



Ladies and Gentlemen of the SOCIAL media jury. We wish you all the Gentle happiness and soft landings that one can have and still say they are having a good day or week or month.

Our month has been a good month. We have traveled lightly in our bus, and we have experienced human contact with big underwear type people. We have traveled through some of the South east area of the United states of America.

On Jan. 1st we left the hotel in Fredericksburg and went to a Walmart and bought Transmission fluid and oil for the bus and then parked near the bank so that on January 2nd we would be able to cash the check and have the dollars!.



In the night we walked around in several large parking lots, and we found a nickel and 2 pennies. Infact this month has been a month of People, Pennies, and Parking Lots.

⇐ *By looking around for pennies we also meet other funny people doing funny things for money.*

The next day, we cashed our New Years check and filled up our propane tanks and also stopped and filled the bus tank with Diesel. This cost together 307\$ and some change. We called the New Years organization and Thanked Them for a wonderful time.

Now we were ready to put down a few miles towards warmer weather. By the end of the day we had arrived in North Carolina, and as it was getting dark, we stopped at a Best Western Hotel to see if we could park and use the Wifi. We didn't actually ask if we could do that, we just slipped into the back area, and parked. It was chilly out so after dinner we went for a walk around in some different parking lots, and found 2 pennies. We watched a movie on youtube and then went to sleep.

At 4:30 we were woken by a police officer, who informed us that we had to leave the property or face a 150\$ fine, or we could check into the hotel. So we got up and moved the bus a few hundred meters to a truck stop, and went back to sleep.

*The officer was sorry, we were sorry  
.... the hotel manager was happy when  
we left.        ⇒        ⇒        ⇒*

In the morning we walked around a little and I found one penny at the service station, then we drove to the nearby village and posted some packages of calendars and letters to friends, stopped into a thrift store,, then got back onto the hyway 95.



*Asheville, Downtown ↓*



We were headed to Asheville North Carolina, where we arrived later in the night, after a 45 min. search for the Walmart we parked and walked around the parking lot, we found 2 more pennies, and after a movie on the dvd tv, we went to sleep.

The next morning we drove to central Asheville, and met our friend Kenny who is an excellent Ballon twister, and vaudevillian I have known for some time. He showed us a descent parking place near a busy coffee shop.



*By driving around in Asheville we met Kenny, later we parked near downtown.*

Later when we were walking around the area, naturally looking for pennies, we found some toothpaste. We also visited Kennys girlfriend Vanessa, and her two little doggies, later in the night we joined them for dinner, and a bottle of wine.



Back at our bus we walked around Asheville trying to imagine where we could give a performance,

But really it just wasn't going to happen, though we did manage to find a quarter and 2 pennies while walking around.

*↑ Walking around looking for pennies and resting ⇒*



Kenny introduced us to a mechanic friend outside of town, and so the next day we drove the bus out to a rural area and parked next to Johns mechanic shop. The next day Kenny drove us to some mountains and we hiked around for 3 or 4 hours, and visited some pretty waterfalls. Meanwhile John and his helper were checking out some things on the



bus. Asheville and the surrounding area is very beautiful even in the winter, and though we didn't spend a lot of time there we could feel the good vibrations.

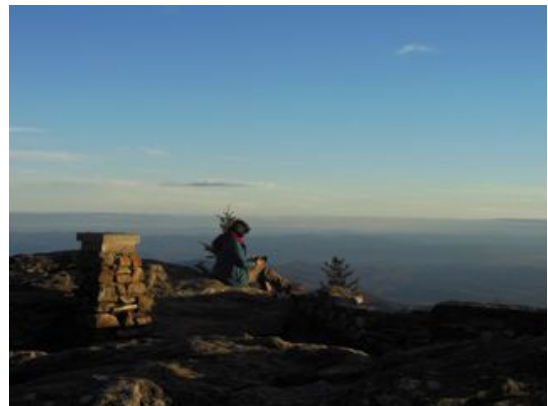


*In the mountains with Kenny* ⬆ ⇒ ⬆ ⇒ ⬆ ⇒

After the mechanics, we drove some miles to a big ole truck tire shop, and checked out a leak we had in one of our back tires, the folks there were real nice and as it was just something with the stem on the tire they fixed it for free. The folks there really enjoyed seeing the bus. We spent our last night on the edge of Asheville.



