



Dearest Big Underwear Spiritual and Comical disciples of the world. Where are we? Let me answer that by saying we are on this planet, and we live with many millions of others like us who eat, breath, poop and check our facebook page, regularly. As most of us also know, it is an amazing planet, with flowers and trees and insects and snakes, and birds, and fish and mountains and rivers and oceans, the list just goes on. This time our trip to Mexico is with less focus and less gigs and less artists. Maybe we can say our focus is just different this time so its not really less. We are still figuring this stuff out and fortunately there is no pressure. We woke up in Mexico on Nov.1st and our world was once again changed, well at least the landscape. We had gone from being a bit scared in America to being a bit scared crossing into Mexico. One of those fears stemming from the Media!.

*Driving away from the border!!*

After tea and coffee and Spanish we continued our migration south, meanwhile a number of different colored butterflies were trying to hit us with their pretty wings and bodies and though I tried to dodge many, I was not completely successful. Same goes with the many potholes on the roads here, though by the end of the day I am sure I hit more butterflies than potholes.



On this 2nd day as we crept over the many speed bumps and dodged ongoing potholes, we picked up 3 persons who were willing to pay a few pesos for a lift south, Gilbert a vetenarian, and a couple named Pila and Santy who were going to visit her parents rode with us for 50-60 km's. First off the bus was Gilbert, and after awhile Pila and Santy, who invited us up to their parents home

just off the highway and loaded us down with oranges, mandarins, platanos, sugar cane, and fresh made tamales, they also paid double the cost of a normal bus ride, maybe cause this bus aint no normal bus. Thank You Pila and Santy you made our week.



*Pila and Santy on the Bus.*

We found another smaller Pemex station just before Tuxpam and lodged ourselves next to where the local taxis wash their cars. It was another hot night and we were happy to have access to more water and we took buckets and soaked ourselves before sleeping with the mosquitoes lurking and generally attacking Irmi. The next morning passing thru Tuxpam the transit

police stopped us and tried to scare us into paying a fine for passing thru the city with our big ole bus.



*Pemex Gasolina Station always a safe place to rest..... after Tuxpam*

We spoke innocently and explained who and what we are doing, and eventually they let us go. Later we stopped near a bull riding poster that I wanted for my collection, and a gentleman stopped and said he had seen us 1 and a half years ago and was happy to spot us again this year. After a few more hours we were passing thru Pose Rica and two transit police on a motorcycle pulled us over and tried to say we had run a red light.

*Going over a bridge away from the police...*

We explained who we were and what we are up to and also that we did not run a red light and that we respect the laws, and I also added that it was not nice when police look at foreigners license plates and then pull them over etc... after awhile the two transit police gave up and walked off. We continued onward.





*Costa Esmeralda in the rain, lots of rain....*

We practiced some juggling and stretched our bodies in the cute little plaza that had a covered area. I saw an osprey catch a fish in the murky gulf waters and then struggle in the wind to take her catch home. In the night we were lulled by the passing semi trucks with their loud jake brakes.

The next morning we walked on the beach and saw a lot of garbage as you do here. When we got back to our base we practiced some more and also jumped in the ocean to cool off. We gave a few presents to the folks who lived near the bus and in the later afternoon we hit the road south.

On the 3rd night we stayed along the Costa Esmeralda in a small little village and enjoyed the rain and wind and view of the ocean from our bus. We met Mandy a security guard who also offered us some fresh Tamales and friendly intercourse.



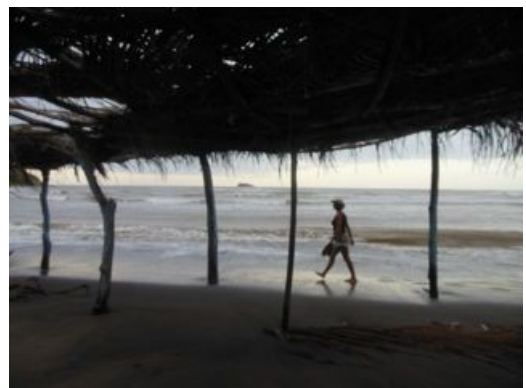
*Practicing hour, very special moment*



*The little bar from Mandy and his friends*

We drove for just a few hours and then after asking about a place near the beach we followed the sign to Villa Rica, where a cute little pueblo tucked into the jungle with a sandy beach welcomed us. We spoke with Jesus and he said it was fine to park in front of his families home.

