



Hola Big Underwear members and clergy.

The Higher anointing Big underwear spiritual religion troopers continue into the Yucatan part of Mexico, actually crossing into said region after a few more days of hanging out with the Circus family what was/is still in the Campeche county. We say a big Thank You to the circus folk for inviting us into their circle and sharing some nice times.

On last picture with the circus family....V

We continued on the small road with the idea to visit another Mayan ruin and soon arrived at Sayal which was actually one of the older Mayan cities. This historical ruin was quite extensive, encompassing a



fairly large area. We paid the entrance fee and proceeded to visit many different sacred structures with the feeling of history flowing through us. While at the last ruin, I was walking towards an entranceway when suddenly a bee attacked my nose and gave me a good sting. When I turned and started running, another bee got me in the back side.

The great Palace in Sayal



The pain was pretty intense, and my eyes were watering and soon my nose was swollen. Youch! We headed back to the bus, and by the time we arrived the pain was leaving and the swelling was tapering off. A nice cold shower and life was back to pretty good.

Mayan girls walking in their City Muna >>>

We drove for another hour or so, and eventually landed in the village of Muna. We found a parking spot right next to the plaza, and enjoyed another home cooked meal and a nice cold beer. Later we walked around the village, and decided to inquire about doing some shows. The next morning we went to the municipal and spoke with the secretary and soon we were re-parking the bus in a nice place that we thought would be perfect for doing our show which we hoped would be on the next two days: Tuesday and Wednesday at 7pm, right near the Mercado.



Officials in Muna, the announcement chica, police-officer and the secretary of the president

We began to film this regularly easy process of receiving the permit, but we became distracted when only a moment after the request, we were approached by the policeman who originally directed us to the office. He informed us that we did in fact receive permission, but that we must also perform the show on that night (Monday). It was completely unpredictable.

Here we are in the middle of the action!! >

We always get permission since the town doesn't have to pay us anything. All we ask for is electricity, a bathroom, and water. They generally provide at least one of those things, most often electricity, since agua y los banos are all depending upon the availability during specific hours. We don't care, we just go along. We have learned so much since the first and second Big Underwear Social Tours. Hard to believe the English mechanics who were with us on the first tour thought we would never be



able to continue after they left, and not only did we finish that tour, we did another,, and now we are doing another. This tour it is just Irmi and myself, and we are meeting so many different and also similar people. Of course we have mellowed out a lot since those early days so that probably helps, especially for me. And some how we have got away from the rat race for a little while, it's just incredible.



The Muna-Mayas were everywhere just not around us



Anyhoot, the town of Mona bustled around us, and for some strange reason the people did not flock around the bus or ask to take pictures - or even visit very much. We were in the middle of the Mayan population, and you could feel the timidity as the people cautiously looked at us and the bus as they did their own things.



After buying meat we tried to get the audience closer

On Monday night close to 7:00pm there was not much of an audience, mostly just school kids and one drunk guy. but by 7:00 more folks started showing up, and since we had already decided to start a little later, it worked out fine, except that most of the public were standing a good distance back from where we had set out our make shift benches and cushions.

We tried to get them to move closer, and some did, but finally we had to start the show and the audience was definitely more shy than other crowds we've encountered in Mexico.

After the 1 hour 15 min. show we passed the hat, and made roughly

43\$ and 80 cents (American). I would like to think the audience was too shy to come forward, but I do not completely believe this, since even though they are Mayan and special, they also are addicted to their phones and their coca cola, just like the rest of of the country. The Municipal had said they would bring chairs, and finally did bring some, though they were sort of late, and then the next night



they did not even show up, but hey! whatever, the next night we had a larger audience that was still shy, and slightly stubborn. <<< ***They were stubborn but they liked the Fartsos*** And though the show was much larger and even better, we still only made 50 some dollars (American). We figured between the two hour set up time the two hour break down time and the one hour of Fartsos publicity, we are making less than minimum wage. so yea,, we're pretty kool for that eh!....I guess it proves money doesn't buy happiness, lifestyle buys happiness, cause we were still happy with only 90 some dollars.



One last picture with the police and the bus and us before we left Muna

In fact we were so happy that the next morning we packed our bus up and said goodbye to Mona and headed north (there was no actual contract). Needless to say we gratefully put the money back into the community by going to the Big Soriana Super Mercado and spending most of the money on food, and of course a big bottle of Presidente cognac.

