



Nicest, Dearest, and most innocent Big Underwear and religious disciples of the higher anointing big underwear spirit and comic religion.

You and the rest of the world are nearly one and the whole reason I infect exist, and if their aint an ounce of truth to such a statement, than what really is the essence of over stating something.

I have come to realize that all the people do I that makes.

After helping my son Zenos and his sweetie Steph, we drove out to our host Jon's driveway where our bus patiently waits. Our friend Tom and Maia had loaned us there 2nd car, and so we could do things like drive to the store or put 2nd hand things in the bin, or help someone move, so that was fun.



*Brady behind a big smile and in between poison ivy.*

We had the car for a week or so, and I think we drove it 3 times. Whoops I lied, we actually used it a bit more to be honest. Its like the difference between using the water in Jon's house versus using the water in our bus. Cars are amazzzzzzzzing, they go vroom vroom, and then your at this place getting some stuff and then your taking the stuff and this car, and going vroom vroom back to your domicile (bus) and ba da bing ba da boom. Not having a car simplifies life, and having a car also simplifies life.



*Cars, boats, bikes.... we get around. Slow or fast it's all fun.*



Its our 2nd week of working on art projects, and the weather was pleasant for a bit but then it got cold. When it gets cold we move inside our bus and freeze. The bus acts like a refrigerator because it is metal, and has know insulation, we put the stove on and do our best to keep warm.



*Inside the bus is ice .... That's when we moved our art into Jon's garage*



Jon invited us to put our art projects in the garage and so we have been working on them in between our other things that we do along the way.

We of course have met some of the neighbors, around here and we are privileged to have a sneak peek into different folks lives, it is an opportunity to continue our social interaction evolution exploration science studies thing that we do.



*Neighbors  
On the left side you see Dan he is building his own solar panel. On the right side is Brady cutting up a part of a deer Pete got from a friend....*



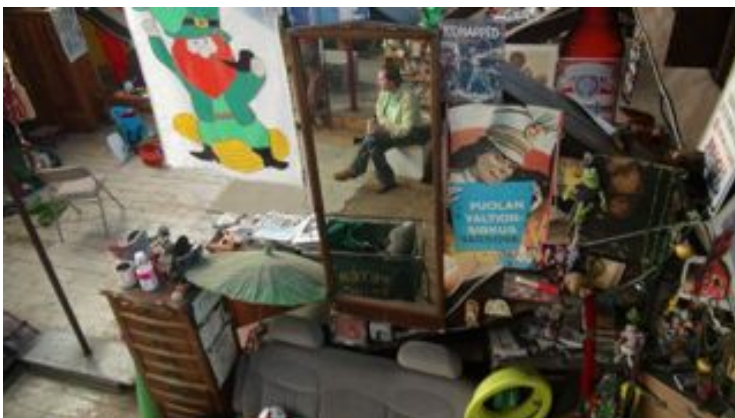
One neighbor Pete, invites neighbors over to his insulated garage with wood stove and pool table and TV for sports and nice social interaction and beer too. We have gone over a few times, and it is a casual and pleasant atmosphere. We also had the good fortune to receive some deer meat as a present from Pete and his wife Aileen who is a well known artist in New England. The neighbors on the other side are also nice, Dan who is a carpenter, has a midget Siamese cat. This cat is slightly cross eyed has short legs, and is funny and cute.

After a week of having a car we had to get used to not having a car which was spiritual. What else is spiritual? Well,, the trees, the water, the ground, all these things face us, and say nothing. Meanwhile some of our friends get closer, and some of our friends get farther. We face them, and some of them face the other way. I don't think they mean to, its just how it is. (busy busy)



And as I read what I write I feel that it probably sounds so stupid that I would write such a thing. Ah Yea, maybe I am a bit depressed at this writing, my own anti socialism sometimes stares me in the face, and blaming society does not soothe the pain. So I reach into my big underwear spirit and search for the answers to questions I did not even know I asked.

A week without a car and we are soothed, and then our friend Peter Panic loans us his van while he jets off to Mexico to work the hotel scene. So off to the stores we go with four wheels instead of two wheels, just like everyone else in Merika. We combined getting Peter's vehicle with a over night visit to Rosie girl, who as you know is my daughter and who is in her senior year at u mass Boston, and works at an Indian restaurant, and seems well on her way to a wonderful working and social media world, yey for the children of our world.



*Rosie putting her facemask on to put up with us .... and Peter in his place ready to jump on his plane to Mexico.*

minerals and oil, yet the young people seem to adapt, by using their thumbs and socializing with friends and eating quick food dinners, and living life to a sort of fullest, kind of.

Look how they go along in this world that is slowly or quickly losing its trees and

Irmi and I worked on our art projects, and then at a certain point we had to take a break, which we did,, meanwhile our host Jon, who has his own problems let us know that we should probably think about moving along. He has been so nice to let us park in



his driveway and we appreciate him very much. We are not sure where we will go after this, but we will know because it will still be November when we go to our next place, and so you the audience will also know.



