

Dear Big Underwear groovy people.



On May First Irm and I drove my son Toby's car up to Western Massachusetts to do a tree job for none other than Chuckles the Clown with a bad attitude. Chuckles has many different suedo names, but for the peace of mind of other clowns with better attitudes (on the surface) I will only use the afore mentioned name. Chuckles has a tractor and he likes to drive it around his property, and since he is above sixty years old he should be allowed to do this considering he used to be able to lift trees out of the ground without such aids. Irm and I fell a half dozen trees and bucked them into lengths and then helped load them up and chuckles stacked them nearby with his dandy tractor.

He will have these logs milled, and then use them to build small dwellings for unsuspecting university students who need places to stay and have parents or funds available to pay Chuckles whilst they are furthering their education so that they might go on and help build a more efficient society.



⇒ ⇒ ⇒ **Chuckles the Clown with a tractor and in a good attitude in the next picture he is pushing a tree over**



One of the trees was hanging over the house, so I climbed the tree and carefully chunked it down until we could fall the rest safely. After the job was complete, we sat around and worked on a short video where in Chuckles and I made fun of some of the different east coast performers, maybe someday the artist community will see it and say, those guys

were legends, maybe not. But do not get your hopes up, cause surely it will not be on face book. *Here are the two legends in real and in real with lampshades*



We drove back to Marybeth's, and our bus, where we continued the process of packing and organizing the bus for her hot summer storage in a boat shed in Wickford Rhode Island. In the night we visited Toby and his sweetheart Flora. Toby is one of my son's and he and Flora are planning on hitchin up come Oct, and Irmi and I will be back for that, cause it

sounds like they are going to have a fun time.



On Saturday morning we said goodbye to Providence RI. and took a train to Boston. Rosie met us at the train stop, and we dragged our mucho luggage to her house.

Father and son, on the left the son and on the right the father



We said goodbye to Maribeth, to the bus in a boat-storage and to moments with kids....

Then we rode bikes to downtown Boston and The Big Apple Circus. Our friend Rob T. who is a very nice person invited us, meaning Alex F. and his son Dezie, Peter P. Johnny F. and Andrea A. and Irmi and Myself to come see



the show, and that was really nice cause the show was really nice.

After the show a bunch of us clowns and friends hung out behind the big top and we got to meet some of the other big Apple Circus performers and a young Russian boy that was showing us some magic tricks.

***Roze,
Brady
and
Irmi
on the
way to***



the Big Apple Circus..... Meeting Alex F. and Peter P.

After visiting in Robs Caravan we all went to a nearby fish restaurant and ROB T. THE MAIN CLOWN OF THE BIG APPLE CIRCUS paid the bill for Peter p. and Alex F. and,

and what's her name who is a good friend of Robs, Rosie Posie and Irmi and Myself and probly a few others, Hey! Rob just felt like it, cause he is so like that.



The finale of the B.A. Show, Rob T. trailer and friends.... after dinner we had our finale

Thanks Rob, You are one of the few performers that does not let performing go to your head. We ate, and we lived and we shared friendship, and then we went back and finished the bottle of Vodka that Alex had brought, Alex is another artist who does not let his art go to his head. After all this Rosie and Irmi and I rode the bikes back to Rosie's home, cause we do not let biking go to our head.

The next day we arrived at Jenny and Paul's home for their son Gavin's Birthday party. In the park near by Jenny and Paul set up the party, Jenny also set up a blow up spider man balloon, and I threw a soccer ball at it and spider mans head broke off and floated away in the wind, Gavin gave me a short lecture with a partial tear welling up in his eye. I apologized and he forgave me. Later before

we left I did something else to make the rest of Spiderman's body float away, Gavin gave me another tongue lashing and again I apologized and hit him in the arm.

Gavin's friends showed Brady what they think about his behavior

Irmi and I also noticed Clara Jane, who is the daughter of Paul and Jenny, and I can vouch for the fact that she is a growing person. So yea, we had a great time at Gavin's Birthday party, Thanks Paul and Jenny, and



← ***Brady and Gavin looking at the blue birthday cake***



Thanks Gavin for your patience with my sometimes child like behavior, Gavin is one of those kids that does not let Birthdays go to his head.

From Jenny and Paul's in Cambridge, Irmi and I went to Alex and Ami's over in Summerville. Alex and Ami have two sons who are growing, and juggling and playing baseball and they stayed down in the basement while the grownups had their little party. Rosie had to go to dance practice and would join us later. At Alex and Ami's we met a no. of different friends. Spunky the clown, Al. M. the not clown, Nick, or smiley a chuckles protege, Dan F. Leonard S. Peter P. and Rob T. also Marybeth arrived and gave us a last goodbye hug and a few others I am not thinking of. We had come here to watch the big underwear social tour film,, and of course to socialize. But first we watched a strip dancer that someone invited, I wont say who,, just that most folks were wondering what the heck was going on here. It was a tad strange for some of us older folgys, Leonard S. even hit a wrong note whilst playing his Caliaforte, but it was all in good fun, even the part where I danced in my underwear.