On the way back to the bus after we went shopping >>>

Soon we arrived in the big city of Merida, and although we searched for an appropriate parking spot we did not find one, and we decided to continue North towards the city of Progreso and the Ocean, which was only about an hour drive. The arrival in Progreso was much smoother, and negotiation with the bus was easier, as it is a much smaller city. We found an empty lot along the



coastline, not too far from the hub of local and touristic action. We parked the bus so the wind could flow through the windows and two Amerikans approached the bus and asked what we were up to.

We stopped and parked in Progreso

We explained our project and they came in for a tour of the bus, and even wanted to donate 40\$ to our cause. After a nice conversation they left with a pair of underwear. The next morning we rode our bikes to the office of the cultural arts center, and inquired with them the possibility of doing shows over the weekend. They were very agreeable, and we then went rode back to the bus to make flyers and head to the copy shop to print off around a hundred.



The parking spot in Progreso.... A round with the Fartsos.... El Norte brought some wind

Throughout the day we met a few Canadians and also Americans who were living there in Progreso. These folks informed us that there was a small community of foreigners who live full or part time in/around Progreso. After siesta, we rode around on our bikes in our Fartso costumes handing out flyers and announcing the show time and place. The spot for the show was right next to where we parked the bus, not by a church or a plaza, which was really cool and quite different from our normal show places. There was a 5x5 meter slab of concrete similar to the one we poured in Germany this summer, and this created

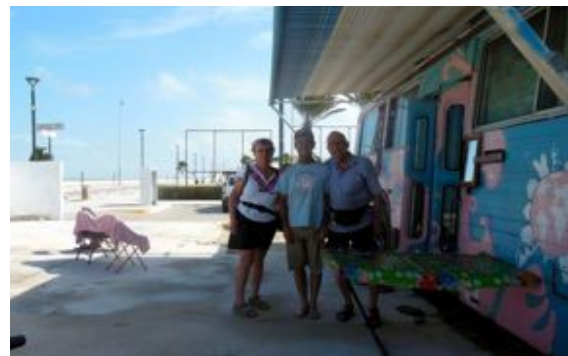


the perfect performance space.

<<< Our perfect performing space!!

During the next day we went to the market and bought some fish and vegetables and also handed out more flyers. Early in the day, we rode our bikes around doing a bit more publicity with the Fartsos. As usual a number of

people were drawn to the bus and we invited them in and had some nice conversations.



People we met..... for example John and Jane from Merida an adventures couple who sailed and biked

We unloaded the equipment from the roof, and slowly began to set the up show. When show time arrived, it had become quite windy, however we continued on with the show. The combination of locals and tourists seemed to fuse together well, creating a comfortable ambiance for everyone. The difference between the crowd in Muna and there in Progreso was significant, certainly the hat pass was better.



The left picture shows the family who bought two flowerpots..... riding around with the bike along the fisherman side of Progreso

I think we made close to a hundred dollars that night, though we had a smaller audience. On the 2nd night we made nearly double that, and I was even able to sell two of my exclusive flower pots for a 25 \$ donation. Throughout our 5-6 days in Progreso we met many different folks; we saw two cruise ships full of American tourists. We rode our bikes outside of the relatively clean area of Progreso, and found the surrounding areas to be filled with trash. Finally it was time to head out, but first a stop at our new friends Sabrina and Gregg's, who were there with their 3 sons. They were staying in Progreso for a year so that the kids could go to school and learn Spanish. They kindly let us fill up our water tanks which we really appreciated. Thank you folks, water really helps how ever you live your life.



A few of the Canadians suggested that we head over to Chelem, a village nearby, and so we did but we did not find a good place to set up the show so we continued on in the direction of Telchac Puerto.



The only thing we did in Chelem..... we bought some beer

That took a few hours - including stops we made to look at the beautiful pink flamingos. just as the sun was going down, we pulled into the small village and

parked right by the municipal. We asked a secretary about doing a show but she



In the office of the small city

told us the president was away attending a funeral. A man we met who spoke English and German said it should be no problem for us to get the permit and a few of the folks from the office took us out back where there was an impression of a women resembling the virgin of Guadalupe.



The Mexican who spoke German and the picture from Guadalupe.....



...They explained that the impression had appeared randomly one day, and that this was truly a magical happening. Within the Catholic religion they often refer to these appearances as Miracles. The impression was decorated with lights and there were candles burning around it. As a matter of fact all of Mexico is celebrating the virgin of Guadalupe, tiz the season. Anyhoot the next day we were told we could do a show if we wanted to but we had actually changed our minds about doing a show there, backing out and promising to return and do shows another time.

Next morning we let the wind blow through our head and talked to the



pelicans....

