

It is April now.

The first of April we spent in the mountains near Cartago in Costa Rica. Erick, our french connection, and his wife Marcia invited us for a few days to stay at their house.therbbbbb



We had nice company, hot showers, nice walks, fresh air, lecker food, watched DVD's with Erick's kids.... The Bus was locked up at Alans (the mechanic) place, safe.

In our minds we knew that we had to say good bye soon because it would be a long travel back to Oregon.

So we said good bye to all our wonderful, helpful new friends.

Alan, Fabiola their kids, Isabel and Gabriel, Erick and Marisa and their kids, Joseph, William and Josefine.

In the night of the 3rd of April we start driving direction north. Just far enough to get out of the San Jose traffic.

Next day we made it to

Liberia to see Manfred and Kevin to get a little donation for the stage they got from the big underwear tour..... we parked in front of their house and



during we were waiting and resting, Brady also caught a cold he was just ready to go to sleep a man with his bike knocked at the door. Kenny entered the bus , He interviewed and filmed us to put the end-product to you-tube,

www.cruisingwithkenny@yahoo.com

Manfred came outside and gave us two nice neck-lessees and than we said good bye, After all the donations we got along the tour it was time to donate something ourselves..

Our idea was now to go to the **Santa Rosa Natural Park**, what is close to the border to Nicaragua.

It was dark when we arrived there and for to get a good parking spot,

we had to cut some dead branches out of a tree.

After a silent night in between the wilderness, we explored the area next early morning. We saw all what is in the book about this park. All kind of birds, bugs and butterflies, a snake and dears and monkeys..... you name it !!!!!

Next day border day: Nicaragua

It was quick and easy.

We drove to **Diego Gene** to Granada to say good bye to him and his boys.

Maybe you remember him from the newsletters and " The Barrinche Ambiental Festival".... we are planing to come back next year with new artists and fresh spirit.

Moving on facing the next border,

Honduras.

Beside having a guy who wants to help us to get over the border and anoter guy who gave us the worse deal for Costa Rican, Colones..... everything was easy again.



Honduras we passed in 4 hours, included being stopped 10 times by the police . It was very funny and strange. One policeman came to the window and asked if we have some water..... so yeah we gave him a bottle of water.

El Salvador, our horror border.

No problems just a little waiting time.... this time we could stay for three month, we decided to spent only one night at the beach and than go on. The beach was called **Playa de Salinitas** and we had to pay 6 dollars to park for the day.

It was a weekend and it was crowded.

One restaurant after another, stuffed with child-full families. The beach was full as well the water.

Brady any I found a place on a rock close to the water and cracked some Guanacaste beans out of their protection peal.



In the evening people left in buses and we had una cervesa at the beach. A **Three Man** band with three different guitars and three different voices came to us and sang all my favorite rumbas. I put it on face-book to my videos. We gave 5 Dollars, but he wanted to have 15 \$. He got a little speech from Brady: "Hei we are artists de calle as well, you ask for donations not for a fixed price."



We bought some fish cooked it and went to bed after paying another 3 Dollars for the night. By watching old John Wayne movie we felt asleep.

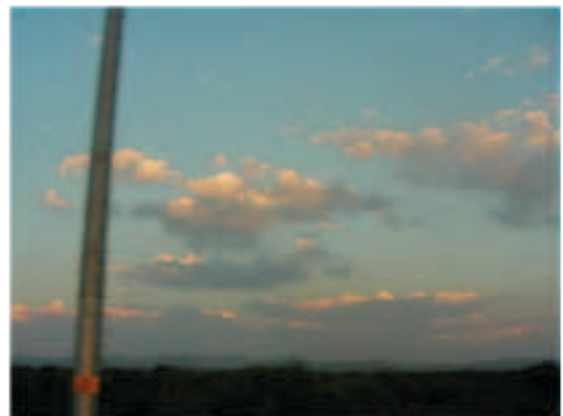
This is something we do now nearly every night

The movies we got from Brady mom.

Yeah, so John Wayne.... we got into it.

Brady was still feeling sick his cold was coming and going and he felt week and tired.