A short walk on the beach and soon it was night time. Jesus gave us a fish and we combined it with our tamales and had a great dinner, all given to us by some people. The next day it was agreed that we would give a show, since (I forgot to mention this) Mexico was celebrating the Dia Del Muerte Festivities. So after doing The Fartsos on bikes publicity thing, we set up our show outside of the small little school, and at 5:00 p:m 40 or 50 people showed up to watch the Loco Gringos perform. And the





show went pretty well for us. Afterwards we passed the hat, and made close to 50\$, combined with the roughly 40 or so \$ we made selling a bunch of our second hand stuff it was a pretty good day.



*Ladies looking and buying our 2<sup>nd</sup> hand stuff*

So we were somewhat famous in the village, and the next day another man not named Jesus gave us a fish, and that was really nice. We really enjoyed Villa Rica, and before we left we took our boogie boards out on the water, and also took a nice hike to some great cliffs over the ocean. Thanks people of Villa Rica.

*On the hike to the cliffs of Villa Rica.....*



Now we drove towards Vera Cruz. Normally we do not travel in the night for safety reasons, but since Vera Cruz is a bigger city we felt it was

the traffic would not be such a big issue. But hey, since we were passing by the original place where Cortez landed in the early 1500s we decided to stop for a few hours and walk around the little town of La Antigua where Cortez and his men built their first small fortress. You could feel the history here, and we enjoyed walking around and imagining the bullshit that went on here many hundreds of years ago when the world was even more brutal and innocently confused. *The fortress from Cortez, what is conquered by trees... and a little church...*

better to arrive later so



Ok, so afterwards we drove the rest of the way to Vera Cruz, and shortly arrived where we had parked one and a half years ago in the port area, which is actually pretty extensive. The next day we woke up and got our bikes out and ventured around a little bit, and saw a few things we had seen before and a few new things, and then the weather sort of changed to windy and then rainy,, but this we welcomed because otherwise it is very hot.



*Vera Cruz outside the bus*

After two days we decided to head out to Orizaba where a friend was arranging some shows for us, Orizaba is about 3 hours west and was also in the route Cortez took while he was conquering the Indians. Just as we were preparing to head out Representatives of the telivisa Vera Cruz channel arrived and asked if they could do an interview with us, apparently they had seen the bus and figured something special was us.



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Next thing you know Victor Pina a well known interviewer and his camera man were in the bus filming, interviewing and taking photos, after an hour of this they followed us out of town for 10-15 kms and filmed some more,,, Thanks Victor and crew. You folks really made us feel special.

The drive to Orizaba was relatively uneventfull at least until the rain started pummeling down like crazy, by that time we had stopped and bought a stalk of cooking bananas and a large bag of oranges from the cutest little old persons who really appreciated the sale.



First we passed thru Cordoba which is a bustling city, and then just outside of Orizaba we stopped to wait out the even bigger rain drops. We ate a nice dinner and then continued on to and thru Orizaba since we could not find a place to pull over. On the other side of the city we called our friend Isabel who met us and then helped us arrive back in Orizaba and in the parque Centro, what is called Alameda park. Orizaba is a pretty big city, and sits at around 1250 meters. The temperature is moderate and the mountains are many. In the next few days with the help of Ysa we met with Victor Garcia. *This is Orizaba in the picture*



He works with the ministerial and especially with city related events. Victor took us to his chief, and lick lickety split we had arranged an exciting program for the Big Underwear Social Tour. It started with an afternoon Television interview at our bus in the park, that

was all set up with tables and chairs and press etc....



*Ysa and Irmí, Orizaba*

*Right in front of  
the Cathedral  
San Miguel*

Later in the afternoon Irmí and I met with the Padre Antolin from the Cathedral San Miguel wherein he gave us the permission to park the bus direct in the front of the bountiful cathedral and do shows during the week, and on the weekend thru the city, we would relocate back to the park direct in the center, both with electric hookup and banos and



many other smaller gifts, for example Victor showed up at our bus with two boxes full of food like pasta and beans and rice and other such staples even toothpaste.



*Interview in the Parque Ahlameda with V. Garcias*



*Friday we are on Buen Dia, another TV Show*

In the night we had another live TV interview at the television station.

As you can imagine Irmi and I were in Hollywood heaven, especially when people stopped us and explained they had seen us on television.

The first show would be at 5 p:m and we were all ready with our lights and sound and show stuff, and a big audience, but the rain decided to perform its show and just came down in sheets, so the audience scattered and we scampered to put stuff away. The next day at 5 p:m it was also threatening to rain but did not, so we had a very nice show, with a wonderful audience.