*...at John's workshop, fixing things...*



*We only parked there .....!!!!*

Next day we headed down the hyway 26 direction Savannah Georgia. Along the way Irmi and I talked about different stuff. I don't actually remember what we talked about, I just wanted to put that in here, so that folks know that Irmi and I talk, because we do, in fact we

talk a lot. For example we talk about how hard it is to stop consuming so much stuff, for as the more we more diesel fuel what we love to frothy milk. The honestly, we don't consumption but cause we see so not from us, but we don't know are, we just see it, day after day.



example diesel fuel, travel in our bus the we use. And milk, have in our coffee,,, list goes on, though talk so much of OUR rather others, mostly much waste coming rather from others, who these others

So we talk about how difficult it is to stop this, how difficult it is for each person to just say hey! Im gonna stop consuming so much stuff. Its like trying to stop eating so much, it's not easy once we get going, eating eating eating, yum yum yum yum....yum hmmm ⇒

Anyhoot!

Towards evening we stopped at a truck stop and prepared some food, and ate it, and drank a nice cold beer too. Then we drove further until we were very close to Savannah and at another truck stop we parked for the night, and then walked around and found 6 cents.



⇓ *Downtown Savannah River-Front* ⇓



Next morning, we drove into Savannah Georgia a very historical city. A few passes thru the central area, and we found a parking behind a four points Sheridan Hotel, we asked if we could park there and after paying 7 dollars

for the day we locked the bus up and got our trusty bikes down and rode around the city.



*...parking at the Sheridan Hotel*

### *Savannah impressions*



First to the historical river side section, our mission was to explore the possibility of doing some shows. after some enquiries we established that we would need a permit, but that since it was not really the season, that was not going to really be possible.







*So many beautiful places and in between 3 dead squirrels....*

So we continued our ride around another part of the city which was just incredible. The city was designed very french like, with Parks in between every two blocks, and the oak trees were full of moss, and hung sometimes completely over the houses sprawling out and way over the road. 18 and 19th century houses exuding with history. In fact it was very European looking. We continued our bike ride around Savannah for a while longer, eventually heading back into the center area, where our bus was parked.

Back at our bus we met Susan, who happened to be jogging, and stopped to ask us about the bus. She was very excited to meet us, and the next day she brought a friend over and gave us a welcome gift of Salami, and yogurt and two bottles of wine, Thank You Susan, and nice to meet you Tom. I should mention we found four pennies while adventuring around Savannah.



The next day we drove to Tybee Island, which is on the Atlantic Ocean, laid on the beach for a while, and met some nice folk....

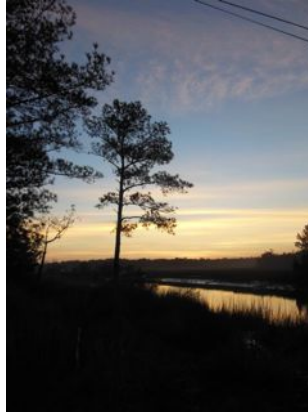


⇐ Tybee Island, nice folks we met and the beach ↑

And later towards the end of the day we left the beach area and found a Walmart and spent the night, but not before going on a few walks and finding two pennies.



Somewhere between



*Not knowing what comes next*



Savannah and Darien ....