But we had to go on.... **to Guatemala.**



Also here no problems.... we drove to a gas station and rested for two hours, filled up the water-tanks and enjoyed the hospitality from the gas station workers.

Back on the **Pan American Highway**, which has some **nasty ass holes** in a road where you suppose to go 80 km.

We hit one of those pretty bad. The bus suddenly was only half full of air. It was like driving on a steep hill sideways.



To explain for the non bus-drivers, everything in this bus depends on air. The brakes, the honk, the suspension.....it rices up when you start it.

The right side was only 10 centimeters away from the ground thats how we arrive at a gas station to park over night.

The gas boys knew that there is a mechanic around.

Next early morning we got father and son mechanics.

We all thought, except me, because i do not know much about buses, that it is the suspension. They tried to get the wheel off. Nothing worked to get it off. So he crawled under the bus and found out that it is much easier. A little connection was broken what connects the air.

Ugh..... he put it together and the air was rising the bus up,

We made breakfast for everybody, Gave them 50 \$ and moved on.

One hour later, we hear a **terrible sound** on the left side, the driver side of the bus.

We stopped by a tire-place along the street this time it must be the suspension.

It was worse.

The **metal structure** what holds the suspension was **broken**.

Again we are lucky, it was still early in the morning and the owners of the tire store called his friend who has the right shop for our problem.



5 minutes later a little Guatemalen-China man arrives, his 14 year old son is driving the pick up.

They look and say, come and follow.

We follow through narrow streets up into the city **Caotepeque**.

Three hours later everything is fixed. Secured and double tight.

To get the wheel off, they heated every bolt up and cooled it down.....

Outside it was pouring rain and people stopped by to protect themselves and stood around a little longer to have a look at the work and the inside of the bus.



He asked for 80 \$ we gave 100 \$, happy to feel safe.

We go on to the next border.

Mexico.....

...first we went to the wrong border, No way for trucks or buses.... than in **El Carmen** we could cross without any problems.

Mexico.

Brady still feels a little sick and I had to change my flight.

We find internet on the road and meet two germans, Dagmar and Mete Alpay who ride with their bikes around the world.

They go on, we go on..... driving driving along the Pacific, the fastest way to get to last beach on the way back.

We arrived before sunset at **Puerto Arista**, right by the beach between two restaurants, parking, showers and rest rooms for 10 Dollars.



It started to rain and than more rain came and more, we watched John Wayne and when it was raining cats and dogs we went outside and had a rain shower.

Next morning nice and sunny, Brady goes up the up folded ladder in the back to get the Boogie Board, when he it unfolds and when he comes down, he grabbed the ladder on the wrong part, Brady jumped and landed barefooted on his heels on concrete. His feet swell up and there is no way to walk for him like he normally do.. But he still can drive and he still has his cold. Brady did not get sick or injured until now beside a few burns from the fire lasso he stayed healthy. He must have used all his resistance along the last 6 month.

We drive to Puebla, And there is Roberto, Gato, Isabel our good old supporting crew. As well they have some visitors from Italy and Spain. Massimo, Nicoletta and Maria they do political theater and they are very funny doing this. **Compañía de Teatro Formación y Humor**, Cooperative Banana.



Roberto and his Company Rodara will move to new place. A free field where he can put a circus tent and start to the circus clown school. It will bring space for new ideas and projects and there is a lot. One is to continue **the Big Underwear Social Tour** and do it **again** this coming winter.



Nothing is clear on the table but after all the good responses the project got, from where ever it was, it is something to consider. We had a nice dinner with our new friends and gave also an interview to Nicoletta for a radio channel in Italy.

Than we started the bus to get out of Puebla in the low traffic hour. We drove 123 Miles and parked the bus in the middle of a junction on the highway between two big trucks, for noise protection. Everywhere you go in Mexico there is Pemex the one and only Gas Station in the whole country, but on this long and expensive highway

there is non for over 100 Miles.

We got up early to go on and on. We had another **little problem**.

No not this one on the picture.....

