Sophia for one day. Apart from the eerie morning fog, we decided that we liked Sophia very much, especially it’s Gypsy market. We reached Istanbul early morning and by 5pm we were pissed off. For having landed in tourist-central. It was a bit of a shock. We were happy to escape and discover some of the amazing places in Istanbul. Though our stay in Turkey was shortened all due to our trusty-friend, Google Weather, whom predicted tepid weather in southern Turkey. And being like moths to a flame, and as Em was trying to head back towards Australia, that morning on a last-minute decision, Nimmy took a leap of faith and joined Emily on her way back home. We bought two tickets to Bangkok, where we knew the sun was always blazing. After carrying this tent through eleven countries, once we reached a nice quiet beach, we decided it was time to pitch that damned tent! And for one month, we just sat and relaxed. With only the sun to numb our brains. After receiving a map from a drunken Canadian on crazy koh-san road we headed towards the big X that marked the “Eden Bar” a special place on a hidden beach, which housed a psychedelic asylum. We pitched our tent right next to the bar, over-looking a beautiful ocean bay. The bartenders told us to pile our tent with all of the cushions from the bar and in return, we neatly packed our tent away each morning. We stayed a week, experiencing many different things and after being trapped in what was beginning to become our peril by a crazy monsoon, the moment the rains stopped we ran to the first boat off the island, as all the other morphing people crawled out of the jungle and we said good-bye to the “Eden Bar” and all it’s

strange inhabitants. We left to meet up with one of Nimmys closest friends, we set-up camp on the beach for another very peaceful and rejuvenating week. At this point Emily and Nimmy had begun to realize and accept some facts and we decided it was time for Nimmy to join Emily in Australia. Up until this point we had absolutely no idea how much of a challenge such a simple and sweet thing, could be. We began to quickly find out about VISAs and all the problems that were attached. So Nimmy being Nimmy, he tried to put some light on what was looking to be a gloomy future. We sat on the sand and watched the sun go down and Nimmy drew a peace sign, with our names inside and we decided to smile at the thought of all our freedom, despite all the restrictions the world chose for us. We bought tickets to New Zealand (with a 3week stop, and decided to deal with visas while we were there. So at the time we began to write this again, we were sitting on the balcony in our guesthouse in a tiny mountain village not too dissimilar from Amsterdam, in the middle of the Philippines. We had only seven days left, until our real lives began, finding jobs, and dealing with government fucking shit. Bla Bla. So Nimmy was cooking porridge and making Emily some tea, and Emily sat there with pen in one hand and joint in the other, Emily felt that both Nimmy and her had found a little bit of peace, for some time. Nimmy also proposed in the Philippines. Emily said yes, nimmy was happy, wedding cakes rock, so was Emily, wedding cakes rock. 4months later, still writing the letter. So after managing to detour Australia right until we reached its neighbor New Zealand, where we were to spend the next few months working and applying for an Australian visa, which we did apply for eventually after 2 months and after two brief visits that Emily made back to Australia at the end of three months Australian immigration slung us back into world, where we would now go in search for somewhere that would take us. Thailand, again. Was our meeting place. Having being rejected from Australia, finding any stable place to stay in for a long term was a real and immediate problem. Whilst going to live in Israel for a while was an option for a married couple, getting married in Israel isn't, due to ingenious religious laws. So with all this wonderful beurocracy ahead, we applied for a "stress free visa" and we flew to what seemed the most appropriate place..... India. Which is where we are right now! In a little village called Pushkar. And yes the last few months have been very relaxing. In about a month from now we will be in someone's car on the way to the casa, right back to where we started.

# arriving at Casa Robino with 2 Danes

Grace here, the new arrival, on why I arrived with 2 Danes. It's a short story really. I tried to get here by 7pm but ended up having a longer hike than I expected. On my final leg of the trip I got a ride with 2 Danes who had also never been to Amsterdam before. We got a bit lost and arrived around 10pm, got to the house around 11pm. They were trying to find a hostel so I enlisted the help of the house wifi and Amylin. Couldn't find suitable accommodation so they slept in the house and left in the morning. Hi everyone. Happy to be here.

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node/61

## Art expo in Delft looking for help with dumpstered meal

Hiya, We are putting on an Art expo June 20-21 at the Poppehuis squat in Delft and I want to put together a dumpster dived dinner Saturday evening. I thought the folks that enjoy the casa's dumpstered dinner might be interested in helping. If so, let me know at [moorepants@gmail.com](mailto:moorepants@gmail.com). Here is the info about the event: Spread the word!!

Invitation: Als Het Maar Beweegt is an art exhibition Saturday June 20th and Sunday June 21st at the Poppehuis, Delft! Everyone is invited! The expo at a glance: The exhibit takes place the weekend of June 20th and 21st. Both days, there is the possibility of a cup of coffee, tea or a tasty beer and snacks. Saturday we will serve dinner at 6pm. On Saturdays at 7pm performances include: Flopidisk ([www.flopidisk.com](http://www.flopidisk.com)) Vasiliki and Cyrille Kaspar Konig ([www.kaspar.bareminimum.org](http://www.kaspar.bareminimum.org)) The rest of the exhibition consists of moving installations including: Thomas GOBBELS and Arjen Zuidgeest ([www.landbouwbelang.org](http://www.landbouwbelang.org)) ([www.azxxl.nu](http://www.azxxl.nu)) Volkert van de Wijk ([www.kineticart.nl](http://www.kineticart.nl)) Kim Laugs ([www.feedbacksociety.com](http://www.feedbacksociety.com)) Tim van Akkerveken ([www.flopidisk.com](http://www.flopidisk.com)) By Mark Doorduyn, Dewi de Vree and Rachida Ziani The residents of the Poppehuis will help you get to heaven! Using the latest green trend, not by plane but by bike. All this is courtesy of ARM, Arts Pace Rondeel Maastricht. Check out [www.myspace.com/Poppehuis](http://www.myspace.com/Poppehuis) for the latest news! Poppehuis, Delft Westvest 32 by the Central Station Tram Stop [www.myspace.com/Poppehuis](http://www.myspace.com/Poppehuis) Call for help: We also need some help preparing for the expo and volunteers to help us run the show! Please email Bonne

(bonne.knibbe@gmail.com) if you would like to give a helping hand. Just two or three hours of help will go a long way. Volunteers will get free dinner and some drinks.

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node/3376

## As if nothing changed ...

Well... we got a new couch, but life is just as insane with one small child as with a whole bunch of travelers. Kitten is o.k. with it though.

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node/27965

## Australian trash

Greetings from Melbourne. I'm staying at an amazing little squat and the kidz here are very much into dumpster diving. We went out for multiple diving yesterday and I thought it's an interesting piece of info to share (I also told them about trashwiki and maybe they can pour some relevant information in). First dumpster diving was the market. Very similar to Amsterdam – tons of fruit and veg. Second diving was in a bakery, baguettes, loafs of bread. Final diving was at the big supermarket chains, we stopped by several of them and this was the most interesting one. First of all – there are quite a few dumpster divers in Melbourne as it turns out. We met several groups when we went diving. The big chains usually lock the dumpsters, but the keys are pretty common in the dumpster divers' community – lots of people have copies. We had the most unreal findings – mosquito repellents, shampoo, soap, buckets, tampons, chocolate, pasta, doughnuts, Halloween pumpkin, eggs, cheese, veg + fruit, bread, a whole potato sacks, crackers, lots of chips, coca cola, new garbage bags... and so on. That was brilliant. You can actually live here without spending money and get all the essentials. Another random thing: The other day I met Jeremy completely by mistake (the guy who dropped by a few times in July and left some "hippy love books" at the Christian hostel where he was staying). That was fun. He still has pictures of the kitten on his cellphone that he shows people (what a nice looking kitten).

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node/7254



# Back for a bit... And everything is just fine

I am absolutely stunned. There are moments I simply can't believe that I have been "doing" this Casa experience for more than three years now. Where is this leading to, I ask myself regularly. Are we "there" already, or what are the other directions that haven't been followed yet? Is this going to close one day or are we simply moving further? And in fact, how silly it may sound in itself, every day is yet another, and each one of them is nouveaux with fresh adventures, people, given books, food, sleep and silly jokes. Sometimes there is a lot of excitement, and people are fresh and young and are continuously into doing "something", while at other times people are more relaxed, doing a thing or two and just going about. There is really nothing you can say about a day! And so the same can be said about the house itself: it is never the same! Most rooms have been nicely put together. People who were here ages ago (let's say 2 or 3 years) really wouldn't even recognize some of the rooms. The Zula with its nice wooden floor, and the blue carpet in the middle of it (because the treasured wood ran out...), the new sofa against the amazingly painted wall, and all the ever-changing artwork that gives the space so much ambience... new sheets, blankets and pillows... the only thing that remains the same might be the sun shining through the windows in the early mornings, but lighting a room that is simply really beautiful. Some people say that the culture has changed also... That the casa has become different. I don't know and can't tell. I think this is part of the nature of the space. It has already gone through so many phases, you simply can't believe it! Every time there arrives a new person, that person fills the space with his or her own energy: the way this person gives attention to others, to food, to the self, and so on. And most of us actually do prefer certain people above others (try to look for the unique characteristics!) and therefore you will like it more at a certain time than at any other time, I guess... And what would happen to a place when you would enforce certain behaviour onto people? It would become a dogma and a cliché of itself I would say... I have also been doing some museum-works lately, putting up more wall-paper and redecorating it (more orange!). I created a new writing-space in it, and put up some more art, which makes the space a lot nicer than how it used to be. The Barn has been nicely redecorated too over the winter, the balcony is called the Jungle and I've heard again recent rumours about a new Disco... (and kitten finally has a cat-door !) We've been doing well since Spring and the re-opening after my short (!) Winter-sleep. We've



only had two busy periods so far (if you know what busy means) and apart from those weeks, it's a relatively quiet, nice and stable time with a constant coming and going of the right people (although we've been seeing more boys than girls lately) who come to learn, chill and build. Me and kitten have seen mostly new people though, and only some from earlier years, as well as the people who still live in the city and who started off at the Casa. It is great to see the support that we get from the people who still live around and from others who continue to travel in Europe, and who still know how to find us! Of course, I have also been away again. I just finished a short trip on foot. I decided to [walk](#) out of the Casa into the east. After leaving town, going through the center, I simply kept on walking until I had reached the border with Germany. There I waved, and came back. I did all this without use of money or internet and it was a great surprise to see how well that goes in this country. There are enough friendly people offering food or a place to sleep. And where there wasn't, I had my hammock to sleep between trees and an occasional dumpster to help me through feeling hungry. A huge learning experience, and highly recommended to anyone I know! Coming back was equally great though. Finally I had an abundance of good food again, didn't have to eat meat anymore and can enjoy warm showers whenever I feel like it. And of course the Casa has been going on fine without me, offering each and every person new learnings. It has had its ups and downs but overall I am pretty content with how everyone dealt with the challenges this place can offer when the guy who balances it all, isn't there. So let's see how the Summer will go for the house. For sure I'll try to keep it more quiet than during past summers. I think it is easier that way for everyone, offering more space and relaxation. But maybe that's just me getting older... ;)

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node/19673

## Back home!

I came back from Hamburg where my ex-roommate had stolen all the stuff in the flat and even worse, canceled our internet contract. One month struggling to get free stuff to furnish the flat, a new roommate, all that from the cyber-cafe, or squatting at friends. It was about time I came again to Amsterdam. It's on my way anyway, I'm catching a plane to Réunion, Indian Ocean next Monday from Paris. Yesterday we had like 8 people around a Finnish vegetarian meal (nothing is impossible). Did you guys know that those nuts drink milk during the meal? You did? Oh... sorry. Well, it tastes

quite good actually. Marc and I made some apple compote to add to the calorie index and we got drupal to work on my machine. Tonight it's outrageously quiet. I'll go and make some noise. Cheers. Julien

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node/459

## Back to Amsterdam

Erga and I have been in Antwerpen for a day and in Paris for a bit longer. Yesterday afternoon we hitched out of Paris, a bit late, as usual. We got a ride pretty fast. From a clairvoyant heading to Nijmegen, so we decided to drop by at Bob Knutton's instead of heading straight back to A'dam. Now we're about to hit the road again to head back to Casa Robino...

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node/22

## back to my island

Hi everybody, I arrived yesterday in green Ireland, surprisingly the sun is shining. I miss yet casarobino, it has been a great moment there in Amsterdam. Magic city and people. The idea of a garden on the roof sounds really interesting. Don't forget to take pictures;) . Merci à tous. See you someday, somewhere here or there. PS:

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node/66

## Balcony Redesign and Happy Worms

Finally we started our own composting! I remember people trying it out before but the idea of composting was never tackled very soundly. This past week though, Rachel has been using her hands to repot plants and herbs and with redesigning the balcony, as well as creating a workable compost-system. Do you see the little table at the back of the photo, made from scrap-wood? Voilà. Under it you find a plastic container where now the compost goes. And what you see here on the photo is - if nature provides - only the beginning! Next will be lots of growing plants and herbs, mostly eatable plants, but also some other greens and flowers. And at the same time,

there is still other ideas floating around to make the walls even greener and work more with concepts of vertical gardening and making more shelves for the pots. I am very intrigued by this system of how-to use an [old pallet for vertical gardening](#), that was send to me by Xo earlier today. Only downside: it is better not to use a pallet for eatable plants, since we can never tell with what chemicals the wood has been treated. And as far as the composting goes, we will also be getting our own casa-worms. So no dirty smells, and the compost will be turned into healthy soil within weeks! If you have any, bring them along! They will be very happy vegan worms, as the article on Trashwiki about [Worm Farming](#) explains: Worms will happily live a vegan lifestyle. Worms do eat meat but it is best NOT to put meat in the worm farm as it will attract flies. They love rotten fruit such as apples, bananas, peaches, avocados but avoid citrus fruit as it's too acidic. Vegetables are devoured but avoid onion, garlic and other spicy vegetables. Coffee grinds, tea leaves, paper and other organic matter is great, but never feed them dairy products or eggs. So who knows, soon it might be a jungle again out on the balcony. Well depending on your point of perspective obviously :)

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node/18176

## Bday on Saturday

Hey there, This is Selim, the Turkish guy came along last night with the Greek and Arkansas girl last night :D First of all, thanks for the dinner on Thursday night, it was really good! For the Saturday, we are planning to celebrate me and my girlfriends bday at Sofia's room. It is very close to Casa Robino. The place is called Stavangewerg. You can see it here [http://www.channels.nl/maps/lpage\\_postcode.php?straat=Stavangerweg&taal=en&aktie=go](http://www.channels.nl/maps/lpage_postcode.php?straat=Stavangerweg&taal=en&aktie=go) It is student housing and each house is made of ship containers. It is room number 653. We are planning to cook before and then drink something in the room, eat some birthday cake and around 12 - 1 go out for a club. You can call my number 0644021912

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node/7927

# Beach

Just reading up on la Casa. Great to see so much activity up there in the North. And to see so many people living harmoniously together (or so it seems :) By the way, if worked out our Drupal set up can be used for other communities as well? Especially if we manage to connect it to other networks (good news: Google and M\$ will be openly supporting OpenID). I'm about to start another wiki (or two) here, but the beach is calling...

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node/103

## because you learn more outside of the classroom.

How did i feel when i put my arm, for the first time in my life, into a dumpster? ...not to put something in it, but to get something out? It felt, well, squishy. Thats right, my hand stumbled right upon a rotted apple. Now i know, you have to be choosey with what you pick up. Some pieces of fruit may look solid, but they arn't. The next thing i got out of the aeroplane, i mean, experience, was an appricot. I like appricots, so i was pretty stoked, or as you non aussies say, "happy", about that. So there we were, searching through a bunch of blue bins, when a nice man from a garage came out with some boxes of fruit to throw away. We scored a bunch of nice asian pears, and lots of grapes. All in all, the adventure brought home 4 bags of perfectly good, free fruit. A huge success, in my oppinion. Thank you casa robino, for giving me the opportunity to revolutionise my life. To broaden my horizons. To experience new and exciting things, and to break with the usual. - Louisa

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node/1211

## Benefiting From Waste-Based-Society

Last Thursday we took a young journalist from an Amsterdam based newspaper out on a diving tour. It was great fun. But unfortunately she missed the Crème de la Crème and didn't stay for the open dinner. Find a rough translation of the piece below, and there is also a [full-resolution](#) version in Dutch. I will leave the content of article

uncommented (I love the way this articles portrays a young journalist mind) but please share your comments or impressions, as I am sure you will have some.

node/22065

## Benefiting From Waste-Based-Society

Living of waste. Dumpsterdivers do it out of conviction A brown cauliflower, some black disguised carrots and a couple of slimy avocados. Timo gets them from deep out of a trash containers and acclaims: "This is what they throw away! Every day! While hundreds of thousand people die out of hunger!" Together with four others Timo is dumpster-diving today, literally going through dumpsters looking for useful stuff. They do not call it a trend, and not even a movement. "It is rather logical", Christopher says. "They throw is away, and we need it". Dumpsterdivers are highlighting the waste of food, and waste in general and live with what other people throw away. Food, furniture, clothes, books, anything you need can be found on the street and it would be a waste to ignore that, they say. That living of surplus works, proves Robin, the axis of the company. He has been able to live without a job for three years now. "I refuse to be a consumer. I don't want to take part anymore. From the moment we are young, the people push us into a system that they didn't even come up with themselves. And when I don't want to join, they get mad on me. Go get a job they say. But why would I help sustaining a system that I can't possibly agree with?" Robin lives with what others give him or what he finds himself. He is able to deal fine with that dependency. "If money comes into play, the relationship between people is no longer authentic. If I receive, we create a win-win-situation. Everyone loves to give." At the Ten Katemarket the vendors are mostly a bit confused of the people grubbing through their bins. "This is simply not normal", Chouffi shouts from behind his stall. "What is up with these people, are they hungry? Then they should simply ask me!" He takes a couple of bananas, a broccoli and some tomatoes. "Here take this. Why would you delve into the waste!?" A woman with a automatic wheelchair counterfeits. "Hey! You never give me anything", she shouts at Chouffi. After the dumpsterdivers give her some of the tomatoes, she bitterly hums off. The waste-manager of the market can't care less. "Dumpster-divers? Whatever. These people we used to have in the past too, but then we simply called them poor people. The stuff is good though, let them have it." "Not everyone understands us", Timo says. "We often hear that we should act normal and find a job. Or that we are profiting. I don't see it

as such. Because we actually do give something back to society: awareness. Al this waste, all the excess. We make it visible how sick this system actually is, but obviously I would rather see myself in a zero-waste-society than this.” In a container at another spot, there is only some waste of yesterday. They are here too early. A dingly looking bag of salad goes with us in case we will need it. They decide to go home now, three high in Bos en lommer. Casa Robino it is called, Robin’s home, that he shares with like-minded people from all over the world who unexpectedly ring the doorbell and sometimes even stay for months. Walkers, skippers, couchsurfers, freeeconomists, is how the inhabitants of Casa Robino call themselves. Hippies, an outsider would say. After the food has been brought in, the divers firstly take time for a spliff. The veggies enter a big bucket with water, to ‘wash of the worst slime’. Then they will see further. The divers can eat of this for days. While the veggies are being washed, David from Mexico bakes some beans to still the worst hunger. Later they will eat, boiled carrots with cauliflower. “If I don’t feel like a bum? Not at all”, Chrisopher says laughing. “I feel myself very rich, I get everything for free!” **Infobox: Lifestyle** Dumpsterdiven is literally diving into bins to search for food that had been thrown away but is still eatable. Or searching for stuff that is still usable. It is a lifestyle for young idealists and those who are in their thirty’s. Through the finds they would like to show how much unnecessary waste society creates. Many dumpster-divers are turned off by the use of money.

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node/22065

## Beware of the hugs

Oh oh... > AMSTERDAM - A substance in the brains that creates mutual trust and cooperation between people, but also gives it that aggressive behavior towards people from a rival group.

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node/11861

## BeWarned

A new day dawned on the casa like any other. One by one the hosts awoke and congregated in the kitchen, having breakfast and sipping coffee. They then began to

go about their daily business, completely unaware of the events that would soon unfold. Be Warned. For I Am Coming.

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node/4898

## Bewelcome press-stuff done!

After the [tsolife-page](#) on Bevolunteer, I finally managed to get around creating the [press-page](#) for BeWelcome. Still some stuff to do here, but it is there at last :) I also [re-opened](#) the debate on the accessibility of the wiki, let's see how quick we can unlock it. Next thing is to work on a proposal for an alternative CS-ambassador-system.

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node/119

## Bibi on the Road

Yo. That was fun. Baby's on the road. Coming for a visit. Great playing. Not even fighting. There were enough cars to play with :-) Read [the story](#) and more bibi adventures on the road at <http://bibiontheroad.net/>

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node/27967

## Bicycle Benefits

Beauties! Check out this awesome site/program i just stumbled on - [bicyclebenefits.org](http://bicyclebenefits.org) They are set up all over North America, but still very grassroots - the idea is that you buy a sticker for 5dollars from a local business (who has bought them for 2.50), put it on your helmet, and anywhere you go that has the sticker on the door, you get free stuff and discounts. It's to encourage people to ride their bikes around towns/communities and to get benefits if they do. i love it! Maybe i'll get some stickers or bring the idea to town i go through. there are already 96 (!! ) businesses doing it in Madison, WI (where i am now) but NONE in Minneapolis... where i'm going next. Anyway, cool non?

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node/12002



# Bicycle Bloopers

So.. it's not that funny, but follies happen on the road. My bike is not very stable with all of my luggage. That is why, when I stop, I must hold the thing constantly. The kickstand is absolutely of no use. As you could imagine, this has created some embarrassing situations/ problems. I had been riding all day when I came upon an Aldi. I was starving and needed supplies. After shopping, I returned outside, unlocked the bike, and began loading it up. When I was done I tried to board. The bike began to fall over. Instead of letting the bike fall over, I held on dearly. This resulted in my falling over the bike and everything being scattered amongst the parking lot. That wasn't the only time it happened... Once in Belgium I hit a bump which caused all of the contents of my basket to bounce out all over the street. In Brussels, I hit a bump which jarred my front wheel loose. The forks hit the pavement, and I went flying into the intersection. Ah... the joys of bicycling.

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node/215

## Bicycle-Festival Cyclocamp

For those cyclists and community-enthusiasts out there, the Vienna based [bike-kitchen](#) calls for fellow bikers and bike-fixers [to come](#) to [Cyclocap 2011](#), the first European Bike-festival. I guess there could be some people here who might be interested in joining. The Cyclocamp is to provide a do-it-yourself (DIY) bicycle repair-space as well as a space for reflection on how these spaces are organised, learn from other DIY-bicycle spaces and have fun together. "We feel the need to (inter)connect with projects similar to ours, learn from other experiences and make friends for trips and other projects." <http://cyclocamp.blogspot.eu/>

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node/17805

## bike fixing yeah

Hooray, we now have 12,5 working bikes. After three weekly bike-repairing days we finally got all bikes working minus two. As it was the third Thursday today that we were fixing bikes (this time it was Shaun and me) outside of the house, we had more

people stopping over to ask if we could help them with their bikes. So we helped two neighbors with their bikes, and we even had a lady stopping to ask if we could repair some of her bikes for some small cash. the working bikes we currently have are: - Miss Brown II (aka Saddam) - Superbe - Mirtilla - Rene/Laura bike (needs a new name:aka Black Bitch) - Victor (finally the chain is working - Mama (gears are working) - Anarcho (Anu, you want it back?) - Isolator - Junkie (finally!) - Gypsy - Wobalina - My Bike - Miss Brown I (1/2) (you can ride her but only with one pedal) There are only two more bikes that need to be fixed, Racing and Golden bike (which is parked in Weesp, in front of the library). And the Germ is also Missing in Action at the moment.

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node/4264

## Bike List

New feature on casarobino.org - we now have a list of bicycles including details of the bike, whether they are working or not and who currently has the keys. The bikelist is at <http://casarobino.org/bikelist> and you can add more bicycles to the list by clicking 'Share->Bicycle' on the menu at the top of the page or visiting <http://casarobino.org/node/add/bicycle>.

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node/841

## Bike Lock Pancake & Tea Day

Dear people, kitten and outside world (also but not restricted to things with eyes), On sunday, beginning at noon will be the trial run of our pancakes, jams and tea kitchen. This is particularly for the acquiring of bicycle locks. Bicycle locks! Do you know how many bikes outside the casa are attached to eachother at this moment in time? A lotttttt! We need to free them! So, at this brunch, lunch, dinner..running till 10pm, we're serving pancakes with jam..all kinds of jam..sustainable jam! grape jam is the most common right now, that and banana jam.. Also, we have a new collection of teas including and not limited to : Good Humour Tea, Himalayan, Cranberry, Lapsang Souchan, 1001 Arabian Nights tea, Illusionagists tea, Liquorish, Yerba Maté, Mexicané, Gluhwein (if you bring the wine, we can make it ;) ) If you don't have bike locks, perhaps you can give us donations..we're thinking 2€ per plate, and €1.50 for a small

pot of tea.. Voila, super relaxed, good people, good music, comfy cushions, kitten games..free our bikes! See you there? Sunday, beginning midday, ending at 10ish! Ciao ciao ciao! -Casa

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node/8588

## bike notes

Repairing bikes is an ongoing thing here at the casa, we now have 12 bikes of which 7 are fully functional. Today we went to repair some and to bring some new structure again to the bike-system. We are now using the notebook that Charlie made for bike-notes and you can read in this book the latest state of the bikes. You can also find in the corridor a piece of paper with information about which bikes are working and which are not. The keys are on the notice-board. The only thing still missing are photos of the bikes so people also know which one is which. Functional bikes as of now: \* Isolator \* Loco \* Victor \* Ms Brown \* Mama \* Gypsie \* (Laura) While repairing the bikes, some people in the neighborhood stopped for a chat. One of them, Ruud, stopped over for a longer talk and told us about his bike-trip around South-East Asia where he cycled for a year and a half 22.000 km. After this nice chat he decided to give us one of his bikes :) One of the things missing in Amsterdam, by the way, are social workspaces for people to repair bikes. There are lots of these in the United States for example. There are some in Amsterdam which are mostly connected to squats. Though we have many children in the area here who have bikes but don't even know how to repair those. It would be great if we could get some space here where we can open a one day a week bike-repair workshop. Unfortunately though we don't have the resources in terms of people to even do this each Saturday, but who knows we might be able to pull this off one day, even if we just do it out on the street.

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node/2613

## bikes

Triin, Marc, and i fixed 3 more bikes so we now have 10 here working and 2 missing in action we think are workingish. gypsy and rusty can be working in the next few days, minor repairs. so everyone can ride! rock n rolling

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# Biological Open Source

hello friends! I just returned to Italy and started a masters course in gastronomy and human ecology... lots of eating and a lot of informations that I would like to share. It's kind an academic approach about ideas we've been discussing about for years! Reading this particular essay "Impeding Dispossession, Enabling Repossession: Biological Open Source and the Recovery of Seed Sovereignty" by Jack Kloppenburg I just couldn't stop thinking about all the people I met in and around casarobino and who have first taught me about open source... Turns out I never actually learnt how to use computers so I can't figure out to attach a pdf to this message. I'll go ahead and cypypaste the introduction, and someone can tell me how to share the whole thing, or I can email it to interested people. much love, Martina

**IMPEDING DISPOSSESSION; ENABLING REPOSSESSION: BIOLOGICAL OPEN SOURCE AND THE RECOVERY OF SEED SOVEREIGNTY** by JACK KLOPPENBURG

The law locks up the man or woman Who steals the goose from off the common But leaves the greater villain loose Who steals the common from off the goose . . . And geese will still a common lack Till they go and steal it back. (Anon., English, c. 1821, quoted in Boyle 2008, 42)

Corporate appropriation of genetic resources, development and deployment of transgenic varieties, and the global imposition of intellectual property rights are now widely recognized as moments of accumulation by dispossession. Though robust and globally distributed, opposition to such processes have been largely defensive in orientation, and even accommodationist in demands for the development of market mechanisms for compensating those from whom germplasm is being collected. A more radical stance founded on legal and operational mechanisms drawn from the open-source software movement could not only function to impede processes of dispossession, but might actually facilitate the repossession of 'seed sovereignty'. Implementation of 'biological open-source' arrangements could plausibly undergird the creation of a protected commons populated by farmers and plant breeders whose materials would be freely available and widely exchanged, but would be protected from appropriation by those who would monopolize them.

# Birds

One day when i arrive home.. there have been birds in the room.. shit was everywhere and also they had opened cookie-box. Jeps.. autumn is here. Decided to start to feed birds. Its fun to look them sneak otherside the window. Also going to the sea or park.. white-bread with me.. cause i like birds. Feed the birds! <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uh6Qla-OQ-M>

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node/6909

## Boat Hitching INFO

Boat-Hitching: Maybe there were always nomads out there taking to the seas. Maybe travelers just got sick of the highways. Or maybe the aviation industry finally spilled too much fuel... In any case, boat-hitching is gaining ground in the rambling world – we wanna sail! I was spat into the whirlwind of ocean cruising on other people's boats when in Greece about a year ago, and have since hitched lifts through the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic to the Caribbean and up into North America. Along the way I've picked up bits and pieces of information to help the boat-hitching traveler... so thought I'd set them down and spread the word! • You can choose where you want to go, OR when you want to go... but rarely both. This is the most important thing to remember I think. Although there are a good amount of yachts sailing the oceans, they keep to pretty specific routes, and pretty specific seasons, so flexibility on the travellers behalf is huge. Find the boat first, THEN decide where you want to go or when you want to leave. This will save lots of disappointing dead ends and discouraging knock backs. • Be in the right place at the right time. This kind of follows the point above. Looking for a boat in Gibraltar in November, when all the yachties are sailing out of the Med. readying to cross the Atlantic, will be a lot smarter than rocking up there in June, when they will all be sipping Ouzo in Greece. Find out the cruising routes (link at the bottom of this page) and cruising seasons, so you know where to be to find the most boats going your way. • So there are basically two ways to find a boat: Online, or in person. Most people do both. I am a huge advocate of the online method. Most skippers who need crew will put up something on one of the crew finding websites anyway... and a lot of the 'cool', 'grassroots' sailors won't be hanging around marinas – they'll be in a little (free) bay somewhere with a quiet

anchorage. Browsing online will save you time, energy, and you'll probably find a boat more suited to you, since you can check out their profile first. Check as many of the sites as you can, (I always use findacrew.net) and write to as many different boat owners as you can. Remember, be flexible. Just send send send, as many messages as you can. The system on findacrew.net is kind of shitty, where you can only send a pre-written message, but set up a good profile and make yourself sound like the adventurous spirited traveler that you are, and hopefully you'll get some replies. If neither of you are premium members, you might have to pay the 50bucks for ten days or whatever. If you do, use that opportunity to write personal messages to any skipper who sounds interesting. Another option is to try to find them online, with the information they've given you in their profile, a lot of boat owners will have blogs. It's still the biggest, and I think the best, website to use... but there are lots of others, check them out too. • Weed out the dodgy 'seeking relationship' skippers. It's not hard, just read their profile well, and check the signs. If they are looking for a 'female' between the ages of '18 and 35' for a 'friendship/relationship' you'll probably get the idea. There are good people on these websites, you just got to find them! Also remember, it can take a lot of time for captains to plan journeys/crew, so the more time you have up your sleeve, the better. Start looking months before you want to head off. On the other hand, some will need crew right away, so be ready to go when they are! • Then there's the in person method. Go to marinas, poster every notice board you see. Be honest, write down your nationality, sex, age, level of experience, and include a photo. I've seen these around a lot, but honestly, I doubt their success rate. I think the best way to find a boat in person is to network network network. Hang out at the local bars (they're sailors!), stay close by, hitchhike around, and try to meet as many people as you can. The word of mouth is huge in the yachty world, it's all about someone who knows someone who knows someone. If you have time, get down to the cruising area just before the season begins, and stay a while (like a month or more!). Often they are great places to hangout anyway (British Virgin Islands, Majorca, Sicily...) and small communities, so you'll be in with the crowd in no time. Be social! • What experience do you need? Obviously, any time at sea, courses etc... is going to help, but don't worry if you don't have this. I started with nothing but a love of water. A lot of sailors will want to teach you THEIR way anyway, so having a clean slate might even help. Be prepared to offer whatever you have. Think of how your skills could be useful. Medical, cooking, and engineering, all very handy! Even a good musician can be a welcome addition to a crew. Be fit, be handy, be positive. Light hearted and fun, but sensible and with lots of common sense, that's what most

skippers will be looking for. • It's a good idea to know the basics. Read a book on the 101 of sailing. Which is port, which is starboard, how to tie a bowline... the very basics will help you a lot. Once you get 'into' the scene, you'll be learning the jargon and systems in no time... just keep all eyes and ears open. • The next step is seeing if the boat is right for you. Before any long passage, go for a 'get-to-know-you' sail, and spend up to a week with the skipper you're signing on with. Finding crew is like finding friends, there's a possibility you might just not get on. This will give you an idea of their lifestyle... do they drink a lot? (Ask about whether the boat is 'dry' at sea or not). Do they smoke? Boats are tiny spaces, if you're a non-smoker, this might bother you. What kind of sail are you after? A nice big boat where you push a button and the sail goes up, another one and the sail goes down... or a little cruiser with no shower, no engine (ha, this is rare, but they WILL be cool!). In my opinion, the smaller it is, the better it is. Small boat owners will generally use their boat more, sail more instead of motor, and spend less time on the dock in a marina, and more time in pretty anchorages. A week long sail with them will tell you if they're a motor sailor, or if they wait for weather windows and go where the wind blows. • Ask about [money](#). What is it going to cost you? The most common is that you pay for your food, and they pay the rest, but keep in mind this might be more than you would normally spend on food while on the road, so make sure you ask. Some skippers will ask you to pay a few boat costs too, mooring fees or fuel. You might be able to organize a 'work exchange' deal, if they need varnishing or maintenance done to the boat. Maybe they are getting hauled out, put on the hard for a week, and could really use a spare pair of hands. If you're REALLY lucky, they will pay all the costs... and once you start getting some serious sea miles, you'll even get PAID to go sailing! • Finally, have a good think about if this is really for you. The idea of sailing off into the sunset might sound awesome, but try to imagine being at sea in rough weather, heeled over, raining and cold. Everything falling all over the place and never being still. Most watch schedules will mean 3-4 hours alone at night sailing the boat (after you have experience of course) and sleeping patterns are always erratic. You'll be in a small space with several people (depending on the size of the boat, usually 3 or 4 crew on board) and not always in the best situations. You'll need to keep your head together and be switched on almost 24hrs a day. Also, remember that more than HALF of your time on the boat will be spent anchored, moored, or docked somewhere. Usually this means working at putting the boat back together, installing new gadgets or waiting for the weather to change, and as crew you're expected to help with this. It won't all be high energy stuff. On a brighter note – it IS everything you imagined... dolphins, sunsets,



sustainable transport and using your hands to carry you along... if you're up for it, it's magical! Links: When and where to be: <http://www.cruiser.co.za/crewfinder1.asp> Find that boat: [www.findacrew.net](http://www.findacrew.net) And here is some excerpts I typed up from a book called "the Hitchhikers guide to the Oceans" by Alison Muir Bennett and Clare Davis. It was published in 1990 though, so beware it's a little dated. Still, most of the information is still useful: Where is the need? To find an answer to these questions will require an understanding of world weather patterns and the relative seasons of trade winds and hurricanes. The area concerned is the tropic zone located between the Tropic of Cancer at latitude 23N and the Tropic of Capricorn at latitude 23S. Here, during certain parts of the year, the north-east trade winds north of the Equator and the south-east trade winds south of the Equator are found. It is these east to west blowing, warm trade winds of 10 to 25 knots plus the easygoing, happy, relaxed people found on islands and continents in this zone that draw cruising yachts to it. Unfortunately, the tropic zone is also where hurricanes with winds of 65 to 175 knots or more are formed. However, their times and places of origin are fairly well defined. North of the Equator they arise between the months of August and November, and south of the Equator between December and March. Like the birds, yachts migrate in and out of the tropic zone. Whether yachts are circumnavigating or just cruising around the oceans of the world, they gather at certain points in the tropic zone before making their ocean passages according to these weather patterns. Thus, these are also the places where skippers most need crew. (...) Finding a crew position along the known yacht routes can often be easier than at the outset of an ocean passage from a home continent, even though it may not be so economical or convenient. The family or friends that skippers set out with often have to return home or some drama en route may have convinced a skipper of the need for crew. There are natural bottlenecks where boats will congregate in numbers while waiting for the weather or the season for the next leg of the voyage. Sometimes they wait for brief periods, sometimes for a few months, as in the case of having to 'hole-up' for a hurricane season to pass by. The following locations will be the easiest and best places to make contact with yacht skippers who might be considering taking crew aboard: North Pacific Ocean: Southern Californian ports from Santa Barbara to San Diego in October. Cabo San Lucas and La Paz, Mexico, at Christmas. Hawaiian Islands: Hilo (Radio Bay), Hawaii and Lahina, Maui from May to September in all directions. Ala Wai, Honolulu in August/September for returning TransPac racers to the USA Philippines: Liloan, Cebu Island in August/September. Hong Kong from December to April for deliveries of yachts built in Taiwan going north to the USA or south to Europe. South Pacific Ocean:

Tahiti, French Polynesia from April to September/October, Fiji in September. New Zealand, North Island at Bay of Islands in March. Indian Ocean: Australia at Darwin in July. South Africa at Durban in December. Sri Lanka, Galle in December. South Atlantic Ocean: South Africa at Cape Town in January/February. North Atlantic Ocean: British and North European Ports – Lisbon/Vilamoura. (Yachts should have crossed Bay of Biscay by the end of August.) Bermuda in November and April to August. The Canary Islands, Las Palmas and Madeira, Funchal in November. Fort Lauderdale, Florida in November. Mediterranean: Gibraltar, Palma, Malta and many other ports from April to November. Note: Apart from some diving charters in the Red Sea area, there is very little cruising traffic to rely on from the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean. An inconvenient passage combined with a difficult political area reduces the flow of yachts going south. In the opposite direction, more yachts go via the Suez Canal as a convenient short cut back to Europe from the Indian Ocean – despite the inconveniences – if they do not wish to go around Africa. Caribbean: St Thomas, Virgin Islands in November. Barbados/Grenada in November/December. Panama Canal – Panama Canal Yacht Club, Cristobal, and Balboa Yacht Club in March/April.

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node/10963

## Bolognese

Hiya! I've been given about 5kg of Bolognese sauce at school tonight. As it's not exactly a vegetarian dish, would you guys be interested in having a pasta picnic tonight? I can drop the stuff in an hour or so... As it shouldn't stay outside the fridge for too long maybe someone can start cooking some pasta to go with the sauce?

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node/5348

## Book recycling, books4life in Amsterdam

I finally made it to the Joho-travelshop today (to get a drill from Maarten to make more holes in our walls), and was staggered to see lots of second-hand books on the groundfloor. Peeking through I discovered many good books in English and got ourselves a book about the creation of myths, a book on "how to teach to write", the

history of green social movements in the West, yet another survival-guide and [one of Hunter S. Thompson](#). All for just 9 euro. The place is great to have a quick scan if there is anything interesting. But what's even better: they accept old books. So we can leave them the ones we don't want here anymore. The place - [Books4Life](#) it's called - is good for our books, there is quite some travelers passing by, and 90% of what they make goes to charity (mainly Amnesty and Oxfam).

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node/9608

## Book search!

I have overturned the whole casa in search of another book by Raoul Vaneigem that Robin said existed..could anyone have it by chance so that I don't check again and again? I have in my company 'The Revolution of Everyday Life', but there is another here..I hope! Thank you! Ciao ciao ciao

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node/7933

## Boulder, USA, housing projects

A project happening in Boulder, Colorado. <http://boulderhousingcoalition.org/>

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node/5573

## breaking things

Sometimes you have those days that things just brake. Sometimes that happens on this website when things just stop working. But this also happens in the house. When I woke up yesterday, the first thing that broke was my clothes-hanger in my room but later during the day more & more things got added to the list of things that broke. For example, we got ourselves a new oven just two weeks ago, about which we are all very excited, and so we wanted to put the new oven up on a new shelf in the kitchen to create again more space. We went to the shop, got our material but when we tried to fix it, all we got was nine holes in the wall and insufficient support for the shelf to carry the oven. So it all just fell down. And as this wasn't enough, later on in the

evening, one of the coat racks in the junction (corridor) also fell down... Those days when things just brake down are in fact good days. They remember you that not everything can be done in one go but that sometimes you just have to take it a bit easier and leave things be. Tomorrow is always another day to get things fixed and moving ahead.

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node/2769

## brewing kombucha tea

I couldn't have carried the little mushroom jar to Istanbul– my bags were packed full as it was, and the snow would have gotten the best of the nutrients stored within and killed or dulled all of them, so I left it at casa. You, too, can seize the opportunity to take Kombucha powers into your own hands and brew this healthy fermented tea beverage! I already purchased a 2-liter glass container that will hold the fermenting batch (it just has to be sterilized first in boiling water for 20 minutes), and enough raw sugar to last a while. The link below provides step-by-step instructions: <http://www.aurorashopping.com/info/kombucha3.php> But, in case you're too lazy to read/click around much, generally keep these things in mind: 1. Anything that comes into contact with the kombucha culture should be absolutely sterile. Also wash your hands and the counter tops Before handling it. 2. Don't touch it with metal. 3. The fermenting jar (with the kombucha & tea) should be kept at a regularly warm to hot temperature at all times & away from cigarette smoke & air impurities. The jar should be covered with a sterile cheesecloth (or similar material) & fastened with a rubber band. 4. Use bottled spring water to brew the tea, not city water, which is chlorinated & will kill vital bacteria. 5. Try brewing a batch with the karavan tea. Or get some oolong. Both make good varieties. (For any more info on how to actually prepare it, read through the link. Since we only have a 2 liter jar, ignore the whole 5 liters of water bit ;).

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node/9399

# bringing plant-watering to a whole new level

I got one of those big things to water the plants today. Oh, ok here they tell me it's called "watering can." That makes no sense, it's not a can! 11 liters boy! So it can be filled and should be enough for the plants at the top. We will try it out tonight, I can't fkn wait!

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node/4794

## Bristol activism

We made it. I have never been more active. Squatted an old church with 3 others, a mate and I figured out how to get in. We did it. Now the hard part setting up a social center. Based on the ideas of sharing and activism with in the community and hopefully reach out to other communities. We have a long road ahead of us, but I will keep the update going.

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node/2402

## Brouwerij 't IJ for Beer!

If you enjoy beer as I do, a trip to Brouwerij 't IJ is worthwhile. Nitai and I were thinking of going to the Heineken Brewery, until Robino told us of this much more interesting, and Dutch, Brewery on the East side. It took about 25min. to bike from the house.... very easy to find: Just head East, along the zoo, then look for the windmill. If you want the tour of the brewery, you'll have to show up on Friday, otherwise, it's always good for a quality beer between 3pm and 8pm. The bartender explained each beer to us (6 available). The 4th one on the list sounded the most enticing, so we jumped at the first opportunity to order a "Columbus." And it was no let down. For E2.30 (I cant find the euro sign) you get a delicious, bittersweet, brew. (25ml) Despite being Alc. %9, The Columbus was a well rounded beer with an a smooth finish. Cheers! I suggest trying some of the others so that we can review them all. Food was also available, but I would stick to the beer. Brouwerij 't IJ Funenkade 7 1018 AL Amsterdam Phone number: Brewery: 020-6228325 Pub: 020-3201786 Fax:

020-5286238 E-mailaddress: info@brouwerijhetij.nl Opening hours of the pub: daily from 15:00 to 20:00 hours.

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node/294

## Bubble Bombs Chaos – Beach

Ben Gurion was the rupture, Tel Aviv the bubble, Sderot the bombs, Samar the kibbutz, Cairo the chaos. Next will be the beach and the plane and the casa next week this time.

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node/1854

## Build Your Own Farm - Free the Hardware!

It is pretty unusual for me to [link to a TED-video talk](#), but this one is so close to the heart and the casa-philosophy that I can't let it go. In this video Marcin from [openfarmtech.org](http://openfarmtech.org) explains in four minutes why [open hardware](#) is so important, and amazingly groundbreaking. Thanks Tau for letting me know, Anu for always being [so close](#) to the source and TED for picking this up. Open Source Ecology is a network of farmers, engineers, and supporters that has been imagining and creating the Global Village Construction Set, an open source, low-cost, high performance technological platform. These DIY-fabricated industrial machines can be used to build a sustainable civilization with modern comforts. The GVCS lowers the barriers to entry into farming, building, and manufacturing. It is a life-size lego-like set of modular tools that can create entire economies. And yeah, I wanna build [that bread-oven](#) :)

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node/18135

## Bye casa!

Before leaving to [Wendland](#) I'd like to share some upcoming events, to stay, or even get in touch with you. \* Firstly there is this so called '[yearly hacker meeting](#)' in berlin by the [ccc](#) from 27th to 29th Decembre. \* Next there is the [jukss](#) which is a meeting of

young environmental friendly europeans and takes places from xmas to after new year. See their wiki or the [english flyer](#) (The actual location is not fixed yet.). - Finally we had this idea of [xmas dumpster diving](#) till new year all around europe. The story behind this is that in germany supermarkets empty their storages around new year - so we have to save them together with all the returned xmas shoppings from the dumpsters! Please join us on this mission - it will be fun to share all our experiences! See you there! Back on the road soon again and happy about all those impressions. Thank to all of you! Special thanks to robino for sharing his home. I like that idea so much! (more in real guestbook) Greetings to all and .. bye! (Would like to have a calendar on this page soon)

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node/122

## Can you host casa-people in A'dam?

You like the Casa and its people? Did you visit us and do you live in the area? Then maybe you have offered us to host casa-people when we get somewhat overloaded? We heard you but we never created a list of you friendly people! So now we ask you that if you have the ability to host someone, to let us know. You can write [an e-mail to us here](#) and please give us some relevant information (for example your hosp-ex profile). When we would have some overflow, we will contact you. And when someone does contact you, this of course doesn't mean you have to say yes. It just means that we have a friendly person who is looking for a temporary place to crash for some days or maybe even longer. Any comments, or suggestions? Let us know!

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node/10884

## Can't start early enough

If you ain't doing it with pleasure, why clean?

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node/27970



# Casa Bike Locks

**Casa bike locks are old and tricky.** So far, though, every one I've tried has a trick to getting it open, quickly and reliably. Even if you've already read this, feel free to ask me or someone else who's read this or been shown these tricks - sometimes a personal demonstration helps, too. Enjoy: There are two common **tricky points** that make casa locks confusing... 1) sometimes twisting the key doesn't actually "unlock" the lock (the key doesn't do anything unless you twist it in just the right way), and 2) sometimes, even when the lock is "unlocked" on the inside, the clasp is still closed and won't "open" easily because it is sticky or just needs to be jiggled. (note my usage difference between "unlock" and "open") It is usually unclear, while using a lock, whether #1 (the key) or #2 (the clasp) is the problem at any given time, make it difficult to know what to do to open the lock. **Some tips** to figuring out a particular lock... If you're going to use a lock more than one time, take a minute to figure out how the key works in it. This is done easiest in daylight or with a "torch" as people seem to call flashlights around here. The first time you get the lock open (with the clasp out/off/undone), leave it open and look inside the body of the lock while playing with the key. By looking inside the lock, you can see the piece(s) that hold(s) the lock closed, and you can see when they move (or can move) out of the way and when they don't/can't, based on how you move the key. The next time you want to open (or close) the lock, you will know how to turn the key to open the lock and then jiggle the clasp. **An example for each type** of tricky point... 2) (The clasp is the primary problem) Anarco's lock (the black and red bike, key has an A in a circle taped to it): If you manage to twist the key around until it stops, you have opened the lock. This is not true of all casa locks and is significant, so I write again, if you manage to twist the key around until it stops, you have opened the lock. So first jiggle the key and twist until it turns clockwise. The key will come to rest in the same position as you inserted it (parallel to the body of the lock), but you won't be able to remove it. Now the clasp is sometimes sticky. Push it in and jiggle it and pull it out. To relock it is easier - just insert the clasp, twist and jiggle the key, remove the key, and it's locked. With these tips and a minute of practice, this lock is openable within 10 seconds. 1) (The key is the primary problem) The key with the solid green tag is the opposite of Anarco - once the lock is "unlocked", the lock just falls open, so the whole trick is knowing how to twist the key to actually affect the lock. The problem here is that the key just keeps turning and turning and it's not clear why. Easiest, again, is to open it once and then play with the key while watching the inside of the lock to see how it

works. In case it helps, holding the end of the chain \*into\* the lock while pushing the key in and twisting \*clockwise\* will unlock it. Holding the end of the chain into the lock while pushing the key in and twisting \*counter-clockwise\* will lock it.\*\*\*\*

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node/10957

## casa catering crashes wedding party at ot-301

We don't just cook Thursday night dinners and Christmas Eve dinners and late afternoon brunches and Pancake Sundays, apparently, we also cater for wedding parties when the opportunity arises. And so, yesterday, Heather, Robin, & I spent some quality time in the spacious De Peper kitchen at OT-301 catering for the wedding party of Cris & Juana: a vegan feast of kısır, yoğurt çorbası, dolma, savory baked pumpkin, and chocolate-mocha cake to die for. The party also coincided with OT-301's 10 year anniversary, as well as local "no borders no nations" initiatives by supporting groups.

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node/8697

## Casa Christmas

The Christmas is comming. And you can clearly feel it the Casa's air. Therefore, I want to ask you all, Casa people, for cooperation in fullfilling Robino's Christmas wish. He was so nice to us for last 2,5 year constantly hosting/guesting us... I think he really deserves a nice gift. Let's all abandon the Casa for Christmas, let's allow our dearest Robin to have a rest, to be alone, to burp and fart as he wishes. No noice. No rush. No one waking him up in the middle of the night. No one cooking, no one dumpsterdiving, complaining, being reckless nor messing around. No one eating his hummus nor spoiling his Pasta Madre. No one to do dishes nor to clean toilets. Oh, actually this one wouldn't be a change :P Happy Silent Christmas, Robino!

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node/15817

# Casa Inspired Haiku!

Wrote these on the plane back home to ease boredom... sorry if they're all inside jokes (or maybe they only make sense to me?!) GAY ANIMATION Circular debate Frustrated resignation Earth's a cold dead place (p.s. I am reading a book full of facts about all different animals & apparently our closest living animal relative (Bonobo chimpanzees) engage in homosexual sex...maybe it is "natural"!?! p.p.s. On an unrelated note, when male bees mate their penises explode & they die... Irrelevant but interesting!) CIVILIZATION Tail chasing canines Pretense: progressive time lines Lies anesthetize LAPSED TIME Lost chronology Timeless peace needs no timepiece Just ticking heart beats (p.s. has anyone found my clock yet?!) EMILY WELLS, I LOVE YOU Symphony laced tea Wells swelling tongues and eardrums Casa's cyclic songs FAIR THE WELL Dream disrupted dawn Alarm wailing farewell's song Requiem still hums

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node/9208

## Casa Life (repost from [paxus.wordpress.com](http://paxus.wordpress.com))

It is almost 4 AM and while reasonable people would be heading off to bed, this is a life style which inspires "unreasonable" behavior. Some vignettes: i could not get my netbook to charge this morning so i grabbed one of the many laptops which was laying around. Casa itself has a fair few, and you just log on as guest with the well known password and as the Ozzies who frequent this place might say "Bob's your uncle". So i was working on this Apple, which had an Italian keyboard, i stumble around and discover things like the @ sign are nowhere to be found, so i go to the handy flag icon up in the corner which drops down the other four language choices for the computer. Slovenian, Hungarian and something that i dont even recognize (since these are all in their native languages) – no English option, this is obviously someones personal computer rather than a Casa notebook. But no one is going to get upset about you using their computer, it is not that type of place. Casa has gotten more crowded since i was last here two years ago. Shelves have gotten built, clothes hang in the minimal hallways to dry as they did not before. There are probably a dozen people sleeping here tonight, many of them did not know what room they

would end up sleeping in when the day starts, it is dynamic like that. Yet despite the number, the place feels somehow spacious – as tho an extra dimensional force is in effect. Because Willow and Hawina and i have greater needs, we forced out (gracefully without our asking) the people who were sleeping in the cave, which is a converted storage room, with three single mattresses covering the entire floor. It is considered one of the nicer spaces. Some one offers you tea, people are always offering you things to eat. Cookies, fruit, bread, pastries – people buy stuff, people make stuff from scratch, people rescue stuff from the street market from the dumpster or just before it and turn it into amazing meals. People contribute what they can, it always seems like there is enuf, more than enuf. Amylin (half Chinese half italian) and Dominic (from New Zealand) are watching this amazing video about these anarchists who rescue an abandoned boat and then sail it on a shoe string. it is homework for them really, they are planning to sail from Europe to New Zealand. I tell some of my boat hitching stories, they are amused and intrigued. Clearly they will create their own. Some people are working, many people are not. I missed dinner because i had a wonderful conversation with my dear friend and old boss Honza Beranek (the subject of an upcoming blog post) but there is stuff left for me when i return. There is a full on party happening in the kitchen, and completely separate social things happening in the living room and the cave upstairs. It is lively, mostly young, very international and no one pays rent. Actually, Robin technically pays rent, but the place has been sustaining itself on donations both from people who visit and from people from afar. If it is about sustainable hospitality, then it needs to be sustainable. It is a technophilic environment. There are lots of laptops, Mark has a new job with a free software outfit. And while most of the hosts (they are not called guests, everyone is a host here) are not programmers, there is lots of facebook and email and blogging and wiki updating happening. It is definitely the frontline of the digital nomad revolution. As you walk into Casa there is picture of Willow from two years ago right beside the door. The picture is there because he is on a laptop and he is one of the few kids who comes thru Casa as a guest. yet when he is here he plays with the cat, talks about setting up a facebook account, responds to his email, plays some computer games and fits right in. He is not super sociable with the adults he does not know. But he was the first to suggest we leave the playground and come back to Casa today. I have something of a problem with socks. This morning i apparently stole one of Hawina's and she asked Willow to retrieve it. Since mine did not match i gave him both and he returned with a slightly differently mismatched pair. And upon giving it to me, he quoted this

charming scene in Harry Potter saying “i am not an Owl” For pictures, video and links that are in this article go to [paxus.wordpress.com](http://paxus.wordpress.com)

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node/14277

## casa needs a (somekindof) maid

I’ve been deep-cleaning multiple times every day since I arrived. Collecting and washing all the dishes throughout the house, sweeping, mopping, vacuuming, tidying, painting things, whatnot... But today I’m leaving and take no responsibility for whatever mess is there. There is one thing, though: I painted some of the furniture and it will quickly get scratched off and ruined unless it gets a coat or two of clear varnish (veneer). Given that people just sort of throw stuff all over the place, I’m wondering if there’s anyone to take on this task?

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node/63

## Casa Reshaping Process

Casa Robino is a dynamic, ever-changing place where things happen on the go. It has been a home for many people in the past three years, an experiment to overcome boundaries between guest and host: together we try to host each-other while being hosted. Here we all live together and share what we can! If you think you ought to be part of this experience, there is something for us to learn from each-other, or you feel like scrubbing the toilet with Robino’s nose (when he’s there), [contact](#) him, or even better leave a [host-request](#) that is visible on the website for those signed-in. “Casa is my home and so it is yours. Our home. Post-revolutionary, for travelers, nomads, hippies, punks, cyclists, pilgrims, peaceniks, kitten-lovers and anti-heroes. To [share](#), to learn and to give. Give care, give hugs, to be honest and truthful to oneself and eachother. To cook, to eat, to dive, to clean. To live together. Unique in its kind, as everything else.

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node/16489

# casa robino empty

With all temporary inhabitants having left for a week or long weekend (Milano, Hamburg and Paris), this is the first evening since at least two months that casarobino is only hosting ... robino. Feels good to have the house just by myself for a change - who knows for how long, one can never tell when someone new arrives :)

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node/18

## Casa Robino Retires

- ‘Meow, have you heard the news yet?’
- ‘Purrrrrrrrr, yeah, isn’t it great? And so unexpected!’
- ‘Huh? What do you mean “great”? I think it is rather sad, isn’t it?’
- ‘Ah, you’re talking about that! Meow. You are so right, it is kind of sad. But it was bound to happen one day and at the same time it is good I guess.’
- ‘Yes, we all need space once in a while. I just hope people will come back again one day. I miss them already. I am just new here!’
- ‘Oh, I am sure they will. I mean he is “closing the casa” or as he puts it: “retiring”, But he is not moving away, is he? As far as I know, he still hosts, but only one or two people at the same time, and mostly known friends. So I guess they have to come at the right time.’
- ‘Meow. Haha, the latter sounds like no change at all! But do you also know why he made the choice to “retire”?’
- ‘Yes. It was getting too much. It was definitely worth every single effort but always having to adjust to other people kind of wears you out I guess. Especially after almost four years. I have been here for 2.5 years now and I too felt stress.’
- ‘But why can’t he just take the winters off? Didn’t he do that last year? And I heard that he really enjoyed the casa-summer very much this year, before I was here. So I thought that he would just take another break when he is tired and then continue again.’
- ‘Maybe. Meow. But he needs a change, I overheard him saying. It is time for himself to move on, to do other stuff. This is what people do. Casa as it was didn’t give him the space for that anymore.’

- ‘Ah, that I can understand. I mean, in casa you are mostly busy with casa, and not with other things. It is kind of an imprisonment.’
- ‘Meooooow.’
- ‘But still, why can’t he just go and leave the casa to us? We can host too!’
- ‘Purrrrrr. I guess you have not heard about the visit of the housing association then?’
- ‘Huh? What visit?’
- ‘Well they came for a visit back in September, while he was away himself.’
- ‘O crap! You’re serious?’
- ‘As serious as it can be. Meow. But it wasn’t that bad in the end. They obviously were in shock that “Casa Robino” had been going on for such a while, outside of their knowing. And at the same time they really didn’t understand what it was about, especially as there was no money involved. And what’s illegal about having guests?’
- ‘Meow. Yeah, is there a limit to how many cats someone can have? Pur!’
- ‘Exactly. Robin then had a talk with them when he came back from his trip, which was rather a succesful talk. In fact, after he had explained them “Casa”, they offered to look together for another space to continue it.’
- ‘Oh wow, that would be awesome! Another casa in Amsterdam! Imagine that! And with all the other projects, for which there was no space, involved as well! Purrrrrr.’
- ‘Yes indeed, but for the time being Robin said he needs space and time to come to understand if this is really what he wants - the hosting and all that - or if he wants to move into another direction. And in the mean-time he had to make an agreement to bring down the amount of people in the house.’
- ‘Ah, now I understand the situation much better.’
- ‘Pretty much. But it wasn’t the easiest period of Robin’s life. After the talk with the housing association, things had to change. But Robin didn’t want to kick everyone out overnight; he wanted to give “it” time, also for himself to process things and to enjoy the final casa-moments.’
- ‘Purrrr. I guess he thought people would leave by themselves, as before?’
- ‘Yeah, but they didn’t! And to be honest: it was also because Robin wasn’t very clear about things either, about how long everyone could stay. He was still very chilled about it.’
- ‘Meow.’



- ‘But soon enough he realized that it was getting too much. He needed rest. He felt pretty bad about it, as it is very hard to tell people to leave.’
- ‘Oh, but there is no reason to feel bad about that. It is about his own health! Besides, it has always been his role to keep the casa moving, if people don’t move. We know that it was the secret of the casa: that people keep on moving and don’t take it for granted.’
- ‘Meooooow. Well people sometimes take things personal. They think that Robin doesn’t like them or that he is angry.’
- ‘Well, I hope that he explained his feelings and the situation well to them.’
- ‘I think he learned.’
- ‘Purrrrr.’
- ‘Purrrrr.’
- ‘So what else is new then?’
- ‘I heard there is a new Casa in Tel Aviv.’
- ‘Oh, that sounds wonderful! Purrrrrrr. I also heard there is something brewing in Berlin. And people start using the term nomadbase also more often.’
- ‘Yeah, I think it will just continue. Hospitality-projects are simply too awesome to not do them.’
- ‘And did you also hear about The Casa Dog that flew out of the window?’
- ‘What, we had a dog here?’
- ‘No, it was a cat that was called The Dog.’
- ‘Purrrr.’
- ‘It was found on the street like you, but one day it flew out of the window. They brought it to a doctor because the leg was broken but the bill was too high, and so it got adopted by another person.’
- ‘That’s sad!’
- ‘Yeah, but it brought us you. Purrrrrr.’
- ‘Purrrrr. And what about the website? Is that still going to be online?’
- ‘I think it will. He doesn’t really know yet what to do with it. For him the most important thing is that it is clearly stated that he has retired. But the site can stay online, to see how it evolves and what the community wants with it.’
- ‘Sounds cool.’
- ‘Yep.’
- ‘And what about that other news you mentioned in the beginning?’
- ‘Did Robin not tell you yet?’
- ‘I know nothing.’

- ‘Then I guess he will soon enough.’
- ‘Meow.’
- ‘Purrrr.’

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node/24136

## Casa Robino Wiki is open...

Access the wiki at <http://casarobino.org/wiki>

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node/106

## Casa South America

Dear Casa Community: I’ve been dreaming for the last few years about igniting some casa-style magic in the western hemisphere. I have a sense that much of the S.H.E. / shared hospitality / post-CouchSurfing / nomadbase energy has been concentrated in Europe. There are reasons for this, to be sure. But I’ve got what Curious George calls “the casa mind-virus”, and it makes me wonder what else is possible. I originally imagined something in the US, because, well, this is where I come from. But the same restlessness that makes me interested in nomadbases makes me averse to spending so much more time in a place that I know so well. And there are other reasons. Housing is very very expensive in the big US cities (like NYC). And it would be nice to be somewhere that forced english-speakers out of their comfort zone a bit. So my thoughts began to drift further south. One thing led to another. At some point I figured out how to scam free plane tickets by beating banks and credit card companies at their own games, and booked a one-way trip to Buenos Aires for early July. Why Buenos Aires? There’s no great reason, and I’m not attached to it. It’s the largest south-american city on CS by a factor of two. It’s not tropical. It’s a hub of international travel (land, sea, and air). I enjoyed the 10 days I spent there in 2008, and my friends who live (or have lived) there rave about it. But in the end it just seems like a good place to start the search, not necessarily to finish it. The idea has also piqued the interest of various friends and housemates, and there now seems to be a sizable ad-hoc group planning on being present, at different points and for different amount of times, at this place that currently exists only in our minds. A

nomad from Montreal (living in my co-op for the past 6 months) just set off hitching south. Two friends got a grant to produce a radio piece about the endeavor, and are using the money to fly down in mid July. Two other friends plan on being there around the beginning of september. And Curious George is heading down by boat or motorcycle or hitching in early october. And that's where things stand at the moment. Nothing is set in stone. Maybe it will fail to start? Maybe we'll run into the casa bonita problem (too many tourists, not enough nomads)? Maybe it's naive to try to transplant such an idea without more thoroughly accounting for cultural context? Time will tell, to be sure. But in the mean time, I'd love to hear what you have to say. Advice? Contacts? Skepticism? Optimism? Please share everything. ;-)

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node/18589

## Casa-Study on Dumpsterdiving :)

Since about 2 weeks (sorry slow in profile-making) have been often in and around the casa and together with all beautiful people in and out there: going for a few dumpsterdivingexpeditions, making pancakes and smoothies at pancake-sunday, cooking a slowfood vegan feastmeal on thursday, hanging out in the Zula, smoking on the balcony, having deep or not so deep talks and great laughs :) Not only because its just really nice and wonderful to be here.. right now (march 2010) also for my study Anthropology at the University of Amsterdam, as the main activity for a short qualitative research-project about dumpsterdiving, freeganism and reciprocity. My main aim is to describe how the proces of dumpster-diving works in the Casa, from the containers to the mouths of the people, and to show what wonderful world is there all around this proces. I had been in the Casa a few times last year, and actually already since 1,5 years I did a lot of dumpsterdiving as a way to get food (and furniture and espressomachines and so on). I chose to do a case-study (Casa-study) with participant observation as the main method. This means not much more than just being a lot and participating in the Casa. I have to hand in my report already next week (26 of march) so right now I'm not so much anymore in the Casa but behind the computer, writing everything out... For sure also after this I'll stick a bit to the Casa if you guys dont mind (I feel at home!) and doing my best to make a beautiful shiny report out of it, which will be written or translated to English by myself. If you have ny things to add or ask please contact me! I'm everyone who participated extremely thankful :)

# Casa Style Peer Pressure

Peer pressure [refers to](#) “the influence exerted by a peer group in encouraging a person to change his or her attitudes, values, or behavior in order to conform to group norms”. How do we deal with this in Casa-culture? We had a recent discussion inside and outside the house about sharing-culture and how people integrate in our shared culture. Are we on the right track? On the one hand we have a culture where people really are themselves and are not judged on who they are. We heard many times “I feel at home here, I can be myself without having to pretend or try to be someone”. In particular this goes for travelers who don’t have to ‘entertain their hosts’ and can relax and enjoy. On the other hand we do have peer-pressure where you are encouraged to behave communal and show care for others. ‘We’ (some more than others) even tend to judge people on their actions. Do you participate in householding? Do you cook for everyone? Do you only clean what you made dirty or you see everyone’s mess as yours? Do you bring other [unique gifts](#)? What do you bring to the community? This is a discussion that we never really debated online and it would be nice to get some feedback on your personal experiences about this. Obviously though we already hit some discussion points recently (see [this post](#)), but it would be great to dive deeper. As a starting point I would like to highlight a comment I received recently of someone who was in the casa a couple of months ago during a busy period: “The thing I didn’t like was the social pressure to ‘play the part.’ I felt like I had to win people’s approval to a degree, and so it took me a few days to actually be myself. This seemed to come from an odd mix of acceptance and judgement.” My response was the following: “We encourage people to be who you are and to not hide yourself or be someone else. It matters who you are. At the same time though you are somewhat expected to perform certain services such as participation in the household and other related things. There is space for everyone to take it easy, and not to do things (‘the right to do nothing’) but that can’t last forever either. These might be the two different faces of social pressure.” I wonder about other observations and responses. Should your expected participation be made more explicit beforehand (more bureaucratic) or do you keep things rather implicit (more experimental) and give new-comers space to first find themselves in relation to the

group and the casa, and only later you try to 'positively reinforce' certain behaviour if it hadn't happen already? How did you judge people, or felt judged?

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node/8598

## Casa Update. Pindakaas with Sambal.

Accompanied by sun, I [enjoyed](#) great days in Den Haag this week. I am involved in a project about reinventing space which focuses around dumpster diving and community (kind of our speciality). Somewhat related but independent I will also give a talk about 'dropping out' (another speciality) next week in Amstredam, and I am writing lots of words that somehow are turned into sentences but sometimes they don't - and they still make sense! Casa is fine too. I wrote a new [about-piece](#) which kind of summarises where casa and I are currently at. In sum: sometimes people are here, also to sleep over, but I do feel I am not ready yet or willing to share the space as it was before. I kind of want to make new steps, and learn new things, and maybe that time of (hectic!) casa will be less present than before, way less... Anyway, as always, we'll see where this goes, as I also do want to start with a new type of public event... Kitten is doing great, so it seems. She chatters with the birds and is happy that she can run around the house wildly. She still has a skin-issue at the back of her back, at beginning of her tail. I feed her vitamine-b which somewhat helps. I am not sure where the allergy comes from, if it is allergy. A recent visitor mentioned that it could also be post-stress, being unable to find her place to sleep and always having people around her. She simply doesn't understand it all the time! In other news, all bikes used to be fixed but some are still needy, I have totally emptied out the corridor of all past clutter, the wooden church bench moved to the porch/ balcony, we have a Zula with even less stuff and more empty space, the cabinet has gone up and some people have finally come to collect their stuff but I still find all sorts of random stuff. So, all is just fine, life is beautiful as it is (damn, it really is!), and if you can't feel the sun outside, look within and listen to how you breath in and out... and in again. Or do what I do: eat sambal with pindakaas - it also is about the right mix :)

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node/16677

# Casa Wintersleep

Hi all, to find a better balance I decided that I need some more solitude, which means that the casa will have a winter-sleep. I am closing down the host-requests until at least the 21st of March (beginning of spring), and will only open the house for people with whom I made or will make personal agreements (which will be limited). This is mostly a personal thing (really, it is not about you!). I simply feel the need to spend more time by myself in my own house after I moved in here three years ago on February. I am sure everyone understands... And who knows how this will evolve for the casa. At the same time I will most likely continue with Thursday night open dinners and maybe make them more public again. Also, I am planning more activities for the Sundays, among other things bread-making workshops. On my own, I will spend my time mostly with writing, reflecting, reading and by being silent. Happy New Year - wherever you are :)

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node/15942

## Casa?

Images from “De Beeldenstorm” (1984) by Johan van der Keuken. It’s a documentary movie, a portrait of Melkweg generation in Amsterdam in the early 80’s. Is this a pre-Casa or is the Casa a post-that? Anyway it’s just a room in a squat in A’dam 25 years ago, but the resemblance to Zula is striking.

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node/9854

## CasaLeipzig !?!

**Interested in developing intentional communities in beautiful old houses which are being disposed for free in exchange of some care?** ... get in touch with [Dante](#)  
DESCRIPTION : [http://www.haushalten-leipzig.de/de/english\\_summary.asp](http://www.haushalten-leipzig.de/de/english_summary.asp) [Map of Leipzig](#) EXCERPT : “to ensure the safety and preservation of endangered buildings and the **acquisition of new tenants for these buildings on a non-commercial basis**. The background to the initiative is the concentration of listed buildings from the end of the 19th century which are currently empty and are located on major roads and are

important for the local urban context. Due to the large number of vacant houses, classical refurbishment is often very impractical and uneconomic from the view of the owners. For the owners it is very often difficult to find alternative ways of dealing with this problem and this often results in insolvency for the building owners, and the buildings being demolished. However **there is potential in the situation for making use of these premises outside of the usual rental market. This is particularly applicable for creative individuals with alternative lifestyles and living requirements.**”

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node/499

## Cat desinfector on the way

Hi kids, I look out the window and it's a beautiful day to hitchhike. I know it's already late, but if I hurry myself, I should be able to hit the road by 2pm. On my way to Amsterdam! I used to be a cat terror when I was a kid. I'm eager to meet the specimen that plagues you. So that I may plague it, muahahaha! Julien

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node/6501

## Cave Man Charlie in distress!

Casa Family, Charlie, our beautiful biking cave man, has had a bicycle accident in Alexandria, Egypt, while on his round the world tour. He has broken his hip, and is having surgery as I type this. The surgery should all go fine, and he will be on the road to recovery very soon... but there's another 3 months of resting downtime for him... Im sure we can all imagine how it must feel to be alone in a strange hospital, unable to get around - and you all know how hard it will be for him to have to stay off the bike for so long... AND there's nothing like a letter or package or card to make Charlie smile - so if anyone feels like sending snail mail, I know he would appreciate it more than anything in the world! An address for him in Alexandria: Shehab Khashaba 1 Mahmoud ElAttar St. flat#101, Doctors building Smouha,Alexandria Egypt Send forth the love! Lily.

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node/13950



# Chair fixingsz

You have a broken chair? Then take a look at this photo for some new inspiration! A chair fixed with inner tubes. It sits very comfortably and your but doesn't get hurt, even when you sit on it for long. You don't need pillows either. If you sit on it, you feel like you're in a water-bed, up and down you go, nice and bouncy. Just the day I got back home from my trip about a month ago, Zsuzsanna was inspiring me and many others by some simple but very creative action, fixing the broken chair by making a new base with inner tubes. Way to go. And even kitten likes it! Here you got another example: <http://www.instructables.com/id/Innertube-Chair-Seat-Caning/>

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node/7802

# Cheap Viagra! Cheap Viagra! Cheap Viagra!

ADVERTISEMENT! I have written a sort of gonzo report on two hospex events, and I have published it on my website. You are invited to go and read it. [Berlin Beach Camp Vienna Calling \(CS\)](#) Ok. I'm done...

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node/4271

# Child tale

Once upon a time, there was a man on the road. He meet a poor man, he invite him in his home. I am very happy that you are here !

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node/20900

# Circular photo of the Zula

[John](#) was here the other day and took a bunch of photos for his project "My Room" for which he takes photos of youth in Europe in their own room. See also the [movie](#) below. He stayed for dinner, took a photo of all who were present for the Thursday Night Open Dinner and woke up too (?) late the next day :)

# Clothes, KLEIDUNG, toej, Clothes.CLOTHES!!!!cloTHES, VETEMENTS, Kleding,CLOTHES!!!!

I have cleaned up all the random bits of clothes . Anyone who is missing something, collect your stuff before next friday or it will be given away. Anyone who needs clothes free giveaway after friday.

## CloudFlare

I just set up [CloudFlare](#) on this site. This will hopefully speed up things and block spammers. That's what CloudFlare's supposed to do. Let me know if there's any weirdness.

## Coitus interruptus

[img\_assist|nid=3513|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=460] They taught us how to make bread, and just when we were ready to do our own pasta madre tripping performance live with an audience, they had to leave again, just before the real fun was starting. “[Coitus interruptus](#)” they called it. We were at [Damoclash](#), an Amsterdam based free culture festival (with pizza's for 7 euro) and we were about to give away 15 kilo of bread, but who was gonna make all that bread? That was us. We took a table, we put it in the middle of the street and we got started. Walter helped to set us up for the first moments, but here we were, making bread for about 300 people with just one day of experience. And the performance worked very well. While we were busy putting our hands in the [dough](#) and playing it, many stopped, wondering what we were doing, while others actually joined in without hesitation. The [pasta madre](#) guys had to leave all the fun to us... By the time we were ready to put the

bread in the oven - it first has to rise (levatare) for 4 hours - the festival was full with drunks, (including some of us). But we were ready to heat up the oven and start baking the bread... It was about 3 am when we started walking out and handing out the first pieces of bread with humus. It was amazing to see how happy some people were, and they themselves were amazed that the food was for free. Other people again really digged the quality and the effort that was put into it. Some wanted more and more bread. All we could say was the same what we also say in the casa sometimes: take as much as you want, but remember that the more you take, the less there is for everyone else to enjoy :) [img\_assist|nid=3512|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=460] [img\_assist|nid=3514|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=460] [img\_assist|nid=3515|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=460]

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node/3516

## coming and going's

On the same day that Amylin [arrived](#) safe and sound in Porto and Pascal came over for a visit while on his way from Marrakech to Leeds, Matt went forth and back, and [left](#) again to Egypt and Kasper left (again) early morning to [Istanbul](#), while just a day earlier Grace went back to the States, with at the same time Kassia and Sky arriving one day after each other. This all seems like it is really busy, but in fact, it is very peaceful.