During the day we put our flower pots out and our second hand stuff. Lots of people asked us where we were from and if they could visit the bus, we received food and drink, and many invitations to dinner.



*A foto before the show, Bobarino and audienceΔ  
< Brady, trying to sell flower pots*

We haven't been much on the internet, and though at first it was somewhat disturbing, somehow we have adjusted fine, thank you for all the sympathy concerning this national and international crisis issue. Rather we

have gone around on our bikes or on foot here in Orizaba, and we have been honored and fortunate to observe people here living their lives. It is very special to see them working hard for each and every bit of progress that they obtain.



Sweeping and scrubbing the streets and sidewalks or hauling materials from point A to point B the majority of people here do stuff the old fashioned way, with shovel or wheelbarrow or bucket they progress. It is un-enlightening that such progress is attached to such a strong capitalistic eagerness, but hey what can you do "WE ALL SAY" anyhoot! Irmi and I are proud that we have adopted this sort of work ethic back in Germany and a little bit here also, though I have many of my fathers tools and sometimes feel slightly guilty for example when I am using my battery operated drill, which was a donation from our friend Pete. Thanks Pete! Anyhoot, its pretty neat eh!! and also not.



*Beans, rice, chiroso  
< and salad for lunch*

*a secret place where you can buy "petroleum" for our  
fireshow ΔΔ*

Our shows here in front of the cathedral have been so much fun, and the audiences so nice, and we have received so many nice compliments also regarding our exploration between money

and friendship, yesterday a man named Fernando brought us "memosa's a typical Mexican food what is a tortilla with salsa and queso and or carne(meat) and picante. Thanks Fernando!



*Leaving the cathedral; working on to get into the  
Park Alameda; and Victor Garcia in action for  
us.*



And the big surprise was Victor Garcia and team from the city events, they brought us a huge poster made from tarpaulin with an explanation in Spanish and pictures of our project. This was right before our last show here at the Cathedral San Miguel, and is/was so amazing, so nice, so spontaneous. Muchas Gracias Victor and team, and also a special Thank You to Padre Antolin of the Cathedral San Miguel, I don't imagine the Padre saw the show or Bobarino doing his fire lasso in a special underwear.

The next morning we started the bus up, and pulled out of the place, and drove the several blocks to the Parque Alameda. We started driving thru the gate area,



and since the spot was higher we needed to use some of our big blocks of wood to actually get the bus into certain places. Halfway thru the process the police showed up and asked us for our permit, which we did not have. The police explained that they would need a permission, and we explained that we were cleared thru victor Garcia and the Ministry etc... so we had to pull the bus out and Irmi rode the bike to the ministry, but it was closed (Saturday) and when she got back, and was trying to call Ysa our contact friend, then the police came back and said ok! no Problem, you can go in, so we started the entrance process again, and in a short while we were parked smack in the middle of this very lovely park. *This is the Palacio de Hielo shipped and delivered from Belgium to Orizaba.*



*Parked and unloaded now we are ready to rock'n roll.*

We started the unloading process, bringing stuff down from the roof, the fire bike the fire drums, fuel, etc.. as well from inside the bus, lights speaker stands and so forth. Thru out the rest of the day we set the show up, in between answering a lot of questions and showing the bus to the many curious people. the poster explaining the project drew constant interest, and our bus was never without people around.



*Autografes before the show.....soccer in the afternoon... ..and people around and in the bus*

In the show Irmi and I continued trying to improve our Spanish, and or, at least

trying to improve our show. The public was quite entertained and after the show we spent more than 30 minutes posing for photos. By 8 o'clock the show is all organized under the awning and the expensive stuff inside the bus. Later Irm and I go out in our bathing suits and bring a few buckets so that we can take a cold shower from the one water point in the park.



*We woke up to an early aerobik-class..... and there was more shows going on besides ours.*



The next day was Sunday and by noon the park was full of people, and these vendors who have all these battery operated cars for kids to go around in were very busy with like 50 kids driving around, some nearly out of control. Just after 5 p:m we started the show and the audience was huge, it was just monster, and a very big show, etc... On this last show I decided to do my big ole wheelbarrow trick, which I did, and then promptly fell off my table and splattered onto the ground, and somehow was able to get up and laugh it off, and finish the show.



