



April 1st was a Sunday, and the last day of the Pura Vida festival organized by our friend Sebastian in Ciudad Colon. Sebastian seemed somewhat overworked and understandable, as he had been non stop for many weeks with his involvement at the intl. Festival De Las Artes in San Jose. (How many artists turned organizers have we witnessed getting fatigued doing they're show and organizing for the rest of us clowns?) (A few) any hoot. After the festival all of us clowns including Sebastian and his sweetheart Lucia enjoyed a nice barbecue, which I mentioned in the last newsletter.

*Brady ready to get coconuts*

The next day after saying good-bye to folks, Irmi and I headed down the hill to one of our special surf places a short distance from Jaco. We Boogie boarded and soaked up some more sun, and enjoyed our last day or two of Kaka Verde (our parakeet friend) I also climbed a few more coconut trees and collected more coconuts.

Then we went to Jaco, and paid a visit to Jugo Lopez our organizer for the first gig in March. It dawned on us that this was Easter weekend approaching, and so we asked if the park was free, Hugo checked it out and we soon organized two days of



shows thanks to Hugo, and also the Mayor of Jaco. So we parked in the place where the big stage had been, and hooked up our electricity, and Hugo helped us design some new flyers, and we also started drying our 20 kilos of bananas that our friends on the Caribbean side of Costa Rica had given us. Liz the 75 yr old Canadian women gave us her food dryer so we had two food dryers going, and this was all very kool.



*Hugo working with Kakaverde on flyers..... And the bus parked in the Jaco Park again*

The next day we rode the bikes around dressed in our Fartso costumes and announced the shows for Thursday and Friday. The beaches were packed solid with Costa Rican folk who were enjoying a 4 day holiday called Semana Santa (Easter) never the less, the people on the beach were Cracking up to see two fat assed Gringo and Gringa's pushing they're bikes and passing the musical wind.

We had a pretty good crowd that night, though just before show time Rodrigo our Gardner friend came to pick up Kaka Verde (un official name) and Irmi and I were both sad to say goodbye.



*Costa Rican (Tico's) listening to the Fartsos.*

It actually affected me for the show and so maybe I wasn't so on with my comical timing. We still had fun, and made new friends, and new money.

The next day we did the same thing, including continuing to dry Bananas. The show was even more packed out, and Hugo decided to film the show and the next night when we came to visit he showed us his very creative eye, in the first 30 seconds of what he created Irmi and I were both very impressed. The aunt and cousin as well Anai and Hugo



really liked the coconut flakes we had made, and so we grated more coconuts for them and prepared the flakes in they're oven so they would have some to last for a while.

*Maria, Irmi and Anai*

And so the next day we headed out and north, direction Guanacaste that is a more arid part of Costa Rica.



*Here is Liz the penutbutter-lady*

We stopped in Liberia, got our bikes down and did some shopping and checked out a museum, which was formerly a small prison.



After that we found an avocado tree right near our bus and scored 10 or so avocados to take with us to Parque Santa

Rosa. In the park we parked, and also in the park was a group of students mostly from California, biology students though not just biology but related studies.



They were camped out in about 15 or 20 tents, as well a team of Costa Rican Teachers and an American teacher Named Frank who is working at a school for 20 plus years located at Monteverde, and which works with numerous schools in the U.s.A.

We would not have met these folks really if it hadn't been for Alison one of the students who was brave enough to approach us and ask who the heck we were and what were we about. Alison informed us that Frank was having a birthday and would we consider throwing some kind of spontaneous show together in return for dinner with the group.

*Brady with his big ass*



*Brady and Alison ...*

So That night we did a spontaneous version of our Fartsos and comedy show, to the wonderful applause of all the students and instructors they're in Parque Santa Rosa, which was a funny place to perform at. Frank asked us to elaborate to the 20 or so students as to what we were up to in our big pink and blue bus and of course we spoke at short length about the other artists who had been with us this year and last, and the shows along the way and the Garbage collecting in our underwear, and of course the big underwear philosophy.



*Park-Impressions*

In the next few days we gathered our Bust spirits and headed out direction! Back towards north, well north and west.



We passed thru the Nicaragua border with out much hassle. We first stopped in Rivas to do some shopping and then we reluctantly decided not to stop in Grenada to visit Diego Gene and the comedy and mime school. We drove on, and at Managua made the mistake of taking the old Managua/Leon road, which first started out decent, but then just got worse and worse I'm talking potholes galore we spent a lot of time on that road, and after some hours arrived outside Leon, at a gas station, where we paid the guard a couple dollars to keep an eye on us for the night.

