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# **LIVING WITH SAVAGES**

The  
Romania  
Issue

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A photograph showing the rear of a red car parked on a dirt path. A wooden ramp is placed against the car, leading up to the rear wheel. On the ramp, there is a black container and some tools. The ground is covered with dry leaves and grass.

# Living with Savages

When I told my family I was travelling to Romania the first thing my mother told me was to be careful I don't get kidnapped by an armed gang and shipped back to the UK as a slave. I was told that the infrastructure was backward even so far as they still used horse and cart.

I was told a different story by my host who claimed Romania had the fifth best internet infrastructure in the world and that I should expect to visit a progressive modern nation.

The reality as always is somewhere between the extremes. I have seen people using horse and cart, I have had trouble connecting to the internet, and it's so far so good on the kidnapping front. What I have seen however is a strange mix of decay and prosperity. Not in the chessboard extremes of a city such as New York, with crumbling housing projects hidden behind glistening skyscrapers, but in a much subtler and universal way.

**Everything appears to be broken and no one seems to give a shit.** Look under the surface however and you will find a culture of repair - a make do and mend mentality that somehow manages to blend the charm of the past with the best of the modern world.

I arrived on Christmas Eve, with around £100 in my bank. Not much money at all really, but my accommodation was paid up front for two days and I had planned a quiet reflective deliberately austere and relatively sober celebration of Christmas. I'm not entirely convinced by the way we celebrate Christmas in the western world, but I do love it as a holiday and can't help but embrace the festive spirit, so I was looking forward to experiencing it from another country's perspective.



I visited the cash machine at the airport and taking a lucky dip withdrew 500 RON. I had no idea how much money this was, hardly noticing the exchange rate signs, and heading straight for a taxi. I had my destination on a bit of paper and luckily the driver spoke a little English. In short time we were speeding down the streets and a few blocks from the airport he offered me a cigarette. A cigarette, in a taxi! I stared happily out the window and exchanged pleasantries with the driver who then proceeded to pass me a bottle of the omnipresent Romanian homebrew Palinka - this journey would take a lot of beating.

He soon dropped me off near my destination and I did not question him when he helped himself to a 25 RON tip from the 350 RON fare for the ride. I assumed the currency must be roughly base ten from Stirling and I thought he was doing me a kindness by showing me the standard rate for tipping in the country.

It wasn't long after I got out of the car that I began to think twice about the fare I had been charged. I had a nagging feeling that the money I had withdrawn had been all I was allowed, and that actually I just paid nearly £65 of my £100 budget for weekend. Eek! I was later to learn that this excessive tax on the in car mini bar is a standard welcome to what is on the whole a very honest country.

Finding the street, but being unable to find the door I managed to contact my Airbnb host using the internet from the aptly named Storage Room bar. The bar itself was empty but had nice tables, electricity and served a heartwarming and sustaining mulled wine.

After stowing my belongings I went for a walk and soon came across a Christmas market. I was instantly struck by how calm the streets were. No throng of desperate hurried shoppers, just a few stallholders idling about having a chat. I bought a cool looking blanket for a third of my remaining budget, and stocked up a Christmas feast of crackers, salami, and bread to accompany the cheese and chocolate I had bought in the duty free.



I drank the wine provided at the apartment and fell asleep in the sofa under the blanket I had purchased.

Christmas morning was quiet. I drank a little, opened a single present from my mother and hung up the fairy lights she had given me before heading out to explore the city. I wandered aimlessly, taking in the unobtrusive shop fronts, the lack of mega brands and the unique approach to civic engineering. I enjoyed the piles of recycling on the streets, the way almost every building had something missing, and all the bejau little bars and coffee shops. I found myself in a large park, there where families out walking. It felt like Christmas and I felt strangely calm in isolation behind a language I knew not a single word of. I climbed a small ruin, did some decided amateur parkour and thought about the day ahead.



The next few hours were tense. Hopping from bar to bar, with my steadily dwindling supply of money, waiting for a response from my host. By the time my guide caught up with me, I was down to my last beer, and my airbnb host finally replied to say that yes he could let me into the flat, but in such a tone that it was clear I had ruined his Christmas day. I was mortified but relieved to be home and spent the next few hours chatting with my guide about the city, and the current economic situation in Romania. We agreed to meet the next day and I spent the evening tidying the apartment and preparing to pack my stuff.