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node/71

## Coming Home

I just arrived on Monday evening at the Casa, around 9pm, having left London at 10 that morning. This is my third stint here, the last one being in February of 09. As i was coming through town from Centraal where i was dropped off, i had the strangest sensation of coming home. It surprised me at first, but i realized later that it shouldn't have, really - Casa was such a haven for me last year when i was in a very difficult and strange place personally. Home. Though i've certainly ratcheted back my traveling in the past year, it's still a concept i spend a lot of time thinking about, as i suppose many nomads do. Yesterday sitting in Vondelpark, i was watching the birds and came

to the thought that i feel more like a bird, with nests all over the place. I do crave roots deeply and while i'm so very grateful for the ones i have at my home community at Twin Oaks in Virginia, i feel pretty aware that i'll probably never stop flying from place to place and making more and more nests for myself. And so i'm realizing the importance of making my home within, by nurturing my relationship with myself and keeping my body healthy. I can let the different paths i walk draw lines into me and let them crisscross into new patterns, creating an international web of home that i carry in my bones everywhere i go. After all, i am the only place where all the people i love will ever all be together.

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node/12086

## Coming home

My long-awaited return has finally come. See you all at the casa in a few days...

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node/5248

## Common shower, a mental painting

Late at night it's slightly cooler than during the day, birds from the forest speak together. Running water has been cut for some days now so I go to public shower. It is a waterfall which die into the river, it has been converted into a shower with the addition of a concrete basement. Down is the big river coming from the Andes and running in direction of Amazonia, I can see it's brown gleams. Washerwomen are working together few meters away. The waterfall beat my skin, there is a smell of humidity, a light drizzle also. I'm drying myself, suddenly a huge warm rain comes. Washerwomen cover their head with their buckets. Kids don't care.

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node/8062

# Community as projects, member integration, input

We're coming up with shitbuckets full of projects, only, we don't know the physical reality of them..how to make them concrete, how to turn ideas into substance.. Here is what we have - Baking / making- Peanut Butter Cookies, Shortbread, Jam, Chai Balms, How do we sell? How easy is it to get a market stall? Can we sell dumpstered stuff? To organic shops? Restaurants? Hotels? Any other ideas? Workshop space? We find SO much furniture on the streets, and some are near perfect. Heather has done this before in Montreal and just sold them in newspapers..is that workable here? How to make SOAP. How long does it take? Bicycle repair shop outside? Is that possible? Can we continue it as a weekly venture? We have so many ideas..how do we sell them? Can we make projects here at the casa so that people who come here can have jobs for whatever amount of time and feel like they're contributing? INTEGRATION..isn't that the problem with noise, that we need people to come here and work on things as a community rather than personal projects/visiting coffee shops/sightseeing? Couldn't that be what we explain to people who come here? Ciao ciao, Jass & Heather

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node/8364

## Continuing on Rene's Story

As Rene wrote prior to this story we took a bike trip to Leiden. It got me thinking,.. There is something enormously calming about riding your bike in the mist of the evening. It makes you feel as if you could go back to the time before you when someone else ventured a similar path, in those same woods, with the same feeling. It is almost as if you forget yourself in the world for those magic moments. You truly become anonymous and you forget about all the things that were going on in your head just an hour before. I think it should become a Casa event you know? A bike trip every so often, just kind hearts on two wheels, whizzing through the back roads of the Netherlands. Truly magic is the best way I could describe this thing that we experienced this weekend.

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node/2368

# couchsurfing goes for profit - go go bewelcome!

Couch\$urfing is now finally a for profit corporation. I'm not going to dwell too much on this (if you are interested in dwelling check and join [the inside rebellion](#)). Here are a couple of positive steps for direct action:

1. create a profile at [BeWelcome](#)
2. change your CS profile pic to e.g. the picture of this post
3. change your C\$ mission into something funny
4. set your couch availability to YES but tell people to sign up at BW and contact you there (add a link to your profile)
5. translate [the wikipedia article](#) into another language (and make sure the articles about couchsurfing and hospitality club (fyi: HC = still for profit dictatorship) link to the BeWelcome article)
6. create a local city group on BeWelcome for your city
7. if you have been active in your local C\$ community: post in your local group about BeWelcome

In the past week BW has seen almost 1000 new signups and many people with dormant profiles have been reactivated, there are tons of discussions and you are very welcome to join those with your ideas, critique or just to say hi!

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node/21432

## Coup de gueule: this website is not user friendly

Might be a nice toy for geeks but is definitely not user friendly. Be nice with the dummies please;)

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node/1525

# cradle-to-cradle: the third industrial revolution

“When we follow nature’s rules, growth is good. The question before us is not growth versus no growth, it is: what would good growth look like? And this is a question of intent, of design. What if we grow health instead of sickness, home ownership instead of indigence, education instead of ignorance?” (Bill McDonough) a really inspiring speech on TED, whichs philosophy is already growing in the netherlands. But watch it yourself: [http://www.ted.com/talks/lang/eng/william\\_mcdonough\\_on\\_cradle\\_to\\_cradle\\_design.html](http://www.ted.com/talks/lang/eng/william_mcdonough_on_cradle_to_cradle_design.html)

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node/7796

## Create a Story

Ahhhhhhh Create a story! Click on share and select from menu... <http://casarobino.org/node/add/story>

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node/3923

## creating it together

“Whoever is here is creating it together”, writes [Kasia](#) on her [blog](#) Mama Kas on the Road. She stayed together with [Sky](#) for some days in the house, which was a great experience I think for all of us. She also writes how she got 40 euro while [busking](#), how she tried fixing the bikes with Sky, the dumpster diving results (3 giant bags with avocados, tomatoes, radishes, eggplants, carrots, star fruit, melon, pineapple, plums, and papaya) and how she [observed](#) the communal trash-dinner we recently had: “It felt totally comfortable and easy to take over the kitchen, rummage for spices, cook up a bunch of food, make tea... making me realize that my longing to root is not a desire to own my own house necessarily - the need is totally satisfied in being able to cook for people and host in this fluid way.”

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node/81



# Creative Communists

While moving the house guidelines from Hitchwiki [over here](#) I figured that we forgot something important (well, the license). Since we're all creative communists anyway who all agreed to the terms of use by entering la Casa the central committee has decided to quickly move the license of content on this website to CC-BY-SA. Marc?

P.S. [The dotCommunist Manifesto](#) by Eben Moglen.

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node/567

# Critical Mass! Pakistan

Critical Mass! Pakistan <http://www.cctv.com/program/worldwidewatch/20090805/112274.shtml>

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node/10959

# Crossroads

Up in the mountains watching the fiery red sun set turn in to the black night, illuminated only by a bright ball in the sky, life flashes past your eyes. Sitting by a beautiful beach, listening to the ocean roar. Realizing how small we are. In a Casa, somewhere in Amsterdam, eating a dumpster-dived meal, surrounded by those we love, singing, laughing, dancing. No matter where we are, who we are with, we must recall the The Fifty-third Calypso of Bokononism: "Oh, a sleeping drunkard, Up in Central Park, And a lion-hunter In the jungle dark, And a Chinese dentist, And a British queen- All fit together In the same machine. Nice, nice, very nice; Nice, nice, very nice; Nice, nice, very nice- So many different people In the same device." I am there with you, as you are here with me. Distance means nothing. All these things we have done and seen, all connect in this wonderful web of life. I miss everyone I have ever met. I miss all the wonderful things that we have ever done together... From my first day of school, to the last, up until I found the casa, then the day I left it. Once I returned. And again I departed, not knowing where the road would take me, but here I am. Thinking

about the past. And wondering what the future holds. What does the future hold? Do they call it the present because the future gives it to you?

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node/3918

## CS goes HC

Yesterday I discovered that C\$ in it's glory has deleted my profile without notifying me. Guess "advocate <http://www.bewelcome.org>" as a Current Mission didn't resonate with them :) Well at least I can stop considering doing that myself and also they've helpfully deleted the references I've left others and given me the opportunity to think of the fun times I had with those people and to get in touch to point them at my BeWelcome profile. And they've reinforced my belief that one shouldn't rely on for-profit organizations for social relations and that it's necessary to save or PDF-"print" web pages you wanna keep. Did such dastard destruction of careful self-portrayal happen to anyone else here?

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node/27783

## Current Hosts Block

There is a current hosts block on the right hand side of the page (if you are logged in). This lets you add yourself as a host, or remove yourself when you leave. Just click the link under the pictures to change your hosting status.

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node/2351

## cycling for climate justice

The biketour is an eco-mobile action community Some 10 to 50 cyclists from different backgrounds – nationality, age, language, experience – cycle together, doing actions on their way and meet up with environmentally minded people and groups. They carry all equipment for camping on their bikes and trailers. It is a totally chaotic tour, with constantly changing sleeping places, group composition and food quality, but with some common things like: consensus based decision making, all tasks divided

between the participants, a sleeping place every night and breakfast, lunch and dinner for a reasonable participation fee. check it out here (i wish i was going) <http://www.ecotopiabiketour.net/join-us/registration>

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node/11120

## cycling for climate justice

The biketour is an eco-mobile action community Some 10 to 50 cyclists from different backgrounds – nationality, age, language, experience – cycle together, doing actions on their way and meet up with environmentally minded people and groups. They carry all equipment for camping on their bikes and trailers. It is a totally chaotic tour, with constantly changing sleeping places, group composition and food quality, but with some common things like: consensus based decision making, all tasks divided between the participants, a sleeping place every night and breakfast, lunch and dinner for a reasonable participation fee. check it out here (i wish i was going) <http://www.ecotopiabiketour.net/join-us/registration>

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node/11121

## cycling for climate justice

The biketour is an eco-mobile action community Some 10 to 50 cyclists from different backgrounds – nationality, age, language, experience – cycle together, doing actions on their way and meet up with environmentally minded people and groups. They carry all equipment for camping on their bikes and trailers. It is a totally chaotic tour, with constantly changing sleeping places, group composition and food quality, but with some common things like: consensus based decision making, all tasks divided between the participants, a sleeping place every night and breakfast, lunch and dinner for a reasonable participation fee. check it out here (i wish i was going) <http://www.ecotopiabiketour.net/join-us/registration>

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node/11119

# dancing in toronto

hello casa!!!! how i miss thee! back to school in kansas city! however winter break is coming my way and i'm looking forward to it. i haven't forgotten my magnificent stay at the casa and will be back to visit as soon as i get the chance to boogie over there. through youtube, someone in canada discovered my dance videos and invited me to dance at a concert he was putting on through a grant with the toronto arts council! i jumped on the opportunity and went, it was a lovely time, met great friendly people with inspiring ambitions! just thought i would share the video from the performance and add to the excitement and potentials of web based networking! <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GSiOTNEwsfg> hope all is well in amsterdam and the many places near and beyond!

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node/8265

## Dank u Casa

Dear Casa, bumping into you was like diving my head into the wizard's ball. I have seen an underworld teeming with life that I had no idea could exist. But soon I had to breathe in again, and everything faded out in the edge between dream and reality. Hugs, voices and smell of home-baked bread. Was it really real? I have given too little of myself and taken too little of yourself. It does not end here, my dear, bewitching Casa. Diego

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node/4557

## Danube

An idea in my mind for 3 years : building up a wooden raft, rafting down the Danube from source to delta. Well this morning I woke up willing to make this idea concrete. Each year at first buds, first rays of sun, East and Balkans are calling me deep inside, and I find myself each time following the meandering river, dreaming : what if i followed it to the end? But it just sounds senseless alone. I'm a lonesome walker, biker, dreamer, but I want to be a social sailer! Yep. So this it is. Do you want to find a

shelter by the river, wood, planks, tools, build hell of a wonderful raft with mates, and sail it to Black Sea? Raise your hand, give me a poke! Hugo

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node/16738

## dear dumpster fairy

I've just moved to a place to be called home, and whereas basic furniture is there, I'm missing things to make it feel like a home. Here's a little wish list for the dumpster fairy (and hopefully her little helpers over at the casa ;) \* kitchenware: pan, pot, tray, oven mittens, glasses, mugs, plates, knives and so on \* lights: standalone lamps for ambiance, lamps you can attach on shelves etc, desk lights, reading lights \* zula creation: mattress, blankets (!!!), (just some more) pillows, some nice fabrics \* it's alive! green growing things - even though I'll likely kill them within 2 weeks :( \* wallpaper: pictures, art, posters for the walls \* storage: a little standalone bookshelf or other storage solution for combatting random living room mess \* cross-legged comfort: small, low table to put laptop on when sitting on the floor \* gear: laptop speakers, wireless router \* other nice little things that go together with a house? Or just help with someone with an eye for creating comfort, I'm somewhat hopeless with this myself :( [Where](#) & [when](#) to go diving ;) If you stop by with something I'll treat you for a beer or tea (your choice :) Housewarming is this weekend, with a little bit of food, little bit of drinks and then a little bit of dancing. Check out the [invitation](#) and BeWelcome :)

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node/2343

## death of a plant

[img\_assist|nid=2921|title=|desc=|link=none|align=left|height=280] One of the great things that I learned about farming/ gardening before I actually started doing it was: "just try". And if things don't work out like you envisioned, you know what to do different next time... So far we had no problems, the rucola was growing nicely, and so are the [snap peas](#), green beans and the about 10 different herbs that we are growing. With the help of Derick, who build boxes for on top of the roof and dumpster dived glasses, we even have several greenhouses. And here came the mistake. So far

the weather had not been very warm but yesterday was above 20 degrees and full sunshine, and whereas the rucola inside the little greenhouse on the balcony was still growing nicely in the morning, by late afternoon the leaves had completely dried out because of the heat - my guess is that it can easily reach 30 or even 40 degrees in those boxes... Anyway, we learn. This could have been the third harvest so far and we could have been eating it Today at the open casa dinner but unfortunately the sun killed them all... another lesson learned...

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node/2926

## Death Penalty internship

Hello my beautiful casa family! I haven't written on here in a while so I thought I would tell you about my plans for the summer as I need your help to achieve them! As some of you already know I am a law student and have been looking for an internship to take part in over the summer, without which it will be almost impossible for me to find work in the field of law. The problem with this was that most internships are for huge companies/firms doing commercial/corporate law, which is not exactly ethical, and although experience in one of these firms would no doubt benefit my "career", I refuse to part of something that I don't believe in. This left me with a bit of a problem as ethical internships are few and far between. However, as luck would have it the human rights in practice centre at my university offers students the opportunity to take part in an internship in the US working on death penalty cases. After a long application process I succeeded in getting a place on the scheme and so will be working with the Public Defender Commission in Little Rock, Arkansas for two months during the summer! In my view the fact that we as a race are still putting people to death is one of the most fundamentally flawed aspects of any legal system and its abolition is something I feel very strongly about. The work of the commission is extremely important as they provide advice and advocacy to those who can't afford it. In this situation the same state that is trying to convict you will arbitrarily chose a lawyer for you from a list of pro bono lawyers in the area. This decision will not be based on how much experience the lawyer has in capital punishment cases but how quickly the judge considers the lawyer will be able to get through the case. The majority of people who are convicted of capital punishment offences are from a lower income background and cannot afford adequate legal representation. This can lead to the most tragic miscarriages of justice as people are put to death simply because their

lawyer wasn't good enough. In this system, money buys justice. Unfortunately, as with most ethical work, the position is not paid. Not only this but I have to somehow find the money for flights, accommodation, visa and living expenses which comes to an estimated total of £2,500, which obviously I don't have. All the other people who got places are getting this money from their parents. I am neither willing nor able to get the money together this way and so have had to be a little more creative! Which is where YOU come in! I have set up a crowd funding page in the hopes of raising the money from the generous people of the internet. In exchange for funding I am offering to conduct a piece of primary research through interviewing legal professionals who have on the ground experience of the process of how someone is convicted and put to death. I will be asking them about the fundamentals of the procedure and their views on reform and the future of the death penalty. I will also be writing a blog of my experiences so people can learn what the system is like first hand. I will send a copy of completed report and the blog to anyone who donates. The human rights in practice centre has also agreed to publish any work I produce so that it will be available to future students as a piece of primary research, something which is distinctly lacking in the area of capital punishment. I will also be giving a seminar/talk on my experiences to give future students insight into what the death penalty internship involves so anyone who is in the country at that time is also welcome to come along to that too! If anyone has any questions about the project just write a comment and I will do my best to answer your questions. Here is the link to my crowd funding page, please pass it on to as many people as possible and if I get enough money together I will share my research on the casa site for all to see! <http://www.indiegogo.com/Death-penalty-internship> I don't want to miss out on such an amazing opportunity just because of a lack of funds. Anything that anyone can give will be HUGELY appreciated and I will send so much love and good energy to anyone who donates! Also, if anyone knows of a casa-type project in Little Rock or anywhere that I can stay I would love to hear about it! Thank you! Big love and massive hugs and lashings of good energy to you all xxx



# Decentralization and Second Generation Social Networks... a seminal manifesto?

In our silly traveling nomad circles a lot of energy gets put into talking about how to save the world. In my personal experience and world view, I am turning my efforts away from the “anti-globalization” and “anti-capitalism” messages, towards a message of decentralization, which I think is a meme that deserves replication, I’m not so much for the abolishment of centralized governance, as I am a grass roots movement of establishing independent, autonomous, decentralized communities, zones, sectors, cities, or micro states that cooperate with each other through open and transparent communication. Its becoming readily apparent that the centralized paradigms of food and power production are failing, and it is up to the individual to grow enough food and generate enough power locally to survive. I look forward to a future without eating a salad that has crossed oceans to find its way into my stomach.... just sayin’ A lot of the house’s efforts seem to be about establishing much needed new forms of communication, turning away from the dinosaurs of centralized mega-corporate social networks and establishing sites such as this one ( <http://casarobino.org> )to create the world we want with our friends and allies around the world. I’ve heard whispers of this vision including a means of communication between these “Second Generation Social Networks”. One of the tools this house has historically been fan of is drupal. I personally have been spending my time in the world of ruby on rails, which for me is frankly, more fun. A tool that I’ve recently discovered the joys of is, git, a source code management system developed my linus torvalds. Git incorporates these decentralized Ideals, and with the establishment of <http://github.com> has created a paradigm of social open source development. A project I just found out about is Google, (‘the new china’),’s “OpenSocial API” ( <http://code.google.com/apis/opensocial/> ) . I haven’t examined this project at all, but plan on at the very least, looking at it, and researching whether or not this is a viable option for our use in the establishing of second generation social networks. My plan involves starting a github account for this project, and hopefully, gaining support and contributions from the developers in the casa robino community, to create both easily distributable minimal 2gsn’s in bot drupal, and ruby on rails, which can communicate via either Open Social, or a new api of our creation, so that all someone

will really have to do to have their own site, is \$ git clone <http://ourapp.github.com/>  
ourapp is anyone interested?

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node/2423

## delicious delicious

Davide and I collaborated on a most delicious winter morning drink: Chai Bomb; chai masala tea with a shot of espresso. First, prepare an old-fashioned handmade espresso with the old steel machine. Meanwhile, make your chai. Boil water on the stovetop with a mixture of: ginger, cinnamon, black tea leaves, nutmeg, cloves, 1 small dried peperoncino, sweet red pepper, and cardamom pods until dark. Add (soya or rice, for vegans) milk to taste. Continue boiling. Strain the chai mixture into a teapot. Warm a glass with hot water and wipe the sides dry. Fill it 3/4 full with chai. Add sweetener to taste. Pour about a spoonful of espresso, just enough to darken the chai, then top off the remainder with more chai. Savor the amazing deliciousness.

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node/8324

## Desde la casa

If you made it to this page, this house is for people like you.

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node/1

## dessert: vegan fruit and nut cake, from the dumpster

fruit and nut cake Crust: ground peanuts and linseeds mixed in a food processor then blended with vegan margarine. Next layer: sliced and mashed very ripe and sweet mini-bananas Next layer: apple pieces, clementine slices, and raisins Topping: egg-replacer (to hold everything together), agave nectar (or honey), cinnamon

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node/295

# destiny? I don't believe in that

Well, so I got picked up by Dalma, a beautiful 24 year old with amazing mimic. We go to the Budapest CS meeting, she goes to the bathroom, saying "make yourself some new friends" and who comes around the corner right after? Jeppe! Just incredible. I spend the next day exploring the city and have a nice time walking over the Danube island with him. Dalma is busy, she studied ecology and is looking for a job in her profession now. Besides, she volunteers for green and fair trade projects. It somewhat makes me realize how much energy my job sucks out of me. Working as a Linux systems developer has many freedoms and the benefit of learning more about open source while getting paid for it, but it's still time I could use for noncommercial projects. I was planning to stay till Saturday, but I can't stay at Dalma's place for Friday night and the German travellers I wanted to meet forgot to turn their phone back on apparently. So I make coffee with my coke^Wbeer can stove and hitch out. A romanian family gives me a ride to Belgrade, they seem to listen to a sermon recorded on tape - while speeding through Serbia with a radar alarm :) I get stuck on a resting place near Nis until Sunday morning. So many Turkish trucks, it must be possible to get a direct ride to Istanbul. But no, I miss one opportunity and wait for the next one until I get picked up by a guy going to Thessaloniki. He drops me right on the highway next to an industrial area. I'm very hungry so I ask my way to the next gas station but it's closed. The area is almost dead, except for guard dogs that often get out on the road. I stare back at them angrily. One follows me peacefully, but I get the impression that he's more interested in the blood on my calf than on my good character :) I make my way to downtown, find a quarter with nice bars and ask a guy with a "no borders, no nations" t-shirt if I could join them. We have a great night out together, they insist of inviting me for everything. I regret I bought junk food on the way - I wouldn't have needed to. In the end they point me to a squat. A guy comes by. Can I come in and stay for a night? Yeah, one night should be okay. "But we're not a hostel, you know.." I do. The place is unbelievable. They squatted a 9 story hotel, every room has a balcony and a separate bathroom. They don't pay for electricity and water, food is dumpstered from the market and they get tons of "old" food from a bakery every day. There is a concert room, a free store and even a (defunct, unfortunately) swimming pool on the rooftop! It's yesterday evening by now, and God has another miracle for me. Two German girls come by to hang out. Soraya wanted to go to Istanbul, but her train isn't going because the flood damaged the railway. She didn't

want to hitch alone but we'll leave together in about two hours. Life is just wonderful :)

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node/5298

## digesting uncooked vegan food

A long walk back to the hotel after a great vegan dinner downtown Boston, in a restaurant where Amylin would love to cook; I am still recovering from all the information that our [point](#) in the matrix gave me about the short life “[CS 2.0](#)” lived. So much information in such a short time - very rewarding. We also had good informative talks about [social money](#) and community-banking, closed-loop democratically run economic processes, the price of [oil](#) and connecting anarchy with spirituality. Pretty overwhelming. Many thanks Anu for setting this meeting up!

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node/86

## Dining and Dancing

As every week, also this Thursday we have an open dinner. We normally are going [Dumpster Diving](#) before that time. If you want to get along, please be here around 4, or let us know if you are going to bring food from a market around Amsterdam. On Saturday, we'll go to [Club 8](#) to dance (theme is love this time), where we'll sneak in before 23.00. We also have a pre-party over at Anu's new place. Get in touch with any of us to know where we'll be. And if you want even more, on Sunday there is a nice [event](#) going on in the Buurtboerderij.

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node/2344

## Dinner Nights with a Twist

I got to thinking the other day, the casa is full of diverse culture. Different backgrounds. In order to understand these people and the places that they consider there culture I want to make a proposal. People should be able to relate on all levels and establish a deeper connection through understanding with everyone that

ventures through the casa. The Proposal: Each Thursday night, we should have a themed night. Pick a place on the map randomly and base the dinner, music played, dress, stories, and anything else you want on the culture(s) of the area. I want some feedback and please add anything you think should be included in this night! xoxo

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node/2378

## discrimination poster

Could someone please photograph and post or send a digital copy of the poster that is (or at least was) hanging in the bathroom? It talks about discrimination and “they” and says something to the effect of “we are ‘they’ to them.” Thanks all, Love, ~George

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node/14396

## d.i.y. clean

i was researching different ways of making soaps, since this is one of the things on the list of cool things i could make for house and give a workshop on. i’ve made soap several times before, usually coconut-based. this time, i was thinking more savon de marseille or [savon de aleppo](#). instead, i found a [link for making you own laundry detergent](#), and recalled the days in france and maroc when i used the afore-mentioned soaps to wash my clothing; this recipe would have helped stretch them out a lot longer. there’s also [directions for simple natural soaps](#) still looking for more recipes and directions...

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node/2352

## Does racial profiling amount to wrongful discrimination?

This is the essay title i am currently working on and in my research i have uncovered some horrifying facts. For example, sections 44 and 45 of the Terrorism Act 2000 allow police to stop and search individuals or vehicles “whether or not the constable has grounds for suspecting the presence of articles of that kind”, here articles of that kind

is defined as “articles of a kind which could be used in connection with terrorism” HA! What would they consider those to be?! Using this piece of legislation a uniformed police officer in England can search you and all of your belongings and even “headgear, footwear, an outer coat, a jacket or gloves” for no reason at all. This legislation has been deemed by the Strasbourg Court to go against article 8 of the Human Rights act, the right to private and family life, yet it is still being used! This law is used by the police to display openly racist behaviour as they are now able to target potential terrorists based on nothing but individual prejudices. Through this legislation ethnic minorities are openly linked to criminal behaviour and stigmatised by the public. Unfortunately the only thing i can do for now is vent my frustration through my essays, but mark my words, one day i will be qualified and i will be doing everything i can to stop those in power from abusing it further.

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node/10437

## Donate Internet to Casa

Anyone here who feels like being the person who donates internet to casa? For the coming year we are planning some changes in the way finances are done in the house. I will open up more visibility to how things are run and would like to see if it will be possible to run of donations for at least 6 months this year. But I also want to differentiate between ‘products’ that we need donated. To start with, I would like to know if anyone here wants to guarantee internet for a full year to Casa. Costs are 20 euro a month, 240 in total. Please comment or get in touch with me for details.

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node/8397

## Donate towards a Work of Art

This wonderful creation of Amylin’s has been on the wall of the Casa almost since its beginnings. But so far we have not paid for it! Do you want to donate this piece of art to Casa, so we get to keep this beautiful piece of art? Suggested donation is 250 euro. Get in touch with me, Amylin or comment here.

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node/8414

# Donations for the Casa

Hi. Is there anyone who would like to donate the internet (20 euro a month) for the coming 6 months or who would like to donate for anything else on a regular basis?? Please get in touch with me for more info. Help is appreciated, as things are starting to move into new directions here.

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node/11989

## Down the Danube with a paddle boat

Sailing over the Danube with a paddle-boat. Sounds crazy huh? Flore and Manuel, both based in Berlin, are currently sailing down the Danube river on a paddle boat. A couple of days ago they started in Vienna and they are writing about their adventures at <http://pepora.wordpress.com/> The [Danube](#) is Europe's second largest river with 2850 km, going from Black Forest in Germany to the Black Sea in Romania. See also this [post](#) by Hugo earlier this year about the idea to sail down the Danube with a self-made raft.

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node/20154

## drinks r good

To my friends who enjoy a glass of wine... And those who don't. As Ben Franklin said: In wine there is wisdom, In beer there is freedom, In water there is bacteria. In a number of carefully controlled trials, Scientists have demonstrated that if we drink 1 litre of water each day, At the end of the year we would have absorbed More than 1 kilo of Escherichia coli, (E. Coli) - bacteria Found in faeces. In other words, we are consuming 1 kilo of poop.. However, We do NOT run that risk when drinking wine & beer (or tequila, rum, whiskey or other liquor) Because alcohol has to go through a purification process Of boiling, filtering and/or fermenting. Remember: Water = Poop, Wine = Health. Therefore, it's better to drink wine and talk stupid, Than to drink water and be full of shit. There is no need to thank me for this valuable information: I'm doing it as a public service!

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node/5487



# drupalwiki.net

Just started “another” wiki, [[http://drupalwiki.net/en/Main\\_Page](http://drupalwiki.net/en/Main_Page) Drupalwiki]. I often find myself wading through tons of pages to find an answer to a Drupal question, and when I found it I don’t know where I should record the info or how I can even update the thing. MediaWiki is still vastly superior to Drupal when it comes to wikis - especially when open for anonymous editing.

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node/523

## Dumpster Diving for a Doctorate on Fox-News

A hilariously conservative-U.S.American broadcast about a PhD candidate studying dumpster-diving. <http://www.q13fox.com/videogallery/67015501/News/Dumpster-Diving-For-A-Doctorate>

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node/23312

## Dumpster Diving goodies from the Dappermarkt

Today’s dumpster haul from the Dappermarkt by Angie, Caroline, and Ethan garnered us about 30 pounds (15 kilos) of fruit and veggies, including a dozen clementines, many potatoes, 5 mangoes, 2 GIANT and many smaller carrots, grapes and strawberries, tomatoes, avocados, a basil plant, a bulb of fennel, a box of beautiful mushrooms, and peppers upon peppers upon peppers. The best part was, when we were dumpstering in front of a corner veggie market, they handed us a big box of veggies they were about to throw out. Christmas spirit, the benefits of having 2 pretty girls along, or just general support of using instead of wasting, you be the judge. Tomorrow we’ll hit the Albert Cuijp as part of our goal to dumpster 3 markets in 3 days leading up to the celebration dinner on Wednesday. Updates to follow, hopefully with pictures tomorrow.

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node/606

# Dumpster Diving Tour Den Haag

The biggest catch of trash-food that I experienced so far in this country: 8 meters of table fully filled with veggies, fruit and bread was the result of a dumpster dive tour that I organised in Den Haag last Wednesday in [cooperation](#) with Stroom, a Den Haag based art-institute with a focus on the urban environment. We were with around fifteen people on bikes going through ten dumpsters in the city, and dinner was served for twenty. Kasper came along too, as you can see on the photo above of the kitchen where he is preparing food with the other divers. We also accepted for the first time a (diving) journalist to come along, which resulted in a [full-page article](#) this Saturday in a leading Dutch newspaper, with a great photo of Kasper giving some food to a local. Most food we received at two markets and not from the actual skips/dumpsters. The time of the tour at late-afternoon is great for markets but isn't the best moment to dive into the supermarket-skips or bins of other shops in Den Haag (for great results check them in the city-center early morning; I found candles and fresh food there some weeks ago while scouting the city). But the result was amazing, overwhelming for all of us. We took with us a little fright-bike which we literally stacked to the top, and we had to use all the extra bags that we had taken with us as well. We simply had no space left for more! All participants were super-excited about the food that was given to us, about the market-vendors that came after us to give even more food and the resulting dinner we all prepared together. Dinner in casa-style you may say, like a Thursday-night-open dinner. Together we collected the food, cleaned it, cooked and ate it. People who didn't know each-other had lots of great conversations and new connections were made. There were around ten dishes, ranging from soup and salad to yardlong beans and grilled lettuce. Before dinner I did a presentation about [trashwiki.org](http://trashwiki.org), dumpster diving at the casa, and in Leiden. A [shorter](#) version of [skipping waste](#) by Lily and edited by Olar, accompanied the talk. A great and overall fun experience. Definitely an appetizer for more. More photos you can find on [fb](#) and [flickr](#).

# Dumpster Film Screening 28th Feb

So... if i ever manage to leave the casa again, Ill be heading back to Leiden to finish my editing and get this show on the road. The 28th FEB, (SAT) will hopefully be the climactic event, screening at my place 'the couch' in central Leiden. Come laugh at yourself singing and giggling 'dumpster dive, dumpster dive, come on take a dumpster dive with meeeeeeeeeee'. x lil

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node/2346

## dumpstered recipes

One of the great things about Dumpster Diving is that you never know beforehand what you will be cooking. So when I went to the market today, just before closing time, I was in fact very happy to find some aubergines (eggplant), tomatoes and red peppers (paprika). As usual the vendors at Ten Kate markt were very nice and allowed me to dive into their dumpsters at the same time as they were filling them. But I didn't expect the results of my cooking, it was so nice that even Rene was highly impressed :D What I made: \* I cut the aubergines into small parts (big parts were impossible this time), washed them and soaked them into salt. Squeeze and add flower. Fry on high fire for 5 to 10 minutes. \* Make a souce out of the tomatoes and red paprika's. Add sambal, chili and hot paprika powder, koriander, flower, egg (replacement) and alternatively some soya milk. \* Put it all together in a bowl (alternatively put lasagna leaves in between) and leave it in the oven (180 degrees) for 20 minutes. \* Eat it with rice or pasta, or if you added the lasagna, eat it as such. Aubergines are in fact one of my favourite veggies to cook with, you can do so much with them. You can [burn](#) them (just put them on the stove for 10-15 minutes), [fry](#), [grill](#) or bake them with flower and herbs. The options are endless. And of course you can also make vegan [Baba Ghanoush](#), one of the house favourite dishes (the non-vegan one can be bought at the Turkish shop around the corner, goes very nice for late breakfasts!). As usual, there will be an open dinner on Thursday. This time, almost no-one of the usual suspects will be around (they're all floating around Europe) and we will wonder which surprises will show up. If you also want to come around, and don't know where we are at, [write](#) us.

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node/2412

# Dumpstering at the Albert Cuyp

Saturdays are always a great day for Dumpstering in Amsterdam. And what is a cozier place for dumpstering than the most famous Amsterdam market, [Albert Cuyp](#)? Not only you will find lots of left-overs between 5 and 6 but you also get to meet quite a few of your fellow divers. This Saturday I recognized 2 women with whom I had gone through some bins before. Now though there were quite some more people I hadn't met before, making us a total of 8. I didn't get that much food this time but it was just enough for the weekend. Rosymay also joined - it was her first time - and when she spotted freshly thrown away flowers in a corner, she didn't stop for more :) It is always great to see people's responses when they find out they can get all that food and these flowers for free.

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node/417

## Eat Moldy Foods!

I thought there was mold on my mushrooms (can mold even grow on a fungus?), so I asked google. It said, "[http://www.fsis.usda.gov/FactSheets/Molds\\_On\\_Food/](http://www.fsis.usda.gov/FactSheets/Molds_On_Food/)" Thoroughly impressed that the US Government had recommendations about which foods are OK to eat, even if they are moldy, I said "whoa! The Casa needs to know about this for dumpster-diving!" ^ So if you care about dumpsterdam, check it out ^ Then I realized that the slippery American feds still hadn't resolved my fungus dilemma... So I asked the Canadians. <http://thecapcrew.ca/parents-educators/PDF/Mushroom-Glossy-Final.pdf> It seems the white fuzz was just the mushroom's root systems... assuming the Canadians are to be trusted... :)

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node/8010

## ecological versus un-sustainable products

A vision into the point of buying ecological products versus cheap products: There's a tendency around the casa that we're not supposed to be buying the cheap products, but ecological (and more expensive) products, my finest example about this point ;)

Ofcourse the ecological viewpoint is the best on long-term basis, but it seems to me that although loads of people get involved, it's still not enough (to do/go into the direction of) something about the core of the problem. And it's still causing attention/stress if something isn't ecological. In the end ecological house-products are the best, but for now, let's focus that energy on the core problem :) Just buy the cheap products, as long as you have in the back of your head the idea that it's totally unsustainable and you're really against it, so this is causing stress/attention which may inspire you more to think about a solution to the core problem, instead of handling the after effects. Now it could be possible that this gives an overload, but at least you lose some points of attention/stress too, you don't worry (short-term based) anymore about the idea if it's good for your body (simply because it AIN'T), and you have more (eventually just temporary) more capital to spend on other needed things for the community at that moment. And what's in my mind too, that's it a bit the same as giving capital to good causes with monthly donations. It sounds really nice that you are trying to do something about the problem, but at the same time it silences your mind about the worry to solve the core of this problem. Like "i did something, now i'm brave, coming up for the poor people and get social status through it" while deep in your heart you know it won't solve the core at all!!! So quit with turning your face/attention somewhere else and begin to think about how you can change this problem through mass-inspiring intentions and political support..... This mostly meant as an idea and to start up a discussion ;)

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node/13608

## English is not enough

Holiday Tuesday midday, smells like Sunday and it's snowy outside. The phone rings... Unknown number. I pick up, and the dutch woman is already speaking a lot. DW (Speaking a lot of dutch) me Yes, hello DW (more dutch... "Adan Music"... More dutch) me Sprekt u Engels? DW No, I do not speak English. You don't speak dutch? We are in The Netherlands me Ok, I am learning DW Is there anyone who speaks dutch? me No, not at the moment DW Ok, then I know enough, goodbye

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node/8607

# European penguin

Did you know? there used to be a European penguin. It was distinguished in 1844. and the penguin on the south pole is actually called up after this one. it was a pretty big bird. between 70-80 cm from the beak to the back. it was finally distinguished after 300 hundred years of aggressive hunting on it. It was tasty and rely easy to catch. can you imagine. every time you were hungry, you could just go out and pick a penguin.

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node/20105

## EVA and PastaMadre: the world is so beautifully little

When I decided at the very last minute to go to L'Aquila for the celebration of one year anniversary of the "wheelbarrow rebellion" and the constitution of the grass-root movement 3.32 I could not imagine the magic of crossed paths and bread that followed. Beside participating to the annual celebration representing, even if in a pure symbolic way, the fight of people of my city against the privatization of public water [<http://www.acquaprilialtervista.org/>], and the construction of a TurboGas farm that would buy gas from Russia and burn it to produce electricity [<http://www.noturbogasaprilial.it/>], I went to visit the city a year after a natural and political disaster. What I found was an historical center abandoned to himself, still full of ruins, and new houses built in the suburbs, completely cut off by any integration with the territory and the city where found accommodation after 8 months sleeping in tents only some of the people remained without house. At the same time, I found a strong sense of community between the ones active in the 3.32 "Case Matte" movement [[http://www.3e32.com/main/?page\\_id=113](http://www.3e32.com/main/?page_id=113)] : people that fought for their city; people that an year ago took their wheelbarrow and forced the center of L'Aquila going against the militarization of their lives and their spaces. As a reaction, the wheelbarrow had been confiscated and finally released a year after. To see about the situation of one year ago: [[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P1ARYAfB\\_UU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P1ARYAfB_UU)] Beside this, I also went to L'Aquila to visit someone that with other means and other principles was working to build new houses. And it is in this way that I meet EVA: (finally a link in English) [<http://eva.pescomaggiore.org/en/>] SelfBuilt EcoVillage . You can read in their site (that I recommend you to visit as good example of

transparency for donation and intents): “Three generous neighbours have made available land to us, with a breathtaking panorama, a few steps from the historic center. We are showing that it’s possible to build cheap houses, environmentally friendly and fast to build if we use mainly natural materials, cheap and available locally: the supporting structure in wood, the curtain walls of straw bales, reinforced concrete minimized, wood pellet stove for warm, solar panels and photovoltaic panels that will give us electricity and hot water that we need. Manpower is ourselves that hold the work’s tools and prefer the active hard work to the compulsory indolence of the earthquake refugee. The intention is to speak with the people about reconstruction plans through participatory planning, listening at first to their needs, and then accompany them to the building of their own “space”, not only made of building material but above all of social and cultural links”. Well, to make it short: I proposed one of the main organizer of the project to go there (hopefully I will make it before Berlin), and to do BreadTimeStories with PastaMadre bread. They have a public oven (like the one showed by Charlie in Morocco) and have locally grounded spelt that I took with me and mixed with my PastaBread. Finally, as magic coming to enlighten even more the project, today I discover that Walter from PastaMadre has been there: see his pics on FB [[<http://www.facebook.com/album.php?aid=141337&id=44891540016>]] he made the bread, created a beautiful sink with the traditional Puglia’s working method and went to the inauguration. What can I say? The world is so beautifully little...and inspired project are the cement (ops... the straw) of communities :)

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node/11058

## Every Guest a Host: Inside a Nomad-Base

Taking my break last winter I had quite some free time to float around and recap. So I also used my time to write for [shareable.net](http://shareable.net) the article [Every Guest a Host](#) on what this casa is all about: What is it that makes me wanna do this, why do people like it so much, and what are the little things that make it a challenge to live here? But more important, how do I find the right words to actually describe something that is so fluid, so creative and so dynamic? Is it possible? Well, let’s say I got pretty far with this article and that for a large part it sums up at least how it feels. In the process of



writing I received feed-back from several of you, which I appreciated very much. I am also happy that Malcolm at shareable gave it some good edits. Though what makes me most happy is that I have been able to put little things in it that actually refer to quite a lot of different people who stayed here and who left a big impact on the house - but most of these references are not easy to get, if it ain't you ;-). Also, this article is part of a forth-coming book about "Youth During Recession Time", called "[Share or Die](#)". It is likely to be only an e-book but thankfully we have a [machine](#) here in Amsterdam (the Espresso Book Machine) with which we can self-publish our books.

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node/18066

## Every new story is now twittered....

Twitter integration has come to casa robino and every new story will be posted on the twitter feed at <http://twitter.com/casarobino>

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node/127

## Everybody Loves Me

Miaaaauw. What a silence here on the website. Well in the casa it's all loud. There is this baby here that just keeps on screaming from being so excited about life. And guess what?! All the attention goes to him. Prrrr. Well I guess it is natural. It is a little human you know and not a bird and one day I can also get cuddles from him... Prrrrrrr. I am happy though that it is getting winter. Robino put seeds on the balcony so the birds come to eat and that is exciting me waaaaay more than anything else. I see so many of them, and I just can't stop talking to the birds - I am sure one day they will think I am one of them and then .... miaaaaaaaaauw! And I am kind of happy also that my friend-cat left the casa - remember we were two? She was getting more attention than me and she was eating all my food. Robino said it was "getting too much" for the casa - two cats and a baby. Prrr. I am happy I am still here and that I have my own litter box again. Don't get me wrong or anything but I soooo didn't like to share my box. Miaaaauw, I am off running through the house again. Up and down the furniture, from the zula through the junction and into the slagroom. Once a crazy kitten, always a crazy kitten. Prrrrrr, prrrrr, prrrr.

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## Everything is just fine

I recently came back to Casa without much planning ahead. It had been almost an year from my last visit. Everything changed and everything stayed the same. A new hosting tribe taking good care of dumpster diving and making sure not too many questions were asked; journalists popping in to write articles about the Casa and skipping the waste; a kitten asocial as usual; new bikes, old bikes, repaired bikes, broken bikes, never enough bikes; tons of tea that is so difficult to decide that I always went for the well known green tea; storytelling and facilitation in the air (together with good dose of smoke on the balcony); Thursday night dinners; washing up dishes; sun-tanning on the roof (this last one very unusual for Amsterdam weather...)... Good news, bad news... always just right news and challenges for new learning. I really loved the chilled atmosphere and people taking care of me and my heartbroken by one more Dutchie :) I loved that people take good care of each other, and the community that supports this project is growing. In particular, I loved the 2 clown-hosts at the casa: Nick and Miguel. I wish Nick to learn how to cook pasta (I can give you lessons in Berlin); and Miguel the happiness of its role and the ability to wash off the make-up whenever is needed, and always be true to himself. Thanks for the journey, the walks, and the talks. (and don't forget to change the vinegar+sop-natural-flies-killer) in the kitchen... :)

## Everything You Thought Was a Lie

So you thought dumpster diving is sustainable? Think again. People tend to never have enough and hunt for such enormous amounts that we can't eat it all. We sometimes have to throw out twice as much as what we can eat. This must end. Not only because we hurt our backs so much when having to bring all that food up the stairs and down again into the bin. But more importantly: we are wasting so much energy! Throwing away food is not that bad actually. Of course, people are starving in the world. But the food is here in the West, and not where the needy are. And in this country at least, food that gets thrown away at the market goes straight into green

sustainable energy centers. Yes, that's correct: they produce green power from the food that gets thrown out at the markets. Biomass to heat up houses and giving you warm showers, and green gasses to help you cooking your food. That's what could have been made out of all that food we dumpster and throw away ourselves. So why would we be taking all that food away from the market dumpsters if most of our not-eaten food goes into unsustainable bins in front of the house anyway, from where all the trash-food just ends up in landfills rotting away for nothing. That's just waste being wasted. We feel guilty and so should you. Therefore we decided to stop this. Some pro-active positive action is always good we think. Why wait to change our world? So here comes the bad news: Since the Thursday night dinner has always been a main catalyst for all this dumpster diving, we decided to pull the plug out of Thursday's. The dinners go back a long time, almost 16 months now and we've welcomed over a 1000 mouths, sharing wonderful moments. We can now joyfully archive those dinners into our sweet memories of cosy evenings, wonderful food, great company and late night talks. But as per now: No more dumpster dived open dinners. So long and thanks for all the trash!

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node/10562

## Eviction squat Schijnheilig

Today "Schijnheilig", a squat and beautiful culture centre got evicted. The police arrested an incredible amount of people, it was crazy. Read a story here - it's in dutch: <http://freedom.tumblr.com> For photos: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/64913380@N08/sets/72157627121624352/show/>

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node/19892

## Evictions, Arrests, The FIT Team, and Social unrest

G20... The looks on their faces as they slammed their batons, shields, and truncheons in to people was unlike any I have seen in a while. There was such a hatred for the people in front of them. How can a COP a protector of the people, have such contempt for those he/she serves? It puzzles me... After playing a few games of red-

rover with police cordons and my black clothed and masked up accomplices, we got tired and decided to stay in the kettle within 10 minutes I found myself fighting with The Terminator, he whacked me a good one on the head, so cheers to him. We finally pushed through only to be chased more until we got away to climate camp, which by the way was shortly after faced with similar violence from the London Police. The next day... At the convergence space, after 2 days of no sleep and clashes with police, i finally got to sleep, only to wake up to a 100+ riot police battering the door down, we went peacefully, they went in the house on grounds that there were dangerous and wanted anarchist and violent protesters inside. Well I ended up being one of those they seemed interested in, after refusing to give my name or details, I was threatened with deportation, and they wanted to try and charge me because I had all of Mathieu's stuff in my bag, which appeared to be stolen. I finally gave half my name as they walked me over to the police van and then they proceeded to have me photographed by the British Forward Intelligence Team, full body with a profile from each angle, as I said aloud my name, date of birth, country of origin... and so on... Those zip-cuffs hurt! As for Bristol We have court tomorrow, with a .5 percent chance of success but, one can dream! "The Church" was short-lived but, we managed to get a movie night going, paint the entire place, have a theatre from the area rehearse in our space, and feed some of the homeless in the area. Remember everyone, direct action can be simple as saying no, or saying nothing at all! Good luck and take care! (Oh anyone coming to England soon, from the casa? If so message me at a.radlein@protonmail.com) I have a duffle bag with a lot of my pictures and clothes I really could use) I cannot leave to come get it because I am going to be squat sitting again)

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node/2518

## Existential Risk Reduction

If you are already familiar with the term "existential risk," and are interested in the field, we should talk. If not, check out what I have to say about it here, and if you are (even a little bit) interested, we should talk. The main point of this post is to see if there are people in this community who are interested in joining me in my exploration of the field of Existential Risk Reduction. I've been thinking about coming back to the casa for a bit longer than last time, maybe on the order of a month or two. One question is whether the casa wants to take another person on that timescale

sometime soon, but even if that is the case I'm still trying to consider what I might bring to the community, and also if it is a good place for me to be doing the type of exploration and thinking I want to be doing. An [existential risk](#) is a risk that threatens to end or severely cripple humanity. Common examples are bioterrorism, non-friendly artificial intelligence, nuclear war, and misuse of molecular nanotechnology [lifted from wikipedia]. The risk I'm reading about now is AI. The term [Singularity](#) refers to an event in which intelligence far beyond ours is created at a very rapid rate. I've found [the arguments \[video presentation\]](#) for [why it could be catastrophic \(and also potentially very positive\) \[essay\]](#) rather compelling, and so I decided to visit the [Singularity Institute](#) in California last month (I literally happened to be in their neighborhood). I'm considering volunteering for them for a while, wherein I would mostly be working on trying to get funding and people involved, since the group of people seriously working on this issue is surprisingly small (estimated to be around 300). The only other institute I've found that is addressing these types of issues head-on is the [Future of Humanity Institute at Oxford](#). My thought and motivation for getting into this field comes from my frustration with people and communities reducing 'sustainability' to carbon emissions and then calling it a day. A sustainable world is most certainly one that avoids global catastrophe, and global catastrophe is most certainly not limited to anthropogenic climate change. [This PDF](#) is the introduction section to a book called [global catastrophic risks](#), and I think it does a good job of illustrating the claim I just made. More reading/video:

- How cognitive biases potentially affect how we think of global catastrophic risks [\[essay\]](#)
- The 2009 Singularity Summit [\[videos\]](#)
- "An Intuitive Explanation of Bayes' Theorem" - using probability to think more rationally [\[webpage, looong\]](#)

So, if you are at all interested, please be in contact. I have literally dropped out of my masters program so that I would have time to explore these ideas, and I want to do it with other minds. Also, be rational, but BE CRITICAL. If you think this is all BS, I want to know about that too. Cheers, Nevin

# exploring subcultures: vegan americans

The past few days, we've been discussing stereotypes, cultures, and subcultures, racism and prejudism... This is one of those random things I found browsing someone's facebook wall (pirate language: "plank"). I think it potentially proves and disproves a lot of prejudices about Americans.

 **New, Affordable Food and Drinks for 2009 – WSJ.com** 6:27 in the evenin'  
Ship: online.wsj.com

 Sales of specialty food and beverages have continued to grow despite the recession. A look at out-of-the-ordinary products slated to come out this year.

“ Please note the forthcoming Hemp Milk Frozen Treat – which I hope is vegan as it is non-dairy.

...Yumberry is a cute name for a new to USA fruit. Wonder how it tastes. ”

Scrawl – Divvy spoils t' all ye mateys

 **Stace Nikesasa Burnside** 'pon the stroke of 7:27 in the evenin' on Januarrrry 17  
Hemp Milk Frozen Treat? Does it give you the munchies? lol

 **Demetrius J Bagley** 'pon the stroke of 7:31 in the evenin' on Januarrrry 17  
lol, silly – no

 **Stace Nikesasa Burnside** 'pon the stroke of 7:34 in the evenin' on Januarrrry 17  
lol. gotta ask!

 **Sarah Litwin** 'pon the stroke of 3:02 in the mornin' on Januarrrry 18  
Coffee milk Biscotti sounds amazing, hoping it's vegan-friendly!! :)

Scrawl a message...

Some years ago, a random French girl I met in Canada, who had never been to the US, ignorantly questioned “But isn’t it SO HARD to be a vegan if you live in New York City, United States?!” ... I just laughed. Blatant misinformation, based on stereotypes. Here’s an incomplete (and growing) list of vegan restaurants in New York: <http://supervegan.com/list.php>

# Feeding 5000 people on food what otherwise would have been wasted

Yes, I want to do an awareness campaign like this one day!! <http://www.feeding5k.org>  
Same time I recommend the TED talk what leaded me to this website: [http://www.ted.com/talks/tristram\\_stuart\\_the\\_global\\_food\\_waste\\_scandal.html](http://www.ted.com/talks/tristram_stuart_the_global_food_waste_scandal.html)

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node/27767

## Feel free to contribute to European Consultation on Food Waste

Feel free to contribute to European Consultation on Food Waste... open to contributions from citizens, organisations and public authorities. [http://ec.europa.eu/environment/consultations/food\\_en.htm](http://ec.europa.eu/environment/consultations/food_en.htm)

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node/27784

## Fight fire with fire

Hi peaceful people. I started working for an environmental project and I need some contacts. CasaRobino hosts its share of activists so I think I knock the right door. The thing is called [claimer.org](http://claimer.org). It's a rather simple concept:

- They put up a form on their webpage for victims of natural disaster to report the damages to their property and cattle and crops and whatnot. The form is quite general and addresses pretty much all cases all around the world.
- NGOs that work in relevant location adopt the form and make it available to the people that may want to report.
- Since everyone uses the same form, the data is super easy to centralize. So they centralize it.
- If it turns out that the disaster was caused, or contributed to, by some industrial or corporate interest, a massive lawsuit can be put up easily with 1000s of plaintiffs grouped together. Such assessments are possible with statistical methods.



- The victims get retribution, the corporate bastard behaves himself in the future, I win, you win, America wins.

What I need to do is to get in touch with NGOs (or GOs after all) that are on-site, in places where the effects of climate change is already noticeable. Any idea?

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node/4458

## Film screening TOMORROW

Yo kids, so the film is pretty much finished... tomorrow night is definitely going to be happening. Anyone who wants to come along is welcome of course... it will be at my place at 'the couch' in leiden. My dutch number is 0611279203 so send me a text/call and ill work out how to find you/give you the address. Its right near central station so no hassles. Cheers and hope to see some of you there! woot! x lil

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node/2364

## Filming the dumpstering

Hey there lovely casa people... I have been ridiculously slow on getting back to you guys about filming the dumpstering... but have finally made some brain space, so here i am! I would love love love to come along with you, whoever, whenever, when you go, i would love to get as much footage as possible, ask questions to anyone who doesnt mind answering etc.. How often do you guys go? Could you let me know if/ when you go next week, either on here, or email, or text msg? That would be just fabulous! Ideas for the structure of the film are starting to come together, lots of ends running everywhere at the moment... anyone who wants to help in anyway, feel freeeeeeee.... Cheers and hope to hear from ya's! xx lily

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node/72

# Finally, the long awaited “scandal” happened today :(

This morning i happily woke up and went into the kitchen to share some coffee with Chris, and there i was shocked by the fact that someone bought meat... there was a half-open package of meat being there besides the sink. After i re-stabilized, i grabbed it and threw it in the bin :) Chris and me were pondering about how and who it came into the house, couldn't really tell at that moment and so i decided to ask around later when ppl would be awake...a couple of hours later the answer came to me. Rada standing in the zula, chatting with superman and suddenly begin rambling about meat and exclaiming the shocking words...LET'S COOK IT... i felt shocked and amazed by it, since she alrdy lives here for a while and know's about the no-meat guideline. She couldn't find it and began asking around about it, after she asked me i asked her why she brought it in the house and if she forgot the guideline... nicely being answered by “FUCK OFF”...with an energy of “i don't care”..... help....

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node/20738

## Finding yourself

Hi everybody! Hope youre having great adventures, wherever in the world you are :) Speaking of which..there is a new functionality on the casa site where you can update your current location and see where other casa people are in the world! ... To set your location, log in and click on "My account" on the menu bar at the very top of the page. Then click "Edit" on your profile menu. Youll see a map lower down the page which you can play with to find you location as accurately as you wish. When youre done, remember to save at the bottom of that page. To see the user map, you have to be logged in and click on "User locations" on the menu bar at the very top of the page, or alternatively, click here <http://casarobino.org/map/user> And in this way, well always know where kitten is ;) thumbs up!

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node/17634

# Five minutes of Bambi

i'm am writing to the guy who owns the dormant domain name stealmyidea.com (he also owns .net and .org). We want to steal his idea. The first two "open source" social solutions to be listed there are: **guerilla gardeners**: Where the gardener comes in for some fixed fee, plants a garden for with food plants which s/he consults with you about. Then for another small fixed fee, comes in and tends the garden and gives you the fresh food. **sky dry**: A highly environmental friendly (as they so nicely call it here in Europa) laundromat which is a front for a clothes lending library. Where members can contribute by paying either in clothes or labor or cash. Discount laundromat fees for members, to encourage them to share machines. Ideally, drying the clothes on giant artistic flag polls. These are ideas we want to manifest, because they advance sustainability and sharing. The sad news is that **Anka**'s eyes are requiring medical attention and she will need to quit school this winter and go back to Romania for this work. Anka had a wonderful learning english story from before "the changes" - for years the only English she heard was the 5 minutes of Bambi which appeared on her families tv as a child - oft cutting off in the middle of a sentence. We took her off the host list, since she has not returned from Italy today. Perhaps we will put it up under the newly acquired sharingisdaring.com site. The magic is just beginning.

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node/92

## flickr forgets

i am losing my flickr pro account today or tomorrow, and the new will cost around \$24. who wants to contribute to buying me a new one?

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node/665

## For the World of Tomorrow

We can get 5000 euro for a project if it wins the contest "For the World of Tomorrow". All we have to do is submit an idea and to have people voting for it. Ideas that can be forwarded here are any idea that helps bringing about a more sustainable world. The ideas so far include a movie-project, CO2-reduction ideas, and so on. None of these

ideas is really groundbreaking though and so I think we have a fairly good chance of winning some cash here for one of the projects we are working on - or maybe even several if we submit more than one (there are three prizes). I am not sure though which project, would it be urban-farming, or trashwiki, or something else? Deadline is end of this month. The idea of urban farming is [simple](#). We will set up a DIY (Do It yourself) guide in Dutch for how to turn your garden into a little farm (open source). And secondly, set up a network of urban farmers who go and create a garden-farm for a fixed amount, and a monthly fee for maintenance if the people don't want to maintain it by themselves. To submit the idea, we could also just submit the idea for the DIY-guide. Another question, would this project be best fitted in [trashwiki](#) alternatives section or in the section of Free Social Solutions in [sharewiki](#)? Your thoughts please.

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node/130

## for your eyes only

there sometimes might be a need to only show certain stories to authenticated users only, so here we go. you can only see this node, when logged in as an authenticated user... When you add a node, below you will find the option of "view/Edit Permissions", where you can also state who is allowed to see your node and/or edit. With this function we can now also ditch the wiki we had and put all the documents as a normal page where only authenticated users can edit... In other words, you can edit this specific post! Ah, and there might be some permission issues still.. working on that. so if you see 'access denied' and you are logged in. please report :) Youhou, wiki wiki (rene)

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node/3364

## free cinema festival

[Pluk de Nacht: Programme](#) Films start when it becomes dark.

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node/4561

# Free Tea and Post

Just made it to Madison, after a journey down the west coast in the Free Tea Bus, Edna. My friend Guisepi serves free tea out of his school bus wherever he happens to be, and lives in it too. We decided to combine powers and do free tea and letter writing. Had some great participation, everyone writing letters and sipping hot liquids on winter evenings in Washington, Oregon and California. Lots of fun! More stories and photos on [freeteaparty.org](http://freeteaparty.org) Check out his website, it's beautiful :) Love to you all!!!!!! lily

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node/15666

# Free the Books: Open Library this Friday

It has been suggested multiple times, so it actually becomes time that we organise an open library day. We have over 30 books that we already share among people that pass by the house, but this pile has grown so much lately that we don't have enough bookshelves anymore! For this friday (which also happens to be my birthday - sweet!) we'll have an open casa-day, especially for people who want a new book while traveling, who want to swap their book or who want to bring home-made cookies :) We especially call for those books that you really want to share; not those books you want to get rid of. We like books in multiple languages: we currently have books in English, Dutch, German, French and in Hebrew. We have books about hitchhiking, survival wisdom, open manufacturing, revolutions, sex, war, home gardening/ farming, and quite a few famous novels that you always wanted to read. Apart from some books, do not hesitate to bring a new oven, some teapots (at least!), and your own specialities in terms of food: cakes, cookies, etc. (as long as it is vegan/ vegetarian and preferably home-made). Bewelcome this Friday the 10th after 16:00 hours. We are open until around 20:00-21:00 or maybe even later. Ah, and if you would like to share books, but you cannot come on this day, you can also come on the Thursday night dinner and leave some of your books :)

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node/2426

# Freeloading

So, Jeppe brought this up back when we were in Krakow heading towards 7/8/9, and it's come up a number of times since then. I've been looking at the matter constructively, and was wondering what some of the casa folks think... Do you consider yourself to be freeloading? When you hitch-hike, dumpster dive, squat, etc? Sure, you're getting something for free, there's no question about that. And if you've got no money/liquid capital, you've got to live and survive, so living free makes sense... But what about those who do have something to contribute, and consciously choose not to? Or those with the potential to contribute to society, but do not? As travelers, we theoretically play an important part in supporting a significant economy in many countries: tourism. When we choose not to contribute towards that, are we standing up against capitalism, or depriving those whom are trying to live their own lives of the lifeblood which has supported them for generations? I recall Croatia, where I had a discussion with some locals whom were VERY upset that I had camped on an island. They pointed out that I was essentially stealing from the locals whom make their living renting out rooms to travelers. It's not the way \*I\* live my life, but just as I would want them to respect what I do, so should I respect their lives. Where is the balance?

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node/9295

## From Casa to Gorleben

Kardan and i hitched out of the Casa starting late Wednesday. We zigzagged our way across the Netherlands, never waiting long, but having some less than perfect places to hitch from. My old illusions about hitching at night we quickly displaced. Kardan is fearless in his quiet way. Asking everyone at the gas stations for a lift. When we finally made it to the German boarder, the sun was already setting and we were far from Braunschweig (sp?). Kardan asked several drivers and the good news was we found one willing to take us and going all the way to our destination. The bad news was he spoke only German and he was a nationalist, a friendly one, but a nationalist none the less and Kardan had to spend many hours talking with him mostly not about politics while i slept off the Casa late night lifestyle in the back of the car. When we got to the final gas station there was Gunnar hitching on the Berlin so i jump from Kardan to

Gunnar as my linguistic guide thru Deutcheland and headed off towards Berlin. Our first ride took us all the way to the Michtenburg gas station, just outside Berlin. Sadly it was going so fast we ended up there at 2 in the morning and all the traffic for an hour was Polish drivers (and Belorussians and further east) taking cars back over the next boarder and no one was heading in to Berlin. So Gunnar and i ultimately walked in to town and caught the regional train into Berlin at 4:30 in the morning. I spent a charming day in Belzig with my dear friend Tobais (formerly Frodo) and then headed off to Gorleben to speak at an international presentaion on nuclear power and reconnect with my old friend Lucifer (see [butthedevil.blogspot.com](http://butthedevil.blogspot.com)).

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node/132

## from dumpster to catwalk

Louis Vuitton's new "Raindrop Besace" handbags, retailing for \$1,960.00 USD, look exactly like trash bags with leather straps. <http://tinyurl.com/louisvuittontrashbags>

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node/9490

## from little things, big things grow

The casa was my only reason to come to Amsterdam and had a lot to do with why I stayed. For the most part, I was unaware of the fact that I was living in Holland (except for the weather, which kept me grounded). In fact, I was not living in the Netherlands at all; I was living in the casa, whether inside or outside of it. In casa, I could dare to be myself and witness the reflection in others. In casa, I grew a family. In casa, I could travel by means of standing still. Stand still senza stand-by: motionless change, seamless nomadism, boundless voyage. Breakthrough: Time passes in non-linear ways. Hours at the casa flew by, but in those months, more happened than in years. All of those frayed fuzzy wire ends that we were started fusing together and sparking. A whole is made of many parts. [thursday night dinner guests](#)

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node/2400



# From Sustainable to Shared Hospitality

Two years ago we introduced the concept of “sustainable hospitality exchange”, as an approach to understand hospitality and as a framework to see how we can be hospitable ‘sustainably’: on a personal level (that we can remain hospitable), on a group level (host-guest relationships) and on a network level (the social networks behind hospitality exchange). Shortly after we also started to use the term sustainable hospitality as a tagline for the casa-website. The other day though I was rethinking this and thought that we could better replace the term sustainable with the term shared when it comes down to casa. Casa as an example of “shared hospitality”. I thought that such a tagline would be more appropriate for us, would appeal more, create less confusion (as most people associate it merely with environmental issues) and so I just changed this on the website. And why not? The house is shared; we all live here together temporarily and we are used to say that we are all hosts here. And also, we embody the praxis of sharing hospitality among each-other more, than it being ‘sustainable’. I think the concept embraces more of our hospitality practice than any other concept and it even might open other ways of thinking and understanding what casa is about.

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node/11174

## From Thursday to Sunday

It’s almost spring, so time for some events! This Sunday and for the upcoming months: every 2nd and 4rd Sunday of the months casa will be open all afternoon for [tea](#), bread-making & soup. Come early enough in the afternoon to [learn how to make bread](#) (based on sourdough), or at any other time to enjoy tea, a sunny balcony and great conversations. Bring along your sense of humor, organic wheat flour or soja-flour, (ingredients for) bread-spreads and or veggies to cook soup with. Tea, bread-making skills, good company and space provided by the house. Bring along friends and people you think we should meet. You want to come, but don’t have the address? [Contact us!](#)

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node/17312

# Fruta Feia, Tempting Europe with Ugly Fruit

<http://mobile.nytimes.com/2014/05/25/world/europe/tempting-europe-with-ugly-fruit.html>

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node/27964

## fundable

Did anyone already mention this website? <http://www.fundable.com/>

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node/317

## Funding opportunities

Opportunities are everywhere, but especially in the Netherlands when it comes down to funding. It would be good to make an overview of funding bodies and opportunities that are related to projects with values we tend to adhere to (such as [free software](#)). See below yet another funding body that would love to support us. Six times a year NLnet offers smaller and starting projects (budget between 0 and 30.000€ and a manageable life span of a year at most) the opportunity to submit a proposal for support. A project can be anything, including travel grants and one-time events such as hackathons, lectures and conferences. The next deadline for submission is February 1st. ([link](#))

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node/1491

## future “Project Flower Power”

Yohh nomads, im currently in Paris and was wondering if any1 knows a alrdy existing nomadbase project here. If not, plz help me with sending me the email-adresses of people that: are interested in settin up a nomadbase/know more about squatting rules in Paris/are interested to help in any creative way..... Greetz and a big hug, Wrenaqua, a flower child [wrenaqua@live.nl](mailto:wrenaqua@live.nl)

## Gardening thing this weekend!

Hello there! This weekend there is - besides the coming of some bald dude to casa - the construction of a nice pretty garden at SWOMP in A'dam! Under the flag of permaculture workalong weekend workshop thing, they want to make a vegetable & fruit circle! More information on this here: [swomp.wordpress.com](http://swomp.wordpress.com) or an English translation here: [google translation](#) Should be alot of fun :) Hope to see you then, Jurjen.

## Getting a tax number tip...easy and fast

Getting a tax number if you are going to stay here longer than 3 months is HARD as you can't get it before you register at an address = big headache and about a month waiting list. Had a lovely petal tell me about a tip which was awesome faced = go to the tax office and tell them that you are going to be here for under 3 months and if you go before 11am they will give you a temporary tax number on the spot. This means you can do some work immediately and not have all the stressy crap!!! Much love and sparkles...

## Getting along just fine! A project for the casa!

Well everyone at the Casa, when will I walk through the zula again or stay in the cave? I feel I have been separated from you for too long now. I miss the decadence of Amsterdam. The bustle of Centraal Station. I miss the cold winters. The drunken french songs. All of it, I miss. I guess maybe at some point or another I will be back to share some funny stories and times in the Casa. Till then I would like to propose an

idea that I would love to see done at the Casa. I am currently starting a graphic novel/ comic or something along those lines. It is about life and the things that happen in life. It is called "This Should Never Be Done." The idea behind it is a list of things that should never be done, things that have made your life difficult at times or maybe cause some trouble for you. It can be witty, it can be crass, it can be anything that you feel or know should never be done. So send me a list and ask each person entering the casa to send me one via e-mail when they get there. So like this... Never... etc. You get the idea. I got a job and moved into an apartment and I am paying rent and no more trains for a little while but, I need something to occupy my time right? So help me out. Love to all of you and be safe and travel fast! Oh and Davide, I love you. Come back to the states so I can show you how to ride a freight train.

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node/6524

## girls night out

After much debate and fuss, we (amylin, Valentina and myself) finally made it out the door and set off on our girls night out to find beautiful people. We cycled first to paradiso to see if shaun could sneak us in the back of the funk concert but as he wasn't answering his phone we decided to wander around until somewhere (or some one) caught our eye. After a few spliffs we finally found somewhere to shake our booty to the doors, the beatles and rage against the machine. Although the music was good (except for the bad indie pop every few songs) and the crowd lively there were no beautiful people in sight! The whole of amsterdam center seemed to be entirely populated with unattractive, drunk, dumbass tourists. As each of the girls has a different idea on what is attractive in others you would expect that at least one of us would find at least some of them pretty, but alas, it would appear that Amsterdam has an overwhelming majority of just plain dull looking people. Hopefully tonight we will find more success on girls night out take two! Either that or we have to lower our standards....:P

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node/4435

# Give-Away Party

The [give-away shop](#) around the corner is on the next eviction-wave list of the city, meaning they will not be able to take in our stuff anymore!! (oh no!). There is [a party](#) this Sunday from 1500 onwards, and they ask for people with ideas to come by Friday or Saturday afternoon. Help! We need more give-away, not less!

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node/21922

## Giveaways

Yesterday I left my boots in the Casa, realizing I'm no longer going to use them enough to justify carrying them around (anyone who is size 41 and interested in non-leather, water resistant hiking boots is welcomed to grab them, I can provide description or photo to make it easier to find. Else I might claim them some day in the far future). It got me thinking about the free shop / giveaways / stuff left behind at the casa. Every time that I'm there we end up cleaning lots of stuff, throwing things away, not always knowing what is stored, what is abandoned, without people who might be interested in the item actually being aware of its existence. I was thinking about making this whole thing more organized, so everyone can benefit more from it. It can start from something like a list on a piece of paper or notebook. Whoever leaves something for people to take can list it down and whoever takes something can cross it out. Later it can even be an integral part of the website instead of a list, including pictures, details and stuff like that Any thoughts about it? Does something like this exist without me knowing? Is it technically possible for us to turn it into a part of the website (eventually)?

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node/5117

## Global revolution day?

<http://www.livestream.com/globalrevolution> This channel will feature live streams from global non violent revolution spreading across the globe, with the first broadcasts from Wall Street Occupation in NYC that will start on Saturday, September 17, 2011. The channel will also feature live stream from solidarity protests and events

in Spain, Greece, France, Belgium, Iceland and other places around the globe. Looking interesting - anyone around NYC or other hotspots today? Stream seems to be from Greece at the moment. Enjoy!

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node/21793

## Goals in life

And then I suddenly I realized I had achieved another goal in life. Funny enough it was all through [funny drug pictures](#)...

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node/25282

## good food stuff

for those that want to have more energy, to look better, to think clearer, to sleep better, to prevent disease and live a more balanced life. Friends don't let friends eat bad food! What we put in mouths affects us more than any other choice we make on a daily basis. Make the choice to feel good check out [www.mynewroots.org](http://www.mynewroots.org) they have some tasty ideas

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node/10734

## good karma

As some of you know I was planing to hitch Casa-Praha-Budapest-Istanbul but then I got a miracle ticket (hello Shaun :) from Vienna to Budapest. A friend from Berlin texted me that I could get it at the morning of my departure from the casa - and she even started working in Amsterdam at Monday so it was only 10min away with Isolator! Hitching from A'dam to Nürnberg was business as usual, except that we got checked by border patrol (who would smuggle drugs in a hippie VW transporter?!) and I got some of the most arrogant replies on my polite requests for a lift. Outer apparence seems to make a huge difference. Anyway, after Nürnberg a guy wanted to drop me at a resting point not in my map. I asked him whether it was really on the highway but despite his positive reply it turned out to be barely in sight, down in

Regensburg. So getting out on the ramp I see an apparently defect car on the other lane. I helped to push it off the ramp to a parking spot but the driver didn't really seem enthusiastic about giving me a lift later on in return. Somewhat annoyed at my situation I walked back to the ramp and while I was just putting up the thumb out of habit (no got spots to stop anyway...), the second car stopped and the driver made a detour to get me on the last gas station in Germany! I eventually got a great ride to Vienna with a guy who does a bicycle magazin, right to a quite park next to the Südbahnhof station and will be leaving in the evening. So I wrote some BeWelcome requests this morning. There were only very few usable profiles and also looking up the username on CS turned out to be a good idea, unfortunately. But a girl replied almost instantly, very nice and she'll even pick me up from the station. Yeah! :)

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node/5112

## good to the last drop.

'nuff said

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node/20123

## goodbye letter

Dear Casa Robino, I left in rush, as I came and as I spend the time there... not the pace that belongs to this place, unfortunately I didn't manage to keep up with the relaxed rhythm of the house... I also didn't manage to write a goodbye letter before I left, therefore am doing it now. Things are still going fast over here, but am finding a moment out of it to say thank you! When I first arrived I was overwhelmed with the input from everyone in the house and was worried I wouldn't manage to return all that I could receive from the hospitality of casa. I was doing my best, hope that I managed at least 50% of success... I appreciate what is being carried out with SHE and it felt like an adventure as much as a familiar feeling throughout... But most of all, the place was the unique people I came across. What else can I say... Keep moving on, keep being these passionate Nomads you are and I am sure to come across you again- in flesh or in spirit. Thank you Ania Micińska

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node/8322



# Great Hobonia

Great Hobonia is an independent country without any defined borders and without hierarchies or leaders. It is situated in the south end of the Balkans, and is circled by Greece. It aims to be a sustainable community of open-minded people, who choose to live a rural anarchist life. The number of inhabitants varies between 0 and 15. We have some infrastructure that we are working with and we are trying to improve what we already have and expand as and when necessary to reach the ultimate goal of complete self-sustainability. There is a bricks and mortar house, a similar warehouse, a total of 12 acres of land (of which we are only using 1 currently), 3 motor vehicles (2 that can be lived in), a caravan (that can be lived in), a shed, 3 bicycles and several parts for building more, a recording studio (still in boxes, waiting to be set up), way too many musical instruments, a workshop for vehicles, metalworking, woodworking, electronics, some basic farming equipment, firewood chopping equipment, and probably more that I'm forgetting. We mainly use wood for heating, we try to establish permaculture gardens, and retreat from all addictions of modern capitalist life. We don't have direct access to the internet, but there is internet access hotspots nearby for the recovering addicts. But we are working on having a HoboNet instead of the internet, kind of redesigning the whole concept so that it cannot be hijacked or censored. We have experimented with many different ways of accepting guests or long-term residents, without too much success. We need a better way of filtering out people who are not yet ready to live that kind of life, or people who exploit what is on offer for their personal gain without any regard for community life. At present we have a couchsurfing profile, which is less than ideal for that kind of thing, and we also use email a lot and face-to-face communication. I thought that this might be of interest to many Casaists, so if you're interested, if you would like to know more, or if you would like to come over, please do contact me.