The next morning we got our bikes down and rode into Lyon, which has the largest cathedral in Central America.



*Cathedral from Leon, Nicaragua*



After a very rewarding bike ride around this historical city we were back at our bus and on the road again direction Honduras.

*In the super Mercado in Leon*

Just before the border we stopped at a truck rest stop complete with Guard. We spent the night here, and there was a great rainstorm that dumped much water and turned the parking lot into a small lake. By morning the clear sky and reasonable temperature were welcomed, and with our warm coffee we were off to the border of Honduras, which also turned out to be nice and easy.



*Kids in Nicaragua*



*... going into Honduras*

So now we were back in Honduras scary sometimes and not so scary other times, we had filled our tank up in Nicaragua so we wouldn't have to stop at a bank, and so we cruised along enjoying the sites and avoiding the potholes, eventually to come to the El Salvador border. It was a Saturday, and there was a busload of folks in front of us and there was mad chaos trying to just get in the line for the exit stamp, it was crazy to watch how some people worked at cutting in line.

The exit stamp done we still had to check out the bus, and one guy tried to get 10\$ from me since it was just after 12 noon, but I gave him my story about us doing shows in villages and such and he said ok in regard to not giving him 10\$.

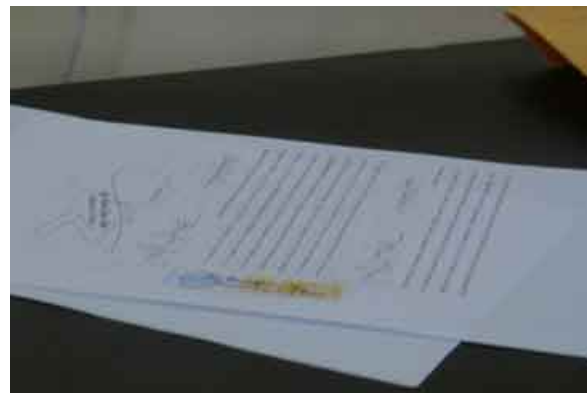


*Line to get out of Honduras*

So we crossed the bridge to the El Salvador side and got ourselves checked in, and then drove the 3-4 kms to the place where you check your vehicle in, that takes a little while as they are sort of relaxed at that office, but eventually we had all the paper work done, and our copies of nesc. Papers and off we went for another long drive thru the day.

El Salvador has a lot of Volcano's too, and some very beautiful ones at that. By nightfall we had nearly crossed the country, and as dark arrived we found a service station and asked if we could stay in the parking area as they have guards there.

The next morning we drove on, filled up the diesel tank again, and shortly arrived at the Guatemala Border. There we found out that we were 4 days later for passing thru as the way we had entered 3 months previous was the one of two options we should not have done, that's I guess what not understanding Spanish completely can cause. So after hiring a lawyer for 30\$ and putting the bus in Irmis name (briefly) and the Lawyer giving his very special stamp, we were able to pay the 20\$ or more entry fee, and continue on our way some 5-6 hours later, "Whew" such hassles are very Hassleie. I just figure what the heck were paying 5-6 dollars a gallon of diesel instead of 4-5. (Which is what it will be eventually).



Guatemala also has incredible volcanoes, but we did not see so much of them on this drive as it was fairly cloudy. We drove on, and along the way stopped for lunch, though generally Irmis cranks out snacks and coffee in the kitchen as we roll along on sometimes scary and crazy roads, yes she is pretty amazing. We stayed the night at a gas station that we had stayed at on the way down, the folks there remembered us and treated us kindly with nice cold showers and toilets.



The next morning we drove off after our ritualistic coffee.

*A little rain in Guatemala*

In the early afternoon we arrived at the Mexican border, checked out of Guatemala this time stopping our visa thingy to avoid the trouble of before, and scooted over to the Mexican side they took a few things as they do they're mimic of America in terms of caution towards plant or fruit, and they also sprayed the bus 5\$ cost.



And so boom,, we were in Mexico again, which is scary and a relief at the same time.

*Guatemala check out*

In Mexico it was mango season, so we started looking for trees along the road that we could park the bus under and climb up the ladder and get a bunch of beautiful Mangos which we did,,, and then we basically started peeling them and Irmi started making Mango marmalade as we drove along heading towards possibly our last beach.

*Mango,Mango,Mango,Mango....*

We did a bit of shopping first then arrived in Port Ariste where I had bruised my heels last year falling off the ladder of the bus, we picked a place right in front of the turtle sanctuary which was way at the end of town and which afforded us a little privacy, spent the day swimming and cleaning up stuff and drying coconut flakes our other fun hobby.







territory!

yippy, after making this decision we felt good, and after driving the rest of the day we found a Pemex station and relaxed for a night of good dinner and relaxation and a short walk around the vicinity.

