

Edzna, Maya Temple



Dear friendly Big Underwear friends, there are two kinds of people in this world, me and you. Problem is I am not sure which one I am.

Anyhoot, here we are wondering and wandering around in our big pink and blue bus, what a ride!.

Thanks to all who took a few moments to write a few words and send them our way.

*We parked the bus by the Casa del Viento*

On Sat. morning Feb. 2 we drove the 500 meters and parked the bus and started unloading equipment and art stuff and underwear into the Casa Del Viento. The folks who organize the space there had sold over a hundred of our buttons so we were sure to have an audience that night. Our deal with the Casa Del Viento was that we



would pass the hat and look for donations for our underwear, and the house could keep the entrance fee for the buttons which was around 3.50\$, not including the cost of the buttons which Irmi and I also donated. Irmi and I spent most of the day arranging our flower pots and underwear, as well as setting up the two different places for the comedy and fire show. The fire show part would be on the roof over looking the garden area and Andre and two of his friends would play music in between the two sets.

*Underwear and flower-pots for sale..... a moment between Bobarino and Döpp*



At 7:30 the audience started arriving and Irmi and I did our best to prepare for the show as well as answer all the questions put to us by the people. We performed our show in English and Spanish and our characters were well received with lots of laughter and applause. Afterwards the band played again for an hour to give us a chance to change our costumes as well to give us a chance to show the audience our underwear collection. The fire show was spectacular (just repeating what the audience said) after the fire show we passed our hats and received donations for the show, and after this we received more donations for underwear, along with many compliments.



*Barbara, Andre and their three kiddies in their house and in our house*



Irmi and I give a big shout out to Andre, and Barbara for supporting the Big Underwear Social Tour, Thank You and also Thanks Puerto Morelos for a wonderful month or so of sun, sand and

Rosie, and shows also,,,, and mosquito's. The next day we finished packing up, and said goodbye to Puerto Morelos, not for good, but just for a few days, we had decided to go over to Playa Del Carmen to visit Karl S. Johnny F. Peter P. and John I don't now his last name, all performers working the hotel scene here on the Rivera Maya.

Johnny and Karl had just arrived, and we had not seen them for over a year,, and in Karl's case a few years. Actually a few nights earlier Karl and Peter had surprised us in Puerto, but it was just a short visit, anyhoot, we parked in our spot near Mega super Mercado and rode our bikes over to where Peter and Karl and John stay. Peter was flying back to freezing Boston, his contract with D and D Entertainment complete.



*Johnny + Karl together on one bike*



Karl made us some oatmeal, as our laundry was again washing itself in the house washer machine, Thanks house washing machine, and Thanks Karl for the yummy oatmeal.

*Standing Johnny, John, Irmi, kneeling, Brady, laying in the sand, Karl*

Johnny F. arrived as he stays at another apartment house place, and we all went down to the beach to go swimming. The next day Karl and Johnny arrived and invited us to eat breakfast at a nice little place, Oh and I forgot that Maribel who is part of the D and D entertainment team also visited us at our bus. She and Karl, and Johnny donated money for underwear and then as I say the next day we all met for breakfast, and afterwards they all came back to our bus for some of our fine coffee, and John who I cant remember his last name also showed up and he also donated for underwear, and well,, thanks you guys,

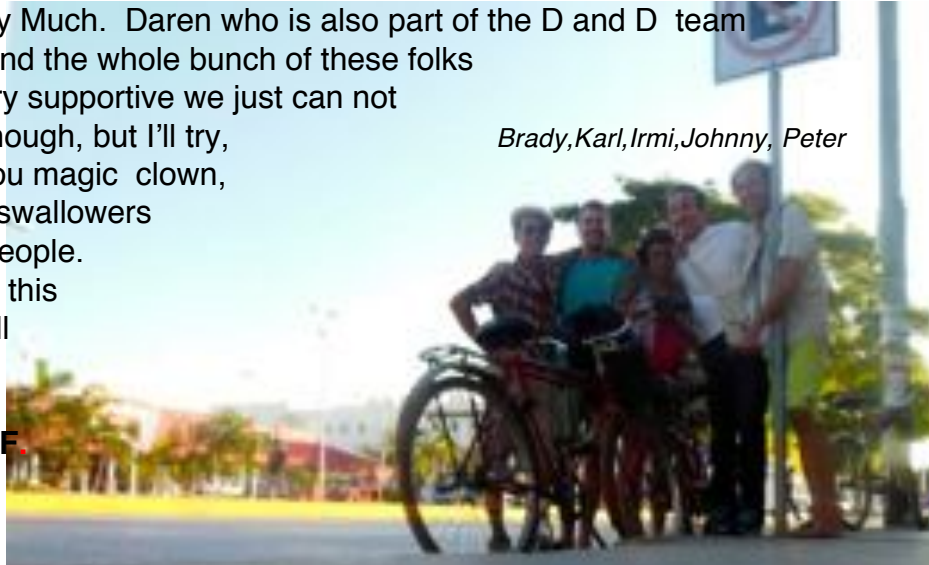
Thank You Very Much. Daren who is also part of the D and D team was present, and the whole bunch of these folks were/are so very supportive we just can not