So we decided to head out and soon drove inland on a very small road, eventually arriving in the village of Temax which is pronounced temash (Mayan). This was a very charming town with some beautiful buildings as well as an ancient looking church. There we found a basketball court, which is actually our favorite place to set up our show. soon we had the permission, and also made flyers, and later we were riding our bikes around in our Fartso costumes passing out flyers and inviting people to come to the show tomorrow (Saturday) at 7:00 pm.



Temax, we had a good feeling

The next morning we woke up to the usual hot sun, had our tea, coffee, and Spanish lesson, and embarked on our bikes on another publicity ride around the village. some of the people who poked their heads out of the doorways were quite surprised to see two gringos in costumes farting on their bicycles and passing out flyers.

During the day we casually set the show up, made some repairs, and of course cooled off in our primitive shower.



Our audience is gathering, first behind the grates....late in the night there was some action

At 7:00 pm we were ready to go though we stalled around for 20 mins. because thats what the audience seemed to do also. we did some warm ups, and by 7:30 we were on our way, though it was still humid and hot, and we were already quite drenched in sweat.

A happy audience member >>>

We were still in a mostly Mayan population, and there was still the timidity, though it was a little bit better mostly because we set up the show so that we were closer to the audience. Irmi and I were not the best artists on this night - we were arguing during the show, but the audience did not seem to pick up on this, and in



the end everyone was happy including Irmi and myself. Ok, so after the cold (warm) shower, and after packing the show near the bus under the awning, we enjoyed a nice cold beer, and later counted our hat money which came to 935 pesos which is about \$75. We slept well that night except some minor distraction from some teenagers were playing soccer by the bus and also other teenagers who were setting off fire crackers, so, I guess we did not sleep so well,, but whatever.



These are papayas which got to hot

us and seemed perplexed by our actions, though we hope they realized how much more beautiful the church is without the surrounding litter, and perhaps even inspired them to do a bit of landscaping of their own. We were indeed scheduled to perform our show again that night, but fortunately for us the rain came, so we scooted everything underneath the awning and instead had a nice dinner. ***We got some fresh chicken for dinner >>>***

The next day we packed everything up, said our thank yous and goodbyes to the folks at the municipal. The Presidente shook our hands and thanked us in return, he told us that he heard good reviews regarding the show and he wished us a good travel.



Here we are in Tizimin, good for shopping and free internet in the park central.

At this point we headed back towards the ocean, and after a casual day of traveling on some very small roads, we arrived in the fishing village of Rio Lagartos.

We drove through the village and



found maybe just a km from town the entrance to the Rio Lagartos reserve.



In the mangrove area at the reserve >>>

We parked right next to the water, and slept well that night. In the morning we hiked around a little into the mangrove area where there was a natural spring springing forth sweet water.



Near the water there are a lot of birds all day long...

We ended up staying in this place for maybe 5-6 days. Irmi and I argued a little because she wanted to set up a show here and I was more into the idea of just taking it easy. We went on a boat ride with some German and French folks and we saw many birds: pink flamingos, two different kinds of pelicans, many long legged birds, ospreys, ibises, and some cute little ones.



All around the Rio Lagartos Reserve.....

Irmi still wanted to perform our show in the village., and I am sorry I did not go for it, because it was one of those villages that would have truly loved it., so, sorry Irmi!. We harvested some coconuts for our sweet coco flakes that we taught ourselves how to make on earlier tours, and we even gave some of the coco flakes to our boat man Gabriel, who then in return brought us some

tasty fish that we enjoyed for dinner. Muchas gracias Gabriel. We swam in the spring water near our bus, and rode bikes around the village. We drank a few beers with the new French friends we made, and then we packed the bus and headed towards the Riviera Maya which is a heavy touristic area of the Quintana Roo county and also where you can find Cancun and Playa Del Carmen (to name a few more popular touristico cities). Along the way we stopped here and there, admiring the different little things that you can see when you go along at 35-40 miles per hour in a big ole bus with the jungle on both sides.

.....here we stopped to ask for directin



Our refrigerator makes ice, and you can imagine how nice that is in 85-90 degree weather - nothing like ice cold water when its so hot.



The salt lakes in Los Colorados

Anyhoot, we were excited because in a few days my daughter Rosie girl would be arriving from Boston. We arrived in the small town of Puerto Morelos, and quickly found a parking place next to the center of the village, which was also a fishing

village originally. In fact less than twenty years ago there were no paved roads here. Now the town floods with tourists from all over the world, though we have encountered a large community of French Canadians, Argentineans and even Germans. Puerto Morelos is tucked in between Cancun and Playa Del Carmen, making it yet another tourist populated place. in a few days and on the day they call Christmas, we found ourselves



parked in this big empty lot which is a block from the center of Puerto Morelos.