The next day we drove on, and we did not really have a destination, and now as I write this,, I wonder what the point is anyways,,, we are not making substantial monies, we are hardly a part of the western society. We have not got any closer to most of our friends by doing this project. We have gotten further and further away from some of our friends. What's up with that. What's up with us/me? Irmi does facebook a little, I don't ,, and there is no difference, friendship wise. We wander ,, and we wonder, and we wish, and we wash,, our cloths,,, every two or three weeks!, and our bodies every few days, we fill up our our water tank that's 220 gallons our bus and we we travel thru so

If you call them still we`d like to be We are great for all want, and not so very great and not though we don't

most of our friends are even doing, (except for some of our loyal newsletter readers who write back) where's the true friendship, (what



minds, and we fill up every month or so,, per month, we cook in walk or ride bikes and many communities.

communities!. But part of a community. this stuff we have and great, and you are all so very great, even know half of what



is true friendship?) what's all this capitalism doing to us? all this busy busy.? We live in such a populated world, with so many fake facebook friends, and a handful of real face friends, course I don't know what I'm talking about, I am sort of rambling,, I actually know a lot of folks who seem fine with how things are round here. So please excuse my un good behavior. Lets get back to the report.



*Being calm and in balance after earning pennies ...*

The flip side of my extreme behavior is when we are walking in the Walmart parking lots finding pennies, I am at ease because I am earning money and that gives me a feeling of importance here on this part of earth, Then I am calm and in balance.

We drove along on the 17 which goes along the hyway 95 or nearby. The hyway 95 took all the business away from the smaller hyway 17, so as you travel along this road, you see a lot of empty houses and businesses, a lot of old plantations with not much happening anymore, a different kind of slavery taking place now, that slavery takes place on the 95 in the form of endless fast food places, and gas stations and hotels, a supply chain for the blood vein to go



faster and more efficient, and slavery is in there too. (*slavery today* ↑)

After a while we stopped at a little pull off area next to a muddy river, we saw a king fisher, and numerous other birds. I even deduced that they used chicken to catch fish here, cause there were lots of chicken wrappers laying around..

We enjoyed the sunset, and made dinner, and later slept, and woke up and organized ourselves and the bus and continued on.



*... at the muddy river early morning yoga ==>=>=>*

In Darien we stopped at a 2nd hand store, and a Japanese women invited us to take a hot shower and park on her and her husbands lawn, but first she said we should go to one of the nearby churches where they were serving a free lunch.



*⇐ inside the Methodist Church for free lunch!!!*

Irmi and I decided to go mostly for the experience, and truthfully, the food wasn't bad. We met some nice down home folks. After lunch we walked around the town a little, checked out some of the historical buildings, and then

drove over to Tosh and Jerry's home also across from a church. Tosh and Jerry are in their 70s and both are widowers who had known each other from previous marriages and gotten together 4 years ago. We shared a nice evening, and then went to sleep fairly early.



*Driving through the park in Darien ==>=>*

The next morning Tosh and Jerry had some trees that needed trimming, so we

dressed down in our work cloths and got on it. We worked for a day and a half, and Jerry helped us, and Tosh also and after work we drank a cold beer, and Tosh made some great food for all of us.



⇐Tosh carrying a log of wood and serving food for Brady and Jerry and me....↑

On the first day in Darien we had spoke with Veronique who was organizing the Martin Luther king Parade, we were hoping the committee would give us a donation to join in the parade, and or perform during the day. We had actually shown up at the town hall in our Fartsos and were just about to walk into the meeting, but the chief of police stopped us.

Veronique said she would give us a call, and was optimistic they could make a donation to the bust project. During the week we never heard from her. After our tree work we took a day off, and Jerry drove us around the Darien area and showed us several interesting places. We met some of Toshes Girlfriends who are from Japan originally and Tosh made some very yummy Gumbo for lunch.

*After we talked to Veronique we made some fart-friendly friends, who suggested to have a fart contest with their father.....⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒*





On one of the nights a friend of theirs named Ruby stopped in for a visit, Ruby is a professor and she had just arrived from Jamaica, and was driving to her home in Wilmington Virginia. Ruby was very supportive of our project, and it was very nice to meet her.