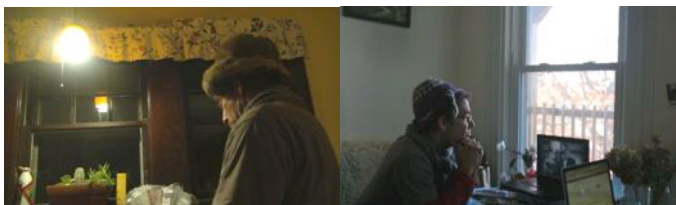
***For a month we stayed in Jon's driveway and we have not one picture with him.....***

We became confidants for Jon, and we spoke many times with him in his home or in our bus about his situation, and eventually it was clear that we were not helping him, in fact we might have been a slight burden, and whenever we feel that we might be even slightly impose-ing on folk,,, were gone, so

with out any major fan fare we said goodbye to Jon, who at that point was so depressed with himself that our departure was quite anticlimatical. Still there were hugs and, apologies and claims of future meetings and this is/was all fine.

***Meanwhile we were making squash and pumpkin meals***

In my opinion most people work to stay un lonely. It has become a built in mechanism that grows in the child thru the parent and it is not really recognized because on the one hand its no big deal, except that it has dawned on me that I do not work that much and I am sometimes lonely around my busy money making groovy and seemingly creative friends.



***Lonely, lonely, lonely times for Brady***

We continued onward, aboard our bus into Providence and the big Hells Angles owned parking lot next to the medical marihuana facility.

Walked over to the store where mostly immigrants shop and where the prices are a tad closer to euro prices. Irmi loves her vegetables and she always makes the most



wonder-full food from them.  
We spent the evening visiting Toby and Flora, and then slept in our mostly metal bus.

***Toby in his home and younger generation hospitality position***

The next morning we started the bus engine and drove out to Apponaug and our friend Marybeth's home where as usual she welcomed us with open arms. Now we were in a comfortable place, a place where we had been before. We borrowed Maribeths car and drove to Jon's in Bristol to retrieve Peters van. when we got back to Marybeth's home we had to flick the dog poop from Marybeth's son's two pit bulls off the lawn next to where we park, because like most people we also do not like to step on land mines on a beautiful morning whilst gazing on a sun rise to match all other sun rises. See how I tried to direct that conversation away from my obvious bitching of the younger generation, which is unfair cause its not only the younger generation that is slacking off.



***These two kids from Jenny are not slacking off, they are tired from being kids***

In today's world our lives grow into a series of transitions of accepting change. Not big changes, just gradual and evolutionary and capitalistic by nature of the fact that we invent things constantly use-ing our minds. If you think about it the mind could easily go with out the body. The mind could just be over there going tu du doo lets get money together etc., etc.. and the body would be over there kicking a ball around or doing yoga,,etc,, etc,,,

I got off there, I meant to say Happy Thanks Giving everyone, and oh my how bout that weather!.

at 2:30 on the morning of thanks giving we drove Zenos and Steph to the Boston airport so they could fly to Hawaii for 2 weeks have fun you two.

***⇒⇒⇒⇒⇒ Zenos and Steph on their way to Hawaii***

We spent the morning at Peters place in Summerville, we did not sleep, but rather started our new project.



At around 1sh we joined Paul and Jenny and kids for dinner at Paul's parents home nearby, where we ate a wonderful turkey dinner lovingly prepared by Paul and his



*Paul and his Mom spoiling the guests with .....and Jenny presents the wine.... And the doggies*

Thank You very much, and sociable evening, and also the is/was especially nice to see there two kids are growing ever



*cleaned the plates*

Thank You for the delicious desert. It Jenny and Fam. so progressively.

The next day we drove back to Rhode Island and our bus, unpacked and packed again so that we could meet our friend Tom to cut and load his trailer with wood from Spencer's apple orchard land. This was a few hours of fun and exercise and in the after noon we drove back to Appanaug all though we did not stay in our bus since we had the opportunity to stay at Zenos and Steffs lovely little abode in Providence which we did and I also brought some of my home made cookie doe so that after a hot shower and during a crime show I did in fact eat the cookies and they were good.



*This cat we met at Thanks Giving and she likes cookies, too! So watch otr Brady*

We drove Peters little van back to Boston, and continued our new job that peter had offered us involving the cleaning up and organizing of his eclectic collection of this and that, and that and this like Johnny Foxes collection, but different, and of a slightly different proportion though still upon first glance, impressive.





Irmi and I closed ourselves in Peters art studio and cleaned and organized for many days, and Jenny brought the kids by to shake it up a little which was swell.

Lots of dust in there, from years and years of Peter living his own style of the gypsy life, and lots of memories from that have wandered thru the books Peter has along with all green costumes, and the Peter how much stuff one person can start to see light at the end of the



the different semi famous artists doors and admired the many the juggling props, and the Pan memorabilia, its amazing collect. On Nov 30th Irmi and I cleaning and organizing tunnel.

*A little rest for admiring all the stuff*

*around us*

Things I forgot to mention:

We bought a wood/coal stove for the bus.

Rosie, Irmi and I were invited to Davey the clowns home with his sweetheart Rene where we enjoyed a meal cooked by Them and social exchange created by us all.



Our friend Ellen organized a spot for us to put underwear and art in Warren Rhode Island for the Christmas holidays.

I found a 50 cent coin from 1942.

Irmi found her missing sock.

Peter Panic has more than just a lot of books at his loft.



Well folks of an ever fickle social world, as usual we enjoy your input, we wish you all the pleasantness of your deserving-ness and to each the hell of it all to get by. We are, and we do and you have inspired us also.

Thank You for all that you have given or not given. It is all worth it, and we continue to be your humble servants.

Irmi and Brady