



Dear Big Underwear People, Hello once again from our beautiful home on wheels.

On Feb. 1st we worked at Barney's and Christine's home. The agreement was for 250\$ for the day. Afterwards we expected to receive our money, but felt uncomfortable to ask for it. The next day we rode our bikes around Jensen beach, visited a few thrift stores and found 2 penny's. On Sunday Irmi went running and I got my welder out and built a roller thing for my fire drum, a project I had/have been working on for some time.

In the night we visited Barney and Christine at they're home, and after a few hours of talking about different stuff, they gave us 200\$ they said that's all they had at the moment. We waited around all the next day, but no one showed up with the other 50\$.



Brady welding his fire rolling thing.

We left a letter thanking them for everything, and gave instructions for how to donate the 50\$ via pay pal. Barney had gone fishing with some friends on their big boat, and Christine had gone to a music concert somewhere in the near. the feeling was strange, as if they did not even recognize the work we had done, and did not care to talk about it. In a way it seemed they really didn't want to pay us for our hard work. Sometimes its hard to be brave and talk about stuff like money with new friends. We drove the bus to the beach, and felt much better. The next day we layed on the sand reading and enjoying the hot sun, I tried fishing but no luck. In the afternoon we decided to move on down the road

direction west Florida.



... Brady is going to fish!!!

Irmi coloring her hair with Henna! At the beach (middle)

We traveled on the 60 which allowed for some stops at 2nd hand stores. Irmi has still not found her new/used bathing suit. Towards the end of the day we parked at a Winn Dixie supermarket and had internet from the Hardee's Hamburger joint. During the day, and night we managed to find 36 cents in the parking lots. In the morning we met a gentleman who was hopeful of marrying a women he had met in the Phillipines on line, he was planning on flying over there with a very expensive diamond ring. Back on the road we drove on the 98 and hit a few more thrift stores with still no luck in finding a swim suit.



↑ Nice fishing and hang out park

We stopped at some beautiful parks, and eventually we were on the west coast of Florida, which is the gulf coast.

By the evening we were at a small village named Keaton, and coincidentally I was near the end of a book I was reading named Keaton, about Buster Keaton.

Before we arrived at Keaton-Beach⇒



The first night was spent in the parking lot of the public boat ramp, and when I counted the days earnings we had found 1 cent, which is a record we have tied many times. The next morning we started out for a short walk but a hundred meters after we got going something went tweak on my right knee, so I limped back to the bus. We drove to the end of the village and in a gravel turn around area we parked the bus, the ocean was 20 feet away. There were several types

of sea gulls and several types of other fowl, and there was a storm brewing. My leg was bumped out but we didn't need to go very far out the door to see nature and feel the power of the ocean.



Keaton Beach, windy, cold, cozy, romantic

In the night Irmi made a yummy dinner and we slept well, until 3 a;m, that's when the police woke us up and informed us that we couldn't park here, and we would have to move on. I was like, "so you want me to start this big 40 ft bus up and drive in the pitch black night"! He thought about it for a second and said Yes! he also said there wouldn't be that much traffic. I said 'true". So we started the bus up and prepared her for the 15 mile drive to the city of Perry where they have a Wal-Mart which is where the officer suggested we go. Next morning at a semi practical time we woke up and had our tea and coffee and then limped around the parking lots meditating on pennies and finding 2 dimes. Then we drove to the post office which turns out was only a few blocks a way. We mailed a few letters, and met a couple of nice Ladies who were admiring and taking pics. of the bus.

They toured the bus and Kerry Beth donated 30\$ for some underwear and a calendar. Kerry Beth is a probation officer for Juvenile delinquents. I was a juvenile delinquent!. anyways She gave us much praise as to our courage and gusto for driving a bus around and living in this way. Thank You Kerry Beth.



