

**Fellow Big Underwear Wearers!, how are things in your neighborhood?
We thinks and hopes mostly fine.**



On New Years night we packed up our show into Delfins van again and Mauricio drove it over to our bus and helped unload, thanks again Mauricio. Then we jumped in the ocean and freshened up. In a short while we joined some of the folks we had met in Puerto Morelos and Rang in the New Year with some Champagne and bailando (dancing). afterwards we sat at Delfins apartment which over looks the square, and shared some wine and beer and interesting conversations.

The next morning it was late when we awoke, and we took the day easy. Some of the folks from the previous night came over and we served coffee and spoke of different things.

The next day our electric man brought the spare inverter and generator back with good news for both pieces of equipment and after I paid him for his work we had our power system back and operating which was a big relief, even for hillbilly's like us.

The electric-man received money



Meanwhile each day Rosie, Irmi and I went snorkeling, and we continued to see amazing fish in the ocean.



Brady and Roze on the way to see the underwater world

After several days of procrastination we finally set out towards the big fast city of Playa Del Carmen. 3 of the folks from Delfins house decided to ride with us to Playa, this was nice and they though roughly enjoyed the short adventure,

they donated some money to our cause and received some fine underwear.



Andre, Angie + Luna (not in the picture) traveling with us to playa.

After some shopping at a big store we walked around and found a better parking place, not too far from the action and there we parked. There is a lot of action in playa Del Carmen, young and old are drawn here with about a million hotels and restaurants. We walked around and sent Peter Panic an email letting him know we were here, and where we were etc.. that night Peter woke us up at 2:30 a.m to say hello. Peter rides his bike around Playa Del Carmen, he's like the night rider.

The next day we looked for some fire fluid for the show along with numerous other supplies, and since the weather was not so nice we didn't have to really jump in the ocean, though Irmi and Rosie did go and take a short swim. peter arrived again, and so we rode our bikes over to his apartment and checked emails and took a shower.



Peter Panic on the beach and in the bus

Peter is a pretty famous juggler working in some of the hotels here along the Maya Riviera who provide entertainment for the guests, he performs his show 6 nights a week for roughly two months at a time. We

know a number of performers who are working this contract, in fact I worked here many years ago.

Anyhoot, Thanks Peter for your hospitality. The next morning we packed up the bus and enjoyed a last cup of coffee and then filled up our water tanks nearby from a water point that was coming from a building that was empty with a for rent sign on it.



When we were filling up the water-tanks people made pictures and so we did,too.

And then we headed for Tulum, the village and the Ruins. The highway here is probably one of the better ones in Mexico, because hey, this is where a million or so tourists come each day. and so yea,,, even the garbage is less because they have created a garbage service. Though actually 5 meters from the hotels or other touristy things there is plenty of garbage. We passed by the village of Tulum, over to Pai Bahia which is right on the ocean and pretty much just caters to travelers and or tourists. Crowded and small and no parking really, we got lucky and could pullover off the little road onto some sand just 50 meters from the Caribbean ocean, "whew who".



We parked near the beach and had a lot of different visitors.

It was not the perfect place, but for the situation it was pretty good, and almost instantly tourists started taking pictures of the bus, and so Rosie started her own project taking pictures of people taking pictures of the bus, which threw some of the tourists off, and they asked "is it ok if I take a picture"?. some folks just did not even make eye contact, which is strange when people do that, a real sign of un-comfortableness, I do that sometimes too.

During the course of 3 days or so we stayed in this spot, and walked around, (Irmi ran) went swimming, cruized thru the small tourist village, and generally just took in all the beauty of the nature.



The kitchen in the morning light

Roze and Brady on the bike to Tulum

Rain-clouds are bringing rain... a lot...a lot.

We also rode the bikes 5 Kms to the Tulum ruins which is a popular destination for folks seeking to visit a real historical indigenous site. We arrived early in the morning and so we got to see some of the amazing sacred structures before the onslaught of roughly 1 million people coming by bus, collective, (van) or taxi. We swam right in front of the ruins where

hundreds and hundreds of years ago the Spanish wrecked their boat and the Indians helped them out. And the rest is history.



On the beach of Tulum..... And around the ruins.

If you detect a little bit of cynicism in my writing you are

correct, as I am a little bit confused, or maybe its disillusioned or I am not sure what it is, maybe sad. I do not understand why such a beautiful area of the world is getting turned over to money and trash, and I can not blame it on one person, I do not know who or what to blame, I just don't understand.