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node/22586

## Green tunnel, delirium and recovery

It's my third day in the green tunnel and I'm exhausted, I see a big wall of entangled vegetation in front of me. I have no clock and mist has been hiding sun since I've started walking but birds tell me the night will fall soon, so I decide to set up my tent. I

can see many dishes, the best dishes I ever ate during my life, the bread from my mum, the rice from my stepmother, vegetables, meat, fishes, olive oil, mediterranean dishes... I have a kaleidoscopic vision of it. All is for me! people bring it to my table. I've been told I'm close to a village called "El Negro", yes! I already listen to their dogs... Hold on, why is it called like that? El Negro... nero... noir! (black) STOP!!! I wake up in my tent full of humidity and I feel terribly lonely. A pouring rain is falling, there is lightnings every 5 seconds, water is running under the tent... inside also. I have to eat more, I'm rationing my food because I'm not sure I'll have enough. This trek was supposed to take only three days but I'm still in this green tunnel somewhere in those cloud mountains. It used to be a road connecting Cochabamba with Chapare, going down hundred of meters. In the 60s, the road was abandoned and was slowly colonized by vegetation. Pieces of the road have been swallowed by streams, others have been covered by stones. The more you go down, slower you walk. I'm probably not that far from the end but I have no idea how long it's gonna take me to do it and I have only 2 days of food left. I don't want to rot there, want to see my friends again, situation is becoming too dangerous. I make the decision to go back, it's not an easy one, will have to climb back this bloody mountain, 3 days again. When morning comes, it is still raining, have to hurry up because food is running off. So I start walking, I have to go under trunks, over rocks covered by inextricable plants, cross ravines, go into the water. I've done it already so it might be okay but I can't make any mistake. If I get hurt I'm fucked. Nobody know I'm here, would take months to discover my skeleton. I start thinking on Vietnam war. This exuberant vegetation, rain, mud, stressfull situation remind me that. But wait, why am I thinking on the US Vietnam war? Why not the french one? Probably because french didn't make good movies about it so I don't have the images on my subconscious. Probably one of the reasons antiamericanism is so widespread is because American are good movie makers. And also who know about Dutch crimes of war? Who know about what did this "peacefull" nation in East Indies? Who in Netherlands even know the name of Raymond Westerling? I fall down in the water between two trunks. Have to stay focused on my way. I'm quicker than on the way on because this time I just have to go back on the track I already made. After one day and half I cross the last ravine. Now I know I'm SAFE. Will be painfull but I'm sure I'll see again the ones I love. As I go up, there is less vegetation but it is still raining and I'm getting cold. Let start to sing stupid songs to go faster "Ho chi minh is a son..." No, another one! I know I will soon reach a place where Bolivian workers are staying, close to network antennas. Will have to ask them some food, otherwise I would have to walk another day before

eating anything. Yes they are there, digging holes close to their shelter. I go to see them and explain the situation. ¿Hay pa' comer? ("Is there anything to eat?") Yes, they say, ¿Pero no quieres descansar aca un rato? ("But don't you want to have a rest?") They are not especially friendly but have enough humanity to read my face and help without asking stupid questions. The housekeeper gives me a plate of chicken soup with bread. As soon as I finish it comes another one. Food is so good, I'm going back to life. After that, I wait for dinner, trying to dry my poor clothes. Totally focused on food, nothing is more important for me. I'm anxiously listening to the guy cooking. Workers come back from outside, they are laughing, telling jokes probably about me in quechua. I'm so glad to see humans laughing, whatever they say. We eat fried chicken with rice, potatoes and chili sauce, typically Bolivian, drink tea and after a while go to sleep on the same big couch on the floor. On the morning we drink api, a hot drink made of corn, sugar and cinnamon. I want to go, but the Bolivians convince me to wait for them. They are finishing setting up a lightning rod. Again, I wait for food, this time we'll eat boiled chicken with potatoes, lentils and rice. Wow! that's real worker food, perfect for me. After a while I am brought back to civilization on the back of their big pick-up, covered with a tarp. Under my plastic burka I'm smiling because I know I'll be able to tell this story.

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node/8042

## Greetings to casa!

After that somehow [complicated trip](#) from Braunschweig to here I really enjoyed that warm welcome on Wednesday 8 pm! The scene was great. People sitting on the carpet around an unlegged table sharing fine food and entertaining stories in candle light and smooth music. After four days beeing here I really can say - this all day life here. Thanks to all of you! While the rest of the [Brueckenschlaeger](#) crew in Berlin is busy with [crabgrass development](#), here we created a [working concept](#) for sharing user profiles and skill search scenarios, between the [Travelling School of Life](#), which is one of my projects, and [BeWelcome](#). Let's see, what next arises from casa and all the connected projects. This environment is really inspiring! The Brueckenschlaeger office in Berlin Greifswalder/Schieritzstrasse, calling themselves an open project agency, is a nice place with many web development projects going on. If you are a coder and like sharing you tech skills, visit them! However If you need a place to sleep on tour through Berlin, they are always open. And don't forget to join one of their

music sessions ion downstairs! Send them a [message](#) or just [dive in](#) (you won't miss the remarkable shop window, which attracts many people day by day).

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node/108

## Grow local food

I know, I always seem to post stuff about food. But here is a good one: a site aimed at promoting growing your food <http://localfoodsystems.org/> since you have all that lovely roof space, a few growbags with potatoe and tomatos and salads would be good up there? more edible plants also in the city, the public gardens etc..... and what happed to the post about a guest schedule? this is how other places do it: if the guest availability on any given day is say ten people, then simply have a scheduler that says the house is full if all ten beds are taken (with some flexibility, since people can always come for a shower, or a meal, or a chat and cup of tea etc). Also since 5-6 people seem to be long term residents, then guests shold perhaps rotate a bit to make room for others. it would be nice if guests can contribute to the house development and maintenance, but it is important also that they can come and just take something, if that's what they want to do Of course that does not apply to burglars, heck.

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node/4332

## Growing strong

Ha, I thought this is a funny image: the stats of our website visitors. We used to be at 3500 a month, now down to 800-900. Wonder how come :-)

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node/27779

## Guaka: happy birthday! A new wiki for you!

Kasper spams the world with wiki, so why not give him as a birthday-present spamwiki?Hey [Kasper](#), what would be better to give you for your 20-12th birthday

than a wiki? So we thought last night and a little while later [Spamwiki](#) was born. Our other 100 wiki-ideas simply didn't give the right feeling as much as this one. So, Kasper, have a look around at your [user-profile](#) we made for you as well as the birthday-wishes you already received through [spamwiki.org](#). And all others, what are you waiting for, [go spam him](#), uhm, congratulate him!

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node/308

## guess the quoted:

“I’m Finnish, so I’m sloppy. You know” “I’m Finnish so I should kill myself” “I came here to not kill myself”

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node/49

# Guidelines for Sustainability

## Guidelines for Sustainability

- The house does not like dead animals nor fish;
- You take what you need and share what you want;
- Once you are in the house, you share the house;

### ‘As a guest: be a host!’

- \* Open the door when the doorbell rings (and ask for the password);\* Welcome new people to the house & offer them a hug;\* Think of others first, before you think of yourself;

### ‘Work Consciousness’

- Look around and act for what could be better/ improved;
  - Think about what unique gifts you have to offer;
  - Ask for help if things are blocking you or slowing you down;
- 

node/4097

# GUYS CLOTHES SWAPPING EVENT (Ladies welcome of course!)

when: Tuesday April 28, 2009 19:00>21:00ish where: Henriette Ronnerplein 5 - III (no bell) Amsterdam [little square somewhere between Van Woustraat, Joseph Israelkade and Ferdinand Bolstraat - better to google it up!] Guys! Men! Male power! In this mood of spring cleaning, let's meet for a clothes swapping evening for guys. To get rid of the shirt that your ex-girlfriend got you (that you have always found ugly), to change the colors that we wear, to refresh style and look outside (and inside)... For anybody who dislike shopping in the city center on a Saturday afternoon OR never has the time to go shopping during opening hours OR finds decadent in a financial crisis time to spend money on new clothes since there are still a lot of old ones that can be of use OR wants to renew the wardrobe with no € effort. Ladies are of course welcome to bring their own and join the night! :-) Full figure mirror provided! Let's just bring what we don't like/wear anymore and exchange. NB: The place is small, so it will be a open house with walk-in's. Please bring something if you want to get something back! :-) What left will be given to charity organizations. No toilet in the place (sorry!)

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node/2622

## Hackerspaces

Many Casa roads lead to Berlin these days - besides the [Berlin Winter Camp](#) partyzone, geeks are enjoying atmosphere at the annual Chaos Computer Club congress (25C3 as this one is called). Daily programme can be found [here as slides](#), or some as [downloadable videos](#). (out of passers-through Star and Webmind are there right now, and I kind of wish my plans didn't require me to be elsewhere...) This one about [hacker spaces](#) was especially intriguing from the Casa point of view - to know that other creative spaces do exist, and see what makes them tick. Even though the organization of those spaces is not meant to be nomad-supportive and in some cases far less open than our tradition of anyone coming being the right people, there's definitely a shared philosophy with parts of the Casa life: building stuff (whatever it is, hardware, software, art). [Hackerspaces.org](#) provides a connectivity platform - lists of

locations, twitter account, IRC channel etc. Want some more? [NYC hacker space](#), [go google!](#)

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node/1007

## hacking the wireless

We have three wireless routers in the house but we are not using them to the full advantage. The first one is called “Tyler Durden”, the second “Life Is Too Important To Be Taken” and the third one is a [Fon-hotspot](#). The ideal would be that we use one or two of these routers to [share internet](#), and since the Fon-router has a great antenna attached to it, this one would be perfect to share our internet with at least 50 households. There is however one big problem with this router. Fon is a shared internet network. Once you start sharing your connection, you also have access to the other Fon-hotspots. This might sound pretty good, but, really, why would internet-sharing be done through a closed network? I want my internet that I share through Fon to be accessible for all. But the software that comes with the router does not allow this. It would be cool to see that changed and to hack that software, so to allow open/ free/ real sharing. We actually have a great spot on the balcony for a router. There is already an electrical wire out there that we can use to power the router. So we can actually already make the power cable connect to the router and use the FON router as it is. The other router could also be used for this (we just put it on ‘open’, though only as long as the house and the open/shared network are separated so [sniffing](#) the home-network is impossible) but the reach is far more limited and moreover the router is not as weather resistance as the FON-router, which is also designed for outdoor use. What do you think? See for other Fun Tasks and Things you can do that will make your Mom feel Proud also [this wiki-page](#).

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node/1807

## halfway uphill

“Öğrenci misin? Yok mı? Çalışır mısın? Ne iş yapıyorsun?” I think there must be a way out of this system. We’ve already figured out that if work isn’t meant to be satisfying or fulfilling, it shouldn’t occupy most of our waking lives. So instead, we work



sporadic disposable jobs for two-week periods, saying “This was just a means of getting by for the meantime...” Then, what are we really working toward? We are skilled, in a way that far surpasses the ability to cap and box spray-paint cans. We are productive, so why should we have to suffocate inside office buildings? We are far more interesting than the parents of the children we’ve babysat for. Why do we let things that we are not passionate about cause us physical and psychological pain? I met a man in his late thirties working as a night-clerk in a 24-hour petrol station in the Spanish plains, who had studied Eastern medicine. I met a writer who works as a trucker, hauling around radioactive materials. I’ve met many artists who don’t work at all, anymore. I’ve realized something lately: at some point or another, we’ve all been talked out of our dreams. The grown-ups I grew up around discouraged me from doing beautiful things, so up until now, I never seemed to consider really “applying”. I’m not where I want to be. I’m only halfway uphill.

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node/4988

## Hallucinogens for the Peace Process

A Call for the Use of Hallucinogens in the Middle East Peace Process, the 1st sentence that came up in my mind when I woke up in the New Year. And why not? Let’s make a call, send it around and have it endorsed by various organisations. Having seen that all means have failed so far to create the right circumstances for peace in Israel/Palestine it could actually yield much better results than anything else. And imagine, what could now be better, than to see political appointed leaders of Palestine, the United States and Israel using drugs together, while gaining a wider understanding of the Self and drawing a peace-plan for the Middle East? [[Hallucinogens|Go to the call]]

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node/1039

## Happy Birthday

Dear Casa, I’ve been turning 26 in some parts of the world while dumpstering organic BabyCakes in Lower East Side. It was then when I got a magical phone call wishing me a Happy Birthday and even though my hand was in the process of losing all feeling in the snowy wind, I couldn’t stop talking and I realized how grateful I am for the

people I know and the gifts you've been sharing with me. It will soon be a year when I first walked into the living room of the Casa and I just wish to thank you all. To be unnecessarily over sentimental I've also attached this pic my brother send me (well if it's visible..didn't really know how to upload:) Hugs from over sea, Erga

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node/2122

## hAPpY THaNksGiViNg !

"Oh you cook so amazing". People here are totally amazed by Amylin's cooking skills, how she is turning waste into a great dinner. Today she is cooking for 11 people & maybe even some more people who still might be coming. We also just welcomed back Rene, who is just arriving at the right time. We have noodles, tomato & avocado salad, humus red pepper, curried collyflower with dahl, green garbage with cashew nuts and some stuff, a fruit and nut cake, an enormous chocolate cake, and coconut rice pudding with anise, cashews, rasins and cardemom - all vegan. Bisaha - eet smakelijk

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node/298

## Harvest Season / Seasonal Work? (Anything?)

O' casa! After a month in balkan lands and the most incredible days and moments I have ever known, the time has come to work my back out and push myself through the next two months. Plan is to go up to denmark and find some harvest work there, but, still no contacts there that are working out. Has anyone any contacts, anywhere in europe where I could get some work and earn some good money? I can do 60-80 hour work weeks without problem, but would prefer something outside, enriching, tender to the spirit. I was thinking of working the strawberry harvest in denmark for some time but no one seems to know much..any fruit picking would be marvelous Ideas? Inspiration? Perhaps this can act as a tool for others this summer too.. Love, Jass

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node/11385

# have fun this week!

Enjoy the week here! AM off to Barcelona for a week, to enjoy the sun, see some good friends back and to walk on the beach, to photograph the people, etc. It has been a year and a half now since I had been there!

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node/44

# Healthywiki kick off

I just spent 10 minutes setting up [Healthywiki](#). You're the first to know I guess. OpenID is working and I started a wee script that will make it easier to set up the next wiki. P.S. Dennis: try slicehost.com. So far I've been very happy with them.

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node/450

# Heaps of bread

There's heaps of bread, loads, tons, come to the casa and eat up!

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node/20122

# Hello casa.

Hello Casa, Hello to those that I do know, and hello to those that I do not know. I miss you all. Over a year ago I stayed at Casa Robino. Then I was still learning what it was to be a nomad. Today I stand before you a very different person. The Casa made me who I am today through the life that it showed me. I am now very far from the nomad self that I had become. I am once again a student in America, this is my reality. No longer do I measure time by the number of 'thursday night dinners' past, but rather, by the semester. I want to thank Casa Robino, the place, the people, and Robino himself for all that they have done for everybody, including me. All the connections created, all the meals served, all the love that has been given.

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node/20043

# help me get across the water

hello family Maarten and i are upset at not being able to get visas for pakistan, its a pitty but thats the way it is. so we must find other ways to get around the country and get to india. goin to central asia is one option but the visas are very expensive (im poor) and its just about winter so cycling over them mountains wont be too easy if its even possible at all. so we have chosen to go south. we can take a cheap boat to dubai no problem and have friends to stay with there, then we will cycle to oman. the problem is in getting to india without taking a plane. i never want to step foot in a plane ever again. there are no ferries to india from either oman or U.A.E , so we are looking into any other possible option. even a shady smugglers boat is fine. we have been searching for many days online to find info about getting there by sea...all we could find are small cargo boats called dhow's on which some travelers have been able to find rides...a bit more costly then the 60eur flight from dubai bu at least i dont have to fly. but this info about the dhow is just from people on travel forums...no real facts. does anyone know anyone that might know something or someone to help us cross that bit of water?? any info at all will help! i love you guys! hugs

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node/15131

# here we go again

bag are packed, we are ready to go. need to get out of the house as soon as possible... starting count down :)

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node/2425

# Het Geheugenhuis (Memory House) : someone wants to join?

Despite the fact that casarobino.org does not allow me to have a status due to personal conflicts between a bug and me, I still love you and I want to invite Casa's friends to this event: Het Geheugenhuis (Memory House)<http://www.waag.org/project/geheugenhuis> The festival Geheugenhuis (all in Dutch sight!) will take place on 18 April 2009 at Pakhuis de Zwijger in Amsterdam. The main debates are about

collective memory, cultural identity, the role of new technologies in shaping the process of remembering and forgetting. My video-work on the theme of physical memories and the body as archive will be shown there at 19.00. There is a Vj/Dj session afterward. The festival is not for free but I have a ticket left if someone wants to join.

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node/2519

## Hey, that's not the right way !

Today, when I was going back home from the Uni, I got a ride from a really friendly retired pilot. While still working, he was often transporting VIPs. Once, when he was heading to small airport nearby Paris, to take a plane and fly to pick up Edouard Leclerc, he saw on the Ringroad (at Porte d'Orleans) a hitchhiker with "Nice" sign. He picked him up and they started talking about more or less whatever. Few moments later the hitchhiker realises: - Why do you turn out of the highway? Hey, that's not the right way to Nice! - If you want, you can get off here, but otherwise, I am flying to Nice, in two hours you can be already there!

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node/1918

## hippy lawyers for you!

If you have been injured in an accident on the road, at work, or out and about call Alison now at hippy lawyers for you for free information about how you can make a claim today! I will be able to advise you on the best way to become another parasite feeding off the Tort system of law that was originally designed to protect people from the negligent actions of others. I work on a "no win no fee" basis to encourage those who wouldn't usually have bothered to "give it a go" and rape the system a little bit more :D So call today and get the compensation you DESERVE. ( i will bring them down from the inside i tell you!!)

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node/6350

# History of Art changes

Before history test for some reason i always forgot impressionist Renoir name. We have tests in couples so i told my partner that could she remember. She said jes, of course i remember.. its like car-mark. During the test it happened.. i forgot his name. And when i asked friend next to me.. she said Peugeot. I told..no.. it isnt it.. its sounds rong.. but she said.. jes-jes. Its correct. Finally i still got to knew Renoir name. And we didnt write this new nineteen century painter, Peugeot, on the paper.

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node/7416

## hitch field trip this weekend :)

salut there is this climate action camp happening from the 6th to 11th in Antwerp.. somewhere between Belgium and Netherlands .. i say we take a little trip down there Saturday? so maybe we can meet up at casa early in the day and hitch there. looks like there will be some workshops and fun things, check it -> <https://earthfirst.org.uk/actionreports/content/belgian-climate-action-camp-6-11-july-2011> :)))

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node/19920

## Hitch for global cooling in Finland

Feeling sort of guilty about a recent trip up north, shamelessly flying around like there's no worry of tomorrow. I guess that's just the house affecting me a little bit with ideology and all the casa-connected hitch-hikers awe-struck my old comfort-craving bones. Just some examples: \* Slovenia - Amsterdam: 2 days (Aris & Urshka) \* Estonia - Amsterdam: 4 days? (Kadri) \* Morocco Marrakech - Amsterdam: 3 days? 3.5 days(Amylin) \* Amsterdam - Avignon: 11h? 13h30 (Lena) \* Rotterdam - Helsinki: 4 days ([Walter](#)) So next time I'm headed up north (to finalize my driver's license, of all things :-o) I'm seriously considering hitching it. And why not with a mission to make it more fun - [Finland's skiing holidays are in grave danger](#) so "Global Cooling for Finland" sign and some wintergear might raise an eyebrow or few on the summer-roads of Europe. Food for thought? Anyone up for a roadtrip this summer?

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node/1369

# Hitch to Trash and vice versa

Sometimes ideas are just too obvious to not happen. [Trashwiki](#) was created in the week that [Hitchwiki](#) reached 1000 articles (in its English language version). This week Trashwiki reached 100 articles and today we set up convenient links from Trashwiki to Hitchwiki and vice versa. Check e.g. [the article about first time dumpster diving](#), which contains a nice link in the left sidebar that points to [first time hitchhiking](#). And the other way around of course.

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node/128

## Hitchgathering 2010

Last year we were with just over a hundred. The year before with even more, but the destination was easier and we had done more promotion. This year should become a blast. But where do we want to meet and why? After Paris and Odesa [where is next?](#) What are our main aims with yet the third European Hitchhiking Gathering? Do we want to get hundreds of people on the road or do we want to go to a place where there are already many hitchhikers? We want center of Europe, South or East? To discuss these things, to possibly even decide on a location and what else, we are [meeting](#) in the weekend of 13-14 of March in Berlin. Check <http://hitchgathering.org> & <http://hitchwiki.org/en/6810>

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node/9783

## Hitchgathering 2011 Artwork

Only 36 days away... Who knows if I make it this year. I am sure it's gonna be a great [festival](#)! And the one in [North-America](#) is due even sooner... in a couple of weeks. Artwork is by [artymori](#)

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node/19774



# Hitchgathering 2011: Going to Bulgaria!

Voting for this year's (and #4 already!) [hitchgathering](#) in Europe, taking place at the 5th of August, was great fun again. So many different people putting forward their well-researched [proposals](#) but from the beginning the Black Sea coast in Bulgaria got a head-start. At one moment it was even leading with 42 percent! Not any of the other locations was able to come even close to that. It seems also to be the case that another gathering will take place in North-America. Last year saw a small meeting, but nevertheless it took place! This year the date is set for July 15. Location yet to be decided. Check [na.hitchgathering.org](http://na.hitchgathering.org).

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node/18435

## hitchhikers all along

While Kasper [made it](#) to Jerusalem in no more than twelve days of hitchhiking, Kadry (a friend of Marc who is arriving tomorrow but sitting next to Kasper yesterday) hitched from Estonia to Amsterdam in 4 days, with only 5 rides. Around the same night of her arrival, Lena and Kardan were stuck in some random toilet in a German petrol station. They got here today right before dinner-time, after 888 km of hitchhiking in 29 hours (check their [route](#)) And when Lena and Kardan arrived, we received a txt message from Julien, saying: "Stranded. Desperately. We'll sleep in a truck and start again tomorrow at 6. GodDamnit!" Also at the same time, Amylin decided not to come yet to Amsterdam but instead hitch [Marocco](#).

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node/97

# hitchhikers combined



Words don't

come easily to describe the trip I made so far and how I enjoyed the hitchhiking festival. I am very amazed by how connections flow, and how things balance. This festival and the trip was a lot more emotional than I had expected before. The course of actions, the flow of the road, and living it by following it, lead to new lessons learned. The dept of realizations is unknown - again. ...

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node/4665

## hitchhiking a boat across an ocean

We arrived in Gibraltar after most of the boats had already left for the Canaries. I'd been hitchhiking back and forth the Western Europe - Istanbul route several times before I could possibly think of setting foot at sea. So, we wound up here in mid-November, unaware of the weather that would be underway (which is to say: "the worst weather possible"). We spent several weeks here, like a small handful of the boats- stranded- camping in an undersized tent in some polluted beachside ruins of an economically-depressed town through some of the worst storms I've ever weathered. Hitchhiking a boat consists of walking around a marina and talking to everyone you possibly can, hoping that someone will be going your direction, and

that they'll want to take you along for the ride. Now we're onboard, below-deck, still trying to stay dry, keep warm, and waiting for the winds. We've found a 21-meter-long Polynesian-style catamaran with a Maori name sailing under a Swedish flag. The other crew consist of two brothers who, a year earlier, had no real sailing experience. Now it seems like they have everything under control and know exactly what they're doing (and what needs to be done). There is always work to be done. Everyday, some pieces and parts are in need of repair. When it rains, if anything gets wet, it stays wet. If your socks get wet and you leave them in your room, the whole room fills up with moisture and in a few hours, everything feels damp. The pillows and mattresses grow moldy easily. If there are two or three days of rain, you'd need a whole week of sun to clear up and dry out even the smallest things. I mostly stay in the kitchen. I'm the chef. They mostly ate meat ("pasta and bacon") for every meal before, but I haven't heard a single complaint over the vegetarian food. On the contrary, they're always excited to hear the words "Breakfast time!" "Dinner time!" "Cake time!" and so on. Hopefully, in a day or so, the winds will turn around and we can finally head out. I've had enough rain for a lifetime.

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node/15937

## Hitchhiking and hypocrisy.

There's something I noticed about this issue and I've been wondering what other people may think about it – People have many different reasons for hitchhiking. Some of the common reasons or arguments are to reduce waste, to reduce carbon emission, to save either money or resources by using what's already out there, not by freeloading. Lots of times when I hitchhiked drivers dropped me off somewhere off their route. This usually has be the case up to a certain extent; the little they should do is stop for you in a petrol station and not leave you in the middle of the highway. But many times drivers went completely off route for me. Quite a few times I hitched all the way to the doorstep I was heading to, sometimes they would take a certain detour and so on. When things like that happened I quite often found myself wondering about the following – I was not using something that already existed. I was not "surfing" the traffic. I was very bluntly adding more to it. I didn't have to pay for it, but the drivers had to pay for the extra fuel and I felt a bit like a freeloader. Still I never gave up a ride all the way to the doorstep when I was offered one. I was of course grateful for the drivers and thanked them. They saved me lots of time, hassle, money

for public transport in an unknown city or hours of waiting when going to the countryside. Sometimes lots and lots of time, memories of getting stuck were flashing in my head and I was quite happy to avoid it this time. But something seemed to be a bit wrong. What are your opinions on this matter? All of you must have had drivers doing the same. Did anyone ever have similar thoughts? Did any of you ever give up a ride that was going further than the driver would have gone anyway?

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node/9723

## hitchhiking buddy

[Viera](#) is looking for a hitching buddy for south east asia in March-May. Anyone wants to join her?

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node/8312

## hitchhiking hotline, how may we help you?

[img\_assist|nid=3224|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=640|height=480] We had no clue who we were helping out here, but late at night we received a text message from a stranded hitchhiker in Poland. “Can you check in the internet how to hitch out of Poznan direction of Berlin please?”. Rene went on investigating on [hitchwiki.org](#) while we also called in Kadri, who has most hitching experience in Poland of all present. Together they found some good info and we texted the hitchhiker back only 5 minutes later. Instantly we received a reply: “thanks man, I appreciate this :)”. Welcome to the hitchhikers hotline.

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node/3225

## hitchhiking in Colombia

Just sitting here at [Camiel](#)’s place, eating some delicious aubergines (again!), and he is just telling me of his hitchhiking adventures in [Colombia](#). Hitching on the back of a truck, holding on the ladders, hoping he wouldn’t fall off, and friendly people all over.

As he didn't know [hitchwiki](#) yet, he now edits the entry on Colombia which still says, more or less, do not try to hitchhike here :)

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node/14

## Hitchhiking in North America (via Zuphit's request),

-Don't look too shabby and everyone will pick you up. Watch out for cops, know y'er rights. Last rites..ho! Avoid the midwest if you can and middle east coast as there's a bunch of huge cities making it difficult to traverse. Don't worry about finding places to sleep, you'll get offered places almost all the time, just take a poncha, no stove. Food is everywhere. Everything you need will come to you. Even in the midwest (which is quite a hell hole, swallows you whole but is a fantastic experience nonetheless to get to know everything you want to avoid). Avoid Kansas City, hitchhiking is illegal there in one county there but you can just cross to Missouri if necessary. As is Los Angeles (or at least you want to avoid it anyway..). If you're on the west coast, take highway one all the way up (or down). Incredible landscapes, and now is the best time to be there, little tourists and the beginning of good weather. The deep south will be freakydeaky with a bunch of crazy rides. Trust your instinct, you'll need it much more than out here. Canada is incredible for hitchhiking, but the border can take a long time to cross. Try not to cross on an interstate highway as if you get dropped off at the border, it will be illegal to cross and go back..(ding ding ding, we got a winner!). You can probably cross the whole of canada in a week of hardcore travel, Montreal to Vancouver. Vancouver island is an incredible place. Speak french in Québec. Incredible hospitality. Camp out in forests. Eat trail mixes for days. You can always find work if you ask around, even just odd jobs. You can collect money from fountains in big cities (all of it just goes to the mall managers anyway) that little kids throw in. Just be stealth and avoid the security guards. Search for bears. Moose. You can see both on the east coast of the U.S too. Tie up your food up a tree when out there or in national parks. Eat hole in the wall mexican food if you can afford it..it's fucking-a..even in nowhere towns in the midwest. Perhaps others can comment on their experiences?

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node/10368

# Hitchhiking race for drinking water 2010

Hey and Howdi Casa! I would like to share a project with all you guys on which me and some friends have been working on for the last three years constantly. Since 2008 we're organizing a hitchhiking race for a **drinkwater organisation called Viva con Agua** from Hamburg. In 2008 and 2009 the destinations have been Zaragoza and Dubrovnik, this year the route will lead us **to Vama Veche in Romania!** In total we're planning with 75 participants, up to 35 teams and will have three different routes, going through austria, czech republic, hungary, a small part of serbia and romania. The whole race is divided into stages, so people will meet each other every two days in a different city, share stories and enjoy the time. There are different goals of the race.

- raise awareness to the worldwide lack of drinking water
- promote the art of hitchhiking and give people a good reason to hitch the first time
- raise donation money to fund drinkwater projects in certain places worldwide

We're starting the 23rd August in Hamburg, then moving slowly down to romania and plan to be in Vama Veche around the 8th/9th September! =) I would love to see all of you people on the race, participating in a nice project and meet a lot of nice and lovely people! =) Check our website: <http://www.tramprennen.org> and yeah, get all the needed information there! :) for last year we made a 23 minutes documentary, giving a simple camera every stage to another team, this is what happenend: <http://www.dailymotion.com/relevance/search/tramprennen#hp-h-9> Hope to see ya soon! If i'll be able to make it to the 6-8-10, in Portugal or Barcelona, if not: hopefully on the hitchhike race! The Love, The Peace and The Happiness, flying from Kiel to Amsterdam! Malte

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node/11395

## Hitching to Berlin

Why go all the way east of Amsterdam when you can start hitching much closer to the house? To head to Berlin, you need a hitch on/to the A1, which is on the other side of

town. You can take tram 12 and get off at Amstelstation for the ‘official’ hitchhiking spot, but there are alternatives that are easier/ quicker to reach. Last time I hitched on the A1, I started on the Bos & Lommerweg, just before the entry S104 on the Ring A10 going North ([see map](#)). The option that worked for me very well last time was standing at the first traffic lights, holding up my sign and asking people while they wait. The second car opened its doors for me. You basically want a hitch on the A1. But most people don’t go there. So you want to ask people if they are heading towards the A1. For that they need to go over the ring North and East. I got dropped off at a perfect spot on the A10 at exit S114 just before Zeeburg/ IJburg with a petrol station (bad option - [see map](#)) and a double lane entry towards the highway, with also an emergency lane where cars can stop for you legally (better option). From there you can hitch a ride towards at least Muiden, where you will find your first petrol station on the road to Berlin. For further information, be sure to read this article on Hitchwiki: [http://hitchwiki.org/en/Category:Route\\_Amsterdam\\_-\\_Berlin](http://hitchwiki.org/en/Category:Route_Amsterdam_-_Berlin) Happy hitching !

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node/8068

## hola casa

So the site is working, but internet is dead. We had a nice dinner: Aubergine a la Craiova, or something like that. We also got FON working, but yeah, no internet means, no internet, just robino-casa-net. Great work Anu!

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node/6

## Homenade to our cooks





Cooking is language, cooking is identity, cooking is a primary need of all humankind. It is culinary skill, manual dexterity, and the ability to capture the right mix of flavor and spiciness. (...) a sign of humankind's serene relationship with nature and life. ([ref](#)). Those words I just read in the [book](#) Manifestos on the Future of Food & Seed, while waiting for everyone to sit around the table to eat the simple but great dinner Amylin had just prepared.

Dinner is a basic thing here in the house, it helps building community, it creates a nice atmosphere, and most important, space for everyone to interact with each other. Almost daily we therefore eat jointly with whoever is there. We always eat well here - the last couple of months also mostly [freegan](#) - with at times brilliant cooks.

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node/432

## Hooray lightfoot!

**Lightfoot succeeds! (with a little help from Casarobino.com). I received 3 offers within the first week or two to take my camera back to Amsterdam, where I'll meet it in April. Thanks all!**

Shameless Begging: Are you going from Berlin to Amsterdam sometime before May? If you are, could you pick up a camera I left there in Berlin and take it with you to AMS? e-mail me for more details. Thaaaaanks, ~George J. [gjemmott@gmail.com](mailto:gjemmott@gmail.com)

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node/8992

## Hostage situation

Hi Casa, How are you? I have ill news to share with you. Our field agent Tau managed to contain Robino and bring him to our HQ in Berlin the Project volunteering. We hold him ransom until he has filled the house with the demanded love and hugs. We will try to keep him as long as our equipment allows us and harvest as much love and hugs as possible. Hopefully we will be able to maintain it a few days. Also he looks very hungry, so we might be able to feed him a bit before he goes onwards. No one

wants to pick up a skinny-sunburned-hitcher. I promised to give a note on the Casa and will do so soon. Much love to people I meet at the Casa: Shaun, Adan, Valentina, Amy Lin, Kitten and little miss Alison. Also everyone else. Okay, that should be it for now. I will go and feed the Robino and share a little love with it, maybe also use one of my 3 questions. Take care. p.s. Alison, did you make it over your intimidating experience? I am curious and concerned.

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node/4686

## Hosting Requests

Since there are many hosts in the casa, it is not always easy to know when there is how much space available. We have no simple way of getting an overview of requests neither, since they are send to several people through all kind of different channels. Another problem is that we don't have a good overview of who stayed here and when. To change this and to make things easier, we made a new little system by which people who want to stay here, can fill in a request form, with dates, and reasons. Everyone is asked to fill this in, so we can also have a better calendar view. These requests are only viewable when you are an authenticated user. We are not sure how to process the approval thing. Maybe just through comments that can be seen by everyone who is registered? Or create a different type of user (like in: current hosts) who can see the requests, and only the person who asked can also see the approval? Or just through comments that can be viewed by all authenticated users? What is the best way to respect everyone here? So, as with everything here, things are not fully developed yet. We have no clue yet how to process requests and how to approve it or not. If you are waiting for a confirmation, please standby, someone will hopefully contact you. If you have an idea about how to continue this new system, please share.

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node/4310

## house has moved

Thanks to some great effort from our favourite house-hackers Anu and Kasper, within 2 days of existence, casarobino moved to a new location, from our home-server to [casarobino.org](https://casarobino.org). What a swift move was that :)

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## how difficult it is to keep in touch

I am not feeling that well meanwhile I am in my last day of trip in Budapest. So, taking advantage of the silence of our host and of her laptop, I am starting collecting e-mails from Casapeople, so that I can keep in touch with all of you. Surprisingly, it is way more difficult of what I thought. E-mails are somehow hidden, and even more impossible to find are physical addresses. Well, I know we are all sort of nomads with no stable house anywhere, but... How can I send you lightfoot letters if nobody nowadays uses physical address anymore? Then, I would like to ask to our Casageeks, if there is anyway to have access to the e-mails of the people who are your friends in the system and if it is possible to add in the subscription form a space for the address. Meanwhile my friends, please send me an e-mail with your contacts using the contact form of my profile... Hard life of digital connections... molto amore a tutti PS. How do you keep track of friends? Reveal me your secrets...

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node/4807

## How Food Shapes our Cities

Also a great article on planet green about [50 ways to Never Waste Food Again](#)

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node/6757

## How much plastic do we produce?

Plastic kills. Though, knowing something but not acting means the knowing is worthless. Why do we still use plastic in our daily lives? Because it is unavoidable? Perhaps. Look around you, how many of those products is made out of plastic? Here I can see my phone, this computer, the mouse, the printer, speakers, lens-care, cd-cases, a plastic bag, a bike-light and some more plastic cases for one thing or another. Most of these things don't get thrown away (yet), but once it is thrown away, what happens to it? And what can we do about it, here in the house? In the Netherlands plastic recycling has only recently started. A new [campaign](#) and special recycling

boxes are there to make people recycle plastic but even if we would start recycling, not all plastic can be recycled - by far. And Amsterdam is not yet part of the campaign unfortunately. And lastly, we are not even talking about the vast amounts of energy used to produce plastic, some of the chemicals inside the plastic and oil-dependency. In my view, therefore the only answer, really, is to stop using plastic - period. So this is what I have known since I was a kid and I always tried to use as little plastic as possible. But this is getting harder and harder as the economy is depending more and more on plastic. Today for example this also means stop going to Supermarkets, since all supermarket products are wrapped in plastic, even vegetables, fruits, nuts, dairy and all kinds of other products that before were never wrapped in plastic. Though, the pain of plastic is much more that I had always thought. Somehow you really have to be confronted with the facts before you really realize what damage you bring upon life on this planet. So this is what just happened when I found out that much of our plastic actually ends up in the oceans and there is [little](#) we can do to clean it up. Even if we stopped using plastic tomorrow its residue will remain for thousands of years. Most of what is there now will eventually sink to the ocean floor where it will seriously disrupt benthic ecosystems. In the future, the twentieth century will be clearly visible in the geologic record by an indelible layer of plastic, as if a vast rain of synthetic meteorites had crashed to the earth. All we can do is to stop producing more of the stuff. We cannot quit the habit overnight, but slowly (?) we must wean ourselves off this invidiously convenient drug. There is also a [map](#) that explains you how plastic actually travels over the Pacific Ocean and how it clutters to form big plastic soups, ending up in ever smaller pieces of plastic on the Ocean's surface and straight into the stomachs of birds and fish, and eventually also in our own food-chain. For more information, check this [search](#) or see some [video's](#). Most of the plastic produced in the house does not end up in this ocean. However, none of the plastic in the house is being recycled at the moment. To start reducing the amount of plastic in the house, it might be a good idea to start collecting it anyway, just to make people aware of how much plastic even a low-carbon consumptive household like this one produces (dumpster diving, green energy, hitchhiking, etc.) and maybe we can do something nice with all that plastic... Only issue might be the lack of space... but let's see.

# How things are moving in Berlin

Things are happening! We have two beautiful locations, lots of people around and many great conversations, discussions, brainstorming and other social events are taking place the whole time. Weird to see some people still have to make their way here! How can you wait? Things done so far include brainstorming about legal stuff for [nomadbase](#) (social contract for example) and ad-hoc brainstorming and also an action plan for [lightfoot](#). We also have been doing stuff on the website [nomadbase.org](#) and will go live very soon with a new theme. And we're looking forward to hack more on this with design people!. Owen? Amylin? The locations are really cool. We are using two so far. The main one till now is the T-house. There are multiple rooms. During the day we mostly use the front room, in the evenings the back room (which we keep smoke-free). The other space is the Freeshop, which is a 10 minute walk. That one is just awesome. It is not just a free shop like most you might know, but the place is actually a living place designed like a normal house. Things such as furniture and books are present one day, and go the next. Only when a couch was taken by someone, a new one can appear again :) This is the space we will be using the most during the weekend for example, especially since the T-house can be quite busy/ social (hard to focus and get things done!) Check for the latest <http://nomadbase.org> & change your theme in the account settings if you haven't done that yet.

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node/8110

## how to build a birdhouse

as you may know, casa-robino [needs](#) a birdhouse. Well, here is as a first step a [useful link](#). So don't forget to bring some pieces of wood with you, if you visit Casa Robino next time. I'll bring a saw :-)

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node/10

# how to make soap

Ordering [this little booklet](#) on how to make soap and having it send to Amsterdam is costly but if anyone is in the US it would be great if we could have it lightfooted (also check the other booklet of the same author called "[Make your Place](#)". The booklet would be great also in relation to what Jass wrote earlier about [community projects & member integration](#) "How To Make Soap" contains basic directions, recipes, a list of resources, and assorted tips and tricks to make your homemade soaps special. Raleigh takes a seemingly arduous task and makes it breezy and fun, with her charming hand-drawn illustrations and easy to follow directions. A great guide (at a great price) for the beginning soapmaker, looking for a place to start. <http://akpress.org/2010/items/howtomakesoap> Ah, and soon I hope we will have a new content type on this website to make a listing of things we want for the casa.

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node/8962

# human triptych

We made it... It was a very nice sculpture session today (maybe not so comfortable for the models, though). Thanks a lot for Ieva, Martina and Heather's participation! I hope there will be a few more to happen... additional volunteers for undressing a bit and wearing Hema tights are welcome :) These pics are a little preview of what we did today. There will be some more things to come!

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node/9701

# hitchingscool

We had to wait some weeks to have everything in order for our Iranian visas, so we decided to go hitchhiking to Georgia. The hardest part was leaving Erzurum I think... we were thumbing (actually petting the dog) on the road for four hours with no rides...only people stopping to tell us we cant hitchhike. We were standing beside a school where we were entertainment for the kids. They began climbing the fence to come talk with us and help us stop cars. They went to get their English teacher because they thought it would be funny for us to speak to her. She invited us in the

school and we walked with her. This made a huge riot among the children and 50 of them swarmed around but the teacher got us safely in the staff lunch room where we met other teachers and were given a good lunch. Eventually we made it to Artvin...a beautiful mountain village....and spent the night there with some couchsurfers. The next morning we hitched out, first getting a ride from an engineer from İstanbul who was working on some dams in the area. He spoke some English so communication was not a problem. He dropped us off after a 30km ride and 5 min later he changed his mind and came back to give us a ride another 40km to Hopa. From there we flagged another car after waiting about half an hour. This guy was cool but didn't speak like us so communication was lacking sophistication. He was happy to meet us though and called up his friend who spoke English so we could have a translator. He invited us to dinner but we apologized that we had to continue hitching so he left us his number to call him if we come back this way. He took us as far as he could then even flagged down the next ride for us, a big transport truck! This next ride was short because we were now close to the border. We entered Georgia! If you don't already know... Georgia lies between Eastern Europe and Western Asia, it is bounded to the west by the Black Sea, to the north by Russia, to the south by Turkey and Armenia, and to the east by Azerbaijan. Georgia is an ancient country with history dating back to the 12th century B.C and is populated by only about 4.5 million people. There are hundreds of languages in the world but for all of these there are only 14 alphabets, so it's pretty cool that the 5 million Georgian speakers own one of these alphabets, mkhedruli, which has 33 letters and makes me totally dizzy. Georgia was attacked by the Red army in the 1920s, fought with the Soviets against the Nazis in WW2, and remained under Soviet control until they declared independence in 1991 after the collapse of the Soviet Union. But in 2008 war broke out again between Georgia and Russia over some Georgian territories under Russian occupation which Russia sees as independent countries. But despite this almost all Georgians I talked to have nothing against Russian people, they only dislike their government and know that the people have little to do with it, they just want to live in peace. I'm sure other countries could learn a thing or two from the Georgians. So I spent about 2 weeks in Georgia, most of that time in the capital Tbilisi where I met a lot of great friends. First we stayed with George, an old friend of mine, and drank a lot of cheap beers and wine, and eat tons of great food. George is crazy and it was great to meet up again.



Then Maarten took a visit to Spain and I moved in with some friends I met in a park one afternoon. These folks took great care of me and though communication was sometimes pretty shitty I felt like we were family. I was almost convinced by them to stay living with at their place in Tbilisi, but my ass belongs to the road and my wheels have to keep rolling. It was sad to leave but im sure I will be back in Georgia again in the future. To Maartens surprise I was still hanging around Tbilisi when he returned from Spain and we were able to hitch out together. Driving in Georgia is a pants shitting expiience. If you follow the traffic rules other drivers will have no respect for you, rules are for people that dont know how to drive. It seems the rule is the biggest vehicle wins. Having your hands in the 10-2 position is never an option, not even for bus drivers, because one hand is used only for lighting a smoke, changing the music, or honking the horn. And most important...you never pass the care in front of you unless you see oncoming traffic less then 500m away. Our first ride took about one hour to catch, this after many people coming to us saying it wasnt possible to hitchhike, nobody will stop and we have to take a bus. But someone did stop...a Turkish trucker going our way pulled his rig over and we hopped in. Slowly our small Turkish vocabulary returned to our hungover brains. This guy gave us a ride only about 110km then had to stop for the night so we were left at a gas station in the middle of nowhere. We tried to hitch further but it was already pitch black and the drivers couldn't see us until they were too close to stop, and the gas station was not very popular, so we decided to camp out around back. THEN....it was realized that my dumbass forgot my mandolin back in Tbilisi! S\*\*T!!! I couldnt leave my baby behind so Maarten joined my on a 2 euro bus ride back to the big smoke.... Back to square one. We gave hitching outta Tbilisi another shot, it worked the first time so we knew it could be done though many more people again said we have to take a bus. A few hours passed bye along with the few thousand drivers that wouldnt pick us up, blowing bye us like stones flying from a slingshot on mars. One guy stopped and offered to take us to the bus station and pay for our ticket, but we stayed true to the way of the road. And finally an old guy with a few teeth and rickety old van stopped for us. He was rolling on about 300km our way and we bumped along the road with him...as you might imagine there was not too much conversation between us but we enjoyed the music on his cassette tapes. At

one point the man stopped at a small road side market to talk with a farmer. Upon leaving we got stuck in deep loose gravel and had to push his van out in the pouring rain. We rolled on into the night until it was the end of the line for ol farmer Joe, he dumped us out on the road in front of a cop shop in case we needed a place to sleep out in the middle of nowhere. We put our thumbs out in the cold night air and the first cars stopped...a lawyer in shiny fast car. He spoke Russian so Maarten used what he knows for conversation. The friendly dude brought us 40km to a town close to our destination, then I guess he felt bad for us because he decided to go out of his way to bring us the extra 15 km to Batumi after buying us some drinks. We found a place to crash for the night and in the morning we crossed the border back into Turkey and put our thumbs out again. It was a beautiful sunny day and beside the Black Sea a man pulled over his pick-up truck to give us a lift into Hopa. From there we found the road heading east to Artvin, were refused a lift by a trucker just pulling out and waited about 5 min for our next ride from a young couple, English teachers, heading home to Artvin. 70km later, after passing by the trucker, we were dumped out on the road surrounded by giant mountains to be picked up again a few hours later by two toothless farmers in a dirty old truck. They forced me at gun point to play them a song, good thing I went back for my mandolin! They flew us around the steep mountain roads with stunning views of valleys, rivers, and snow-capped peaks, then left us on the side of a dusty mountain road. 40 min and 4 cars passed by the time a young geologist from Ankara picked us up in his new sporty pick-up. Conversation was understood and we rocked out to his good taste in music. Night came early ( 5pm) when we were dropped off at the road to Erzurum where we waited 3 hours in the cold and dark mountains for our next lift. We were also joined by a young Turkish dude hitching to Erzurum so now we were three. Eventually a food delivery van stopped for us. Our new friend hopped in the back of the van with no windows and bounced around back there in the dark for an hour and a half. Maarten and I sat up front crammed in next to the two delivery guys in their late 30`s. They fed us pears and shared continuous elementary conversation as they were very interested in our favorite football ( soccer ) players. Maarten was renamed Ricky Martin and forced to make numerous prank calls to the guys buddies. Finally after a lifetime of closely smelling the one dudes terrible b.o we arrived back home with our bikes in Erzurum. Now...hitching is over for me...for a while anyway. We are 30km from the Iranian border today, in the town of Doğubayazıt, shadowed by Mount Ararat. We spent an extra day here because I lost the bolt for my front break cable and thought it better to find a bike shop to get a spare bolt, then to cycle in the mountains without breaks. Or

maybe we are just lazy and want to bum around more. Either way...tomorrow we shall cross a new border! this is just to help you be lazy..you dont have to type in bikingscool shaun

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node/14752

## “i am never just in one place at a time”

i arrived very early this morning in porto, in a mere 6 rides, which is half of the amount that it took from amsterdam to grenoble. during the day, all of the rides spoke only french, except for two, whom also spoke some moroccan arabic :) on the second to last petrol station in france, i found a portuguese guy who was driving straight to porto. he was speaking to the servicemen in french, so i approached him french... we spoke for a little while, and he said he would be going in the direction of spain. he looked very spanish, so i decided to go ahead and ask: –“¿hablas español, también?” –“sí” –“ah, bueno, está mejor! pues, hablamos en español.” –“si quieres... ¿eres española tú?” –“no, soy de nueva york.” –“vale. nice to meet you.” (in perfectly accent-less english) –“you speak english, too?!” –“yeah” –“és português?” –“sím” –“claro” in the end, i wound up not talking to him so much after all, because he played a constant supply of good music, and i was pretty sleepy, and he was very chill and didn’t mind the fact that i drifted between asleep and awake easily and without much to say in between. he didn’t riddle me with obvious questions the way most drivers do. he only said that i’m courageous, and left it at that. he was also traveling with his dog, a nice dog, neither too big nor too small. we crossed a lot of snow in spain. it snowed and snowed and snowed, and the plows could not keep up with the weather well, but we continued along anyhow, my driver (pedro) sometimes rolling a joint while driving, with his eyes still glued to the road, which was empty and white, white, white. the snow flakes drifted past us in the form of large balls, which looked and felt surreal. “we’re in outer space now– watch out, we’re going to hit a planet soon!” pedro said, over the hum of spanish accordion music... in porto, the sun is just as i remembered it. it’s weird because i was expecting the seasons to feel totally different here, but they look exactly the same. across the border in portugal, the snow continued to fall as the sun rose and warmed the sky into all kinds of breathtaking colors, but porto still somehow looks a lot like spring or summer– how can it be? the sky is bigger in portugal. the clouds move far away from the ground, and the trees grow taller than the buildings (which is not very tall either), and the grass lies low and

flat, damp cool-green against the earth, so that as you ride past, all you can see is one big, enormous, overwhelming sky. it's a shame that in holland, the sky falls down so often to an oppressive human-level, in grey foggy days and clouded starless nights. i prefer this big open sky much more. it's so vast and endless. beijinhos casa!

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node/465

## **I have built a new bike (it needs a name, cast your vote!)**

vote here: <http://casarobino.org/2010/12/newbike-needs-name-what-would-you-call-it-vote>

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node/15324

## **I miss everyone already**

**On the train I wrote a letter home to friends and family describing my time at the casa. I've pasted it here for everyone's enjoyment (minus the part where I talked about how much I secretly hated everybody).**

Wow, so, where to begin... I left paris the morning of sunday the 21st, catching a chunnel train to london. This was also my "first day of work", and I managed to get quite a bit of work done on the train (eurostar carriages 5 and 14 have power outlets, and I found this out early enough to change my seats - woo!). I arrived at my hostel at about 4pm, and checked in to find that the bunks were piled 3-high in a low-ceiling room. Suffice it to say that I didn't have much room. They did, however, have wifi, so I finished off my day of work and then went for a run before dinner. I ended up finding a beautiful canal and running along it for about an hour, which was wonderful. I came back, showered, and tried to figure out where the hell I was staying the next night. My plan had been to spend just one night in london to switch my schengen visa from 'student' to 'tourist'. I had a ticket to brussels for the next day, and was planning on catching a train directly from there to amsterdam. Over the past 2 weeks I'd sent quite a few couchsurfing requests, but to my surprise I hadn't got a single positive response

(I guess amsterdam is popular in the summer). I had also stumbled across a crazy-sounding guy who lived in a hamburg co-op who I wanted to visit, so I messaged him telling him my situation, and that I might come straight to hamburg if I couldn't find anywhere in amsterdam. He replied letting me know that I could come anytime, but that there was a place in amsterdam that I "needed" to visit. Thus entered into my life Casa Robino, where I lived for the next 10 days. I only had time to make vague contact with 'robino' on the #casarobino freenode IRC channel (a very old but still-much-used chatroom technology - the same one used by mozilla developers) before I lost wifi in the uk, so while I thought I might be able to find the house, it wasn't at all clear whether this was somewhere I could stay. So after doing a full day's work on my london->brussels->amsterdam train ride, I arrived at 10pm and haphazardly managed to navigate myself to the base of a building where I had reason to believe I might find Casa Robino. I'd paid 4 dollars to book a hostel for the night just in case, so I figured that if things didn't work out I could probably at least find someone to direct me there. I pressed the intercom button, waited for a moment, and then heard an female italian voice pick up the other end. "um...hi. Is this casa robino?" "sometimes" "...does robino live here?" "sometimes" "may I come in?" "do you have a password?" "umm..no...I don't think so. Maybe I missed it in the IRC channel somewhere? Here... let me take out my computer..." "no no, it's ok. you can make your own password." "I can make one up?" "sometimes" "ok... How about 'helicopter'?" "...that's a very boring password. But I guess it is ok." With that I heard a buzz, and the door unlocked. I made my way up 3 flights of stairs, and arrived to find an open door. Gingerly stepping in, I found a kitchen bustling with people. A girl (who later turned out to be Valentina) smiled at me as she walked by (though she did not stop): "hello helicopter!". I deposited my pack in the hallway and found a bustling kitchen with a few people stirring pots of lentils to reggae blasting from the stereo. I asked someone if robino was there, and was directed to the balcony where I found two men smoking home-rolled cigarettes. "are either of you robino?" "sometimes" "...which one?" "I'm rob, he's ino" "sometimes it's the other way around" (the other one interjected) "... can I stay here?" "sometimes" Nevertheless, I didn't come in completely unprepared. I'd done some googling on the place before I lost wifi, and had discovered that it was a "post-couchsurfing" "nomad base" for travelers and self-proclaimed nomads to live in as long as they wished. Environmental sustainability is a must, and so "dead animals" are forbidden. Moreover, there are no guests. Upon entering the house one becomes a host, with all the implied responsibilities. Initiative is prized, and questions of "is there anything I can do to help?" are despised and considered to be

signs of a lack of initiative. At this point, it seemed like the decision to stay was my own, and so I took some initiative, found directions to a corner store, and departed once again. At the store, I picked up fruits, vegetables, bread, and a 6-pack of beer. I returned, offered some beers around, and set to work making some pico de gallo. I had intended it to be an appetizer, but since it was finished at the same time as the lentils, it became a second dish to be eaten with bread. When the food was almost ready, a few people walked into the living room and rolled out a large circular legless table and spread out pillows. Before I knew it, we were dining middle-eastern style, sharing beers and stories, in the cozy living room of casa robino. At some point in the evening Valentina hugged me and said “we already like you. But we would like you even more if you shared one of your skills with us”. This skill turned out to be my native english, as she asked me to proof-read the first 15 pages of her masters thesis (due the next morning). I happily obliged. Some time later, the table disappeared and was replaced by mattresses, converting the living room to a bedroom where I fell asleep, content, alongside several of the other hosts. As the days progressed, I started to get a feel for the place, and discovered as people came and went which of the people I met on that first night had been short-term hosts and who was there for the long haul. Robin (aka robino) had been on a waiting list for affordable social housing for 7 years, and he’d finally gotten an apartment in central amsterdam about 18 months ago, and turned it into “his little utopia”. With travelers coming and going and weekly vegan community dinners, the place quickly became a hub for the nomadic and sustainability crowds of amsterdam (and the world). Valentina, an italian student of archival philosophy studying in amsterdam, came to one of the weekly dinners and eventually moved in. Rene is a french guy who, about a year ago, came “just for a few days” and has been living there since. On a given night there might be up to 8 travelers staying as well, which makes for a very lively atmosphere. I found the initiative/everybody-is-a-host system to be pretty interesting, and it actually worked better than any sort of chore list. When there were dirty dishes, someone cleaned them. When people were hungry, someone cooked. When something needed fixing, it was repaired. When the bathroom needed cleaning, someone cleaned it. Despite the number of people and the constant turnover, the house was remarkably unchaotic. Packs were kept mostly zipped up and out of the way, so there was a fair amount of open space as well. Casa robino was a perfect place to work. I could sit in the living room, working quietly on my laptop (with super-fast internet) as people came and went, and there would always be someone to talk to or have a snack with when I needed a break. I was insanely efficient and wrote tons of code, rewriting a good



chunk of Mozilla's image-rendering code. Though Robin occasionally complained that firefox was too slow on his (very) old laptop, in general people had very positive feelings about mozilla and seemed to like having an open-source programmer hacking on firefox in the living room. I also was directed to an anarchist squat under a bridge near the central train station that turned out to be a pretty cool spot as well, complete with couches, a kitchen, a bar, a computer cluster, a free store, and wall-art aplenty. There were lots of hacker-types there as well, and I ended up joining in a session on wireless security. Another guy had hauled over a derelict arcade machine, and the two of us set about installing linux on it to turn it into a multi-game homebrew arcade machine (I got Space Invaders running before I left). As time went on, the people in Casa Robino morphed from strange and enigmatic people to close friends. The house itself no longer seemed like a crazy experiment and became a comfortable home that seemed just as much mine as anyone's. The week was filled with dinners, bicycling adventures, canal boating excursions, picnics, and of course plenty of quiet work time. So far, so good. I left amsterdam today, and I'm writing this on a train on my way cologne, where I'll visit a friend I met in buenos aires last september and go to a reggae festival (I built up a big buffer of work before I left so I have some breathing room if things are too busy). On july 8th, I'm off to prague to meet a certain sister of mine. We'll see what happens next. bholley out.

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node/3897

## **I promise not to pee outside my litter boxes if everyone helps to clean them for me**

As cute as I am, when I have to pee on peoples beds and on the couch and pillows and mattresses it's not so cute. After much experimentation I've finally been retrained, and so far so good. For the last week I made sure this was followed through and have stopped using the slagroom and started using my litter boxes... Cat's are very sensitive to smell, some more than others (I seem to be very sensitive), but the smell of a dirty kitty litter can really turn them off of using it. They like a clean litter box, where they can dig and bury their poo. They have sensitive paw pads, so large chunky litter is painful, unsented gravel and newspaper are not. They like privacy, so large amounts of people near the litter or people watching them will make them decide to



pee somewhere else (usually the slagroom). If punished and put in their litter box when they do pee somewhere else, they will be frightened of the litter box and go pee somewhere else. After many different types of kitty litter and trials and errors this is the method that seems to work for me: -Everyday use the scoop to remove chunks of shit and pee (usually I'll pee on the newspaper shreds) -Once a week the litter needs to be fully cleaned and sanitized: \*Remove all the litter \*Rise the box with hot water in the shower \*Put a small amount of baking soda and vinegar in the box and scrub \*Rise with hot water and dry with newspaper \*Put 2-3 layers of newspaper on the bottom \*Pour in a thick layer of unsented fine gravel, then mix in some finely shredded newspaper If my litter boxes remain clean and not smelly i will use them and them only. Kitten pee on the beds is not good for anyones health (ask shaun for details....)

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node/10465

## I suffer for you all...

Laying on a mat in a Bedouin camp by the red sea, I can't help but be envious of all you in cold, wet climates. It's beautiul, hope everyone is having fun wherever they are [or heading].

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node/83

## I went the wrong way, so I took a U-turn and ended up here...

So, this afternoon whil planning out my next few weeks I decided to stop over in Ljubljana on my way to Slovakia. So reflexlivly I opened up couchsurfing.com. Half way through my first couch request I said, 'Wait, what am I doing?!'. So I e-mailed Robin, then he said, 'Wait, what are you doing?!'. So here I ended up. Does anybody know of anybody with whom I could stay for a few days in Ljubljana, it would around the 26 of november, just for one or two nights! Thanks!

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node/7987

# i would rather be dumpster-diving

Yesterday, I had a date with Mr. X. If I had known it was going to be a date, I wouldn't have shown up at all. I was there for a job interview, which he had contacted me for through the CouchSurfing website, no less. However, upon arrival, he seemed to think that it was an interview for him, for the position of getting up my skirt. Needless to say, I wasn't amused. Even if I wasn't still in love (and I am still) with my ex-boyfriend, who makes everyone else look lazy/stupid/ugly in comparison, this Mr. X guy was irrationally boring in a half-camatoze, sleepy-eyed, un-annunciated sort of way, with a very weird and somehow slimy, un-becoming accent. That aside, he just didn't "get it". We went to some 4-star hotel's private 20th anniversary cocktail party in Sultanahamet. There was a full büfe (Turkish buffet) dinner, with drinks, mezeler, entrées, salad bar, fruit bar, and desserts. The food was hotel food for rich people; it was not organic, not made with love, not home-cooked deliciousness. The entire time, I thought to myself "I would have been more impressed, and it would have tasted much better, if it had all been thrown away and rescued from the dumpster," recalling how my friend Yan recovered a banquet reception's feast one Friday night in Montréal. I also thought about my friend Gönen, who instinctively returns the sugar cubes from his teas to waiters because he doesn't like anything going to waste, not even the sugar cubes. I wondered aloud what happens to all of the untouched leftover food. "A service collects it and distributes it to the poor," Mr. X explained. I said, "How can you be sure?" "Do you want to see for yourself, or take food home?" I considered it, but didn't feel motivated to stay for a long enough time that would be required, nor did I feel like troubling the hotel workers to give me a take-away box, since they looked just about as out-of-place and unhappy as I was. Mr. X. admired the wealthy people around us: famous Turkish business people, tourism industry typhoons, rich men with big eyebrows and their over-sized bleached-blond wives whom they don't sleep with anymore but do buy pearls for and take to cocktail parties, like this one. Rich Turks look like rich Europeans: bloated and baby-faced, stuffed up on a certain sense of ignorance and naïveté; artificial and remarkably un-beautiful. In comparison, I looked small and real, and alive. Mr. X also seemed to notice that about me in his own sleepy-eyed way, as he boringly tried bad pick-up lines on me in his ever-so-monotone voice. I wanted to laugh in his face, except for the fact that I was shocked by his incredibly bad attempts. So, I stared back at him, "You just don't get it, do you?" On the way out, I asked him about the military in Turkey, as we entered a crowd of people, making rather incendiary remarks about how

compulsory military service is an absurd and outdated system of brainwashing. He said, "In Turkey, there are two things that make a man A MAN: one is military service, which all men must do, and the other is circumcision." I raised my brows and laughed, "Well, I'm sure glad to NOT be a man, in that case!" And I meant it. He took that as an opportunity to try stupid lines on me again, "Are you sure you're not a man? Can I check for myself?" "I don't need your confirmation, thanks." He responded in a desperate puppy dog-like voice, "Yeah, cause you're pretty." And I could hardly believe he was still trying. "You just don't GET IT, do you?" I wished, to myself, that I had been the lucky one to find that feast in the dumpster and reclaim it for a big impromptu party of people who understood. (Photos to be added, once I find a card-reader)

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node/3879

## IBRR

Hey Casa, I want you all to check this site out. I am looking to gather as much information as possible about places to stay in Europe. Anything that anyone knows about freight trains there. Possibly good squats and so on.. Really any information that can be useful to us travellin folk. I hope to hear back from you. I am doing this because when I got deported I lost all info from all over and I am acting on behalf of Highlander from IBRR, trying to gather intel and info. Fell free to check out the website, actually please do. Anything sent helps. Love, Marcel

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node/5940

## If you want to build a Wind Turbine

Dear Casa Robino. May the wind be beneath your wings - all the wings you can make out of old bike rims and haywire. If you would like to build a Wind Turbine, this is a fabulous hitch-out spot to start from: [http://www.instructables.com/id/Wind\\_Power/](http://www.instructables.com/id/Wind_Power/)

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node/466

# If you were a women, with children...

While Hitching from Krakow to Zilina, I got stuck in Cieszyn for the night. While sitting at a truck stop, thinking about life, and figuring out where I was going to sleep, I noticed a car pulling in. It was dark, around 10 pm. A lady got out of the car, and as I approached her I realized that she looked as if she had just been crying. She had a strange stagger to her walk, as if she had just been through something traumatic. By this point, I had already walked up to her, and asked her if she was heading toward Zilina, she told me, in a surprisingly composed voice that she was, but would not be able to give me a ride. I tried explaining to her my situation, how I was stranded, and no cars were passing through the highway, I was supposed to be in Zilina 3 hours before, but No one would pick me up! She went in to the convince shop. And as she exited she asked me if I had asked any of the truckers. I had, but all of them were in for the night, minus a few who either were going in a different direction, or wanted money for the ride. She then told me "I am sorry, I have two children, they are very small... I mean, if you were a women, with children, maybe I would" I responded "So you don't feel safe?". She seemed very sorry, I think she wanted to pick me up. She just could not trust humanity. This encounter crushed me. It made me think. What has humanity come to? That we can not even trust each other anymore. In a way I understand why this women did not feel safe picking up a hitchhiker in the middle of the night at some truck stop. I mean, she has no clue who I am, or what my intentions are. But I hate how all the evils in the world, that other people cause, affects everyone else, and causes fear between two people. I wish we could all trust each other...

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node/2505

## image gallery

[img\_assist|nid=870|title=Spaz|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=120]

Thanks Nitai for uploading some of your [great photos](#) you took here in the house! Somehow though we have a nice bug that we cannot see the [image gallery](#) anymore, and I also just discovered that we cannot comment on the photos! Let's [fix](#) this soonish!

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node/878

# in search of free\* art-enabling electronic goods

My mission for the week is to find free access to decent quality scanner(s) and printer(s), and/or to obtain these items for the casa. I posted on Freecycle Amsterdam already. Does anyone know where else to search?

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node/273

## Inspirational pilgrimage

Hi kids I've started writing a book about changing the world (boring!) with Jesus (shoking!). Amsterdam will be on my sort-of way next week and I believe Casarobino is a good place to find inspiration and new ideas. Who's gonna be there ? I'd come on Wednesday or Thursday. Yipee! Julien

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node/1305

## Inspirations and Connections

Beautiful Casa, Wow, what a week of connections it has been. My house mate Ginny and I set off on a little hitchhiking journey down to Asheville North Carolina, where her sweetheart lives doing primitive living workshops etc... I have been learning how to make bows and arrows (from bamboo, feathers and rocks), how to live in huts built from sticks and leaves, how to eat only wild food, how to tan hides (from roadkill) and make them into bags/clothes/tools... and lots of other interesting things.. and now i am back in town, staying in a lovely community house here that seeks to connect with a whole bunch of folks, hitchhikers, sailors, lightfooters etc... and it's been so fun sharing Casa stories and other inspirational places that ive found on my travels.. And i'm staying in a room here, that belongs to someone who is at Twin Oaks... and i met someone else a few days ago who new Paxus and willow wand other twin oaks crew... mmm yeah, it's just great that this wonderful world of community spreads so far and wide. Thank you!!

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node/17815

# Interesting story/journey...

Thought that this story was awesome - <http://www.thatslife.com.au/Article/Real-Life/Real-Life-Stories/Travelling-Australia-free>

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node/22181

## Introducing: Colorado (chocolate factory dumpster diving, armed drug dealers, strange encounters and the unlikely)

The time: mid April, I'm hitching from Texas to Chicago to meet my Czech friend, Roman. We'll be hitchhiking together through the Midwest to the west coast, San Francisco to be specific, where we'll split. A week later. Morning, Roman and I are trying to get to Colorado. We've spent last night camping under a bridge, in a small town in the middle of nowhere, Wyoming. Now we're trying to get the hell out of there. It has been a fairly long wait that morning. We got bored, waiting at the on-ramp and experimented with alternative appealing techniques - Roman drew a huge sign saying "Go green, pick up a hitchhiker", but it merely made people smile, not stop. Finally, we got a ride with an American soldier, who was going to the Wyoming - Colorado border. There, after being kicked out of one premises, we got a ride with a truck driver, his lovely drunken wife and their little dog Ozzy. The 3 of them live together in the truck and on the road. They dropped us off at the outskirts of Boulder, CO - the city we were headed to. We started walking in, minutes later it began raining and just kept raining harder. We kept walking and started discussing how badly it sucks that you can't hitch inside a city. At that precise moment, a lady stopped her car and offered us a lift. She was present inside the store where I asked for directions earlier and was driving our way, such a nice unexpected surprise. In Boulder we met our couchsurfing host, Sandy. Sandy is super chilled and a free spirit. She took a year off college and went wandering around Nepal. She always smiles, walks barefoot, even when it's raining and reminded me a bit of a British girl you may know. We hung around Boulder a couple days more. Boulder is an upscale, expensive, pretentious and pretty looking college town, nestled at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It was

immensely hard to find non-organic / overpriced stores to buy on a budget, but it made dumpster diving incredible. Sandy's friend, Alex, dives dumpsters on a regular basis. Sandy and I joined him late one night. First stop was Boulder's organic chocolate factory. Dumpster diving a chocolate factory intrigued me, I know people whose dream is doing exactly that. Alex surely knows his dumpsters, he led us directly to the right one. Under a few layers of plywood laid on top, we found a bag containing 8lb of Chocolate. 8lb of Chocolate! That's almost 4kg! Alex didn't seem too impressed though, the previous week he got a 20lb bag. Next stop was one of those overpriced organic stores. We hopped a fence, hid from passing cars and filled cart boxes with pounds and pounds of organic fruit, veggies, some bags of chips, ect. Alex also found a box containing several pounds of hamburgers, steaks and salmon - organic and still frozen. Then we headed back to Alex's place to divide the finds, eat unhealthy amount of Chocolate and discuss god and life. It was time for me and Roman to leave Boulder and make our way out of Colorado, Utah was up next. We decided to try and avoid using public transport, just walk our way out of town. It was quite a walk though. There's a hitchhiking technique I've been using lately that evolves trying to get a ride with minimum effort, while walking to a better spot: I strap a cart board sign indicating my destination or the direction I'm headed to the back of my backpack and walk on the right side of the road towards the edge of town/on-ramp/gas station. It works surprisingly well. Roman and I were walking for 15 minutes when we hardly noticed through our conversation that a car spotted the sign and stopped. We got into it and the driver introduced himself. His name is Adrian, he's in his late 40's, and he used to be an attorney until sold his practice, divorced his wife (who didn't seem to appreciate his dating his secretary) and moved to Guatemala. In Guatemala he bought a house, married a 24 years old local girl, still, he also has 2 girlfriends – her 19 and 17 years old sisters. For some reason, he was deported from Guatemala lately. He made his way back to the US, bought a warehouse in Colorado where he currently resides and grows Marijuana plants and reptiles. He offered us a ride a bit further on than where he was going, but he had to stop by his house, get his wallet and fill up gas first. He invited us over but warned us about the presence of huge snakes, lizards and guns. We got to his warehouse. First we noticed the huge growing boxes where he had a hundred Marijuana plants. Next, we saw an army of around 10 snakes, one big lizard and a few mice – his pets (all but the mice, who are his pets' dinner). Then, on the back of the room, he showed us his guns. He had a few pistols and a huge M-16 with intense accessories I've never seen before (yes, not even in Israel). He let us goof around with the guns a bit, but warned us that they're loaded. We hung around there



for a bit, then he grabbed his wallet and off we went. He dropped us off in a gas station further down. On the way there it started snowing, heavily. That day was a cold day. People around seemed paranoid and some genuinely scared of us, so very reluctant to stop. We had long waiting times in the snow. There's something about most parts of America - people just seem too paranoid, scared of everything, more so than in other countries. We've had a series of short rides with long waits between them that day. None of us expected this snowy weather and we didn't have any warm gear. Long day it was. In the evening, we found ourselves at the edge of a small town, not far from the Colorado-Utah border. It was starting to get late when we had a few interesting encounters. First, arrived a hippy kid in his 20's. He told us that he's a traveler too and was worried that we might be out of weed. He knows how much that sucks, so he offered us some. Roman said no, but thanked him. I questioned him about local hitchhiking/dumpster-diving/good-spots-to-camp-that-night tips and he walked away. Second, stopped a pickup truck. The driver's first words were "You're screwed". That was a bit freaky and Roman recognized seeing his car passing by earlier. Then he said "It seems like you're stuck here for the night..." and invited us to his hotel room. He said that he always used to hitch too and in fact this was the first time he drives a car. He drove away after giving us directions to his hotel room. He was quite dodgy looking and Roman seemed terrified, which I found funny. It was almost dark now and getting colder. We were about to go camp somewhere for the night, unless the unlikely happens and someone going further than the next small town stops. The creepy man's hotel room was voted out. Then the unlikely happened. Minutes before we were to take off for the night we got every hitchhiker's dream ride. A large, old motor-home swung by us, slowed down as a women was waving out of the window and inviting us in. It stopped and we got inside. Inside, was a lower class couple driving across country, right in our direction. They gave us a ride all the way to the Utah border that night and invited us to spend the night in the 2 extra beds they had in the motor-home (and did I mention it was cold outside?). They were extremely nice and fascinated by our foreign accents, they've never met anyone from overseas before. The following day they had to park for the entire day, waiting for a check to arrive so they could buy fuel. They invited us to stick around for the day and ride with them the day after that, but we had to go. In the morning, we said our goodbyes to them, their 2 dogs, 3 cats and headed to the Arches national park in Utah.

# Invitation to set up Casa Leipzig

Nomad Base Peers, I wish to invite us to set up a base in Leipzig. [http://sharewiki.org/en/Leipzig\\_project](http://sharewiki.org/en/Leipzig_project) Context : An investor is willing to invest 100 000 euros to purchase a building in Leipzig, Germany. This investor does not want to bother about asking rent, allowing to live there rent free, but he wants to be able to sell it in 10 to 20 years from now. It means, the possibility to buy a building 600 square meters or more.

Proposal : My proposal is use part of the building as a nomad base. Need : The first need for such potential is to find the building to purchase. Online Search : <http://lwb-immobilienangebote.de/index.php/objekte/suchen> + Leipzig can be explored via google maps, street view , by moving the little yellow man to the desired street <http://g.co/maps/ssn27> explanations : <http://maps.google.com/help/maps/streetview/learn/using-street-view.html> Costs and Budget : The budget is 100 000 euros. This might not include renovation costs at first, though this needs to be discussed. The prices start at around 100 euros per square meter of housing space. Hence 100 000 euros can buy 1000 square meters or less of living space + possibly 200 square meters or less of garden. Larger Context : [http://sharewiki.org/en/Leipzig\\_project](http://sharewiki.org/en/Leipzig_project) The Larger Context is one of creating a local, re-generative economy, aimed at healing and reconstructing community in a post-communist, post-capitalist framework. It includes the set up and purchase of : - housing by a housing cooperative, - set up of producer and consumer cooperatives, - usage of nearby land for food production, - set up of one or more co-working spaces, - maker spaces, - up-cycling workshops - local alternative currencies, reducing dependency on mainstream economics and currencies such as the euro. Feel free to contact me via email dante - at - ecobytes.net and leave a note in the “Talk” page of the wiki page [http://sharewiki.org/en/Talk:Leipzig\\_project](http://sharewiki.org/en/Talk:Leipzig_project) /// Examples of Search results : the following streets have a lot of empty buildings to purchase : <http://lwb-immobilienangebote.de/index.php/objekte/anzeigen/42> The interest here could be to regenerate the usage of all these buildings. I can imagine an approach including the local population in renovation, using local currencies , in a deal with the lwb , as to provide access to housing for local residents who are on social benefits. — In western part of town, in front of graveyard. <http://lwb-immobilienangebote.de/index.php/objekte/expose/109> <http://g.co/maps/w33tk> on map ( view which will stay - its calm - its a graveyard ) <http://g.co/maps/gmrqm> It is at ++200 euros a square meter, instead of 100 euros a square meter in some other parts of town. Yet it looks in a good condition, and seen from the satellite view, the roof looks ok too.