The following afternoon my guide invited me to dinner with her family and I was treated to some regional foodstuffs such as Salata Ruska which tasted similar to one of my favourite processed foods in the UK, Heinz Sandwich Spread, it's basically salt pickled vegetables in home made mayonnaise with potatoes and is very typical of the style of food here, kind of like space food if space was made of water. Following this was pork wrapped in cabbage served in its own broth and accented with mustard. For dessert was a seasonal rolled cake. Quite dry but very enjoyable.

I was then taken to the station and my guide assisted me in purchasing a ticket to Arad. Something I would have found almost impossible on my own. I had a few hours left to explore the city before I departed, and again I was surprised by how spread out the shops were, how uncommercial everything felt, almost desolate. There was music coming from a seasonal fair, I purchased some small gifts which I planned to offer to my hosts on arrival at my destination. It was surprising to see amongst all the traditional wares, an anarchist stall clearly visible, but I got distracted by hot corn and mulled wine and did not get to find out what they were doing amongst all the Christmas fuss.

His home was like a microcosm of what I saw in the country at large, half under construction, tools everywhere, a kind of comfortable half completeness that made you feel like the place could remain in state forever and always feel comfortable. His personality was expressed in simple touches like using a log barbecue skewer to hook his curtains in place, and some tragically placed clothes hooks which served to store the plugs from appliances that shared a socket. My accommodation was a spacious room with a hammock and in the sunny afternoon was a welcome change from the damp coldness of Bucharest.



We met his friend in the evening and spent our time trawling local bars. I tried unsuccessfully to engage the bar staff in conversation about wages, not a polite question in any country I suppose, but one I feel is a necessary taboo to break in the process toward creating a more equitable society. I was job hunting I quipped, how would I know I wasn't being ripped off, but the barman was unrelenting. The beer was expensive for the region and I was glad to find my final paycheck from the job I left behind had cleared.

The next day I was lucky to be offered a lift from my new friend I had met in the pub the previous, my current host being a good friend of the man I would stay with at my working destination had persuaded him it would make an interesting road trip. My destination this time being a small village near Garahontz and the mysterious art caves I had volunteered to contribute a painting to.



It was dark when we arrived so I was able to see very little of the landscape or rural life. Arriving at the Motz residence we were seated in a cosy little room, obviously a place for the whole family to sleep and share their days. We drank palinca, laughed, joked. It was my birthday, and I soon passed out drunk

I awoke late. My companions for the journey here have left already and I do not know what to do. I am neither warm nor frozen but I awoke none the less.

I can remember this day yet. For it was the day we left the town, and I realised that my companions had not in fact left, but that I had walked out on them to the outhouse to collect my thoughts and smoke pot. I don't want to write I want to sew. Sewing is so much more relaxing. Write I must though, I am four days behind.

They dropped us off at the caves, Mr Motz my host talked a lot. He took me around the caves. I want to rush writing as I am drunk from the local spirit I was fed by a native I was forced to communicate with. He showed me the room, and the outline of his far from realised vision.



He likes to talk a lot.

We took a walk to the local town. He wanted to check his internet and I was more than happy to accompany him. It was the first time I had ever walked along a railway track. I am always amazed by this country's ancient approach to health and safety, the railway line can be approached by foot from almost anywhere, and even in the center of a small town, there is no barrier or underpass, just a simple reliance on people's ability to look both ways before stepping out.

Although it was dark my host took care to make me aware of all the local amenities, he seemed quite proud that there were both hospitals, fucking bars, and non-fucking bars. He took me to a hardware store of which he was acquainted with the owner. They discussed what I assume were friendly trivialities in their own language while I took some time to explore the stock of the shop.



For many hours I did needlework. I reflected that I was addicted to the needle and it was impacting on my ability to do some writing. I lit a fire, drank some beer at sat thoughtfully before writing a few hundred lines before falling asleep.