The next morning we headed out, and along the way and after a short discussion Irmi and I decided to go over the smallish mountains separating the pacific from the gulf side of Mexico, new



*Puerto Aristo (left) Turtle sanctuary*

From the top of the pass above the pacific it is a gradual descent into the gulf region, the road is pretty small with few passing lanes, and a considerable amount of trucks speeding along, big trucks with double trailers and they want to pass the slow pink and blue bus, when I see them in my rear view mirror and I see they are about to pass I am looking in front and also behind, and when they start to pass I just slow down to help them out cause they will pass on corners and often in dangerous situations its nerve racking because they are just crossing themselves and putting they're faith in god. We actually had to stop and wait for just such a



situation where a truck had



*Something burning .....*

Lost a trailer and flipped on its side.

*Resting after driving (left) .....Just a sugarcane-field on fire(right)*



The next morning we continued on direction Vera Cruz, a city with much history infact this is where Cortez started his conquest of Mexico. We cruised into Vera Cruz rather uneventfully.



And after taking some nice pictures of the bus with the port in the back ground and checking out some of the wonderful architecture we parked the bus near a night club and went shopping at a monster store nearby.

*Veracruz and on the left also....*

This is where we could send out last month's newsletter as the nightclub had wifi. That being done, we decided to move the bus closer to the port, infact we parked her the second time right next to a navy boat that had a guard.



This felt more safe as Veracruz has had some bad stuff going on in relation to the Cartel problems.

*Look out of the window to the navy*

In the morning we woke up and got the bikes down and rode off to really check out the city, which included the market, the port, and more of the amazing old buildings.



*First you buy it than you let it go down ...*

In the early afternoon we arrived back at the bus, started her up, and left Vera Cruz.



*A part of the port from Veracruz*

We drove directly up the gulf coast, and shortly saw the sign for an ancient Ruin called Quiahuiztlan which was situated on a mountain that the bus just barely made up. This was an incredible place and we walked around for a few hours imagining what it must have been like 500 years ago.



*Quiahuiztlan, the parking for buses and the view from Quiahuiztlan*



After visiting this amazing historical site, we continued on, sometimes directly on the Ocean, sometimes inland passing thru cute little villages, and always wishing we could just stop and enjoy up close these kool



places, and hardly ever seeing other tourists this was strange but given the situation in this part of Mexico and what you read and hear over the news its understandable, and believe me we were nervous too.

So we stopped in a small fishing village, and asked to stay at someone's camp place right near the beach, and upon pulling into said camping place, promptly got stuck in some soft sand, and thus embarked on a 3 hour struggle of crazy magnitude involving some drunk locals who were trying to be helpful but really were not at all as they tried to use they're little truck to get our big bus out but were just gunning the gas.

And even if they would have been more patient I don't think they could have got the big pink and blue bus unstuck,, eventually after helping them get unstuck,, they lost interest and left,, and the owners of the property called a back hoe, and for 50\$ we finally got the bus unstuck and settled down with a nice glass of beer. "Crazy night'.



*... our helpers could not help themselves...*  
"Crazy night'.

Next morning we enjoyed a few swims and a short run on the beach, and said goodbye to our hosts and back on the road. We were inching ever so slowly towards the border and deeper and deeper into dangerous territory. I think there was probly a million butterfly's that were also traveling these days and I feel bad for the many that crashed into the bus, and I couldn't help imagining that millions of other butterfly's were also crashing into the millions of cars that drive around this amazing planet.

El Tajin, Veracruz, Mexico, Ruin Site is famous for its Pyramid of the



Niches. The Pyramidal building was constructed in 600 AD at the El Tajin Archaeological Ruin site as a Stone Calendar Building with 365 Niches.

200 km's north of Vera Cruz near the city of Tampico we took a short detour to visit the amazing Pyramids of El Tajin. Approx. 36 of the buildings have been excavated and restored, with more to be done in the future. We spent 2-3 hours walking around this very large site. Besides the Pyramids and other special buildings there were 17 ball courts that played a very important role within this society. If you ever have a chance to read about this place its pretty interesting.



*Irmi will be 50 this year the Pyramid is 600*

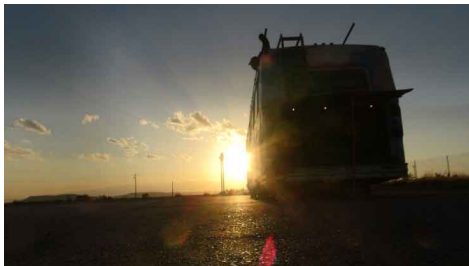
Course if you ever have a chance to go to this place its very interesting. We drove on to get to our last beach before entering the USA. Tanpico is a big port and has a long sandy beach. We drove along this beach on the hard sand hoping not to get stuck in another soft spot.