↑↑ *Ruby the professor*

On Saturday morning we drove the bus downtown and parked, dressed up in our Fartsos Costumes and rode our bikes up the 17 where the parade would start. We waited for the parade to come by, and then joined in and let em rip. The folks gathered along the 17 as well as the folks in the parade were cracking up. Most of the parade was churches from different parts of the area, (80 churches) the West Side Baptist, the East Side Methodist, etc. and it was 99% African American, except for Jerry who was walking in the name of the military, and Irmi and I who were riding in the name of The Big Underwear Spiritual Religion.



*We could not take to many pictures at the M.L.K. Parade but we took this one.*

This was a fun adventure and after the parade we walked over to the park where the rest of the days event was taking place with religious music and food and speeches were happening, we saw Veronique and we asked her why she did not call us, and she said we should have called her, so there was the mix up. It was a bummer cause we could have done a show in the park, but by this time it was too late. Oh well, we still had fun jumping into the parade.

At the end of the day we drove back to Tosh and Jerry's for our last night in Darien.

*Jerry and Tosh our wonderful friends from Darien ♥♥♥♥* ⇒



The next morning we hugged and kissed our new friends goodbye and made plans to come back and visit them someday. Tosh and Jerry are very special people and we thanked them for taking us into their home and treating us so well.

We drove the bus to Brunswick, and parked near the historical downtown area right on the river front. Brunswick has a timber history, but the timber is long gone, it also had a fishing history which is also pretty much gone. The town has changed a lot and not just from fires. We walked around and there were still some historical and beautiful houses, there is also a paper mill that belches out some stinky smells.



The town was very quiet on this Sunday, except for folks arriving to church, and a few homeless guys hanging around the park. There was not going to be any spontaneous shows here, we still managed to find 10 cents while walking around.

⇐ *Brunswick (Braunschweig) has beautiful houses and beautiful trees.*

We started up the bus and drove to Jeckel Island some 10 miles or so east. Someone had said this island was pretty, and that we could find a nice parking place, but they were wrong, and after paying 10\$

to enter onto the island, we soon realized it was a mistake. We still went for a nice walk, along the beach and found a nice parking spot and saw a dolphin, and it is a pretty island, but it was quite inhabited.



*Nice walk on the beach ↑, cup of coffee, ⇒  
\$10 sunset ↓*



With lots and lots of summer homes and condos and twasnt our cup of tea, so by sunset, we were driving back to Brunswick where we had seen a possibility near the big bridge that crosses the river, on an old world war 2 ship building site that had been developed for future condos that was now in foreclosure. There were also a few other big industrial buildings surrounding this big piece of land. We parked at the end, and it was very nice and private, except for the occasional local fisherman passing by.



The next morning Irmi went running over the bridge which is like one and a half miles to the other side, I could see her running way up and over there, meanwhile I went onto the roof of the bus and practiced playing on my fire drum. You could really sense that this area was busy a hundred years

*view from the bridge*



ago, and now there were pelicans, ducks, and many other birds living around here, and raccoons and such too.



....view from the bus to the bridge.

After a few peaceful days here, and 10 cents we found on monday, we headed out, still not having a precise plan for where to go, still loving the adventure, always confused by the amount of garbage on the roads.

After 20 miles or so, we arrived in Woodbine, a small village that had also been changed by the building of hyway 95. *Going south over the bridge*



At a small restaurant we stopped to see if we could steal some Wifi to check our facebook,, I mean emails. We were quickly on, and doing our email stuff, when a man approached the bus, and we said hello. He introduced himself as Stan, owner of Captain Stan's Smokehouse



*At Captain Stan's Smokehouse*

Restaurant. He invited us to park the bus in his parking lot, and enjoy a cup of coffee so we pulled the bus around and parked, and invited him for a cup of our coffee which is really the best coffee you can get. He was pretty impressed with our big underwear project and he complimented the coffee.