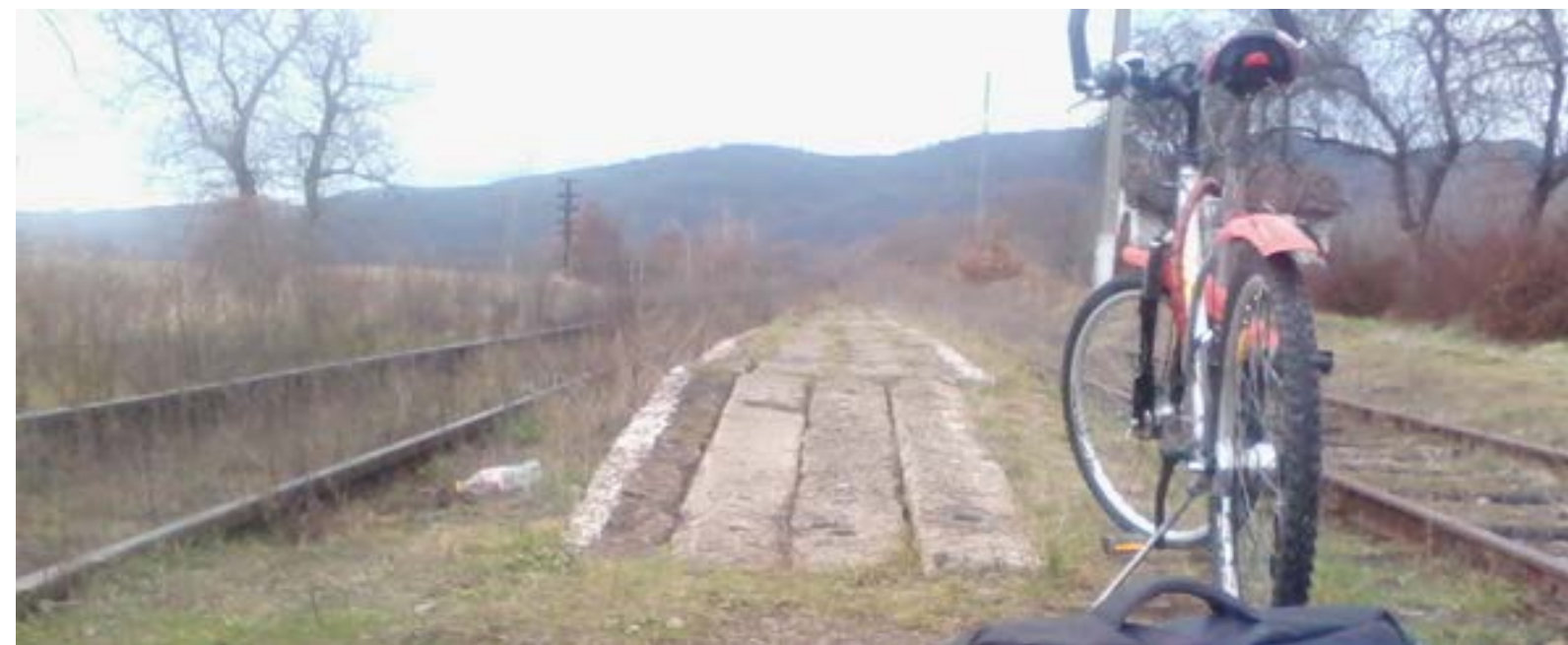
Soon it was new years eve. CENSORED



I ate dinner with my host and his mother. It was a simple supper of home made yogurt from unpasturised milk. This was served with olive oil potatoes pork bread and livened up with the addition of some plum compot. I managed a couple more words of Romanian and this seemed to please his mother, although I can never manage to eat enough cakes for her liking.

I did some digging in the garden preparing a bed for planting. I was joined by me and a couple of small local children. They seemed interested in the strangely dressed foreign guy but were soon more occupied with the fire me had lit to burn garden waste. I finished my allocated bed and offered to take over with the collection of garden waste with the rake. I showed the small boy how to rekindle a fire using my breath and he seemed quite impressed with this feat. He could however burn quicker than my weak lazy body was able to collect. I would have stopped work and given up much sooner if I did not feel I was spoiling the children's fun. After we finished the boy kindly taught me how to count to six which was good fun and humbly kindhearted of him.

I woke late and did some basic life support tasks, some writing and organisation. I went for a walk down the garden all the way to the river and was pleased to find a stick I believed it would be okay to col-



Today I felt so lost and broken. I suffered from hospital rocking for a period in the morning. This when you get swept over by a lost helplessness that comes from being locked inside a place with no escape, no freedom, and no control over your life. It is something I have only experienced since being locked inside mental hospitals hence the name. I think it was because I was so far away from home, and from missing my friends and family, and feeling somewhat powerless to change my situation, and even worse having no one I could have a good winge to.