Brady and Kerry Beth in Perry Florida

Now we drove to the big city of Tallahassee and visited the circus school there. Our friend in Massachusetts Boris Kosky, aka: chuckles the clown with a bad attitude recommended we visit the school which is on the Florida state campus which is a very big campus. There are about 100 circus students and they are doing alot of different circus tricks, Russian pole, trapeze, acrobatics etc... I gave

a short speech regarding the power of the big underwear, and the Big Underwear Social Tour, and then we gave out some postcards. It was a short visit and by evening time we were parked at the Wal-Mart on the west side of Tallahassee. A few guys we met thru Boris visited us in the parking lot, and at the same moment



a hippy back packer joined us in the bus. We had a few beers while exchanging and interacting and it was nice to talk instead of type, especially from a social perspective.

Richard the back packer from New Mexico stayed the night and in the morning we had coffee and then said good bye.

←Saying good bye to Richard at Wal-Mart parking lot.

We jumped onto the 10 east and made some miles. We passed by Mobile Alabama and all that history. Part of the time we drove on the small roads that were available so that we could stop at a few thrift stores, and we still haven't found Irmi's new bikini.

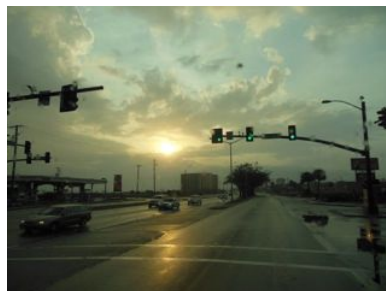
...but we saw the Roadkill Café and the owner got for \$ 10 a Roadkill Calendar ⇒ ⇒ ⇒



Pascagoula, Biloxi, and in the evening we were in Gulfport, all along the way you could see the remenents of Mardi Gra, which is to say there were beads all over the roadways. Gulfport is industry mixed with gambling casinos, and hotels, and lots of land for sale signs, plus lots and lots of sandy beaches. The weather had gotten worse by the end of the day, and when we parked it was windy and rainy. We were

able to catch wi fi and check our emails and also read the news, and fifty miles north of us there was a tornado and that was a little scary. We didn't find any money on the ground.

← ∩ Along the sandy beaches Biloxy to Gulfport. ∩



In the morning Irmi went running on the beaches and I sat around with my computer. Have I mentioned Irmi before in the newsletters? She is the back bone of this project and is a pretty amazing person. She also cooks very yummy food, when I'm not making my burritos.

As we go along on our travels we observe the nature, the land, the people, pennies and parking lots. We answer alot of questions about the bus and we share alot of stories with the people who observe us. Together we can tell you some stories of our own and we try, and yea,,, they are not so exciting sometimes, but taken into context they are not un exciting. For one thing, it is less and less easy to park your vehicle and have access to the beach or river or lake or small mountain areas. What's in store for the future folk who want to park their vehicle and check out the wonderful world.? The buying up of all the land is scary in a way. ↓↓↓ *Where can we park the bus????*



Drifting back to the newsletter we drove from Gulf Port towards Baton Rouge in Louisiana, a few stops here and there, and still no bikini. At the end of the day we parked near to a Wal-Mart, and the wind and rain continued onward. We had found 2 pennies and so that was good.

In the morning tea, coffee and Spanish, then back on the road passing thru Baton Rouge which was a big spread out gut of commercialism, with many run down old buildings what had for sale signs on them.

Back on the 10 west we covered some distance and later in the day stopped to rest and take some walks at Loves truck stop which is a national chain.



Love Truck Stop, the Bus is back there in the corner...↑

We walked around the parking lot and found lots of pennies and a nickel and even a few dimes, we did not talk to any people here. We continued our drive which went into the night and saw us pass by the lighted up big city of Houston Texas, yep, back in Texas. Halfway between Houston and Austin we parked for the night at another tuck stop, smack in the middle of many trucks and slept peacefully. Our penny count for the day was 64 centavos amerikanos.