Our friend Alan raised the Bus up so we can get easy over all the Topas in Mexico, this was cool but at the same time, if you go faster than 40 Miles an hour the bus becomes a boat and moves from the right to the left.



So we looked for help to bring it down. We **found help** at a gas station, just by laying under the bus mexicans got curious and asked and offered help and knowledge.

We go on lower, but faster.....50 to 55 Miles is o.k. the bus is still a little out of balance from the first big bump we hit in Guatemala.

I drove, for a little. It is exciting but also kind of stress full when I left the drivers seat I was stiff and sore in my body just from concentrating.



Next day we did not go slow over a Topa, a Tumulus, a speed reducer and again the bus was hanging on to the right side. These things appear sometimes out of no-where, or like in this case, we were wondering about if we had missed an exit.....

Boom!!

Ok now Brady can fix it, first the back than the front than we go on driving, driving to the border to the USA.

A short stop in **Chihuahua** but Brady still has a hard time walking it is nightmare..... we better go on in the bus.

The **USA** border is another **chocolate cookie**, the Mexicans do not even

look at the bus, the Americans only **take** our **Alovera** plant, who was traveling with us all the way down from Oregon to Panama and back to the border from Arizona. I paid 6 \$ re-entrance and we were free to go....



Good bye little Alovera Plant!

...free to go to **Tucson** and park for two nights at Ruben's place.

We rode the bikes around.

It feels so different to come back to this place where we stopped before the tour.

We did it and we are back and nothing changed and everything changed.

We just lived through this last 6 month our life and survived so easy, because life is easy if you go step by step and show your patience.

We met so many beautiful people who supported us just with their appreciation and happiness.



We left Rubens place and drove towards Phoenix , along the way at a truck Stop a man helped us get the correct air on each side of the bus.

From now on we could go up **to 60 Miles**.

We stayed over night 250 Miles before Los Angeles.

Next day I drove maybe 20 Miles than there was a strange sound, like I drove over an animal or something. I moved to the side, and we discovered that the **recap** from the right outside back tire was **gone**.

We were wondering anyway, because along this highway there is so many tire pieces laying around. It must have inspired..... Whatever. Tires do not think they just get enough and go.

We were in the middle of the dessert no gas stations or truck stations for the next three exits. We drove **45 Miles with this tire**.

To find out that **the inner tire** was **blown up**.

Pretty bad.

We only had two replacement tires but the virgin one only fits for the front.



This tire place did not have our size so we had to go for another tire place 14 Miles away with one tire.
The tire place was closed over the easter weekend we had to camp out two days in **Thousand Palms**.

Monday morning we were the first to pay 580 Dollars to put the cheapest tire on.

The work was done like robots were doing it. Pale, bored, face, no smile. Suddenly we are not the great big underwear social tour anymore we are people who pay for a tire at a tire-place, because this is what the place is for.



Yeah we felt anonymous, we could do what we want love, kill, fart poop in somebody's yard..... who cares.

As long you pay you do not have to socialize, many talks, everybody knows that!

But we were used to socializing and telling our story..... hmmm.... no respond ... fine.... (thats why there is no picture from people, just tires)

Monday we made **523 Miles**, passed Sacramento, slept, made some pictures for Bradys new art project.... few examples right here:



and made it on Tuesday to Earl, Bradys foster Brother who lives 20 Miles

North from Klamath Falls.



It is a Ranch, we were hoping that we could park the bus here over the summer, but this wont work out. To many mice and to much money.... And....

... it is cold up here, we thought we will miss the winter this year by going to Panama, well the winter is still here. It is snowing and cold in

the bus.

We sleep under three blankets.

Brady still injured and Earl with a bad knee watch movies all day and night long.

It is a beautiful area here, I go for walks and enjoy the icy wind in my face, I am a women.

THE BIG UNDERWEAR SOCIAL

TOUR is over and the memorys are fresh and everyone who was involved especially the B.U.S.T

members are still on our minds. It was a great adventure, and the projekt certainly explored the relationship between money and freindship.



We drove 10487 Miles , what is more or less 16779.2 km
We put 6876 Dollars for 1946.. 54 Gallon Diesel in the tank.