Stan started his restaurant business about 7 years ago, and after struggling along has now created a very unique and special place here in Woodbine. In his earlier life he was a fashion model and traveled through Europe but his profession was a Bridge-Builder, he was constructing the long Brunswick bridge. Within an hour or so, Stan had invited us on a boat ride on the river, and so just like that we were in a small boat exploring the river with our own Guide, Captain Stan.

*Captain Stan  
showing us the river  
⇒*



Stan informed us that for years he has been coming out on this river and catching fish, alligators and wild pigs. He also gave us a bit of the history of the area, informing us that along the river were rice plantations and showed us where they used to load the boats up and take the rice out to the bigger cities.



Back at the smokehouse Stan offered to pay us to perform at a wake that was being given at his restaurant for a citizen of the town of woodbine on Wensday night. Meanwhile we managed to find 21 cents on the ground by the end of the day.

*↑ Along the river were rice plantations*

Our road kill calendars became popular, as folks who stopped in at the restaurant were of course curious about the big 40 Ft bus parked out front and many stopped in and said hello.

Captain Stan's Restaurant is mostly an outdoor venue with an outdoor bar and a fire pit in the middle of a good sized space, with a few oak trees over hanging and a separate small little covered area for the band. The night of our performance arrived and so did a lot of the towns folk, Stan and his staff had been busy all day preparing there amazing smoked meats,with collard greens and lima beans for the evenings affair. After a certain amount of alcohol was imbibed and a short speech to the assembled audience with an introduction from Stan, Irmi and I did a 10 minute portion of our comedy show and later a 10 minute portion of our fire show.

*Hanging out at Captain Stan's place*

The shows were well received, at least thats what a lot of folks were saying afterwards. We had found 1 penny that day, later Stan invited us for beer or drinks and to eat steak and veggies and we took it over to his friend Georges, who was an interesting collector of all kinds of stuff. We enjoyed a nice bottle of red wine, and viewed his museum like home.



*Last picture with Stan until we see him again!*

The next day was a cleanup our stuff and organize the bus day. We were also available for folks to stop by and check out the bus and even receive a donation for a calender though!, we found not one new home for our beautiful underwear.



On Friday morning we said good bye to Stan and the crew and set out for Jacksonville Florida. Near the big city, we pulled into our friendly Walmart superstore. Shortly we set out to find more pennies, and the occasional silver coins one can sometimes find when focusing on the higher anointing big underwear spiritual powers. After a nice dinner (burritos) and a cold beer, we headed out for a second session of walking in parking lots and looking for money. When we counted our findings, we had 87 cents. Crazy eh!, yea we were impressed.



*Jacksonville in the early morning*

In the early morning we drove to Jacksonville to see about the River front market place that takes place on the weekends

more during March to November a smaller version of the market during the off season. At first the women said we couldn't do shows, but we could put our bus over there, and on the edge of the sidewalk we could put our underwear and flower pots.



*We set up the undies and the flowerpots and Bobarino did his show*

Then she came over with an older gentleman and it was arranged that I could do my show. Meanwhile we had set up our little flower pot arrangement on the sidewalk and the underwear part in the bus.



Lots of people came on the bus and took pictures of the bus, and asked questions and took a postcard and there were even a few donations of a few dollars.

I quickly organized my show and by 12 or so I went out and performed a rendition of my comedy show. The River Arts Market idea was actually inspired by the Portland Saturday Market in Oregon. And my show reminded me of my early years in Portland when I was going AAAGGHHH,,,, DOH!!!!!! etc....



*This would be the real pitch for a show*

The audience was very nice all 13 of them, nah! There were a few more. In the end I finished and spoke, and the public brought close to 50\$ in the form of donations. The market plus Irmi and I packed up our stuff and we were the last ones finished. We re-parked the bus and got our bikes down and rode around for the next few hours, visiting the real downtown area, and then circumnavigating a part of the city. We happened on a fruit and veggie market that was so much lower priced than some of the things we had bought at the river arts market. That was tough. I'm not sure how many pennies we found.