Thank them enough, but I'll try,  
Thanks all of you magic clown,  
juggling sword swallowers  
and Manager people.

I am not writing this  
very well, but all  
of these  
performers

Karl S. Johnny F.  
Peter P. and  
John, I don't  
remember his

*Brady, Karl, Irm, Johnny, Peter*



last name are from the old school Vaudeville circle and each has a unique and incredible story that I would never be able to impart here, just know it, and feel it, and then we can move on, because unfortunately or fortunately, however you look at it,, we had to move on, which we did later that day, back to Puerto M.



*One last swim in  
Puerto Morelos and a  
last good bye to Xavier  
and his wife*

But only for the  
night, because we  
were expecting our  
piece of electric



equipment back which was being worked on by the 2nd of two electric persons, and sure,, it came back,, but unfortunately,, or fortunately,, how ever you decide to look at it,, it was not fixed,,, so that was that, and so was the over 100\$ that we spent to try and fix it. which really just means now there will be more plastic chip bags, or beer bottles, or plastic stuff, being thrown around Mexico, cause that seems to be what happens here, money is exchanged for garbage. Garbage is like Wal-Mart and Wal-Mart is like face book, and face book is like



McDonalds and McDonalds is like religion it just sort of came in, and the people grabbed it, and held onto it, actually the people let go of the garbage, so it is a bad comparison. The problem with garbage is its not just a phase, its an actual thing, that gets thrown around and its yucky.



◀◀◀ Here you see two Mexican garbage flower pots. ⇒⇒⇒

We said a real goodbye to Puerto Morelos and started to drive our bus west. It was a little bit strange for Irmi and me, we had grown fond of the Caribbean, for me it was more that I missed my Rosie girl, and this is where I last saw her.



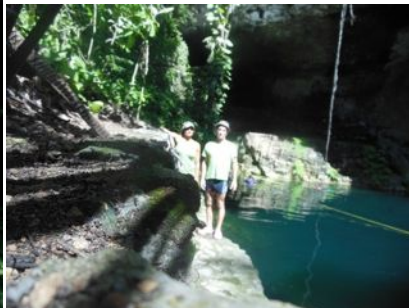
Our first stop was at a Pemex station where we spent the night. The next morning we drove a few miles into the city of Valladolid obviously named after the city in Spain. Valladolid is definitely worth stopping to visit, and fortunately for us we found a parking spot right in the middle. One of the first things we did was to jump into our bathing suits and walk a short distance to a cenote that is also right in the middle of town. A very big and deep cenote with kool water and lots of diving places, and many different little fishy including a type of cat fish.

*The entrance to the cenote in Valladolid*

We spent several hours there, and then went back to the bus and later enjoyed a nice walk around the central area of the town.



*The cenote was deep down in a half cave*



In the night we made a nice dinner and enjoyed a cold beer, and walked around some more. In the mid 1800s there was trouble in this town as the

Mayan people tried to change the Spanish way of life here, they lost that war, like Irmi and I are losing the war on garbage. It is difficult for a minority to change the majority as we have witnessed thru out history.

The next morning 5 or 6 truck loads of soldiers arrived in the parking place and we were tucked right in the middle of them, we felt pretty safe. They did some special drills in the Zocolo for reasons we did not learn about.

*Military trucks surrounded us in the morning*

Irmi and I packed up the bus and slowly drove out of Valladolid.



*A few impressions from Valladolid before we stumble into our next adventure.*

After roughly 40 kms I heard some strange noises coming from the rear of the bus. (the engine area) when I looked at where the noise was coming from I saw that one of the transmission hoses was spouting oil. I made the sort of noise one makes when he see's or feels bad, sort of like a deep groaning.



*We tried to catch some spilling fluid, but hey who cares!?*



It was a Sunday, and after riding our bikes back to the small village and looking for one of these transmission hoses we established that it was not going to be possible to get another



one here.