There was some rain on the way when

we arrived in Puerto Morelos

From here Irmi and I rode the bikes 2 kms to the main road between Cancun and Tulum, also known as the ciudad of La Colonia. We locked the bikes, and I then took a bus to the airport in Cancun while Irmi jogged back to our bus.

Rosie arrived fine and dandy and we jumped on the bus back to the bikes and rode back the village where our bus was parked. Rosie is in her junior year at U-mass Boston and has come down during her Christmas vacation to spend a month with the Big underwear Social Tour. great to have you aboard Rosie, now do some dishes, har de har har!.



First day with Roze

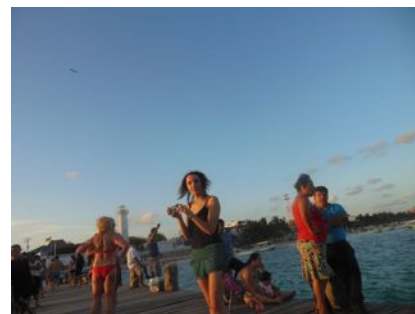


Upon arrival and after a nice bike ride home, we quickly jumped into our swimming gear, and plopped in the aqua blue waters of the Caribbean Ocean. Rosie was in paradise, and Irmi and I also. Irmi and I are excited that Rosie is here with us as we have had so many wonderful times in Europe, Rhode Island, Boston, Oregon and now we can include Mexico in our collection of adventures together.

We got the snorkeling stuff out, which was found in la basura back in good ol' Amerika, and have



been out in the ocean snorkeling each day. This has been an exciting part of the this particular adventure, as we saw many different fish including a bunch of meter long barracuda.



Beside snorkeling we juggle and do this and that

Both the girls were not so excited about the barracuda, being that they are quite intimidating looking (the barracuda, not the girls). We talked with a woman named Trinnie, and set up a show for Friday and Saturday after Xmas, and parked the bus on the street next to the plaza which is truly the center of all action in the town.



However on Friday night it rained so hard that it was not possible to perform, though a large turnout of people had arrived. Interestingly enough, we learned that in these few days it rained more in this small town than it had in the last 37 years.

Talking with Trinie about our plans.... It rained all night so we collected the rainwater in various pots for showers



Showers in the rain..... making new friends without facebook..... dancing in the rain

The next day we had to contend with the police who were basically saying that we could not park here. The alcaldia (government) was somewhat inaccessible and we were unable to obtain an official permit.



... here comes the problems: we have to move... only one person is smiling in the camera..

Our contact person Trinnie, who was supposedly the overseer of the park/plaza, and also on close terms with the Alcaldia, was not so very helpful and by early afternoon we were told we had to move the bus back to the big lot which is really just a block away. We still had permission to do the show in the plaza that night (Saturday), we just had to cart all of our equipment there. We were a little bit disappointed, but by 5 o'clock we began unloading everything we needed for the show, and transporting it over by wheel barrow and cart, and had the show set up by 7:00, with an 8:00 performance time. Rosie was in charge of the underwear and recuerdo's table.



Pretty cool show ambience and people looking out for underwear.

A few minutes after 8pm we started the show with a very large audience of many different nationalities. It was a great show for both Irmi and myself, and by the end of the show the audience was cheering loudly. We passed the hat to a very appreciative audience and a few folks donated for underwear and buttons. After the show we packed up all the stuff - our new friend Dolphin from France and owner of Delfins diving shop donated her van and another new friend Mauricio volunteered to drive the equipment back to the bus so that we did not have to wheel it all back. We quickly had all of our stuff unloaded at the bus, where we could casually put it away and enjoy a nice cold beer and a koolish swim in the ocean.

Unfortunately while we've been here in Puerto Morelos our bus has developed some energy problems with my inverter and also my generator. The inverter problem just kind of appeared, and though it functions, it does not actually put out the power for our basic needs such as smoothies, or computer charging etc... fortunately for us, Javier, one of the 3 guys who work on the beach cleaning crew, called a contact of his who works on electric stuff and he is presently working on the inverter and the generator. I feel stupid to tell how the generator went kaput, so I will save some face by not relating this sad story.

.....