Thankfully my host called me in for dinner, and I was able to use on of my thrice weekly shower allowances to refresh myself. hHe is very concerned about me catching a cold, not only did he insist I sat under a blanket while he applied a hairdryer to me, he also made me kneel before the fire for some minutes to ensure I was completely dry. I ate soup and greedily took a third portion before being mildly chastised to leave room for second course which was a delicious pork risotto style dish served with fresh soft boiled eggs. It was so good but due to my earlier greed I felt it would be rude to eat as much of the rice as I would have liked. Anyway I was quite full and ready for my afternoon walk.

After dinner I tought ami my hosts mother some english words for mealtime items. I was not very good at remebering the Romanianain name for anything, but she did quite very well and was soon joyfully chanting spoon, fork, knife. My host explained that some of these sounds had a different meaning in their own tongue - something I had once heard referred to as the paradox of language.

My host took me via his friends and then up a quarry hill to an old dynamite store when he had purchased some large peices of tree he could see potential for a sculpture in. I agreed they where spectacular lumps of wood, although they would need a very large room to work as art. He suggested they could go in the Tate one day but for now he would like them outside his art gallery.

He explained that the cost of heating a home for the entirity of winter is £200 - £400 depending on where you are in the country. He then showed me some local flora, and showed me to taste rose hips softened by the frost and to pick juniper berries. I came across the idea in my mind to mix the flavours into a boiled sweet, imagining the sharpness of the rose hips and the warm spice of the juniper to make a pleasant time passer for train journeys.

He also pointed out renovations people had made to properties over the years. Refreshed he called this, and in a place where almost everything is quaintly crumbling they where tasteflly refurbished. I think this culture of repair works so well in this country because it balance by a complete indifference to anything that does not require immediate attention.





Finally I went to the shop, remembered once more how slow I am to learn languages, felt silly and bought some sweets and ciggarettes before coming home to start a fire in my room. Spotting that i had just arrived home and had taken some wood, she kindly arrived with some hot coals to get me started. The night I slept in the cave I had been gifted some bread, a raw onion and a hefty lump of what looked like solid fat but on closer inspection contained a single thread of bacon. At the time I was too green, spoilt and westernised to appriciate what I had been given, but I now felt at home here, and had developed an insight and understanding into their way of life. Plus it was fucking cold, I was starving and the household was locked up for the night. I lit my fire, found some bark, tore at the bacon with scissors, placed the chunks of fat on a strip of bark, pierced the bread with a stick and waited. When it was cooked I bit into the raw onion, the bread, the fat, the bacon. It was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted and I sat around the fire eating happily until I fell asleep.





# BREAKING OUT OF THE EXCHANGE RATE

I needed to use the internet and in the small farming village where I was staying the connections were limited by the economics of scale to a single set of connections. The result of this was that the only place I could connect was at the village shop. I was shown my host to the small table outside the shop where I managed to get online. Shortly I was joined at the table by the shopkeepers husband. He spoke little English and myself no Romanian, he kindly offered me a cigarette and I used this opportunity to find a suitable greeting from my translation book to show good intent amidst my ignorance.

He invited me in from the cold and fixed me a drink of palinca, a distilled alcohol found commonly amongst small hold farmers in this country. The only job which remained for me was to submit an invoice, and sitting as a guest beside this man who had kindly invited me into his home, I could not but feel a sense of unease at my day rate which was clearly visible in the center screen and is equivalent to around half a months wages for a low income worker.



We began to talk a little, using images on facebook to make our meaning clearer, and he managed to communicate to me that he wished to travel. To see some of the world. I felt dismayed by this. Not his dream, but an understanding that the very same economic factors which made me relatively wealthy in his country meant that for him to travel to mine would require such a vast amount of money in the economic terms of his country.



Inspired by this encounter and a nature walk I was taken on by my host, I decided to challenge myself to find a way to see if I could find the beginnings of a way out of the ridiculous economic disparity between nations.



I bought 1kg of sugar for 5 leu from his shop. I then foraged for some of the rosehips and juniper berries I had tasted on my walk and expending 5 Leu of gas in the cooking process managed to produce 1400g of candy that I estimate to have a value of at least 1Euro per 100g on the world market.