*The hole in the hose and two helpers with mechanical power*

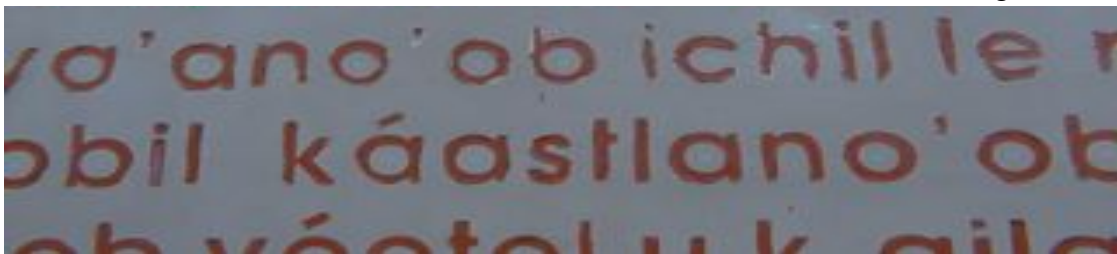
We spent the rest of the day

around our bus, I shot bottles with my BB gun and then we slept that night after a nice dinner, and in the morning I hitch hiked back to Valladolid and bought the right hose at a parts place, then caught a bus back, and by early afternoon had put the new hose onto the bus, but then had to ride the bike back to town about 5 times to get transmission fluid, because it was more empty than we had thought. Finally we were back on the road, a hundred dollars poor-er. In the late afternoon as we were passing by Merida we stopped at another parts place and bought a large bucket of motor oil and another hundred dollars was gone from us.

A relaxed evening at a Pemex station and in the morning we set out again. After some hours of driving we left the Yucatan county and back into Campeche,



where we diverted off and onto a smaller road with the idea of checking out



another Ruin named Edzna.

This historical site had been established around the time of Jesus Christ and had changed hands a few times and been built onto by several different peoples. We took a lot of pictures as this is the time of many picture taking culture. We



We parked the bus at the entrance to Edzna and in the night fought our own battle with the mosquito's killing many and only suffering itchy wounds with no dead.



*Steep steps going up high*



*colored stone faces*

*and  
a place without garbage Edzna*

In the morning we drove Mayan villages all common, garbage. Need need to say more, Irmi mucho by the amount of The garbage is related to related to people and the and I. I guess I could won't, Irmi and I are not excited to do more with the people. We are



on, passing thru small sharing one thing in I say anymore! yes I and I are saddened garbage that exists here. money, and the money is people are related to you just stop there, but I leaving Mexico, we are shows or mingle much bummed out about this.

And we feel a little bit trying to just go a day at a time, but we seem to both know that we are heading towards the border. By the time this newsletter goes out, I think we will have crossed the border into Texas. Not that this will make everything better and not that we know what we will do the, A day at a time eh!.

defeated. We are still

We arrived back on the gulf coast road and continued driving along the route we had passed by a few months ago. Towards the end of the day we arrived at our special beach that we had stayed on before. when we pulled into the place Irmi and I both made the sort of noises associated with a broken transmission hose, a sort of sad groaning.



We had picked up the garbage here two months ago, and now the place was 3 times as disgusting as then, with plastic diapers, beer bottles, plastic bottles, chip bags,

etc... it was really sad. We got our gloves and rakes and shovel, and in the hot sun set forth in an effort to purge the hatred and disgust from our own minds, with sweat pouring down our bodies we cleaned the area, and buried most of the trash under sand, we did not have any big plastic bags. Afterwards jumping into the gulf ocean felt slightly disgusting since it does actually smell a little bit oily and fishy too. Sad!.



*A nice garbage picture after all!*



We headed out the next morning passing thru cities and villages, driving our big giant stinky bountiful pink and blue bus, people looking, pointing smiling wondering, waving. Money changing hands, things being sold, credit cards, stores, people buying, eating, farting pooping, pissing, and the poor dogs scrounging what they can, (like eating out of dirty diapers) big titty momma dogs searching for something to eat so there puppies can suck. Some cultures have been so slow to use their collective minds, and treat nature as they would treat themselves. That sucks also.



As we drove onwards we stopped along the way and looked at pretty things and made yummy fruit smoothies, and acted like boy friend and girl friend, and wondered where our own next work/money was going to come from, and sometimes we caught wi fi and wrote short letters to possible clients in Europe, and we also dream/dreamed of doing fun things on our little piece of property in semi safe and recycling minded garbage conscious Germany.