*First up.... than down  
Than finishing with another god - damnfireshow fire show*

The audience was very

excited and showed their gratitude in donations and also quite a few donations for big underwear buttons. Another 45 min. photo session with the public, and two quarts of beer and some food, and we had the stuff more or less packed up into and on the bus and we were headed with buckets over to the water spigot. Three places on my body are injured, my wrist, my right knee muscle, and the left side of my neck. Needless to say the next day we went with our new friend





Oscar, and climbed the small mountain that over looks Orizaba, and will be the end point for the new Teleferico to arrive in Orizaba soon.



So many other, and just as exciting things happened during our time in Orizaba, I can hardly explain but a small portion of them.  
*Up on the little mountain with Oscar at the Teleferico end-point.*

I found a light cover for the bus (I smooshed the other one against a tree) one of the children drove a car into my bike in front of the bus, but somehow I could straighten the wheel, I made some killer smoothies.

Irmi had some nice runs around the park which also has training apparatuses the public can use. We ate dinner at a cute little families home.



*Here we go for a run in the shopping street from Orizaba and on the left the family who invited us and Oscar for dinner.*

Sometimes Irmi and I talk about how funny it would be to have some of the different friends we know around the world here with us, and what they would think. Sure some of our friends would never even be interested to join us, cause I'm a bitch, just like them, (But hey! I have mellowed over the years) Many of our friends are content to read about Irmi and my adventures from the comfort of their home, and rightfully so, cause it is crazy out here.

< Victor, Brady, Irmi and Yza,  
Bernhard from east Berlin and Brady





We said Goodbye to Victor Garcia and also Yza Cortes and Thanked them for their support and friendship. Goodbye Orizaba, goodbye wonderful Public. We headed southeast, direction Villahermosa. Back onto the inconsistent roads, the crazy traffic, and the curious police.

Coming down from the sierra madres mountains we quickly realized the temperature change, "whew", back to the humid and hot climate we are so used to, but also not used to.



*The crazy roads in Mexico, a tractor and 3 trailers loaded with sugger-cane.*

In a small village named Rodrigo de Carmen Veracruz we pulled into our trusty Pemex station, where we had a fairly quiet night with just a few curious folks. In the morning after tea, coffee and Spanish we continued on our way, thru a constantly changing landscape. Sometimes Irmi goes up on top of the bus to film as we go along. We stop every now and then and make something to eat, or a cup of coffee, and then back on the road. Towards evening another Pemex station, a cold shower, and another great Mexican beer with our Mexican style dinner. Wake up around 6 am, tea, coffee, Spanish, and were rolling in the big pink and blue bus.

On this day as we were going along the weather was threatening to dump a lot of water, so when it started pouring we pulled over and jumped into our bathing suits and then proceeded to wash the bus. After awhile the rain eased off, and we continued along towards Villahermosa. Just before the big city we bought another stalk of cooking bananas and a big bag of oranges.



*Washing the bus and having a shower...*

The traffic was thick in the city, and we crept along for an hour before we got thru to the other side and found the road towards frontera which is on the southern part of the gulf coast.

A hot mosquito infested night of sleep at the service station, and we were up at the crack of dawn and driving close to the ocean looking for a place to chill out.

That took a few hours and a few very large rain storms. In fact it was finally after Ciudad Carmen, and (I feel guilty saying this) a stop at a Wal-Mart, where we did some shopping, and yet another huge rain storm that flooded the city. We finally found an amazing little place just fifty feet from the ocean under a palm tree with the wind blowing and the weather ever changing, and tranquillity just exuding.



We stayed here for 3 nights and had just one visit from the local newspaper, somehow the word got out that a big pink and blue bus was parked near the village of Isla Aguada, and so we had a short interview and some pictures, and I guess we will be in yet another newspaper.



*The interview-family, sea-shells with live things in it, we cooked and ate them with garlic, hot pepper and onions.... Lecker!*



Meanwhile we collected sea shells by the sea shore, and made yummy food, and took nice walks, and even collected a certain sea shell that some locals showed us how to prepare, (the meat) and tried that one night, a sort of rubbery consistency but scrumptious indeed. We jumped in the ocean many times, and watched the pelicans and other birds as they went about their lives eating, sitting, grooming and generally living the good life. We also had a garbage collecting session, filled two big garbage bags,



though hardly made an impression.

*Yehaa, between shells, wind and water>>*

It baffles me that so many people respect this religion and yet could give a flying frick about the land that he/she also supposedly made, It seems so hypocritical!, at least on OUR part.