Ignoring the two hours labour i spent in gathering and preparing the product I estimate it was possible to make a minimum 400% gross profit on what I had produced. While not scaling infinitely due to the limited supply of berries in the area, I feel that the experiment was successful as the increase in labour from a larger harvest would be offset by a scaling reduction in the price of gas and cooking labour should the product be produced in larger batches.



#### METHOD

Take around 400g mixed wildberries  
Break them into little pieces  
Boil them in 100g water (adding slowly so not to burn)  
Strain and set aside  
Dissolve 500g sugar into 200g hot water  
Add the fruit syrup  
Allow to lightly boil  
Keep adding sugar until you have a saturated solution  
Don't stop stirring!  
Boil for almost an hour until the pan looks like foam  
Test using ice water dropping device  
When crystals form pour and leave to set





A photograph of a garden bed with dark soil and a wooden stake in the foreground. The text 'Towards a sane working week' is overlaid on the left side of the image.

# Towards a sane working week

We live in a world where practically anything we require for our survival can be made automatically. Where millions of people spend their days shuffling meaningless data, and countless millions more toil away in the production of ‘luxury’ goods.

There is something wrong with this situation and very few people would argue otherwise. Practical solutions on the other hand. at least in the popular dictonomy are few and far between.

For my own part I would like to propose that we slowly eradicate the middle of the market. Everyday things should be completely standardised and machine constructed from factory to shopfront. Everything else should be completely artisan made, not quite one of a kind, but tending toward the bespoke.

Last week I made bag for a tablet computer, it took me all week. I didn’t use a sewing machine since I didn’t have one, and since it was a prototype I wanted it to evolve slowly in a way that would not be possible using a machine. I could probably make three or four of these in a stress free unhurried working week. Why could there possibly be any need for anyone to produce more economic output than this?

I am as much of a materialist as anyone, I studied Industrial Design and I love objects. I like to collect them, to have them simply for their own sake, to leave them on my shelf and occasionally smile when I look at them. Most of my objects I use but the majority of them only occasionally.

I am as much of a materialist as anyone, I studied Industrial Design and I love objects. I like to collect them, to have them simply for their own sake, to leave them on my shelf and occasionally smile when I look at them. Most of my objects I use but the majority of them only occasionally.

For sake of brevity I would like to look mainly at the tailored goods market. The electronics market is close to standardisation already, and it would take only a minor economic shift to eradicate the need for human workers in the factories. The manufacture of clothing on the other is, in my mind at least a more technologically challenging problem.



Use less is not a new a concept, but probably applies more to the clothing market than any other economic sector, sure we might waste food or rush out to buy the latest devices, but nothing says out of control capitalism like hordes of peoples loaded with bags of clothes each weekend. Apart fom the epically wealthy end of the market, most of these clothes will be badly made from cheap materials - they look great on the shelves but after one wear lose all their shape and are soon abandoned.

If clothes where made to last, and people forced by such market forces to buy less, then this culture of waste could slowly be reduced. I imagine a world where third world sweat shop craftspeople could command salaries in line with IT workers and business men. The path of empowerment this would require is far from easy but definately worth pursuing.

The end result of this would be a world where 'work' as we currently understand it takes a secondary focus to the more important pursuits of learning, loving and constructive play. It is not a world where we abandon our responsibilities and everyone lives in perpectual hedonism, but rather one where the stresses and concerns of survival and remaining economically viable are replaced with a culture of abundance and useful, healthgiving relaxation.





# FLYING BY THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS: how to sew your way toward self sufficien- cy.



## Materials:

Half a pair of trousers - £15 two years ago

The end of a scarf - £1 from charity shop

An old hat - found on the street

A selection of thread - £1.99

A selection of needles - 2 RON from the local magazin



I used the scarf material to make a soft cover for the inside of the case.

Using a book of the same dimensions as the tablet I folded the material over leaving a little excess on each side.

I then stitched up either side of the pouch and cut away the excess.



It's a little unclear from this photograph but i then place this inside the material I had cut away from my trouser leg.

I made sure to leave plenty of room on every side to allow me to experiment with designs for a reinforced hem and fold over flap to secure the tablet.





You can begin to use the excess material to create a stronger more supportive container for your tablet.

It's quite a time consuming process if you don't have a sewing machine, but it's a good opportunity to sit still and listen to some music.