Leonard S. with his Caliaforte. Maribeth, Jenny, Alex F., Peter P.

By the time we got into the BUST Documentary only the tough folks remained. Thanks Alex and Ami you guys are wonderful hosts. Jenny had showed up too, and after the party she was kind enough to give Rosie, Irmi and myself a ride back to Rosie's. Thanks Jenny, it was great to see you and spend a little time together.



The next day we made sure our packing was done, and in the later afternoon Rosie's Mom Ina gave us a ride to the airport.



A last picture with Rosie and Ina at the airport
Thanks Ina it was great to see you. In the early evening we caught our flight to Frankfurt arriving in the morning.
Our friend Rainer

picked us up in Irmi's van.....=> **Rainer Bauer**
... and after a short visit we drove back to our little place in the Hundsrück part of Germany.



And "Wow" what a place. We were/are still amazed that we have a place that we can call home. It was/is all here and the kitty cats too. Spring had already sprung here and the trees and flowers and grass, and most of the things that grow like that were out in full.

⇓ **In the back of our garden is the circus van waiting for us.**



Robert the gentleman who lives in the house had kept the kitty's happy with food and affection and they seem to have built a friendly friendship. Irmi and I stashed our stuff in one of the rooms, and got busy with all the different things that we had been dreaming of for awhile,, like mowing the lawn, and cutting dead limbs, and hauling compost material and weeding the

garden area.

For nearly 2 weeks we worked 10 hour days, one of those days we drove back to





Darmstadt to help Rainer and Iris with some tree work...

....more than half a dozen ceders...

...and then back home and prepared for a Sunday party that Robert had organized, which was perfect, cause we were tired and sore. Besides a number of friends of Robert, our friends Iris and Rainer and Jan and Christine showed up, as well some of the neighbors that we have met along the way. The party went into the late night with a big

camp fire in the back, and Christine playing Violin. Irmi and I did some pretty bad fire passing, and all the neighbors were just fun and friendly. Even the former owner of this property came as well the women who was the agent for the sale.

friends, neighbors, lovers, violin players, fire makers at the party

The funny thing is the women (Heike) who sold us the house and land had become romantically involved with Robert our renter. This is a funny story, but I wont go into it, because I am not here to be funny, as I save that for my big show. Anyhoot, after the party day Irmi and I went back to the fun of gardening and landscaping. Our Neighbor Arndt came with his tractor and helped place our circus wagon in its new place on the back part of the property right by the garden, Thanks for your help Arndt.



Arndt and his tractor, and this is the final place for the circus van



Near the end of the month we loaded up the Ford Transit and trailer and drove direction Innsbruck Austria, but first we stopped in at Irmi's mothers and sisters home in Konstanz, near the Swiss border.

Some impressions from our garden experiences in



Konstanz, Irimi's Mother and us.



A few days of visiting and gardening and we headed down to Innsbruck where Ralf was showing the BUST documentary at the Intl. Innsbruck Film Festival, IFFI. **Here we are in Innsbruck, parked in a little street, where the parking hostess comes by every hour to check, if everybody paid the rent..... one time we were late, that cost extra!**

We had been invited to join the film festival in the capacity of supporting Ralf, and also to collect donations for underwear that we proudly displayed in the Foyer. We had a lot of success in that



department as we received 57 donations for 57 underwear, Thank You people for your kind donations and wonderful support.



←Brady at work... The IFFI invited every body for lunch.

The Documentary was well liked and it brought tears to my eyes to see the drama unfold on the big screen. Irimi and I also toured downtown with the Fartsos for a little bit of side fun, which was a lot of fun.



The Fartsos fart their way

through Innsbruck downtown which was a lot of fun

As we reflect on the past month in New England and Europe we want to send out big Thank You to all we had the honor to meet, such amazing friends we have seen, and many that we did not get to visit, we miss you, and like you, and wish

you all could come and visit us here. We could show you how we collect rain water for the garden and for the toilet, and even collect shower water to re-use. Also how we save every little thing and try to re-use it. This is not only how we survive on small money, it is also how we roll in an attempt to conserve some of the resources made available to us by our fore fathers and mothers. Amazing inventions are great though pale to the amazing nature around us.

In a society that seems to use facebook as a bragging site, we have gone a little further and use our BUST newsletter as not only a bragging site, but also as an attempt to keep the flame of friendship alive. The great thing about our site is it still has a lot of privacy, so that's pretty kool eh!

Course your only getting to brag to us so maybe its not as good as F.B. (please like)



We can not say that we have any conclusions in regard to exploring the relationship between money and friendship, so many friends have given money and material things to us as well as friendship and we will continue to try and give back something to our fans and friends.

We always encourage folks to write to us, even if only to say hello. Especially nowadays as we are nearly out of the performing loop, and reside out in the country on a little farm on land that was infested with Romans many years ago.