## istanbul twilight, i'm in love: my online postcard to you.



Dear Casa: I

am happy in this small world; and I still carry around bits and pieces of you, from you, to you. I am still walking in your boots that you gave me when I had no more shoes left, and I'm still mending the same dress that I hitchhiked across a few continents in, and my life is filled with sweet old memories, and lovely new friendships. I am so relieved to be in the sunshine these days, after so much rainfall. Istanbul is a city, like any other, and unlike in any other, this time, I'm in love. P.S. I tried adding this as an image; would have placed it into the Random Roads gallery, but it didn't seem to go anywhere except a deep dark abyss. So I'm adding it as a story. It doesn't show up in the Image Gallery. Then, what do I know about this website, anyway. amylin

# It has been a while!

Sorry I haven't been good to you guys with stories lately. I feel i have suffered a period of regression and depression. I was deported from Belgium around 2 months ago and have been a bit down about it since. I witnessed the true horror and the sorrow stricken men that are being taken away from their lives and cast away. Although I made lasting friends in the prison. I am doing some train hopping around the states. Staying healthy and refusing to consume and be apart of destructive culture. I am learning more and more every day that my simple existence is an act of resistance. I hope everyone is okay. I want to be back at the casa soon just for another tasty meal. I want to go in depth about the experience but, feel I don't have the words or means to express it as of now. Hopefully all is well with you casa kids and safe travels. OH! and if anyone in the states is looking for a Road dog let me know. It gets lonely! Love xoxo

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node/4093

# It should be simple

we make it sound so complicated when its really not. When it comes down to it its whats right and wrong when someone throws out food they know its wrong they can feel it themselves but they do it because its normal. When people buy things they dont need to drive gas gussling cars they know its wrong but they do it anyway because it cool. I think that being a good citizen and helping the world change should be a simple task as it is. If when your doing it feels wrong then dont do it. its that simple. When you take food out of the garbage after first making you sick that someone actually threw it away it gives a feeling of satisfaction that you are making the world better buy consuming whats produced. Making it complicated i think scares people away from the ideal of simple recycling and not consuming things that may have even killed someone to produce. This idea that you must be an expert in everything you do in this day and age that you must know everything about a subject to put in a word is ridiculous. Just do what makes you feel good! I think the casa should be on a much grander scale and those who wish to learn all they can, can. Not saying at the casa itself but in a community where people can be themselves and slowly turned around with out being critisized. Can do what really makes them feel good always! I think those who have experienced the casa has been changed in one

way or another and i guarantee for the better! keep it up, keep it simple and people will respond :)

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node/9560

## its been far too long!

I've just realised that it has been a dangerously long time since i wrote anything on here so i thought i would just write a quick note to express my general feelings of joy at life :D I'm in my second year of my law degree now and the work load is pretty intense but I have managed to hold on to my enthusiasm for the subject and still find it massively interesting (even contract law!). i began volunteering in the local refugee centre as a caseworker for the advice and advocacy team which is great, if a little distressing at times, some of the asylum seekers coming to this country have been through some horrific things and sometimes it can be hard to listen to their stories. However it gives me a great sense of satisfaction to know that i'm using my degree for good :) I have set myself the task of exploring England a little more as I feel I really should know more about my home country, turns out its really quite beautiful and the people are much more open than i had anticipated. I guess hitch-hiking anywhere in the world will always bring out the best in people :) I miss the casa so very much sometimes, especially kitten and all the people who made such an impact on my life, i hope to be able to come and visit soon! To deal with the loss of kitten i have bought two hamsters, king tubby and Bear hamster, they aren't any kind of replacement (obviously nothing could replace kitten) but they have been hugely entertaining and its strange how much i love those little critters! Anyhoo, i know this is all a bit random but i just wanted to give you guys at least a little glimpse into my life back in blightey and to express my unending love for you all! I hope all is well with everyone in all corners of the world, i send you all huge hugs and lashings of good energy! Peace x

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node/16441

# It's delicious...with pasta madre

Today i made my first bread ever with pasta madre, and it's super delicious :) Hereby thnx to all the ppl who inspired me by doing it over and over again at casa, there will folow many, many more...can't wait to make one at casa :)

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node/20121

## Jam

Ok, so. Dealing with this whole SHE thing. If we want sustainable hospitality we need to start changing the way we eat. No meat is a good start. But we also need to start buying only locally grown organic foods. It would be nice if we could find a small farmer in the area from whom we could get fresh milk and eggs. A produce farmer would also be nice to know. We could do weekly shipments. Foods like sugar, coffe, and the like that cannot be bought locally should all be fair trade, in suport of small organic farmers in poor countries. Since many people do not have the money to be buying such we could sell casa food products to squats, friends, and neighbors. Dumpster dived jams, if we can work a deal with a local farmer for raw milk we can make cheese. Pasta madre needs to be resurected. There have already been several jams made. If anyone has jars please bring them over. We are all out of jars!

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node/5414

## Journey to Texel

Pedal, pedal, pedal, thumb, thumb, thumb. Look left, look right, flat farms, all identical. Stick out your thumb. 5, 10, 15 minuted. Red lights, brake. stop. get in. Ride. Our journeys to Texel may have been quite different, but in the end we all arrived. Two may have biked, four may have hiked. Who cares. We are all here together, out of the casa robino. Today was an adventure. Rene and I biked to Texel. It is crazy how you pedal, and pedal, and eventually you end up somewhere completly different. This morning we started in Amsterdam, and now we are in Texel. I look at the map, it makes no sense. How did we get here? Oh well, does it matter? I think not. Dinner,



laughs, music. fun. No matter where we are, the doos, Casa Robino, the occi, texel, we are all a community, a unified force, we are always us. Life is beautiful.

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node/2398

## Just a little text I wrote today

In an oasis of sounds one can sometimes let the voices speak. These are the times when you're in control, they don't come out uninvited, not to frighten you, not to mock you. You evoke them. You are prepared. The hard part is that I can't let go of reality. I see it, even when the other filters take over and make everything blurry, but other things clear. When the faces pop out and laugh or scream, smile or flee, the presence of the existence of reality is there, there and draws me back despite my longings for free falls. I see myself from the outside, I see the simple context in which the others have built their nests. But that's not where I am, not where I breathe, not where I live. But I know, and I see. The hard part is to let go. And then I laugh again.

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node/4820

## just as I imagined

How I remember Barcelona: Sun, lots of light, busy streets, scooters, a vibrant street-life, beers on the street, great bars, ska-reggae concerts in public squares into the late night, waves, unexpected visitors, random talks, friends. That's how I remember Barcelona and that's how it was on my first day :)

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node/48

## just o song i like to share

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xftXg7hf0O4>

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node/5812



# just ring the doorbell and say @#\$%^

In the five days time from the phone call to flight I had misplaced the paper with the address, me being an optimist said “no big deal everyone there probably knows what casa robino is I’ll just ask someone when we arrive”. I came across [this blog-post](#) of Gary who apparently stayed with us last Summer (and took a plain for that purpose). I was immediately introduced to everyone and explained the casa rules. The rules are no meat in the house. Everything else is up to you. That’s exactly what it was: up to us. You come and go as you please, hope to have a bed at night and treat the casa as if it were your own. You want the floor to be clean then vacuum your hungry cook, you don’t like the picture on the wall take it down and paint a new one. I had a blast and for anybody who loves to travel and has an open mind should check this place out, casarobino.org Uh-m.

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node/9489

## Kasper on the road

Ha, also Kasper managed to get in a truck with a driver that has internet on-board. He e-mailed us on the road in Bulgaria saying he had a great sleep in Pitesti and that he is now on his way to Istanbul.

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node/74

## Keep on Moving

Back since a week! A great place to come back to, casa. The list to explain why is long. I am always surprised to see what changed, and always come back to the same conclusion: it is similar like before, but also different. And this time, it has certainly ‘matured’! I am really thankful to all who keep this place moving further... So, I found this poster just now that I wanted to share, without going sentimental. The text is known by some of you maybe, but the poster I had never seen before. No clue where it comes from, and who made it...

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node/14824

# keep the donderdag dinners going

Some israeli and italian reciepes made love, giving birth to yet another thursday night dinner. Even Salame wanted to be a part of this ritual, so she gently took the bread off someone's plate. Dumpsterdiving was quite lame today from my part. I tried the most eastern market in Amsterdam (towards javaplein) very unsuccessfully. Wednesday dinner was not bad at all either: Giorgio came over with some premium shopping (couldn't expect less from him) and cooked some pasta capresse. Oh, and Kasper made dow for a bread, out of the stinky pasta madre. Surprisingly it worked, it grew a lot, despite his innovative and unpromissing techniches, But he never did finish the job. The dow is waiting for him. It will be interesting to finally find out if this pasta madre is healthy. It certainly doesn't smell so.

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node/4679

## Keeping PastaMadre alive

Through some e-mail conversations I learned that there is yet no pasta madre in the house. This is a sad thing, especially since it is not so hard to keep it alive. But I also understand myself better than before how to do this.

We used to keep it relatively liquid, and we tried to refresh it every other day. This is not necessary. Having traveled with pastamadre from the house for 7 weeks now, I discovered many new things.

1. You can leave the pastamadre in a smaller shape and more like normal dough (as in a little ball) in the fridge for more than 2 weeks easily in a glass. To give it more strenght you can add some oil. It has to be able to breath, so some holes in the top of the top of the lit would be good.
2. You take it out only once in a while to kneed it. Add some water and some flour, but just a little. It doesn't need much to stay 'alive'.

I even returned pastamadre back to life that was stored inside a fridge for more than 4 weeks, and also have been successfully traveling with my own little piece of pastamadre. I made more than 50 breads with that little piece. And what's even

better: it has been mixed with pastamadre from the same cultivation that had been stored in Berlin and Barcelona.

There are also video's available on youtube, see for example this one:

1. If you want to make bread, add a maximum of 3 times more flour and as much water as you need to give it the same form of consistency. Wait for minimal 6 hours, take a small part apart that you use as pastamadre and use the rest to make bread. Again, 3 times as much flour and just as much water as you need to make it into a bread. Leave it for 2 to 4 hours (see how it grows and define for yourself the best time). And put it in the oven.

The amount of time you leave it in the oven and the temperature doesn't really matter. Every oven (and climate, think humidity and temperature) does something else to your bread. The least you want is half an hour, and the best thing is max temperature when you put the bread inside, as long as you bring it down afterwards! The minimum is 180c for at least 40 minutes. But if you keep it higher, the bread can also do with less minutes. Just experiment and you will notice how different it tastes.

A nice tip: instead of water, you can also use fresh tomatoes. Add some herbs such as fresh basil to give it an 'Italian' taste. Add pepper and (fresh) ginger to spice it up. Put these things in the mix of water, or tomatoes. And never put too much salt ;) Some other ingredients that go really well: seeds, muesli, raisins, olives.

Happy bread-making!

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node/5422

## kick. start. go!

merhaba, sziaatok, hello mello! i want to share a website with you. maybe you already know it, maybe you dislike the idea, maybe you need it. here, you can start campaigns for your projects which require some money. <http://www.kickstarter.com/puszi>!

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node/11161

# Kilos and kilos

Anca and I went to the [Ten Kate market](#) today. First we were taking stuff from the blue cans, but then we heard “Gratis! Gratis!” from another stand, with people flocking there and loading up on veggies and fruit. We joined them. It was a bit heavy, but we managed to take the kilos of food home. Meanwhile Erga called to say that she found a lot of stuff at the Dappermarkt! Now we’re making a nice soup and Robin will prepare kouseband. Later today we might head to [STEIM](#) for some electronic weirdness.

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node/26

## Kitten: Everything Is Just Fine

It was a difficult day and a tough decision but we went ahead with it. Kitten was to be [spayed](#), she was to have an operation to have her ovaries and uterus removed. Harsh as it is, it was the best thing to do as far as we were able to judge. We sat around the table several times leading up to the operation, to discuss if we wanted to go ahead or not. In the end, there were lots of reservations but we simply didn’t want to run the risk of kitten getting more kittens. So we raised the money with Pancakes days and collected the 130 euro needed for the operation. The D-day wasn’t easy. Me and Shaun cycled Kitten to the hospital 3 hours before the operation and picked her up three hours later again. She was doing fine - the operation was a success and kitten behaved as always: everyone at the hospital loved her. Bringing her back wasn’t easy. She was dozed by narcosis and had a cone around her neck. The first night was the toughest but kitten didn’t hesitate and instead of taking it easy she joined us while we had dinner and started walking around as much as she could, and even started jumping up and down chairs already. Her moonwalking became legendary, she was walking backwards and forwards, as she tried to find her way through the house. A week later she was tired of the cone and got rid of it herself. It was a huge liberation - she ran around and up and down. We observed if she would touch her wound and stitches but she didn’t and a week later - today - I brought her back to get her stitches removed. She is happy now. She was stressed when we arrived at the hospital and she even escaped her little prison upon arrival but 10 minutes later we were on the bike again and as soon as we got home, she ran up all the stairs from way below.

Kitten is a happy kitten again. She didn't lose much of her character. She has become sweeter (she is attacking people less) and somewhat quieter, but she still plays, hunts and runs.

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node/9821

## la criticona 2009

[http://www.couchsurfing.com/group\\_read.html?gid=3782&post=1617487](http://www.couchsurfing.com/group_read.html?gid=3782&post=1617487)

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node/1639

## Largescale Hitchhiking on San Francisco Bay. sort of.

I just heard about a largescale hitchhiking-ish movement in the Bay area, called "[Casual Carpool](#)." Named something of which Americans won't be terrified (because hitchhiking is scary), Casual Carpool is a great way to miss the \$7.50 (minimum) round-trip charge to get across the bay into San Francisco. Meet-up spots are all over the "East Bay" to help people get across the bay bridge to and from the meet-up spot in the "West Bay," (San Francisco), where I guess we use public transit (or in my case, my fold-up bike). [Casual Carpool Map Link!](#) Also, some of my friends just voted to increase the tax on marijuana in Oakland, California. They can do that? The Bay area is really pretty nice - you should come visit. ~George J. [edit: links updated, and unfortunately it seems Casual Carpool is primarily for people who work a weekday, daylight schedule - in to San Francisco in the morning, back to the East Bay (where the rent is cheap) in the evening. There is a sign on the SF side saying something like "Casual Carpools here, 3p-7pm Monday-Friday"... I haven't tried hitchhiking there another time. Back to paying the \$2 for the trans-bay bus ride, I suppose...]

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node/14418

# Last day of the year...

Random randomness again, with me being still slightly ill, French people making masks for a masked party somewhere at a big rooftop, a group of Germs who arrived early afternoon to celebrate NY's in the city center, and Amylin who bought (her money!) some food for the house just after she and Rene were too late for Dumpstering. It is a nice last night of the year 2008, with stories we just shared over dinner about the 'craziest place' where you celebrated once New Year... the top 3: 1. on a rooftop in a bathtub with cold water (Marlou, she broke up with her boyfriend slightly after this happened) 2. on the streets in Genua in a junkie-spot (Rene with his friend) 3. in front of Brandenburger Tower, doing political theater - appearing on all the news-channels after that (Arthur). Ah, and we also received two new books today for Rene. What else could they be about, then islands someplace in the Pacific Ocean? For everyone who celebrates the Western New Year: Happy New Year!

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node/1034

# Late, but maybe not to late New Years Resolutions

Late, but hopefully not to late Geert Lovink is sharing his "[<http://networkcultures.org/wpmu/geert/2009/01/27/seven-resolutions-for-2009/> Seven Resolutions for 2009]" - nice food for the brain. His works are recommended anyway.

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node/2114

# learning to live

Following a general assembly, we occupied my university on Monday. One more red dot [on the map](#). Where's Amsterdam!? Besides, Berlin-Friedrichshain is currently seeing some action after police raided two autonomous houses, but everyone attending [HER](#) will notice that anyway. See you next week :)

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node/8045

# Learning

My internship ends and so does my time in Amsterdam. Summing up for school and for myself I came up with quite a list of things that I've learnt here. In my internship report, apart from all boring arty-farty stuff, there's also chapter about Amsterdam experience. Being thankful for this, I'll share it with you: "In Amsterdam I have learned: - to make bread, using and maintaining a sourdough. - to do small repairs for my bicycle. - to dumpster dive food and furniture. - to cook vegan. - to hitchhike alone. - to share, to live in a community. - a lot about myself, my boundaries, difficulties but also good qualities. - more about my identity. - more English. - more Dutch. - to move around Amsterdam, to use OV-chipkaart, to cycle 1-3 hours a day, - to cycle in rain and snow. - to pick chestnuts in the forest and roast them. - how to be open and tender to people. - more about Islam and Muslims. - more about Americans and the States, culture, history, geography. - how to draw searching for a good way to draw (finally learning on my own without school, teachers and masters). - more about alternative lifestyles, eco-villages, squatting, nomad bases." Thank you Amsterdam, thank you Casa people! Ania

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node/9077

# LeidsePlein

Neat place to watch people. Watch out for all the tram tracks. Alex exploded a tire tube there!

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node/4549

# less than free

I recently stumbled across this [article](#) about Google's business model for Maps and Android. To sum things up, according to the article Google drives competition out of business by actually paying ad splits to OEMs which install Android on their plastic gadgets (or cars). While I can't wait to hack up a N900, changed my direction links to Openstreetmap a while ago and see business disruption as a rational strategy in many ways, there is a different point that I found interesting: the control over central



infrastructure. There is this huge discussion in about admins having too much power on the German Wikipedia and deleting most new articles due to some obscure relevance criteria. Nowadays I mostly go to the English Wikipedia if I want an introduction into a topic that is controversial or not totally mainstream. Anyway, Google and Wikipedia are somewhat equally important and both have become a monopoly that is hard to avoid. Independence is a key value to a lot of us, yet people give away things that are important to them to companies because it's "free", has a "superior usability", is "not evil" or fruit-themed ;) I'm not pointing any fingers here, typing on hardware made by the [company that made holocaust logistics possible](#). But just as footage showing police violence magically vanishes from Youtube, one day directions to autonomous places could be as unavailable as the Ukraine or most addresses in Istanbul. Just imagine google being targeted by climate activists one day. Yeah, that can't happen, it'd be too hypocrite :-> But still... another world is possible, take back your life!

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node/7786

## Let me out!

There is no getting out of that place! It's the second time I fail hitch-hiking away from Amsterdam! And this time it was a freaking masquerade... First gas station. Walking distance from the tram. There was one woman in a huge SUV that almost peed herself when she realized I was asking her for a ride. She obviously never heard the roots "hitch" and "hike" in the same sentence. After she finished pumping her gas, she had recollected her spirits and told me I should ask only to men, as women are too scared. I replied that it wasn't the case for all women and we had a short conversation. That was enough to convince her I was human, and she went to the cash-desk with a smile. She wasn't going my way anyway so I didn't mind. That's when a car with a licence plate from Hamburg, Germany pulled in. My destination, 600 km away. And I'd been standing there for 2h already. I spoke to them in German. They were going to Hamburg, but would take me only for 1000 €. Was I still high on mushrooms? After a while they dropped to 200€. The SUV-woman got out at that moment and jumped in the conversation, trying to convince the two guys to take me for less. They asked my passport and driving licence... Whatever. After a few minutes of negociation, the woman told me to go with them. The guys signaled me to come in. Fine. They were hopelessly lunatic. The driver was stopping every kilometer on the side lane and

signaling the cars to stop in order to ask them for directions. They made it to the airport in 1h. The Amsterdam airport, yeah. By that time, it was pretty clear to them that I wasn't going to pay them 200€ for the trip so they kicked me out. In my imagination their head popped like air balloons. It was almost night. I tried to save myself, failed, took the train, the bus and rang the Casarobino bell once more than planned. God Damnit! Remember that song? "you can check out any time you like, but you can never leave"

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node/121

## let's get away from here.

[![P80206221](http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2434/3787270144\_474d92a61e.jpg)](http://www.flickr.com/photos/amylin/3787270144/ "P80206221 di amylin, su Flickr") i want to record all of the crazy rants that have been streaming through my mind in the past few days, but i find myself unable to, somewhat incapacitated, and buzzing with one-liners devoid of actual descriptions or explanations; everything just at the tip of the tongue and unable to be uttered. where were we? where did we go? this is to be filed under: "i don't know". this is to be filed under: "remember me later." this is to be filed under: "that was a long walk to absolutely nowhere, with everything in mind." this is to be filed under: "we went on a trip together, one night, that we never saw coming and didn't know how to return from, but when we did come back, some things had changed, or our perceptions were never quite right to begin with, perhaps."

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node/4530

## let's get visual

[Cecilia Carlstedt](#) [Hope Gangloff](#) [Silja Goetz](#)

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node/300

# Lets stop throwing out last nights dinner.

We should start sharing recipes for leftover foods, For example, the other day Martina made a wonderful lunch out of our previous nights dinner of cous cous and baked vegetables by adding eggs, and frying it. Or how about baking left over pasta with cheese, olive oil, and some herbs on top? Any more ideas?

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node/5576

## Letter: The cruel destiny of refugees in Iceland

Dear friends. Sorry for the long letter. I hope some of you there remember me and my vegan summer pizza. But anyway this is not about me or pizzas, it's serious stuff and please open up your ears. My time in Iceland has come to an end, and not in the best way possible. The only organic coop-café Iceland has ever had closed down about 3 weeks ago, due to the current crisis and a criminal landlord. My group of co-workers and friends also got involved in some activism concerning refugees and asylum seekers in Iceland. You should know that although Iceland has a really tiny number of asylum seekers compared to other European countries, nearly all applications in the past 20 years have been rejected. But there is more underneath this fact: asylum seekers, who mostly got stranded in Iceland after having been rejected by Canada, are put in a sort of hostel in Keflavík, close to the international airport and in the middle of nowhere. They are given something like 12€ a week, and food and shelter. It doesn't sound so bad, compared to the filthy prison-like building where they are secluded in countries like Italy, Greece and Spain; but in fact, they are in a prison, and they are only in theory free to move, since with the money they are given they cannot even buy a return ticket to Reykjavík, where they could get someone to talk about their case. Many speak no English and cannot do anything to help themselves. They just sit in there, waiting for the police to deport them to the first Schengen country they arrived to after fleeing from their own countries. In many cases they can wait for years before their case gets processed by the Directorate of Immigration, during which time they are neither allowed to work nor go to school. Nobody knows the criteria according to which the Directorate decides to deport someone. This is the

story of Nour, a 19-years old rapper from Baghdad. He got deported to Iceland 14 months ago, and spent most of this time at the “hostel”. He and his family fled from Iraq about 3 years ago, after his father got killed by some terrorist group in Iraq, because he was collaborating with the US administration, and he wandered about in Syria, Turkey and Greece, before trying to get to Canada. Finally, thanks to some activists, Nour managed to spend some time in Reykjavík and get the media talk about him, about the fact that he could have been deported back to Greece any time, without notice. Slowly, I managed to get him a job at the organic café, and eventually he got a temporary permit to work and live in Iceland, lasting 6 months. After the café closed, he was already going to start a new job, and maybe one day he could have taken a language course and finish high school. In spite of all this, a couple of weeks ago the Directorate decided not to grant him refugee status, and that’s a decision that no lawyer or humanitarian organization can change. 4 days ago the police broke into his home and told him “time to go”. They tricked him by saying that he could pick up his stuff and his last paycheck from the café later, and that he had to go with them first. He could make no phone call and after a few hours was put on a plane to Germany and then to Athens. He spent the night on the floor in a prison cell, and the following day he was set “free”, i.e. put on the street, from where he could be pulled off any time and deported to Iraq, where he has no family anymore and he would risk his life. He has no money with him and no hope for the future. The chance that he can get any humanitarian support in Greece are really few, given the high number of asylum seekers and migrants there. The decision of the Icelandic government to deport these people esp. to Greece has been criticized by my group of activists because of the evident basic human rights violations that have occurred in that country recently. The situation is very similar in other places where usually asylum seekers get deported, like Italy and Spain. And I specify that I’m talking about a government that defines itself “leftist”, “progressist” and “green”, and that appointed a woman as a Ministry of Justice, who goes around giving speeches about human rights and stuff, but then from her office sends people off to die. It is extremely important that, if you know anyone who is in Athens right now and could care for this issue, you tell him about Nour and try to help him. He needs a place to stay, I think he can manage with food, but first of all he needs to regain love for life and hope. This is his e-mail address: smdel\_992006 [at] yahoo [dot] com Here you can read more about this issue: <http://this.is/nei/?p=4566> <http://aftaka.org/2009/10/16/bref-fra-noor-al-azzawi/> <http://www.icelandreview.com/icelandreview/search/news/Default.asp?>

## Letter to Casa

I'm still on the road. Someone would call it "camino". For me is just life. Here in there. Walking by foot or hitching a car. Living with what people have to offer. Sleeping sometimes in churches, sometimes in homeless shelters, sometimes in people's houses. Eating what i find and what people want to offer. Finding the magic everywhere. Living this life a treasure hunt. I'm trying to be in the present as much as I can. This road brough me joy, sadness, forgiving, teaching. This road makes my feet heavy, my heart full, my mind empty. It keeps on bringing me in front of people who represents aspects of me. Who could be me in the future, in the past, in the now. We are all similar and different somehow. I'm another you. I feel what you feel and we laught and cry together. I'm 30 km from Finisterre (The End of the World according to the Romans). North of Spain. After, I will be on a new walk. Tell me about you. Tell me about Casa. With love, Valentina PS. Kitten: when will you teach me how to fly?

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## life, death, and exams

One month ago a friend and housemate committed suicide. You guys would have liked him. On the first week of uni he stripped naked and ran around our house for no apparent reason other than to make us laugh. I miss him every day. His death has shaken the very foundations of my happiness, and for those of you who know me you will understand that happiness is who i am not just something i feel. BUT he is not gone. I know this. The universe wastes nothing, nothing ever disappears without a trace, nature does not know extinction, merely transformation. I spoke to him outloud today for the first time and realised for the first time since his death that things will be ok. This may seem like a strange place to write this but i want everyone who sees this to realise something about life. I want you to tell everyone who is important to you that you love them. Do it now. Please. The last time i saw Matt was a

few days before he died and i gave him a hug and told him i loved him and i would miss him because he was leaving the next day to go home for a while. I didn't know he wouldn't be coming back, and I'm so happy that was the last thing i said to him. Want to let you know that i love you all. To everyone i have met, you made such a difference to my life, i wouldn't be the person i am today without so many of you casaites! The casa left its print on my heart and i hope my print is still running around the casa catching mice :) and all of you who i am yet to meet, i love you too because if you are reading this you are the kind of person i want to have in my life! The last month has been a test of my character, as i am currently in the middle of my exams aswell, and for anyone thinking about taking a law degree, just to warn you, ITS SO FECKING HARD!! This is literally the hardest thing i have ever had to do. If i manage to come out of all this with my sanity (as much as i ever had) and a pass i will be practically indestructable. I feel so strong just for getting this far.

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node/11387

## Life happens when you make no plans

The spaceship called Terra Mar that took us allowed me some time to connect to the internet, while Valentina is having her second lesson in surfing waves. So I made it to 'Somewhere in Portugal' on the 6th of August, at exactly the right time. But life took me by surprise and my somewhere was somewhere else than the official 6-8-10 hitchgathering. There wasn't anything I could have done about that. Things are the way they are. Ever since, I continued to travel slowly: no highways and no petrol-stations. I am slowly making my way to Sines, following the routes drivers and 'random' people give us. Currently also traveling with Valentina. We are both doing very well. We reached 'the end of the world', we have been adopted several times by different people while hitching in the most comfortable and relaxing ways possible, or walking in the woods up and down the mountains. And the food we have been given by people and restaurants in the past weeks has been amazing. There is much to share, but I can't find the words yet to describe the events that we have been going through. I hope you are all well and am looking forward to see you all again.

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node/13522

# lightfoot all the way to KANSAS CITY!

i went with my dear friend to the post office this afternoon. above his p.o. box was taped, the love letter i wrote to him back in june . written on it- “hand delivered by jeff and libby from new orleans, traveled through amsterdam in october” i couldn’t believe my letter had been hand delivered all the way from amsterdam to little ole kansas city. it was a magical moment, and instantly brought back all the lovely memories i have from my adventure in amsterdam and the feelings i had while staying at the casa. truly a rich experience i can never forget, especially the way it swept me off my feet into such a pleasant and dreamy state of mind. thank you casa, thank you lightfoot, and thank you jeff and libby for delivering the letter. it made my day!

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node/8903

## lightfoot amsterdam - berlin

Dear casa people, last friday i hh-ed to berlin and found out today that i forgot my shaving case (like the grey thingy in the picture) in the cave if im correct. Could some1 try to find it, put the extra razorblades on the back in a envelope and put it in the lightfoot box, so some1 can lightfoot it to berlin and send me a mail to meet somewhere? (or put my email name on the envelope, since im constantly changing my cs-adress) Great, huge, super thnx in advance, Love,lights&hugz, Wrenaqua, a nomadic flower child

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node/14408

## Lightfoot at Rainbow

It wasn’t raining, but the night was still cold and humid outside. After the chants around the circle; after the celebration for our unity with the nature and our own soul; after having had the meal that 500 people cooked, served and ate together, my friend and I repaired in the big white tee-pee. It was late already and a silent, deep atmosphere welcomed us. In circle, people were talking about the future of the Rainbow [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rainbow\\_gathering](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rainbow_gathering). Where to hold it next year



was the main question. But more important to me where the witness of what rainbow meant for some of the participant and where was it gonna go. I was in a Vision Council, where the decisions are taken after debate and speeches. the talking stick was going around: someone didn't really wanna go to Moldova, but to Finland; others wanted to limit the use of internet to communicate location and general info to the participants; one girl crying was telling what meant Rainbow in her life... Finally, when only few members remained, the talking stick arrived to my side. I felt I had something to share. So , I explained. This is my first time here and I arrived only 2 days ago. Still i want to share my vision for the future of Rainbow. Even if we will always have to compromise with modernity, I believe we should trust human relationship more than technology. I believe we should have a lightfoot post in every Rainbow meeting so that people can write handwritten letters to leave in the box and others can pick them up and create new connections. So, I explained. Then questions rose: "Well, we will need a focalizer who has to take responsibility that all the letters will be delivered. And someone who will bring the letters to the next meeting..." and so on. No focalizer, no organization: only a box with some instructions, in a visible place. The night came and I left the talking stick with the sensation that an idea was spread. next year the Rainbow will take part in Finland... I wish a lightfoot box will be there and I hope me or some of us will be able to set it up... mucho amor and letters [img\_assist|nid=4960|title=Rainbow in Ukraine 2009|desc=A place of peace|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=120]

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node/4959

## Lightfoot Boxes in the Bay Area

Howdy folks, So there are more lightfoot boxes popping up every day! A new one was set up in Palo Alto, California, at the Ithaka community house, where Bobby lives... and recently one in Berkeley, at another community house. Here's some pictures of my friend Guiseppi and I making the box for Berkeley out of a shopping basket - just what we found on the street. Love to you!

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node/15665

# Lightfoot - Casale Monferrato, Piemonte, Italia

[img\_assist|nid=7274|align=center|width=450] Where is Casale Monferrato, you may ask? <http://serydarth.wordpress.com> [img\_assist|nid=7276|title=Lightfoot Stamp|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135] Well, it's in the beautiful north of Italy, but it doesn't really matter. There are a lot of travelers there, volunteers coming and going, so I spent the time to make a box, added some brief guidelines, left a few letters in it, and there it is. Another Lightfoot box in operation. You can too!

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node/7277

## Lightfoot Deliveries

Cycling around paris, one corner to the other, Charlie and I had important business to take care of... a lightfoot letter each in need of delivery. Both Lukas' words and Mattieu's delightful little box of matches found their rightful owners, but we're still reluctant to call it a complete success... No petrol was used in the spreading of news and we had fun finding the right address... but neither of us were able to personal meet the recipient. The first was a big gated parisien apartment building, with a fancy foyer and a secretary taking messages. Remi wasn't home (we discovered after calling her mobile) so the note was left at the front desk. The second letter was for a girls dormitory on the other side of town... and after asking several times if there was a way to see the woman in room 421 in person, i was told to just leave it in the little pigeon hole where she will find it. So... letters delivered, but no connections or communities joined this time. I guess that's just Paris and big cities for you. Next time! x

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node/2413

## Lightfoot in Italy

Making a Lightfoot Sustainable Post Box is easy. A cardboard box and a little creativity, put it in the right location, and it's almost done.... After that, it just needs letters. Please write letters for the box! Imagine if the box is FULL of crazy artistic letters for all over the world - everyone will want to become a Lightfoot Deputy!

Really, writing letters is equally important to delivering them. So keep on writing! It's free and wonderful. Write letters, connect communities. Share your creativity, share your travels, share your space. Protect our Earth! Choose the Lightfoot Way! PS. There is a new Lightfoot box in Vicenza, Veneto, Italia. Multo bene! Lightfoot on Sharewiki; <http://sharewiki.org/en/Lightfoot> Feel free to edit!

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node/5096

## Lightfoot Lessons

Ok, so there's a bit of info missing from the first post, and we're all so keen to get these letters on the road... so here is a little more info on ideas: For now (as far as im aware) there is only one Lightfoot Sustainable Post Box, and thats at the casa. - Make Your Own Box: The ideal here is to have as many boxes in as many places as possible. If you would love to share your home/space and open it up as a Lightfoot Centre, that is one of the best ways you can help. Design a box, deck it out with the logo, and get all your friends to start writing! Pop a post up here with the location and wait for the flood of lightfooted hobo's brandishing scrolls of scribbles! This way letters can travel from Box to Box. Say a deputy is only going half the distance of the package, but will be passing a Lightfoot Post Box along the way... They drop it in to the new post centre where it will wait for the next deputy to finish it's journey. Be sure to have the Vow on hand, and get potential deputies to read through the ideas :) - No Sustainable Post Box nearby? No place to build one? If you don't have a location for a Post Box in your life, ask around. Maybe someone nearby is keen to set one up. Maybe there is already a nomadic centre that is just waiting to find a lightfoot way of transporting letters! If there is no Lightfoot Post Box in your city, and nowhere to build one, the simple solution is to check online, find the nearest centre to you, jump on a bike and take a holiday! Make sure you bring a bunch of letters to pop in the box, and take any suitable ones back with you. Lightfoot Sustainable Post Boxes love visitors! Hopefully soon Lightfoot will go online. There will be a list of all the boxes worldwide and a contact point if you need help. Anyone want to volunteer to set one up!?

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node/2358

# Lightfoot mission accomplished

Just before leaving to Slovenia, [two weeks ago](#), I was given a [lightfoot](#) letter by amylin. I was to deliver this one in Nurnberg to her friend Lea. On my way back I finally was able to make a stop-over and stay there for a night. But only this morning I gave Lea her letter, as we forgot about it when I arrived as we were talking, eating and talking, and this is how we immediately understood what is so special about lightfoot: it makes you meet people who you otherwise would not meet. I have no letters and no-one else to visit anymore. I am now in Bonn, visiting an old friend and tomorrow is Amsterdam just 250km away. I might even make it in the morning :) After a great trip that brought me (and also the letter) through Italy, Slovenia, Austria, Graz and Germany (3000 km), I am happy to feel as I do now, coming back to normal Casa-life.

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node/2371

## Lightfoot mission in Milan: community and freedom

With some delay I am going to share the Lightfoot mission almost accomplished in Milan in March. I have been traveling in a non-sustainable way to get to Milan, arriving at crazy night hours. The beautiful thing about beautiful friends is that they share their beautiful connection with you, so I was staying with Anna Giulia for one night: just the time to rest before going to Gorizia. The next morning, opening the window gave me thrills: sun outside and the noise of a city I did not know yet and it was already full of positive vibes. I had a nice handwritten letter by and for I-donno-who and I felt very excited: I was going to be the channel, I wanted to be connected. Enjoying the sun, I decided to take the longest way to get to the other side of town: I nice tram passing through the city and showing me around seemed perfect. People got in and out, moving around, chatting in one language that I could finally understand. A Chinese mum with a lovely baby that everybody was smiling at, got my attention too. The care she was giving to that little creature made me think about how much love we waste everyday. It made me think about free hugs, communities, inspiration. People should try not to be afraid of physical contact and proximity when they get older than 5... But at the same time, I keep thinking about how to balance sense of community and freedom. Are they really irreconcilability? In Italy society is

based on family. Without it we would be dramatically lost (especially on an economical perspective). Family supports, gives cares. But family also limits and shapes us. Sometimes it controls. How can we built nets that have the same supportive value (where you can share interests and find love), without the limiting counterpart of attachment? Without control? Casa is where we can experiment this relations. Where we can practice new ways of sustainable friendship. Even if sometimes is difficult to be an insider/outsider/thursday-weekly-dinner-host in a microcosms of last minute decisions, I feel blessed to be there. I wanted to share Casa approach, and some of these thoughts, with the addressee of my letter. So, I was very happy to have someone answering the bell. A young voice, made curious by the fact that someone was bring a letter by hand from amsterdam without knowing who wrote it, told me that the person I was looking for, was not in. But she came down, to pick the letter. A young girl in pyjamas appeared on the door. So I explained. I told her about Casa, and told her about my mission. Probably too yong to trust a weird blond girl offering a coffee, probably already scared by I donno what or maybe just bored by my talk, she refused to have a longer chat. But she kept the letter. She knew who was from. I did not dare to ask. And I walked away, with the sensation to not having done enough. I feel I should have left her casa's website address or the physical one... I felt I should have give more chances to react. leaving an open door for her to think about it more.

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node/2520

## lightfoot request a'dam - berlin

Yohh fellow traveler's, could any1 who's planig to travel from A'dam to Berlin pick up a lightfootbox-sign and my laptop from casa robino and lightfoot it to Berlin, and send me a mssg where to pick it up/come over to drop it and maybe be hosted by me?  
Great thnx in advance, love,lights&hugz wrenaqua

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node/15945

# Lightfoot Sustainable Post sweeping the globe

[img\_assist|nid=2350|title=Lightfoot in Amsterdam|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=280] Lightfoot is about writing letters. Real letters. Not a complex pattern of zeros and ones, transmitted via dubious technology of uncertain consequences, but real paper, written in your personal hand, carrying your scent and trace oils from your fingertips, your creativity, and your unique, one-of-a-kind style. There's something pure that inspires trust when a handwritten letter is delivered; a personal touch that strengthens your community, however far away they may be, in a way that the internet simply could never do. With Lightfoot Sustainable Post, you can have fun staying in touch, and add extra color to your correspondence: it's no ordinary postman that arrives, but a light-footed traveler, with a smile and a story about the letter's journey. Perhaps YOU'RE the postal deputy, closing the circle of personal contact that is normally so intangible with commercial mail services. And even if you're not a deputy, you simply send mail through Lightfoot - imagine the reaction from that friend you haven't seen in months, that family member, or that lucky loved one, when they answer the door to a smiling stranger holding a note or a package especially delivered just for them. De-light-ful! And Lightfoot is sustainable delivery - no worries about participating in an industry of waste; no "grey area" environmental safety mysteries, no "par avion" sticker. Instead of relying on oil-dependent aircraft to speed around the world leaving chemicals in their wake, your letter will be carried by a Lightfoot deputy, a trustworthy volunteer that's already headed that way, eco-friendly and traveling Light. Write letters, connect communities. Share your creativity, share your travels, share your space. Protect our Earth! Choose the Lightfoot Way! WHAT? Lightfoot is a postal delivery community, expanding across the globe, connecting people together and living in harmony with the Earth. An open source service - Participate! WHY? Letters are great, but if all you do is drop it off at the post office, without a thought for what method they'll use to deliver it, or where your money actually goes, it's hard to tell just how much environmental impact you're having. The only real option to send post sustainably is the Lightfoot Way; which not only maintains a carbon-light footprint, but also connects people and builds community, fostering a sharing environment based on trust. WHERE? ANYWHERE Casa Robino WHEN? NOW - Write a letter! Have it delivered absolutely free! As for when it will be delivered, your letter will be picked up by the next person passing

through and on their way to somewhere nearby the address. Time-sensitive post will require more expedient methods - coming soon: SuperFast Lightfoot Sustainable Post! WHO? Anyone can become a Lightfoot Postal Deputy - just drop a letter of your own in the box, and if there's one addressed to somewhere near your destination, take the Vow, and join the ranks of people who've found a better alternative to airmail consumption. DEPUTY APPLICATION INSTRUCTIONS Take it seriously Think ahead and know where to go Travel Light! This means using alternative transport only, and stay aware while you carry a Lightfoot badge - Lightfoot deputies are true champions of the Earth! Don't hurry Don't settle Lightfoot Vow: repeat the following words aloud: "I am open, not closed. I trust myself, I trust others. I travel Light and stay aware. I protect solidarity. I hereby invoke my promise to deliver this parcel." HOW? Write more letters! Maybe a quick note to say hello, or a "Hey does this Lightfoot thing actually work?", or to let your family know you're thinking of them; maybe an inspired rant, or a profound love letter, etched with emotion or doused in hope. Anything you think to write - just reach out to someone! Friends, family, lovers, strangers - everyone loves to get letters, and Lightfoot letters are the best kind! Then, pick up a letter! Reach on in there and see if there's anything going your way. If so, deputize yourself and off you go! Take it seriously - people are counting on you! Travel Light! Think about how you're living while you're carrying the letter. Walking, cycling; hitchhiking, sailing; choose sustainable methods of transportation, and be aware of the effects of your decisions. Deliver on your Mission! Find the address and drop it off personally - make new friends, share experiences, and be the bridge that spans the gap between separated communities. PITFALLS When to Take a Package, Lost Packages, Unable to Deliver, Time Sensitive Items, ... , "Passing on the Badge" - deputizing another traveler to take over the mission (Do's and Don'ts) ... GUIDE TO WRITING LETTERS Be creative! Use metaphors and similes, alliteration, or other literary tricks to liven things up. Ask questions to show your interest and encourage a response. Be forthcoming and honest; a letter composition is an opportunity to be frank. It doesn't have to be perfect; it's especially true with handwritten letters that "It's the thought that counts." Put extra information on the envelope - Lightfoot post doesn't pass through thousands of hands like a normal postal letter, so it's safe to adorn the envelope a bit. Include directions to the address or a quick note i.e. "50 km North of Paris," and if you anticipate language barriers, write a note in their language on there too. It may be appropriate to list the contents of a package, if they're perishable or if it has to cross tricky borders. Put a return address, or at least an email, on the outside; and something that says "sustainable transport only." The envelope is an important part



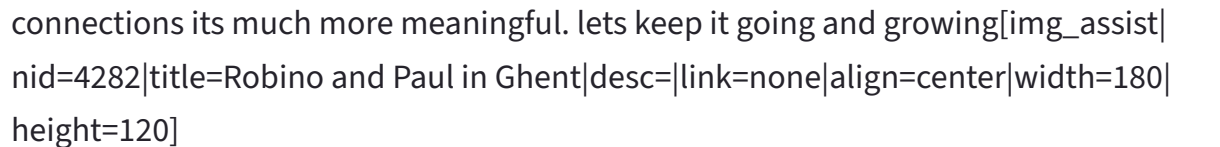
of your letter, so make it attractive and clever. And don't forget to recycle & reuse - second-hand paper always has more character anyway! [img\_assist|nid=2347|title=Never buy envelopes|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=143|height=180]

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node/2348

## lightfoot to gent

paul got his post it was my first mail delivery, my father was a postman for 35 years so maybe it runs in the family. i got one ride from amsterdam to gent after getting to the road at around 9pm, a bit late but no problems, the 10 days off festival was going on in gent so many people were heading back and forth. in gent with friends we started on the belgian beers, lekker!!!, and held cardboard above our heads to stay dry from the pooring rain well we were digging the scene of the festival. i think the rain seemed to keep the cities excitment down that night, but its only water. the next day was beautiful and sunny, perfect for delivering mail! but first things first,i had to be prepared, i needed more of the belgian suds. it helped that i was sleeping in a bar that night, so after breakfest i had my first of the day without having to look to far. ummmm that sweet taste of strong belgian beer pooring over your tastebuds!! then digging the city i started asking where to find the street (whateverstraat) where the mail was to go, noboday could tell me where it was, they had not heard of it before, this being because its such a small street. nor could they tell me where cafe del sol was ,another place i could find paul having beers. well this only called for one thing... i found a small juice bar which also sold beers for 1 euro or 5 for 4.50. so.... i got 5, well...there were friends from the bar with me so between us i think we had 25 or so. now i was in the proper mind to find this street! walking around the city was great, there was so much going on, concerts, art shows, street performers, and people everywhere crowding together digging the scene. i walked through the maze of streets forgetting that i was looking for paul. randomly i looked up and saw a street sign, shit man, i was on whateverstraat! now i had to find number 11 which of course was nowhere to be seen so i went into a shop to ask the ol man if he knew where it was. he said 'ya this is 11' 'are you paul?' 'yes how can i help you?' 'this letters for you' i handed him the letter which he looked at puzzeled then realized who it was from and a big smile formed on his old face. he told me to stay while he read it. after he became very emotional, almost in tears and tried to explain how much it ment to him. the letter was from valintina and robino who had stayed in his house while on a cycle

trip. they had asked him if he knew a place to sleep and he invited them to his place. he explained to me that he felt bad because he hadn't had time the next day to spend with them and they said a very quick goodbye, and he wished he could get to know them better. it made my day to see paul's emotional reaction to this handwritten letter. there is just so much more value to it when more care and effort is put into sending a message. anyone can press a button to send an email, or walk to the mailbox and let people being paid by the government do the work with cars, trucks and planes. but when it's delivered sustainably through personal connections it's much more meaningful. let's keep it going and growing[img\_assist|nid=4282|title=Robino and Paul in Ghent|desc=|link=none|align=center|width=180|height=120]

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node/4277

## lightning strikes the postman

<http://www.lightfootpost.org/> :) What about a map with post boxes on city level (like on hitchwiki... :) and some more structured information? I have no time for that in the foreseeable future.. :/ Anyone else?

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node/7361

## Living and dieing in Portugal/Spain.

I am writing this story because It's getting very repetitive telling it to people who are interested over and over again , so if you want to know about the trip , this is it. Enjoy! I apologize in advance for spelling and grammar i tried to write this fast. It began, We left on an average crappy cloudy day in Amsterdam , Hitching just down the street from the casa with a sign saying Utrecht .Our first victim came after only about ten minutes of waiting we hopped in , he said he wasn't going to Utrecht but he could drop us further down the highway in a better spot, He said he used to hitch and has hitched all around the world, we only talked for about 3 minutes and that was the end of that ride.The place he dropped us off was unbelievably crappy and there was nowhere for cars to pull over in order to pick us up , so we walked back to where we were before . Again after waiting for about 10 minutes a man with a really nice car

pulled over and we asked if he was going to Utrecht , he said he would take us but how much will we pay him??? ummm nothing we replied.He then continued to be a dick and told us we would NEVER get a ride to Utrecht for free.Ok man , whatever you say , I guess you didn't get that car giving people free rides. Anyways we waited another 5 minutes and bam a ride with a Dutch man and his girlfriend from Kazakhstan.Turns out they were going to Paris for a romantic get away , they told us if we behaved they would take us to Belgium , and if they really liked us to a Peage before Paris!!Wicked!!! Except the part that I got extremely car sick and had to get them to stop at a gas station so I could throw up the cheese and bread I had eaten that morning.We continued on to Belgium where they were stopping in at their friends house for some food and coffee , they said we were welcome to come with them and they liked us , partly because I didn't throw up in their car so they would take us to Paris if we wanted.HELL YEAH.We went to their friends house with them had some Belgium waffles and coffee talked about hitching and their experiences.Apparently the only time the man had hitched was around France and he and a friend as well as a random girl they met got stuck in Paris for a day when they finally got ride out they were dropped off in the middle of nowhere and slept in a field.They thought the girl they were with was a little bit off and realized she had a giant machete with her, when she fell asleep that night they got up and ran away from her.Anyways we left after about an hour and were on our way to Paris Talking about Sex addiction and eating blood oranges.They were lovely people.We arrived at the Peage said our farewells got their addresses on heathers beautiful hitch gathering post cards and that was that. we waited maybe ten minutes and the sweetest man in the world stopped for us.He could barely speak English and our French sucks so it was difficult to communicate but we managed , he took us far out of his way so we wouldn't get stuck around Paris and to the next Peage the biggest in Europe apparently and he then was trying to give us 10 euros.He wouldn't take no for an answer so after about five minutes of trying to not take this mans money we eventually took it , shared some big hugs and said goodbye.Also getting his address as we did with pretty much every driver we had on this trip, which was alot.We had about 3 more rides and we made it to Blois France at about 9pm to drop off hitch postcards to Misha and spend the night , pretty much in the side of the castle where we drank Leffe and French wine...mmmm.Bright and early the next day we went to the Peage and started hitching, Five minutes later a Moroccan girl and her mother stopped and picked us up.We couldn't communicate with her mother because she didnt speak french nor English , but the girl could speak English fairly well , their plan

was to go to Tours and that was the point they would take us to .After a little while and a phone call there was a change of plans , they would take us all the way to Spain, road trip anyone?.She had made the call to her friend In San Sebastian to see if they could stay with him so they could take us all the way to Spain.Such sweet ladies. We were dropped off in the middle of the city and didn't really know how to get out so we cheated a bit and decided to take a bus to Madrid where Shauns friend was. The next morning very early we arrived in Madrid and slept .We stayed for about 4 days , drinking in parks with Spanish people , a free concert ,drinking sangria in the sun in Lalotina, eating tortilla patates , and hanging out with a really cool black cat named Paw in english.We hitched from Madrid hoping to get to Portugal if we were lucky.We waited about two hours in extremely hot conditions and were picked up by a family of farmers and dropped off at a gas station in the middle of fucking nowhere, there was barely any cars and we sat their thinking how the hell will we get out of here??, as I looked at a baby frog that had been fried on the pavement , I just hoped I wouldn't end up like that.But after an hour in came an angel in a Hippy van , that was our ride.He was going all the way to Sagres Portugal to go surfing but our plan was to get to Lisboa and he was going a different route, so he took us to Badajoz, where we roasted in 38 degree weather on the side of the highway praying for a ride soon before we became puddles on the highway. We were picked up by two young people the guy was from Badajoz and the girl was from Brazil, she spoke perfect english so communication was easy and she was translating between us and the spanish guy.We were dropped at a gas station Almost in Portugal, we were picked up shortly after and taken into Elvas, where we were picked up walking down the street and taken to somewhere in Portugal, where? I have no clue still.All that was there was a gas station and very little cars , we tried hitching for a few hours and decided it was time to call it a night so we set up our tent next to the highway and listened to the beautiful sounds of transports driving by, truckers pissing and farting by our tent as well as every dog in the vicinity barking all night while we tried to sleep on the hard ground and stumps. The next day we hitched again waiting for about an hour we decided to go further up the highway where we discovered the turn off for the highway leading directly into Lisbon , we were hitching from the wrong spot that entire time, Ten minute wait and we were picked up by a trucker from Brazil who would drop us off in Lisbon.Communication was difficult so it mainly happened through drawing pictures.He was a very sweet man though , giving us water and food.He couldn't drop us off directly inside Lisbon so he left us at a train station where he forced us to take money he offered us because he felt bad that he couldn't take us all the way.Another

angel. We took a train and after about 2 hours walking around Lisbon in the blistering heat with giant bags we finally found the place we were to stay. It was one of many abandoned buildings on the street a big yellow building with graffiti, it was the squat. The place was six floors with Anarchy designs everywhere and some really cool punks that lived there as well as their dogs. They have great plans for the place and it seemed when they looked at it they already saw what it will one day be. They planned to make a few bars, a huge garden on the roof, a lecture room, a giant free shop and generally a very cultural place where everyone can live together and build something truly amazing. We spent a few days there, eating great food in great company, talking about nomad bases and how to make everything work, playing with puppies, drinking wine and jam sessions that lasted hours, laughing, sleeping on the roof and swimming, and even talking about having the hitch gathering there, the only issue was that they didn't really want any legal problems if there were that many people. The place has everything it needs to be amazing even a private swimming pool up the street! The city center of Lisbon was beautiful, every building was a work of art, the churches were beautiful and also cool on those 40 degree days, old street cars with children hanging off the sides, we ran into a parade going down the street loud drums and music people dressed in beautiful colourful costumes, some as monsters who were scaring people in the crowd, a man with a scary mask and a big hairy costume grabbed me from the crowd and gave Shaun a thumbs up, whatever that means. A really neat thing to see though. The only thing about Lisbon is if you're a vegetarian and want to eat out, you really have no choices because EVERYTHING is meat. Our last day at the squat as we were leaving we were saying our next stop was Sines, they asked if we had anywhere to stay and we didn't, so Cervario (not sure if that's how it's spelt) A Brazilian punk gave us a phone number of an old woman he stayed with there, he called and asked her if it was OK and she said of course. He said he thought she won the lottery because she lives alone in a big house overlooking the ocean with four floors. We arrived there by night time and met up with Isabel and her friend Zuka, we went straight to a bar where she was buying us beers. They were drunk. She wasn't allowed in certain bars because she has been wasted there before. We went back to her house where we drank more beer and ate some food and she took us to our room. It was her mother's room but her mother never stayed there with her, the balcony from the room overlooked the ocean. It was beautiful. We stayed in Sines for about 4 days and I have never eaten so well in my life, This woman was like my mother, feeding us fresh fish that her boyfriend just caught and when we thought we couldn't eat any more she would bring out dessert! She was a great cook

and she liked to drink so we got along great. Sines consisted of days hanging out at the beach looking for shade because there are no trees. And relaxing. Our last night there we went to a restaurant with Isabel and Zuka to eat and I asked what the land was used for beside us because I noticed it had pic nic tables and a little building in the middle of it with sinks and she said when they hold the world music festival there in the summer its used for free camping. She said it would be a good spot to hold the hitch gathering, which Shaun and I agreed, that definitely would be the best place and the ocean is close by. We went back to her home that night and Zuka who makes beautiful things out of carving wood presented us with a Giant staff he carved for us, its sitting beside me as I write this actually. We loved it but Shaun and I were both just thinking how the hell were we supposed to hitch with this giant stick? Honestly. Plus the way its carved and painted makes it look like a weapon, its sharp at the end and the end is painted red, like blood. But against the odds we made it through Spain hitching with a huge weapon. It was sad to say goodbye to Isabel, she was so kind and wonderful to us, she didn't even know us but she treated us like her children and days after we left we still found ourselves missing her and her delicious food. We hitched that day not knowing whether we were going to Lagos or Sagres. We took two rides to Odemira and one ride with an old woman who really didn't want our giant staff in her car but we stuck it in anyways as she shook her head at us. We made a decision that if people refused to take our stick then we would refuse to go with them, we don't take kindly to staff discrimination. Anyways she dropped us off at a crossroads, one way went to Lagos, one to Sagres, we rock paper scissors it because that's how we roll and decided on Sagres, but it didn't matter because we were just going to go with whatever car picked us up, if they were going to Lagos we would go there, if Sagres then there. Our ride was to Sagres with a young couple German and Swiss who were visiting Sagres to surf. They said Lagos is all tourists and not to go there and you have to visit Sagres because its the most south west point of Europe, the edge. We arrived there and went straight to a bar to drink beer and use internet. There was a camping sight about 3k up the road but that night we decided to sleep on the beach. We stuffed ourselves into 1 tiny sleeping bag and slept. We woke up at around 3 in the morning and the tide was coming in. We couldn't really move because behind us was rock, beside us rock and the other side rock and also what we thought was a police car. Shaun stayed awake while I slept the tide coming extremely close. He made a "woo protective barrier" as he called it so the water wouldn't hit us. The waves made it to the barrier where our feet were but luckily didn't come any further, after that we slept soundly till around 11 we walked in the heat to the



camping grounds. We stayed in Sagres four or five days I don't remember. We camped the whole time, hung out on the Beautiful beaches Drank at the local bars with the surfers, saw a cool reggae band, discovered the dung beetle, their the shit (as mark said haha), got chased by local children while running away with a pizza, laying in the hammock, walking Alot, collecting sea shells, making jewellery, hanging out with an old Irish man who was also camping, and getting burnt for the somethingth time on this trip. Sagres was Beautiful very quiet and fucking hot. All I can say is it is REALLY fucking hot. We started hitching from Sagres that morning not aware that this would be the hardest part of the trip. We got a ride from an older man he dropped us off in Lagos where I barfed my guts out on the side of the highway, love care sickness/ heat sickness. We were dropped off at a crappy spot and needed to get back to the main highway so we walked with big bags and a staff in 40 degree weather down the side of the highway where 10 feet in front of us we could literally see the heat waves in the air like lines of gasoline spilt on the pavement. We had to walk all the way through the town for about an hour to get to the other side where the highway was. We waited quite a while when we got to the spot dieing in the heat and drinking our last bit of water when a man in a big work truck picked us up. He really liked to talk He used to work on cruise ships he was an interesting guy with great taste in music, he was telling us of all the bands he's seen live and that he actually knows Brian Adams. The only bad thing about that ride is the spot he dropped us off. He left us on the side of the highway, he told us if we walked a little bit we would get to the part we needed to hitch from. We had to walk down the highway in very dangerous spots, through the crappy ditches, dirt and mud and we realized we had no water ....shit.....I was trying to ignore the nagging feeling that I was going to die on the side of a highway in Portugal and look happy to the drivers passing by while my mouth felt like a desert my skin was on fire and I was starting to feel sick to my stomach. Shaun was feeling the same and his scalp was seriously burnt, he also had blisters appearing on his arms. Finally after a long wait and praying to a god I don't believe in to get us the fuck out of there two Romanian angels came our way and picked us up. If it wasn't for them I don't think we would have managed to get a ride from there, we were not even getting glances from people, not to mention how dangerous it was and it was very difficult for cars to pull off to the side because how fast they were going. We were ill at this point from heat stroke and probably would have been in serious rough shape if we stayed on that asphalt death trap. They dropped us off at a service station not too far away where we immediately got water, popsicles, and juice and drank like we have never drank before. We asked a few truckers if they were heading to Spain and



got a lot of no's. An old man ended up giving us a ride just past the border of Spain and Portugal to a service station. He was a wise old guy, and very sweet, he wanted to keep in touch with us and just kept telling us no matter what to enjoy life, don't feel like we have to settle down any place or do anything that doesn't make us happy. We got his email address and he wants us to message him in a couple years when we are back in Canada. At this service station we hitched from about 7 pm to 12 and then went to sleep on the pavement, the next morning we waited from 7 am to around 1 pm in the scorching heat again. The people at the gas station were really nice and gave us ice cold bottles of water, it was another insanely hot day and neither of us could even think any more because our brains had been cooked into scrambled eggs. We were making bets on what colour the car was going to be that was going to take us to Sevilla. A red car pulled into the gas station with two people in it, but even though it didn't look like there was room I said that's our ride. Sure enough the girl comes up to us and asks us in Spanish if we speak English. YA, so did she they were from England, anyways they said they were making room in their car and they would take us to Sevilla. They were really funny people, around 40 years old but they looked WAY younger than 40. They told us how they were at the G8 summit in Italy when the protester was shot by a police man, they used to be part of the black bloc group. They were also in Copenhagen at the climate change summit. One thing that has stuck with me that they said was "we used to be black blocbers but look at us now, driving old nana's car to go on vacation". It made me laugh. They were going all the way to Granada and we decided, why not, let's go to Granada instead. The ride was somewhat unbearable because it was a very small vehicle with a lot of stuff, Shaun and I were buried underneath our bags sweating any liquid in our body out and turning into raisins. I was feeling like barfing, as usual. We arrived in Granada and thought fuck it, we don't have anywhere to stay, we are sick from the heat and the sun we're staying in a hostel!!!. After a nice shower and laying in front of the fan naked the sun was setting so we thought we would go explore. We just went walking around that night and ate Falafel cause we were both so sick from the sun, it felt like a terrible hang over. Granada was breath taking though, we wandered down all the little streets admiring the architecture, there was a cat on a roof literally howling at us. The next day we went to the Alhambra wandered through with the herd of tourists but aside from that it was beautiful, we took so many pictures there because it felt like we couldn't get enough of them. We stopped to sit in the center of the castle and there was a little Spanish boy about 4 years old putting on a show for us and his parents. He couldn't understand him but we think in the future he is either going to be

a politician or an actor, someone that commands attention anyways. We went around the small shops and people selling things on the streets bought some beautiful things then went to drink sangria at a tapas bar where we had lunch for free .The brought us a jug of sangria , spicy potatoes bread and meat on skewers and the lady lit something on fire and stuck the meat on it .I was afraid of the fire and shaun was telling me to blow it out but it wouldn't go out when finally a lady sitting beside us said to me , you just take the meat out , its that simple.WOW I felt like an idiot , but at least Shaun got a good laugh out of it .Although we don't eat meat usually ever we ate that otherwise it was going in the garbage. We stayed out till 1 that night wandering through Granada and then went back to get a good sleep because we were leaving the next day.But Granada I think we both fell in love with , its a shame we only spent 2 nights there, but someday we will go back. The next day we tried to message a friend in Valencia that we were supposed to stay with but his number wouldn't work we didn't know how to get a hold of him .So instead of going there we made our way back to Madrid and stayed with Shauns friend again, we just ate and they drank wine , I still couldn't stomach it because of dehydration and heat stroke.Luckily his friend was going to Bilbao the next day and he offered to take us! It was the best ride yet , smoking hash joints , listening to good music munchin out . We drove all through really beautiful areas and he dropped us at a gas station the best one so far .There was a perfect spot beside the station to set up the tent for the night and get a good sleep , plus all night bathrooms and water wahooo!! The next day we woke up early and waited for maybe half an hour when a German women approached us and asked where we were going , well we said we're going to Amsterdam , but anywhere in that direction is great.She was going to Germany but was stopping in Paris to sleep for the night .So we thought we would stop in Blois again .She worked doing bike tours around Europe she was doing them in Spain and then she was going back to Germany then going to Estonia to do more bike tours.She said she doesn't really have a home she just lives out of a bag and follows work around.She said she often picks up hitchhikers , usually she has another co worker with her but not this time but she said she has no problem picking up couples because their not as scary apparently. She was such a sweet girl , all smiles and laughs the whole ride.She dropped us off in Blois where we met with Mishas old room mate Jeremie we went to the castle and drank wine then back to his home and drank more wine and he fed us pasta , where we talked about hunting and watched chef ramzy whip some restaurant owners into shape.Drinking that night wasnt a good idea for me , because 4 glasses of wine gave me a hang over the next day . We hitched from a Peage and got a ride quickly from a

French business man going into Paris , he dropped us off at the Peage before Paris where we hitched a trucker again who was heading towards lille , he was crazy.I was in hiding because their only allowed to have one other person in there but I had a nice nap anyways.He was a really sweet crazy man though , he said you dont know what will happen next in life today we needed help so he picked us up , who knows maybe tomorrow he will need us for something.He told us no matter what to always stick together through everything bad that happens , as long as we are together anything is possible.He was married with two children 12 yrs old and 4 yrs old , you could tell how much it bothered him being away from his family and he had their photos displayed in his window so he can look at them while he drives, his wife has had cancer three times now and he said no matter what he would never leave her everything is fine as long as they stick together , through being poor , sick , unhappy , anything, as long as they are together its ok , he talked of how strong she is , and women are much more strong then men .He said his father travelled alot and told him to never be afraid and to keep his mind open as well as his heart and life will be good for him.Even though he was crazy ,he was sooo kind and you can tell he has lived through alot in life.He continued to tell Shaun that I am dangerous and you should never trust anyone so quiet and if he were shaun he would find someone else because he thinks im dangerous...but he said he was joking .....i hope he was.haha . Anyways he dropped us off at a gas station close to lille we exchanged emails an said we would keep in touch.Another angel...We went inside and decided to get something to eat because we hadn't eaten that day then we went outside and it was pouring rain we were standing under shelter with a man who was smoking we were talking about getting a ride and the man came over and asked us if we needed to go somewhere we said yeah anywhere towards Netherlands.He was going to Lille so he took us to the next service station just before Lille .We asked alot of truckers and saw soooo many cars with NL licence plates but no luck for a long time .Then a little green car pulled over , as we were walking towards it I started feeling uncomfortable , I had a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach .It was really difficult communicating with the guy and I told shaun I didn't want to take the ride , he didnt hear me , so in we went. The guy said he had to stop somewhere and he would drop us off quick but only for ten minutes and then he would be back to get us...Ok, we got out and I was relieved I just wanted to get to somewhere we could hitch from and not take the ride.There was no reason for me to feel this way it was just a generally bad feeling , I trust my intuition when it comes to people and usually when I get a bad feeling im right , and this feeling was overwhelming.I told Shaun I didn't want to get back in and we could

just hitch from a shitty spot down the road so we tried but guess who pulls up asking us where we went?...I knew he knew I was afraid and didn't want to go but we took it anyways. Through out the ride he was staring at me through his mirror, even when I made eye contact with him he wouldn't look away he would just give me a creepy evil look. So I just stared out the window and acted like nothing was wrong. He then started going the wrong way and down smaller roads while speeding insanely, Shaun was trying to communicate with him that we were not going that way we were trying to get to Gent that night, he pulled over on the side of the road and looked at the map, all that was going through my head was grab the shit and jump out. I tried to tell Shaun we needed to get out and I could tell he had a bad feeling too. But we kept going and we said we would get out at a service station near Gent. When I saw it approaching I was beyond relief but I was keeping a straight face the whole time because the guy was staring at me as he was driving off the road. He dropped us off, FINALLY, it felt like the longest ride of my life being so uncomfortable it was like having a brick in my stomach, ice in my bones and a fire on my head all at once. He dropped us off fine and I faked a nice goodbye while he kissed my cheeks four times and I was beyond repulsed. I feel like a completely terrible person feeling so terribly about someone who didn't really do anything but it was the most over whelming feeling I have ever had and I think If i were alone with him he would have done something. Anyways it was fate that we took that ride because at that exact moment there was a man about to leave straight for Amsterdam and I am sure he was probably the only person all night that was there going to Netherlands. We walked to the front of the gas station and before we put down our bags he asked where we were going, we said Gent, he said ok then you come with me. So we get in and Shaun tries to speak to him in French and he said I don't speak French Im Dutch, and shaun said oh we are actually on our way to Holland..where he asked...Amsterdam shaun replied...Well then you can ride with me....WICKED. It was also fate that we met this man because he has a company that is going to sponsor Shauns bike trip and donate for the school, he liked the idea so much because it was to help the children and that's what he wants to do. He also gave Shaun some other contacts that are his friends and he said they would donate alot of money. That ride made me really realize fate is real, that was the ride we were supposed to take, no other one and in order to have had that ride we needed to take every single other ride that we did or we could have missed him. It was also funny, as he was dropping us off at the Casa he pointed to a place a few doors down and said he I live there, we were like WTF? Your our neighbour, but he really said he used to live there, not anymore though. So now we are back at the

Casa , we were welcomed with brownies and tequila and it felt like home again. Shaun leaves in about nine days Im going to miss him but Im so happy that through him I have been introduced to this place ,people ,travelling and hitch-hiking. I was raised to be afraid , the world is dangerous people are dangerous my parents always told me, but on this trip so many angels were placed in my path and I realised there is no reason to be afraid the world is beautiful and people are beautiful, heaven is on earth. Life is as it is for a reason and I wouldn't change it for anything. Its fate.

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node/11408

## Living in a treehouse

We live like ferrel boys, the lost boys, no shoes, tattered clothes, ash covered faces, and loads of potatoes. Can it get any better? Death to Tesco's Long live Titnore woods!

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node/2934

## Living With Less. Documentary with Casa people

Living with Less ("[Leven met minder](#)") is a short movie made to show alternatives to excessive consumption and is now broadcasted in Amsterdam for free. It features three story-lines, an organic farm, two professional sportsmen and casa divers.

You can see the movie in the center of the city at Leidseplein inside the restaurant in the Stadsschouwburg (the large building facing the square, [see map](#))

. There are several screens inside the restaurant, pick yours and enjoy. Everyday after 10 am.

We had a fun time when they (Meloan, Tony and Jelle) came to dive and eat with us. We discovered new dumpsters that day (one at a supermarket where we rescued some tulips) and got lots of food from two bakeries (one around the corner) and at our usual market. I made a short recording of when they were filming Amylin, see below.

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# Living With Zero Money, Abundantly

(From [Living without Money](#)) **I know it is possible to live with zero money, abundantly** How? Because it's happening to me, just as it's happening to ants and deer and slugs and sparrows and bacteria and atoms and galaxies. Because it's happening to the whole, infinite universe outside our teeny tiny itty bitty Babylon we call civilization (which we think is the whole universe). I've been living without a cent to my name since the autumn of 2000 (with a month's exception during my first year). I don't use or accept money or conscious barter, and I don't take food stamps or other government dole. (And, after 8 years, to my joy, I've learned there are other people in the world doing the same.) Why? I simply got tired of acknowledging as real this most common world-wide belief called money! I simply got tired of being unreal. Money is one of those intriguing things that becomes real because you believe it is real. Wild Nature, outside civilization, runs on gift economy: "freely give, freely receive." Thus it is balanced. World civilization runs on consciousness of credit and debt (knowledge of good & evil); thus it is imbalanced. What nation on earth can even balance its own budget or environment? Gift Economy is Faith, Grace, Love - the message at the heart of every religion, though rejected by virtually every religious institution. The proof is inside you: Wild Nature is your True Nature, crucified by commercial civilization. FAQ: <http://sites.google.com/site/livingwithoutmoney/Home/all-faq-s-together-in-printable-format>

## Long-distance hiking on the Pacific Crest Trail

So, I didn't thru-hike the entire trail. Actually, I didn't even manage half of it. I got bored, got off trail, and started hitch-hiking. Since then, I've hitched up the west coast of the US, across half of California, all of Oregon, and again a quarter of Washington. I've met some awesome people, received some kick-downs of food and money (despite my protests), and been shown the kind of kindness and compassion which keeps me traveling in this way. The actual hiking part of my adventures were...Well,

adventurous. My gear was minimal, a tarp, ground-cloth, stove, metal cup, filter, sleeping bag, jacket, and a few other small odds and ends (lighter, knife, first-aid, emergency stuffs). The actual hiking ranged from exciting to pleasant to downright miserable, as I crossed the deserts of southern california up to 3000m mountains in the High Sierras, to 4400m at the top of Mount Whitney. Highlights: The awesome other hikers I met Spending a week building a hiker dorm at Hikertown (similar to Casa, for hikers) The views Ice Cream after a week in the wilderness Downsides: Food poisoning from bad peanut butter for a week in wilderness Dehydration due to dry water sources Wind storms in the desert Overall, an awesome experience, and a ton of learning.

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node/3620

## Long Live Pasta Madre!

I got some pasta madre from Robin in Vicenza. It has now spent a week in my pannier, without refrigeration, in a bath of olive oil in a jar, several times. I revived it in Casale, I revived it in Lyon, and I revived it in Barcelona. It seems as long as it stays wet it can live! It is always a difficult time, waiting to see if it will grow, but it always does! Hooray! I love making bread, I even love having bread dough mixed with the other dirt on my clothing. I love feeding people fresh home-made bread, it's one of the best gifts in the world. Bread is SO FUCKING CHEAP!!! And healthy, and tasty!!! So I'll be taking this pasta madre to Madrid and then we'll see how it fares across Africa on a bike. Wish us luck! I've been thinking about making a solar oven out of a cardboard box and some recycled foil-lined chip bags, if I can't find an oven..... [img\_assist|nid=7278|title=Pasta Madre on a bike|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135] Yay Open Source Bread!! Glad to hear the pasta madre at the Casa is still alive! Have fun! HUGZ love n joy, Charlie

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node/7279

## Look who is back!

[img\_assist|nid=3925|title=|desc=|link=node|align=right|width=200] "There is someone at the door, I don't know who but apparantly she knows where she is



getting into... she was saying hello in a really crazy way..." 48 hours of hitchhiking, all the way from Istanbul (2700km) and she looks highly fresh... Amylin, welcome home!

[img\_assist|nid=3926|title=|desc=|link=none|align=center|width=640|height=480]

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node/3927

## Looking for: Bike parts and hitchhikers heading east

My friend Stanislav is driving back from Amsterdam to Latvia this week, and he has some extra space in his van. He'd love to fill up the van (that says "hitchhiker's friendly") with hitchhikers and bicycle parts. So if you know someone heading east or if you can give them some bike parts. He's totally into freak bikes, and he's living in a house where they also are setting up a free bicycle work shop. <http://freakbike.lv/index.php?do=gallery&id=28>

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node/14462

## Looking for: Bike parts and hitchhikers heading east

My friend Stanislav is driving back from Amsterdam to Latvia this week, and he has some extra space in his van. He'd love to fill up the van (that says "hitchhiker's friendly") with hitchhikers and bicycle parts. So if you know someone heading east or if you can give them some bike parts. He's totally into freak bikes, and he's living in a house where they also are setting up a free bicycle work shop. <http://freakbike.lv/index.php?do=gallery&id=28>

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node/14461

## Looking for dumpster divers

For a documentary film project on foodwaste we are trying to contact dumpster divers in The Netherlands (specially in Amsterdam and Leiden) who could show us

how dumpster diving in the Netherlands is. Are there any people in Casa Robino interested in taking us on a dumpster diving tour? At the End of June we will be in the Netherlands and we are desperately looking for dumpster divers that we can meet then! (Between 30. June and 2. July) Please contact us! Here you can see who we are and what we do: [www.tastethewaste.com](http://www.tastethewaste.com) [www.thurnfilm.de](http://www.thurnfilm.de) We would be very happy if we found a couple of people in the netherlands willing to participate in this international project trying to combat Food Waste Best wishes, Karin  
[karin@thurnfilm.de](mailto:karin@thurnfilm.de)

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node/12146

## mac book pro you might want?

Hey beautiful people. so i'm not sure if this is actually going to be useful at all, but i'll give it a shot. In barcelona i have a mac book pro (yes it's a mac... i am sorry) thats screen is pretty screwed up. you can still see enough to use it, but definitely no good for photos etc, as the colours are all messed. Mum apparently had it looked at, and they said it would cost 600 bucks to fix it. it's a 2500 computer, but my family/sister doesnt want it. SO if you guys either want it, or know how to fix it yourself or whatever... it's all yours. the harddrive could be cleared, i have all my files on an external harddrive. anyways, it's there and waiting in barna if anyone can do anything with it. love to the casa from the sun! x lily

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node/8875

## mad wind and sweet air

hey... so Sarah's dinner thing is not on. the Cooks are MIA this month. So, I hope you'll all survive. I think we're going to Blijvertje for music and Voku, 8 pm and 9:30, respectively. See you star star.... p.s. last night was Wonderbar!

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node/5408

# Maemo Summit

The ubercool and super free (compared to [almost](#) all other phones out there) [Nokia N900](#) is going to be available soon. And there's a [Maemo Summit](#) close to the casa. It would be nice to [offer some casa space](#) to Maemoing geeks.

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node/5229

## make 10 euros!!!

howdy folks my friend's co-worker Tessa is looking for participants in a language learning experiment. It takes about an hour and you get 10 euros for your trouble. See below for more details & email her if you are interested. Dear Lab-meeters, Following up on the online pilot study that I did a while ago, I am now starting a new experiment for which I would like to invite participants. With this study we investigate the evolution and learnability of structure in speech sounds by conducting artificial language learning experiments in which sounds are produced by drawing shapes on a computer screen. Participants of all ages with normal hearing (and who did not yet participate in the pilot) are welcome. Language doesn't matter. It will take place in the UvA Bungehuis, Spuistraat 210, 3rd floor (in the studio). The experiment will not take more than an hour and participants will be compensated for their time with a payment of 10 euros. It would be a great help if you could participate or if you could let me know if you know someone who would be interested to participate! You can contact me at [t.verhoef@uva.nl](mailto:t.verhoef@uva.nl) and please feel free to forward this message to as many people as you like. Thank you very much in advance! Best wishes, Tessa Verhoef

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node/10647

## Make me an admin!

I've always dreamed of being an admin. So I can finally get laid. Please! I promise I won't dump the database! Hem... More seriously, I just arrived in da house and wanted to add my glorious name to the list of hosts. The bastard website told me I wasn't allowed to do that. Power to the people! Julien

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node/1492

# Mark & James on a joint trip

How cool is that! [Mark](#) decided to extend his trip and to not go back home to Australia for his job, came to Amsterdam instead, stayed for a week and met up with James, also from Australia, who had been at the house before for 10 days but had to come back to pick up his laptop and some other stuff. And now these two guys, with an age difference of 12 years are going to [hitchhike](#) together from Central Europe “thru the austrian/french alps, & then towards spain, where we will visit some hippy communes & hopefully swim in the ocean again ([link](#)).” Just brilliant.

