

## Dearest Big Underwear Followers.



May 1st is a holiday in many parts of Europe, its a sort of labor day celebration. In Berlin they burn cars and go around ranting and raving, we were in Konstanz celebrating just another day, since nearly everyday is a holiday for us, lifestyle first money second eh!,, or third sometimes.

Irmi, her mother and myself, got into the garden some more and prepared the space for planting some beans and a few other veggies. In the next few days we rode our bikes into Konstanz, organized and cleaned stuff up around the garden center, and loaded up the ford transit to transport house hold stuff to OUR NEW LAND.



*ready for beans, zucchini, radish....*

New Land! What's this?



Yes, that is our new project that sort of just came about quite casually. Irmi had some money put away and with the help of Mama Spiegel...

*Here you see Frau Spiegel senior.*

...we shall now have a base located roughly 50 km's west of Koblenz in a small village just above the Mosel River. Some folks who are familiar with our living situation will instantly comprehend what this means, which is first of all that now we have a place to store our stuff and 2nd we can invite friends to visit, and 3rd of all that those friends can ask us if it is alright to take a shower or plug their computers in, or wash some cloths, or take a crap or numerous other little things that we have asked friends if we could do when we were visiting them for so many years. So hey, a big yahoo for us. And for you too!.

And yea, for us it doesnt change much, except that we can open up our boxes and dump stuff out, and have a place to put more stuff, and enjoy some of the diffrent little dainty things (stuff) we have collected over the years and just stored somewhere. Well I guess it puts us more in the mainstream and so in another way it is a big change, (money 1st lifestyle 2nd?) at least for us.

So we dropped a load of stuff off at the property, and continued on to Koln and visited our friends Jan and Nina who had relocated their circus trucks to a place where Bart and friends live.



*This is just the cute little house of our own.*



Bart is young bouncer type, all tattooed up and jack of all trades, collector of motorcycles kind of guy who has gone in with another friend to buy a house with a work shop right in the middle of an industrial area in the N.W. part of Koln.

*Bart an his mini motorcycles surrounded by us in front of Jan's truck.*

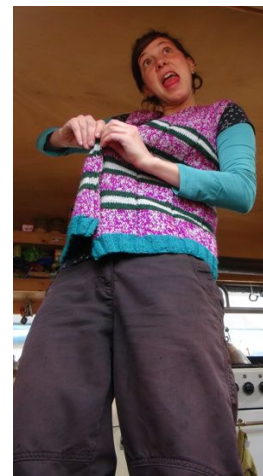
Jan and Nina will finish the work on Nina's circus wagon, what is basically to install a kitchen for their idea of having a mobile cafe. Since Bart and a few others were preparing to celebrate their birthday, Irmi and I decided to offer our fire show as a birthday present. A party was planned for Wednesday night and

so we got our props organized and asked Jan if he would jump in with us, after his Kung Fu class which he does 4 nights a week.

In the meantime Nina continued to incubate there baby in her stomach as well as design and build out the kitchen in their big beautiful circus wagon cafe.

*NINA>>>>*

On the B-day night Bart and friends gathered and first Irmi and I did our Fartsos walk around act to a somewhat kool and freaky crowd of folks who were enjoying beer, wine ,barbecue, and a barrel fire out side in the springy time weather. At 11 pm or so Jan, Irmi and I did a rendition of the fire part of the show we had performed together in Central America a few years ago, and this was alot of fun. Bart and gang were truly appreciative and even went around passing the hat for us. Combined with after show underwear sales/donations we made close to 250 Euros. The party went late



into the night and into the early morning. We woke up and helped clean up, and slowly got our own stuff packed up. But first we rode Bart's tiny little motorcycle around the industrial area, which was fun. Bart gave me a kool pair of hightop Reebok basketball shoes (sliver) He also found two very kool mini penny farthing bikes on the internet that we ordered and are waiting for ( we will put them into our Fartsos act soon) And then Irmi and I headed north in our little ford transit and trailer.

Along the way we decided to call Dado, Casey and son Mateo, to see if they were up for a visit from the Big Underwear People known as us.



Dado and fam. live near Recklinghausen which is not too far from Dortmund, which is not really important in this story. Next thing you know we are visiting a few more of our wonderful friends who live on earth on a farm in a beautiful circus wagon and share a few similar views on such things as the different colors of flowers which is quite important in this story. Dado is a well known performer, and Casey is not only his sweetheart but also the mother of their son. Together they have created not only their son but also "MAMMA LUNAS ROADSHOW CIRCUS" and that's besides performing around the world and visiting other friends in our extended family who also share similar views on the different colors of flowers and such.

» Daniel and Casey and us

The place where They live is actually on a big piece of land known as Theo's Bio Farm, and totally reminds me of the days when I lived in Salem Oregon and was involved in a whole foods store called Heliotrope. Its the last place you would think someone would steal something, but in fact whilst we were enjoying a few beers and a barbecue, a couple 14 yr olds who had been known already to cause a bit of trouble actually went into our little caravan which was parked in the meadow just 50 meters from our host and hostess and took our two ipods and left the area.



