

Fig.055 Screenshot showing me on one of my daily walks with my small daughter. Specifically this walk belonged to a repertoire of walks I try to repeat regularly every month. From the south of Utrecht where my partner worked, I crossed an old cemetery and via an abandoned railroad I reached a small farm in the very north of the city where I fed my child.

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I try to keep in motion at least for half of the day. Having to take care of my family I can never go too far from home, especially if they are not with me and have to be at school or at work. I then try to make my walks purposeful, walking to the market to buy veggies and fruit or walking to a second hand shop in the industrial part of town to search for cheap but good shoes and clothes for the children. In this sense walking as a recreation for me is only when I am with my family and I want to keep them in motion. Something within me does not allow me to just walk or do any other activity for the sake of personal recreation. Even my partner was not used to walking and after she met me, she got more and more into it to the point that now it is her way to endure her stressful work. My ordinary walking puts me on the same level of people like Carolina Maria de Jesus, the black Brazilian who kept a diary of her days spent scavenging in and around Sao Paulo. With her it was a matter of life and death and for me it is a matter of surviving as a human being. While I did in the past lived the homeless life in Vancouver, the main reason I am in s scavenging mode is my realization that we have lived as hunter-gatherers for thousands of years and it is in this modality that we can keep sane and learn to respect our surroundings.