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node/28

# Mas Rapido, soon

To make more efficient use of my server I'm moving away from Apache. Because of some minor detail the images that had been uploaded are not working right now. We're still on Apache now, but the tests I've been doing seem promising, which much better response times.

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node/35

# meaowwww

am i the only one who thinks its a good idea to find a new home for the cat on markplaats?

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node/4788

# medical for professional hitchhikers?

Hello Casanians! A few of you will remember me studying in Berlin and traveling around during the summers. Well, the first part is finally almost over for good and I will give up my cozy ex-kitchen at P43 and hit the road in around a month. I have a squat to visit in Utrecht before it will be gone in November, other than that I refuse to make plans. But the Casa is definitely on the list of sweet places to visit - finally

without hurry. The only issue that remains right now is medical insurance: I can probably keep my student status, but in Germany that's still 70 EUR/month + ~250 EUR university fees per term - quite a bit of money. Does anyone of you sweet bums have a better idea? I heard of getting residency and thus state insurance in Sweden just by getting a work contract... ?

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node/21781

## Meeting people, sharing stories

Over the last two weeks I ended up meeting people with fairly different backgrounds. "Louis" from Kurdistan, living in the parallel universe just next wall from casa, hosted our family last Thursday. To celebrate the event, we ate wine leaves stuffed with rice and meat, almost breaking the guideline number one of the casa (no death animals). I say almost because the few food left has been saved over the balcony and eaten there the next day. Then Robin and me had a quite intriguing conversation with Rosa, a passionate Mexican woman who was cooking at Hans' birthday on Saturday. She confessed to love boring man like Robin and, even if drunk and with strong tendencies to striptease, she really had nice insight into things (I actually cannot remember exactly what she was saying because of the rum and cola I was drinking, but she was great and I felt very connected). Finally, just few minutes ago, walking near Spuistraat, I almost fell into a big bag of books (spiritual stuff and do-it-by-yourself manuals, mostly to create puppets and jewelry. There's even a book about the art of Chinese tea and I really could not avoid of thinking to Amylin ...). However, I walked to the nearest bench and few seconds later a guy sat next to me. He saw the bag before and he went home to take his bike to collect the books. I offered him to share and he confessed whispering: "i'm a garbageman" intending he collects all sort of stuff from the streets. So I whispered back "Me too. I dumpster dive :)". Not sure he understood what I meant. Eventually I chose the books I though could be taken to the Democlash (<http://www.damoclash.nl>) of next week end (23rd of May), he took the ones he though he could sell and we had a nice chat about missing Uzbekistan, the origins of Dutch street's name, and the fact that pens, computers and cataloguing organization at OBA has got a meaning that employees there cannot understand. Well at the end I asked for his e-mail, so that he could eventually come to pick books-remains after the festival, but secretly thinking to invite him over dinner for the next thursday. The thing is that we keep saying that Bos en Lommer is a very multicultural

neighborhood and I guess it would be nice to have a Thursday dinner which could reflect this multiculturalism from the within. I would like to listen and share life experiences. I would like to know in which way living in another country affects our/their identity. I guess it is also important because we criticize so much the concept of nationalism but there are cultural elements that stick under our skin, which are our roots, and the place where we come from. Is this a chain? shall we reject our past and our culture to become “citizens of the world”? Or rather we should keep and love some elements that shaped our personalities as much as the new inspiration coming from meeting other people, other cultures, other perspectives? Rosa, “Louis” and this guy I met today, I think they should be invited to the next open casa dinner. I find fascinating that they have so much to share and such a free perspective and way to live life. I think they would have a lot to tell us, and we probably have something to say as well. What do you think? Share your thoughts :P

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node/2968

## memcache for sustainable web serving?

MySQL was just down again. I’ve checked the slow query logs and it’s casa casa casa. Now, my friend Marcus is [finishing a new video for the Gathering](#) and this server shouldn’t go down after release so I hope memcache will make the casa site a bit more sustainable ;) I also disabled the recent changes module - it was also appearing in the logs a couple of times and I don’t think it’s that necessary. Hope this helps... Let me know if you have any other ideas or if the site is down again (well you wouldn’t be reading this in that case ;)

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node/19242

## Memories of Amsterdam

I was merely eighteen years old, more than twenty years ago, it was like my maiden journey, something calling me. A friend said she wanted to hitchhike to Amsterdam and that she knew other people who had done it and it was safe. We were a small group of three people but it was difficult to travel together so we split up, had okay

journeys, nobody was troubled or hurt, rather the contrary, people on the road were kind, even gave us a bed and a meal sometimes as well as a lift. On arrival some locals welcomed us and gave us the keys to an empty flat somewhere between Albert Cuyp straat, and Rijks Museum. They gave us bikes, and explained to us that we could get food. We lived simply, learned how to dumpster dive and live off what the city recycled. Stayed two months, it felt like a whole new life and horizons had opened up, opened my mind. It was the most spiritual, free, creative and happy time of my life. I also lived in squats a couple of times, but rarely found a peaceful home there. People are not free to live how they feel, there are pressure to uphold certain political views or lifestyle, there is sometimes violence and aggression, even in an all women house, there was little freedom and peace. I will soon come to visit Casa Robino and so look forward to be sharing a meal with residents and sharing experience. Amsterdam is in my heart and i want to go back there asap, and continue that journey from my past into the present.

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node/2727

## Memories of Aris

I wrote this article, which I originally posted on my blog ([www.andrewgubb.com](http://www.andrewgubb.com)), to remember Aris. It's not just grieving; it's recalling all the experiences we had together and the lessons she taught me. I intend this to be an engaging biographical story as much as anything else, and to honour her memory. To save getting nitpicky I'll opt just to copy and paste without editing to adapt it to this audience. Yes, the blog I talk about in the first paragraph is this one. I hope you enjoy. — About a month ago now I found out in the most shocking way that my friend, Aris, had died. I was reading the blog of a community she had stayed with. It had an article about her - "Goodbye Aris." I was looking at it with half an eye while talking with a friend and it wasn't until just about the last paragraph that it hit me why they were saying goodbye to Aris. Until then I had assumed that it was because she had left the community, not the world. At this point it was explained that Aris had been on a sailing expedition when they had encountered a storm off Morocco and the boat had capsized. I still feel like crying now. It's hard to express just how impossible it is that of all people I've known, of all times for it to happen, it happened to be Aris, and it happened to be then. The world needed her so much – not only me. Aris was not just any girl. She was so free inside, so true to herself, and so loving. She catalysed something in everyone that connected



with her. She was an angel, changing the world she explored just by existing. In this article I'd like to tell her story as it intersects with mine, not just grieving but also telling the truth as clearly and completely as I can for its own sake. I won't say she was a perfect person, but who wants perfect? **What is it about death?** I believe in reincarnation, and by believe I mean I have seen evidence which I personally consider indisputable, so I know she's okay now. And yet when I read she was gone it felt like a piece of my body, something intimately a part of me, had been torn away from me. I don't feel sorry for her and I'm not worried about her, but it still hurts. I was in the Barcelona University squat at the time I heard the news. (The University is being occupied by students in protest against the Bologna Process, a new legislation designed to drag education even further into corporate pockets, but that's another story). Me and Aris had met there a few weeks before, and she had stayed there. Just about when I heard the news there was a community assembly, so I attended, crying openly, to break the news, not wanting to have to say it a hundred times. I've been very introverted most of my life, so I admit my social intelligence is a bit out of whack, but it surprised me how people reacted. Many people had a look of helplessness or awkwardness about the idea of death, epitomised by vague statements like, "well, I suppose people die don't they...". Others were actually hostile to me for having brought it up in assembly. It seems most people just can't take paying attention to the idea of death as something that actually happens outside of TV. One actually explained it in so many words: "not everyone has the same ideas about death as you, Andrew." Does death make you feel uncomfortable to think about? Do your research, then. The knowledge is there, but with everything you need to use your own discernment – there is no authority around who is good enough to relieve you of that responsibility. But that can be a freeing understanding if you really integrate it: if someone tells you that scientifically there can be no such thing as an afterlife then you don't have to listen. There is scientific evidence of the afterlife. It's just that most scientists don't want to hear it. Do your research and get the weight off your shoulders. **The Aris Chapters** I think Aris was at the university about when I arrived two months ago. I didn't really talk to her for some time, though I got to know her friends – Elsie and Katey, two amazing, very high-consciousness people. Katey is an adorable English girl, totally carefree and non-judgemental – she dances all the time, and is of about the size and shape that makes you want to hug her constantly. Elsie came from the same town, a half-zulu girl who I took around the town when she arrived and who impressed me with her love and intelligence. She told me about her paranormal experiences: a tribal shaman had told her that she was followed by spirits

and has healing hands. They were all part of “the travelling school of life”, an organisation that goes from community to community teaching and learning skills for free. I saw Aris first just here and there without really getting to know her. She didn’t mix much with the general crowd, rather like me (good grounds for getting to know her, except we don’t mix much... right? I was going through a particularly shut-off phase). She slept outside the big tent-village the squatters had set up in the main hall, reading a lot of the time and knitting with unusual plastic needles that are as thick as your finger – my ex-girlfriend Ruth inherited that habit from her. Time came for her to leave. I said goodbye to her and the people she was leaving with, adding, “I like you” with a grin, because I loved the impression I had got of her, the feeling of her aura even. I saw a lot of myself in her. “I don’t like you,” she said, equally candidly. “You’re too smart.” She left. Then she returned a few hours later. When asked about this, she said “I just felt I had to come back.” It’s interesting, because Raúl, the other guy who I’m going to introduce in this story, was going to leave about then too, but his flight was cancelled. Draw what conclusions you will about that. I think it was divine guidance. The next day, Elsie and I both wanted to get a shower (the one thing that the university squat couldn’t provide) so we decided to go together to the house of some friends of my parents who I had been staying with before coming to the squat. These guys are decent people, but have more to do with my parents than they have to do with me, so we never connected really deeply. In some ways they reminded me of my parents too much. Other people needed a shower of course, so in the end we were five – Me, Elsie, Katey, Raúl, and Aris. Five members – the Fellowship of the Gubby. Raúl’s the only guy I haven’t introduced yet so let me do that quickly. My first impression of him – I can’t wait to see his face when he reads this – was that he was a pretty girl who I might like to get to know a bit better. I’m short-sighted, okay, and my head tends to turn whenever I see something female, so that’s my excuse. But seriously: the guy is really beautiful, and I mean that in contrast to the word handsome which is more often used for men. He’s masculine in attitude, but beautiful in appearance. And his smile is absolutely breathtaking when he turns it on full. I really don’t mean that in a gay way, by the way, seeing as you always have to make that disclaimer. Raúl’s from Mexico and studies architecture, and is really passionate about architecture besides – he spent most of his time in Barcelona going around looking at the buildings. So much for Raúl, for the moment. So we got on the train. About this time I had suddenly gotten into a terrible mood for no apparent reason. Aris bugged me about it, smiling brightly. “Why are you angry?” “I don’t know!” “What’s wrong?” “Nothing!” “Are you schizophrenic?” With a triumphant look like she

had discovered a secret. Her classic combination of sly perception and lack of censure. I came out of the mood slowly and we talked on the long train ride. The five of us had a lot in common. We were all travellers, and we vibed well on topics of spirituality, non-conformity, and conscious living. Katey was into herbalism and was interesting to listen to on that topic. Elsie I had already gotten to know well, and Raúl doesn't talk a huge amount, but he was cool too. Aris was fascinating to me – one of the best psychics I had ever met. Arriving in the town where the friends of my parents live I met by total coincidence another friend of mine, in fact, the sister of one of the aforementioned friends. She is a very different person to her sibling; a person of such a high vibration that we instantly hit it off when we had met. “How are you doing?” she asked me. “Not all that well.” “What’s wrong?” she asked me. “Nothing more than a lack of hugs.” So we hugged a lot, and her abundant inner light made me feel quite a lot better. And that’s all I saw of her that day. Just another one of these little coincidences. Walking to the house, I told the guys about the people we were going to meet, that they were generally alright but advancing my diagnosis that they had “Hug Deficiency Disorder (HDD)” which causes them to be a bit stiff in the spine. I also mentioned my parents, who I explained were much more severe sufferers, being research scientists. “So you’re a snobbish person, but you’re trying to get better!” observed Aris cheerfully, and accurately, about me. She was always making uncomfortably accurate statements. Thankyou, Aris. It was quite a long walk. We got talking about my parents, who, as I explained, were terrible. Aris was really interested in that, and probed me mercilessly about them. She wanted to know if they really were as bad as all that. (I was uncomfortable going into details, and find it difficult to describe the intensity of their inner darkness at the best of times. It’s an energy thing, not a “they did this and that” thing). By way of contrast, she explained that her father had offered her a castle in exchange for being a virgin until marriage, marrying such and such a person, and all sorts of other conditions. At one time in her childhood, she recalled, she had jumped out of a moving car to get away from her mother. She had run away from home and prostituted herself, living all across Europe doing what she could to survive. **Bam** At the house of the friends of my parents was my father. I slammed the door and left. At the exit of the block of flats, I shouted at the top of my voice, completely involuntarily, “¡¡¡CABRÓN!!!” I had a huge amount of anger and fear under the surface. This is what Aris saw when she said “I don’t like you.” Most people who have got to know me think I’m a wonderful person, but particularly up to that point I was really cycling between the intense fear energy I had picked up from my parents and the love energy which is my true self – schizophrenic indeed. That fear

energy needed to be resolved. We got walking at a quick pace. I had resolved to get away as fast as possible. Aris interrogated me, wanting to know what was so bad about my parents. I found it very hard to express – there was so much pain and shame associated with the memories. I finally settled for the standard uninspired storyteller’s device: start from the birth of the main character. “You see, before I was born, apparently... this is what a really amazing psychic called Erin Pavlina told me... I chose to be born with parents who were full of dark energy to learn compassion or to understand what it’s like to suffer so much or something like that...” My father was behind me. I screamed and yelled at him to stay back. He came at me and started to use the whole shaming routine that I’m so powerless against. “You’re sick, you need to come back to the hospital to have regular treatments.” Elsie and the guys were great. They took me aside when I couldn’t stand it any longer and carried on the debate on my behalf. It was amazing to have people who could back me up on my point of view which I had felt so alone in holding. “Those doctors nearly killed me!” “They are qualified professionals, studied for years, and know more than you could possibly! \*shaming\* \*belittling\*” “They are brainwashed by pharmaceutical interests! Every year they studied made them less qualified to help people! My disease can be cured by diet changes and medicinal herbs!” “You think you’re right and the whole world is wrong! \*sneer\*” “AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A SCIENTIST! YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED YOUR OWN SON!!!” At this point my anger was so intense that I could have genuinely murdered him. I went away with Elsie and told my father that I’d meet up with him to talk later. I wouldn’t give him the luxury of a when, but he’d just have to lump it. The amazing thing, as I explained to Elsie, is that that intense murderous energy was in my father too – this is where I had got it from. And yet when I yell at him he just stands there putting up a façade of dignity. That fear energy that wants to come out and murder was held down by an equal fear energy that wants to be superior by appearing cool and unaffected by irrational emotions. “You say you have healing hands,” I said to Elsie, placing her hands across my stomach where the darkness was lodged. “What do I do?” “Just visualise white light.” Elsie prayed aloud, “Lord, give me the strength to heal this man.” I felt a strong, cold, white feeling spreading from her hands, and a high pitched scream came out of me though I held myself close to her. Elsie and I spent a couple of hours together, walking and talking through my emotions. She was so amazing. As a pretext for walking around, we set out to find me freshly squeezed orange juice, which I’ve found is the best medicine for any emotional condition due to its great life energy. None of the bars we visited had juicers. As I said to her, “When they make the movie they’ll skip this bit. Lack of

airtime.” Finally I felt like I was ready, so I phoned my father and said we could meet. They told me where they were (poor Aris, Raúl and Katey had spent all this time talking with him in a café) so I went there and met up with them. **Reconciliation** Talking with my father was a physical effort. I sat there, dizzy from the pain of being near the dark energy that had been torturing me since I was a baby, and forced words to come out of my mouth, with prompting from my friends. Katey and Aris held my hand. Raúl gave me the thumbs-up whenever I looked at him. Katey: “Why don’t you tell him about your project?” “I’m... going to write a website... about... well, maybe you’d call it personal development...” “And what’s that exactly?” “Well... you know... uh...” I clutch my forehead. Aris squeezes my hand. “It’s like... I believe that humanity is not limited to living as it is forever, but we have stages of development which we pass through, and that someone who focuses on his own growth and discovering the truth for himself can become much, much more intelligent and powerful than the culture that surrounds him...” “And can you describe your level?” asked my father. “Uh... no. It’s like... you always understand the people below you but you never understand the people above you, right? If you understood them, you’d be there.” My father mentioned he had read “Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance” which surprised me, because I had thought he never got into these sorts of things. I recommended he read Eckhart Tolle. (These sentences are brief for the amount of ego conflict and tension that was going on, but you can’t transmit all of that, which is energy, in words). “But I want to know, what can I do to help you?” asked my father. At this point I cried and said, “I want you to be happy.” And it’s hard to say how intense that pain is. For someone who knows what heaven feels like, the biggest torment, the most incredible sadness is someone who has never felt it in his life. At least I would feel it again. My father didn’t even know what he was missing! Of course he didn’t understand. I tried to explain what I just wrote above. I told him to start meditating and read Eckhart Tolle, and not get too reactionary where he mentions hockey concepts like reincarnation. But unless you’ve felt heaven, you don’t have the urgency of desire to get back there. It’s impossible to show people, they have to find it themselves; and they won’t look because they don’t know what they’re looking for. So, though it pains me, I don’t have much hope for my father. Then: “I want to know, do you love me?” he asked. “I can’t read minds, you know, and you don’t exactly make it obvious!” (I had been running away from him, refusing contact, for some months...) “Of course I love you,” I said, honestly, and hugged him, despite the clamping pain in my stomach. Aris told me that I was her hero. **Aftermath** We went to get our showers, and had dinner with the friends of my parents. My mother was there

too, and I spent some time with her for the first time in a long while. Then we went back, and talked on the train. Aris was ecstatic about me. And I saw a lot of myself in her too. She was born to even darker parents than mine, and had suffered so much. At one point she had been paralysed from the waist down out of emotional stress. She was schizophrenic, had emotional highs and lows, and paranoid episodes. “Are you taking anything for it?” I asked. “No... I’m curing it by living.” “Good. I was going to say, don’t listen to standard doctors or psychiatrists if they want to give you a mind altering drug – they are insane.” “Yeah. I just use the word ‘schizophrenic’ because that’s how I describe it, but I don’t go to a doctor.” How can I describe what it is to live feeling like you are the only one who goes through these things, thinking that everyone would misunderstand you and hate you if you expressed yourself! And to meet someone else like this, who can understand you so deeply! Raúl, it turns out, had come to Europe because he was running away from his parents as well. His experiences vibed with mine greatly. We had all come together for a reason, it seems. We spent the train ride talking, and then me and Raúl and Aris went to a café to talk some more. Me and Aris even started to have in-jokes; I would call her “fucking psychic” whenever she read something from my mind. It is absolutely impossible to hide anything from her. Fucking psychic. **The next days** Me and Aris spent quite a lot of time together the next days. Her clarity and perception were incredible, and she taught me so much. Not by any sort of “official” lessons. Just by talking with her incidentally, about whatever, I absorbed amazing things. I can hardly imagine where I’d be if I could spend a time with a lady like her all the time (though maybe I’ll see... I have met other guides since then). At one time, for instance, she told me about some information that she had perceived psychically. It just blew me away how she could do it. “I don’t like this place. There was a guy, really nasty. Last night he seduced a girl.” “How do you know this? You saw it?” “I read it [like this is the most normal thing in the world]. He left something in her.” “Dark energy?” \*Shrug for maybe, yes\* “...Or a child.” Then we were talking about the afterlife with a group of the guys from the university. Me and Aris, of course, both believed in reincarnation, and were describing what we knew. “People always reincarnate into people. And you don’t change sex. When you’re a man in one life you’re a man in all lives,” said Aris. “Really?” I said at this last point. “I don’t think so.” One guy then laughed at this statement, thinking I was the sort of person to believe something without proof. I told them how I had talked with a psychic who had told me that in my last life I had got killed for telling the truth too aggressively. Aris said with one of her amazing smiles, “Yes – I think you are the sort of person who would get killed for telling the truth!” Somehow, it makes me



proud that she would say so :) Later, she gave me her diaries for safekeeping, which I still have, and some interesting books, as she was carrying too much stuff around. She gave me one special book, “L’Univers d’Edgar Cayce – les révélations du plus grand médium Américain” (The Universe of Edgar Cayce – the revelations of the greatest American medium). Her dedication reads: “I took it from la Vielle Balette – lost imaginary village north of Montpellier, where punks were burning books... I saved it... It’s my God! -Edgar Cayce [She means Edgar Cayce is her God] Welcome to the world of SPIRIT.” In the back, she wrote the address of a miraculous healer in her native Slovenia who I will go and see. We were going to meet up and go together in the summer, in fact. Nevertheless, who knows how much she could have helped me with this information. She has given me so many priceless gifts in so short a time. I went to get a book I had been carrying around myself, “The Diamond in your Pocket” by Gangaji, a really beautiful spiritual text which I knew she would resonate with. I decided to draw patterns in it by way of personalising my dedication, though it didn’t come out very inspired. One of the symbols in the pattern was a heart, which prompted her to say, “I really hope you’re not going to fall in love with me. You know that couldn’t work.” I poked her with the butt of my pen and said, “I’m not actually.” Another moment – I’m just picking out moments here, they might not even be in chronological order – she was at one of her low points and I gave her a hug. Afterwards she looked much better and said, “Thanks for the energy!” This was one of the first things that gave me a reminder of my own power, which I had been scared to acknowledge for so long. Nowadays it’s a bit more obvious to me, now I’ve opened up. But Aris’ had this way of clarifying things. She incarnated clarity, perception. That’s what she was. Another moment, she told me that, after I let her use my computer, she had copied some of my files. “Which ones?” \*I’m too cute for you to be really angry with me look\* “...All of them?” “Why?” “They’re genius! I’m going to copy your ideas and write my own articles with them, hehehe.” I didn’t mind, it felt really good that she would think so about my writing: a little after, boosted in my confidence by this, I started writing this website. Later, another moment, I felt a surge of emotion toward her, almost randomly, and wanted to kiss her. She felt that, of course, though I didn’t give it away on my face. She looked at me knowingly. Fucking psychic. She stood there smiling at me. I put on a deliberately stupid face and diffused the moment with an attempt at humour, more because I was awkward about the idea of kissing a girl than because she looked uninviting to the prospect. She seemed surprised and pleased, if anything. So we left that there. When she left, she gave me this parting advice: “You can give the people here energy, but if you’re in your dark



moods you'll cause great harm instead. You should go spend some time alone, and meditate – don't think!" After that, she left, and I went for a walk, more depressed than I had been for a long time. I felt like Aris was right and I should leave the university, although I really didn't want to. In a direct sequence of events, though, this lead me to meeting Ruth, who was drawn to console me in my sadness, and a month of the most explosive romance and mutual growth you could possibly imagine. Underneath all of this I feel a thread of coherence – this event prepared the ground for that and so on; like there was a very clear plan behind this all. I'm sure there is meaning in the same way behind all the things in normal lives that appear meaningless, but they are harder to perceive because such people resist the way the universe flows, thinking that it might be anything other than perfectly loving and perfectly wise. More or less three weeks after that, I heard the news. Elsie emailed me a bit after that and told me what had happened to her and Katey (and also another girl I'd known called Kitty). They had all been on the same boat with Aris but had made a stop in Morocco and decided to go their own way – only maybe a day before the storm. So they had been saved by a hair. Another one of these funny coincidences. The night I heard the news, I went to the beach and lit a candle. The wind blew it out, so I made a sandcastle around it to shelter it. I watched the sea, like I always do when I'm sad or pensive, though this time the sea was a little bit more respect-commanding than before. After a while the candle blew out again and I left it as it was. I remember being with Aris when she was reading the I Ching. She said that she always used this means of divination to see where to go next; it would tell her the sort of things that deep down she knew but was resistant to seeing. And it had told her to go south-west. It seems strange and painful that the I Ching could have lead her to this, and yet all I can see is that Aris was supposed to die. Perhaps she was too crippled by her wounds in this life and needed to rest and heal in Source. God knows she has earnt it. I know it's better there. This is too dark and ugly a world for a girl as full of light and wisdom as Aris. Maybe she'll reincarnate somewhere more fitting for her. Still I hope we meet again. Bye Aris, inimitable guide. I love you.

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node/2376

## Mensen van nu

Nice dutch documentary about a new generation in Holland with Robin in one of the main roles, in dutch though. <http://tegenlicht.vpro.nl/afleveringen/2013-2014/>

mensen-van-nu.html Good article to put our feet back on the ground (because I like to see things from multiple perceptions): <http://www.volkskrant.nl/vk/nl/11187/Martijn-Simons/article/detail/3525437/2013/10/11/Baarden-knippen-en-groentes-verbouwen-maakt-nog-geen-nieuwe-generatie.dhtml>

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node/27891

## meta-writing. to be read only in times of abundant and deliberate idleness.

I would like to contribute, rather “create a story” for casarobino.org Except... whenever it’s time to document insight, my thoughts scurry back into hiding, sort of like a family of foxes running back into their holes when threatened with a shining light. Yea, foxes...deer? not so much (for deer sort of stand still in the light). Yes, hard for me to contribute something worthwhile... The blank, white screen is quite disruptive to my thoughts, in the way that when the lights go on in a bar, the conversation stops. Is this talker’s version of writer’s block? Talk block? Cock block? Or what is happening to me may best be explained in fiscal terms. This documentation, this exposure, this THREAT... this tariff? a thought tariff? Yes! The documenting is a tax that increases cost to the point that it costs the producer (writer) more than it is worth to the consumer (reader). So, then producers are reluctant to sell. and consumers are reluctant to buy. So, what is the alternative? The producer finds another market. Back to the sink it is. Thank god for dirty dishes.

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node/2383

## Migrobirdo’s Vision

[img\_assist|nid=2086|align=right|width=350] “Everybody has the right to dream, to have visions and to speak about them.”

Here at the house we did not know about [Migrobirdo](#) before, until we got news of last week’s [events](#). So let’s share some more information about this project. Migrobordo’s idea was born in Tübingen, Germany. The [idea](#) was to set sail to South America to

“create connections between people who are politically and artistically active, subsistence farmers and social institutions.”

In addition, the crew-members wanted to hold seminars, perform street entertainment sessions and to invite guests onto the boat, called Der Taube (The Pigeon). In doing this, the crew advocated radical skill-sharing: “Everybody is pupil and teacher at the same time. Equality and openness are most important.”

And in order to come to a world where such a practice of skill-sharing has become more normal, “we steadily have to reconsider our ways of thinking. Visions are necessary for this change, for ideas and creativity.” By sailing through Europe towards South America, Der Taube wanted to help stimulate creative thinking in what type of world you want to live in. The boat as such is a means and a medium to openly show the principles the group stands for.

Der Taube set first [sail](#) late summer 2007. Before that time many young people participated in this project, building the ship. A year later Der Taube set sail towards Amsterdam and further down to Portugal and Spain. In december 2008, the boat continued its trail to the Canaries, to make the jump to Latin America after that. Along the way, many new crewmembers joined, while others went on joining still other projects. Very sadly though, the boat didn't reach its destination.

According to mainstream news-sources, the boat capsized at the entrance to the Port of Mahdia ([interactive map](#)), near Kenitra. But bad weather and rough seas made a sea search impossible. One girl was able to swim ashore and fortunately also she has already left hospital. As far as we are aware though neither Aris, nor the other crew-members or the boat, have been found so far.

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node/2087

## Mindmapping SHE

At the SHE-meeting here in Amsterdam some months back, we had an empty piece of paper with written at the top ‘ideas-page’. In the end [Dante](#) and I used that sheet of paper for a [brain-dump](#). Now I finally managed to write those keywords down in clear [sentences](#). Really funny to see also Veit in [action](#) by the way. The profit he makes

through [HC](#) must be dropping. Maybe we should let him know his donation-box is still here in the house?

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node/23

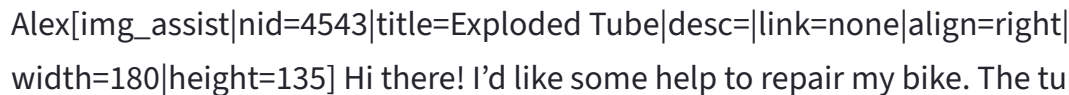
## miracle ticket

george clinton and parliament funkadelic came to town, i need to see these guys, legends, but it was 33euro to get in which my poor ass couldnt handel. so of corse busking with the guitar and my sign saying 'I NEED A MIRACLE TICKET' was the way forward. the first 2 hrs of playing infront of the venue paradiso brought nothing, just a few strange looks from people who didnt get the sign and didnt want to ask. i went to have some food and when i returned there were more people and the show was to start in an hour. the band walked by but i guess they didnt see my sign since they didnt give me a ticket,im sure they would have. got 50cents from some nice lady who apologized for not having a ticket for me, and another young guy came over to smoke a joint with me. we talked a while about squats and animal rights until his friends he was waiting for arrived. his friend jack asked me what a miracle ticket was (someone giving you an extra ticket for a show you MUST see but cant afford) then scratched his head wondering if he should be my saviour. his friends were all saying 'ya come on do it do it' and he said 'ya sure why not'. the kid didnt even have an extra ticket, no, instead he went to an atm and handed me the cash! they said jokingly that i met the nicest people in holland. jack didnt have much money either, he was just a young student with a good heart, always smiling. inside we pushed our way to the front where george and p funk funkcd our asses. i danced the funky chicken with the guitar as a dance partner 4 hous strainght, my shirt soaking wet and feet stompin, my new friends passing me a number of joints, the music came through the ground and up through my bones into my head and shot up through to space. a beautiful black blues singer came on stage and her soul poored through her voice. i was in awe with tears streaming down my face it was so powerful. that may have happended to me at a concert before but never with so much feeling, i cant describe it. anyway...it was funkadelic

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node/4420

# Mobile Bike Repair

Alex Hi there! I'd like some help to repair my bike. The tube exploded in LeidsePlein and everyone thought a gun went off. I brought the bike back to my house in Oud Zuid and I have some tools to work on the bike as well as the new tube. I am easy to find over here. Someone wants to come help me to disassemble and reassemble the bike!

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node/4544

# Model UN dinner

At dinner yesterday we had: 1 Finn 1 Pole 1 Estonian 1 Dutch 1 German 1 Romanian 1 Yank - me Tonight we are looking at having a dozen people overnight, including my co-dad Sky and Kassia coming in from Copenhagen. Curiously all the east Europeans are women and all the men are westerns. There were tales of hitching (Karden and Lena just hitched in from Germany, Kaudry last night from Estonia, Mark is coming in today as is Julian and her friend). And we don't know how we are going to fit all these people in this little flat, and we are not worried about it.

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node/98

# Monday one year after

This day one year ago, I stepped on a plane up north, to be welcomed by what was then simply known as "Robin's place". This day one year ago trashwiki was imagined out of late night talks in what was simply called the "living room". And one year minus ten days ago Casa got a name, and a site. One year after, what have I learnt? Lots. One year after, where am I going? Not sure, yet. Thank you everyone for the love, stories, company, dinners, dumpsters, magic and whateverness. See you around :)

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node/5287

# Montreal community project... on the plateau!

A collective housing project in Montreal. with love, jer <http://coopsurgenereux.googlepages.com/en>

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node/4830

## more bikes

We got gypsy and Mirtilla working last night.

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node/4773

## more magical than usual

Sitting outside a petrol station 60km from Verona, 30km after Trieste, at 530am. Hitching today was crazy. How does it happen that people and events just bring you to places that you never thought of arriving before? I was picked up by a Dutch guy just before Nuerenberg and 9 hours later we are here in Italy, just 250 km away from my end-destination, but through a totally different route than planned before? And without the planned stop-over in Munich, the city we passed, the city I was unable to enter. A senior Jaguar in Amsterdam Jan van Halenstraat at 1030, a bus-driver, a German social worker with whom I shared past experiences of life and death, a tax-official and a German truck-driver brought me to the spot where I was picked up by the Dutch guys, who brought me to the place I am right now, surrounded by mountains. Silently enjoying the noises of trucks, smells of fresh coffee and the first people waking up, who are on their ways to their offices, and a nice young lady serving me a hot toast. I experienced the Alps at night, freezing cold (-15 degrees Celcius), and typing right now while it is still somewhat below zero, thinking back to that nice coffee I was served 2 hours ago by the boss of my Dutch driver. I didn't have to wait long for the rides that I got on this trip so far (on average 20 minutes) but somehow I think waiting time will be much longer where I am right now. And where is next? Shall I stop over at Venetia? Or just straight on towards Ljubljana? Let's first see who just pulled over to check what's next. — 1800. finally arrived in Ljubljana. I now

understand why I had been avoiding Italy so much in my past hitchhiking trips. But things were cool anyway. I waited for the sun to show her face to me, saw beautiful white mountain tops beautifully enlightened by the fresh sunlight during that process, and two minutes later somebody opened his door without me asking for it. He (a syndicalist organiser) dropped me right on the highway towards Venezia (the ride I hoped for), where I got picked up within minutes by someone from Moldavia, bringing me to a petrol-station where I took it (really) easy, enjoying a warm sun and everything, sitting down, writing notes and waiting for people to approach me instead of the other way around. Then spotted a car and decided it was going to be him. Second petrol-station in Italy was even better. I lied down and rested for half an hour (sunbathing), scared the hell out of a beautiful Hungarian girl (she hit the alarm, and couldn't get it off... long story), and waited and waited for the right ride, until finally it was there. The boys brought me to the country where I am now (scimmy businesses) and I was instantly picked up by this really great guy who had heard about Aris before. — The whole trip was magical, more than usual. There is a lot to be shared and there is some beautiful notes in my offline little book. Maybe I will even come around writing that in zero's and ones, who knows: Random Roads. — More later. hugs.

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node/2356

## More quotes...

“I’m exposing myself to the world, so come on in!” “We don’t have faces, we have screens” “Anu is magical” “The Germans loved Bush. Well, hasslehof actually. And Americans love Schwarzenegger” “Is your power supply getting hot? That’d be a pretty bad pickup line...” “Are you laughing at my eclecticism?” And some visual accompaniment, soon. “Don’t you want a bit of Jesus inside of You?”

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node/54

## Moving onwards and developing

Dear Casa and all it’s affiliates, facilitators and associates, It has been a while and I have had very little time to play; how ever many of you have been kind enough to visit



berlin and also writing me. Never the less the reason I write to you is that something great might happen next year and that is the first community house in Dublin (at least to my knowledge, please correct me?) and I would like to invite you for contributions on: <http://germania-dublin.blogspot.com/> We are currently a mix of people with everything from no community experience to several years of highly-extincting-speedy experiences... The House should be established by the 1 of February 2010, but you can follow the blog in case we have stirred you interest. Love - Vikingen -

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node/8438

## Music festivals for free -or- festival dumpsterdiving

I recently came back from Reading festival where I “volunteered”. I noticed Shaun wrote something similar a little while back and thought I’d provide another, more legal and quite interesting option. I think some people here can find this info useful. The details I’m mentioning here are specific for Reading but applies to most of the big festivals in England and possibly in other countries as well. Lots of festivals allow some sort of volunteering. Those festivals are BIG, hundred thousand drunk kids, lots of staff, lots of volunteers. There is room for everyone (as long as they apply on time. You have to do it a few months in advance and pay a deposit that you get back) and they have several volunteering options. As a volunteer (or a payed staff member for the matter) you get better, more secured camping, better toilets, hot showers and access to more areas (not backstage though, I tried. although I was told it is sometimes possible if you’re lucky and speak/act your way in there). There are several volunteering options. All of them are doing 3 shifts of 8 hours. I’m going to mention the 3 in Reading I know the most about, but simply look in the festival website - 1. CAT - Camping Assistant Team - You’re basically walking around the camping area, making sure the kids are not killing each other, burning each other’s tent, ect. You mostly just wander, chat with them. There are shifts before, during and the day after the festival. You’d usually find yourself missing one evening of the shows and free during the rest. 2. HAT - Helpful Arena Team - Walking around between the stages with shiny vests marked with INFO and directing people to the closest ATMs, toilets, stage and such. Answering random questions. You’d also have to make sure they’re not passed out dead on the grass and call paramedic if they are. This is what I did there. It has both

advantages and disadvantages over being a CAT. It's better because all you do is walk around between the stages, watch the shows and tell people where the closest toilets are. It's worse because all your shifts are during the festival. Half of the time is off but you are a lot more likely to miss shows you want to watch properly. 3. Green Messenger - Lots of British kids are spoiled, over-consuming idiots. Loads of them buy nice new gear, lots of gear, use it in the festival and leave it there or dump it somewhere near afterwards. I'm talking about tents, sleeping bags, pillows, duvets, blow up mattresses, boots, hats, jackets, food, alcohol. Lots of perfectly good, factory sealed food and alcohol. Being a Green Messenger is taking part of an organized dumpsterdiving. They dive for the useful camping gear and eventually donate it to third world countries or so. I spent a day with a group of them, drinking huge amounts of alcohol they found left behind, observing what they found. Festival are the best place I've ever seen to dumpsterdive. You will find amazing stuff. Most of the messengers didn't work during the festival. They had 1 shift before it and 2 after it and got to see all. Options number 1 and 2 are available to everyone. Option number 3 and some other options are open to EU citizens or work permit holders. Anyway - All of the above options allow you to attend the festival and get a decent amount of shows (if not all of them) for free, you can pick your shift to a certain degree - to see your favorite band. No matter what position you are, even if you're not a green messenger you can easily dumpsterdive when it's over. Festival dumpsterdiving is the best.

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node/5050

## Mutiny!

I understand that this post is going to make me highly unpopular in the casa, however i feel i must fight for the kitten as she is not able to fight for herself. I love the kitten, i think she brings something wonderful and new to the house, she forces thoes living in the house to meet new challenges and to accept responsibility for a life outside of their own. The casa is a living breathing community and we all share in the every day running of it without complaint so why can't the kitten become a part of that daily life? I accept that ideally the kitten would run free in the wild and catch her own food, but then ideally, so would we. House cats can live a happy and fulfilled life, and going by her behaviour up until now i don't think she is at all depressed, she seems to rather enjoy the busy happenings of the casa and especially loves all the new people who

come by and pet her. I know that i'm not going to be here forever and that others who take my place in the casa will have to deal with decisions we make now but hasn't it always been like this? The kitten is just one more part of the casa to make it a little more special. Right, now thats all said i await the onslaught of comments daming me for my unhippyness. Be gentle. x

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node/5018

## My dramatic goodbye/see ya later to Casa.

So in the overwhelming emotional tornado that hit me a few days before I left I forgot to leave my farewell to all of you in the book. I tried to explain how I felt to Robin Heather and Marc at the Vrouw but we were drunk of course, so I want to give everyone a proper thank you and goodbye message. Let's make it a dramatic goodbye why don't we. We all know how I love those... so here we go. Now that I am back in Canada , back at "home" and in the same meaningless routine that I tried to run away from, I find memories flowing back to me, feelings, echos of old laughter in my ears and memories of faces that seem like ghosts now. I feel like it was all a dream. Going from the scenic streets of Amsterdam to the boring buildings and ghost towns of Ontario, dutch weather to minus twenty and snow, bikes to cars, laughter to anger and from family to my other family. I can't possibly begin to express how much I miss you all, and home. Before I came to Europe I was always in a shell, i buried myself away as much as possible because I was always so afraid that if people got to know me , they would let me down or they would be disappointed. My confidence in myself and other people was extremely low, I really didn't like "people" let's say. I feel like I was walking through life hiding behind a mask, people always judged me on how I looked and nothing else and so I never let anyone really get to know me. I was so afraid when I was first coming to the Casa because I felt like I was being thrown into a situation where I was going to be torn apart. Shaun really wanted to move there though , so I thought why not?. The first while as most of you all know , I thought you were all crazy , and that Robin was evil. Obviously things changed... All of a sudden Casa was home , everyone became family and I came to a new realization that people were not as terrible as I had always thought, in fact I was surprised at just how kind everyone was there ( a little freaky at times, kind of like a weird cult) and how all of a

sudden I didn't feel like I was hiding anymore.No one judged me on my appearance (really) or on what I had to say but just excepted who everyone was. Through my adventures through Europe the places I went , the things I seen. Whenever anyone asks what my favorite part was I say my family.The people I met, and whenever they ask what the worst part was, I say leaving and saying goodbye. But I guess that's what makes these relationship's you develop while traveling so intense. It's all so bittersweet, and you will always wonder when and If you will ever see these people again.But you know when you do meet again , its going to be FUCKING AWSOME haha!!!! SO thank you for everything , everyone , for so many laughs hugs and great times, for picking me up when I have been down, making fun of me while I was crying (you know who you are) and for dealing with my craziness for almost a year.LOVE YOU ALL... see some of you in hell muahahaha :D. Ps. I left a piece of myself behind at the Casa, not my heart cause that's in my chest, but possibly my greatest gift... The gift of Katherine hair. :)HUUUUUUGS!

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node/15733

## My driver's heart stopped. We are both fine.

I hitched several modes of transport during my time in Croatia: a rusty tractor, a Tito era car without numberplates, a Cadillac with NYC number plates, a leather seat Mercedes, a little fishing boat, a couple of scooters and an old tourist ship. With all that variety I specially cherish one ride, with Ivo the war time ambulance driver. He saved me from the crushing heat when I was starting to think I would faint. He pulled over and handed me a bottle of water out the window, no questions asked. It was only later that he asked me where I was going. He said I looked like a big burnt mushroom on the side of the road. He went really out of his way to sneak us into Krka National Park that is a true wonder, I felt like a happy gnome in a water abundant world. We cheerfully made our way out of the park through high narrow streets; at every turn I could see cliffs, water or boulders far down. Ivo was chatting about his war time experiences and his family when suddenly he stopped the car abruptly, closed his eyes and held himself tight without saying a word. He passed out a moment later. I couldn't believe what was happening. Called 112 from my phone, they transfered me to a Croatian call center who located where I was, asked me a

bunch of questions ( German was very useful at this point) and sent an ambulance. I didn't know what to do! is he breathing? do I hold his head up? down? lay him outside the car? Do I call his family? Where exactly are we? I had to get out of the car through his door. Mine opened to the precipice. I have to say I was impressed when the ambulance showed up in what seemed little time. One ambulance driver and two doctors jumped out and did everything so swiftly and professionally I thought they were angels. They took Ivo to the hospital, me and one of the doctors followed with Ivo's car. In that time I managed to explain the situation to the doctor who thought we were lucky that Ivo had the self restraint to brake the car before the curve. I just met Ivo, I said, please save him, he has family. I couldn't bring myself to leave even though I had stopped shaking. I decided to stay in the emergency room waiting for news, in the mean time the nurses handed me Ivo's clothes, wallet, car keys and his cellphone. So I called Marjia, his wife who was sitting next to her daughter who is a English teacher at the local Elementary School. Explaining a situation which seemed so unlikely to someone I didn't know over the phone was excruciatingly ridiculous. They all came: Marjia, Anna, Frank and the children. They covered me in hugs and kisses, they said that if it hadn't been for me, Ivo would still be in the car. I cried, we all cried together. Twelve hours later we finally got concrete news from the doctors, it had been a minor heart attack, he would be fine. It turned out that all the senior doctors and nurses knew Ivo from the time of the war so they were giving him extra care. Marjia stayed with Frank (the son) in the hospital, they were allowed to see Ivo. Anna took me and her kids home, this family wasn't ready to let me go. I was guided to a Lilac colored room in the fresh house, with a window facing a Lavender bush. I slept what seemed feverish sleep conjuring all compassionate people I know, they all came and covered me with blankets. When I woke up I felt overwhelmed with love. We celebrated the next day and went swimming to the beach with the kids, Marjia didn't let me go without sharing Sliwowitz. Before leaving Nin I went with Anna to see Ivo in the hospital, he seemed to have shrunk from his athletic porté, lost color and charm. He smiled timidly and kissed my hand as a goodbye. He reminded me of my Dad, also changed by hospital life. I convinced Frank to put me on the road again after begging him to not buy me a bus ticket. I was convinced I belonged on the road and nowhere else. I opened my bag some hours later to find dried frigs, appricots and strudel. Even though I was again on my own, I felt the whole world with me, shinning from the inside, encompassing, caring, opening, showing me whatever my eyes are ready to see ... and the organic certainty that everything is in balance. Now I'm back in Berlin, intoxicated in my dance with life, ready and full of love to share.

## My trip, so far

Maybe someone remembers a crazy chef passing by the house about 40 days or so ago. My trip has taken me thru all over Europe, hitting the transmanchurian railway down to Beijing and at this moment Im in southern China in a town called Guilin. Its a very touristy place, but tomorrow Im going out to the rural areas to see if its possible to pick some rice. So trains in europe, trains n russia, trains in china. Its been one hell of a ride and still im not done yet. Hopijng to hit Laos in 14 days and then bum arond there for about 14 days, then into Thailand to celebrate Christmas and New Year, probably alone, on a beach. I only had one favorit city, except from amsterdam, in europe and that was Vienna. How beautiful isnt that city?!!! Well time flies like and arrow and fruit like a banana and soon it will be spring again. Maybe to check back at the casa and see how its hanging. Untill then, tata!

## Naming the rooms

Ok, yesterday we went through the painful “sleeping place attribution” (with 10 ppl, it has to be) yesterday, that was made more painful than necessary by the fact that we had to describe the rooms we were talking about. Let’s give them names. We have:  
The living room The small room on the side of the kitchen The ‘bit bigger’ room with the huge bed on the other side The upstairs entrance room The upstairs side room  
The kitchen (need to name?) The bathroom (need to name?) The balcony (need to name?) The hallway (need to name?) The staircase (need to name?) The roof (need to name?)  
Suggestions: **Explorers** Livingstone Magelan Gamma ... **Imaginary places** Oz Rivendell Endor Eden Zion Avalon ... **Revolutionary** Che Guevara Martin Luther Zapata JJ Rousseau ... **Races** Elve Dwarf Human Hobbit Centaurs Sirens ... **Empires** Egypt Persia Summer England Ottoman Athen Qing Mongol Inca Aztec **Monsters** Godzilla Tiamat Leviathan King kong Cyclop Sauron Yeti Bigfoot Nessie Marylin Masson **Gods** Bacchus Allah Krishna Buddha Jehovah Thor Zeus Quetzalcoatl Julien ... **Scientists** Eisntein Planck Shrödinger Archimède Galileo Newton Curie Hawking Frankenstein ... **Evil fuckers** Bill Gates Ossama George Double-U Sarkosy Stalin

Margaret Thatcher Himmler Gandhi Vlad Dracula Nabuchadnezzar Fidel Castro Omar Hassan al Bachir Hernán Cortés Buffalo Bill Mao Tse-Tung Mother Theresa (Huf! We're really inspired by this one!) ... Comment.

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node/100

## Need your support, or we are going to close.

Since 2009, in Casale Monferrato, north west of Italy, 35.000 inhabitants, exist a very active place where hospitality is shared. It started from an idea of some local nomads and since 3 years, hosted almost 300 between volunteers and travellers. Is a colourfoul apartment at first floor in a multicultural street in the city center. Everyone know the place, and neighbours bring us food and share stories and time with us. Our doors and windows are always open. We always focused about this: share, understand and respect each person diversity. The house is quite big, has a kitchen, a hall for events, a relaxing room, sleeping room with four beds, a huge bathroom, and a garage. Next to the house there is another garage, were we store objects found in our dumpster diving, and then we use it as a creative workshop. We had wonderful time, and organized around 200 events, for share travellers culture with locals and fund money to pay the rent. We gived to the guest-host everything for free, accomodation and food, and we also got some help from the locals. With our time and passion, we were able to do this, and found somehow to pay the rent of the house. We also run some blog and groups through internet to promote, not only us, but all cultural and artistic activities of the city. But what happen now? Until now everything was coordinated with the support and help from who created this. But now those people, rightly, need to also have freedom and keep their travelling spirit alive. In the last year they were keeping coordinating the Space, giving up to their feelings to travel. So now, we decided to found a solution, an update, to transform this place where everything is shared, as a nomad base, freeing also the creators from their responsibilities. The ultimatum date is 1st of august. Since that date, a solution should be found, so we offer an opportunity to use this place and transform it into a real self managed nomad-base. We need one or more person that would like do this, and keep this place alive. We had good skills in a local way, organizing events (200 in 3 years), dinners at our place, music, workshops, language courses, ecc... We had also good skill for



attract travellers (300 in 3 years) using our blog, couchsurfing, workaway, ecc... But we had a lack of knowledge and thoughts about future of this place, organizing a structure that could work with his own legs. The rent of the house is quite cheap, 350€ including expenses. So we ask to you to first spread this message to your contacts, and then if you feel to come to visit us before august and see the opportunity we offer. If we found someone motivated and with ideas that can work, we can also give them some money (600€ that we have in our deposit), so that they can have support for the first 2 months. For us, what is important is that this place keep to live. Is something unique, because the relations builded with the local community and the support from the local people. Alternatives are: to close, or to give this places to some local organizations, but we know, in this case, the nomad spirit will be lost. Please, check our blog [www.serydarth.wordpress.com](http://www.serydarth.wordpress.com) , [www.casaleattiva.wordpress.com](http://www.casaleattiva.wordpress.com) and find us on facebook where you can find a lot of pictures: [www.facebook.com/serydarth](https://www.facebook.com/serydarth) To contact us: [serydarth@yahoo.it](mailto:serydarth@yahoo.it) +39.349.5250560 Thanks for your support. Hugs The Serydarth, Little Intercultural Space Team

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node/26406

## Neighbourhood dumpstering

One of the favorite spots for the hosts in our house is the market in Ten Katestraat. It is a daily market relatively close by to the house, and there are nice big blue containers with lots of left-overs. These are great for digging. Since we come there often, we also have a lot of knowledge on this market. A [special page](#) on [trashwiki](#) has recently been added to share this knowledge.

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node/137

## Net seeker

So, I've been thinking about this for a while now: Why isn't there a TRUE WiFi finder dongle thingy (is there? I've never heard of one...) What I'm thinking of is not simply something which senses the existence of a wifi signal, but finds and tests open, unlocked WiFi 'automatically.' Basically, I'm thinking of using a wifi module tied to an 8-bit micro with a push-button and a tri-color LED as a status indicator, running off of

whatever necessary battery source (Recharable Lilon via USB?) It would work something like this: Push "Search" LED=Red uC gets a list from WiFi module of open (unsecure) access points IF access points exist, LED=Orange begin testing access points for connection IF connection & IP address established, LED=Yellow IF successful, attempt to ping a website (google? Casarobino? time.com?) LED=Yellow Blinking IF successful (receives some correct response from website, indicating established connection to correct site), LED=Green And bam, an indicator for available wifi. It would not be difficult ot add an LCD to indicate the SSID, but even that may be unnecessary. I'm just tired of wasting battery life turning on my N800 or pulling my laptop out of standby to find out the wifi is all encrypted/inaccessible. Feedback? does something like this exist? Anyone interested in helping out (I should be able to do everything, but always love group projects/feedback)? I'll be putting together an electronics workbench when I get back to CT at my parents place.

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node/4824

## new activity stream features

Since it was winter again, I started reading more and then I found out we actually didn't have an [activity stream](#) item for books that you've read.

Now we do. I added [Good Reads](#) to the list, as well as other sources of your (online) activity such as [Identicat](#) (microblogging), [Foursquare](#), [Ravelry](#) (for knitting!) and [blip.tv](#), in addition to the ones we already had such as twitter, flickr, any rss-feed, delicious, etc.

To change your settings and add your stream, login and [click here](#).

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node/9341

## New Arrivals and Loud Buzzing

[George](#) arrived yesterday or technically last night. With his folding bike and little carrier behind it. They make quite a sight as you can see from the photo. He cycled from Milano/ Italy to here Amsterdam [mapping](#) bicycle routes with a GPS device and sending them to the [European Cyclists Federation](#) that maps routes for us cyclists. We

also had Josh coming yesterday, who is brothers with [Jass](#). Josh rang the doorbell non-stop for about a minute or so just after noon, thinking he had to press the button to talk. He never experienced an intercom before... - he really said so. He promised us last night to write a manual on how to press the doorbell and not to buzz. Almost everyone who's been here knows how important that sometimes can be: you jump two stories high when someone buzzes long just when you stand next to the intercom.

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node/10937

## New Books for the house

Today I ordered four new books that will come in handy. I just wanted to order one, but it saves on shipping and CO2 to order more at once. So, that's why. Here's the list and some links. \* Nowtopia: How Pirate Programmers, Outlaw Bicyclists, and Vacant-lot Gardeners are Inventing the Future Today ([link](#)) (thanks Dante!) \* Toolbox for Sustainable City Living ([link](#)) (thanks Bonnie!) \* The Revolution Will Not Be Microwaved: Inside America's Underground Food Movements ([link](#)) \* Manifestos On The Future Of Food And Seed ([link](#))

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node/275

## New Dumpster Finds

In the beginning we thought Amsterdam wasn't easy to dumpster-dive, apart from the daily markets. I remember well when Jass was here, or shall I say Mister Skip, and even he gave up on finding good spots in the area. But little by little, day by day, we're encountering more and more good(!) dumpsters around. Organic dumpsters, more bread-dumpsters and office-skips for example. Last Wednesday when I was walking towards town, just across the two bridges towards the roundabout, I saw a dumpster outside of one of the organic shops and oh my, how full it was with organic goodies: fruits, veggies and bread-spreads. And today while on my way to the train-station, I noticed a great dumpster outside an office-building and it had lots of left-overs from their canteen. Salads and bread for example. Used things, but still very good, and mostly things they are not allowed to re-use since it has to be fresh every day. Back in

December I remember also Sma and Zuphit who found lots of bottles of shampoo for example, shampoo that we still use, just on the street across, every Tuesday and Friday morning. And there is the bread-factory that Wrenaqua loves to go to, which is a 15 minute bike-ride away and over there is a lot more to be found (and given!) than we need. It's a great extra to the weekly croissants from around the corner and the bread we make ourselves. And our daily fruits and veggies no longer come from Ten Kate anymore, rather just from the Turkish vegetable shop around the corner, available 24/7. Only things still missing are good dumpsters for rice and other grain-products, as well as flour. Still seems to be tough to nail down exactly at what time supermarkets put their grey containers outside. But for sure you can find good stuff there. A little while back I was diving in Rotterdam for a dumpster-tour that I helped setting up ([see photos!](#)), where we met a fellow-diver in one of the containers. He had just found twelve bottles of wine, as well as beer and lots of soap and shower-gels. His advice: dive deep enough. Check for the full list of dumpsters around here and when you find a new one, do add it: <http://casarobino.org/2011/03/dumpster-diving>

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node/18717

## New Dumpsters, New Food Masterpieces and Beans for Kitten

We've discovered some new dumpsters near to the casa and haven't stopped eating. Some recent finds include: strawberries, lots and lots of parsely, a sink full of tomatoes, fenel, leeks, apricots, spinach, avocados, kiwi, chillies, carrots, potatoes.....not to mention we've been drowning in croissants, pain au chocolate, almond croissants and various other pastries. We even found a lot of beans for kitten to play with. Perogies, hummus, tabouli, guacamole, kiwi jam, roasted vegetables, pasta madre flat bread....if any one is hungry, please come over and help us eat.

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node/9250

## New Give Away Shop Goodies

Surprises, I love 'em! Just in front of the casa we now have a [give away shop](#)! I was contacted by Olga, who lived with Heather whilst in London, telling me she is just

opening a give-away-shop in the building in front of the casa. The shop is really nice from the inside, there is lots of goodies and it is all official and legal and that kind of stuff. So from now on, we don't really have to go far to get rid of our stuff or to find new things. Having a baby en no money (see the article: [zwanger en geen geld](#) in Dutch) is no problem: as for heaven is great and its toys magical :-)

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node/27774

## New Lightfoot Box!

Yay! Guess what kids? A new lightfoot box! Mother Fools Coffee House 1101 Williamson Street Madison, WI U.S.A And it's beautiful and in the perfect place! Mother Fools is a vegan coffee house that Charlie has been telling me about for years... and the owner John is a super sweetie and REALLY excited about the idea. I'll post a photo soon! Lots of letters are already being written and popped in! It's all happening! Yay Madison box! Love to you all! Lily.

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node/12304

## new look and lovecasting far and wide

Am I the first to congratulate casa for the new skin? wowee, lots more stuff on, it looks like more advanced more stuff on, including the weather is it a b'day gift? I wrote this on the chat but nobody was listening, so i repeat it here I am thinking of starting a radio channel where all casa community can add their own songs call it casa lovecasting station or something what owuld be the best application (for me best means easiest) can we set up a channell on grooveshark perhaps? what think ye?

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node/5591

## New nomad base in France (Lyon): Casa bonita

I was delaying the post to the time I had a functional community website. It is now the case so here it goes: To those of you that didn't know, there is a nomad base in Lyon

at Julien and Elsy's place. It is quite different from CasaRobino due to various factors, but hopefully you'll feel right at home if you come. After much debate, we called it "Casa Bonita" that has quite some cultural significance to us that outbalance the fact that all the non-hyphenated domains for it were taken and it sounds just too much like "CasaRobino". Website: <http://casa-bonita.fr> If you can't access it, its probably because some stupid iPhone owner pulled the plug on the server. We're brainstorming solution for that. PS: We're celebrating the launch with Tau and Sandra tonight. And Claude and Raluca and Kristi and two other that I forgot the name of.

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node/14121

## New nomad base open in Romania

(Robino has been so kind to let me post this announcement here in a friendly attempt to steal some of his community.) For five years now I've dreamed of renting a large flat in Cluj-Napoca, Romania and turning it into a nomad base. I've finally succeeded, and the place that I've decided to call the Cluj Caravanserai is now **open** to all nomadic travelers who want to come and discover this wonderful part of the world. The house is a bit empty and the first guests may have to overcome a few small challenges, but you'll be warmly welcome. A rich website like Casa Robino's will follow eventually, but in the meantime I've put up a [brief webpage](#) with some information about the place. If you'd like to come, send me an e-mail, and in the next few days I hope to acquire a telephone number for the Caravanserai as well. Again, I've been waiting five years for this, so don't let me down, nomads!

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node/13737

## New repression statistics

The self-declared state "Casarobino" has just jumped from the 149th to the 13th place in the scale of human rights (Human Right Watch tm) after the total censorship of the hospitality exchange website [www.couchsurfing.org](http://www.couchsurfing.org). It is now impossible for a citizen, a resident or a visitor of Casarobino to access the website from within the territory of the state. Our correspondent from Casarobino informs us that there is no concern whatsoever between the citizens of the state, and that the local medias did not

emphasize the event. The international reaction has been quite vehement, the delegate from the security council of the UN has announced that a special session has been summoned. The United States of America are considering taking military action. The Visionary Leader of [www.couchsurfing.com](http://www.couchsurfing.com), Casey Fenton, has been contacted but seems to be unavailable at the moment. Asked to comment upon the event, the president-for-life of Casarobino has responded: "I thought it'd be funny. I just found the option". Reporting from Amsterdam, Julien Boyer.

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node/464

## New Shower Curtain

I just changed the transparent shower curtain with a blue one. I think it's nicer but you might think otherwise. We're storing the transparent one, so it can always be changed back.

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node/39

## new theme and all that

We have a new theme online! It was available already for a while for all who are registered but today Kasper put it online out of pragmacyness (there was a bug with the other making it impossible to view the webpage at all). Also, I remade the image page so finally we solved one of the other bugs, go [here](#) to view 15 random photos. So shout what you don't like about the new theme or give your appreciation if you feel happy with it. There are also some bugs still in this system, most notable with pictures, look for example at the [recipes](#)-page and scroll down. I am sure this will be resolved soonish though... Ah, and tomorrow we have our 'casa-birthday'. I am preparing my speech, hope you get yours ready for thursday night dinner :)

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node/5513



# New theme for casarobino.org

In case you hadn't noticed, casarobino.org has a new theme! Tell us what you think of it by voting in the poll at <http://casarobino.org/content/what-do-you-think-new-casarobinoorg-theme> and/or leaving comments on this thread. As usual, all comments, suggestions and criticisms are welcome

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node/217

## New Theme?

We need a new theme. Erga just suggested [Delicious Fruit](#). I haven't suggested anything yet, so please comment and suggest more.

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node/29

## no hippies allowed

a warning to all hippies visiting malaysia.... dont go Wrenaqua check this out...

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node/15958

## noah's pudding

I would like to add this recipe since its story fits with la casa :) Which i like the story and the taste as well since my childhood. After the flood they had so little of everything in the ark that wouldn't be enough to make seperate meals. So they put everything together to be able to feed everyone. Mom makes it once a year traditionally and gives one bowl to each neighbours. Since it's a mom's recipe i have to say that amounts aren't accurate, typically :) Ingredients: 250 gr wheat berries 2 glasses of chickpeas 2 glasses of white beans 1/2 glass of rice 1/2 lt milk 500 gr sugar (at most) dried figs, currants, sultanas, apricots 8 cloves gound cinnamon On the first day - Wash beans and chickpeas and soak them in seperate bowls. Wash wheat berries well. Put them in a deep pot, add water quite above from the level of wheat. Boil and turn the heater off when it bubbles up. Put the washed rice in. Close the lid.

Wrap around the pot with fabric and let it sleep. On the second day - Boil beans and chickpeas separately. Put boiled beans and chickpeas into the deep pot which wheat rests. Do not drain the wheat's water by the way. Add milk. Boiled them together and stir once in a while. In the meanwhile boil apricots, sultanas, currants and figs altogether. And add them into deep pot. Stir. When it looks like all ingredients soooo friendly together add the sugar but adjust it according to your taste. Boil cloves separately and add them to others right before turning the heater off. Stir and let the pudding to cool off couple of minutes. Divide into bowls. Dress it with ground cinnamon (noah's pudding without cinnamon is like a sunset without sun). You may add crushed nuts and pomegranate. Bon Appetit! PS: I never had the guts to make it my own. So if you intend to cook it pleeeeeease wait for me.

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node/3445

## Noise requests and nomadic hospitality

Somehow the amount of 'noise' requests is increasing. With this I refer to the general couchsurfers, people who are looking for a place to sleep and are not genuinely interested in living in a community like ours. You can read this from their profile for example and the lack of information they provide. I always wondered what to do with that. If there is space we can always say: yeah sure, come, bewelcome. We know that we have enough balance in the house to integrate these people, turn them into hosts themselves and give a life-learning/ changing experience. But is this always worth it? Maybe it is better to keep the house more quiet (at times) so people can also have the space to be focusing on the work they do, be more involved in the projects we aim at developing. As such we also would have more (guaranteed) crash-space available for the sudden hitchhiker or traveling through friend for example. At the same time, I think we should be more restrictive also. The purpose of the house is not to host the couchsurfer-type, but to be living together. And the type of people we want to live with and offer the possibility to stay in the house are rather persons who are nomadic, who have something interesting to add to the community (be it in terms of arts, coding, design, circus, etc) or who we can expect that they want to stay part of the network of friends. We want to learn from each other... I heard some interesting

suggestions at She-Berlin about this too, some new ideas even. I wonder what others (experienced hosts, current hosts, people who haven't been here yet) have to say.

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node/8313

## Nomadbase in the New Yorker (also: I'm back in Europe)

A columnist from the New Yorker came to stay with us in California a few months ago while writing an article about CS. It was finally published last week: [http://www.newyorker.com/reporting/2012/04/16/120416fa\\_fact\\_marx?currentPage=all](http://www.newyorker.com/reporting/2012/04/16/120416fa_fact_marx?currentPage=all) Interestingly, nomadbase got a mention in the laundry list of hospitality networks. It's a rather intriguing name, so I wonder if nomadbase.org traffic has increased at all: > Other networks include Global Freeloaders, Be Welcome, **Nomadbase**, Tripping, Evergreen Bed and Breakfast Club (for those over fifty), Pasporta Servo (for speakers of Esperanto), and the Hospitality Club, which, with more than three hundred thousand members, is a distant second to CouchSurfing in terms of size.

Our house in California (Ithaka) also got a funny description, near the end. More importantly, I'm back in Europe for about a year! I'll be in Lyon for a little while, but am pretty flexible. I've got a lightfoot letter to deliver in Milan, and I'll probably come through Amsterdam and Berlin at some point in the near future. But in general, my plans are pretty open-ended. Let me know if you'd like a visit. :-)

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node/25685

## nomadbases around

[img\_assist|nid=3612|title=|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=250] How one connection leads to another. Just when Caroline informed me she did her first hitch in the US, we started chatting and found out meanwhile that “a friend of Lily's who posted a comment [on her blog](#) is staying with a good friend of mine in california right now”. She then pointed me out which house this is, and I was very nicely surprised by what this house is aiming for. It is basically a great skillsharing house with many opportunities for people to stay over for long-term. They call themselves an Anarchist

Bed&Breakfast and Retreat Centre or 'Cultural Rehabilitation Internship Center'. "We are attempting to create human settlement that practices the utopian vision we carry. we start small, and maybe we'll end up small too. but in the meanwhile we are creating living conditions that facilitate kindness, cooperation, education, art, fun, friendship, and maybe other things we are not even aware of or have words to describe (and maybe even not all of them are good). no clear dogma yet. this is an on-going experiment in what it takes to create good life for the human animal." Check for more info here: <http://crichouse.blogspot.com/2009/02/cric-house-what-are-we.html> [img\_assist|nid=3613|title=|desc=|link=node|align=right|width=400|height=300] A similar event happened here last week when we had [two hosts](#) here from Seoul. They are cycling around Europe and found our house through our <http://warmshowers.org> profile. There is hardly any info on our profile of what we do here and aim for, but somehow we were bound to connect. It was a very big surprise to us that they informed us about the existence of several 'guest-houses', or self-managed traveler homes, in Seoul. People can stay for short or long term and pay one fixed fee per day (one euro). And the houses are pretty much self-organised. It would be great if we could get some more information about these places. A website in Korean language you can find here: <http://house.jinbo.net/>

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node/3614

## Nose Bridge Hacker Collective Space in San Fran

cross posted from cnet: SAN FRANCISCO—About 30 people listened intently on a recent Thursday night to short presentations on linear algebra and beer brewing, watched a demo of an iPhone cyberspace shooter game, and learned how to make a light staff (acrylic rod, LED, resistor, tape, no soldering required). For the last talk, a speaker billed as "Dr. Baron Mikheil von Burstein, esq." explained how to pull off his interactive public art specialty—swings that hang in the aisles on the underground trains in the Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) system. "I installed it publicly, illegally and got away with it," he boasted. He had materials with him to hang four swings, he said, adding "Let's install a swing right now on BART!" At least half the crowd followed him, officially ending Five Minutes of Fame, an event held the third Thursday of every month at the Noisebridge Hacker Space. Noisebridge is described on its Web site as a

nonprofit “space for sharing, creation, collaboration, research, development, mentoring, and of course, learning.” It was conceived by Jacob Appelbaum and Mitch Altman while they were at a hacker conference in Berlin, Chaos Communication Camp 2007. Noisebridge hacker collective (photos) “Something clicked there and we both independently came up with the notion that we would make a hacker space happen in San Francisco,” Altman, a computer security expert, said in a recent interview. Altman and Appelbaum spread the word to friends, and a group started meeting in cafes on Tuesday nights, until they found their first space. They quickly outgrew that spot, and in October they moved to their current 5,200 square foot space a block or so away in the heart of San Francisco’s Mission District. The large second-floor concrete warehouse space was packed with programmers, artists, writers, lawyers for the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), and urban hipsters with bike messenger bags for the open house party on a Friday night in early October. Electronic music played, people lined up to buy drinks, and a variety of digital toys were on display, including a computer-controlled mill someone was using to etch the Noisebridge logo into metal. A light display with a sign next to it said, “Hack me. I’m proprietary.” In a far back corner, a curious architectural feature stands out—a small room that houses the servers and is accessible only via a ladder and a crawl space near the ceiling. The back story, or at least part of it anyway, was revealed on a subsequent visit. “This death trap is a response to a political battle,” said Appelbaum. “There used to be a door here,” he said, pointing to an area obviously boarded up and painted over. “But some people wanted to lock the server room and log access. So, what is the eventual outcome? This wall.” Noisebridge co-founder Mitch Altman shows people how to solder and work with electronics at his weekly Circuit Hacking workshop. (Credit: James Martin/CNET ) Oddities and whimsy abound at Noisebridge. The handles on the door of the refrigerator (which is stocked with the hacker drink of choice, caffeinated Club-Mate) are on the opposite side from where it opens. A red pay phone is rigged up to be a voice over IP phone, allowing calls anywhere for free. And a laptop is precariously perched atop a wall divider that operates a touch panel designed to control the HVAC, lights, and building access. Noisebridge members take their automation designs seriously. The front door can be opened remotely over the Internet by someone at home. The system also calls the cell phones of certain members the day before the weekly trash pickup, and whoever can respond is automatically connected to a phone at Noisebridge. Whoever picks up is asked to put the trash cans out front. “It’s funny that we have to have that [system] to manage the trash,” laughed Seth Schoen, Noisebridge secretary and staff technologist at the EFF.

It's very much a do-it-yourself space, with members building an induction stove, a custom tile countertop decorated with the Noisebridge logo, a dark room and optics lab, and an industrial shop. A cyborg group is working on augmenting reality with artificial senses and creating an anklet that lets the wearer feel which way is north. One person working on a genetically modified bacterium wanted to create a bio-hacking area, but that idea was rejected after some debate, according to one member. There have been courses on sewing and crafting; workshops for French, German, Mandarin, American Sign Language, cryptography, creme brulee making, and, of course, lock picking. Coming up: a knot-tying workshop, a class on CPR, and an EFF presentation on hacker spaces and the law. While the world of hacking traditionally is built around mystery and exclusivity, Noisebridge aims for more widespread appeal. "We'd like to take hacking from the underground, where it's inaccessible, and make it accessible to everyone," Appelbaum said. "It's not just about bits and bytes...it's about the intersection of art and technology and changing the greater world around you." "Hacker spaces have evolved in a good way," said Chris Wysopal, chief technology officer of security firm Veracode who was in the L0pht Heavy Industries hacker group in Boston in the 1990s. He visited Noisebridge recently and noted that the group "has more resources, more space and equipment, and it seems like more diversity of people." While there are about 100 members of Noisebridge (each paying \$40 to \$80 per month), L0pht typically had 7 or 8 members at any one time, primarily focused on hardware and computer security, according to Wysopal. Noisebridge has an executive board whose members are elected, but decisions are made by consensus of the entire membership. The group's motto is "Be excellent to each other," a line from the movie "Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure." "It's more anarchy than anything else; people getting together to form temporary, smaller, organized groupings to perform a task," said co-founder Altman, who runs a circuit hacking workshop every week and makes the TV-B-Gone device that remotely shuts off TVs. Members learn from each other and create things, but more importantly, they have a safe space to form a community that they can't get elsewhere, especially not on the Internet, according to Altman. "A lot of us are introverted geeks who were bullied and even beaten up, like I was," he said. "Now, we can get together and celebrate our unique geekiness, share that with the world, and make the community around us better." My colleague James Martin created an audio slideshow on Noisebridge:

# Not Plan A

So there was a plan A. Inspired by they hostel workers in Greece who get on the train several stops before Athens and hand out propaganda for their hostels to tourists coming in on the train. What if we hijacked this distribution idea for the power of good. Say we got into the trains coming into Am\*dam at perhaps Aachen or Groningen (sp?) then we hand out Underground Guide fingerbooks to the tourists on the train who were interested. These guides would talk about the squat cafe's and best dumpster locations and and free stores and most righteous coffeeshops and graffiti galleries and couch surfing portals other under identified progressive/radical places to be in the city. Plus we would identify our own email/cell contact so people who wanted to do more with underground visiting could. We would meet dozens of new cool people and play with some of them. The research into the city would be wiki format, so people could add and comment with time. And so grows the Digital Nomad movement [[<http://butthedevil.blogspot.com/2008/11/digital-nomads.html>]]

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node/24045

# Note to all Casa People

This is a heads-up that there's a very important post about finances on casarobino.org that's visible only to logged-in users with the right flags. So if you're reading this on an RSS reader, you should go to casarobino.org and log in. If you still don't see the post and are interested in the financial situation, add a comment on this post and someone will get you the right permissions. Hugs.

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node/13137

# NY NY

I can find you in the Red Hook skylines, in the subway of Bedford Ave, in the roads near MoMa, in the street art and in the art of the streets, in the Chinatown I haven't see, in the bed of the Snoopy Gang, in the eyes of people I meet because of you. You are here, and Casa teaches. I remember to myself what I was there. Like a cloud, like a cloud I get my shape. I take you around my nest, like birds we laugh and move, with



control of the not-control, the magic awareness of thoughtless minds guides us. The madness of the crazy streets blasts us and make us sick and again we survive walking together, feeling the road feeling the road. like a cloud like a cloud we will move and fly away. naked inside, I get lost to find my way. The randomness of the event has its reasons.

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node/5293

## occupied universitat de barcelona

Occupation of Barcelona University by Students protesting the Bologna Accords On the 20th of November students demonstrated in protest of the Bologna Accords by occupying the University of Barcelona historic building La Central after marching through the city. Similar protests and occupations are occurring in universities in other parts of Spain, Italy and Greece. In 1999 European Union education ministers signed the Bologna Declaration, which under the guise of standardizing and making more compatible and comparable the higher education systems of Europe, really paves the way towards their privatization. It will allow for education costs to increase so that only wealthy people will be able to afford education that will give access to higher paid jobs. The education system will be more connected to the market, allowing for corporations to influence what is taught and how. It is generally another move by capitalism towards corporate globalization. The students wish to accomplish the following:

- To have a broad, public process about changes in the education system in Catalunya.
- To cancel the judiciary process against 31 students from another university fighting for the same cause.
- To hold a referendum in each catalan state university on the Bologna process.