We did not notice this, and later we said good bye to Dado and Casey and Mateo, and drove off and spent the night on the road an hour or so north. In the morning thanks to Irmi we did then notice that our ipods were gone. so after looking all thru our stuff we reluctantly went back to Theo's bio farm, and began the process of detective work. All of us preset the night before had noticed the boys on the property, and so now it was just a matter of finding out where these boys hung out. The consensus was that the boys might be found at the camping place which was a



few km's away. Irmi and I rode our bikes there and spoke with the head lady who told us she had an idea based on our story of the Hair cuts that we had observed on the boys (somewhat punk) and so we ventured over to one of the trailers and sure enough one of the boys there said they had the Ipods, and that they had found them by the water etc..etc... Down the row of trailers was the other boy and together they continued their story of having found the ipods and that there were no cases around the ipods and that all the music was erased. One of the mothers was upset that we would insinuate that infact they had been in our trailer and stolen the ipods, she said everyone always blames her boy for doing bad things.

The mother and Irmi and I said hey, lets just let Back at Dado and Casey's talking, and then the one daughter arrived and she and her continued lite was crying about her poor, and then Dado spent a few boy that which we all knew, other boy had been on the gone thru his tent, nearby, ipods and that they had barn. and then Casey came few words of wisdom and members of the family, and much the end of this story, info left out. For example, what I was saying all the time which was, "just bring the ipod cases back. ( I said that several times) after the hugging part I sort of knew that we would not be seeing the ipod cases, which I did not care so much about, it was more that they had erased the music, that sucked. I had alot of music on my ipod that I had received from many different friends. ( at the time of this writing my Plendelhof friend Felix is attempting to retrieve the music)



argued a little about this the police help figure it out. we spent a few moments mother and her son and was quite upset, and Irmi arguing and the mother somewhat misguided son, moments explaining to the which was that he and the property and that they had and that they had stolen the smoked ciggys near the into the picture and said a promptly hugged all the left. And that is pretty with some unimportant

We said good bye to Casey Dado, and Mateo, and visiting strong women friend Charmane. We drove some hours and arrived at our beautiful home a way from home Plendelhof. We spent the next few days warming up our shows in the training room, practicing our routines and visiting with some of the folks at Plendelhof. We also enjoyed a nice sauna since the weather was being so un may like.



*In the kitchen of the Plendelhof; Bon Appetite*

After the 3rd day we headed out again towards Clenze which is north and slightly east of Hannover, and is an area famous for fighting against nuclear waste that gets dumped nearby deep in the earth.



Our friends the Wittstams are one of those rare families that you don't meet very often. They actually remind me of a family that I met on the Oregon coast some 30 years ago, where I stopped in at their home to ask if I could weed the garden in exchange for goat milk, of course the Smith's said yes, and thus started a long and endearing friendship, though at this time I have lost touch with them, maybe they relocated here in different body's



*Kerstin Wittstamm*

and similar minds!. William and Kerstin Wittstamm have 4 children aged 10 thru 21, 3 sons and 1 daughter (I have 3 sons and 1 daughter!)( whoa) They have organized the Lach Parade for 20 years. (what is a variety show) Before that William and Kerstin were traveling around Europe, and even traveled with a circus wagon and tractor, before settling down in Clenze.



*Willem Wittstamm*



*Here we all, getting ready to rock.*



The sound and light man Klaus also arrived 2 days earlier to work with the artists on all the nesc. things that must be perfect before such a variety show, lights, sound, and music. Klaus worked from morning till night each day.



Roland the MC is a Magician, and Irmi and him worked a little closer together for their parts as Irmi basically worked her way into the show as an audience member turned artist. The shows were nearly all full, and from the first night the shows received great reviews. Irmi and I were a little bit rusty, but since we had ample time to rehearse and prepare we kicked ass along with the rest of the seasoned artists.

*Chapeau the MC and Misses Doepp*

Thomash did his belly dance number

Tom Beringer performed his trapeze and single-ring number.



««Tom Beringer and above Tomash

Kerstin, William and Onno with their Indian magic number.



.....and Irmi  
and I with our  
individual  
numbers.



Each night before the show we ate a nice dinner back stage, prepared and brought by the Wittstamm Family. It was really great to be back on stage performing our shows, and receiving the warm applause of the audience.

Ralf and Suzanna came to the show on Sunday night to film for my new effort at a promo video, after the show we worked on close ups, and also the next day before the last show. Have I mentioned, Ralf will premier the BUST documentary on August 28 at 9 pm at the Schauwberg theater in Bremen. There is a movie trailer at you tube.