↑ Austin from the east side of the IS 35 ↑ ... ↑ going from the south into Downtown ↑

The weather was much better now, blue sky and sunny sun. We cruised into Austin in the early afternoon, and found a parking place for 3\$, got the bikes down and rode around the city. down on the famous 6th street we stepped into Esters Follies a Variety Theater that has been successful in Austin since 1977. Michael one of the owners offered us an invitation to the show, and we could set up a table and present our underwear. He also mentioned the east side of town as a place to park where we did not have to pay. After dinner that night we started the bus up and drove over to a parking lot next to the commuter train tracks. I emptied out my pockets and had 9 cents for the day.



Early morning in a very very very kool City!!

The next morning a security person informed us that we could not park here, so we knocked on the door of a home that had a beautiful trolley parked in the back yard, Dan a local fireman had just emailed us a welcome to Austin letter and invited us over to meet. The thing was I didn't even know he had written us, and when we knocked on his door it was such a funny thing. Dan quickly invited us to park next to his and his wife's home, and so just like that we were securely parked and made to feel welcome. Dan and Ann have a new baby boy "Lucas" 2 months young, and very cute.

Luc and Brady ⇒



In the night we packed our underwear in the wheel barrow and dressed nicely and then strolled over to Esters Follies where we set up our table and enjoyed the show and as well many folks donated 20\$ towards our project and received very nice underwear made by Benny and Nuria from Berlin.



The next morning irmi and I took a long walk around the city, along the way we looked up and we looked down, and we found a lot of pennies. We also saw alot of homeless guys.

Interesting & interested People we met at Esthers Follies

Austin's unemployment is 5%, there's probly a few reasons for that, one being there are so many pubs and bars and music spaces which enables a great demand for bar tenders and such. One thing we realized while presenting our underwear at Esters Follies, was that Michel was not the one in complete charge, each of the 3 nights that we were there, and the last culminating with us wearing our Fartsos costumes found Shannon, one of the main characters in the show and the wife of Michael making sure we knew our place. So we couldn't present the fartsos and we couldn't present the calendars, and we should especially stay in the area they had designated for us to present our underwear.



Here we sit in our underwear area, not showing our big butts, so other people with big butts don't get offended. ↑

The theater did not announce us to they`re audience as was agreed upon. we still had fun and still received numerous donations to our project. Oh, and the actors and workers did not socialize with us at all. In fact the girls were very stand offish. That was weird, though not unusual in today`s fast paced business world, so it was probly not intentional!!, anyhoot I did find 5 cents. So hey what are you gonna do? we just did our best. And I did pretty good at keeping my rebel mouth shut.

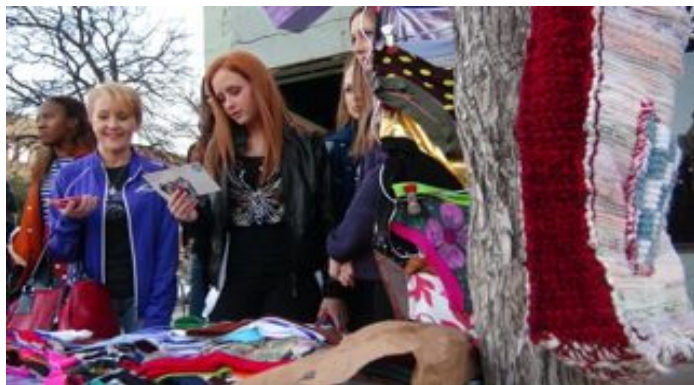
On the east side of I35 there is another kool neighborhood, with music places restaurants and bars. There is also a space where about 8 or 9 mobile food vendors have niched out a spot. Irmi and I had approached the folks with the idea of performing our fire show, and everyone was excited at that idea, but since the weather had turned a tad cold and my leg was still bumbed out we decided against that, and rather just visited a few of the people there, in particular a girl name Ariel.



Ariel has a food trailer and a very pleasant attitude, she also makes some unique foods. On our last night at the follies we had worn our Fartsos, (sin farts) afterwards we dropped into the food vendors to say hello this was alot of fun, and all along our walk, people kept taking pictures, and laughing.