In many ways, the occupation is a social experiment by young people in creating a functioning autonomous community. In the month that the university has been occupied the students have created a strong internal structure, revolving around daily open general meetings, a centralized shared kitchen, free and open out of timetable classes, self-organized skill sharing workshops and continue to encourage open communication and support with the teachers. Open general meetings are held every night. Smaller group meetings for more specific topics are held 1 or 2 times a week by those involved. There is a good strong structure, such as the organization of a kitchen and food supply. The students have invited teachers to share their opinions They have organized free and open 'out of timetable' classes. There are also self-organized skill sharing workshops. Protest

actions taken include a spontaneous game of street football played by around 100 students in the city centre, which blocked traffic and confused police with an unplanned route, and a street performance of students dressed as beggars asking for education. On 18th December students from the occupied faculties blockaded some of the major streets of the city, including 600 people stopping the traffic on the biggest highway. One of the groups marched through central Barcelona and continued to occupy the office of the politicians responsible for the universities, and expressed their opinions to them. On 20th December there was several different demonstrations throughout the city in solidarity with the current movement in Greece. The police answered with heavy repression. The whole day alternative looking people were searched and asked for identification without any apparent reason. Many people were detained at random. At one small demonstration the police formed a circle around peaceful demonstrators and held them there for more than one hour, checking the documents of everyone. The biggest demonstration gathered around 200 people walking from the university towards the city centre. At Pl. de Gracia, police also circled this demonstration. Tension started growing, and when the police refused to let an injured protester, who was bleeding from the face after being beaten, receive aid, the protesters got more and more agitated. The police answered with beating people who were nearby and scattering the people in all directions. After this the police kept driving around, stopping to beat up alternative looking people or pulling people into their vans to ask for their documents. In the end many demonstrators were injured, three persons were taken into custody, one of whom is still not released. Several persons were accused of 'public disorder'. There has been resistance to the Bologna Accords throughout Europe, varying from discussions and minor demonstrations in north-west Europe, to similar actions as in Barcelona in other parts of Spain, Italy & Greece. The implementation of the Bologna accords in Greece is one of the underlying reasons for the current unrest in the country. "La Central is calling out for the solidarity and support from all social movements, collectives, associations, neighborhoods, asking you to actively take part on alternative university activities. We are sure that our fight is your fight!" For more info: The Occupied University's Blog <http://tancadaalacentral.blogspot.com/> Manifesto <http://tancadaalacentral.blogspot.com/search/label/Manifestos%2FManifestos> Petition To Support The Manifesto <http://www.firmasonline.com/1Firmas/prefirm.asp?C=1973> Wikipedia – general info on the Bologna process, it's implementation in different countries, criticism etc. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bologna\\_process](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bologna_process) Universitat de Barcelona 22/12 2008 Henrik and Paz, Skill Surfers

## Odesa, missing Casa

Shaun and I arrived this morning at 6 am in Odesa. 18 beautiful people gave us a ride. We have been offered seats, lunches, gifts, vodka, beer but most importantly we have been offered hospitality and love. It took us 6 days (included one in which we were just waiting for good intentions of someone else and the road was not than nice to make us meet together). I cannot forget anyone of who helped us in the trip. I discovered the beautiful side of humanity. together with german, polish and ukrainian landscapes I visited hearts. I gave hugs and postcards in exchange ( we sent them today as soon as we arrived to Odesa: 18 postcards to say thank you to bring us forward, thank you to trust in us). I loved it. Thank to Casa to inspire me to go I miss you and from here, I send you my love. Valentina and Shaun

## oerol means another bike/hike trip to the islands

<http://www.oerol.nl/english/index.htm> Serpil (milo on casa site) introduced me to this festival, which also has some collaborative art piece, called Wind Nomads- how cool is that? It's on Terschelling, past Texel. Think you can bike that? 12 - 21 June.

## office dumpster diving

Today we found out that offices actually are good for one thing: dumpster diving. The stock exchange markets have been crashing lately so Jaap invited us over to his office to take whatever we want. What we got: one flat screen, 5 packs of A4 paper, 4 big glasses, 2 very long networkcables, 1 switch, tea (cinnamon), 2 powerbars, several extension cables, 4 beers, handsoap and... onions. Monday we can come back, possibly. Thanks Jaap!

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## offline mode

The house has been disconnected from the internet for 24 hours now. Some payment issues, let's see how long it takes. The goal is to have it back online before 1730 today. Updates will follow.

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node/33

## Offloading breads & patisseries,

Today we found a new skip : Two HUGE bags of croissants, Moroccan flat bread, pain au chocolates et cetera et cetera. Combined with our almost daily hauls at a new bakery haul point with incredible bread, we're now finding ourselves a little..flooded in bread. So, in particular for the moroccan bread & croissants, if anyone wants to come by and pick up bread..please please feel free. There's no way we can eat all of it..and, our stomachs may give out on us from so much bread as of late. Too, perhaps anyone has suggestions on setting up a kind of..point of bearing where we can exchange things like this with other like minded people for things we may need (particularly - grains, pasta, flour, cocoa, spices, herbs..). It's ridiculous that we have this kind of over-abundance of things so regularly..and have to end up throwing away our recovered waste! Also, tonight, we found a new skip from a turkish store for fruits & vegetables - finds included the entire population of italy's supply of tomatoes; cherries, a yetti, strawberries and SPINACH - weeeeeeeeeee! Photos of today's haul & waste documentary @ casa up soon!

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node/9104

## Oil and Water

Greetings, Casa people. I wanted to write something short about going back to Israel through Egypt, but then it kept getting longer. It may feel shorter if read fast... — It's night and I'm somewhere in the desert outside of a small town in Sinai. I fell asleep during the bus ride and woke up in its last stop, not sure where I am at and why I

haven't been waken up earlier at a check point (the previous 100km ride evolved 3 police check points). I've been averaging about 2 hours of sleep per night for the past 3 nights, I guess I got tired. My water bottle is empty. I'm trying to fill it up in a small gas station, but can't find a tap. Buying bottled water here is significantly more expensive per liter than petrol. These are the two damn things this region is about, oil and water, no wonder things don't mix well. Now I'm walking into the desert to find a quiet place to sleep. The past few days were strange and restless. Geneva was pretty and white when I left. The airplane started heading east, just before sunrise, displaying the sun rising up to the clouds and changing colors outside the window. The airport lined up people peeling off their heavy winter jackets, waiting for the border control. People in shorts and flip flops were waiting on the opposite side, for the security check. Outside, it's all sand, heat, dry air and people welcoming you and your business all over the place, in a manner that is charming at first, but gets annoying after a while. Sharm el Sheikh turned out as an awful tourist trap. Swarming with vacationing Europeans, it's full of private beaches owned by hotels, they won't let you sit anywhere near the water there. I headed out fairly quickly, walking towards the local neighborhoods, main bus stop direction. Walking along the highway I had to explain to every taxi that passed me by, automatically stopped and tried to convince me to use its services, that they won't be needed. After taking a dinner break, watching people during prayer time, in front of a huge mosque that seemed like it's taken out of Aladdin, along came Issam. This country started looking like the only place I actually got to feel awkward about traveling as a solo female. Hardly any local women could be spotted in the streets and local men were staring a lot and trying very bluntly to hit on you. Issam seemed like a very nice guy, but spoke only 3 sentences in English. That of course didn't stop him from trying to chat, mostly in Arabic I didn't get, not going away, asking me to stay in Egypt, giving me a ring off his finger and looking heart broken when I finally took off and managed to explain I'd rather go alone. Stealth camping is easy. Seems like Sinai is one big construction site these days, so that night I slid into a hidden unfinished building for a sleepless mosquito-ful night. In the morning, rubbing my face, a mosquito corpse fell right off and my eyes only opened 2/3rds of the way, eyelids bitten by the buzzing bastards. That morning I took a local bus to Dahab, a town 100km away. This place seemed a lot more relaxed. No big hotels, no private beaches, walking down the street everyone tries talking to you. Though I was never quite sure what their motive is, some seemed genuinely nice, most attack you with their identical questions. I roamed around town most of that day and hung around with a local group that afternoon and evening.

They all were very nice people and it was extremely interesting speaking with them, but at some point I got concerned regarding the Israel topic. They all said they don't care where I'm from and claimed most people in Egypt wouldn't care either. But 90% of the maps I've seen around, completely ignored Israel's existence, I was advised to come up with a fictitious nationality if I get into small trouble and some of these people genuinely believed that Israel's main goal is simply to kill children. If that's the popular opinion in a country that Israel is supposed to have a peace agreement with, I was getting alarmed. I got a tip on a place to camp that night, a couch in an empty outdoor's Café on the beach. Someone I knew spoke with his friend who worked there and promised to look the other way. Around 3AM the friend started circling around me, lighting with a flashlight and making noise until he made sure I'm awake. I got up and asked if I should leave, but he just sat on another nearby couch, talked in Arabic and asked if I want coffee. I said "no thanks", he disappeared, and later appeared with coffee. I decided it's getting too sketchy and it's time to leave. Took my stuff and went up to a nearby roof in attempt to sleep there, without much success. No outside disturbances this time, mostly just racing thoughts. Well there was the rooster calling an hour later, then 2 or 3 different muezzins calling simultaneously from their mosques and later I watched the sun rising across the sea, over Saudi Arabia. A new day, I went off for another roam around. A Bedouin man invited me for tea and asked me to stop over again on my way to Cairo, saying he would drive me there – 10 hours away. Feeling pretty restless, I decided to keep going and not stick around there longer. My passport dictated only one direction to go - north. That evening I took the bus, woke up, got a bit more oriented and then got some water. I keep walking straight along the road for a couple of kilometers, turning into the sands and keep walking until the roar of the road turns into a silent hum. Unpacking my sleeping gear, I manage to spot a couple of falling stars before my eyes close and daylight arrives sooner than ever. Morning. I'm all packed and already managed to figure out from where and when the bus to the border town is leaving. 10 minutes before the bus arrives, a taxi driver pulls over, telling me that the morning bus is cancelled and offering to drive me for a bargain price - 15 times the bus fare. I thank him and say I'd wait for the next bus then, 6 hours later, yet he insists. Yesterday someone tried the same trick. I'm waiting a few minutes more and the bus arrives, on time. I'm walking towards the Israeli border on autopilot, without much enthusiasm. Any minute now I'll be back, huh? Will it all turn into some sort of a distant memory, I'm not ready for that. I'm already scheming the next escape. I'm crossing the border, they all speak Hebrew and soon it's all around me, filling the air. It sounds a bit odd,

not quite like I remember. More distant, not as natural as it used to be. I'm hardly ever traveling with Israelis, so it's always months and months at a time where I don't hear or speak Hebrew. Whenever I do encounter an Israeli, switching always feels a bit strange, then I get used to it. But at the moment I'm not and the dosage is infinite. I've walked about half way to Eilat, the south most city in Israel, till I manage to get a ride to the edge of town. From here I get a ride going 5 hours north, 30km away from Haifa, the city I'm headed to. I found a wireless network in the terminal. An email from my dad says something about a big fire around Haifa and everyone freaking out, apocalyptic style. Well, I'm headed that way anyway and he said my cat is safe... I wonder if the cat remembers me. We're driving through the deserts in the south of Israel for some hours and then up to a greener terrain. The driver and I chat. I'm used to those talks and telling the background story, but I'm used to doing it in English. I'm a bit surprised to catch myself thinking about it in English and slightly fucking up some of my sentences when saying them in Hebrew. He asks if my parents know I'm coming. I say no, no one here knows. He doesn't like that idea and rushes me to call and say I'm on the way. I say I'd consider it, but I already know my conclusion. He drops me off and I'm getting alarmed again. If in Egypt they wouldn't acknowledge Israel and believe all sorts of ridiculous stuff, now the other side of the coin is showing. The bus stop, next to which I was dropped off, has an anti Arab graffiti all over it. People talk about how the Jews plant trees (that happened mostly around the '50s) and Arabs burn them (in addition to the big fire, extra smaller fires were started, the police suspects Israeli-Arabs) and so on, it goes. I guess I'm back. Two extra short rides and I'm within a walking distance. I'm buzzing the intercom, saying it's a delivery and then knocking on the door. I was not expected, but everyone look pretty chilled, surprised though. All but the cat who ran away hiding, then popped out, sniffed me and my bag for an hour and went to sleep on my bed, what a strange place to sleep. A day later I'm knocking on my best friend's dorm room. Now, she looks more surprised... and mad. She likes schedules and if something isn't on her calendar, she gets upset. So, scumbag – that's my nickname by her for the next day, other than that all seems well. I'm calling a few friends and they all sound excited to hear from me, wanting to meet up faster than I expected (before I left I rarely got to see them for a while, ever since they got crazy with their university stuff). That was a pleasant surprise then. So I guess I'm back, well at least for now. I switched to the language fast, slower to that darn tropical weather but things just felt a bit weird. Mostly the small things, you know, like why do I have all that stuff on my shelves, why do I even have selves, opening my closet and wondering why on earth would anybody



need so many socks or spotting a government flyer laying on the counter, saying when and where it's possible to pick up our gas masks.

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node/15779

## Omelet Competition

The lush hills above Barcelona are dry for months at a time. Everything which thrives scrounges water. Including these gardens. Here sinks and showers catch gray water which is separated in barrels and irrigates these lands. It grows not just the communities food but that of the neighbors who share this liberated plot rescued from half a centuries disuse. for 7 years now these gardens have flourished defying the local authorities yet with the budding support of the local people who not only grow their food here but come to meetings and pot lucks and parties it has been a long road getting these local gardeners to trust these industrious squatters stereotypes die slowly but persistence pays today we saw the omelet competition that was every local activists dream come true wizened grandmas beside tattooed anarchists working class families beside young community dwellers laughing and sharing stories comparing and cheering lovingly made omelets being the neighborhood - the barrio in its thriving and lively form this is the best of what we might be this is Can Masdeu

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node/560

## On the road again...

I am heading to Casa Robino as I type this, using a mobile satellite-based internet connection from inside a camion, on the auto-route A 39 NORD, direction NANCY. More to come (video) about this trip (hitchhiking from Porto to Amsterdam) soon. - amylin

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node/41

# On the way to Odessa... and further on

[img\_assist|nid=5681|link=node|align=right|width=350] Sooner than I could realize, the road caught us, flexible and free like a cat. Its yellow eyes blinking and silently smiling followed us, meanwhile we were following the flow of the events. Again and again the magic of things revealed itself in any rides and in the simple beauty of our encounters. Angels and savers, monks and royals arrived to us. Speaking without language, skipping the barriers of words and indifference. The embarrassment of the hugs at the end of each ride and the laughs of the non-understood are an exercise of mimic: training for gesture and instinct. Un-pre-dic-ta-ble. The road is life and it is a teacher. When Shaun and I left Amsterdam on the 1st of August, we did know nothing. Nor where, nor how. We had a destination, the dark of the Black sea waiting for us at the end of the 7th: the 789 and the mystery behind this number. 5 days, 4 countries (The Netherlands, Germany, Poland and Ukraine), 2500 kilometers 18 angels 1 postcard left and one sent to say thank you and to invite our drivers to the Casa. Here our journey:

\* Saturday, 1st of August: Amsterdam to Potsdam 14.45-15.45: Waiting at the Amstel station of Amsterdam after hugging Stove 1- 15.45- 19:00: Amsterdam- Gronau Our first ride with the orange Buddhist Maarten, his friends, a goose and a cock-kill. His green van was our first blessing, his generosity drove us 100 kms after the German border, way out of his destination. His enthusiasm picked up Stove, and made us travel together for few rides. At the petrol station we had a free meal: three untouched plates left for us by the events. 2- 19:00- 20:00 From Gronau to Hannover, chatting with Pedra of wind-turbines; 3- 20:00-21:00 From Hannover to Braunschweig with Sacco. Me speaking at the phone with an Italian born in Germany and missing an Italy that he doesn't know. We leave Stove camping here. 4- 21:35-23.30 From Braunschweig to Potsdam, with a Polish family who teaches us basic essential hitchhiking phrases. Iac toiate. Barzo genkuie. Scepraze. She mozes mie podviest. Proscem. We skip Berlin pre-meeting to camp under a tent, under a starred sky. We are too happy with the road and too excited with the journey to leave it. Tasting Pastamadre bread and German beer, with a smile we fall asleep. \*Sunday, 2nd of August: Potsdam to Lublin Waiting long long time for the perfect ride. Too many bags, too many granpa and granma on the back seats to have space for us: people seem to be sorry but this doesn't help. We shared out time with a other road-rider heading to Latvia. Shaun is in love. I wanna eat. 5- 13:25-02:30: from Potsdam to Lublin, Sharing stories, stopping to eat, driving her car, crossing her country, looking at the fields, sleeping a bit during a 13 hours ride, 740 kms with Anna. At the end of the day, next to

the road, below the trees, under the storm, we listen to the rain: so loud and sweet and generous to Earth and to us that the drops not even touch our clothes nor our skin. Just a bless and a ninna nanna. \*Monday, 3rd of August: Lublin to Lviv 6-10:30-11:00 Lublin-Piaski: Gregor wanted to pay for a bus ticket that we refused. Gregor's eyes were enlightened by the idea of our adventure. His first hitchhiking contact, his shininess couldn't help his innocence and the hunger of communication. Gregor is the reason why I love hitchhiking: his marveled expression, his reaction to our adventure, the trace we left behind makes me believe in the destiny of our encounters (karma?). 7,8,9,10,11- 12:00-13:15 from Piaski to Belzec, right at the border of Ukraine. Here, we discover the "track-drivers solidarity chain" and the playful participation of them to our adventure: Piot and the Zulwowski family (Marek, Magdalena and their 2 kids traveling on a track) are amused by our mission and happy to find us another ride, another ride, and another more. Traveling on the waves of the radio transmission, we fly next to the border, light and fast like the seeds in the wind. Just one more puff, blow for me. 12- 15:40-17:30: Belzec- Rava Ruska (just across the border) : walking is not allowed. We stop the first car passing by and we meet the Madras family. Broken English to communicate with father, mother and daughter coming from Poland to go to holiday in Ukraine. Sharing our dreams and our lived utopias, feeling the love between them. Telling us about our families, our past, present, and

I.don't.wanna.know.the.future.It's.gonna.be.perfect.anyway.I.wish.one.day.to.be.happy.and.full.of.love.as.you. They offered us a full dinner, paying at the restaurant crazy money, while they were having a soup.I didn't feel to leave them anymore. 13- 20:00: Rava Ruska- Lviv. On a zebra-covered-seats car. With a crazy girl and her friends. So difficult to explain "write me your address: I sent you a postcard from Odessa". So rewarding when they get it. We arrive at night. \*Tuesday, 4th of August walking walking walking. Unable to decide and to trust the road to Rainbow we wait for Robin and Tau to appear somewhere impossible to reach. And I am so disappointed with myself for having lost direction within myself, for not knowing what I wanted. The magic of the road is somewhere else today, but we still enjoy our time together. Reading, joking, attaching the big dwarf on my belt bag, sleeping on a soccer field, we realize to be the favorite meal of mosquitoes. At least no boar shows up. \*Wednesday, 5th of August 14- from the nowhere of Lviv ring to Lviv direction to Kiev. We watch a death bird for a while. We are alive, with Bob Dylan as a music track for our thumbs. The driver of the little van is embarrassed by my hug at the end of the short ride. Everyone needs a hug, but sometime they forget it. 15-12:43- 14:13 From Lviv to

Bus'k. No word again. A guy with blue eyes and a black spot next to his mouth pick us up, speeding through the roads, stopping to a restaurant and offering us an amazing lunch. No vodka, no... iacuiu. Yes, we are a bit crazy. Toc toc on our head. But what's normality at the end of the day? Working for survive? Killing yourself for a career? I want to be Erasmus fro Rotterdam here and applaud to the craziness of my soul. Before to let us go, this angel buys us a little angel each. A little doll of clay, gifted with wings and a smile. On her back we fly away. 16- 14:30-16:30 From Bus'k to Rivne. Saved from the rain by a former royalty member driving a white Mercedes. Stopping here and there to show us the landscape. Playing Italian song to listen my non-intoned voice singing. He crosses Rivne to show us around, calling someone able to speak English to make sure we understood he was going to drop us on the right spot. 17- 17:00-20:20 Rivne- Kiev outskirt: Mikholau nods when I explain why we hitchhike. Spreading networks of trust. The randomness of the encounters. The destiny becoming alive. New contacts made. Different levels of communication and understanding. He finds us the next ride to Odessa yelling from the window to another track driver. 18- 20:20- 5:00 of Thursday, 6th of August. Kiev to Odessa. Full moon here and there. On the road and on the mountains at Rainbow. The energy flows, the street leading and deciding for us. I sleep and I feel sad it's already over.

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node/5682

## **“Once upon a time: a woman with children...” Meeting Davide some years ago**

This can be considered how Davide's post titled “If you were a woman with child...” could have gone. I love to think that my story and Davide's one are linked, that an alternative conclusion made by path crossing and time shifting, is possible. Today, I remembered my first contact with hitchhiking. I was only 7 and my sister 1. My mother decided to took us to the amusement park in Rome (only 50 km from my hometown). She thought we needed distractions: back at that time my parents were in the processes of separation, so I think she wanted to spend some time with us. However my mother is not that of a good driver, and we had an old “127” that was continuously stopping for no reasons in the middle of the street. You know Italian drivers: it is not that pleasant when they start noisily complaining about your car. In

any case we made it to the fair ground. I don't remember it too well. We went on the ferris wheel. Curiously enough, that is the only part of the story I do not have many memories about. I think we had good time. On our way back, we got lost a couple of times and finally my mother saw a young guy standing at the border of the street with his thumb up. My mother did not think about it twice: she stopped immediately to pick him up. We were going in the same town. PATH 1: He was called Davide, and was traveling around Europe in search of himself. He was just 18 and he had been waiting for a while at the petrol station. He could even speak Italian, so my mother and him had a long chat about life decisions, parent's love, drug, sex and Reggae. He left his address to my mother, and now he is back in Europe, still 18, still searching for freedom. PATH 2: That event has been in my mind for all these years: even if I do not remember anything of the guy, not his voice, nor his name. What I remember is that I was in the back of that archeological little car, always on the edge of breaking down, with my sister next to me. What I remember is the proud feeling I had for my mother, who stopped to pick-up someone even with such a little children with her, saying "Don't tell to your grandparents..."and still being happy to break the rules. Someone could call it conscienceless: I call it trust. And I am so happy she did it, because it left such a great impression on my mind. Few minutes ago, when I called to ask her about this event, she was surprised. "How do you remember such a small occurrence...You were so little..." It was not the moment to tell her that sometimes are little things that shape you. I will wait to speak to her face to face to explain how important was for me to see that she was trusting people: that unconditional faith has got the power to flow inside, to pass barriers of time and space.

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node/2639

## One day I will go to Malmo

"I usually don't pick up hitchhikers. But you don't look like the usual hippie..." The 40-something man opens the door of the fancy car he drives to make an impression on his clients. I'm in. comfortably sitting in the rear. with my shoulders finally relying on something smoother than a rock. It was fun to sleep for few days in a tent under zero degrees and winking stars fighting to be brighter than the orange moon. Listening to the birds talking to each other the whole night. Yes, it was fun. and humid. the surface of the tent was frozen every morning we woke up. Sometimes I dreamed I would lose my legs since they were feeling so cold. But as far as my body is

warm, legs and arms are not a big issue. I'm fine with it. I don't look like a hippie, you can say so. I shaved in the morning and dressed the jacked my mother hand-mad for me. Maybe my hair are a bit ruffled by the wind. It's not my fault if they are curly. it would be easier if they would be straights but I guess they'd look dirtier. who cares? the only important thing is hosting these random travel mates in my life. and understanding theirs. Is he happy about having to give up his plans to lead the family company? Is he ok with being in the petrol business? why does he keep saying "we live close to the Continent. you know, in one hour we are there...". why not to describe the beauty of the countryside and the place were he sleeps every night, next to the woman sitting at his side, who didn't talk a word for the whole journey? Malmo. here is where they live. Malmo. such a mysterious sound... open vocals spaced out by sweet consonants. Producing the first M is like getting ready for a kiss. A of surprise for its beauty. LMO: send that kiss in the space. such a beautiful shape my mouth takes to speak the word. Malmo. the mystery of a place that tells me about water, forests and Nordic city lines. And people who want to escape to the Continent. Malmo: Italian sounds that make me think about the little gypsy sitting next to me. she is the one looking like a hippie and i don't understand how we managed to get the ride. here she is, looking outside the window to catch glimpses of the lakes next the highway. It seems there is always a lake you can go to wash your thoughts, in Sweden. You can sit at its border and look at the clouds mirrored in the water. And forget about anything else than your breath. When she is not into herself, her body moves forward to catch the meaning of our driver's stories. or she lies back to look at him from the rear mirror. I know she will go back home, after this other adventure, playing with stories and memory in my behalf. taking the license of writing in my name. giving freedom to the inspiration that came through life and pictures. and I don't care if I will end up being another of her characters in the not-written yet novel of her life. or at least she hopes I will not care.

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node/18494

## one more smile

Amylin, just before hitchhiking to Grenoble and Porto, leaving the comfy casa for 2,633 km of snow and rain... Photo by Anu, retouched by amylin. P.S. I'm pretty sure the "Share a photo" feature is broken. This one is hosted by flickr.

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# One more time

Friday night Rene and I decided, quite randomly, to go on another bike adventure. We had several possibilities as to where we could go. After some thought we narrowed it down to either National park De Hoge Veluwe, or all around the sea, north over the bridge, then south and around, back to Amsterdam. The following morning, we woke up, and began to prepare. And finally around 10, decided on the national park. Sadly gypsie could not come with me on this ride, rather I took the new red bike that was given to Robino, the night before. I think his name will be Raleigh. But, yes, we biked, stopped at the AH, and then biked out of Amsterdam to Weesp. After much more biking, going through Hilversum, and Amersfoort, we got to Otterlo, and found our way to the park. We saw the gate, and victoriously started towards it. It was like we were marathon runners about to cross the finish line, when all of the sudden the announcer came on and disqualified us, we looked to the right and saw a man inside of a small hut thing, with glass windows, looking out at us asking us for 3.50 each. Bewildered, angry, and tired, we refused to pay and went out to search for the ideal spot to pitch our tent. After some searching we found a nice wooded area past a valley, up in a hill. And immediately Rene went to work pitching the tent, 5 minutes later the tent was up, joint rolled, beers opened, humus and bread ready. The following morning we awoke around 10, sat in the tent until 11, then started packing up. By noon we were ready to go in to the woods. After some adventuring, trying to find our way past the barbed wire fence, and in to the park. But soon after we found ourselves back at point A. These park people really try hard to keep people out, and animals (in? should they not roam free). So decision number two. Through the back country, skipping the cities, all the way to A'dam. We turned out 5 hour return journey in to an 11 hour adventure. South and then north, west. then maybe east by accident. Watching the cows, sheep, and goats, admiring the babbling brooks, passing by our forested bike paths. Until finally, we found ourselves 7 km from weesp. But, typical to our ride, we decided to take the alternate route, south to nigtevecht, the road we took was magnificent, it must be found again. We passed through it right as the sun was setting. And beyond the fields, filled with cows, and sheep, were little dutch villages nestled in to the horizon, the sky exploding with color. 2 km later we realized that the only way over the canal in to the Amsterdam area was by boat, which did not run past



5.30, and the bridge was a good 7 or 8 km further south. So, around we turned. Through weeps, in to Amsterdam, straight back to the casa.

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node/2745

## One of those sundays...

You know those sundays... When the night before you were partying until the nightclub's janitor asked you to leave so that he could sweep the dance-floor. When everything outside is closed and you know it, and it's so warm inside. When people wake up late and slowly, one arm sticking out of the cover to catch a laptop. When the rhythm of time in zula is marked by random pointless conversation spaced out by long silences, during which you'd hear the jiggling music of fingers running on keyboards and left-clicks, occasionally right. That was one of those.

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node/1573

## One term down, two more to go!

I have now officially survived my first term as a law student and I have managed to come out the other end with all my principles still intact! Not only that but i have really enjoyed myself! I seem to have insatiable appetite for knowlege which is being fed with every new case i analyse. I have even been able to use some of knowlege to advise a friend of mine, Cat, who had her human rights violated in Mexico when she was thrown in a detention centre with 30 drug dealers in a mixed cell, given no contact with the outside world for two days and given no information on her case. She was not allowed a translator and when she refused to sign a paper saying that she was given all her rights (because she wasn't) they tore up her release form and deported her from the country. It is incidents like this that remind me why i am doing this. On a slightly brighter note, I have my first assessment to be completed over the xmas period, in which i am the counsel for the appellant in the court of appeal and am attempting to overturn the judgement of the previous court. Its all fictitious, obviously, but i am loving the opportunity to aruge a case, and what is more, i know i can prove the innocence of my client. It's an amazing feeling. I have worked to hard over the last few days and about half an hour ago i had a break through. The

assessment involves me arguing 3 grounds on which my client is appealing. Although i had managed to nail the first two and-a-half, the last point seemed just beyond my reach. That is until i discovered that the piece of legislation under which my client is being prosecuted is incompatible with the human rights act and any attempt to prosecute him on the grounds stated would be in breach of his right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion. muhahahahaaaa!! I know that this probably doesn't make much sense but i have been working so hard on this over the last few days in an attempt to get it out of the way before new years and i am just feeling so pleased with myself that wanted to share my achievement with the world! I hope to see you all in a few weeks (i'l be coming to Amsterdam on the 28th) in the mean time i send long distance hugs and lashings of good energy to all! :D

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node/8533

## One year casa, it must be love.

Happy birthday casarobino! It is one year now that we have been able to keep up with you. You little weird house that nobody understands, house of punks hitchhiking through love, eclectic magical communal place! To give you something nice on this special day I prepared a silly speech for you. Please ... don't hate me for it. - Si? "Hello, is this casarobino?" - Yes, how may I help you? "Well, we would like to book a room for next month" - Oh, I am so sorry, but we are completely overbooked! "Really? Oh that is such a pity. Do you maybe know anything else that is available for us? I am coming with a friend." - Hmmm, that depends. What are you looking for? "Oh, something close to the center, and not too expensive... - ..."Ah, and something that offers the same kind of experience, of course" Right. If you would ask me to tell one of the funniest things that happened to me in relation to 'casa' in the past year, it must be this phone-call that we received sometime early Summer. Of all things we expected, one year ago when Anu created the foundation of this website, it wasn't this... for sure. One year after it is not easy though to sum up all the wonderful things what the casa did for so many people. And what beautiful things people did for the casa - and for all other people who were around and those yet to come. But ok, let's try to make a short list: # it created beautiful connections between people and gave them a sense of belonging, in a way that comes close to how life should be (at least for us) #it opened hundreds of eyes that it isn't so hard to create something that appeals to our imagination #it makes everyone of us understand what it takes and

what it creates to live together in highly dynamic temporary permanent communities. We also had our issues -thankfully- but also some unfortunate events in the past year. Let me mention the two most obvious: #we had a robbery and lost several laptops, some other equipment and a bag with personal belongings #we had a heartfelt experience when we learned we would not be able to see Aris again. But at the same time these events also brought us together stronger and created an even deeper sense of community. The mutual support that we gave each other during these events were extremely powerful and will-be-always-with-me... giving shape to who I am. In the past year we have seen many amazing people passing through the house. They came to stay and host, they came to enjoy the open dinners on Thursday's, they came to dumpster dive, to cook, to share, to ride your bikes, to fix them, to enjoy life and... to be. But you know what's even the worse part? They keep on coming! Some names? Meatbal (start with the best name), Zsuzsanna, Dumlovesyou (he really does), Dcarpano (don't trust him, he is mafia), martina (hope I will meet her too), Kardan (the-worst-hitching-trip-of-the-universe), Moises, Shaun-treehuggingfool, alishonshine, Guaka (mole), Sarah (she who lives in the water), Abbe (dancing girls), Valentina (fruits), Rene (fruitsalad), Xo (who?), realitygaps (seriously), mirto (light), Adancito (warmth!), stove (did I ever see you cook?), viking-pet (you got it), r3353 (come back!), zuphit (In the army!), lilylove (sailor!), hekeq, dennis collective (we love you all!), bholley (you are sure you want to stay?), pgalaxy, marieke (explorer), amylin (amyl.in), narnua (is magical), caveman (aka Charlie the First, Caveman the Fourth), jeremie, monika, atopia (I don't believe in faith), lauralou (I never ask questions!), El Marcel (our own deportation case), Paxus (big nose), Sky, Kassia, Willow, Caroline (and the rest of the Tupelo family), Willow again, Dante (yes, Dante), Caroline (always inspired), Pastamadre (THANKS!), kitten (fuck off and die!), Lindsey and her mom (the smoking windowcleaner), Anca (shit, we let her go), Alex (big guy!), Neo (the one), the rem, gutuAter, Ramon\*, Lousia (fresh from the dumpster!), Tofu (sorry, Topher), Nitai (to do a Nitai), Giorgio (give us a hug!), Hans (laugh), mārīņš (I only eat meat), Ineke (cuty), Jaap (savior), giveaphuk, chicalote, leimac, the texel-family, sitarane (yes you are african) and many others (sorry for not mentioning you, it was getting a bit too boring). ... Ok. And now for something really cheesy (oh yeah, we all gotta sing now): [someone gets a guitar and starts playing 'give a little bit' in the background] Give a little bit Give a little bit of your love to me Give a little bit I'll give a little bit of my love to you There's so much that we need to share Send a smile and show you care. ... Now's the time that we need to share So find yourself, we're on our way back home Going home... Don't you need to feel at

home? Oh yeah, we gotta sing Cool. To finish this off... before it really is getting painful. Just recently I finally found out what “casarobino” actually means. The latter part does not refer to this fool who wrote this piece of lousy text but, as my Italian drivers were telling me on my most recent hitchhiking trip: “House of little things”. Well, Finally now I also can be happy with the name Anu and Kasper came up with, one year ago. House of little things. Thanks for 1. whatever. 2. never taking yourself seriously. 3. always letting go. Hugs!

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node/5562

## Only a Matter of Time

Dear Friends: A few months back, I posted my [intention](#) to build another casa in Buenos Aires, Argentina (or somewhere nearby). About 22 days ago, I arrived here, and set about making things happen. After taking a few days to adjust, I began the apartment hunt. This was a questionable decision in retrospect, since I jumped straight into battle with the city before giving myself much time to get acquainted with it on friendlier terms. But I (and others) needed a place to stay, and figured that there was no time like the present. The world of buenos aires inmuebles is bizarre and unforgiving - full of intrigue and nepotism. There is no virtual money here, and all transactions occur with wads of cash. Bigger deals just mean bigger machine guns, and you can be mugged walking around with your life savings if you're unlucky. The rental listings used by argentinians are buried under many layers of tourist-oriented services. Still, many realtors still assumed that my foreign-sounding voice must have reached them on accident and immediately directed me to temporary rental agencies. I made dozens of phone calls each day, slowly learning who to call, what to ask for, who was lying, and when to do some lying of my own. The days unfolded into a familiar roller coaster of unpredictability. At one point we were on top of the world, about to sign a lease on a house that seemed absolutely perfect. Over the course of the next hour, the apartment was snatched away by friends of the landlord, and one of us was robbed of a laptop at gunpoint (at 2PM!), a block from where we were staying. And if a day started out bad, it was a clear sign that something great was about to happen. I met a wonderful friend named Pablo through BeWelcome (the only BW volunteer outside of europe!), who became a close confidant and trusted adviser. When it was clear that I would need collateral from a local property-owner in order to sign a lease, Pablo expressed his willingness to put everything he had in legal

jeopardy in order to help me make the project happen. We finally found another place that looked just right. I put down a small sum to reserve it, and we settled in to wait while the agency verified Pablo's credibility as a guarantor. But in the intervening days, I became consumed by a nagging belief that the landlady wanted few visitors, and thus would be furious when she discovered our intentions for her house. With the lease signed, her hands would be tied from a legal perspective. But I was uncomfortable with occupying someone's space in violation of their express wishes. So after much thought, I decided to reveal some of my cards before we sealed the deal. I wrote her a long and friendly email introducing myself. I said nothing of nomad bases, but described my flavor of friendly co-operative living, my desire to host small regular vegetarian dinners, and told her that she was always welcome to come over for dinner or for tea. I decided that if this email made her back out of the process, we were probably better off not doing business with her anyway. When I hit 'send', I felt a wave of relief rush over me. I had relinquished control of this impossible decision - the universe would decide what happened next. As it happened, the universe had other plans entirely. The dueña did not, in fact, appreciate the email, and killed the deal the day the lease would probably have been signed. And then, that very evening, I received a piece of news that made me unimaginably thankful that I had not signed a two-year lease hours before. For reasons outside of my control, I will have to leave Buenos Aires in about two weeks. The details are complicated, but suffice it to say that long-term residency here is not an option for me for the next several years. But as that door closed, another opened: I now have the opportunity to move to Europe as a permanent resident after spending a few months back in California working out the details. So I will be seeing many of you again, much sooner than I thought. The idea of this is pretty exciting - enough to counteract the disappointment of having to abort my efforts here. I'm still fired up about making more nomad bases happen, and can't wait to see you all and work on projects, brainstorm, code, do dishes, and give lots of hugs. :-) And most of all, I'm optimistic that something will happen here in my absence. There is a nexus brewing of people excited about these ideas, and some of them may choose to pick up where I left off and take things in a similar (or perhaps different) direction. I went to dinner with a few friends last night. We were sharing a liter of beer (they gave us heineken, of all things! It's everywhere), when I walked someone whom none of us had met. He was a friend of somebody's couch-host from another city - that kind of thing. When he arrived, we talked for a while before I realized he didn't have a glass. Me: "Oh, we should get you a glass." Him: "No you shouldn't. I should get myself a glass." Me (to the table): "See? SEE? That's the spirit

that makes a nomad base happen.” Him: “Nomad base?” Me: (starts to explain a little bit...) Him (interrupting): “Oh yeah, I’ve heard of a place like that. Somewhere in Amsterdam I think? Casa...casa something?” Beautiful ideas like this one are mindviruses. Their spread is governed by exponential curves. Our individual actions can, of course, accelerate things. But on a grand scale, it’s only a matter of time.

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node/20216

## open diary of mine,warning: not censored

its gonna be hard winter and Aris is going to the south to deal with french keyboards which she hates so much. WAS THAT ME? After leaving casa, I had to do my thing with a coffee shop even thou i didn’t needed it. Anyway i was wondering around to get the thing and get high for the ‘last’ time. It was already getting dark but i didn’t care really just to have my usual joint-caffee. I planned only to stop at night in Metz at whatever hour to have a dinner and coffee break. It was stupid to plan the road cos you never know but thats how i had a feeling that i’m gonna make it somewhere cos still I didn’t move. Only time will tell in which dimension formula am i in. Got to the A2 at 17.30 and then go straight on to Maastricht changing three cars.The fourth car whatsoever was sended by Dennis people, I Know. There were three french-maroccan boys going to grenoble. Carma connection with the driver on a first sight.. offcourse I went withthem even one guy in front beeing completely drunk and talking with Aris all the time in rapid french. OK, so we start from Maastrich and just as i was thinking better of this can not go, hm.... we were in a car that was producing no heating and my feet went frozen and you couldn’t see nothing from the window cos we were breathing, lol. 21.14 belgium. What really pissed me off was the gold smoking papers. i just bought them few hours ago and since i hadn’t bought myself papers for long weeks now i was really looking forward to use my own papers after a while. —They were stoped by police in the middle of high way (first time in my life) and dropped by a side where the control was going on. I was sending love vibration to police officers like allways, trying to be cool... The guys were searched before me while I was sitting in theirs car. Then the belgium PPPPoliceman came and he took me to same van to talk...? (what?) After I told him that i was on a meeting of programers and i m going to the south of france to be part of the european projects he would look at me like a fool



that has to say his sentence: Do you think I'm gonna believe you that? You can believe whatever you want. So, they've took me, now by a woman to the secret van place, one square meter too much white colour and searched me there.. first that .... did was that she took my gold smoking papers of which I've used ONLY ONE! Then she was all into my 'bress' (how do you spell that in en?) but she didn't found a joint that i had for emergency. but she did discovered a thing in my panties.... Those sorts of things would have to stay private for allways... We got out of the white room where was another girl, probably on hard drugs waiting already to debute into the white room. MY b.-police-woman throw the papers and a pack with 0.4 weed on the table infront of another officer and I started to protestate that they should return my papers cos I'm not extra rich to just buy papers as i want. After the guy which was holding my bagg and looking into it, wearing black, looked at me, just once and I just ran out, swallowing all the papers of my life. We came out of this control thing after I had fight with few policemen... Open fight, I was alone against everyone from European Co. I really didn't mind them beeing policemen, I just mind they were getting stupid from the cold... There was snow going on for another 300,400 km from Maastricht, don't know really, somehow i managed to close my eyes for a while,thou, I was well aware that guy sitting next to me layed his eyes on my camera-baby. Acctually I started to think to just give him the camera and get serious - eventually - in my life. Yea, whatever. We would have quite our own 'space' going on on the empty road, listening to Maroccan music really loud and finishing few splifs. i imagined I'm in a time machine with someone i know (the driver - X previous life), escaping ice era on north, going - there where i have written in my diary. His eyes were fucking peacefully D-E-A-D. -My carma driver. He came to sit at the back and the steal-me dude went to drive just before Dijon. the situation shifted and I was now in one of those cheap scenes from some Euro trip movie. We would have some PM with my carma-whatever at the back sit and for me it was just a French-maroccan Disneyland that I've never experienced. 3.35 70km before Lyon I didn't considered myself as a blow job volunteer service but i'm defenitely gonna think about y status since that moment forward when they've 'kicked' me out since I was no good -service. IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING OR WAS THAT JUST THE MATRIX EFFECT? Well, I went to wash my hand cos it was too absurd for me that i didn't know any of their names. i found it interesting that the birds were singing around 4 already, probably migrated from Canada. 6.11 same gas station I've decided to continue with my imaginary boy-friend relationship to which I'm gonna hide my 'perverziosstnes'. After two months there was no image anymore, just the word but it found it healthy on that point to play the



game - still. Sixths trucker from NL drove me away from that dead zone where i've caught a Spanish couple driving to Montpellier, after that with a russian woman from montpellier also, that kicked me out on the side road. From here i had 100 km to make to the commune wth solar energy. Nice... Ninth driver picked me up at peage and he drove me for another 15 km, also the number 10 drove me another 15km with his 3 year old son of which i found the son much more interesting than the punk-french-talkative guy. At 12 and something french couple stopped and they've decided to drive me to the commune. That was a surprise first cos they've looked like rich chickens and cos they went a bit other direction. We managed t find the place after one hour of driving in the woods and getting the car out of the mudd. I've decided to walk at the end for last 20 minutes and i made it to the final destination at 13 something. And that's not all, the Skill surfers are not here yet, so that makes me alone here among people that i would prescribe to only MOOOOREEE SEX. Anyway, if my hippie gang is not coming tomorrow I'm off. It's really a bit to far away from civilization even we are squating the whole village, powered just by solar energy and with its own source for water. or I'm gonna come back and tell another wish to Dennis center of reality that I really need to get layed and maybe this time will acctually work. -And then I'm going back again to south of France..... and so on....

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node/234

## open dinner as usual

"I went to the Albert Cuyp today", I said to Kasper when he came by today. "Ah really?", he answered, "so did I, but there was nothing to be found", he continued. I showed him the food in the kitchen, and said: "I guess you arrived just after I did". It was a good dumpster dive again today. Just make sure you are there before closing time, and you find lots of good food. Again, the market people were really nice, and I received extra food, such as asparagus and some special mushrooms that had come all the way from China (imagining buying that!, are you crazy?), and Davide and I made some really nice food out of that, just before some new hosts arrived from Switzerland and some other people made it back to the Casa. One of the nice things at the market was also the woman who came walking to me. She was looking at the green beans I was putting in my bag, and as there was so much, I also offered her some of it. We ended up filling her plastic bag with 5 kilos of it. It was really great to see the thankfulness in her eyes. Anyway, as for the past 3 months also this Thursday

you can expect an open dinner at the casa. We have enough food already, but if you feel like [dumpstering](#), please do so, you never know what kind of extra delicatessen we will get. The [Ten Kate Markt](#) is really close to the house (20 minutes walk), and if you are there at 1630 you will find good food in large quantities for sure. Most market people are really nice and are happy to give you the food they normally have to throw away. Happy eating and happy dumpstering!

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node/2401

## openid frenzy

Open-id has been enabled, making it easier for some to login and create an account. Not for all though, if we take a look at this e-mail from Sitarana (mind, when reading try to read it with a French accent, it makes it even funnier) This openid frenzy is pissing me off. I understand NOTHING of how it works (...) but I blindly registered myself one like a phishing-victim candidate. And it FUCKING doesn't let me log in to your FUCKING casarobino website. I'm fine, and you? :) J.

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node/32

## OpenStreetMap

[img\_assist|nid=3972|title=|desc=|link=node|align=left|width=200]Manu and me visited Amsterdam to go to the '[State of the Map](#)'-conference, about the [OpenStreetMap](#). If you've never heard about OpenStreetMap, I will tell you a little about it: Basically the OpenStreetMap is to maps, what [Wikipedia](#) is to encyclopedias; a community-based project to collect geographic information like streets, parks, pubs - [everything](#) which might be interesting. The level of detail can be very high, e.g. the zoos in [Berlin](#) and [Amsterdam](#) even show the areas of the various animals. Even more interesting is what people make of the data - specialized maps for [cycling](#), [skiing](#), [public transportation](#); [routing](#) for cars, cycling and walking; applications for mobile devices like the [iPhone](#); a [browser for the data](#) (my project); or you can make a cake out of it. The conference lasted three days - Friday, the "Business day" and Saturday/Sunday the "community days". Lot's of talks, space for networking - and many male

nerds :/ The best thing of the weekend (beside staying in CasaRobino) was the [squat sauna Fenomeen](#) - it was just great to relax there.

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node/3971

## orange crayon of liberty

The culprit behind my liberty is an orange crayon. I will never forget changing that last shitty diaper and seeing those orange flakes of brightness amidst liquid brown. Are those carrots? Damn. It was the crayon he had had for breakfast that morning. “Petra, um [...]” Then, I proceeded to tell her that while I was playing a card game with the other children, Thys had apparently been walking around eating a crayon. “Well, where is it?!” she demanded. “WE HAVE TO KNOW HOW MUCH HE ATE!” “I... don’t know. The box says ‘non-toxic.’” “YES, BUT WE DON’T KNOW WHAT’S HAPPENING IN HIS STOMACH!” Then, I walked around the house for an obligatory five minutes, looking for the orange crayon, part of the collection of 64 that I had bought for the kids from the Dutch dollar store. I walk over to the trash. I check in the toy box. Did he go in the garage? No. There was no orange crayon to be found. “Did you manage to find it?” “No.” “This scares me.” “Apparently, I can’t do this...” Then, we sat down. Then, it was over. I didn’t even cry.

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node/4092

## organic farmers’ market at the Noorderkerk in de Jordann - Saturdays

Hey! what about organic dumpsterdiving...? there’s a market in the Jordann area near the Noorderkerk every Saturday, together with a flea market and also a regular market a bit further on Lindengracht! <http://www.21stcenturyamsterdam.com/jordaan/noordermarkt-organic-farmers-market.html> On Mondays there’s also a textile goods + flea market in the same area.

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node/5596

# Our new oven and Giorgio's hair

[img\_assist|nid=2626|title=|desc=|link=node|align=left|width=180|height=135]

Birthday's. Days you are supposed to bring presents and presence isn't enough. It was Giorgio's birthday yesterday but it was Sunday - shopping for a present wasn't possible. But why would we? Instead of creating more waste by buying new things, we used Casa's new oven (thanks Rene!) to bake a special cake (number 10 or so in a few days). And as we together rode to his house we found at the dumpster a nice corkboard (the fourth we found within the past 6 months) and a big whiteboard. Spontaneously we decided this was to be our present from the house. But why would we want to give an empty corkboard? Without even thinking we just decided to make little notes on the board and to invite everyone there to make a note too. Giorgio didn't even notice while we, one by one, went to the corridor in his house to make those notes (or did he just keep quiet?). And while Valentina was cutting Giorgio's hair (his new look is just too cool!), mom and dad put the last notes up the board. Birthday's and other celebrations really are at its best when you can turn it into a kind of collective happening, in which everyone can participate to make it something more special. All you need to do is bring the right mood, the right material and somebody celebrate his/her birthday. Thanks Giorgio!

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node/2627

## Pacific island story

I would like to tell you tonight the story of a tiny pacific island, hope it will raise some interest for this forgotten place. Aerial picture of Banaba



[Banaba](#) is an island of 5 km<sup>2</sup> located on the [Republic of Kiribati](#). During centuries it had been almost totally isolated, next island, Nauru is

located 300km away. Local people, Banabans lived in autarky there, they had their own culture and language. Then at the beginning of the 20th century it was discovered that the topside of the island was made of phosphate which is a valuable fertilizer. This led to the annexation of the Island by the British. At that time there was around 450 Banabans living there. In 1901 a company made an “agreement” with the locals to mine the phosphates deposits for 50 pounds a year during 999 years. Then operations began, foreign workers from China and Kiribati were hired. Tonnes of phosphate began to be shipped to Australia and New Zealand. The WW2 had terrible effects, foreigners were evacuated at the beginning of the war. In 1942, Japanese invaded the island and deported the majority of the locals in other islands. All except one from the few (150) which remained were murdered at the end of the war by the Japanese. Mining operations started again shortly after the end war but instead of repatriating the surviving Banabans which had been deported in other pacific islands, Australian government told them that their villages had been totally destroyed (which was a lie) and sent them to Rabi Island in Fiji, 3200 kilometers away. Work was so well done that in 1979 there was no remaining phosphate, the company left a totally destroyed island, all the topside had been dug, only pinnacles of limestone remained there. Few Banabans have managed to come back in their homeland, the majority of them is still living in Fiji.

Landscape look like that

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node/309

## Pancake & Tea Sunday Begins,

To all concerned or unconcerned, & people who need sunday warmth; tea, pancakes and good or bad conversation - URGENT - Kitten is running around spreading her legs to anything that moves...and keeps eating plants..So, we figure, it would be good to raise some funds for her to get sprayed (?), to calm down her hormones a wee bit.. Therefore, this sunday (first of the year at casa) we will be raising donations for none other than our constant host, miss kitten. Pancakes, home made jams, a whole bunch of teas. Come come come! Beginning midday ish on SUNDAY 24th. ending whenever you like, but, things will be quietening down around nine, ten pm. If anyone new is coming, post a message to me (Jass) or any of the other hosts and we'll get back to you with directions. Be invigorated! See you soon! Jass & Casa

## Partyyyyyy

Ok this is not a real story but I wanted some visibility to make an official invitation to the casa and to the casa's friends! :) Hope to see all of you tomorrow evening the more the better! We must fight back the Winter before it take over so let's warm up Amsterdam!!!! :D So the place is walking distance from Sloterdijk Station and I'm sure you can organize a big group with the people in the casa to either walk,bike,ride,fligh,dream,hope till here.

## Pasta Madre, step by step

Making of Pasta Madre, with a bit of Nordic flavour I finally got sick enough of the miserable bread situation of this country to start making my own. You can ask any Finn how bread should be like - most definitely not the white fluffy toasterslices, the only thing the poor Dutchies have available. So, off to natuurwinkel for some rye flour and to Casa to learn about Pasta Madre it was. Recipe is a new content type on the site, to facilitate sharing food - more on that (plus making it all look pretty) a bit later... read further to find out how to make Pasta Madre!

## Pasta Madre

So, yesterday I made my first loaf of bread, using our wonderful pasta madre, but it did not come out as good as I hoped. The bread appeared to have not risen enough, and came out very dense. Has this happened to anyone else? Any suggestions?

# pastaMadre in Casa Robino

From Italy, Bosnia, Croatia, Hungary, Czech Republic, Sweden, Poland, Germany and Belgium come to... pastaMadre and new bread!

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node/2970

## Paul Pantone shows GEET in Albuquerque

For everyone who doesn't know me, I am David Pantone. I am busy in life traveling around with aim to globally manifest a technology called GEET. GEET, which stands for Global Environmental Energy Technology, was invented by my dad, Paul Pantone. After decades of suppression, his technology has rebelliously spread grassroots all over the globe. The network of support continues to grow, as more and more people realize how significant the implications and applications of GEET really are. To put it as simply as possible; GEET is a device of very simple design. It can be applied to any engine, and will transmute any liquid into highly implosive plasma gases which give the engine multiplied performance and prolonged engine life, while producing no pollution from GEET or the engine. I came back to the States recently to see my dad and prepare to open a GEET International Institute in Brummen, the Neherlands. We met up at the ExtraOrdinary Technology Conference in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Fox News sent a reporter to cover my dad's appearance. I will put a link below, to some footage. Oh, I almost forgot to mention, my dad announced a few weeks ago that he is extending free licence for any person to retrofit any engine with GEET (for personal use, and only one per household). So, if you guys want to see the free plans (which in time will be updated) you can download them at [www.GEET.nl](http://www.GEET.nl) Here is a link to a video I put together of some News clips of my dad which we recorded from the TV: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LOGbQZLRz2k> Hope everybody is having the best day of their lives! Peace, Love and Light, David

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node/4671



# Paxus gets caught

Pax was in the Washington Post - <http://tinyurl.com/seccpost> Here he is again, hard at work :) [img\_assist|nid=251|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135]

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node/293

# Peru! (and Chile?)

Casa casa! I'm headed to Peru! And maybe Chile. Do you know anyone in Peru or Chile who would be wonderful to meet? Through Saturday, I can be reached at (+1) 760 822 9880 After that, I'm at gjemmott at gmail. Thanks! Love! Miss you all! <4 (that's very possibly more than <3)

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node/27782

# Photo Project

Hi everyone, I am doing a photo project at the moment, with the themes of masculine and feminine and I am looking for participants! (maybe some of you received this email already but I have only a few email addresses, I realize!) It is quite simple : If you feel like participating, I would like you to look at the objects that surround you in your daily life, the objects you have, and pick one that has an echo to the feminine part in you if you're a woman. One that has an echo to the masculine part in you if you're a man. Then I would like you to photograph it and email it to me... I am collecting these images around me and I am putting them together. I am not sure yet what it'll be in the end but... ;) There is no aesthetic criteria, you can even take the picture with your phone if you have one. The only restriction is that there should be no one on the picture, nor a part of the body. Not to worry if you find your object is cliché or if it's not understandable for others. What matters is how the object feels to you, it is subjective. You can write a few words to explain your choice if you feel like! After you send your image, if you want to continue, there will be another step :) voilà! I hope this inspires you :) I have an interview next week with art school to start again after a year off so I'll show this work then and it would be a good thing if you can send your image before the end of the week, then I can include it before the interview (I know,

it's very short notice!). But if it arrives later it's also fine, I'll continue also after the interview :) Cheers, Sarah

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node/26378

## Pick Up A Hitchhiker Today,

Can we manipulate this image to show 'pick up a hitchhiker today' instead? :)

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node/10524

## Plastic cucumber

How can you recognize an average cucumber from a biological cucumber in Albert Heijn? Both are individually conditioned in plastic but the normal cucumber has a transparent plastic packaging whereas the "ecological" one has a green one. Tonight I had a deep need of salad so, as there was no fresh dumpsterdived products in the house, I went to Albert Heijn. When looking for vegetables, I was thinking on what wrote Robino in the website few days ago about plastic waste. And I realized that most of the veggies are individually conditioned in plastic. This is extremely scary, specially since I remember that, not so long time ago, let's say 15 years ago when I was a kid it was not the case.

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node/2915

## Polenta misfortune - who can improve my cooking fortune

I've tried to make this tortilla pancakes yesterday, with the polenta-cornflower from the blue-kind.

But somehow the dow never got stable enough to form thin pancakes. I've added water, salt, bit of oil, .. what went wrong?

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node/6394

# Ponderings

Yesterday was the first day this year that it has been warm enough for me to bare foot again. Spring is here! Summer is on its way and everything is bursting with a new lease of life. What i have learned in my law degree so far: The deeper i go down the rabbit hole the more complicated i realise the system of tunnels is. One wrong turn and we seem to hit a dead end and are forced to go back on ourselves. We are walking a tight-rope, forces pulling from every side as we try not to go too far one way and fall off. Everything is subjective, there is no right answer, no one knows anymore about morality than anyone else, we are all just making it up as we go along. But this doesn't make it have any less value or meaning, by trying to make everything conform to an abstract concept of "truth" or "justice" without realising these are not set principles which are capable of being known, we lose some of the marvel we should have at how we have managed so well for so long with such limited understanding! There are systems in place which operate on a set of principles which we just accept and only a few question and which control so much. Control here is not necessarily mean in a negative sense, we need to control our social environment even if only at the level of agreeing upon anarchy. The more i learn the more i am inspired by the potential we have, within the system of tunnels and without. I start a month long hitch-hike to Morocco on the 29th and am hoping to save enough time on the return journey to stop off in Hamsterjam and come see the casaites and the beloved kitten (glad to see she is still running the show)! I hope that there will be some friendly faces (miss you Robino!) and some new ones too! Love and hugs and lashings of good energy to all xx

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node/10404

## Populatechnolog and Decree.

It was the Wright brothers, those enterprising Ohio bike dudes of history, that discovered a way to keep airplanes in flight. They believed that flight technology would make wars of attrition obsolete - a noble scientific aim. But the inventor of dynamite, the inventor of the machine gun; they too believed the same thing of their own never-before-seen technological accomplishments. High hopes for the cutting-edge geniuses of our progress-hungry society. Of course the airplane only changed

the face of war - to something more expensive, more demanding of resources - it did not reduce the casualties of war. Technology, by its very nature, is complicated, and tends to require continual advances, in a snake-biting-its-own-tail relationship, akin to how alcohol tolerance requires increasing doses to get you drunk. Flight technology brought the way we travel, for whatever purpose, to a new level, the world over. They say that once the human race imagines that something is possible, it achieves it. Knowledge follows imagination. Flying machines have made it possible for us to imagine ourselves as larger than this Earth, able eventually to leave the atmosphere on titanium wings, able to use the depleting natural resources of this planet to find other planets untouched by, and ready for, our industrious spirit. The invention of the airplane was probably inevitable; and though it portends, as one of the most earth-shattering discoveries ever made, an escalation of our consumptive appetite for progress on a galactic level, a wasteful decommissioning of less ravenous technology, and the death of a certain way of life in the name of convenience, I cannot say I wish it had never happened. Progress seems to be an attribute intrinsic in humankind, trailing on the heels of population growth like an eager squire; and since I consider myself part of the human race, I cannot protest too strongly to the advancement of our technologies. Indeed, many lives have benefited. Yet I still feel the urge to resist. I've got a spirit that yearns for simplicity, for a time before e-mail conquered my beloved hand-written letter, before all the suffering caused by the popularity of automobiles, before the advent of all these complicated machines with even more complicated demands. The Earth would last forever if we had never found a way to stay warm with wood, a way to remain free with guns, or a way to travel fast with oil. But such hindsight is moot; these technologies were invented, and similar technologies will continue to match our exponentially increasing population. Unless we as a global race of humans find a way to plateau our virus-like sprawl, ever-newer technology will always be our savior. Indeed, we'll need it, just to survive. I'm sure once we're being forced to colonize other planets, abandoning Earth like cockroaches from a delapidated house under demolition, I'll have nothing to say about all this; I'll give up when it's too late. But it's not too late to tincture the progress of technology with temperance; it's not too late to look back. It's never too late to learn from our mistakes. And so, during this World Bike Tour, I reject the notion of commercial flight. Postponing arguments as to what's less environmentally destructive and further discussion of the "whys" of our modern culture of convenience, I hereby vow not to succumb to the ease of flight technology. I am riding my bicycle in lieu of driving or riding in a car; and now, across distances where a bicycle cannot be ridden, I will

endeavor to take boats instead of planes. I will remain as close to our Earth as I can, utilizing alternative methods of transportation only. Even if it amounts to months of delay...

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node/1955

## Post Scarcity Foundation - well first a blog

About three weeks ago I couldn't sleep well and I had this idea. It's time to set up [a foundation to get us beyond scarcity](#). Naturally I started that wiki page on Sharewiki. "Post scarcity or post-scarcity describes a hypothetical form of economy or society, often explored in science fiction, in which things such as goods, services and information are free, or practically free." [\[Wikipedia\]](#). I think quite a few of you who read this are close to this. We just have to find ways to [spread this mindset](#). So I invite you to [share your own thoughts on how to make this happen on the blog](#) and [on the wiki page](#).

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node/12523

## Postal Book Project

Howdy Folks, So, Charlie and I have begun a new project - one that has been on the radar a while but that is finally getting set down. We are writing a book about Post. As you probably know, we LOVE letters. We love writing them, receiving them, and everything about them. So - we are writing a book about postal systems around the world. Letters, Stamps, Post Offices, all that stuff. One of the parts of the book is a little trial, to test the quality of International Postal Systems. We want to know how reliable the post offices are in places like Mongolia, Indonesia, or Pakistan. We are sending out 10 letters to one person, one 'representative' in each country, to find out how many of the 10 arrive, and how long they take. But of course, we need someone to send them to! SO - i went ahead and called the Casa our "netherlands representative" and have already mailed off the first 3 letters. It was sort of presumtuous of me i know, but I figured you'd want to help :) So now i'm asking you to email ([lilyluck@riseup.net](mailto:lilyluck@riseup.net)) me if any of the letters appear, and to let me know what

day they arrived. Can you do that for us, dear Casa? LOVE YOU, MISS YOU, as always :)  
In tea and letters, Lily and Charlie

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node/16775

## Postcards for the casa

We want to create postcards for the casa. Anyone of you which come with an idea, post your creation right here in the website and we will print it.

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node/2935

## Preparing the Bikes for More Sunny Times

Spring is here, bringing life back into blossom. And so it got time to bring the bikes out again and fix a couple more of them. In winter Zsuzsanna already took care of all of them with some help of Nimi (see bottom-photo), but the snow and cold brought new damage to most of them. That's why today Ellen, Brian (patching an inner-tube for the first time in his life) and I took care of that and fixed Katherine, Black&Orange (which is now called Tripy), Mama, MyBike and Jaap's Bike. Bikes that remain are Hugo (we need to paint sunflowers on them, and give the chain an oil-bath) Pyjamas (replacing the butter) and Long-Distance (fixing a front-wheel and the lock). And when that's done, we are back to ten bikes, including Pirate and Dumpster Monster. Yah!

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node/17823

## Projects we work on

Below you find different entries throughout the website that outline ideas for projects and concrete things we work on. If you are connected somehow, feel free to add a story on some type of social project that you work on, want to inform people about or whatever.

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node/93

# protest against bad design

Am I the only one who really hates the new skin and finds the website furthermore un-usable because the new skin is so horribly ugly? Please help. Give an option for something a bit more beautiful & aesthetic. The old skin was glorious. Or Robino's specialized skin that he once had with the brown kinda cardboardish feel. Help. Please. I need a window to breathe.

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node/6331

## Public Pasta Madre

You're in Morocco with your pasta madre. You've got friends - friends are easy to make down here - but they probably only have a toaster oven in their kitchen. That might suffice for a tiny loaf, but just around the corner, right in your neighborhood, is a magical building that's not only more appropriate for family-sized breads, but also much more social, more connecting. The Moroccan public oven. This place is great! And it couldn't exist without the draw of all the local families - truly a bastion of the community. At 9 a.m. there wasn't much traffic. The women of the area don't come down en masse until late morning, so when I arrived, MBarak, the dark-skinned scraggly fellow with the cigarette hanging from his mouth, was only just getting the fire going. From a big pile of fuel next to the operator's hole in the floor in front of the oven door, he slowly added junk wood and fire pellets to the blaze. Through the opening, which is just big enough to crawl through(when it's cold!), one can see the wood-fire off to one side - just a pile of flickering orange light and heat on the charming brick floor; no pit or brazier or anything. The low ceiling is curved down to the edges like a half-pipe, making a cozy space about five times the size of my tent. MBarak didn't speak any French(or English or Spanish) so I made do with my shwia Ar'bia until some other dude with un peu de Français arrived to hang out. We were all in good spirits; I suppose foreigners must be a rare sight in there, especially when they actually have some bread to bake, and me, I was just tickled! I'd started a huge dough rising the night before, woke up at 4 a.m. to knock it back and split it in half, and after a few more hours' sleep, I giddily but gently carried my babies down there on a big baking sheet, covered with one of my mom's kitchen towels. (yes I travel with a bread towel ;) I hung out, my dough resting patiently on the "unbaked" shelf, until a



couple women had dropped by with their own baking sheets and kitchen towels, and he put the first batch in the oven. Watching him grab the Moroccan doughs by hand, slap 'em down on his two-meter flanged oven-stick, and expertly slide them across the oven floor in a nice neat line, I got a little worried.... The local bread is flatter, and with normal yeast it probably rises enough just from the first few minutes in the oven, so okay, maybe it won't "fall." But don't do that with my bread!! Thankfully, when mine came up in the queue, he hesitated only a split second before carefully putting the whole baking sheet in there. Whew! I went and had a kahwa nus nus at a local cafe, and in an hour or so I returned to see how it turned out. My baking sheet was now on the "baked" shelf, the bread golden-crust and purrfect. I flicked the bottoms and smiled - it had worked! I hung out some more, chatting and joking, and they let me take some more photographs. Now the women of the neighborhood were coming and going with frequency, sparing quick, interested glances at me from under their hijab head scarves. There were many more breads now, waiting to be baked. And, gazing fondly at the gentle curves of the finished Moroccan bread waiting for pick-up, I was strongly reminded of the Casa. It's the exact same as the one-euro loaves from the Moroccan shop around the corner from Callenbourgstraat - O what nostalgia! I loved that stuff! And I still do.... I paid 3 dirham for MBarak's services - about 30 euro-cents. Do that every day and you've got bread for the whole family for like two euros per week, not including flour. And it's energy-efficient! And who cares about a few flies? I gave one of the loaves to grandma back at the apartment, then carefully packed my living pasta-madre pet for bicycle travel, and hit the road with enough bread for several days. One loaf goes a long way when you're not a hungry hungry nomad-base.... **Long Live Pasta Madre!**

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node/10737

## Punishment Park

Out to the [movies](#) tonight - [Punishment Park](#) was too scarily realistic. (thanks Suheila for the tip!) (event calendar thingy for the house coming up, maybe, someday. Now off to eat portowined apples by amylin...)

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node/53

# putting things into place in Barcelona

Trying hard not to work too much while working 'hard'. Every time off is time to enjoy as much as possible. This morning been for a stroll on the ramblas because we needed a new headset. That was my call for a coffee and a great inspiring walk for my (analogue) camera. Hotel-room has a yakuzi, and the sun shines really good. I thought that I was going to miss casarobino and the people that live here for now - I do, but it



is good to be back here also :)

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node/52

## quick thoughts on backup and encryption

Backup Many folks around the casa carry more wifi-enabled gadgets than undergarments. If you actually get creative and they're not for consuming only, a backup over internet (or by mailing DVDs to a nomad base, to be all 90ies) is highly recommended. There're still precious analogue notebooks to loose (sorry to bring this up Robino ;), there's no need this happens to your digital stuff as well. Speaking of creativity, if yours is wasted on the WWW anyway, make sure you have decent a backup concept for your blog / website / flickr pool instead of relying on a company. [rsync](#) is a wonderful open sauce tool for backups, there are also ready made [scripts](#) around available. Encryption W/o encryption, your travel buddies or nomad bases might be under investigation too if your squat gets busted. There is [LUKS](#) for full disk encryption with linux or [truecrypt](#) as a cross-platform tool. The later also offers [plausible deniability](#) which you might need if you enter a fascist country like GB, where you can be taken into custody for refusing to give your passphrase. This goes also for email (messaging over fake social networks sucks anyway). While the pigs will

still have the names (or at least aliases) of your contacts, you can at least avoid giving them more information.

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node/2854

## Quotes from the work

Quotes from inside the french team in a big dutch company. “remets tes chaussures, on est pas chez les roumains ici” (french manager to an agent) (“put back your shoes, we are not among the Romanians here”) Here “Romanians” has the meaning of Gypsies. This sentence tell a lot, first thing that this manager is a complete asshole but more important it tells us how deeply rooted racism against gypsies is in French culture. I assume it is the same in other european cultures. I will always remember this Romanian truck driver (not gypsy), witch took me when hitchhiking, explaining me how great it was when Nicolae Ceaucescu (communist dictator of Romania) undertook a campaign of sterilization of Romanians gipsy women. But let’s go back to France, a country I know better. If this manager had said “we are not among the Africans” it would have been fortunately seen as outrageous by anyone but things are different for Gypsies. We even don’t see it as racism and this how you know how deeply rooted it is, when racist ideas are seen as an evidence, as a platitude. As usual, this racism come with a complete ignorance of the subject. How know in France anything about the Yéniches, a group of travelers that you can especially find in Alsace (east of France) and witch speak their own language made of german dialects, romani and Yiddish? How know in France that the Gitans from Perpignan are some of the last catalan speakers in France? And then, how know that in this so-called “developed country” Gypsy slums exist, you can see them for example when you arrive in Paris by train. The French state totally fail to supply them with even the more basic services. For french speakers: you can take a look on this interesting video reporting about a gypsy camp in France: <http://www.rue89.com/le-making-of-de-karim-dridi/marseille-au-ruisseau-mirabeau-camp-tzigane-devenu-bidonville> Then you can take a look on this video: <http://nl.youtube.com/watch?v=1bQmT1EM0Eg> a musical battle between gypsy and klezmer musics. It come from a movie that I highly recommend, The train of life from Radu Mihăileanu. I have other quotes but this is enough for today;)

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node/1524

# Radical ways of living in Eastern Europe, Food Not Bombs and the politics of starving,

We've talked about this a lot and I wish I could have started one in A'dam with you all..hopefully will be beginning a new chapter in Sofia, Bulgaria.. BUT I found this that may be of interest to you all - <http://www.foodnotbombs.net/HOLLAND.html> There seems to be many groups. Will try to begin one here but fear that it will be extremely difficult. But many things of worth have this quality. Voila. But more..I wanted to ask all of you for your thoughts .. It's incredibly difficult to skip dive here. The gypsies and elderly get everything in an instant. It's a strange feeling to be so entrapped in the consumer's market again. I try not to visit supermarkets too often. There's a huge, huge market here that is wonderful. Old women on the corners of streets selling yogurt and nuts. Mountain herbs for tea. But there is no concept of community here, it seems. I'm finding it incredibly difficult to get close to people. I have a good friend that I've made here but of everyone I've met, she's french. Anything different or radical is seen as almost..deformed, in a way. Things have become softer..less violent since we found a place but now finding work is proving difficult (upon visiting the British Language centre (seriously), I was told 'No...we have absolutely no need for native teachers here..we just hire bulgarians..we already have one native teacher and that's enough). I feel far away from projects of sharing. From you friends, from much that I know. Has anyone ever lived a situation like this? Where do we go from here? As always, your thoughts and inspirations are truly meaningful for me. I'll respond to your wonderful responses for 'bloodclots' soon. Ciao! Hugs! Jass

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node/15268

## rainbow Gathering resource

ciao ciao ciao!! <http://www.xtec.es/~acastan/rainbow/rainbow.html>

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node/5338

# Random Roads News

Thanks to more than 20 contributors, a lot of great content has recently been added to the [Random Roads Magazine](#), and a lot more is yet to come. And, what's more: Soon, all this great content will be available in a yet to be released [printed edition](#), that will end up hitchhiking across many different places. In the past months, we changed a great deal of how the Random Roads website looks like (with help of Marc and Anu), and with help from for example [Jass](#) and [Lindsey](#) we have proofread and edited a lot of great articles, to deliver good quality content on hitchhiking, nomadic life and other forms of "free fall traveling". Now we also have started making a pre-release ready, which is mostly [Marks](#) (who was here in the casa like ages ago, before we even called it "casa") effort. If you have still content to submit (a postcard, an article, other art), take your time, but don't wait for too long :) And as soon as we have more news out, you will be the first to know :)

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node/11177

## Random Routes along the North coast of Spain

I heard many people are already in Lisbon, while others are still on the road. But I have been hitching the whole day. I started before sunrise, with the thumb and sometimes a sign. No petrol station were taken. It was wonderful. The first thumbs up in the morning was a direct hit. Another two times I had to wait an hour or more. But who cares when you have time, and you get your photo taken by a police-officer? And then somehow I ended having a picnic in a paradise in Galicia, as beautiful as you can imagine. Thanks to a wonderful family, and the best hitching spot I have seen so far in Spain. Now I will - fingers crossed - be on to my spot where I hope to start tomorrow, all the way down from Coruña to Sines, on the final day. **This is how my day progressed:** 16 hours ago- 2010-08-05 05:39:03 CET Waking up with rain and meet 3 graffiti kits from Gijón. They give me a poro. Good times in a city where a license ain't needed for unorganised events. Thumbs up! 15 hours ago- 2010-08-05 06:30:53 CET On my way to Galicia already! First car I saw gave me a ride 30k outside of the city. A man who had just brought his son to work. Thumbs are up in the dark :) 14 hours ago- 2010-08-05 08:16:33 CET Someone please take me out of Avilés!

(walking back to the old spot after my driver dropped me at a 0.01% spot at the other side of town). Need food! 12 hours ago- 2010-08-05 09:26:26 CET Further. In a bar eating meat. Of course people stop! I will keep on thumbing. It is possible and i have the time. Almost in galicia. 11 hours ago- 2010-08-05 10:33:04 CET I love the north. just had a policekid taking a photo of me. Por fin sun. I sit verycomfortable with a sign in front, sea&hills on either side. This is autostop 10 hours ago- 2010-08-05 11:47:13 CET The first great spot! Highway turns oneway & a huge space to stop & pick me up. 20 km more to be in galicia! 8 hours ago- 2010-08-05 13:20:03 CET Yes, yes, yes! It works every time again. Wht an amazing ride and pickup. Too bad im so tired, but we go slow and the road is still long (and we have time). 3 hours ago- 2010-08-05 19:03:36 CET A caruna. It has been a long day. Tomorrow final, all the way from top of the coast, down. Shall i bring the kitten that now sits in front of me? source: <http://sms.abgefahren-ev.de/?nick=Robino>

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node/13160

## raw foods

I've been trying to eat raw this week, but I don't have the patience/money. Instead, I've just cut out the bread and sugar in my already vegan diet. Anyway, here are some ridiculously incredible-looking raw things with recipes, too: [Chocolate Raspberry Cake with Ginger Chocolate Mousse Spinach and Wild Mushroom Quiche](#) [Pomegranate Cheesecake with Clementine Gelato](#) [Raw Chocolates](#)

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node/292

## ready for the neti?

well, what is it? is it a douch? is it for watering mini plants? maybe it is one of those old thyme hearing aids? or maybe kitten uses it for....for...eeewww! well ladies and gentlemen i introduce to you the "Neti PoT" and if you call in the next 23.7 seconds you can schedule your own professional neti nose clean from our ResidentRada who knows about nose.....well not really but huhu knows. Using a neti pot is a very nice unique and ancient Hindu experience that cleanses the sinus area and promotes overall good health in many different ways. Gaining in popularity all over the western

world for the last few decades, the neti pots not only have a long list of diverse health benefits from regular use but have also become a great way to save money from cutting out many medications and treatments.