It's probably a good idea to note at this stage that it's probably better to have sewn on the front pocket before you have done this stage since it will make it easier in the long run, but it's also difficult to know exactly where it should go which is why I did it last.



If, as I did you have no safety pins to hand you can stitch in a few guide markers along the way to ensure you are sewing in a straight line.

Again using the book as a guide and ruler, I measured out the edges. Unlike the pouch this part of the case will be turned inside out, so remember to sew it together with the side of material you want visible on the inside.

After folding the material over, sew up both open sides and then also along the bottom so as not to rely solely on the strength of the folded materi-



Once complete, the liner you made earlier should now fit neatly inside.

It's a little tricky to secure it, but I found that I was able to simply just stitch it in at the bottom corners after a few tries and it held firmly in place.

Remember that when you turn it inside for the final stage the liner will stay in place. I found keeping the guidebook inside while I sewed helped with this.





Using the foremost section of material visible on the left, you want to fold it over once on itself and then again around the liner before securing along the seem with needles.

It's not completely clear from the photograph but the effect you are going for is something similar to Swiss Roll style cake, so that that when you sew it all together the needle is going through the green, then blue, then green, then blue, then green material.



If you have managed to follow along so far, once you invert the material you should now have something that looks similar to case above.





The back most edge is much simpler with a small fold in the hem for neatness. I took a little more care here than usual since the stitches will be visible from the back of the case. The completed effect for both finished sides should look similar to below.



I think sewing on the the pocket was my favourite, although as I indicated earlier leaving it until last made more it difficult than it had to be. You need to be very careful not to sew the insides together.

Also visible here are the reinforcements I made for the button and button hole using the material from my hat.





The button was attached going first in a cross and then again in a square for added strength.

The button was cut out with scissors and then reinforced with stitching around the outsides.



I think the details for the lid worked quite well with the visible stitching and also like the rough effect on the pocket.





# Posing as Death on the Bucharest Express

There are some journeys in fiction that just couldn't be set anywhere but in a traditional compartmentalised railway car. Something about the forced connection with strangers and the taboo of entering a carriage that is not your own makes a perfect setting for a mystery.

Watching such old movies as a child and even more recently when indulging in some of the Harry Potter movies, I always dreamed of travelling in such a way but since our transport systems have been 'optimised' and rebuilt to fit a single extra passenger per carriage it seemed somewhat impossible. There are of course several boutique experience trains that still use this old fashioned layout but from the advertisements they appear sterile beyond words, a sanitised butler coated theme park ride for the excessively bored.

It came then as a welcome surprise to find myself in such a carriage whilst making the 10 hour journey from Bucharest to Arad. From the moment I stepped up the totally wheelchair impossible stairs I was in another world, an older, more dangerous yet somehow more humble and dare I say civilised world. I quickly found my compartment, said a quiet hei to my new neighbours and mustered some supplies before stowing my luggage.

The regular spacing in standard class seemed to be four to a carriage, I suppose the middle seats are used during busy periods but mostly serve to preserve personal space and create a relaxed atmosphere and as last to enter I took my place beside the window.





Beside me was a man I can only describe as typical, he had a small overnight bag typical of someone who works away from home, and wore the relaxed, vaguely late nineties style of dress popular with the urban middle class here.

Across from me where an late aged couple who looked, the woman especially, exactly how an interplanetary guidebook might describe the Peasant genus. If she had been thirty years younger and at a rock concert I might have described her look as gypsy chic, but no on this occasion it was definately peasant standard. As far as I can remember she was already asleep when I arrived, head beside the window and her short stockinged legs petruding from her paisley patterned skirt and stretched across the middle seat. Her husband who sat at a diagonal from me was dressed in simple attire and a old yet modern looking leather jacket.

Smoking, as elsewhere in this wonderful country, is allowed. The windows in the compartent however are fixed so smoking is done in the corridor. This both keeps the demons at bay and the compartent a pleasant place to be regardless of what you prefer in your lungs. I had some weed left over from my change over in Amsterdam and rolled myself a cannabis ciggarette, it seemed only proper that I get stoned at the start of the journey while my mind was fresh and my imagination active. The old man was the only one awake and I think something about the pro death propaganda on my tabbaco packet had spooked him and as he looked over with loving concern at his sleeping wife, I wondered if he believed me to be Death incarnate. I don't think the can of Hell energy drink I had sat on the floor beside me helped much, and in my head it seemed only proper that I balance out the effects of the advertising by flashing him the image of paradise on my books cover. He looked relieved and offered me a cigarette from his packet.