*Out of Jacksonville to the next Walmart....*



In the early evening we pulled out of Jacksonville and headed towards the A1A road that goes down along the Atlantic seaboard. We filled up the diesel tank and that was 220\$. Driving along on the street was just a long lighted snake of commercialism, and eventually we found our parking place, at yes! Another Walmart super store. After dinner we walked around, and the days earnings went up to 37 cents found.



In the morning we had our tea and then our coffee, and drove off into the sunrise, and then a right turn and we were going along the Atlantic Ocean, we stopped a long the way thru out the morning and even got in the Ocean and a little bit wet, and we laid in the sun, it was a bit chilly.

*Sun-rise or sun-set?*

We passed thru St. Augustine, and found a parking nearby, then rode our bikes thru parking lots, looking for pennies, and seeing lots of people. We also observed historical buildings around the city.

St Augustine is the oldest city in America, and if the tourists were a testament then it is indeed true.



*Riding our bikes around in St. Augustin.*

There was no place for our shows, and so we got back in the bus and proceeded to find a place for the evening. Along the way we found a parking lot with beach access, Pulled in and a car that had been following us pulled in to ask if they could take fotos, so of course we invited them on the bus. An indian man and his daughter were



completely curious and asked a lot of questions, and they were very supportive. Soon they donated 20\$ and received a calendar and good wishes were exchanged, nice to meet you folks! *Indian man with daughter*



We jumped in the ocean and ate a nice dinner, and slept a nice sleep. The next morning was warm, even hot, and we jumped in the ocean again, and laid in the sun and enjoyed the seagulls. When we came back to the bus, a women gave us a peace stone, and then came on the bus and donated twenty dollars for a nice pair of underwear. Now we drove a few miles, except that along the way we stopped at several thrift stores.



⇐ ⇐ *at the beach with pelicans*

Irmi was looking for a bikini, and as of this writing she still hasn't found one. Finally in the night time we found a trusty Walmart, and parked , and sure! We went for our meditation and money walk, and by the time we headed inside for the evening we had collected 74 cents.

The next morning we woke up and used the Walmart toilets and then drove on down the

A1A. around noon we pulled into a small parking area jumped into our bathing trunks and went to the beach, but it quickly turned to nasty weather, and so we settled onto the bus and enjoyed our books and some brunch.



*On the chilly beach* ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

Back on the road we passed thru different little towns and eventually arrived in Jensen Beach, which was famous for pineapples. We called our contact Barney, that Captain Stan had given us. Barney and Krista have two kids 13 and 16 and have a business called "Skippers shippers" where they ship all kinds of boats to different

destinations world wide.

Barney said it was fine to pull our bus onto his place which is next to a residential area.



*Brady, Irmi, Barney in front of the Skipper Shippers*

The family lives up the street and Craig who is a wood worker lives next to Barneys shop. So now we have been here for a few days and enjoyed a few beers with a few new friends. January has come to an end, except that we found 20 cents on 29. Jan. and 2 cents on 30. January. .. Oh, I should mention that Barney had some tree work for us, and we bid the job for 1500\$, but they did not like that price so we

agreed to work for 250\$ for 5 hours, which we did on the last day of January.

We borrowed a little red wagon, and pulled our equip. up the street and put in a good day of tree trimming for Barney and Krista. Afterwards walking back we found 2 pennies. As



of this writing they never did look at the work!.



In the night we invited Barney, Krista, and Craig to try Irmi's cabbage pancakes that she made, and we enjoyed a few beers. Barney was organizing his extensive garage and workshop, he has a lot of toys, Like boats and cars and motorcycles and many other nice things.

They never did once come inside of the bus. As of this writing we are still waiting for our \$250, and yes, money and friendship is sometimes a tedious relationship. Will we receive the money for a well done job? Stay tuned. Same big underwear channel, same big underwear time, same big underwear spiritual and comical religion.

*Still waiting fort the money..... ⤴ ⤴*

*..... all the pennies, nickles, dimes and quarters we found in January ⤵ ⤵*

