

## Howdy Doody Big Underwear Poopsies!.



*... the sun glasses from Clayton reflecting the scene, Brady is taking a picture.*

Well, here we are with another grammatically incorrect story of unfolding events in the days of our Big Underwear Comical religious lives. This newsletter has become somewhat of a longer version of a facebook entry complete with pictures and newish expressions. But hey what can I do, I am a product of society.

We had a wonderfully country time out on the 5 acres of land Greg and Jacque own. Clayton, Jacques son came out each morning and continued his work indoors repairing the house that he will live in soon.



<< trimming  
pecan trees

working at art  
projects >>



Iirmi and I did quite a bit of menial work around the property such as trimming of the pecan trees and hauling of brush. We also worked on some art projects, like a flower pot, and an art piece using old junk I found in New England, and Iirmi turned some giant acorns we found into even more beautiful pieces.



Iirmi also started to repaint the bus using paint we had received on the first BUST adventure from Pintomex in Puebla Mexico.

*Brady sitting with his art.*

In-between the work and the art we took nice walks around the area, and saw armadillos, turtles, hawks, catfish, cows, road runners, coyotes, ducks, herons and numerous other animals. Spring was just starting to bloom with little flowers and other such buddings.



*fresh color: pink, pink, pink.^*

It was completely quiet, except for the train that passed by fairly regular. There was also an old house nearby that was falling apart and word is that someone built it for someone, but that no one ever lived in it.



*< the lonely house in the*

After about a week of living in this meditative way and reflecting on the world in our Big Underwear Spiritual and Special Way we made somewhat of a drastic decision which is/was to

drive the bus back to the Dallas area and park it near the airport so that when we come back from Europe our home would be sitting

close by. Part of the problem for us is that we do not like to impose on folks. We/I may bitch about how weird the social world is in this day and age, but we still respect everyone's choices as well there space. Most people are busy with their lives, and a little bit of imposition is ok but there is a limit, and when we have an inkling of doubt, we are quick to react.



*Benjum and Maddy before we said Good Bye.*

So with a certain amount of sadness we said goodbye to Greg, Jacque Maddie, Benjum, and Clayton. and headed back to Drue and Linda's to search for an RV storage place where we could put the bus for 6 months.



*On the way to Drue and Linds we had some nice wild weather around us.*



We had stopped keeping an accurate record of monies we found, not only because it was less and less, and not because it is/was rather depressing. I think maybe we just made a conscious effort to avoid the real reason, which actually we don't have one, maybe it was just a phase.



Needless to say we still have all the profits that fill a square antique can that sits in the back of the bus, and since we cant just take it into a bank and get paper so easy, there's a chance it will sit there for some time, unless we can figure out how to donate it to a good cause, which in the end might be to give it back to ourselves, since we are convinced we are a good cause.

*We may not find many pennies, but there is other phases we will go through.*

Oh, and yes,, we still found 5 cents on the land there and later about 33 cents at Drue and Linda's. (I might have exaggerated that amount)

One of the evenings, Drue invited me to an old man poker game that happens once a month or so. At 5 in the afternoon we stopped into Damien's home where there was a game already in progress we bought our 25\$ in chips and 3\$ for dinner, and sat down to some hard core easy going Texas holdum.



*Brady and Drue in the poker circle*

These guys were from mid to late 30s all the way up to the 80s in age, and they were not serious about making money, but rather serious about the game of poker. I would have to say it was the best poker game I have ever been involved in. Except for the time I was in Japan playing with Rio Iguchi, Scott the magician, the Flying Dutchman, and Skate Naked, and I won the last game of the night which was about 150\$, but hey there you go,, stupid money!!, trying to make me have a better time than if money wasnt so important, stupid stupid money \$\$\$ yuk yuk yuk. Gosh bless money!.

Irmi has continued her re-paint the bus project, and she has transformed the bus from dull beautiful to bright beautiful, just like it was after Sarah painted it in Puebla some few years ago. The weather here in Texas is so nice at this time of the year, not too hot, and not too cold, perfect for painting. *Irmi refreshing Sara's design* Δ In-between painting, Irmi finds time to go running, and make super amazing pecan bread. Meanwhile I practice on my fire drum, cut a few trees, drink tecate beer and make minor attempts at writing the newsletter.



We found a storage place near Aubrey, yahoo!, and so we could relax a little and start the process of preping the bus for sitting under a covered place about 45 mins. from Drue and Linda`s home.



*A long storage place for a long bus*

We shared some fun times with Drue and Linda in between organizing our bus, and in between their work and ours we cooked some great food, and ate the good food and drank some beers and played extreme batchee and horse shoes, and guns.



*Last picture with Irimi, Linda, Drue and Brady*

Finally on 19 March we drove the bus to Aubrey and parked the bus in its summer storage place, Linda followed us, and after we got the bus all parked we sat around for a few minutes and said good bye to the big beautiful pink and blue bus of love, and then drove home to the Franklins. On this last night Drue had smoked a brisket for 12 hours, and we feasted in the evening with Drue's father and another friend and enjoyed beer, and great smoked meat, and some cheese bread Drue's dad had brought. Thanks Drue and Linda for a wonderful time.



The next morning Drue drove us down to the Dallas airport, and soon enough we were in the airplane flying towards Euroland.