This proved useful as using a lighter while your head hangs out a moving train is not easy so I chain lit my joint, quickly smoked it and then marvelled at how everyone seemed to be drinking from the same bottles of spring water that where haphazardly stashed along the corridors. There is not much to see as you look out the windows, but it's very refreshing and going through the long tunnels at night evoked images of middle earth in my imagination.

Later as dawn broke, the peasant lady woke to sup, and they kindly shared with me a simple yet delicious meal of bread and sausage. It was such a simple thing, yet so human and life affirming. It was a scene I could imagine happening in on a modern train, where even offering a mint imperial over the plastic table verges on violent imposition.

I really have nothing bad to say about this journey save one word of caution. If you must visit the toilet as the train is speeding you along your way, do watch out for the step well, it gave me quite a start to find myself wobbling past and staring out at the blackness of the night though an open door.

(Image liberated from:  
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/sludgeulper/3967076356/>)





## Review: The Motz Gallery (Nr. Garahontz)

The motz gallery has potential. It also has some great works of art, but mostly it has potential. Being taken on a tour by it's owner it's clear from the way he talks that he can see this potential, and that he has no shortage of ideas.

From the road, there is a picnic area outside the cave door and you are greeted by a large mural of a squid headed capitalist playing a slot machine.

Inside there is some basic accomodation, two beds, a stove, a writing desk. It's definately rough camping at this time of year, but warm enough when the door is closed and there is a generator available for light and music.

The cave travels in a horse shoe shape and was mined out by hand during the war. There are various chambers set off from the main passage way, a 'torture chamber' and it opens back out onto the road further along the cliff.



Inside and out there are some inspiring murals left by previous residents, and there is plenty room left for additional paintings and installations.

At the moment it needs some money spent on it to bring it up to the highly pampered standards of the modern artist, but I look forward to returning

## Review: Vegan Time (Arad)

Vegan Time is a great little restaurant tucked away on a side street at the head of Arads shopping district. It's the only vegetarian restaurant in the city and what it does it does well.



The ambiance is unsettling in an entirely pleasant way. I think it's mostly the music, a strange of collection of swing age french odities. I have been in the city three days now and have spent almost 15 hours here. It's very clean and refreshingly western, I could almost be in London here and it's very hard to say that about any other cafe or eatery in the city. It's also very hard to find anywhere in London I would want to spend this much time.



The food is fresh, arrives quickly and tastes delicious. I had never tried vegan 'creamy' pasta before visiting here and I am completely converted. The pasta was heavy and perfectly cooked, the sauce just enough to keep you interested until the end without being overwhelming. I also tried a tomato based offering with the same pasta, and again it did not disappoint, hints of chilli keeping a delicate warmth throughout the dish.

For snacking the brusheta comes with some properly wholesome bread which approaches the rye end of the spectrum without being overpowering. The tomato based one was competent, I've had better to quote a stuffy restaurant critic, but the champignon brusheta is a great accompaniment to any drink and perfect for snacking on whilst doing some work.

The coffee is good, they have a reasonable selection of high end beers and beverages, and as an added bonus a large and flexible menu of invigorating fruit smoothies. If your coming here to work I would recommend arriving during the daytime as it gets quite busy and vibrant at night, but if your in Arad for a day or two it's not to be missed.

## **REVIEW: KF (Arad)**

KF is a hip little bar tucked away behind the theatre in Arad. It has a wide variety of different types of seating. Whether you want to slouch or sit, there is something to accomodate you.

The walls are a combination of street art, gig posters and bespoke paintings and most of them are to a very high standard. The beer tastes like beer and the music is of as high a standard as I have heard anywhere, a combination of hip hop and and lofi dance- contemporary, upbeat and the perfect place to wind down at the end of the day.







## **COST OF LIVING ROUNDUP**

This is a picnic I bought from the supermarket. I started it construct it into sandwiches outside.

A security guard came out while I was working and told me I couldn't sit where I was. I was then asked to 'move inside'. First time in my hoboing career that security guard has asked me to take my food inside. Seems they have a decicated area for this type of thing.

Beer : 1-2 RON in shops : 4 - 9 RON in bars

Wine: Around 15 RON a caraffe

Eat out: 25 RON