Brady saving some face



Meanwhile Sunday was a take it easy day, and Monday too. We all went snorkeling and ate nice meals, and by New Years eve we had asked Treenie and the Alcadia if we could make another show on New Years Eve. It was all set and so we continued our sun and water activities mixed with pleasant visits and yummy food. We also got to hook up to the electric here in the lot that also serves as the beach crews tractor parking place, Thanks to Javier, Gracias Javier.

We also went out to let our farts talk



So at 5:00 p:m on 31 Dec. 2013, Rosie, Irmi, and myself loaded the show off the bus and down to the plaza, and by 7:30 p:m we were pretty close to being ready for show time. The funny thing was there weren't very many people!. But by 8:00 there were enough folks to get the show going and we did our best to shine as we had on Sat. night. And though we never did feel the power of the previous show, there were still some funny moments.

***The view from
Roze's donation
table***

And the audience grew pretty big, lots of compliments and a few underwear/money exchanges and we were packing



up the show again, and our friend Mauricio came to offer Delfins van again, and so once again we are happy to say a Big Thank You Mauricio and Delfin, and Fabian and Anggie, and Andrade, and numerous others who subsequently invited us out to party in the New Year, Thank You all, our New Puerto Morelos



Friends.

The highlight of this month of course, is that My Rosie girl is here to be with us for a whole month, this is super wunderbar. We have all ready had so much fun here. I was born and now I am here, and the same goes for Rosie, and Irmi and all the people out there we have met. I know it sounds a bit stupid but hey I like stupid, sometimes more than smart. Sometimes smart gets into trouble as much as stupid, sometimes on a grander level. But hey I should probably lay off the critic stuff, since after this last weeks energy crisis in the bus and my in- ability to fix it, I feel like a dork.



I'll just ask Rosie to write a short closing and then you can see smart in action.

~~Hello, my father has been asking me for some time (many years) to sit down and write a piece about/for this Big Underwear Social Tour. Well, he finally lured me to Mexico and trapped me, so here I am with a small piece about my experience here so far. I've never been to Mexico and I've never traveled on this bus so this trip is loaded with tons of new experiences for me. I spent a lot of time growing up in other busses traveling all over Europe but it's not the



same. For one thing, this bus is twice the size of other busses we've lived in, and for another thing, people were never this genuinely nice to me in Europe and America.



Mexico is incredibly different from America. Flying out of Boston all I saw was concrete and a few patches of green but coming into Cancun was almost surreal... I don't think I've ever seen that much untouched land. Abundant in trees, tall grass, small pools of water. I thought it was really cool that the first thing I got to do was ride bikes back to Puerto Morelos from La Colonia, which is where we got the bus from the airport.

It hasn't been too hard for me to adjust to bus life, which if you've lived in a bus you know is very different from living in a house. It's a total different work ethic. Luckily I'm somewhat used to this, and I know my father so I know sort of what expectations he has from someone living in the bus with him. Mostly it's that you must take care of your things, keep them consolidated, jump up to help out with dishes and other chores - basically make it so that no one has to clean up after you. I sleep on a futon so every night I must take off all the pillows, take off the top sheet, pull out the bed, fix the mosquito net and then do the reverse upon waking up. It's different from being able to slip into your already made bed with no worries of mosquito's because you live in a house... you know, that kind of stuff.



It's always fun seeing people's reactions to the bus and also of course to the Fartsos costumes which draw a lot of stares and a lot of laughs. But if you just say hello to someone they usually immediately smile and say hello and ask how you're doing, even though they may seem timid. Even this is a different experience for me, since in Boston it seems most people are already planning how they can avoid making eye contact with you when you're a block away. God forbid you look at someone sitting across from you on

the train. So yes, many refreshing things about being here. I heard from my mother that they just got 14 inches of snow up North. Sorry for you, suckers! I feel lucky as hell to have this beautiful blue ocean so closeby. We've been snorkeling and seen plenty of different fish. Lots of large barracuda, some amazing parrot fish, a puffer fish and also a tiger fish! Crazy!

New Years eve was a lot of fun too, we have met a little community of really neat



people here, so we hung out with them, danced salsa, talked and had a great end of the year. I keep forgetting that its 2014, somehow it feels a little unimportant to me.

Roze and Angie at 1:21 January 2014

Life is life and all that 2014 brings for me is another semester of school. I can't imagine how much I sound like my father saying that. But still, a New Year can be hopeful and fresh for everyone! I still have a good 3 weeks here and soon we are taking off from this little town, moving onwards South towards Tulum. I don't quite know what to expect, perhaps a lot of negotiations with the police regarding the bus, many new friends... I hope this good weather somehow helps my hair grow a little longer.....hohoho..... alright, goodbye for now~!