Ariel in her Food Trailer with Brady dressed nicely ↑

The next day was the Austin Marathon. Our new friend Dan the fireman entered the half marathon portion of the race. Around noon, Irmi and I went out in our Fartsos again, to see if we could donate and be donated unto via the underwear we posses. Unfortunately we probly picked the wrong place to set up our table, wind and tired runners were mostly our customers. and well, it was still fun, just not as lucrative as we might have dreamed, though we are not dreamers!, but I did find a nickel.



⇒⇒Tourists, Runners, Streetpeople are checking out underwear and calendars ↑↑

The next day we said good bye to Dan and Ann and Lucas, and also Austin Texas, a maybe too cool city, especially if you look at it the way I do, which is simply to remember the fate of ROME! Portland be careful!



A last picture with Dan and Ann before we leave.

We drove north on the I35 which is going in the direction of Dallas, the weather was mild, and we were looking for Mother Neff State Park, which we eventually found. Mother Neff Park had its land donated by some folks with another name but with a mother who was nicknamed Neff. We arrived just after sun set, and enjoyed a nice walk, and then a nice dinner, and then we slept a nice and quiet night. In the morning we awoke to a lot of birds singing in the new day.

We hiked around a little and generally enjoyed the sunshine. We also enjoyed picking up last fall's pecans which were everywhere.

Surrounded by Pecan Trees at Mother Neff's Park ⇒



Shortly a park ranger with saw tooth like teeth came along on a golf cart and informed us that we would have to give the pecans back to the ground as they were meant for the animals. After talking with the park ranger for a little while about a number of different subjects he told us that we could sneak them onto our bus but please don't pick up anymore. He also asked us if we had any underwear on the bus!



After noon found us back on the road heading towards McKinney which is north of Dallas. We were heading towards Drue and Linda's who are ole friends of the performing family out of Europe. Drue and Linda had a squat house in Amsterdam

back in the 90's where a lot of performers spent some time performing improve theater and visiting. Linda is from Holland and drue is from Texas, and after there children were born and sprouted legs, the family hit the road, first to Hawaii, and later back to Texas, where the boys grew up and attended school, and won many medals wrestling. Presently the boys are in college, and drue and Linda live on 25 acres with a horse and some chickens. Linda works in the intensive care unit of the local hospital and Drue works in the refurbishing of an old cotton mill.



Inside and outside the Cotton Mill in MaKinney ⤴

We spent 3 or 4 days with them and made some nice meals and shot the BB guns as well a 22 gun, and some shot guns, infect Irmi shot a gun for her first time, all under Drue`s strict and safe guidance. During the time we were at Drue and Linda's we did not find much money,,,



....outside Drue and Linda's house ⤴

except for a 25 cent piece I found in the dirt on the 2nd day, and on the last day a nickel, naturally I put that money in my pocket and now it is mine. On one of the days drue stoked up his amazing one of a kind Meat smoker, (custom made) and smoked some ribs. In the night we ate the ribs with salad and home made pecan bread that Irmi baked in our bus.



Making a fire drum ↑

The drum set is in the back in the middle ⇒



Drue helped me finish my fire drum set, which was/is very exciting he cut a 55 gallon drum in half and we used that as the base, then made clips so that the top half of different sized cans all screwed together could attach to the base section, so that now it looks like a typical trap set, except that this trap set you can set on fire, which we did a few nights later. Hey Drue thanks alot for helping me out with my fire drum set.

And also Mike up in Warrick for giving me a cymbal and a base drum pedal, without these accoutrements I would not be where I am today, in the big



underwear fire drum world of spiritual underwear bliss.

With disguised emotion we said goodbye to Drue and Linda. It was very wonderful to see them, they are special people, and we hope to spend time together again.

⇐ *It is Texas... so show your gun, hun...*

We drove a few hours to Mineral Wells and parked in a Wal-Mart parking lot. We did not find any pennies and nothing exciting happened which is fine, cause sometimes you just have to not have anything exciting happen so that when something exciting does happen it stands out. For example the next morning the sun was out, bright, and warm,, and that was exciting beyond comparison. We drove the few miles to my child hood best friends home. Eddy Dimmit is a friend I grew up with in Oakridge Oregon.