Top: Tulum and the tourists. Middle: Where the Spanish wrecked their boat. Bottom: The plastic citys

One afternoon Irmi, Rosie and myself made a little city out of plastic containers and bottles and plastic forks and spoons and other such plastic things, all from trash we found on the beach in a roughly 50 meter area. Tourists began taking photos and we received compliments for our plastic village, and a Mexican man was telling us that much of the stuff floats in from Guatemala and Belize, and that he would like to send a parcel to the

Guatemalan embassy to let them know what's going on, we of course let him know that there is plenty of Mexican trash in Mexico, and he agreed. Any hoot, what ya going to do, very few people really care, The Mexicans hardly mind the trash, and the tourist are too busy getting their holiday on and the whole collective is just too busy to really do something about it. Seems we all have something that is so much more important than picking up the garbage. Though I have to say, mixed in with all these tourists and locals who do not seem to mind the trash we have also met numerous folks who also pick up trash and also make art out of trash, so there is a movement it is just kind of slow.

I feel that I may sound a little stupid for all the harping I do in these newsletters, I always hope to some how inspire or stimulate, but fear the opposite, and with perceptively little feedback I am a small lonely fish in a big busy pond.



Rosie's foot, some trash and a shadow....

Sometimes I imagine me and some of my funny clowny friends going around and doing funny clowny gorilla theater stuff to make the general public wonder. It seems those days are over, and that only the young energetic folks that I have met along the way (plus Irmi) ***More trash to look at, on the side of the road!***



have the time or desire to get into such behavior, but they aren't very good at doing the dishes or cooking good food. Certainly my generation is older and tired and set in there ways, (and cook and clean good) and don't get me wrong some of them (young and old) are fighting for some good causes for sure, once again they are a small group also surrounded by a larger more capitalistic and eager group who feel possibly entitled. I use the word possibly, because I really don't know what I am talking about. Or do I ?

After the third night or so and around 8:p:m a police officer knocked on our door and said we could not stay here anymore, I convinced him that I did not want to drive away in the night and so we had permission to stay there one more night. The next morning we drove into Tulum village and parked for a little while, and then later in the afternoon we drove 2-3 kms out of town to Cenote Crystal y Escondido (2 centos). We set up our little camp, and then had a nice swim in the first cenote which was very refreshing. A cenote is fresh water that is coming up from the earth, and there are quite a few of them in this part of Mexico.



The Cenote Cristal

The next day an older Mayan man and his sons arrived as they run the two centos here, one of the cenotes is sort of like a small little pond, but clear,, and the other one is across the road and 400 meters down a dirt road and that one is much deeper and bigger, with 3 caves where water comes forth etc. After speaking with the father and son for awhile they invited us to enjoy the cenotes for free. And so we stayed for 3-4 days and enjoyed their company

and their dog Leche, and the two little kitty's and they sometimes gave us home cooked food, and tortilla's and Rosie really enjoyed to hang out with them under their little palapa.

Cenote Escondido

They became very special friends to us, and the father was a sort of Mayan medicine man, he knew so many things about the plants and animals and was happy to share information with us. Meanwhile we also visited the two cenotes 3-4 times a day and brought our snorkeling equipment along and looked at all the fishys and underwater stuff, what fun.

Don Melchior with his black cat and his wife, David, Michael and Roze ⇓⇒



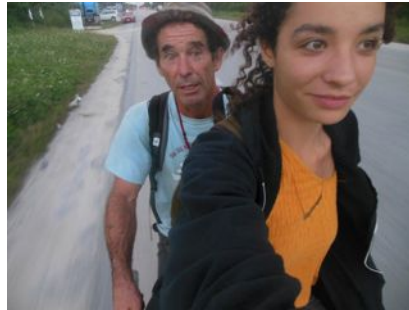
We rode the bikes into Tulum and started the process of trying to get a permit to do a show in the plaza Maya. the police sent us one way, and the next person another way, and then the secretary another way, and finally we were told we would need to write a short proposal.



Butterflies, Leche (the dog), a clicker-bug and an orchidee. It was a pleasure to be with the Cenote-family.

The next day we came back and furthered our progress slightly but then in the end we needed to go to the Pastor of the church which was next to the plaza. He was not there, so we went back to our camp and made a nice dinner with chorizo and tortillas and vegetables. Later Irmi and I rode back to the plaza but the pastor was not there. In the morning we packed the bus up and drove again to the plaza, and the pastor was still not around, so then we decided to just move on, and not perform our amazing comedy and fire show in Tulum, because hey sometimes if its not easy and smooth we just don't feel like pushing it.

There was no show in Tulum



.....but always the possibility to make pictures.

Irmi and Rosie walked over to the Mayan family's home and brought a few presents, for example we presented the family with one of our flower pots that Irmi and I made back in the Off Center Coffee shop which is where we had a museum which is some years ago before the BUST project, and was in Rhode Island, which is not really an island, but rather a state in America.

But hey! enough about us, lets talk more about us.

We drove back north, towards Playa Del Carmen, but first we stopped at a very difficult to get to beach and had a short swim and rest. We saw where most of the one million tourist stay when they are here, quite ritzy, and well guarded hotel complexes that look quite sterile, though at the same time we were being critical we also felt a little jealous that we were not staying there and being well pampered.