### Neti Pot Health Benefits

The practice of using a neti pot to clean the nasal passages and sinus area is called Jala Neti, which in Sanskrit means “cleansing the nasal passages”. This is a very old practice that has been passed on by many professional Yogis, or professional Yoga practitioners as a way of purifying the body and creating a clean and clear path to maximise the various breathing techniques. Today, it is still a very common practice prior to Yoga sessions, but it has also become a very well-known tool for anyone needing some relief from the more common medical symptoms affecting millions around the world. The way a neti pot works is very simple and effective for instant and long-term relief from allergies, asthma, headaches, sinusitis and more. The pot is very basic like a regular tea pot, which is then filled with a natural, chemical-free and warmed up saline solution. This solution is then flushed into one nostril and redirected through to the other, carrying along with it all of the excess mucus, foreign particles and bacteria with it. This creates a healthy breathing passage and clears the sinuses from possible infection or allergen irritation. By slightly cooling and cleaning the sinus area, this also helps relieve headaches and migraine symptoms that affect many people on a daily basis.

### Neti Pot Cost Benefits

As for a cost benefit, it may not seem obvious from the get go, but purchasing a neti pot can certainly help save quite a lot of money in the long-term. With proper regular use, the neti pot can not only relieve some medical symptoms and conditions, but also help minimise or completely eliminate different ailments that may affect daily well-being. By minimising allergies and sinus-related problems, it saves on the cost of medical treatments and medications that would normally have been used for more severe reactions. This is the same case for those who regularly use nasal sprays or other medications to help with regular breathing. By using one simple device with the most inexpensive ingredients of water and salt, it can possibly save hundreds of dollars a year for good health and better quality of life.

The history of nasal cleansing began as an Ancient Ayurvedic technique in Ancient India. The practice of using a Neti Pot for nasal cleansing is called Jala-Neti which literally means to cleanse the nose with water. It is still commonly practised throughout India. In modern times, saline nasal irrigation (SNI) has become more widely accepted as a home remedy to relieve conditions such as allergies, colds and mild sinus infections. Preliminary research indicates that SNI could also be an effective treatment for allergic rhinitis and chronic sinusitis. A conference abstract presented in November 2009 indicated that frequent nasal irrigation led to higher



rates of sinus infections. Short term use, however, seemed to be effective. The history and benefits from using a neti pot are certainly not something that should be ignored for good health and the improvement of one's own body. Today, there is a very wide range of neti pot types and prices available all over the world, and the cost to purchase one is very low compared to the potential cost for sinus and breathing-related treatments that are purchased and used every day. here is one in action right now! <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rsZellCedRw> but maybe not like this [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z8BiD5e1L\\_w](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z8BiD5e1L_w) enjoy the use of the neti, and for those who like a bit of a rush, a the "yeti-neti" is suggested, it's like a different version of the ice cream "brain freeze" how much we take the simple act of breathing for granted. let us breath freely and with great ease. so take time to smell the roses and to snort a neti pot! \*children please ask your parents permission, there is no purchase necessary and drink responsibly. only you can prevent forest fires. We are not responsible for nasal discharge or any other charges that your bank and/or govt. might impose on you. good luck! -amen and god bless hysteria.

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node/20186

## recreating governance in an open source way

What are the ways we could take over (or abolish) government? Many! In Iceland (see earlier [related post](#)) friends initiated a process that might appeal to many: let's bring a randomly chosen 1500 people to debate the main values of society and let's facilitate consensus about these values. Impossible some might think. [Very doable in fact](#), and applicable to many other localities/ contexts. "Integrity is the value (...) considered most important for society. Equal rights, respect and justice follow. Next are love, responsibility, freedom, sustainability and democracy. The family, equality and trust are also high priorities." For more info: In Iceland, Trying to Reprogram Government [http://ohmygov.com/blogs/general\\_news/archive/2009/11/13/in-iceland-trying-to-reprogram-government.aspx](http://ohmygov.com/blogs/general_news/archive/2009/11/13/in-iceland-trying-to-reprogram-government.aspx) Tired of Waiting, Icelanders Gather to Create a Roadmap for the Future [http://www.huffingtonpost.com/alda-sigmundsdottir/tired-of-waiting-icelande\\_b\\_349420.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/alda-sigmundsdottir/tired-of-waiting-icelande_b_349420.html) A rundown of the Assembly results <http://icelandweatherreport.com/2009/11/a-rundown-of-the-assembly-results.html> Official website: <http://thjodfundur2009.is/>

## RepRap @ Peak Hierarchy

[img\_assist|nid=545|title=BirdHouse|desc=A birdhouse made out of bio-plastic soon coming to the Casa?|link=none|align=right|width=200|height=150] Yesterday, some of us attended [a reading of our friend Michel Bauwens](#) and got the opportunity to meet [Erik](#), who opened our eyes of how easy it is to create our own customizable manufacturing capability. Erik is involved in the [Fablab-movement](#) and he spoke with us about his experience with [RepRap](#)'s. These are [3D printers](#) designed to be freely reproduced by anyone. The cost of making them yourself is 500 euro. But here comes the funny thing: you don't actually have to buy these components to build up the printer, but you manufacture them through a different 3D-printer, by using [shared digital designs](#), and then assemble them yourself. So -just to repeat it to make sure you get it- you can use another 3D printer with free-source designs to build the components which you can then assemble into yet a new printer, that you can then use to produce yet another. It is like making babies, but then without the sex :) Or for the scientists among us: it is a clone-machine. Or in yet other technical terms, the RepRap is largely a self-replicating machine that can be used for rapid-prototyping and manufacturing. This [article](#) and this [video](#) about a commercial printer will give you a good idea what this revolutionary free-source product is about. The raw material that the printer uses is plastic - but one can also recycle used plastic or create [biodegradable plastics](#) with ingredients such as potato starch - which is called [polylactic acid bio-plastics](#). There is also an article on [Instructables](#) on how to build these bio-plastics. Some other FabLab links to check: <http://fab.cba.mit.edu/> <http://www.fablab.nl/articles/2008/11/09/reprap-project-bij-protospace>

## ressurrect the dinner's in order to cover rent+ other expenses of the casa

Today i saw a bill of unpaid rent hanging in the kitchen :( Would it be an idea to organize 2 vo-ku's a week, like tuesday/thursday, dumpster-dive the food (there's more than enough available in A'dam), spent evrytime around 10 euro's on extra

ingredients, and make a sign saying “Suggested donation 2,50”, put it on a big glass pot and hang the bill under it :) from previous dinner’s we learned that it’s quite good possible to have around 35 ppl in the house, say like 10 of them are hoists, u still will get around 50 euro’s a dinner, twice a week, for 4 weeks would make 400, almost covering the bill of 415,? :) And then revive pan-cake sunday for special expenses like a new oven and what we all need more in the casa :)

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node/11157

## Returning

I shall soon be returning to the Netherlands, and will be returning to Casa Inshallah. My first priority is to visit a friend in Den Haag, but due to some uncertainty, I plan head on over to Amsterdam before trying to get down there (and sleep on the streets). Hopefully someone will be home during the afternoon on the 15th? If not, kick the guy whom will be sleeping by the door so he wakes up and gets out of the rain! See y’all soon.

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node/135

## Road Junky Film Festival

We finished this flyer yesterday and here it is for you to see first. This is not a way of promotion, I felt happy of how much content we managed to fit in 2 days and much could be of your interest :) If it all works out we will be streamming the whole event online. I have already ordered the prints for the photo exhibition and I’m praying to all gods I know for them to arrive on time to Berlin. All of you who plan to come, I’m looking forward to see you. My little secret is that, for me, the less ppl coming to the festival, be less work I will have :) Today I met Sandra Sunshine and she will be taking care of the Hitchgathering stand and she has ideas to make it fun and creative. The picture is from Teufelsberg, this abandoned military base in the middle of the Green forest in Berlin.

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node/11173

# Robbing the Casa

It was a beautiful, typical Dutch day: sunny, then clouds and rain, and back to sunny again. And, we were enjoying it at the one-and-only and most gezellig Amsterdam party of the year: de Roots-festival. Great food, wonderful people, and four stages in Oosterpark, with a large variety of bands from here and everywhere: flamenco, rap, reggae, ska, and anything else that comes with roots. While the last band played we danced wildly, as if a storm was brewing, threatening to destroy our party. Let's enjoy this through the very end. And... so it went. The police got to the house with four cars and eight officers. Some had even drawn their guns while storming up the stairs. Three minutes before, they had received an alarm for a burglary (from a half-drunk person who was still at the festival) while the robbers were supposedly in the house. The police were excited, very excited even. And much disappointed - so it seemed - when they learned the culprits had already left. At the house there was four of us, the lucky ones to discover the robbery, while the others were rushing back. What was happening? What was stolen? Were there still thieves in the house? How did they get in? How were the others? What was up with the police? Questions were running through our heads, while trying to not break too many traffic rules. The situation in the end seems to be less dramatic than how it felt that day. We were astonished and even a bit paralyzed when we learned about it. We couldn't believe that some robbers went into the house without us knowing them, without the hugs, without an invitation, and without leaving a note in the casa-book. How did this happen? Why did it happen? And, what were these visitors thinking, seeing our walls, the maps, the paintings, and all other signs of love and care? "Oh, shit. We took the wrong house?" Or, had they even noticed? Understanding these experiences might be the hardest thing for us. Among the tangibles, three laptops were lost, two cameras and a bag of belongings (writings and a lightfoot post). However, the situation could have been worse; some laptops weren't taken, also an expensive video-camera remained untouched, along with a lot of other personal stuff. (Perhaps they were amateurs?) Moreover, no harm was done to artwork and other really typical casa trappings. A couple of random and nice e-mails that I received on that day and the following, sent by people who had heard about the house and wanted to come and live here for a little while, confirmed the experience that the casa was attracting many good things. Although the thought did appear in my mind, stopping this casa project at this moment would be the opposite result of what this event is supposed to teach. A feeling confirmed the next days when we received some new resourceful hosts who

brought in fresh energy, care and great dedication. Also, the support we found in each other and how we were dealing with this blow was amazing. While some people had lost stuff and others hadn't, that didn't affect much how we were all feeling. It really was a good collective experience. And, not only it was an experience of the people in the house, but the support of people who are around us, also felt wonderful. p.s. There are still many questions pending, and most of those cannot be answered yet. Some of those questions we would also rather only address offline. p.s.2 yeah we do need some new old laptops. So if you know someone... let us know and or drop by!

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node/3898

## Robin Hood Robbing Banks

I was just wondering if any info about Enric Duran made its way from Catalunya to the Casa... Its all about one really funny action he committed, that consisted in robbing banks for more or less 500.000 euros and giving them to some self-managed collectives and founding anticapitalistic newspaper. to read more: <http://www.17-s.info/en/i-have-robbed-492000-euros-whom-most-rob-us-order-denounce-them-and-build-some-alternatives-society> or to listen to: <http://blip.tv/file/1280692/> Enjoy and reassure yourself about mankind :)

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node/2522

## Robino is a kind of... Tomato!

“premium” even, says packaging. Skipped along with loads of fancy shit (organic oat cookies!) last night in Dresden, Germany. Many hugs!

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node/27776

## Rooftop gardening

Why not use the space we have in and around the house for a nice garden? Soil-less gardens apparently can be very nice to grow our own food. We can use the rooftop

and the balcony. What about a [beanpipe](#), a [pvc-garden](#) on the roof, a small portable greenhouse, and so many other [techniques](#) we can use? ([Search](#))

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node/64

## R'SHE

As we look for ways of bringing in revenue to the house, the question has risen, what is SHE? Are we referring to the act of being hospitable as being sustainable? (Meaning, we are hospitable for an enduring amount of time) Or, is it in the context of environmental issues? Since the current situation is not sustainable financially, it is not the former definition. And in the environmental context, there are much more things we could do differently. Among those briefly brainstormed include producing less trash (opting out of trash bags, avoiding plastic containers, etc). And dare it be said, the boycotting of Albert Heijn? (unless absolutely necessary) Mr. Heijn and his economies of scale cannot be very good for the world... For now, I am not comfortable advocating SHE and her values, especially before introducing the existence of donation box to a room full of people. Until I have a better idea of what SHE means, I will refer to her as being a relative term. Relatively Sustainable Hospitality Exchange. And now friends, here is where we the discussion recommences. How can SHE be better manifested in the Casa?

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node/5310

## Ruby on Rails Conference 30-31 October... Rubyists of all countries unite!

Hey everybody! Pablo, Andrew and my humble self from [teambox.com](#) will be joining the Ruby on Rails Conference which is taking place this weekend in Amsterdam! Ruby on Rails has made my life as web developer a lot easier and i finally found my true love. This conference will be full of creative young men who will present their contribution to the rails community. Two speakers of the rails core project will be speaking. Current Topics are Rails 3 and merging Merb into Rails. See the list of all

topics and speakers here : [2009.rubyenrails.nl](http://2009.rubyenrails.nl) The conference costs 79€. Anybody else going there? See you, Florian (Flov)

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node/7311

## Sailing away from the western society: Lorelei's story

In my previous life, I never thought I would end up on the seas. Possibly I would not have ended, if I hadn't refused to go on with my worker life in this efficient western society. However, a lot of things came together. It all started with my habit of visiting the sea shore at my home city, Oulu, Finland. Spending time gazing endlessly at the horizon, I was hoping to see land on the other side - were it Sweden or any other country, I didn't care. I knew, deep inside me, that I had to leave, to find out other worlds, find out my own stuff. But it was only after a dinner discussion with my ex-girlfriend's father, I actually realized that I could, and I should, buy a sailing boat. I knew that this society was keen on taking away my liberties (by giving me another superficial set of "freedoms", like the freedom to take a loan for buying a house). I knew that I didn't want to get stuck in the same kind of work for years. I knew I could not contribute to corporations and their selfish agenda endlessly, that I would be approaching my limits. Hence, a multi-part plan manifested itself in my thought-patterns: first thing, get a boat. Then, second thing, rid yourself of the corporate evilness. I would end up slowly bleeding money with no income whatsoever, but I had stopped caring, I would figure something out if need be. Ultimately, get rid of the apartment, and all its nice amenities (including dish-washer and sauna and all little niceties). At that point, I had reduced my stash to some pseudo-minimum set of necessities, loaded them up in my boat, and given up the apartment. After acquiring some crew, I was ready to leave. This was actually the first time in my life when I had completely taken my home with me. Previously, when leaving the country as an exchange student, or later for an internship period, I had always kept half of my stuff at "home", and this meant my native country. So there was always something to return to. I had wondered for a long time why do I always keep coming back to Finland although I always like to say "Suomi on paska maa" (Finland is a shitty country). Well, the material connection was of course only one of the reasons, but in this essay I deliberately sidestep all personal or emotional issues. Everyone who has



set up for a nomadic life in faraway countries has faced the same issues. Finally, my old life was slowly slipping behind Lorelei's stern as the buildings of Oulu slowly faded away into the horizon. New adventures, new lives awaited me in the direction pointed out by the bow. There was no turning back, this was the beginning of my nomadic lifestyle. This was the point where minutes, hours and days lost their significance, where everything about life was following the rhythm of sun rising and setting. This was the moment of my emancipation as a human being, the moment of embracing one's hopes, fears, expectations, and life itself. And I felt really happy about it, full of hope like a newly hatched songbird. Nothing really beats the feeling when you experience the solitariness and powerful emptiness of the seas with a friend, in complete quietness. It's a new kind of wilderness, a wilderness filled with waves, islands, sunshine, wind, and seals! Only in the southern parts of the Baltic Sea our illusion of solitariness started breaking up: we found the busy shipping lines of Europe. The heavy seas and huge waves are not the only life-threatening danger on the seas, also big container ships and tankers can pose that hazard if you do not know how to align yourself with respect to those big ships. It's a humbling sensation to compare yourselves to the huge ship next to you, to realize that you are only a tiny speck in the ocean of life. However, the amount of freedom you get by being a captain of your own vessel is immense: imagine how country borders limit movement, or financial issues, or the seas between the continents, and now all those things have lost their significance: all of the world is now accessible for the individual who dares and who's skilled and determined enough. I think that for a tramp like me, there's nothing just as powerful as the combination of a sailboat and a folding bike. I can reach many positions in Europe just by first sailing and then pedaling the 100 km it takes to the village I wanted to go to... For me, hitchhiking is not the way to express my independence, since that means I am just depending on someone else burning fossil fuels unsustainably. I am still interdependent, but on human power, not fossil power. The boat needs deckhands for enjoyable and long-term sailing, so I need to try to convince other people they should join my adventure, even for a small period of time. It's not as easy as I originally thought, maybe because quite a few people are actually afraid of the seas. Which in itself probably is a kind of wise sentiment, since we are talking about powerful forces of nature. I still think there's something left worth of exploring in this world. Some people must live outside the fucked up monetary system, somewhere. My mission is to go and find them, live with them, reconnect with humanity long-lost. (daily excerpts of Lorelei's log and route at <http://lorelei.kaverit.org>)

## Saturday before September

Is it important to read and watch news?.. i dont do any of these.. and found out that i spend too much time in my own world. Sometimes it seem like i disappear and coming back to reality (..or how to explain reality anyway?)is getting more and more difficult.. Im driving with car and dont think about arriving but finally the road is going to visit my friend, Kristel, other side of the island. Nature in August has been calm down.. it isnt like a young child anymore.. August knows its value. We decided to go into forest to pick up mushrooms..while sauna is getting ready..got many chantarelles...later we brushed them.. and the knife drop on the floor.. Late summer sunset is great! Colours in sky are pink till purple and light-blue. Went on the field to say goodbye for this day.. running and rolling on the soft and airy hay. Dropping knife means that (male) guest are coming (fork means female)...and there they was.three of them. Enjoying company, sauna and cold beer... That is Saturady I like.. This night ended me and my friend sitting on the doorway.. smoking tasty tobacco in pipe and watching stars.. In the end everyone is one part in the big world..Living like do not harm others. .my goal of this winter is more communication with other world.

## Save the Bikes

[img\_assist|nid=3841|title=|desc=|link=node|align=left|width=200] Once in a while the bike-police goes around the neighborhood to take away bikes that they think are useless. Be aware, they will make these decisions for you. First they will put up an orange sticker on the bike, and after a week they come back to cut your chain and steal your bike without any mercy. We already lost two bikes for this reason. True, the bikes they took away were not very usable (we hadn't even given them names), but still. And just last week they gave a sticker to Gypsy, as it was missing its front wheel. We removed the sticker the very same day but just now, a week alter, they came back to take it away. I had to go down to have a discussion with them and explain them I was repairing it. Their answer: we give you some days before we really are going to remove it. And, they said, as Gypsy is attached to also another bike, "we will also take

away that one”. So, as a reminder: Check the bikes on a regular basis and when you see an orange sticker on it, remove it, and get the bike fixed within a week.

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node/4053

## “SchonCasa” Project Berlin

<http://berlin.projectvolunteering.net/> “We plan this ultimate dynamic-stable place to be self-sustained eventually. First we want to live there, but at the same time there will be space for travelers to sleep, but also and more excitingly to meet, share passions and activities! We hope to provide space for all peaceful, and independent initiative, a place where any traveler can feel at home. It seems that we found our place : <http://berlin.projectvolunteering.net/where> Starting Febr. 1st 2009 we are living in Schönhauser Allee 146 in a 5 room 140sqm apartment. The building dates from 1914 so we have high ceilings and big rooms. We decided for now to divide the space as follows: 1. Biggest room - living room&guest room&workshops room 2. 1st big room - Dormitory 3. 2nd big room- Working room 4. 1st small room - Private (Tau&Daan) 5. 2nd small room - common private & workshop (The purpose of this room is to give the permanent residents a space to be temporarily all alone The function of the room describes the priority there, it does not limit the use. We believe that such a division is necessary to make our project both sustainable and effervescent. The other rooms in the house: 1 kitchen 1 small bathroom (sink, WC) 1 big bathroom (shower,sink,WC, bathtub) 1 strange cornered hallway”

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node/2415

## Sea, Sand, Sun and mudbaths

Reports are coming in about the [hitchgathering](#) that took place last weekend, and apparantly it was a great gathering, with almost 150 people attending this year’s event. As Julien writes, all in all, it went very smoothly, the logistical nightmare of keeping that bunch fed with the nearest shop out of walking reach was defeated thanks to the wonderful initiative of the few volunteers that had arrived in advance and prepared the camp ; and by the joint initiative of the participants that

spontaneously organised supplying forays in little groups, funded by public donations. Read more [here](#)

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node/20436

## Searching for a Star

So I'm a bit inebriated at the moment (inexpensive but GOOD lithuanian unfiltered hefeweizen!), and looking for Star's contact info. That is, the MIT hardware hacker with the trouble at Logan a while back. Could someone comment and drop her username, or PM/email me her contact info? I'm trying to connect with a few people for when I return to the states (for a while), and I think she'd be a good person to start with. Oh, otherwise I've been having fun hitching around, sad that I \*just\* missed casa folk in Budapest, and for a moment considered hitching back just to see my friends. Alas, if I keep doing that, I'll never get anywhere! Oh the curse of having friends all over the place... Love y'all -Matt

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node/4795

## Serbia Contacts / Denver, Colorado,

Greets casa world, Does anyone have contacts for Serbia (Belgrade)? Wanderin' these roads up to Denmark for the strawberry harvest season, but would be marvelous to stop in these lands I've only passed through previously, that I've read and revered so much in books. Starting out tomorrow (thursday) from Sofia via thumb power so any early contact details would be very much appreciated. Also, a dear friend is perhaps moving to Denver, Colorado for two months. Does anyone know any collectives, shared communal housing or small attics she could stay in for low rent and enriching experience? Any contacts at all out there? Merci merci merci (in both bulgarian and romanian), Jass

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node/11379

# Setting up a food-coop

Somehow many conversation here in Casa Robino lead to local currencies and food cooperatives. So when we were discussing [[http://cashwiki.org/en/Madison\\_Hours](http://cashwiki.org/en/Madison_Hours) local money] and food coops in Madison, [<http://casarobino.org/users/louisa-magrics> Louisa] (18 yr old, Australia) asked: “what is a food cooperative?”. We had a great exchange of information after that question, which lead me this morning to write a piece on sharewiki about [[http://sharewiki.org/en/Food\\_Cooperative](http://sharewiki.org/en/Food_Cooperative) how to set one up]. Happily enough, some people here in Amsterdam recently started the initiative of setting up a local food-coop here called [<http://www.hethalvewerk.nl/index.php?hhwid=16|=210&mt=1&gs=0&ws2=0&t=1&c=55&s=86> Vokomokum], with a meeting every month. I will go to the next meeting and become a member. I know of one specific farm that is also involved in this coop, a farm where quite a few people volunteer once or twice a week but somehow it would be great if (in the future) we could even involve a net of urban farmers in this or a similar project.

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node/1080

# Setting up a massage network

At least one idea a day shouldn't be that hard if there is more than one person around, so when Amylin came back from giving Thai Massage (see her [ad](#)), we came up with the idea of setting up a network for traveling massage-therapists and to connect these with a kind of fixed customer base. It could even go further than just one locality, and even further than just one skill but massage-therapy in Amsterdam seems to be a viable way for starting off.

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node/314

# Sewing Machine New World Discovery

Once there was a young lady called Laura who had the brilliant idea to [get a sewing machine](#), and when she moved on to other places, she left it here at casa. It wasn't being used much, mostly because people didn't know it was here. But then yesterday when Emma was using some needles and wires with her hand and when I mentioned

sewing machine, her eyes grew wide and sparkled all over. Now we got some more pillows fixed, and some clothes. And we will give the machine a nice spot for everyone to see it and use.

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node/17867

## Sharing with the dead

Somewhere in Bolivia between Cochabamba and Sucre When I get out of the car, I see nobody on the place, is that a ghost village? I ask a kid; ¿Que pasa aca? He tells me to go to the cemetery. Sure! now I remember, today is “dia de todos los santos”. We have it also in France. Over there it is a boring rainy day where you put some expensive flowers on graveyards. When I come close to the cemetery I see half of the village, the other half is inside. I come into it, many, many people, young, old, women, men, drunk, singing and laughing. I’m not used to that, I’ve always been taught to look sad when getting close to death. One man, José asks me if he can drink in my honour. What? sure go ahead. Then, he tells me I have to drink for him. He plunge half nut shell into a bucket full of chicha, the local alcohol. He teaches me to pour some alcohol on the ground for the dead and for the pachamama, the goddess of fertility before and after drinking. ¿Sabes rezar? Do you know how to pray? This is his following question. I know prayers yes but in hebrew, so I say “mas o menos” more or less. He tells me that if I don’t know how to pray, I’ll never get “urpus” little breads nor chicha. Then, he command me to follow him and to imitate him. ¿Hay para rezar? “is there for praying?” he asks to groups of people. When the answer is positive we go close to one graveyard, remove hats and start to pray “Ave maria, llena de gracia...” when we finish praying, folks offer us chicha, coca and little breads. Those breads are full of creativity, some look like animals, llamas, sheeps, fishes, some have abstract forms. We do it again and again, my “ave maria” and my “padre nuestro” are getting pretty good and my cross sign is not anymore ridiculous. People start to speak to me in quechua, they forgot I’m a gringo. Chicha hurt me badly, but I learnt many things this day. The following day I have to come back to the cemetery, I promised. I arrive late, old folks laugh at me, don’t you know how to pray? Where is your bag to pick up breads? I will not tell them that I used it to vomit the previous night. A group of musicians, 2 guitars, one flute ask me to sing with them, we’ll sing and pray until late and will receive tons of bread and litters of chicha. Our last “client” is an old lady, she brings us in a special area of the cemetery where are buried the babies and young

kids, “los angelitos”. We’ll have to sing and pray 1,2,3,4,5 times! under a sky full of stars. La mamacita lost 5 young kids.... She has no more breads so she gives us money, 2 bolivianos (=20 cents, enough for a light meal in Bolivia) each one. I don’t want her money, she get mad, I prayed so I have to be paid, this is the way there. She is honoured we prayed for her little ones and smiles.

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node/7663

## Sharism

It was a whimsical long shot, so i proposed that Dennis and Sierra (dear friends on my eclectic pal Ahnika) who are coming to host at Casa that they write about their willingness to build windmills and roof top gardens. If fact they are not only willing, but experienced in this things which have topped the Casa wish list for a month. And of course it set Robins mind running. “We have thought of this before”, Robin repeats, but his voice belies something new, something exciting. We talk about cooperatives and guaranteed income. He is envisioning cashwiki cover alternative currencies . We agree on the need for a site to help travelers with short term paid work as one of the missing compliments to the digital nomads idea i posted on <http://trashwiki.org/en/DigitalNomads>

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node/174

## she conference berlin on nomadism

Last year we had a conference in the Casa about sustainable hospitality exchange (SHE). This was before this website existed. You can find many traces of this gathering all over the house, like the she-mindmap in the kitchen, the four open space principles near the entrance and some other sayings on the wall in the Zula, in addition to some stuff online: <http://realsocial.org/she> The thing you can notice in the casa the most though, is the way we host and how we resolved the traditionally unequal relationship between hosts and guests, which you come across in 85-99% of the cases you do ‘couchsurfing’. Staying over in Berlin for ten days and meeting people who share the intention of creating, or helping sustaining similar places like casarobino, made me think (again) to do yet another SHE conference. After talking



with (some) people over at the [berlin house](#) (about whom I will write and talk another day more), but especially after talking with the people from the [traveling school of life](#), I gathered enough trust that we can pull off yet another conference soon, but now with a stronger focus on nomadism. As a result I started asking around who could help setting up a space to meet up for a weekend, and even potentially for a week if we want to also have a space to work on technical stuff such as websites (which platform to use?, can we actually do some coding to have some beta version running?) and communication in the weeks ahead and after. Several people responded really well, among who [Anja](#), who was part of the skillsurfers trip. She contacted two places in Berlin where possibly we could gather. After having been disconnected for more than a week, I am now in Northern Italy with good space to work and a laptop. So I started editing [sharewiki.org](http://sharewiki.org) about this conference/gathering. You can find some stuff here: <http://sharewiki.org/en/SHE> I want to spread this invitation sometime soon through the networks we share, and was hoping that some of you could have a look at it, to add stuff, edit the pages, and get rid of what you do not like, before this one goes 'live'. When organising the conference in Amsterdam last year, we (mainly Kasper and I) had no idea how it was going to be and who to expect. It turned out great, with the right amount of people, wonderful ideas and great atmosphere. It made people feel very empowered for example, and we made quite some good connections with people who keep coming back to the casa in Amsterdam because of what they have experienced during the conference. And, it really did offer the casa the right foundation. The same applies now for the conference in Berlin. I have no idea if it will go through, how successful it will be, and how well we will be able to pull it off (with getting the right people to come, and to have the right energy going). So far I have not received a lot of responses from people I personally know well that they would like to join, for example. But I do know that quite some people in Berlin are extremely interested, and that bringing these people together to discuss (neo)nomadic stuff, can potentially be extremely beneficial to many of us, especially in relation to the sub-culture you are part of by being a nomad (which applies to almost all the people who have been in the casa). On the other hand, talking with Lily and Charlie here in Italy, I also know that it would be hard for them, as well as for others, to join. Not everyone can be so flexible to just come over for a weekend or even longer to Berlin in the end of November. In that sense we have also been brainstorming about a conference in Barcelona at the same time or some months later. Who knows? All you need is some space, and some people who come to share their perspectives about the same ideas. Anyway, to sum things up. I am

currently looking forward to have a gathering of around 30 to 50 people in Berlin (more would be too much I think), and possibly in some other places at the same time, to discuss nomadic infrastructure and nomadic lifestyles. Though, I am not the leader here, nor do I have a lot of time to 'organise' this, so please, if you believe in places like la casa, join this effort if you can. I think we have a great possibility to make new and deeper connections among people we already know and those we yet have to meet, while at the same time gain a better focus on how to create more infrastructure to sustain a nomadic lifestyle for nomads now and in the future.

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node/5047

## She Nomad Conference in New York

Who of you lives in New York at the moment, or knows some of the right people who should be connected with the nomadbase initiative? Valentina took her initiative for a [call](#) for a small nomad gathering, at the same time as the [SHE conf/ nomad conference](#) in Berlin end of November. I am sure that within our extended network we know people who are perfect to help enabling a network of nomads, long term travelers, skillsurfers, etc, with places and bases that are open for shared living. Find the others!

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node/7724

## She threw herself under a train the bitch

« She threw herself under a train the bitch » « Elle s'est jetée sous un train la garce »  
This is what a friend of mine in my dutch class told me tonight when I asked him why he was not in A'Dam last week. He said that without changing the tone of his voice in this harsh and direct language so typical of the place where he is from. He was talking about his mom alcoholic and depressive, who committed suicide. He added that she managed to do it under the only train which once a day cross their forgotten place. Behind this terrible personal story appear the social reality of North of France.(le Nord) The highest rates of alcoholism, unemployment and suicide of the whole country, a true constellation of shit-holes (les corons), made of bad quality houses

built long time ago by companies for their employees. Companies left but people staid Probably you remember the huge riots witch took place in the french suburbs some years ago. Well although the area I'm talking about is one, if not the poorest of France, it was not part of that. People are so depressed there, there is so much alcoholism that they don't even think into rioting

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node/2391

## shit luck

I just realized that I can't seem to find my hitchhiking notebook anywhere. I've somewhere, somehow lost it. My hitchhiking notebook is an unlined white notebook full of signs, destinations I've hitchhiked in the past 6 months, over two continents and innumerable locations. It had a lot of sentimental value and stories attached to it (obviously), and as it was full, I was planning to scan its pages in at CasaRobino before I left, but the scanners were not yet working. Some of the signs were nice drawings, and I wanted a way to preserve them. Anyway, I've just realized now that it's somehow gone. It's not with my stuff, not in this apartment... but where, then? I had it when I was in the car of my last driver, a great driver, really, who took me from the edge of France to Porto. That was late-night, through the night, through the magical snowfall, and when we arrived in Porto at early morning rush hour, I was somewhat sleepy and in a daze from the little bit of hash I smoked with him the night before combined with the residual super-high feeling of visiting a good friend in France... And we had just arrived so suddenly, in the middle of a book I was reading, when my driver (who was actually kinda cute, I kept on giggling to myself the night before) was giving me the adeus beijinhos and leaving me at a bus stop because the city-center was a mess of morning traffic. I didn't leave him my e-mail address or contact info like I had wanted to... I figured that we just might wind up running into each other on the street sometime, if anything. This is a small city, where things like that just tend to happen, more often than not. Anyway, it wouldn't surprise me. I thought I had taken all of my stuff with me, and to the best of my recollection (even now), I thought I had. So, maybe I left it on the bus. I don't remember now. The only other place I can possibly think of is the café where I had first picked up my apartment keys at, across the street from here, but I doubt it. Oh well... I have to start a new notebook now.

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node/566



foolish decision, but a bike nonetheless.. According to word of a (somewhat confused) mouth, there are incredible bins to be found in Zaanstad. There are six possible targeted supermarkets in this area (of a particular chain) that supposedly throw away a whole lot of food including soy products, chocolate, cakes, sometimes alcohol..(today, coincidentally I found a five pack of beer at said supermarket bin..and nutella, sugar and cream..and a bag of apples!). There's a chance we could find nothing..particularly in the day time. But, I've never been there, and a cycle ride would be appreciated..towards evening, there are a couple of markets worth checking out too, and the one closest to us is always always fantastic for fruits and vegetables.. Voila. Could I propose 1pm? If there are people that have never been diving before and are interested, come come come too! Just..having a bike is necessary, and bags. Just leave a comment or turn up here around quarter to one. :) - Jass

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node/9799

## Skipping in Spain

One of the nice features of our website for me is the [friendfeed](#), which aggregates posts from friends of the house (mostly ex-hosts) who have websites. It is one of my favorite things to read, to see what's up with who and when. And sometimes it actually gets more than that. Take Lena's recent post for example, where she [writes](#) about the freedom of the streets and how the Spanish state is cramping on Dumpster Divers. in Madrid they put the pressure on shop owners to install cameras watching their skips, to put fences, not to put the trash out before the arrival of the trash-truck. They threaten also with strengthening the police control above trashes and with big fines.. Would be good to get actually some more information about this for <http://trashwiki.org> just like the people in Brugge did for [Olli](#), who got arrested just for going through some dumpsters. On a more positive note, some of us just found a new dumpster close to the Casa last night... and the treasures are just now being cooked :)

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node/2387

# Skipping Waste Documentary

Its up its up its up! Skipping waste is officialy ONLINE! Hoorah. Big thanks to mathieu and Kasper for helping me on this when my head was ready to explode. See for more info: [skippingwaste.trashwiki.org](http://skippingwaste.trashwiki.org)

.

yeow! x lily

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node/2379

## skipping waste in french

Heeeeeeeey y'all. hope life is flowin free and the lowlands not getting toooooo cold for everybody. I have a question/favour. I know that french subtitles were made for the doco Skipping Waste - since they were sent to a french festival in belgium... but i've never seen a copy of the translated version. I have people asking me often for it, if they are french, or even just to use as an aid to translating into other languages. does anyone know where this copy is? can we make it available on line, just like the english version? I also have the english transcripts, all the spoken words written out in english... where can i put these online so people can just access them without having to ask me for them? any info would be tip top! and lots of love to you all of course! xx lily

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node/7031

## Skipping Waste Torrent

Dont you just love how much the casa connects? A fellow casaite has posted up skipping waste as a torrent for all to download to their hearts content. Voila the link: <http://thepiratebay.org/torrent/4796436> Big thanks to Sebastian! Will put it on the trashwiki site too. Thanks! x

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node/2409

# Smoking Apples

Nice dinner, good people, random phone-calls and great inspiration for future projects. Even Erga was present, although from very far away, and I finally managed to clean the desk. [Guaka playing guitar](#), and even a Scarum mix music, sharing stories on [dumpster diving](#), a Crew Change Guide and our first [hitchhiking](#) experiences. I love these evenings. Wet girls, jumping Kasper in a pink mini-skirt, or.. how to make a smoking-pipe out of an apple?

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node/37

## SNOW! , green lighthouse warmth, thursday night dinner

First - as usual - thursday night casa dinner..we're not really sure if it's dying, but even if so, it would be good good good to see you all.. Last night was the before-everyone-leaves-let's-get-together party at the green lighthouse. We brought tarte-aux-sucre (that had become scrambled in delivery but so so good!) and chocolate mint cookies. Because we hadn't had enough sugar that day with a chocolate courgette cake, jams, and gallons of chai..uhhhh By the time we arrived, I was on a ridiculous sugar loop, the highest point, combined with a nourishing sense of fulfilment with the passing of the days, excited to see so many familiar people and interesting strangers.. So - wine, beer, guacamole, fantastic skip dived bread from the local turkish bakery, vegetable stew, cheese fondue, an amazing amazing chocolate roll made by Martina..and Heather and I's creations from earlier..yeeee! Of note - I don't believe in bread control..a man at this party did and began to shout..called us antiglobalists... one must be very passionate about both bread and authority to throw forks on the floor when confronted about this idea..whaaa! At four am, we returned, and it was snowing, snowing, snowing! Thick falling snow! We couldn't stop singing all the way back. We also found sugar balls (Oliebollen) and now have a mountain of them on the kitchen floor..maybe they can be eaten tonight? There are various kinds..banana, chocolate, raison..all good to make the stomach explode, if you like this.. Voila. We're beginning our pancake and tea day/evening on sunday..a trial run..more news on that to follow..we hope to raise a little bit of money for the casa every week from it.. Yeeep!

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## so much on the way

Six o' clock this morning they woke up (well, that's what they said) and I just called them (Rene and Davide): they were already cycling north of Alkmaar... As a nice surprise, six of us are going up to Texel for a short adventure, two are cycling, and 4 will be hitching today. We found a nice host who is ok with us 'squatting' his place and cooking for him, and there are old friends to meet. At the same time we have new people arriving today, there is Ben hitching from Berlin, Wolfgang from Vienna, and a guest (a real one) who is just coming in for sleeping during the day. We only wonder if Matthieu and Marcel, who should be in Bristol by now (hitching obviously), took the housekeys as we seem to have run out of them...

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node/2395

## so when I was walking to the casa

I asked some guy if I was on the right street and he said "are you going to that guy's house who always people from around the world staying at his place." the casa is famous en el barrio..apparently.

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node/643

## Social media changes our way of communicating, but for better or worse?

Zeynep Tufekci writes on his blog "Technosociology": "What we are seeing with social media is the public sphere, hitherto dominated by written culture, has been more opened up to oral psychodynamics." This is a very interesting observation, and indeed it seems that the social media, Twitter and all, is more akin to oral communications than written. Also, it depends on the language used, since some western languages (especially English) are very much patterned into written

psychodynamics. As Casa users are also heavy users of social media, this change in trends affects us strongly, and possibly also decreases the “competitive advantage” of well-versed (in written form) persons over the less educated persons. The original article is [here](#).

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node/19045

## soon to come...

I can't wait for a password to be mailed to me, as I stand on a random streetcorner in Trapani, borrowing wifi, but I will soon be coming to the house to stay for a short while, relax, explore, invent, and plan a month tour of the middle east. I would say more, but the low battery beeping is driving me nuts. be there the 2nd (or so). -matt

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node/31

## Sorry for not hugging you all goodbye.

On the morning we left, you were all sleeping so angelically. And that is rare. Sierra and I didn't want to disturb that, ESpecially because you were all so cute whilst living outside of your cherubic bodies, so we stood there quietly for a few minutes and watched you all. This may seem a little creepy, its probable that it is, but just know that you were loved before we went, and we didn't need to wake you up, cause we already knew that the feeling was mutual. I left a piece of my heart in amsterdam. I'll have to be heading back there some time soonish to catch up with it, and see how it has matured whilst living outside of my body and being cared for by your (collective) vortex. Landing in new york and doing thanksgiving at my friend paiges beautiful loft (pictures soon), with just a small family gathering (100 of my closest friends) was an experience. It was great to see all of the people who I've known since I started living this crazy life, all of the people who knew me back when I was a sad boy from suburban new jersey, who had just moved to the city after finishing highschool. Its always liberating to be on the road, and have your relationships with your new friends be present and future, and not have who you and the other person used to be holding you(collective) back. This is not how life in New york city is for me. I've known these people a relatively long time. I've changed, New york city stays the same. Its

comforting, but hard to not regress. This homecoming, a few people seem to notice, which is rare, so It will be (something) to work on building a new future together. My laptop is locked in my ex roommates room still, she will get back into town dec 2, so then I will be reunited with my lover (my laptop), and we can change the world together. I have some interesting projects gravitating towards me, so it will be interesting for me to see what I can accomplish this tenure in new york, past the basics which is far too much drinking and dancing. I'm also starting to scheme ways to make a whole bunch of green paper so then I can go down to south america for the winter. Maybe. but Im being pulled other places as well. I hope though, that I can get back to amsterdam before too much time has passed, collective(you) is beautiful. Though If I don't make it across the atlantic anytime soon, I still want to work on changing the world in cyberspace with you. I love you soon, dennis(collective)

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node/313

## sport-voor-nop

hello people! for anyone who likes to do free stuff....the sport centre has a sport-for-free week. you can find dates and times behind the link. you can join a free yoga class and stuff....nice! <http://www.usc.uva.nl/nl/nieuws/nws13zat.htm>

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node/5428

## springtime

[img\_assist|nid=2515|desc=|link=node|align=left|width=180|height=135] We have two pigeons that have build a nest in the tree right in front of the house. The egg is white. We are also getting forward with the gardening. On the rooftop we have rucola and other types of crispy lettuce and on the balcony beans and lots of herbs. And wow, isn't it growing fast! More signs of spring: hitchhikers are arriving en masse here in Amsterdam. Within one week, I think, we hosted well over 10 hitchhikers. We also went hitchhiking with a crew of the casa (Lindsey, James, Aisha and me) for a weekend in Germany. We went in two crews to a rainbow gathering. Both groups left at the same time (starting at the Casa spot) and arrived at the same time, and both teams had five rides to get there. We hope that actually more people will go to the

rainbow. The gathering is really close to Amsterdam (250 km) and is a great hitch. The people over there are very much what you are used to here in the house and you will get lots of hugs. When there you will also see some notes from us and from Charlie (who we had just missed) on the welcome-board. We also told some people over there to come and stay for a little while here in the Casa. Who knows who will show up. Another sign of spring: Rene and Laura went cycling together to Zeeland over the weekend (that is well over 120 km). Who would have been able to guess!

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node/2516

## sprouting mung beans

Yesterday, Kasper and I picked up a bag of bio Mung Beans, which we are prepared to sprout. Mung beans are tridoshic, meaning that they can help to balance all 3 doshas (vata, pitta, kapha) in Ayurveda. They offer 14 gms of protein per cooked cup. Mung beans are also a good source of dietary fiber. They also contain thiamin, iron, magnesium, phosphorus, potassium and copper, and are a good source of folate. Mung beans can be eaten on their own, or combined with rice to make khichari, or combined with vegetables and greens to make hearty soups or ground into flour to be used to make crepes or added to breads. Turmeric, cumin, dried ginger and coriander are some spices that work very well with mung beans. They are popular in China and India, and their sprouts are often used in Chinese cuisine. You can sauté the sprouts for a minute or eat them raw. The sprouts that you buy in stores are usually processed with gaseous chemicals, then sit around for a while... And I'm skeptical about their nutritive properties, so self-sprouting seems like an excellent alternative. [germeaux, tofu, concombre, haricots, graines de lin, tamari, huile d'olive](#) (self-sprouted beans from a friend's kitchen in southern france) [http://www.ayurbalance.com/explore\\_howtosbeansprouts.htm](http://www.ayurbalance.com/explore_howtosbeansprouts.htm) <http://www.sproutpeople.com/seed/mung.html>

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node/2365

## Squatting goes Berserk

For more information on the squatting eviction: <http://krakendraaitdoor.wordpress.com/english/>

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# Start a new give-away shop in Amsterdam

Marc, Kadri, Petter and I just met up with [Jaromil](#) to check out a possible space for a new give-away shop in Amsterdam. There is quite a bit of space, many many computers and other tech gear and an extremely fast internet connection. We need to gather some more people, we could meet up with people on Tuesday afternoon and/or Saturday the 21st of March. Also, Jaromil is probably coming over on Thursday to chat some more. Check this [attempt at coordinating the creation of the freeshop](#) and add yourself there if you're interested in helping!

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node/2396

## still here

so I am still here UPDATE: So I lost the somewhat more elaborate post explaining my continuation to reside in casarobino: In short, I did not trust that I would make it back in time to get my flight to cairo, so I stuck around. I will be heading down to Den haag for the day monday and returning to casarobino to stay before my flight on wednesday. Assuming I don't get lost HHing in the Netherlands. Which is likely, given my current luck.

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node/62

## Stranded sick in Montpellier...

Hey Casaists.. Maybe one of you well-travelled people has some suggestions to help me with my problem. I have been travelling non-stop for way too long now, and kind of made a slightly stupid choice to tour with yet another band. So I left my van (also my home, I live in it) between Hamburg and Kiel, in Germany, in a village in the middle of nowhere with pretty much non-existent transportation links, and picked up the band with another van and ended up in La Spezia, Italy. I got really sick in La Spezia, all the tiredness of never giving myself any rest came out all of a sudden. I

couldn't do anything, so I took the offer of another band to drive me to their house in Montpellier, France, where I can stay for a few days until I get on my feet again. So I am in Montpellier, and it doesn't look like I'm getting much better. I think it will take months of rest to fully recover, as it has been years of non-stop overworking myself. So, what I really need is a way to get to either Hamburg or Berlin. If I get to Hamburg, I can get my van and slowly make it to Berlin where I can rest. If I get to Berlin, I can start resting at friend's houses and when I feel a bit better I can go get my van. I'd rather have my van with me though, as I'm homeless without it! The problem is that I hate flying (for ethical and ecological reasons), I don't have much money, and I'd probably die if I had to wait for hours stranded in a gas station while hitch-hiking with a high fever.. I don't really want to stay here for more than a couple of days. Ideally, the best thing to happen would be some freaky people with a bus to be returning from Spain to Germany, and take me with them, so I can just lie down in the back of the bus and not have to worry about it.. I can't really think at the moment and I'm too tired, so if anybody has any suggestions, please tell me..

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node/22116

## strangers enter

thanks to everyone who visited the casa within the past few days, especially all of the people that we weren't expecting! we had many new dinner guests tonight, outside of our regulars, and that was great! i started an "open doorbell policy", that means if you ring the doorbell and i'm home, i'll let you in and give you tea. i think this is a good way to have strangers interrupt my paintings and give me new ideas. also, it's a way of having the city come to the casa, and building a network of warm places to thaw out from the cold. besides that, i rarely run on schedules, and even in failing to organize my agenda, i tend to accomplish a lot while enjoying myself. i think this is a good model for anyone: more spontaneity, act according to your instincts, invite yourself into homes, be a better guest and host...

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node/1297

# street spirit

Almost exactly 4 days on the road, 16 lifts, the last bringing me 2 metro stations from my place and I'm finally back in Berlin. [Lisa](#) and I left the road only for sleeping (and once for having a water melon with fellow hitchhikers). Thanks to everyone who made this a family meeting and especially to Viera, Lisa, Valentina, Sarah, Matt, Shaun, Triin and Tyler for preserving the spirit on my trip home.

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node/4678

# Subtitles for the fil-m

Yo ladies and gents... So i just got a reply from the micronomics festival in Belgium saying they would love to screen it... and if i was going to be making a french version? I dont have the final cut raw data anymore (its on that harddrive at the casa) and dont really have the space/comp to do them anyway... but someone mentioned something about a website where you can just post the video and someone can choose to do it for you. Any other word/ideas on this? Cheers! x lily

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node/2381

# Surfing on Abundance

Two months ago already a journalist approached me in response to the dumpster dive tour we organised in Den Haag [in March](#). He was working on an article on freeganism and was looking for some people who could help him out. It is all in Dutch but features both me as well as Wrenaqua. It is published in the June edition ([pdf](#)) of [MUG Magazine](#), a monthly Amsterdam based magazine for people who live with little or no money. For more articles published about dumpster diving in the Netherlands, check my profile page at [Trashwiki](#).

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node/19387



# Surreal Estate - A New York City Community Project

hey family, Just linking you guys to a project in Brooklyn that seems to share interests with our gang. <http://www.myspace.com/surrealestatenyc> I personally like the Make Your Own Bike Lane projects that they've taken so gladly on; though, it's too bad Amsterdam is already so cool... Add it to the registrar. Love and light, Jeremie (in Canada).

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node/11136

## Sustainability skillsharing camp thing

Howdy folks! Just got this in the mail, and thought maybe some here would be interested :) ————— Dear everybody, in the name of the whole organisation team, I want to invite you all to the great upcoming event of Skill Sharing Camp in the Traumschule from 31st of March till 10th of April. You will find the official flyer in the attachment (please do send it to everybody who could be interested, as we wish to have an international camp). What actually is the Traumschule? The question should better be: What is a Dreamschoole supposed to be? On an approximately very very big area in the Altmark, a Province in Saxony Anhalt, Germany, we want to establish an open and free learning & living project. You will find an antique military building, factory work rooms, some site caravans and some other adjoining buildings. Here, we want to found an autonomous place of free education, providing space to anybody willing to live, learn and teach freely. Right now a small core group of more or less 6 people is working hard at creating a basic infrastructure, to make the place ready for our camp (connecting ovens, water and electricity, straighten, separate stuff we might need from rubbish...). For the latest information on how it's going here you can find us at [www.traumschule.org](http://www.traumschule.org) We're planning to build up more and more infrastructure on the 2 weeks of Skill Sharing Camp to make this place what it's supposed to be: A Dreamschoole! For this we're busy organising workshops for the following tasks: Gardening: build greenhouses and hump beds, permaculture & self supply, excavate a pond, how to attract beneficial organisms, design a healing plant garden, build compost piles, plant hedges & trees... Energy: build windmills, connect electricity, build solar showers, construction of a bale of straw house... Handcraft: pottery,

construction of compost toilets, build bikes from discarded metal, build a sweat lodge, sewing on sewing machines, fit in doors... Health care: first aid (also first aid for demonstrations and actions), healing plant excursion, edible wild plants, do it yourself: natural cosmetics & medicine (for example making soap and elixirs), autogenous training, yoga... Body arts: capoeira, juggling, climbing, skateboarding, wand dancing, contact dance, poi, yoga... If you're interested in the topics above, come and join us on the Skill Sharing Camp. If you're not interested, come and join us anyways and organise workshops on the topics you choose. We have a load of stuff, materials and tools, so just in case you need something really special for your workshop contact us before, so we can see, if we have or are able to organise it somehow. The supply of (bio – vegan) food, water and green electricity is based on donation, that's why we need small and big amounts of money. So we can be sure to enable financially limited people to take part as well. On top of that we can dumpster dive here, but neither vegan, nor bio food. If you think you're able to help us with fundraising, as you have a connection to a good sponsor, know a foundation, which still has money to spend or have a rich granny: Your help is always welcome! We're looking happily forward to welcome you all at the Skill Sharing Camp in March. What you should bring definitely: Sleeping bag & sleeping pad, as well as warm clothing and sturdy shoes (at the moment we can only heat up two caravans by wood ovens!). Nazis and other strange people are naturally not welcome, the whole project is supposed to be ecological, vegan, anarchist, nonhierarchical and consuming on minimal level / self supplying. Wish you all the best and see you soon, Christina & the orga team

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node/10418

## Tags and Primary links

Drupal is so easy to configure, whatever you want is basically possible. So Kasper added some free-tagging the other day, and now I created new tag-lines as primary links above the content. It ain't perfect yet, but it will sure help to organise this site while it is growing, and to separate different topics from each-other.

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node/69

# Tasks and Guillaume's pictures

The pin board in the hallway is now reserved for tasks. Daily tasks, weekly tasks and monthly tasks. Check it out. There are also some one-time only tasks, such as creating a roof top garden. While doing that I found 2 little notes:

- you can find pictures at Guillaume Huguenard's Facebook profile;
- send an email to [trash.art@live.com](mailto:trash.art@live.com) if you want to help translate [SkillSurfers.eu](http://SkillSurfers.eu).

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node/65

## TEA POT!

So I am totally willing to donate a teapot to the casa, I just need to hitch the 90 minute ride down-canyon into the nearest town.... Is there anywhere IN the Netherlands where I can pick up one online and have it sent? Just in the interests of time... Anyone?

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node/2341

## Temmuzda

dear fatih akin, on behalf of female hitchhikers: thank you for showing us as we are — strong, daring, assertive, emotional, patient, crafty, perceptive, resourceful, and still “real”. i love these stereotypes. also, thank you for confirming that most germans can't dance well in clubs/parties, and that turkish gümrükçüler are more interested in random scabby women than in guarding poor foreigners (because these, too, were stereotypes that we also knew had some minor basis in reality but are too pc to point out, because we love everyone, all the time, and never want to hurt anyone's feelings by accident if we were to say such things openly - so, shhh!). basically, thank you for the underlying messages in an otherwise light-hearted, somewhat predictable “love story” film. yes, sometimes, we would do anything for love, but we'd also do anything just to survive, because we aren't afraid of anything/anyone. and, we can learn a lot that way, too.

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# Temptations

Just some keywords before taking off to the airport. 26 hours, toolbox for Sustainable City Living; Rhizome Collective; Pumpkin decoration, Pumpkin cream soup, Massages, Hot tubs, Temptation to stay here & quite job, Enormous amounts of energy and creativity, Hope, Good things grow in toxic soil, Techunderground.org, the bean (local currency again), Erotic consultancy, house blessings, Marcio, Bonnie, Emyrs, Orion, Henna, Jeremy (but I did not meet him), Cat, Kevin, Joe, Jovielle, Jason, a seven piece pirate band (fluits, double base, trumpet, guitar, accordeon, vocalists), Guy Mendilow band, Musical therapy, The scally wags, speaking dutch upon entering a house, skillsharing, flying spaghetti monster, & stealmyidea.com I am off now, but not sure if I will arrive, they want to keep me as a 'pet'.

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node/88

# Thank you!

We would love to thank you all for letting us film la casa, the open dinner and all of you who participated in it last week Thursday! For those who were wondering why there was a camera running but left without a clue: we are making films about alternative ways of traveling via online hospitality communities around the world. Kicking the Amsterdam episode off by visiting Casa Robino. We could not have wished for a more warm and welcome start. Thank you Robin and all others in the casa! Oh and if you're interested in seeing the result: check [www.couchsurftv.com](http://www.couchsurftv.com). The first movies will be online shortly. And feel free to drop us a line in case you have any questions, ideas or just to say hi. love Offer, Michiel & Angélique

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node/3610

# thanks, traveling nat!

Hey Nat! I know that you aren't getting instant updates anymore, but just in case you happen to check the website... I was re-looking through all of the nice things that you

donated to the Casa kitchen, and I was overwhelmed. THANK YOU SO MUCH, NAT! There is now a myriad of spices and dried beans and so many little things that I've been looking for in a kitchen... Thank you for sharing. happy travels, soulfooder :)

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node/321

## The Art and Science of Dumpster Diving

[Read The Art and Science of Dumpster Diving by John Hoffman](#)

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node/16790

## The bloodclots will get you in the end, II

To all who have passed through casa, or will do, or have ideas, This is a follow-up to this <http://casarobino.org/2010/09/bloodclots-will-get-you-end> Listen, I appreciate so much the inspiration and ideas of others when it comes to this. I've been travelling and moving too long and need to settle down for a while. I need an apartment to share with another, and space enough to invite friends and strangers into our place. I believe I need money for this. As absurd as the concept is for paying for a little box of space. I need this space. And I have no skills but for my writing. Some years after leaving university, I'm beginning to feel crazed again. I don't want to do terrible, mundane jobs and regardless, other people want them more. We're thinking of heading out of Bulgaria (this grey concrete sprawling desert) and to Spain or Scandinavia. But what to do there? I have my ridiculous English speaking abilities as a skill and this is it. What are people doing? How do we stop travelling for a little while and to try and grow things beyond living in communities (as warm and nourishing as they can be?) I've been living on so little money for so long now that it's become almost a religion. And I need so much to have a place of my own, at last, for a while. I don't want to stay in this ridiculous city if I can help it (Sofia..by the way) where no one's ever smiling. Nobody trusts anybody. There are no eccentric people here. Those that I adore. And I only really have one great reason for being here..another. But,

without certain work, I feel bad about dragging her somewhere else with me and searching for long for something that may not even appear.. Ideas? How are people finding work beyond computer skills, barwork or the like which seems to be the common practise amongst travellers that are passing through casa. And I'm not playing instruments so great.. But I'm incredibly creative..but not when it comes to work. Ho! Where are these bloodclots going? Will they get us in the end? I need to have skills, at last. I need them as I need air. But what? When? Well, I hope that some of you can provide some inspiration.. Cups and cups of tea to you, Jass

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node/14836

## The bloodclots will get you in the end,

Dear all, This is a question and a problem I've had for some time now, that I've shared with quite a few of you but have never really received an answer, or that which I've been looking for. I need to be self reliant in terms of money. For a while, I lived from kindness and occasional jobs here and there, but this reliance on others became exhausting and the power of it (waiting for another to give) becomes something that eats away at the spirit. Too, in living off next to nothing, I found all that I nurture and adore...as writing, exploration, creation in all its kinds, compassion...all of it became diminished. I become a half person living for my basic needs rather than living out of myself, thrusting myself into explosions, tenderness, passion. I just finished vineyard season just outside of Lyon. What appeared to be a family atmosphere became military work. What appeared to be community became vomiting and turning over beds when drunk (they call it the cathedral effect). Incredible racism and intolerance..when my two north african friends left, it turned to me. I've never experienced this so much before..my skin colour has gifted me this passing by, of sorts. I can't keep doing this jobs that bury you. When it becomes of necessity for money, you become trapped and no longer alive, fully. What can we do? I will begin to try writing articles, for I know I can do this, and eventually make money from it. But in the meantime..the bloodclots increase and my hands are all cut up and useless. Are others experiencing this same shitheap? I feel quite alone in this, in this moment... you either take it and accept it or you fight it, but how do we fight this exploitation, this resounding nausea? Surely not by hiding in casa and waiting for the world to magically change..right?

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# The Creation

The house needed a permanent place online to store its inputs and outputs, feedback and creativity in a format accessible for the hackers-artists-storytellers-nomads-in-residence gone and to come. So here it is, [share](#) (yes, you can also post without registering) and enjoy! Ah, and if you create an account, your password e-mail is considered spam by most e-mail-hosts!

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node/2

# The daily exchange

There are so many new people to meet, i feel like i have the same conversations almost everyday... Random person (after a few minutes of mindless chatter): "so what course are you studying? Me (smile inwardly but reply with a straight face): "Law." Random person (looks very confused, notes my general appearance before finally clocking the lack of shoes): "Really? huh....You don't look much like a law student...." (awkward pause) Random person: "can i just ask...where are your shoes?" Hehehee..... Loving it so far, The law is hard but i feel like i'm really learning, and have managed to find lots of charities to work with using my soon-to-be legal knowledge, Amnesty being the one i am most interested in. Changing the world, one legal document at a time :)

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node/7103

# The day after the Casa...

So some of you might be wondering what happened next... Where did these people disappear? What did they find? Or not.... But in any case, this is the story of what happened to Jesus and Anja after the casa... Anja took a very uncomfortable bus ride to Berlin, where she slept and woke up next morning to leave Berlin again for a small town nearby for the weekend. She started feeling ill and has now returned to Berlin, still feeling ill... Jesus briefly visited a squat in Amsterdam called ADM, with Peter, and



was surprised to find that the person who was there screaming in despair two years ago, is still there, still screaming in despair!! Peter commented that this is what happens when you live in the secular world... Then Jesus left for England, and was pulled over by cops yet again, on the Belgium-France borders this time, for yet another routine check... At this point, it would be good to inform all travelers that there is no such thing as hassle-free crossings of EU borders anymore. If you look weird, you WILL have to deal with the border cops. Just keep that in mind and make yr plans accordingly... Then got checked again on the France-UK borders, and finally arrived in the UK. He just made it to his destination before illness kicked in bigtime, so he's now bedbound and unwell... Anja and Jesus both have the same symptoms, sore throat, runny nose, weird stomach feeling (indigestion?), and Jesus also has a fever.. Isn't it lovely how we share everything? Did we share this with anyone at the casa? Anyone with similar symptoms? So this is what we've been up to since the Casa... We both really enjoyed being there, lovely house with lovely people! Thanks for everything! I'm sure we'll visit again some day! ....or at least meet elsewhere along the way!

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node/11162

## The Free Tea BIG Surprise Party

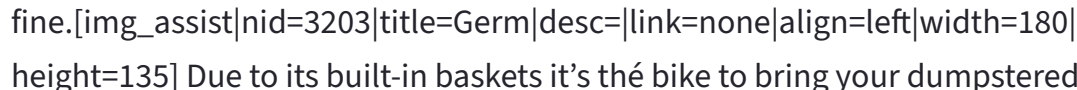
Late afternoon, Friday and the doorbell rings. It is the mailman, "Hi, is this Casa Robino, I have a package for you". I feel surprised and wonder what it would be as I walk down to the front-door. The amazement grows tremendously as soon as I open the door and see the mailman with a GIANT package in his arms. While walking back up, my excitement increases too. What could it be? What would be in it? While I slowly walk the stairs I check the box but there is nothing really on the square thing that reveals its contents; I can hardly wait to know and the curiosity grows even more. Inside the casa I put it on the floor, look at it carefully and am trying not to move too fast. Let's sit for a bit and wait, I tell myself. Argh, forget it, where are the scissors! Opening it I even feel more amazement, more wonder and I am enormously excited. Wait a minute! This box is full with ... tea!? I turn the box upside down and hundreds of tea-packages fall on the floor like a wave into the beach, or a snow-avalanche down a hill. So much tea! And this isn't it. I see a wonderful book called "[The Peace Pilgrim](#)", numerous great Free Tea Party stickers (Make Tea, Not War), a [gourd](#) to drink Mate with, a full package of [Tulsi](#) (which I had just learned about that week), as well as

some other teas (all organic!) and leaflets. Accompanied with the box is a letter: My Dear Members of the Casa Robino Family, A mutual friend, Ms. Lily Luck, has made me familiar with the Casa. She has spoken very highly about you all, and so when she pointed out your [need](#) for tea, I jumped on it. You see, I operate a free tea house (a short school bus named Edna). Because of this I have an amazing abundance of tea. All of the tea in the box has been donated or dumpstered. (...) If you are ever in need of tea, please let me know. I would have lightfooted the box, but I figured it would all be stale by the time it got there. And I couldn't imagine going without tea for so long. With great admiration, Giusepi. [FreeTeaParty.org](#) My letter back: Woo Giusepi! Great admiration back to you mister! What an amazing gift you have send! To receive so much tea is mind-blowing. I have been staring at the contents of the box for a very long time, not believing what we just had been send! Neither could I not stop thinking of how you must have felt thinking how this would be received. Well I can tell you: this is a really great gift that will not be forgotten! Your gift also comes in a very special time, in which I have decided to enjoy a quiet period for myself, to find a new balance between me and the casa, and to be in a little wintersleep. But your gift made me also realise the miracles of the casa once again and what it does to people, and what it makes people give. So thanks for that too! And of course I cannot keep the tea just for me. It needs to be spread and given out for free. Tea tastes better when shared! So one of the things I am currently thinking of is to have regular tea-Sundays, mixed possibly with bread-making and or other sorts of social activities that make people aware of how they can share more. And I can assure you, the tea tastes heavenly. So I thank you deeply with the most serenity of heart. That you may be serving free tea as long as you feel like. Thanks for sharing your inspiration. Free the Tea! Robin(o). And anyone who comes across Giusepi, make sure you give him a double hug! You will find his whereabouts through the little map on the [blog](#). Thumbs up for free tea!

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node/16162

## The Germ

I brought a new old bike to the house. It needs some air and oil, but it's otherwise fine. Due to its built-in baskets it's thé bike to bring your dumpstered veggies safely back home from the market. We will call her 'The Germ' (or more properly 'Zéée Shjurm'), referring to the German girl who still officially owns the bike.

# The Gospel of Nomads visiting Existence

The Gospel of Non-Possession, as a Commonality between Ghandi, Jesus, Buddha, Nomadic Dumpster Diving Radical Hosting HitchHikers, Free Open Source Programmers and fully p2p/distributed processes? Ghandi: "I found that, If I kept anything as my own, I had to defend it against the whole world. If they want it and would take it, they do so not from any malicious motive, but they would do it because theirs was a greater need than mine." "Non-possession is allied to non-stealing. A thing not originally stolen must nevertheless be classified as stolen property, if we possess it without needing it." "Civilization, in the real sense of the term, consists not in the multiplication, but in the deliberate and voluntary reduction of wants. This alone promotes real happiness and contentment, and increases the capacity for service." excerpts copied from <http://www.mkgandhi.org/philosophy/nonpossession.htm> /// <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Non-possession> "non-possession says that no entity has the right to exclusive access to another entity, either by social agreement, or de facto exclusive access." "Non-possession only challenges the idea of possession, not entitlement." note: hence peer governance of entitlement? / non-possession distributed entitlement protocols? "The concepts of possession and ownership often overlap, but are not the same." /// Also see : <http://sharewiki.org/en/Non-Possession> [http://p2pfoundation.net/Peer\\_Property](http://p2pfoundation.net/Peer_Property) /// "Peer production, peer governance, peer property", Excerpt of Article by Michel Bauwens - link : <http://www.re-public.gr/en/?p=87> "Peer to peer social processes are bottom-up processes whereby agents in a distributed network can freely engage in common pursuits, without external coercion. It is important to realize that distributed systems differ from decentralized systems, essentially because in the latter, the hubs are obligatory, while in the former, they are the result of voluntary choices. Distributed networks do have constraints, internal coercion, that are the conditions for the group to operate, and they may be embedded in the technical infrastructure, the social norms, or legal rules. P2P social processes more precisely engender: 1) peer production: wherever a group of peers decided to engage in the production of a common resource 2) peer governance: the means they choose to govern themselves while they engage in such pursuit 3) peer property: the institutional and legal

framework they choose to guard against the private appropriation of this common work; this usually takes the form of non-exclusionary forms of universal common property”

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node/1285

## The History of Carrot

There is no better conversation one could have at the dinner table than one about the very food one is eating, I think. Yesterday at Casa I had this confirmed, as we slowly drifted onto the problem of the colour of carrots. The legend says the Dutch “invented” the yellow carrot, some claimed it was white, some purple. So what are we laymen to believe? Apparently, the English - who seem to have long ago abandoned the habit of being gourmets, in most cases - even came up with a (virtual) Carrot Museum, which is the place to be to become knowledgeable about the favourite root of the modern era. In fact, until some years ago, carrots weren’t so popular as today, and people still preferred the bigger and more delicate parsnip for soups and stews. How to blame them? So the modern carrot was purple and originated in Afghanistan and Persia, and was brought to Western Europe as late as the 10th century AD by the Arabs, along with other fancy stuff like soap, aubergines and sugar. At this point, there were only whitish and purplish carrots. Authoritative carrot historians are still fighting over the different theories that attribute the colour orange to different causes. Thus spake the Carrot Museum website: 1) One theory proposes that orange was a characteristic of western carrots selected in Southern Europe or Asia Minor. A hybridisation theory supposes crosses between cultivated and wild germplasm may have played a part in the enhanced pigment types. (Small 1978) Another states that orange-rooted carrots occurred in the Mediterranean, around Turkey, where cultivated carrot diversity was particularly prominent. (Mackevic 1932). 2) Another theory, (Banga) which has subsequently been discounted, is that, on the basis of the appearance in European oil paintings of the 16th and 17th centuries it is considered that the Dutch selected and fixed orange varieties from yellow, developing its colour from gradual selections of yellow carrots. The orange cultivars “late horn” and “half long horn” originated in the Netherlands during the seventeenth century. (Banga and Simon). Oddly white roots began to appear in pictures about the same time, perhaps implying that there had been little attempt by western Europeans to domesticate the wild, white rooted carrot until

Moorish invaders came along with their coloured roots. 3) A tale, probably apocryphal, has it that the orange carrot was bred in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century to honour William of Orange. Though the stabilised orange carrot does date from around seventeenth century Netherlands, it is unlikely that honouring William of Orange had anything to do with it! Some astute historian managed to install the myth that the work an unexpected mutation was developed especially to thank King William I as a tribute to independence from Spain. Source: <http://www.carrotmuseum.co.uk/history5.html> Think about this when you'll find the next carrot in the dumpster!

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node/12670

## The hitchhiker dislikers

It's interesting to observe people who don't want to take hitchhikers. Maybe they think I'm dangerous (do I really look scary..?) and dirty. Or maybe it's just very lovely to have some empty seats in your car to look at. I don't own a car, I don't have a clue. Well, a few days ago I hitchhiked from Amsterdam to Middelburg. My destination was my home. A small city in a remote south-west corner (Zeeland it's called) of the Netherlands. At some point I spent a long time waiting at a [petrol station](#) just close to Breda. The day was really beautiful. I stand next to the station, in the warm sun light, waiting for the cars to come. I start to talk to the people, since very few cars passed. The first thing I realized was that a lot of people had to get off the highway at the next exit. Surely some local traffic is found here, but so many people... Definitely this is the most easy way to refuse a hitchhiker, while still being polite. A new car approaches. It's a woman, and a daughter - I guess. I ask the lady: "Do you happen to be going to Zeeland?". She replies: "Ah no, we're just going a little bit further, it won't be any use to you." "So where is it where you are going then?" I ask, for even a short stretch would be useful, after more than an hour in this station. Now, this is funny bit coming. She replied: - "It doesn't matter, it won't be any use to you, anyway" Ah right... So then I wished her a pleasant journey and said goodbye. I understand that some people don't like the idea of taking hitchhikers. It is very interesting though that people don't dare to tell right in face that they don't want to take you. And then the ways they try to escape, or make up something. Some minutes later I found a very friendly man who brought me even further than his own destination. I arrived back home, after just a few minutes of walking, before sunset.

# The improbable productivity of doing nothing

Doing nothing is one of my passion it probably one of the things who take me the most of my time ! But attention I'm not talking about doing nothing lurking on internet, playing video game or read a book that actually doing something ( and take the rest of my time left) no what I prefer is to be lying on a couch or sit and look at the people, and of course standing on the onramp of a highway in the middle of nowhere It make you think ! That the point, everybody should be able to do nothing and have the right to do it... nothing ! The only problem with that philosophy of life it's to start doing something after. And sometime express all you through or why you just don't want to go there and here but just stay can be difficult. I believe there is a correlation between the time you pass doing nothing and the number of idea you get (but also the number of idea you make...), I also believe that if people would have time to do nothing it would result in a less stressful life for them, they would notice how they are actually living, see the people around them and not only the little problem they could have and how they are acting, listening more about themselves than the media fighting stereotype and prejudge opinion (big program I know) for me one of the reason there is so much tension between community Maybe it's just the easiest way to meditate. Mathieu after doing nothing. THINK !

# The IRC room is now accessible through Casarobino.org

The IRC chat has been moved to the freenode network and its now accessible through the website at <http://casarobino.org/irc> See you in there :)

# the judgement day

It is so strange how ones faith in humanity can be restored time and time again by thoes wonderful people who pick us up , give us food, drink and shelter when we need it the mos, and yet this faith is crushed so easily by the stupid remarks of one small minded person. As we sat beneath the ancient apple, plum and pear trees, with the clear nights sky dazellig above us, eating fancy cheese and drinking expensive wine, i realised just how much this scene looked like something out of a Bertolli advert. It was simply idyllic. And of course we hitch-hiked to Belgium just to be there, what else were we to do? In the morning we stuck out our thumbs and were back in time for Ineke's first class. Being the lovely person that i am, i decided to come with Ineke for moral support and to meet some of her class mates soon to be friends. We were dropped off at the school by a lovely ride in a very fancy car who drove out of his way to drop us there. So with hitching signs still on our back and me happily kicking off my shoes we entered the library to print off some sheets Ineke needed for her lecture. As we were stapling said sheets together a voice behind us enquired "What are thoes bits of cardboard for on your back? what do they say?" We replied amicably that they were hitch-hiking signs and that we had just come from Belgium a few hours ago and that is why we had them with us. "So what did you have to do to the guy who gave you a ride? Did you give him a blow job?" Is this really what people think of hitch-hiking? The guy didn't even know my name at this point and already he was accusing me of prostitution simply because of my chosen mode of transport. And of course, the judgement didn't end there. He went on to tell me that only people who didn't know what they wanted chose to study law (yes because i am going to go through all that hard work because i am just too indecisive) and that no one would give me a job, let me into a court of law, or take me seriously with the tiny tatoo i have on my hand that means more to me than anyone can ever know. And because i don't have a job at the moment and my study doesn't start until october this obviously means that my life is meaningless. I pity anyone who can only see their life as having meaning when they have a job, i truly hope he never gets laid off. Why did he feel it neccessary to be so judgemental? My lifestyle choice does not effect him in any way. I am happy, truly happy and have been for a long time, isn't that all that matters? Maybe this is what really bothers him, not the way i dress (he had a feild day on the lack of shoes) or the way i travel but the fact that i can do all this, stay focussed enough to study and be blissfully happy. I haven't had to deal with people like him since high school, i somehow believed people grew out of it... I am so blessed to have



perfect moments like this followed swiftly by the reminder that i have still a lot to learn. Instead of simply ignoring the guy as was probably the right thing to do, i took the bait and attacked. I put him down in front of all his friends and made him lose face, although this was extremely satisfying at the time, on reflection it would maybe have been better to take the high road? I do hope there is no one like this living on my floor in uni...