*This is the postcard and the link for the trailer is here:*

Five nights went by pretty fast, and after the last performance we all met back at Wittstams for a wonderful midnight asparagus dinner, complete with champagne. The next day we spent cleaning up the facility and putting our own stuff away.



Most of the artists said goodbye, except for Irmi and I, we stayed some days longer and worked on some of the Wittstamm projects, for example painting in the soon to be new community center that they have been working on for a few years now. We also loaded the mist trailer (sheep poop trailer) and drove the tractor and unloaded the mist.

*Brady driving the Wittstamm-Tractor who was all over Germany*



We went from caravan travelers, to entertainers, to farmers in a very short time, and this is truly one way to be for us, I mean 3 ways. Especially the back at the caravan way .



*Test ride on the tractor*



*unloading the sheep mist*



*Kerstin in the garden*

So folks we are nearly at the end of May. On June first we will officially move onto our new piece of land with house, we are pretty excited about this and have been collecting and arranging our stuff. We also have been getting more plants from friends to put in the garden. Back at Plendelhof we arrange the last of our stuff, that we can take it to the new place after June begins.

The days tick by and after 2 tick by we say good bye to Plendelhof, where it rained cats and dogs. Away we paddled in our ford transit and trailer. We landed at our circus wagon outside Gildehaus , and said hello to Uwe and then we spent an hour or two cramming more stuff into the circus wagon which will be loaded onto a big flat bed trailer and brought to lufflesheid next Monday.



*The first kleines Hochrad arrived at Plendelhof*

As the tractor wont bring the circus wagon out of the barn till Friday, we decided to drive a few hours west towards Doetichem Holland to visit our ole circus friends Paulo and Maike and their daughter Janshja and her husband Rik, and new baby



Dorse. I have known these wonderful circus people for over 20 years, they are truly the essence of circus and circus lifestyle. Paulo Maike and fam, live with 2 horses, 3 fluffly poodle doggies, an interesting and pretty good sized male chicken. (they've actually hungout with many many farm animals over the years)

*Paulo, Maike and their grandson Dorse.*





*One of Paulo and Maikes chicken..... it was hard to make a picture from them they were away a lot.*

They have relocated out into the beautiful Dutch country side, and have a giant multifunctional building complete with a training room and all kinds of trapeze rigging and equipment for Janshja who has done trapeze for years, as well as circus students that attend sometimes. One amazing fact is there are about 6 or 7 old circus wagons parked here and all kinds of other amazing vehicles and liveing mobiles as over the years Paulo and Maike who used to perform and met in Circus Roncalli or was it Krone?, and then went in the direction of performing in St. festivals where I met them back in the 90s, anyhoot!! they are Holland's Circus family and still set up their circus several times a year.

Next morning we enjoyed breakfast in one of the beautiful circus wagons Paulo and Maike live in along with strong coffee and nice story's about what we and they have been doing since we last saw them. Ten month old baby Dore has a smile that makes anyone smile, its really just like that.



*A little weeding for good old Irmi*

Then Paulo and Maike went to the bee store as they have been keeping bee's for some years, and Irmi and I planted flowers and weeded the garden, and then when they got back we had a nice vegetarian meal with the whole family.

And what a family!. then Paulo and Maike left again, this time they were off to a garden plant class. These two people are living inspirations to us all in terms of melding with society and finding a balance between social-eco independence and socio-capitol-government influence, if I even say that in the way that I mean it.

Now we will prepare for sleep and tomorrow we shall be one day closer and two days away from driving onto our new little property in south Western Germany, ,,,

Can I hear a big Yahoo!

*We slept like Garfield the Plendelhof-cat deep and full of trust into the next day.*



At the Circus Zanzara base station we have awoken to the sounds of birds and then to the taste of tea, followed by coffee. Paulo Maike and Dorse have left to watch Riks presentation for his last school exam. Irmi and I are relaxed and later will drive off

towards Gildehaus to get the Circus Wagon out of Uwe's barn....First we will do a little more shopping for the different little Dutch things you can buy here, and then we will park our little trailer somewhere between here and there, and we will celebrate the higher anointing qualities of the big underwear spiritual and comical religion, the religion that sometimes pokes fun at me and you too, in a religious and comical sort of human way. It laughs with us that we are so bold as to sometimes make big things out of small things. And it goes more indepth as to its ribbing and rubbing, but I am not of a clear and objective stature for such un-egotistical hypthesisifications.!!

Dear Friends, Colleges, Family, and Acquaintances, Irmi and I send this BUST newsletter out with Big Greetings to all. We appreciate all the different responses we receive from everyone and we hope you write back, especially LOVED ones!! Its an attempt at some sort of simplicity in our lives that we send this off, and at the same time so incredibly complex is it, that we wander along Happy go Lucky at times and certainly with some form of direction. Or?

Here some pictures which should be inside and between the words.....



*Uwe with his best friend and Brady.....*



*Lola Wittstamm helped us to sell underwear*



*After two winters in storage back in the light*



*Irmi and Brady*