←...well pampered tourists



Back in the bus we drove slowly back to playa. The next day we went to visit Peter Panic at his apartment, we took a few loads of laundry and while that was going we all went to the beautiful and serene nearby beach and took a swim, actually I didn't cause it was chilly out.

Later we hung our laundry all over the bus and enjoyed a relatively relaxed evening with a nice yummy dinner.



***In Playa del Carmen
Mayen family who
look for cans and
bottles
⇒ a melon for
dessert***



a

During the last 10 days or so I had contracted a cold, Rosie got it second, and finally Irmi caught it too, so that was fun. We met Angie our Swiss French friend we had met in Puerto, she was having a get together at a local bar where the lady's got free drinks, so we met her and had free drinks, and chatted about our travels etc, later Peter showed up after his show, and then Irmi and I headed back to the bus but the rest of our friends went to some other places, as you do in Playa Del Carmen.



With patience, letting it go and card-games you get easy over a cold

The next day we broke camp and drove direction Puerto Morelos, Rosie was excited to see some of the friends she had made including many dog friends. Our special spot in the lot spot was waiting for us when we arrived (and so were the mosquitos), and in a way nothing but the tourists had changed since we were here 10 days ago. We made our little camp and hit the beach for a swim, actually a snorkel, and we saw more crazy beautiful fish.



⇐⇧⇒⇩ Rosie and Brady in best form

And we made nice dinners, and enjoyed our last few days with Rosie girl, who would soon be jumping on the plane back to Boston and jumping back into her

university study's.

Each of the few days before Rosie caught her plane we snorkeled and took walks on the beach, and Rosie filmed more for her video project, and took lots of photos, and even invited some of the different folks we met here over to the bus and we made a little camp fire and sat around exchanging story's and drinking a few cold beers. ***We always, always made nice dinners ⇒⇒⇒***

But sure the morning did arrive when we caught a ride with Stefanie and her father and at the airport we said good bye to Rosie who boarded a plane for Boston. Hasta Leuego



Rosie we had a fun time, Thank You for your wonderful personage.



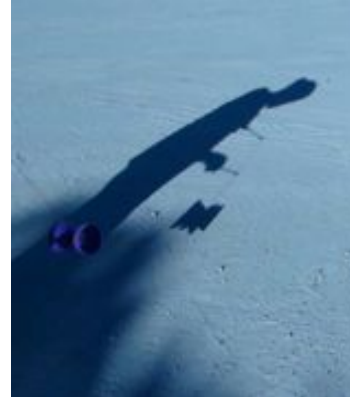
A last swim and shower, Stefanie who gave us a ride, one last picture.

Irmi and I hitch hiked back to Puerto Morelos and the bus was empty when we came on board, no Rosie girl, just nice memory's

Irmi and I are at odds as to where, when, and whether we do a show, she of course is ready now, and I am a little more in a transitional place of mind. My daughter Rosie is not here now, and I have to grock that, and continue learning to be here now.



I should like to take a few moments to express some big gratitude to the numerous persons who came onto the bus where ever we were parked and donated to our project and received a special pair of underwear. Andre and Mo and Pablo, and a few I can not remember their names, but hey these folks took a few moments to speak with us about the Big Underwear social Tour and many seemed genuinely inspired and told us in there languages to keep up the good work, which we will constantly do at least for the time being.



Here are a few visitors, Andre, Maureen and a cool shadow from Rodrigo

Irmi and I really enjoy and appreciate the millions of visits we received here on the bus whether money changed hands or not.

This month was a different kind of month, not a lot of traveling around but rather a lot of exchanges with other travelers. Rosie caught right on as to what the life of a big underwear spiritual member consists of and she helped to spread the word of the higher anointing powers of the big Underwear Religion.

A little blurry, but here you see Javier and the Sergio's⇒

A special shout out to Javier, and the two Sergio's who work with the tractor cleaning up the beaches, and always congregate behind our bus and give us good energy and are always polite and friendly to us.

Thank You guys!.



Ok, so we have arranged a show at the Casa Del Veinto a very special house here in Puerto Morelos often called the Gaudi house because of its unique architecture. Irmi and I will perform our comedy and fire show and display our underwear and art and there will be a band, and it should bring some of the different folks out for a night of Big Underwear Entertainment.



A better picture from Rodrigo, Rosie filling up the drinkingwater, flowers!!!

In the meantime Irmi and I keep busy with little projects around the bus, organizing, cleaning, and of course there is always sand to brush out of the bus, that's how it is on the beach eh!! It is such a laid back lifestyle, "WoW can not believe we are so free sometimes. Thank You to whomever I should be thanking for giving us this opportunity to explore the world and also the ever present relationship between money and friendship amongst the peoples of the higher anointing and spiritual religion of the big underwear spiritual advisors and clergy folk group. Ah-wo-and-men.