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node/5000

## The kitten's back indoor

The casa has been living in flee terror in the past couple of days. Since then the little flee-bag has been washed, sprayed, worm treated and vaccinated - while being banned from most of the casa. I'm happy to announce the kitten is allowed back in the living room. [img\_assist|nid=4251|title=wet cat|desc=|link=none|align=center|width=400]

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node/4252

## the man who turned his home into a public library,

If you put all the books you own on the street outside your house, you might expect them to disappear in a trice. But one man in Manila tried it - and found that his collection grew. Hernando Guanlao is a sprightly man in his early 60s, with one abiding passion - books. They're his pride and joy, which is just as well because, whether he likes it or not, they seem to be taking over his house. Guanlao, known by his nickname Nanie, has set up an informal library outside his home in central Manila, to encourage his local community to share his joy of reading. The idea is simple. Readers can take as many books as they want, for as long as they want - even permanently. As Guanlao says: "The only rule is that there are no rules." It's a policy you might assume would end very quickly - with Guanlao having no books at all. But in fact, in the 12 years he's been running his library - or, in his words, his book club - he's found that his collection has grown rather than diminished, as more and more people donate to the cause. "It seems to me that the books are speaking to me. That's

why it multiplies like that,” he says with a smile. “The books are telling me they want to be read... they want to be passed around.” Guanlao started his library in 2000, shortly after the death of his parents. He was looking for something to honour their memory, and that was when he hit upon the idea of promoting the reading habit he’d inherited. “I saw my old textbooks upstairs and decided to come up with the concept of having the public use them,” he says. So he put the books - a collection of fewer than 100 - outside the door of his house to see if anyone wanted to borrow them. They did, and they brought the books back with others to add to the collection - and the library was born. Such is the current turnover that Guanlao confesses he has no idea how many books are in his possession, but there are easily 2,000 or 3,000 on the shelves and in the boxes stacked outside his front door. And that’s before you move inside, where books are rapidly encroaching into every available space. You can hardly get into the front room, the car has long since been moved out of the garage, and books are even stacked all the way up the stairs. You don’t do justice to these books if you put them in a cabinet or a box” Nanie Guanlao The library is not advertised, but somehow, every day, a steady stream of people find their way there. On the day we visited, some shop assistants came to browse during their lunch break, a local man borrowed a weighty tome about the history of St John’s Gospel, and some schoolchildren picked up some textbooks - although I noticed they were taking some fashion magazines as well. But it’s people like Celine who sustain the library. She lives down the road from Guanlao, and she arrived with two bulging bags of books - some of which she was returning, others of which she was planning to donate. She says she loves the concept of the library, because Filipinos - certainly those who are not particularly wealthy - have limited access to books. Guanlao gave up his job to run the library “I haven’t been to any public libraries except the national library in Manila,” she says, explaining that it is quite far away - and it is not possible to borrow any books. If she wants to buy a book, the average price is about 300 pesos (£4.50, \$7), she says. Imported books - especially children’s books - could easily be twice that amount. “Considering the income here, I think parents have other priorities,” she adds. To help the poorest communities in Manila, Nanie Guanlao does not wait for them to find him - he goes to them, on his “book bike”, which has a large basket piled high with books. He’s also started to set his sights outside Manila. He’s already given several boxes of books to a man trying to set up a similar venture in Bicol province, a 10-hour drive from Manila, and his latest plan is to help a friend who wants to start up a library in the far south of the country. She wants to set up a “book boat”, travelling around the islands of Sulu and Basilan - an area better known as a

hideout for separatist rebels than for any great access to literature. As we sat outside Nanie Guanlao's house in the midday sun, watching people browse through his collection, he tells me why he thought it was worth spending all his time - even to the point of giving up his job and surviving purely on his savings - to maintain the library. "You don't do justice to these books if you put them in a cabinet or a box," he says. "A book should be used and reused. It has life, it has a message." As a book caretaker, you become a full man." Full article here (with an audio interview) : <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-19547365>

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node/27769

## The new era of the kitten!

I often say things out loud without really thinking it through first. For example, when i asked the casa if we would like a kitten i wasn't actually expecting anyone to say yes. Luckily for me, this time, the consequences of my big mouthedness have been wonderful! The kitten has settled in very well and brought a lot of happiness and hours of entertainment to all who live here. [img\_assist|nid=4096|title=|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=400|height=426] The story begins a week before i came to the casa when i was staying with Ineke in Wolvega. As with most people in this remote, cow loving part of the Netherlands Ineke's dad has a dairy farm, and like most farms there are a number of cats living there also. These cats, being farm cats, learn how to catch mice and other small rodents from a very early age. When these cats have kittens they go up for grabs to anyone who will take them. This is where i came in. Obviously, being me, when i went to have dinner with Ineke's dad, i spent most of my time playing with the new kittens and falling in love with our new host. Unknown to any one, at that exact moment back at the casa a mouse had found some hidden (dare i say it?) SALAMI which had been left by a previous host. Being a mouse, he decided to share this amazing find with some of his friends... So, when Ineke called offering the kitten, a week after my arrival at the casa and one mouse already having been discovered, it seemed like the perfect idea. However, when one doesn't have any money for transport getting a kitten from one end of the country to the other becomes somewhat interesting. I had never hitch-hiked with a kitten before. It made for a brilliant conversation starter! I was dropped off by Ineke's mum at a fuel station in Heereveen on tuesday afternoon where apparently all the dog lovers come to fill up their cars. For the first 10mins almost every car had a dog in the backseat.

However, i soon found a ride who bought me coffee and seemed to like the added dynamic the kitten brought to his journey. Everything went smoothly after then, until i was dropped off on the wrong road due to the driver of my new ride trusting his sat-nav over my map. So i now have a terified and over heated kitten in a box, on the side of a bad road with no way of making a sign. After walking to a nearby snack wagon and getting some cardboard for a sign i was back on track and soon picked up by a lovely engineer who had seen me but wasn't able to stop in time so circled around to come back and pick me up. He had two cats himself and thought our kitten was adorable. After him was my last ride of the day who called his wife specifically to ask if he had time before dinner to take me back to the casa, he drove miles out of his way and even offered to buy some food for the kitten along the way (i declined as i wasn't sure if the "no dead animals" rule applied to cat food). So, after only a few hours on the road Kitten and I made it back safe and sound to Casa Robino ready to usher in a new "cat loving" Era at the casa!

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node/4095

## The Other Side

I had an experience last weekend that gave me perspective on a lot of peoples' fear of hitchhikers. Yes we were stupid. It was a dark, rainy night on a coastal highway (HW-1 in California). Our headlights flew past a figure on the side of the road. We only saw him for a split second - just enough to see him gesturing frantically with his thumb. My companion in the passenger's seat twisted his neck around to try to get another glimpse, but it was too dark. "Oh that poor guy! We're miles from anywhere and it's freezing cold! We should pick him up!" I began to slow down. A car behind us swerved around and continued barreling along into the night. I hesitated, and then pulled over. My friend craned his neck out into the rain and yelled to the figure - "Come on man! It's cool! Get in the car!" The figure approached, yelling something. As he got closer, we started to make out what he was saying: "Slow down! Slow down god dammit! You're going to fast". We were, in fact, stopped on the side of the road. We looked at each other, wondering what to make of it, but before I thought to lock the door it swung open, and there was a man in the back seat. "GO!" He yelled (I think? this part is a little hazy). I put the car in gear and pulled back into the road. My companion turned around and introduced himself: "Hey man, I'm Liam and this is Bobby. What's your name?" "Nuh uh. Not giving my name." "uh, ok. suit yourself?"

“You smokers? I need a cigarette.” “Sorry, we’re not smokers.” “Then gimme them cigarettes!” “No, we said we’re not smokers.” He sighed, muttered something, and fell silent. As we drove on, it became clear that the man in the back seat was either mentally ill or under the influence, and that he was paranoid about being apprehended by authorities. He alternated between picking maniacally at his hair, demanding that we find him cigarettes, claiming that he was “riding with [us] until the end” (whatever that meant), snoring, and yelling short bursts of gibberish. As time went on, he became more and more aggressive, and I became more and more fearful of what he might do, all the while trying to act unphased and keep up a nonchalant conversation. My companion is a mixed martial arts / muay thai fighter, so I tried to steer the conversation towards his prowess in hand-to-hand combat. Our passenger didn’t seem to notice. And honestly, it didn’t make me feel all that much safer. Having a crazed man in the back seat of a civic makes you realize how incredibly intimate the interior of a car can be. He was behind us. We were strapped to our seats for fucks’ sake. If he pulled out a knife we were sitting ducks. We drove for about 40 minutes. 5 minutes from the town where my companion was going to spend the night with his brother, he took out his cell phone to tell his brother that we were almost there. The man in the back seat snapped out of his doze and addressed us with a hostile voice: “Turn off that phone, you ain’t callin’ nobody. TURN OFF THAT PHONE DAMMIT!” My fingers tightened around the wheel. Was this it? Was this the point where the power dynamic was going to shift? Was he commandeering the car? Were we his prisoners? My friend, braver than I, turned towards the back seat, shrugged, and smiled. “Sorry man, but I’ve got to call my bro.” He proceeded with the call. I began to run scenarios through my head of how to get this guy out of the car. Before I got far though, we arrived at the outskirts of town and a corner store appeared on the right. “Here’s good. I need cigarettes.” The man said. He threw open the door, jumped out in the middle of the highway, and ran off into the night. I think hitchhiking is a beautiful thing. But I think it’s also worth learning from experiences like this. For me, there are two lessons to learn here: 1 - Be adventurous, but be smart. The world is a dangerous place. That doesn’t mean that the answer is to make only conservative choices - hitchhiking, hospitality exchange, dumpster diving, etc are all wonderful things. The unlivable life isn’t worth safeguarding. But within each of those activities, there’s huge spectrum of smart and stupid choices. We were stupid to leave the door unlocked let this guy in the car without having a conversation with him first. We made other mistakes too. We should learn from them. 2 - Don’t belittle the fear of others. It’s not all that helpful to dismiss drivers who don’t pick up hitchhikers as irrational squares.

A better approach is to help them understand the types of dangers and the techniques they can use to make things safer. Life is a never-ending series of learning experiences, and I'm glad that I got to learn from this one. What are your thoughts?  
Hugs, -helicopter

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node/18513

## The Patron Saint of Bicycles

This week at the casa we could have used some help from [Madonna del Ghisallo - the Patron Saint of cycling](#). This time last week there were around 8 working bikes, this time yesterday we had two working bikes, two other half-usable ones and all the rest were unrideable in one way or another or lost in town. If we had our own chapel with an eternal flame for cyclists no longer with us - our bicycle karma might improve.... Or perhaps we should curry favour with [St Christopher](#) as I'm sure the casa still has some karma credit with him :)

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node/142

## The Quote Machine (with assistants)

"Don't underestimate crazy people" "I'm not stupid, I'm just Finnish" "12? you could have just said I don't have tits!" "I'm not threatening you officer, I'm informing you" "There aren't four people living here, I just like large women" (when questioned about where I met friends) "Where did I meet them? Gangbang, where else?" (Works for crossing American border. FOR AMERICANS ONLY)

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node/45

## The science of Rutabaga

[img\_assist|nid=575|title=|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=280] There are many great things about [dumpster diving](#). One of these is that sometimes you end up with veggies or fruits you never had on your plate before. Like today, when I went out with Marc dumpstering at the Ten Cate Market, we hit the jackpot with kilos and kilos of

some food we had never seen before. And after cooking and eating it, I really wanted to know more about the delicious food I just had. First the cooking. Contrary to what most think, preparing something without actually knowing what you're cutting isn't that hard. You just do it: boil or steam or fry and see how it comes out, add some herbs, a nice sauce and have it with some rice. For today, I just cut it, fried it with some oil, added some courgettes for the added variety as well as some random herbs and prepared a rich tomatoe sauce (just add some onion and red pepper and maybe some random herbs, terminate it, eat it raw or just boil it). The result was simply amazing for such an easy meal (total cooking time was less than 15 minutes), and makes me want to have more and try this veggie in all types of recipes. After eating, I went into investigating what this (root-)veggie now actually is, and what you can do with it apart from having fun and investigating. Turns out it is a lost vegetable here. People stopped eating it because of the First World-War. It used to be the main diet for most of the people and after eating it on a daily basis they got so sick of it they now wanted to have something else, which resulted in a complete denial of the poor vegetable. But, in Scandinavia and especially Finland it is among the most popular veggies. Can you believe that? Anyway, it is a great vegetable with many amazing recipes, and even a [fan-webpage](#). And, although the ones that we dumped today are rather small, you can have it grown really, really large, as you can see on the [photo](#) above. Let's try to plant it as well on the rooftop! And the name? [Rutabaga](#), part of the highly prized family of cruciferous vegetables.

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node/576

## The sixth room

Yesterday night was really hot and there were a lot of mosquitos. so we decided to build the tent on the roof. but then it got hot in the tent.

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node/3912

## the third side of a coin

[img\_assist|nid=2499|desc=|link=none|align=right|height=250] "My first day at" Casa Robino," I asked where the bathroom was. Simple question, I thought; it should have



a simple answer. “Just open all the doors - you’ll find it,” was the simple reply”, is how Charlie the First Brigham the Fourth, aka Caveman, starts his latest entry on his [website](#). What Caveman writes is what comes closest to any description of what actually takes places in this casa, and is a must read for all who is coming here for the first time. Enjoy, [here it is](#). “No hand-holding, no directing; power and responsibility are refreshingly balanced in the Casa.”

And for those who want more of Caveman, here goes a nice video:

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node/2500

## The tubes that did snap - eventually

It’s fully summer and we are enjoying many beautiful days, evenings and nights at the balcony. We take out pillows, set up tables and make it a real lounge. That’s a really wonderful experience :) One of the things we use to sit on is a chair that was made by using inner tubes from bikes-wheels. Last year in October Zsuzsanna made it, but 9 months later it snapped and the chair can’t really be used anymore :/ So, if you’re around, you can find instructions on how to fix it in [last year’s post](#). Enjoy!

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node/12453

## The unique highway

¡Perez! ¡Perez! un boliviano yells the driver to the crowd. I jump into the shuttle which will bring me back in La Paz through the only Bolivian highway, 13 km, la autopista La Paz-El Alto. Small distance but big changes. El Alto (The Height) proudly located on a plateau, 4000m high is the mecca of the Aymara, the natives from the area of Titicaca lake. It is at the same time the stronghold of bolivian leftist syndicalist and indigenous movements and a giant ultra liberal market where you can find almost everything, from magic native artifacts to smuggled merchandise and, a lot of Chinese trash. La Paz (The Peace) is a big valley entirely built. By night the landscape of the officious capital of the country is magical, I see the lights of all the districts weakly stowed into high slopes. Down in the center are the jailones (wealthy people) and the tourists. The highway has been built by Hugo Banzer, one of the so many bolivian dictators, during the 70’s. At this time he started a lot of public works, all of

them tarnished with corruption, specially the highway whith a cost of 34 millions US dollars instead of 7 initially planned. A lot, back on those days when Bolivia was one of the poorest countries of South America (which is still the case). At the entrance of the lanes, just before the tall gate, there is many little stalls, this is indeed the end of El Alto infinite market, people buy chicharron (fried pork), música chicha (Peruvian cumbia) and drinks while waiting for their shuttle. The van start up, we go down. There is all kind of things on the highway, specially people; some are running, others are chatting, some look like dead, probably they are just drunk. Advertisements also, EVO (the president), MAS (his party), TIGO (mobile phone company). Soon, perhaps no-one will see that, the electricity company is threatening with cutting the light because the highway company hasn't payed bills for 11 months.

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node/8480

## there are no mountains in the netherlands



So I present  
you some French ones instead.

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node/544

# There is no way of living a false life correctly

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to my first post on casarobino.org! (anyone noticed I'm not used to [blagging](#)?) When I left the casa in march, Robino invited me to post something, "people love to hear from you". Now it took me so long that Robino even quit his new dayjob again in the meantime :) Speaking of dayjobs, one reason for my late posting is that I'm doing a degree while working 20h per week which brings us back to the title. Well, actually I think that there is no true life at all. Take that, Adorno! My time at the casa and the necessity to deal with civil life in fast forward right after my journey made me think about independence and effectiveness. Walden by Henry David Thoreau gave me some more input as well (I just started reading it recently though). I think independence is a lot about "what we don't do" and we're making good progress in that area (especially Robin :]). It is now possible to take quite a lot of our business back from the CorpGov institutions. There's still much dependence on "the system" but also many new ways so we're not condemned to hermitage or a purely nomad life. I case you wonder how independence and my current life fit together: I decided to finish my degree so I'm hopefully still not forced to accept shitty J-O-Bs with 30 and to use my time to read, learn, follow my non-nomad interests, complete my equipment and enjoy Berlin. Anyway, I found I often go too much after good karma. Fair trade coffee is not going to save the world. I sometimes feel we are so busy with reducing the effect of Them on us that we forget having an effect on Them. Empowering our social environment gets us nowhere if noone actually uses the power. There have been the G20 protests lately and there will be tons of demonstrations in Berlin on May 1st while I'm enjoying a small anarchist meeting in the middle of nowhere (in Saxony :) but I think it's important to keep effectiveness in mind while we're enjoying the trip.

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node/2665

## There will be Nomads @ Nomadic Futures?

Hello Casa People, from May 27th - September 4th 2010 an event on NOMADIC FUTURES will take place in Geslenkirchen and artists, technologists, performers,

gonzo engineers, (tech)nomads, hacktivists, squatters, designers, architects, makers, videographers, writers, historians and more are invited to submit proposals for projects, events, or workshops. It aims to bring together diverse perspectives on: How can we protect and learn from existing nomadic cultures? How can we build new societies of dignified transience? The NOMADIC FUTURES series hopes to examine the potential for future modes of nomadic living. See more info at <http://nomadicfutures.n55.dk> Well, I'm planning to submit a proposal to do a Bread-Time Stories performance <http://breadtimestories.org> there, possibly in June. I'm sharing this because I would love to see Casa-people involved in the event and to share the experience with you. I'm also planning to hitchhike from Rome to Berlin at the end of May (around the 25th) to participate to the Road Junky Travel Film Festival <http://roadjunkyfilms.com>. Tau is organizing the photographic exhibition there: watch the pics that have been submitted so far <http://tinyurl.com/273frvb> Is anybody coming down to Rome to hitchhike to Berlin with me? Anybody you know doing that journey in May? Are you planning to come to the Road Junky and do you wanna come with me at the Nomadic Future Festival? Is really the number 42 the answer to the most important question of life? Do you like cherry tomatoes? Tell what you think! You win a loaf and an hug on discount: only 1.65 euros for the first who answer.

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node/10940

## thou shall dumpsterdive

keep up the trend! lets not waste food! its sacrilege... <http://www.guardian.co.uk/environment/2009/jul/19/freegan-environment-food> and ohhhh, lovely kitten, make sure it does not jump down from the balcony, cats are known for thinking that they can fly

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node/4275

## Thursday dinner - Adan going to Rotterdam soon?

While Giorgio plays "one" by U2, I will write this story about today. Got up late, all of us, it was stupidly hot, like 32 during the afternoon. After working in the house for a

while, on my way back from the postoffice, walking with anarcho by my side (chain came off, the hardest one to put back on in this town!) Two girls are hanging out on Admiral de Ruijtberg, by the bakerij. As I come by they ask me if I know a “concrete” nearby... I look down to the burning-hot sidewalk and ask them where they need to go. They act like I couldn't really help them, but I insisted. And then they asked one more time for the “concrete.” Suddenly I notice an accordion and proceed: -where are you from? -France -Are you the friends of Roy? -No, we were invited to this dinner by a guy who plays flute with his nose. (note: that is Roy) So I showed them the way to the house, got them some bikes and we all went dumpsterdiving. We got more bananas than I had ever seen in this house, and all perfect. Before I could even think about converting them into jam, the french girls went ahead and made a chocolate-banana cake. Some ingredients they insisted in asking the neighbours for. Neighbours meaning people who live at least 200 mts from casa. One of them loved the unusual situation and joined us for a while, later on. I invited him for next week, but apparently he is a busy man with a family... Maybe the first one to step in this house (?) The dinner was a success. I cooked some salsa, Mark cooked some falafel, Moises a kuskus, Kasper made some salad, Roy took care of some complex vegetables. We had some other last minute unexpected visitors during dinner. Some of them will be hosting for the night. So, we are celebrating the 789, the casa way. For all of you who do not know: I am trying to go and study in Rotterdam instead of here. The choice of schools I still have it, but right now it's the housing and job issues that concern me. the first one seems to be a bit easier to fix than here in Ams. I do not know how easy it can be to get a job in Rotterdam, not knowing Dutch! I hope you are all having a great time. I hope you are all having a great time.

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node/4626

## thursday night dinner in istanbul

A few weeks before ever coming to Istanbul, I got a random e-mail from [Mert](#) there, who told me he had seen me dancing in Lily's dumpster-dive documentary, [Skipping](#)



Waste.

Fast-forward: Last

night, the two of us, now living across the street from each other, decided to cook a dumpster-doven dinner together and invite a few of our traveling friends over to share with us. We prepared a feast worthy of Turkish gods and gluttons: red lentil & paprika çorba, fresh herb & tomato salad, farfalle with sautéed zucchini, aubergine, mushroom, & pomodoro sauce, and the only non-vegan (but freegan) menu item: savory fresh cucumber salad with tahini, mint, black pepper, and freegan yogurt (past the expiration date but unopened and fine for consumption). We invited a handful of traveling friends over to share with us, but for one reason or another, they all declined, leaving us with a romantic two-person table setting. Later in the night, Anick-Marie came with her new Turkish boyfriend, and the romantic two-person table-setting was re-installed for their dining pleasure. [![DSC\_0171w] ([http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3348/3513306128\\_dcb3485173.jpg](http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3348/3513306128_dcb3485173.jpg)) ] (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/amylin/3513306128/> "DSC\_0171w di amylin, su Flickr") sautéed vegetables, farfalle, cucumber salad [![DSC\_0169w] ([http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3400/3513306946\\_cd746cca03.jpg](http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3400/3513306946_cd746cca03.jpg)) ] (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/amylin/3513306946/> "DSC\_0169w di amylin, su Flickr") red lentil



çorba [![DSC\_0151w](http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3616/3513387016\_3c5cecacbb.jpg)](http://www.flickr.com/photos/amylin/3513387016/ "DSC\_0151w di amylin, su Flickr") fresh herb salad Nearly all of it was made possible by a very small catch from a grocery store nearby, who left a cardboard box of aging veggies outside on the curb on Wednesday evening. Mert and I have been playfully observing how the green markets in our neighborhood operate: as in, what gets discarded and when. At the moment, it seems random and spontaneous, and we just happen to be lucky enough to find stuff on the sidewalk sometimes that no one else is courageous (or audacious) enough to collect. Our hands, noses, tongues, and kitchens are rejoicing for these little freegan discoveries, and we await the future of organized dumpster diving in Istanbul, to re-



create fantastic Thursday night dinners here. (the chefs, post-feast)

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node/2798

## thursday night is dinner night

Every Thursday night is an open dinner. This Thursday I (amylin) will cook. Come around 8PM (20.00). If you'd like to bring something, bring a drink, or some fruit, or whatever (vegan please).

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node/315



# Tikopia: the story of a society how made the choice to become sustainable

Tikopia is a very small (5 km<sup>2</sup>) and remote island located in the state of the Salomon Islands. Although the area is mainly inhabited by Melanesian populations, the 1200 Tikopia natives which live almost in autarky are from a polynesian background. This island is one of the finest examples of traditional sustainable development. It is said that the Polynesian arrived there 3000 years ago. On arrival they released their crops and domestic animals in the island and started to burn the forest in order to cultivate lands and to hunt local species. 700 years later many local species had been depleted so people started to grow more and more pigs, a traditional animal of the polynesian diet, in order to replace those wild animals in their feeding. 1000 years later, the general state of the island was very critical, natural resources were gone, in addition of the disappearance of many animals, there was a strong soil erosion and the island was overcrowded by people. The only solution for this endangered society was to radically change their habits if they wanted to survive in Tikopia. **And they did so: Instead of slash and burn based agriculture, they started to do forest gardening, which means to grow useful trees and below, low growing plants, thus, the whole island was turned into a giant garden. A really important decision was to slaughter all the pigs around 1600 AD. The islanders found out that it was more efficient to eat the crops feeding the pigs than to eat the animals. They also stated a strong birth control, the population growing very little during centuries. This is how the Tikopian community survived until now as a stable and peaceful society. Their agriculture is so sustainable that they could live like that thousands of years more in their highly productive and symbiotic island. Of course, some “little things” such as global warming are probably gonna break soon or late the equilibrium achieved by this society with its natural environment but how cares about Tikopia ?**

# Tips for Hitchhiking to Iceland

Dear Casa, tonight I want to share with you some tips that I collected during my last trip to Iceland. I recently had a conversation with Jass, which I have re-organized here; and wrote [a story](#) on RandomRoads, that I hope will soon be reviewed and published. I heard that some of you are thinking about doing this trip, and of course I can't but recommend it, because it's truly awesome. I hope you will find this info useful! As you might know, there is only one ship going to Iceland, by a Faroese passenger and cargo company called Smyril Line. The ship is called Norrøna (aka Norræna when said by Icelanders), and sails all year around from Denmark (Esbjerg in low season, Hanstholm in high season, to Seyðisfjörður in East Iceland via Tórshavn on the Faroes). The first tip I want to give you is: since you CAN'T possibly hitch a ride on board (prices are not per car, and people in cars don't pay less than foot passengers, and there are no trucks, only containers), go when it's cheaper. If you check the [sailing schedule](#), you'll see that they start sailing all the way to Iceland in April, which (weird but true) is not the case. Because of changing wheather conditions, they don't say they can sail to Iceland, but if the weather is OK, they actually do, even in the middle of the winter. This is also the period when it's cheaper to sail. This time I paid 78€ one way, (55€ + 23€ for a berth in a 4-man cabin). Already in May, the price goes up to 100-120€ and in June-July to almost 200€ (which is about the average price for a one-way flight). Faroese CouchSurfers told me that basically all people looking for couches in the winter are actually trying to go to Iceland, but get stuck there. The Faroes are lovely though, and the people even more, and they are not so foggy and rainy as the story goes! You can even easily find some short-term job while waiting for the next ship. I love Faroese people, they're my absolute favourite among the Nordic folks. They're true sailors though, and beware when they drink, because you might have never seen someone who drinks like they do... If you're penniless and daring, you might try to sneak in. This is much more possible from April on, since there are lots of cars and people around the ferry and you can easily pass unnoticed. You can try to ask people and sneak into one of the cars queued up, or even directly into the ferry. The easiest (and safer) way, though, is paying for one-way to the Faroes, where you have to wait for about 7-8h before sailing further to Iceland. You get there at 4:30 a.m. and you're just in time to dumpster-dive for breakfast: Tórshavn has great dumpsters, because when the ship comes with the new goods, they throw all away! At around 1 p.m., you have to get back on board. Choose a time when there are several people, you can walk unnoticed past the old lady that checks

your key card to the cabin. If they call you, say that you forgot your ID in the ship (I heard it works, I know it's ridiculous because they don't even care about your passport, but...). Your key card that you have used until now will most likely still open your cabin (in fact, even a very old one, because they never get deactivated!). There are way fewer passengers between the Faroes and Iceland, and very few (or even none) get on in Tórshavn, and if they do, the bunks are dealt in such a way that it is almost impossible that another person will be given your berth. If that should happen, there are plenty of places where you can hang out (and since the cabins are very small, nobody will ask you why you're keeping your luggage with you). If you're a good busker, you can apply to play for a ride (not sure if you can get paid, too). In the ship's bar there is always someone playing for an hour or so every night, and it looks like they only do it once. Of course, on board the ship is a perfect spot for finding a ride from Seyðisfjörður to anywhere in Iceland. If you're lucky (and in a hurry), you can even get a ride all the way to Reykjavík (about 800km). This is best done when you're alone, as most drivers have (or can make) barely room for one extra passenger in their car. Most of them are Germans and Danes, some Dutch and French, Poles and other Scandinavians/Baltics sometimes too. If you don't get a ride all the way to your destination, you might prefer finding a hitchhiking buddy and hit the road instead. You can end up waiting for hours in the middle of nowhere, and it's nicer being with someone to keep the mood up (I have talked to horses sometimes). Doing Seyðisfjörður-Reykjavík along the North Coast is perfectly possible in two days, with a stopover in Akureyri, the "Capital of the North", and nearby beautiful Mývatn. Reykjavík has a cool, vibrant scene even during the coldest months, and hotsprings are available all year round. I suggest to go around March, when it's still cheap, and you can watch the summer coming. Already in mid August it's "blue season" again, so it gets cheaper to take the ship back. From Reykjavík there is a cargo ship going to Halifax, Canada, and much further, even to China. I am not sure it's still taking passengers, but if it does, it sure costs a shitload of money. A friend of mine got a one-time job on board and sailed being paid, which is not bad... Góða ferð! (= have a good trip) Diego

# Today is robino day

If you didn't know already about this massive event the casa was waiting (being cleaned) for you're missing something, Today it's Robino day ! It's Robino Birthday ! Our preferred tyrant is growing up today hopefully for the better, after a review of the troops and the state of the palace in the morning by our king, a full week-end of celebration will start to mark the occasion of our beloved Birthday. A banquet at Zula Palace will take place followed by His Majesty the King (not so waited) speech, the event will of course be televised live nation-wide It is expected that several royals from across Europe will Hitchhike for the milestone birthday ! It is also expect there will be a lot of alcohol (hopefully really early) we hope you can come and celebrate with us (don't forget the wine), if not, we hope you celebrate in solidarity! [xo](#) with a little help from my [friend](#)

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node/10781

# Today's Dumpster Diving Results

At the Albert Cuyp we collected today, with a special dedication of Jimmy Hendrix, 15 avocados (guacamole!), 4 mango's, 3 melons, 3 courgettes, 3 crops of lettuce, 2 bunches of flowers, 1 pineapple, 1 lemon and 200 grams of little pod vegetables. But that's not all, on the way back (while enjoying some nice music and atmosphere in the Vondelpark) we also [dumpster dived](#) in the neighborhood. That brought the house a carpet for the attic, a second bulletin board for in the kitchen, a water boiler, a new coat rack, a small table and a bed (jackpot!).

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node/21

# tools for survival

Howdy! Since I had to change a wheel on Isolator with my multi-tool on my last stay, I got some leftover basic bike repair tools from my dad. Mostly good GDR quality . I mean it, the "russian" stuff is much better than this modern junk. And it didn't cost money nor energy, yeh! Anyway, I will bring them to Project Voluteering in the near future. It's not much stuff, let's check out lightfoot parcel service :) Personally, I'm very

happy about the way that my relationship with my dad is evolving. Although he's very conservative, he is an environmentalist from a practical perspective that I really admire.

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node/6317

## Tools

So I'm leaving my house tomorrow sometime in the morning (approx 24 hours), and I will eventually be making my way over to Casa. I've got a LOT of tools, electronics stuff, wrenches, etc etc etc. Are there any specific tools (especially for fixing bikes, like...a few spare 26" tubes, a spoke wrench, a tire tool) which are in need, or otherwise would be put to good use (I'm sure everything will)? I can bring a limited amount with me, but as I travel pretty light, I can certainly stick a few extra tools without raising any suspicion. leave a comment or send me an email [llipschutz@gmail.com](mailto:llipschutz@gmail.com) Oh and on a separate note, what's up with the "hosting request" sidemenu? I dropped a note in there, but it seems like a dead end? Is that a passive system, or approval-based, or what?

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node/4281

## total eclipse of the coeur

i thought that i had found the best-ever youtube cover version of "total eclipse of the heart" years ago... you know that one of norwegian kitchen-appliance-based grizzly beard track-suit-sportin' rock band [HURRA TORPEDO](#) ? i always thought that one was a classic... then, one the way here, one of my drivers was playing a [french duo-version](#) of total eclipse of the heart that sounded even worse than the original. i just found the youtube music video, which is even more cheesy than anything i could have ever imagined. and just now, i've found an even more awful [brazilian version](#). i can't/can believe it. but let's not end on such a negative note. here's a [gorilla](#).

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node/50

# Totally Random, Rancid Love Attack

Government officials have verified our reporters field report from earlier this morning... Casa have been infected with a yet unknown illness called Loving Oral Virile Epedemicus also known short as LOVE. I went walking today in Tiergarten and had to walk for quite some time before I realized I had no thoughts on my mind. I was quasi a mindless wanderer. It took some time before it actually came into my mind that the only thought on my 5 hour walk was that there was completely empty in my head. This was a great realization to get just before I got back into the house. Such and empty mind I had not had since the days I visited Casa and it gives me great comfort to be able to say that once again I shared smiles with random strangers and got \*the wink\* from the sex-starved REAL cashier. Besides that there is a Big fat Guitar in my ear, which makes me bang my head... (up, down, up, down). Love Viking-Pet

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node/5286

## Trashwiki on Make Blog + cross pollination

Hey Casa Robino! If you see a lot of edits sprout up on trashwiki, here's a possible reason: [http://blog.makezine.com/archive/2008/12/finding\\_good\\_trash.html](http://blog.makezine.com/archive/2008/12/finding_good_trash.html) If you haven't encountered makezine yet, check it out! It's a sweet resource for learning how to make stuff (like wind turbines)! \*

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node/416

## Travel for life

A friend wrote me about this! Amazing! Just wanted to share... So any of you is writing his own book? This guy walked on foot from Rotterdam to Istanbul when he was only a teenager, this guy is now about 93 years old. "I thought I'd keep a diary and turn it into a book, which of course is what I did," he said. "Except I am still writing that book more than 70 years later." It was not just that the journey gave Leigh Fermor the subject for his lifework, it 'broadened my mind, taught me history, literature and languages. It opened everything up: the world, civilisation and Europe. It also gave

me a capacity for solitude and a sense of purpose. It taught me to read and to look at things. It was a great education. I didn't go to university, I went travelling instead.'>>  
<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/books/3559958/Patrick-Leigh-Fermor-The-man-who-walked.html>

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node/9724

## Trust roots

Hospitality exchange community for hitchhikers and other travellers. <https://www.trustroots.org>

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node/27966

## trusted users

I just gave a bunch of people the role of trusted user. These are mostly active people and people who have been hosts. Like this, we can also post stories that are only viewable to people who are 'trusted'. You can then choose the viewing permissions of a story by editing the field 'view/edit' permissions under the body of the text. Anyway. I wanted to share some thoughts about rent. I am really really happy to see how this has been progressing. I am happy to see we received 400 euro donations in total so far. Adan just told me he is transferring 350 euro, and I had received another 50 before. That's great, & almost covers the complete rent for one month (ex. bills which would be another 150 appr.). It would be great to see if you could raise 415 euros for the month of September also (if we would consider the donations so far as being donation for the month of August - I am not sure though how much the people who donated so far agree with that but it is good to have a target anyway :)). SO. Let's see how this goes :) I am sure you can all come up with something creative.

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node/5300



# Tuesday's Dumpster Haul

[img\_assist|nid=644|title=Dumpster Treasure|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135] Tuesday we went to the Albert Cuyjp Market and though it looked grim at first, we hauled home two full bags of dumpstered treasure! We cleaned up our finds and it was quite a spread. Spinach, lychees, mangoes, cauliflower, pineapple, 4 little cartons of cherry tomatoes, brussel sprouts, peppers, and more! It brings to mind a line from Jeannette Winterson's book, Art Objects: The message coloured through time is not lack but abundance. Abundance indeed.

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node/645

## tui!

Hallo from no-so-random roads, 191 km from a'dam now, car with 2 more surfers & another traveled-one. if there are housedinners this week slightly considering invitations? hope someone is home when I get there, should be 5-6, maybe. tui!

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node/25

## Tumbleweeds

Anu is at her corporate job in town. Robin is in YankeeLand Sky and Kassia are en route to Copenhagen Anka is in Italy for the week and i am here = at the Casa, by day, alone i am almost never alone, by choice like many, i have a busy social life unlike most, i seek no alone time i jump around from task to task working on fund raising applications reading the latest election news (i am obsessed) tweaking wikipedia entries reviewing friends activities on Facebook the only think i get out for is a failed attempt to make it to the Emilystraat street market before it is all broken down in hopes of scoring some free produce and to mail a postcard to my ailing father the 13th i've sent in the last three weeks

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node/84

# turkey net ban

Dear Casa People, Turkey is getting weirder and weirder everyday. Living in here is like being in a scientific experiment to test how far you can go by benumbing the public with irrational decisions undercover of protecting the public. After 22nd of August we won't be able to browse the websites those government tells we can't. Big Brother knows better what is good and what is bad for us. What a shame. Today we had the one of the biggest marches on Istiklal Street. Today I had a flashback to the day we marched for secular Turkey. It was millions from almost all around the country. It didn't change anything. We remained as 47 percent of the country and divided as us and them. Hope this one works better. Here is some further info: <http://www.bestvpnservice.com/blog/what-is-22agustos-internet-censorship-ban-in-turkey> <http://www.turkeynetban.com/> Thanks to the government now I understand how it feels to be minority. And the ones who wants to live in here think twice. Or come and join. Happy sundays

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node/18808

## Two Easy Recipes

1. Easy and very good vinegarett: In a large jar mix together: – a lot of balsamic vinegar – a lot of cold-pressed extra virgin olive oil – fresh lemon juice from 1-2 lemons, mixed with honey (dissolve the honey into the lemon juice beforehand by stirring rapidly) – herbs de provence (dried, a lot– oregano, marjoram, etc.) – fresh minced garlic – a little salt – a little black pepper Shake like a polaroid picture and serve. \* Variations: minced onion, chopped peppers, fresh herbs, pure maple syrup instead of honey
2. Spanish Tomato Salad Mince half a red onion and let it sit on a plate with sea salt until the water comes out of it. Drain the water (mostly) and the salt. Add to bowl where tomatoes will go. Select some soft tomatoes, cut into smallish pieces. Mash the pieces with a fork to make them mushier. Add olive oil and red wine vinegar. Add a sprinkle of lemon juice, salt, and black pepper, plus fresh minced garlic. Stir well. You can add other things like chopped cucumber, green pepper pieces, and/or diced avocado. If you add the avocado, reserve the lemon juice in a cup until the end. Cut the avocado last and pour it into the lemon juice

cup. Stir it around a bit and then pour all contents into the tomato bowl. This is delicious for dipping bread into or eating as a cold salad.

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node/280

## Une Petite Renaissance (please?)

Once upon a time in a little space with big ideas, there stayed (for an uncertain amount of time) a boy and girl. The boy was quite good at cooking. He had not only the technical skills but the ingenuity of creating even in times of scarcity. Luckily the boy was not selfish. Everynight, he would fix the girl a warm meal, leaving her smiling and relaxed for a peaceful slumber. But while the boy was creating, she was creating also! She would sit on the floor beside with the window, tools for artwork sprawled around her. She painted brilliant pictures for the walls of the space and once, even a painting for the boy. The boy quite liked her creations and was amazed at her talent for art. But I wish I could cook, silently thought the girl. One day, I will leave this space and without my friend, I shall eat cold meals. It wasn't that the girl had no capacity for cooking. She had simply never had to! She grew up in Convenienceland, where food was manufactured and put into bags for a ready-made meal. She was quite the exception in her population. Being an artist, she would buy only Bag-o-Salad and never Bag-o-Burgers. And sometimes when the boy was gazing at the beauty on the walls, he would become a little sad. I wish I could paint, he silently thought. One day, I will leave this space and without my friend, I will have empty walls except for this one she has given me. It wasn't that the boy had no talent for art. When he was younger, he greatly enjoyed his art classes, often standing out from his peers. Somehow, he had gotten distracted from art. When he grew older, he had begun to read the Wall Street Journal and learned to talk in numbers with his dad. He was quite scared to pick up a paintbrush again. One day, the boy and girl eventually left the space. For dinner, the girl returned to meals of convenience, and for beauty, the boy hung up his painting the girl had given him. His only piece of art, it hung all alone. How sad it is when people keep their knowledge to themselves. I feel like the people that stay at Casarobino have an extraordinary capacity for creating, but there is a serious lacking in creation relative to the capacity for such. Certainly, it is no matter of selfishness. As with the boy and girl, altruism is present. I think it is a matter of organization. What do you all think of workshops for teaching? Everyone has something to share. From rolling joints to cooking to language to computer uh, stuff,. The camaraderie in the

house among would-be strangers is miraculous and creates the perfect climate for teaching and learning.

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node/4930

## Unorganising continues: nomadbase conference Berlin

Preparations are ongoing for the nomad conference in Berlin. We currently have many platforms to communicate with each other though: I guess we like to confuse people... ;) Work is currently being done on organising spaces in Berlin, coordinating people and ideas, website development and some other small things. Check for the latest the [wiki](#) that we are using (for the moment) as a central place to bring together information. If you have any ideas or suggestions, please share. Also, be aware of the new mailing list we have.

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node/7089

## unsustainable

<https://www.xkcd.com/1007/> :)

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node/23969

## update on Kasper's bread

Someone baked it and it's in the fridge waiting for Kasper to dare try it. It is yellow, like the outside wax of a cheese. Hopefully Kasper has insurance.

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node/4681

# us of a, this summer?

dear friends of casa robino, my friend and i are traveling across the united states of america in 2 weeks. we gonna start in la, heading north, then heading east through the lakota nation and so on; to be honest, we got no plan. our trip will take something like 3 weeks in my friend's early 90s towncar which can fit 4 dead bodies in its trunk. since i've been blessed with people who had picked me up everywhere, we gotta give it back - love to pick you up on the road or off the internet. tata peace

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node/11381

## Valentina's box operation

4 of us hit the road towards Valentina's box with our toughest bikes this morning. The sun was quite hard on our delicate skins... Which makes me wonder if the topless girl in the park had any sunblock spread. We got to the target area, spotted number 50. But where was that door? It took us a while to understand the bell system in this modern bunker-like constructions. Then the bell ringing began, but Resi was not answering. Smartly, we went around and saw an open window. The girl in that apartment claimed to know NO PEOPLE in the building. Note> the building has around 50 apartments. Resi was not answering her phone either, so we started to wonder if the hour and 10 mins delay could be related to our unsucccess. We left a note for her in her mailbox. The 4 of us came back very unhappy. Back home, after noting that I had lost the key for the black bitch bike, I read an email from Resi. She was there waiting for us the whole time. But, how could that be possible? Could she not hear the bell, or the screams? Maybe the fact that we were ringing number 50 of a different street could have been preventing her from reacting. In any case, it was strange. A new operation had to be scheduled. It took place at midnight, and only 3 braves of us participated. We got to her door straight, no doubts this time. Resi leaded me to the box. The idea we had about it didn't really match the reality. It was a decently sized box, but it did fit on one bike. Although I lost another key during the midnight mission (yes, for another lock,) the box is finally at home, waiting for a lucky room to host it. Also, on the way back, I heroically saved Roy from a situation that could have ended with him getting deported back to his country, possibly not before

spending a couple of nights in jail, perhaps with at least of his flutes in his ass... But that's another story.

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node/4776

## van niets komt iets

“I never see hitchhikers”, I was told today by one of my five drivers while going back and forth to and from Den Haag. As a response I gave a summary of five people that I know, who are also hitching somewhere in Europe today, and added a short story about night-hitching, and how one can do large-distance hitchhiking. Earlier that day I had a ride with a woman talking about the first seeds that we planted on the balcony and rooftop just yesterday, which in fact was an excellent day. Many things happened around the house lately, and Sunday was yet another day to give it additional thought and create new bindings. A day of late breakfast, welcoming, goodbyes, structuring the overload of mess, planting, and -obviously- many hugs. But also a day of showers, sun and - of course - ‘Dutch light and a rainbow for the final touch’. The wine we called, La vita è bella. May the sun beam its light through the Zula with full strength.

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node/2420

## Vegan Carrot Cake!

Hey crew! Im back in delft for a few days, and have been doing more dumpstering here... got so many carrots we didnt know what to do with, so decided to make a cake! Having recently turned vegan, i made an attempt at my first non-egg/butter gateau... and I must say... it was brilliant! Tasted just like a real cake, if not better, so thought id pass on the recipe... its really simple! Ingredients: 2 cups grated carrots 1 1/2 cups raisins 2 cups water 1 1/2 tsp cinnamon 1 1/2 tsp allspice 1/2 tsp cloves 1 cup sugar 1/2 tsp salt 3 cups flour 1 cup soy milk 2 tsp baking soda Preparation: Preheat the oven to 180 degrees C. In a medium sized saucepan, gently simmer the carrots, raisins, water, and spices for 8-10 minutes. Add the sugar and salt and allow to cook for 2 more minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool completely. (or until you get impatient, was still warm for me, and worked fine!) In a large bowl, combine the flour and baking soda. Add the carrot mixture, along with the soy milk, and combine just

until mixed. (I also added some nuts... do it!) Lightly grease a 9x9 inch baking pan and pour in the batter. Bake for 1 hour, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. You can try frosting it with 'fake' butter, icing sugar and water, but i didnt and it was still great. lemon frosting might be nice too. Or just melted fairtrade dark chocolate over the top... mmm that would be good! x

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node/82

## Vegan Chocolate-Espresso Cake with Vegan Buttercream Icing

I created the most wonderful vegan cake for the wedding at ot-301 on monday, and since I believe everyone should eat cake as often as possible I have written down my recipe. But for all of thoses who know me, I never actually measure/follow recipes so this is mostly a guess....

**Chocolate-Espresso Cake**

3 cups of all-purpose flour  
6-8 tbsp of cocoa  
2 tsp baking soda  
1.5 tsp baking powder  
1 tsp cinnamon  
1 tsp salt  
2 cups raw sugar (or any vegan sugar)  
12 tbsp of oil (sunflower, olive oil....)  
2 tbsp of vinegar  
2 tsp vanilla  
1 cup cold espresso  
1 cup vanilla or chocolate soy milk

Shift together: flour, cocoa, baking soda, baking powder, cinamon, salt and sugar. Dig 3 holes and pour oil into one, vinegar into one and vanilla into one. Now pour the soy milk and espresso over everything and beat just until combined. It will start to foam up: this is good, don't panic. Pour into lightly greased and floured pans and bake at 175C for about 30 minutes, maybe more, maybe less. Let sit 10 minutes then remove from pans and let cool.

**Chocolate-Espresso Buttercream icing**

2 bars of vegan dark chocolate  
1 cup of vegan margerine  
3-4 cups of powdered raw sugar (this can be created in a coffee grinder, just add a little bit of cornstarch)  
2 tsp vanilla  
1 tsp cinnamon  
1/4-1/2 cup of cocoa  
tiny pinch of salt  
about 2 tbsp of vanilla or chocolate soy milk or soy cream  
about 2 tbsp of cold espresso

Melt chocolate over double boiler until smoth and shiny, let cool a bit. Beat together: margerine, sugar, vanilla, cinnamon, cocoa and salt until very light and fluffy. Slowly beat in chocolate. Beat in soy milk and espresso a little at a time, but dont let it get too thin. Taste test and add more sugar or espresso ect. Chill for at least 1 hour. Now to experiment.....

- replace half of the oil with mashed avocado, mashed banana or applesauce
- replace half of the all-purpose flour with ground almonds
- replace the espresso with orange zest and juice
- add a pinch of cayenne pepper or mint to the icing

I also successfully made a lime-mango version of



the cake yesterday by replacing the cocoa with flour and espresso with lime juice and lime zest. Then I added more vanilla, more cinnamon and about 1tsp of nutmeg. When the cake cooled, I poured mango jam over the whole thing.

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node/8724

## vegan istanbul guide

Hello dear all! I'm a vegan since january. Yaaaayy, who'd believe! Anyways, to make life little bit easier for fellow vegans visiting Istanbul, I wrote a post. To show them that they wouldn't starve in here. Please spread the word and feel free to comment to make the entry evolve. Hugs mugs from humid Istanbul <http://feketeleves.wordpress.com/istanbul-was-constantinapoli/>

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node/27763

## Vegetarian option

Hey! Now they're giving me a beautiful potato gratin... there should be food for everyone :)

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node/5349

## Verjaardagsfeestje Robin

The flyer says it all. Drawing by Gabi. Jeeeeeeeeeee :)

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node/25469

## VHEMT

Olá! I came across this website: <http://www.vhemt.org/index.htm> I thought I had to share it... :)

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node/9374

# Visawiki and Sharewiki

Probably after reading the stream of info I started sending out through ping.fm Robin got slightly too excited, but in the end I managed to set up both [sharewiki.org](http://sharewiki.org) and [visawiki.org](http://visawiki.org) today. I'm actually trying to squeeze them into one MediaWiki directory together with [Cashwiki](http://Cashwiki) and [Trashwiki](http://Trashwiki). I still need to figure out a couple of tech things (e.g. sharing extensions and different image directories). And I guess it'll be okay to let [wiki.sharingisdaring.com](http://wiki.sharingisdaring.com) simple redirect to sharewiki.org. Paxus? Robin?

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node/129

## volunteers to meet and feed artists?

so one of my lecturers sent this out, i thought you might like the idea! i don't really know him but he seemed like an interesting guy and possibly gave the only two lectures worth going to at VU. . . . . I was wondering if you would be available to volunteer during the period 17 to 22 December 2009? We (ARTIS DEN BOSCH) currently have 10 artists with widely varying nationalities visiting a residence. The theme of the residency is "mirrored Activism and Politics in Contemporary artist" We need help to propelled Editor, which provides daily news. We look for people: to install mobile internet DTP that can work with a BE license beds which can offer that various winter soups like cooking for one group of 20 to 30 people And further: Artists, Photographers, Editors, Writers, PR staff You need at least two days in this period for 6 hours per day are from 9:30 - 15:00 hours or from 14:30 to 22:00. There is a travel allowance. Want to be deployed this project? Send an email with your name, phone number, which you will be deployed, the date and time of day DUTCH ORIGINAL Beste, . . . . . ik vroeg me af of je beschikbaar zou zijn voor vrijwilligerswerk gedurende de periode van 17- 22 december 2009? We (ARTIS DEN BOSCH) hebben op dat moment 10 kunstenaars met zeer uiteenlopende nationaliteiten op bezoek in een residentie. Het thema van de residentie is "Activisme en politiek gespiegeld in hedendaags kunstenaarschap" Wij hebben hulp nodig voor de Rijdende Redactie, die het dagelijks nieuws verzorgt. We zoeken mensen: voor het installeren van mobiel internet die DTP-werk kunnen doen met een BE rijbewijs die slaappleatsen aan kunnen bieden die diverse wintersoupen willen koken voor een groep van 20 – 30 mensen En verder: Kunstenaars, Fotografen, Redacteurs, Schrijvers, PR-medewerkers

Je moet minstens twee dagen in deze periode gedurende 6 uur per dag beschikbaar zijn van 9:30 – 15:00 uur of van 14:30 tot 22:00 uur. Er is een reiskostenvergoeding. Wil je op dit project worden ingezet? Stuur dan een mail met je naam, telefoonnummer, waarvoor je wil worden ingezet, de datum en het dagdeel

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node/8351

## Walking for 30 years...

Wow... <http://au.news.yahoo.com/today-tonight/lifestyle/article/-/12458245/a-nomads-life>

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node/23172

## walking through air

She-Berlin, two weeks of discussions, brainstorming, work, joy, play and fun. A selection of photos that I took during the events.

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node/8327

## wanted: 20 kilo of organic flower

[img\_assist|nid=3022|desc=|link=node|align=center|width=350] **Learn how to make**

**people-bread: bread made by you, your hands and an oven.** Pasta Madre, a traveling circus of 2 south-italians spreading the joy of bread around Europe.

Traveling with \*sourdough for bread\*, they extend the sharing of bread day by day with their Pasta Madre (mother sponge) while new sourdough is extended through mixing with the existing one. Through spreading the joy of sourdough bread they create new connections between people and our food cultures. (\* Sourdough is a dough containing a lactobacillus culture, usually in symbiotic combination with yeasts. Sourdough bread is made by using a small amount (20-25 percent) of starter dough (sometimes known as “the mother sponge”), which contains the culture, and mixing it with new flour and water, check <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sourdough> ) Learn how to make people-bread, not by a machine but by you, with hands and oven.

Learn it with the traveling Pasta Madre and come at [Damoclash](#) this Saturday, at Georgio's on Friday (starting at three pm) or at the open casa dinner tonight. Here we trust in spontaneity, in disorganising and the wealth of sharing. Spontaneity lies in the fact that nothing was planned, disorganisation in the fact that we are looking for each of you bringing some eco-flower (we need at least 20kg spread over the days), two or more big glass bowls and an OVEN (for today and Friday). And we trust that it will happen. And make at home, or bring ingredients along for cremes on top of bread. think baba ganush, humus, guakamole, tomatos and basil (aka bruschetta) etc. Join, initiate, create, learn, share, bake.

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node/3023

## Warm showers

[img\_assist|nid=2659|title=|desc=|link=none|align=right|width=325] We've had quite some cyclist passing through the house. Cycling around the world, or just the Netherlands, or people cycling from Paris to Copenhagen for example. Most of these people found out about the house through friends or through hospitality exchange networks such as [Couchsurfing](#) (closed-source and top-down structured) or [Bewelcome](#) (which is more grassroots and based on open source/ free software). But so far none of the cyclist had contacted us through [Warmshowers.org](#), a hospitality exchange network for touring cyclists. Up until last week when [Lionel](#) contacted us through that network. He travels by bike from a town South of France towards the [North Cape](#), and back, for which he calculates 7 months to do. An interesting point is that Lionel managed to get funding from his local council to make this trip, which also made his step to quit his water research-job more easily. He only spend one night with us, which is compared to what we are used to, very short. When we basically warned him that most cyclists, like him also plan to stay for only a couple of nights they somehow end up staying for way longer, he decided to go the next morning, to happily enjoy the first rainy day after he started his journey three weeks before. And now, 4 days later he reached the border with Germany. Lionel also holds a blog in French. Here an excerpt from his [latest post](#), where he is also mentioning the Casa. J'ai eu la chance de pouvoir passer 3 jours à Amsterdam. 2 nuits chez un couple très agréable qui voyage à vélo et une nuit à la Casa Robino, qui est un lieu d'échange et une vraie leçon de vie pour tous les voyageurs qui y transitent. C'est très long à

expliquer mais il y a beaucoup à apprendre sur ce mode de vie un peu hors du commun...

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node/2660

## Waystations

As (unfortunately) I don't think I'll be back in Europe for the next year or so (at least... unknown horizons await!), I've been connecting with the American trainriders scene. A group of enterprising hobos/punks/riders/kind souls has been putting together a set of waystations around the US. It's still in it's starting stages, getting things organized and set, but if anyone out there is bumming around the States and needs a somewhat organized place to crash, drop me a line or check out the "Waystations" thread on SquatThePlanet. Warning: I'm meeting up with most of these folks in April, but until then I only know them from phone/net conversations. Once I get to know them, I can put people in contact if they're in need of a place to crash. Think CS/HC, in the beginning. The very beginning.

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node/2357

## we always need new hosts

[img\_assist|nid=1078|desc=|link=none|align=left|width=180|height=135] After some days of casa-rest (with just Robino and Amylin here most of the time), the house has received some new hosts again. Since yesterday and today we have Mathieu, Lousia, Capers and Charlie here, who both arrived with wonderful stories, including Capers fund-raising and building a school in Kenya & Charlie biking around the world. Charlie is a bike mechanic on his world-wide bike trip and is on his way South now (the photo was from another cyclist though, who was here about 7 months ago), and they met when he had just started his trip in the States, and met again now since she was studying in Germany. Another great aspect of his trip is that he hitched a boat from the Caribbean to here... Let's see if he will find some time to write a bit more about how that went. Yesterday [Mathieu](#) hitched from Berlin - we met before in Paris at the 888 hitchhiking day, and it is great to see yet another participant in that event who found the road to the Casa. He also invited Louisa to stay here, she is just 18 and

touring Europe. They were both hitching before... Let's see what this will bring to the house

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node/1079

## we are getting there...

[img\_assist|nid=5855|title=random roads screenshot|desc=|link=node|width=400] We are getting there. It took a loooong time (over a year now) but I am almost ready with the final set-up of the website, which includes a workflow tool that Marc designed. Great stuff. A day or two to go before the initial launch.

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node/5856

## We found kitten! ...

You all know how hard it used to be to leave the casa.. but even us, we finally managed! After two years of not leaving the house to travel, we finally left with baby and all to Mexico. Here we are for at least half a year. Much to our surprise though we met up with kitten just today. We went to see a friend in their house here in San Cristobal de las Casas and there she was! In full glory, kitten's much less evil twin sister.. haha. So yes, we are having a lot of fun, and life is fairly good here. Novi has a lot of space to play and since the climate is a lot nicer here, we spend a lot more time outside. If you're interested in seeing more pictures, I am publishing them almost daily (for now) at my [Flickr](#).

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node/27962

## We have settled on earth and forgotten heaven [1]

Is this the first story actually written in a car? Well, I must admit I didn't connect my mobile to the notebook to post it directly... ;) Anyway, as already mentioned last time, I attended a meeting of [Speak!](#), a loose christian network with political focus. As some of you may know, I do believe in a personal God but since I'm quite religion-

sceptic I didn't have much people to share spirituality in the past time. Having religious but undogmatic people to share and discuss gave me a lot of new input. Besides the deconstruction of religious tales designed to legitimate those in power, the people around are also busy with a lot of political action. Members of the network lived in the squat in Erfurt that was recently busted with 500 pigs with tanks and helicopters, another girl is using the network to visit a friend that was imprisoned for half a year during the G20 protests... Sunday we worshiped in a village that is in the process of being destroyed by a corporation that has coal mining "rights" to the area. I hid an axe alongside my djembe in the bag but we decided not to break into the church through the window since that would have made it difficult for people to join us or leave. Good choice - we were spotted by "security" five minutes after our arrival. We stayed in the sun and towards the end, the woman formerly responsible for the church showed up and opened the door with a key she still had. Looks like the network could need more lockpickers :) [1] Henry David Thoreau (Walden)

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node/2778

## We have WAY too much organic bread...come and get it!!!

Attention you beautiful people...we have got quite an overload of organic bread at the moment which needs to be used and is REALLY YUMMY!!! Would be awesome if some people could come by the Casa for dinner tomorrow night (or just pop in randomly) to come and take some to spread the love as we can't eat it all and don't want it going to waste. Much love!!!

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node/22088

## we laugh indoors

While I have funnier stories to tell but no time for writing at the moment, I stumbled across [this scary blog post](#). Quote: "It appears that routine searches of one's home to check for a vast array of "problems" are now performed door-to-door in The Netherlands. The city of The Hague is inspecting all homes in a number of neighborhoods." You don't have this in Amsterdam yet, do you? I also found the last



sentence very noticeable: “Either way: the minute I get one of these letters, I will sue. If I loose, I’ll sell my house and move to Berlin.” I always thought The Netherlands were a more liberal society than Germany is, but while legalized squats and activists are subjected to illegal police raids from time to time, it is a national sport to slam doors into the faces of TV licence inspectors (every owner of a radio, TV or PC even is supposed to pay a licence for the state propaganda media in Germany). I can’t imagine the turkish nor student community in my mixed neighborhood would accept door to door searches and this is what is call a “power neighborhood” in the article.

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node/3917

## we want skillsurfers!

The traveling school of life is a network of travelers sharing their skills. It is as such a [real social](#) network. We just created an [entry](#) on their [wiki](#) for this house, where we list some of the ideas and projects we are working on, and what type of skill-surfers are needed here. But there is more. At this very [moment](#), a group of these [skillsurfers](#) are also touring through Europe to create networks of collectives, places where people could go to learn, to get input, share ideas and ultimately share their skills. Things that immediately popped up in our heads was a very simple but effective one. Here we have been [thinking](#) for a while now to create an urban wind-mill, for on the roof. If a skill-surfers come by to teach or learn how to build such a wind-mill, this could create a cascading effect of people going to all over the place to install new wind-turbines. The same thing applies to the rooftop- and balcony [gardening](#) that we are planning to do here.

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node/96

## Website should be more fixed now

Managed to fix a bug and now the website is back running almost normally, but we lost a few frontpage stories. They are still in the casa but not promoted to the frontpage anymore so lets fill it up!

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node/2333

# What do you mean, sustainability?

I am trying to compile a list of views on sustainability, and have come to conclusion that it means many things to many people. Wonder if it would be worth interrogating the casa and see what comes out. Can also use my new etherpad <http://etherpad.com/Z0mGZceLmH>

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node/5420

# What the hell is wikipedia?

Hi lovely people of the Casa. As a Wikipedia worshiper, I was really interested into meeting the great priests, rabbis and imams of my beloved religion. If you are curious you can take a look on <http://wikimania2009.wikimedia.org/wiki/Schedule> It's a bit hard for me to give a description of the conference, I guess that it look a bit like all those free culture gatherings, a majority of male-westerners-young-geeks with the same cultural codes talking together. But still, there is a real focus onto spreading the free culture into the third world. For exemple, I met an Indonesian guy who told me that an agreement was found with the Tropen Museum from Amsterdam (a museum that I highly recomend you to visit )to release hundred of thousand of pictures of former Dutch East Indies under free licence. The hope is that in the following years, the "third-world languages" wikipedias such as Hindi, Arabic or Swahili are gonna grow and fill the existing gap with the others wikipedias. The Wikimedia foundation is going to direct its efforts into this direction. I was also extremly glad to see that people from the Israeli and the arabic wikipedias where sharing a lot together. Also, I love Buenos Aires, I feel at home there, definitely. People are extremly friendly and welcoming, the parties are amazing. Weather is just fine. I'm following a non vegetarian desintoxicating diet based on beef meat after my long vegetarian stay in casarobino;). Trying to understand more the interesting story of this region. I'm also preparing myself to seriously hit the road, with the thumb of course.

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node/4991

# what's the latest?

I hear crazy stories of drivers that don't show up, Danish drivers staying over in the house, and that several new people have arrived. But I am not reading it here... Don't forget: if you don't sign up and post your story, you'll get evicted :) You have the time until 1830 Today :)

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node/60

## When I arrived

When I arrived everybody was out dumpsterdiving for the open dinner, Robino was standing in the kitchen making bread. Sunshine flooded the kitchen, there was the smell of the bread-mixture, nice music, all peaceful, and everything was JUST FINE.

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node/4439

## When Robins away the mice come out to play

Robin had left for Berlin. Twelve of us had taken over the house for the week. As I sat around the dinner table, I looked around at all the new faces. Questions were not answered, inside jokes were told, Robins humourless sense of humour kept alive. The kitchen was a mess, food everywhere, flour everywhere. 11 pm, time to eat, the table was set and then unset. Food was passed around and then back around in complete confusion, wine was poured. Out came the banana bread and pastamadre only to disappear just as quickly. Then it caught on, slowly at first, but soon all the mice came out to play. Throat exercises, dancing, posing, photography, making music with kitten, dressing up, new and wonderful creations in the kitchen, swedish movies, apple tarts, new jokes and lots of questions from Anu. I think it all started with the monkey...

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node/8132

# When you are all whatever, it will all click together

You shouldn't think too much about how hard something might be, you should just go on the road and find your way. Just believe it can be done and you will see it will happen. I met Reese in Paris during the [888](#) hitchhiking event, and a week later he visited Amsterdam. When he called I picked him up from a spot where he was dropped by his driver, while hitchhiking from the Dutch Lowlands-festival. The funny thing is that Reese is a no-budget traveler. When he came he was broke. Well, almost, as he was just given 20 euros by his driver. While other visitors were sitting in the room, we did an [interview](#) with Reese for the [Random Roads](#) Magazine. There is still some editing to be done there, but the result is quite nice I must say.

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node/34

## WHERE ARE YOU FROM, NOT?

Hello everyone! A friend forwarded me this video, and it made me think of old Casarobino times. WHERE ARE YOU A LOCAL? [http://www.ted.com/talks/taiye\\_selasi\\_don\\_t\\_ask\\_where\\_i\\_m\\_from\\_ask\\_where\\_i\\_m\\_a\\_local](http://www.ted.com/talks/taiye_selasi_don_t_ask_where_i_m_from_ask_where_i_m_a_local) By the way I'm very local in north west Italy so if you pass by Torino drop me a line. Much Love, Martina

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node/27968

## Where in the world is Casa San Robino?

I tried to locate where you are... All the times I was in the past I was blindfolded and led to the Casa (especially by M.B.), but now I was 'invited' (by Roi, the Israeli guy who just left yesterday) for the dinner tonight but forgot where it exactly street, in which straat with long name. It's not written \*anywhere\*. Care2share? Pls send me a private message, if you don't want it to be exposed. Gracias!

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node/4922

# Where is hitchwiki

Hey, I'm trying to access hitchwiki.org since two days and constantly fail. You guys wouldn't have an idea of what happened to it? There are people out there that might be in great need of it.

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node/4183

# where to drink, what?

Ok - so once I dumpstered beer together with Lili, but at night we don't always find the best location to actually sit somewhere and get some special beers. Though, a nice thread was started just recently on [cockroach.com](http://cockroach.com) on the better places in the city to go out & have a special one. There are some good bars and places still missing, but it is getting pretty comprehensive already for a nice 'open'/free guide.

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node/2422

# Who We Are

[img\_assist|nid=3782|title=|desc=courtesy of wordle.net based on http://casarobino.org/2009/06/12-questions-you-never-dared-ask|link=none|align=left|width=417|height=640]

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node/3783

# Whoopie, it's working :)

Yohh ppl, hi, how are u atm? Great thnx for getting the site working again on the create account part

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node/6712

# Who's going to the Antwerpen BeWelcome Collective?

I wonder who's going to [the ABC#2](#) in Antwerpen. Not me, but I'm sure half of the current hosts would be interested, still I don't see them mentioned in the ABC page.

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node/209

## Why hitchhiking feels better than paying for a shared ride

Hello Casa people, I have just written a blogpost about why hitchhiking feels better than paying for a shared ride and I felt like sharing this with you here. <http://florianvallen.wordpress.com/2010/06/03/why-hitchhiking-feels-better/> All the best from Düsseldorf, Florian.

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node/11380

## Why toilet paper is sooo..... important for a nomad :)

14 ways why toiletpaper is handy for on the road (: Clean ur ears Create a tulband to cover ur head Whipe off ur ass Soak it in shit and throw it at politician's Stop small bleedings Glue rolled up letters with blood to a board to make a hitchhiking sign Use it as a pillow Build urself a sunshield Clean ur nose with it Put it between ur clothes for extra warmth Make a campfire Tie it around ur feet and walk a short distance on it Whipe off other annoying stuff Mummify a murdered traveling companion

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node/12360

## will feed for food

Finally... after various delays accumulating to several weeks, my flatshare got the first delivery of organic food from our food cooperative. Getting the whole process

working demanded a lot of energy from the few really committed people, but now we have a solid base to grow on. There's [FoodSoft](#), a kind of online store with included task and member management written in rails, we have a bank account on a bank that invests in social and ecological projects only, a nice cellar and great people involved. A mailing list is online, a wiki is to come and we have already tons of people who want to participate (now that it's working :-). So far, we get food from the best organic food distributor in Berlin, an organic bakery and a small fair trade coffee project. Sure direct contacts to a farm would be perfect but a collaboration between a local farmer and 4 Berlin food coops didn't work out in the past - it was uneconomic for the farm to spend almost a day on delivering to the cooperatives. The more our project grows, the less money do we have to spend on corporate sugar poison stores. Yeh! :) Personally, I plan on additional [dumpstering in Berlin](#)... I never really got to it, which is a shame. Also I stopped buying meat, it was way about time. I wasn't buying meat in the supermarket since a long time already, but I had Chinese or Turkish food with meat every now and then. I will still eat meat that's given to me (like when you're invited by people on the road), that my roomie or my fam'ly cooked anyway or buy organic meat if I really feel I need to... which probably won't happen.



# will trade drawing(s) for a new flickr pro account.



In case you've

made it to [Schijnheilig Galerie](#) recently, you've seen two of my new drawings from the past week. In case not, you've seen various numbers of them floating around the casa. Normally, I don't put a price tag on such work, but lately, since I'm broke and push comes to shove, I am. So now, for just under 25 bucks, you can purchase any two A4-sized (or smaller) drawings from me, in order to sponsor renewing [my flickr](#) pro account. [Click here](#) for more info on purchasing a pro account. And/or e-mail me for more info; I can also send stuff in the mail, or some selected prints of works that you like and are not currently available in Amsterdam– just ask! ciao, amylin <http://amyl.in> P.S. I know this posting will probably cause controversy over the usage of proprietary programs/websites, however, despite much continual effort, I still have yet to find a site that is just as ideal as Flickr. The design is perfect, and the community is excellent. With a pro account, I basically can use the site like an online external harddrive. It just sucks a chunk of money out every year, which to me, is the only big drawback.

# Will\_mend\_your\_clothes

So, my project is officially a work in progress. I bought a sewing machine from a junky today. He found it in a canal, so it's sustainable. Only, the junky was disguised as a sweet old man who owns a little shop in Weesp that specializes in selling sewing machines (as well as thread and zippers). It is a 1969 PMC Lichtgewicht (a child of the 60s, probably a rebel in its time. and lightweight, about 20 kilo, so very portable, would probably be a good conversation piece while hitch hiking) And... I even received a lesson today from the junky/sweet old man, except it was all in Dutch. I smiled the whole time, nodding my head to convey understanding. But he could see right through me and compared my understanding of the machine with his understanding of computers. My, how he could sew. At first he was wowing me by steering the material with only one hand (while I clumsily used both). Then as if to take his hands off the wheels while pressing the pedal to full speed, he let the material fly under the needle with no hands. Was it the man or the machine? Either way, I was sold. So... If the pants or shirt that you wear (almost) everyday is becoming unbearable/unwearable due to holes, or if you feel like your dull wardrobe needs to be "jazzed up," I could probably sew on something clever such as a fun patch or quirky zipper. Just let me know. Will mend your clothes (fo free).

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node/2388

## Winter and a place to stay (a la Blues, Creativity and Instinct) ,

Ah, to you all, I've to come that winter always brings about a huge interior turmoil. Always, without fail. Thing is, in theory, this winter was supposed to be a little different. Only it suddenly appeared as if time had flown away startled into a deep hole- what do I do with my life apart from travel? How do I live meaningfully when I decide to gain some roots? When will I finally give my words to a longer piece, a novel, a series of short stories? And perhaps most importantly, where will I stay? How to find a place now, of all times? A couple of years ago, I was blessed to have stayed at casa for the winter. I left restored, instinctual and filled with the radical sight of what it is to live with others, to share, to encourage growth. My dear love and I were supposed to be living in a community in western Denmark right now but it turned out to be a lot

more expensive than imagined and with each day filled with work for the community which manages to squeeze out the life of the individual. Thus..the crash and cracking of breaths. Now it's turned to the abyss and the thought of a long hitch up to Copenhagen without even a place to stay is upon me (from eastern France). And once there, without a way to stay more than a couple of days before hopping off to the next house as I did for much of last winter until we found a place of our own in Sofia. Where do people spend their winters? Or anywhere in any season when they decide to stop travelling? Or at least, not as intensely as years without much rest? And talk of breaking up just so that it may be easier to find work and spirit alone - for I down south somewhere and her back in the Balkans. That it has come to do this seems ridiculous. Well, any source of courage or wisdom would be deeply appreciated as it has been in the past with such outpourings. The comments on my thoughts on work (& the bloodclots) k here were so, so much appreciated I hope this finds you well, & hugs! Jass

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node/22633

## wireless music control @ casarobino

today i installed [MPD](#) on laptopserver (which also got a fixed IP address now). on top of it, the web client [phpMp](#) was installed, so anybody can control what music is being played at the casa thru your web browser. connect to the network CasaOpen and point your rig to [phpMp @ laptopserver](#) to engage in a playlist war with your fellow hosts. currently the music files are to be found in /media/music and you should click the [update link](#) after you have added more files. Marc knew about another solution which he installed afterwards. look at [Jinzora](#) for a spiffier interface that even runs on Marc's mobile phone. not only can you play music via MPD, the files can also be streamed to your machine, so you would have your individual music channel. have fun,

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node/2726

# without a pen humanity can fall apart in a minute

Someone took my pen, my special pen, my dear pen. Noone here takes me serious, they think I'm joking. I CAN NOT write without a pen and humanity wants me to write NOW. I'm going crazy here. Please, everyone, pray for my pen, I can not buy another one in Amsterdam. GIVE ME BACK MY PEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You think it's a stupid story but I'm gonna stop writing if I don't get this pen soon. It's a big thing even thou you think I'm crazy. GIVE ME BACK MmmmmYyyyyy PEN UNIVERSE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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node/140

## World - 1 / Apple - 0

DRMs are falling! Soon it will be possible to broadcast music online without being an evil motherfucker. Let's open a store! Who's with me?

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node/1678

## Xrandom Dumpstered Xmass Dinner

Random mazes, collective dinner preparation, never ending cooking sessions, one big fest, no ending, no start, always going on. How many words do you think we exchanged? New connections and mutual ideas. Group photos, people arriving from Korea, Brussels, Portugal, Barcelona, Twin Oaks, Tartu, Madrid, Amsterdam East, South and North, further west and from around the corner, as well as friends always arriving at the right time. You know what would be really funny? If the internet would just stop. "I am just resting", our friend who teaches Taikwando in Korea says, just before snoring in the Zula. It is all a learning process. When I was 11 years old, I was hitchhiking in Taiwan with my father. We had a collective dream that when we wake up, all the dishes were done. Everything you need was there (but where is Pax when you need him?). Actually we don't need a house, a tipi is way easier to set up. The bathroom doorknob just fell off.

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node/651

# you can call me bells!

Although i was able to resist the temptation to insist everyone in the house call me “bells”, i have written “Alisonshine free hugs available all day” on my bedroom door and have been walking barefoot around campus and telling all the drunk first-time-away-from-home students all about the evils of alcohol consumption. I am currently enjoying messing with thier perceptions of reality by being currently undefinable. They want to call me a hippy, but know one can quite bring themselves to admit that a hippy can study law... The people in my house are a very eclectic mix, i like them. They are able to laugh at themselves which is a big bonus and two of them are the same age as me :) a few of them have already expressed their pleasure at my presence in the house, which has made me feel very good. Its very early days yet but i had my first lecture today and the lecturer was really inspirational, he made me feel very positive about the course. However i already have reading to do for tomorrow and my timetable is pretty insane. There are only 10 people mad enough to take on this course and for the law course as a whole apparently 2000 people applied...the pressure is officially on and i am looking forward to stepping up to the challenge. I miss you and love you all, keep the casa alive and i will pass on the things you have taught me to educate the students in a different way.

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node/5989

## You have to log in again

In order to avoid downtime of this website (and others) I just ALTERed some MySQL TABLEs to use InnoDB. I also cleaned up some other TABLEs, such as the session table. So you will have to create a new session - or in normalpeoplespeak: log in again to this website. [added by Julien]: you don't have to create an account again. Just log in with your usual username and password.

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node/14090

# Zula wall

A lot of work has been done recently on the website, the style changed, the colors, and some other stuff. Now I am working on the way we handle images, using imagefield and imagecache.

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node/7536

## çin yeni yılı / 春节

Dear Framily, On Tuesday the 26th of January, we will celebrate the coming of a new (lunar) year: the year of the tiger. This is a day in which no knives are used and no floors are swept! Instead, we will celebrate with our extended network of families, eat delicious vegetarian foods and sweets, exchange little gifts (or lightfoot letters and postcards), and decorate our casa. Please come by in the afternoon/evening with some mandarin oranges (a very popular & “lucky” fruit) and red-colored paper to make decorations and envelopes.

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node/9178

# Nomadic futures

“Digital nomad” became a product: rent, wifi, the same café in a new country. That life is real for some people. It is not what Nomadwiki was for. This book is the other stack — camping, tramp skills, nomadbases, asking, sharing, staying off the meter when you can.

Visas get tighter in some places. Phones make you findable. Climate makes long-haul flying look worse and local weather look stranger. None of that deletes the old methods. A field, a tap, a ride, a spare room still work. They work better when someone wrote down how.

Nomadbases come and go. Casa Robino did. The pattern remains: a house that treats guests as the point, not as inventory. If you can open one, even for a season, do it. If you cannot, be a good guest in someone else’s.

Use the live tools. [Nomadwiki](#) is the current book. This file is a snapshot. Hitchwiki, Trashwiki, and the hospitality networks belong beside it, not inside a second copy here.

The future of this is more people who can leave without a script, and more pages that tell the truth about a place. If a chapter here is wrong, fix it on [nomadwiki.org](#). If a camp died or a base opened, write it. If you lived cheaply somewhere for a month, leave the method.

This book ends. You do not have to. Someone else's first week on the road is next month. Leave them a page.