All of a sudden we were in the Frankfurt airport collecting our luggage and looking for the train to Stuttgart.

*... back in Euro Land...*

In Stuttgart Irimi's brother Edwin picked us up in Irimi's little ford transit, drove us to his small village where we spent the night. In the morning after a nice euro breakfast we loaded up our stuff and drove

the two hours to Konstanz, on the Bodensee lake. Thanks Edwin for taking such good care of Irmi`s Ford Transit.

Once again we are safely in our little two person trailer, a hundred yards from the main house here at the Spiegel garden center. Its always Crazy to come back here and see the subtle differences between Europe and the states.



*our little cozy home >>>*

In March the weather is still trying to grasp hold of the fact that it is technically spring. You wouldn't know it though cause 2 days later it started snowing and 2 days later it is still snowing.

Most of our stuff is up north in the circus wagon. Here we have just enough stuff to get by on, a dry sleeping place, some semi warm cloths, yellow plum marmalade from last summer, etc. Fortunately we have Rosa and Rosi Spiegel who feed us each day, and there house is warm too.



Visiting the Spiegel's is one of our top priorities and we are always happy to be here, Irmi`s mother is a very special women.

*<<< making cherry cake Irmi and her mother.*

So we are right on schedule, just like the weather. In the meantime we do office work, in an attempt to get a little bit more work, at the moment we have work in Luxembourg, Switzerland, Germany, and some options in Holland and Belgium. we are still quite a bit out of the loop for festivals.



Somehow we like it like that, and don't like it like that. Its sometimes a hard balance to find, I don't speak of just my work life, but also of the lives of the Big Underwear people that have touched me, you see? The Power of the Big Underwear is everywhere. And all encompassing and comical religion to help lighten your load. To take the wee wee out of mee mee and the mee mee out of you you. and to put it in a comfortable balance. Exciting isn't it.

Iirmi`s brother Edwin came down with his son Efrahim, and we had a bit of a family reunion with Volker and Trixie taking us all out to lunch across the Bodensee in Haldenhof.



*Volker, Trixi, Frau Spiegel, Edwin, Brady, Efrahim, Iirmi, in the back the Bodensee*

After a week we packed our trailer and said good bye to Rosa and Rosi and the new helper Helena, who is around the house to help Frau Spiegel, Helena is from Poland and will stay for a few months.

We drove west along the Rhein River, and after a few hours we were at the southern end of the Black Forest. We drove north now and up and into the mountains of the Big Underwear Black Forest. It didn't take long to arrive at the snow line.



*In the black forest where Jan and Nina park and work on a new project.*



We called our friend Jan and he directed us close to the place where they are staying presently. And he and Nina met us and brought us the last Km. The place where they are staying is a paradise on the mountain, "WOW". Jan met Nina a year or more ago in Koeln and they have been in love since, and are now married and 5 months pregnant. ""Whew Who" Jan and Nina" Congratulations!



*A girl from stone, who don't mind the cold Δ*

*<<< At Bassie's and Susa's handmade paradise*

Bassie, Jan and Nina have taken a 1956 Mercedes truck and with the master builder Bassie, who lives here with his Sweetheart Susa and their grown children, who don't live here, but did, anyways, they have completely refurbished and reconstructed and fixed up this great truck and will make it into a traveling cafe. Base is a very good maker of things especially with metal, and engines, and such. This big ole truck goes along with Jan's circus wagon that he pulls around with another big ole truck that he and Base refurbished in the last years. *Jan at work V ... and after work V*





*Here we all sitting in Jan's Van for breakfast, Bassie, Jan, Nina, Susa, Irmie....*

Jan was with us on the first Big Underwear Tour and he and Nina and Jester and Nutmeg and of course the little Baby that is coming soon have the idea to go around with their circus trucks in Europe and pull into smaller towns and perform a show and set up a cafe, just like we did and do in Mexico and central America. Krazy eh!

*Here you see th magic café van from Jan and Nina >>>>*



They really have the spirit! >>>

And Bassie and Susa have a very kool set up here with farm animals, and a dog and two cats and Beautiful art pieces, and fruit trees, and since we arrived it has been snowing , and so well,, that's where the SAUNA comes in handy.



We made some nice meals in the main house, and enjoyed a few bottles of wine. The snow stopped and the sun came out today, but at a thousand meters or so it is still quite chilly. Base, Nina, and Jan continue the work on the truck, and soon it will be complete.



*Few from the kitchen window to the fire place at Bassie and Susa*

In a few days we will be back on the road, looking and listening, smelling and tasting, and generally hope-ing for warmer weather.

We send out this newsletter knowing full well that we are part of a very busy world. Irmi and I and our wonderful amazing friends and



the amazing nature around us are constantly growing. We send out good vibrations to all and a merry early April, and a happy moment or two in your life.

>>>> *Nikita, the dog from Susa + Bassie enjoying his life.* >>>>

Addendum: If you are not having a pretty good time in our money world, than you possibly could be receiving this newsletter in a 3rd world country where capitalism does not have the same charms, and therefore most of what I write does not really apply.

But hey, we all do yoga and Zen, and we pray, and we send out incense filled kudos to all the poor poor people who don't have the fortune to live in a western culture like us, and you!

Sorry ,, I got a little sarcastic,,, but really mostly at myself. And maybe cause its cold out here.!





Brady going up ....