*Projects are waiting for us in Germany⇒*



We pulled into the big historical port city of Veracruz with the goal of getting a copy of the television interview that Victor Pina had promised us some months back when we were passing thru.



*coming into Veracruz*



*Mexican clowns on the Malecon*

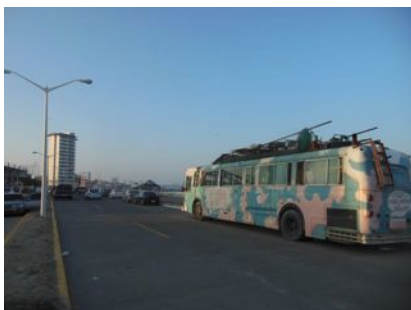


*the port from Veracruz*

Since it was a weekend we had to wait a few days and so we enjoyed some bike rides around the area of Vera Cruz we were all ready familiar with, but we also had to figure out where the TV station was. Thanks to Irmi and her research skills we found out that it was back in Rio Boca which is a posh sort of suburb of Vera Cruz also on the ocean.

*In front of the TV station ↓*

*We parked at the beach ↓*



So we drove over there and parked up on a beach and jumped in the water and then rode our



bikes up to where the station is. On Monday morning we rode again to the station and after a little while we received a copy of the television interview, which was nice. We went back to our bus with Victor and his camera man as they did another short video documenting our return to Vera Cruz and asking us if anything dangerous had happened while we were touring. I believe this was all

related to things that had been happening in Michoacán State, and Victor wanted to show Veracruz and area was a lot safer, though we did not stick around to see the report.

*No picture from Victor this time, he made a lot..... and so off we are*

We left Veracruz and drove along the gulf coast for a few hours. Near the area of the original landing of Cortez we stopped at a place called La Mancha, a small short road that arrived at a beach



that was not too busy right next to a sort of reserve place where people come to study the nature of the area. There are some beautiful birds that congregate here, and the fisherman go about their business of over fishing the area, and there are small crabs that they collect here also and the women prepare them in a very hot spicy way and some people gave us some of these crabs to eat along with beans and rice and a very very hot avocado salsa.

*the last beach time⇒⇒⇒⇒*



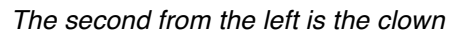
Thank You some nice people we met on that day. Irmi and I spent a few more days here, walking for miles on a deserted beach with incredible views and amazing rock formations and it was a really magical time. We knew that it was nearing our last time on the oily gulf waters. We continued on in the big ole bus passing by Villa Rica where we had stopped on the way down some months back.



*some last impressions from Mexico*



And this time we only got stopped once by the transit police, and this was because one of the police guys was a clown and he wanted to meet us and take some photos in the bus. Sometimes folks just assume that the bus is full of clowns, which is true, I for one am considered a dumpster clown. Irmi is a menopause clown.



*around Brownsville...*



The next day we drove to South Padre Island, about 20 miles away on the gulf, but unfortunately the weather was not so conducive for



*South Padre Island on a cold beach day*

So after a short visit we left the island and parked for the night at another Wal-Mart. Here we made the mistake of parking near a crazy person in a caravan who decided to start his generator up in the middle of the night (4:00 a:m) after

an hour of that he finally left and we could go back to sleep. In the morning we tanked up with tea and coffee and set out in a northerly direction. We drove for many hours at a slow pace which made for not so many miles, but we were somewhat content with this and with most other things in life, thoughts of friends and family mixed in with the faces of people that pass us by, faces that are also pretty busy tapping out text messages on their smarty phones, or in many cases taking pictures of a strange pink and blue bus with Oregon license plates, many pay us no mind, but a few smile and wave or honk and give us the peace sign. Such a simple and strange and complex life we live folks, so full of risks and so very rewardless after you pause for a moment to think of the beauty of our mere existence, which I tend to do more often than maybe I should.

Feb 1 we were on the Caribbean Ocean.⇒



⇐ Feb 28 we were in the south eastern part of Texas.



We have explored the relationship between money and friendship and we have made more friends than money.

One of the difficulty's is understanding that people who throw garbage are not our enemies.

Most of the people who receive our newsletter we have met. And we have said hello, and exchanged smiles, handshakes, and hugs.

The bus is tired and exploring the relationship between money and friendship, and she has also picked up a certain amount of trash.



The menopause queen, and the dumpster clown.