Linda was always working when we took pictures. Here she is on the left of the bus ↓



↑↑ *Brady, Eddy, Irmie and in cracking pecans* ↑↑

We used to have rake fights, and we made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and would have kick boxing matches and one time I kicked his sandwich out of his hand(with a round house) and his sandwich stuck to the ceiling of my

parents home, and then fell on the floor. Those were the good ole days, and when I ran away from Home Eddy, and Courtney Dockery and I jumped on a train and rode to Klamath falls Oregon, and then to Portland, and then to Eugene, where I got busted for shop lifting hostess Twinkies.

At Eddy's home we collected more pecans and spent the day cracking them next to the bus while soaking up the sun. Eddy and I spent a certain amount of time remembering the Oakridge days and In the afternoon Ann, Eddy's girlfriend cooked us up a nice homemade meal. Eddy's neighbor Lupi came over and introduced himself and his daughter, and donated 60 dollars to our project and received 3 nice underwear. Just before sundown we said a happy/sad goodbye and hit the road again.

Ann, Eddy, Brady ⇒⇒⇒⇒



We drove the bus all the way to Abilene and parked at a Wal-Mart which has always felt slightly uncomfortable. The uncomfortableness either comes from guilt of being a hypocrite or from pride in feeling I am better than this, I'm not really sure to be honest, though I feel it is a common thread between most people, and not just regarding Wal-Mart.



Of course some folks will view me as being full of shit, which is partially true and partially they're pride, the subconscious feeling of being better than others is a factor that in part makes us human. And that conscious feeling of not wanting to seem like we think we are better than others is a guide to our humbleness. On the way to the Wal-Mart bathroom I found 2 cents which I offer here in the form of my opinion.

↑ ! Brady between full of shit and being better? ↑⇒⇓⇐

Anyhoot, the next morning we drove to Sweetwater, actually nine miles outside Sweetwater where my aunt Jacque and Greg and Maddie and Benjum live, next to Sweetwater Lake, and where we started this years adventure from which technically was last year. Jacques son Clayton opened the door.

⇓ Back in Greg's and Jaques parking spot right in front of their house ⇓



Clayton has moved down here to Texas from Wyoming and is planning on going to a technical school. He is also working on the house that is out in the country with five acres that Jacque and Greg bought a few years ago.

In the afternoon The kids arrived home from school, and later Greg from his work on the wind generation farm. Once again we were enjoying the Howard family and Jacques cooking. Maddie and Benjum have grown since we last saw them in oct, and they are so full of wonderful innocent energy.



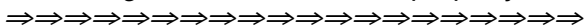
← Maddy on a stick, ↑ Benjum on a stick.

We jumped right into helping out around the yard by pruning back a willow tree that is trying hard to stay alive. This part of Texas is starving for water and the lake is way down, so much that we collected about 300 golf balls that the neighbor has hit out there over the years. I took some shots with my new/used driver which was good fun.

Now we have moved our bus over to Jacque and Greg's other property, which is way out in the sticks/desert. There is a ton of work over here,, and in between cutting, dragging, throwing, vacuuming and cleaning, we take walks around the area. Clayton has been working inside to get the house ready to live in. Meanwhile Jacque Greg, Maddie and Benjum run a 5km race and pickup supplies for the ongoing work out here. The sound of the train, an occasional dog barking, and the coyotes at sundown are all comforting.



Moving the Bus to the other property



We are a little tired from the road, and also energized from being off the road.
and so folks, another newsletter is finished and another adventure sort of ends,
though not really,, cause like you all,, we continue on down the road of life,
collecting our experiences and sharing some of them with our friends.
We have received some really nice responses from some of our readers, we
want to say Thank You, and Thank you, for sharing a little bit from your lives,
because that's really all we want to do.
and now a word from our sponsor: actually we don't have a sponsor!



Preview of the next Newsletter.