Maybe we can not all change the world, but you would think we could collectively change the landscape, Eh!. Key word is COLLECTIVLY. Anyhoot, bark bark woof woof.

*< that's a cool place for garbage*



We stopped at a village called Seybaplaya, a fishing village, it was just getting dark, and we could park directly in the center just next to the port where all these small fishing boats were tied up. We enjoyed an early evening walk around the town, and then ate a nice supper and then woke up early and rode our bikes around the town and by early afternoon decided to continue onward, mostly cause we were frustrated at the amount of garbage laying around everywhere.



*Seybaplaya*



Mostly people were just hanging around their phones and forgetting the rest of life, they were also socializing person to person.

Hey speaking of Wal-Mart, we pulled into Campeche, and since we knew the city was undergoing construction, and no buses or big vehicles were allowed inside, we parked at a Bodega Aurrera which is apparently owned by Wal-Mart, and after a few hours the security informed us that we could not park there, so we had to move, which we did, infect we moved right out of the city, cause it was just



too much of a hassle. We ended up staying at a roadside restaurant and truck stop some miles outside of historical Campeche. In the morning we decided to go visit a much more historical site, a Mayan ruin called Xcalumkin. We drove down a much smaller road, and then 1km down an even smaller dirt road, and arrived at the entrance to the site.

There was no charge to visit this amazing place, though that will change in the future because a bunch of workers were working on the infrastructure of the site, and so we made the security guard a cup of coffee and then spent 2 hours walking around the place, which was pretty amazing. In the afternoon we said goodbye to Xcalumkin and drove backwards the 1 km to the small paved road.



*Xcalumkin.....*



(There was know place to turn around)

We had decided to continue inland and visit some small villages, and after 30 or so kms we arrived in Bolonchen thinking maybe we would set up a show, but there was a circus from Mexico City already there. El Circo De Los



*El Circo De Los Picapiedra*

Picapiedra is a cute little family circus, and they invited us to park next to them and hook up to the electric and to enjoy the show that night, which we did, and it was a lot of fun.



*it is a family circus....*

Afterwards we socialized for a while and then the next morning treated some of the members to our special coffee. During the next day Irmi and I rode our bikes 3 kms out of the village to Xtaccumbilxunaan caves.



*...on the way to Xtaccumbilxunaan*

This place was closed for renovation, and no-one was there, so after a little while we gathered the courage to go thru the fence and then down into these amazing caves with just our flashlights, and "WOW what a place. In the main cavern there was a beam of light shining down



where you might expect to see something supernatural until

..... going into the cave.....which is pretty deep quickly realizing that exactly this moment is supernatural and what more do you need besides an I phone 6 or more likes on FB, or more money to do the things that you always dreamed of etc...

Back in the village of Bolonchen the circus was preparing and the people were out and about on this Saturday night. Irmi and I dragged out some more of the cloths we had in the bus from previous artists, or from my father and offered them to the circus family, which they shyly accepted.



*Marc Antonio y Miguel in the their clown act.*



*Fred, Irmi and* This was

the last day of November, and after the show we took a few photos with the circus and then said good night, and lazily went to bed as the town settled down



except for the dogs, they continued howling and barking.

A few of the things that I forgot to mention: In Orizaba at the Park we were awoken at 5:30 in the morning by the police who handed me my electric bag asking if it was mine, and after saying yes, they dragged a man over and handcuffed him and took him away.

There was one or two other times when police stopped us mostly out of curiosity, though also for money, but we just tell me what we are up to and eventually they let us go. One federal policeman stopped us and said he had seen us near Acapulco one and a half years ago on our second tour, that was pretty kool. We have been in Mexico for just one month but it seems like three. So many amazing and beautiful things we have experienced mixed with a certain amount of nervousness. Irmi and I are into our fifties and sometimes we lack a certain amount of confidence in regard to traveling around like this. Not having contact with our families and friends is a bit strange and we wonder if we are doing the right thing. To all the different people that write to us to say hello or to comment on the newsletter we thank you, it helps a lot.



At the same time we feel strong about what we are doing, and especially the subjects of friendship, Making money, and cleaning up garbage. Three completely different things yet some how connected. Ultimately we all just go along, doing the best we think we can, and criticizing each other may not feel good, there are some potential positives to improving our communities. I realize that sounds very stupid coming from me, but hey, like I said,, I am getting softer. See Ya`ll next month Big Underwear People, we sincerely wish you a merry everything and a happy new change in regard to your big underwear spiritual quest what you are knowingly or unknowingly experiencing. And it has been told.