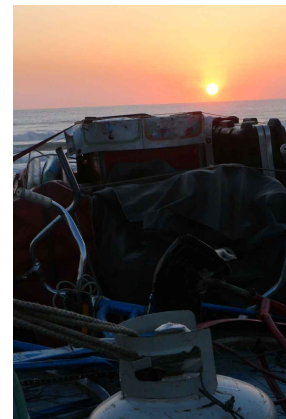
We parked right next to a Karaoke Bar where the Karaoke singers were singing into the next morning what was a Sunday.

*Playa Tanpico!!*

We got up early and could see the sun come up. You can see the sunrise in the picture on the right.



*Sunset at the Pemex*



At the end of the day we parked up at another Pemex and enjoyed a shower from our water tank on top of the bus, and had a short walk around the area, a beautiful sunset to set the tone.

The next morning we started the bus up with our coffees and big underwear spirit in place and headed off thru the cactussy desert of this northern gulf coast landscape. My goal was to have the oil changed and the filters changed and a lube for the bus, before crossing into the expensive zone none as America.



*Three man who care for the bus!*

Found a small mechanic place with a man that looked older than me but was actually younger. His helper a definitely

younger man proceeded to do these things that the bus loves, and in a few hours we were back on the road, changing our course slightly for the very eastern most Border of mex/amer.



*Little old lady who sells all kind of truck supplies..... and a final lube-job.*

One more night at a Pemex station and the last of our mangos preserved in jars and we were ready to cross the border next day, still nervous of course, and more so cause I stashed 50 coconuts on top of the bus.





The U.S. border was pretty casual, they x-rayed the bus, and brought the beautiful dog on to sniff around, I don't even think the dog caught the scent of Laurie's underwear, though quite possibly Faebles scent was still present. Irmi had to renew her visa, and then suddenly we were on



U.S. soil. Now we were relieved of the nervousness of the drug cartel gangs though of course fresh nervousness was ours over the Texas police gangs, though as in Mexico and central America this proved unfounded, and after visiting the Wal-Mart to have small shipping chips inserted into our brains followed by a certain amount of shopping to upload said chips we were off driving in a north easterly direction ultimately who knows but we had decided to arrive at my aunt Jacques home which is in the north eastern part of Texas.

*.... right down the road in Texas*

That night we parked at a Wal-Mart cause you can (especially when you have a shopping chip in your brain) In Texas the roads are big, even the small highways, the bus was rolling smooth, which was a new experience. In the previous 3 months my average speed had been between 25 and 40 miles per hour and don't get me wrong I enjoy driving a 40 ft bus slowly, but now this new speed of between 40 and 50 miles per hour had me thinking I might be able to race buses as a next career.

Any hoot we continued on with our eyes on a town called Brady, as it was important to see how my city was thriving without me around to instruct it.

*First shower in Texas*



In Brady we checked on some of my Buildings with names like Brady vetenary and Brady Realty, and Brady hair salon, they all seemed to be doing just what they were supposed to be doing which is living the American dream so after a brief stop at lake Brady, we were back on the road to stop briefly outside when we had to swerve to avoid a pretty big turtle.



*Around Brady City*



We got out and I picked the turtle up and conversed shortly with him/her and then brought her/him over to a small pond where she/he surely must have started out from for some unknown reason of which as indicated I don't know. In the bus we drove on, and at sundown stopped at a picnic area made some dinner, and slept on the roof of the bus, as it was very very hot out, I heard the next day that it had reached 106 Fahrenheit. We arrived in Sweetwater Texas and asked at the post office where my Aunt lived, the lady at the post office was kind enough to print me out some directions that almost worked and at least got us in the area, where upon a few folks helped us zero in on the beautiful little home of my aunt and her husband Greg, and they're 2

grandchildren Benjom and Mattie where we have now completed the month of April, and this is wonderful don't you think?



*The back of aunt Jacque's house*

*The front of aunt Jacque's house...*



Ok, so what have we learned on these years Big Underwear Social Tour? Well, we learned that it's important to be clear when communicating with people. We learned that it was a good thing to invite less artists on the tour. We continued the learning of what a magnificent world we live in. We also continued the learning of how important we think all of our friends are Like Jenny and Alex, and Dan, and peter, and josh, and Greg, and Noah and trash and Nip and Andy, and Palo and Mica, and Berthold and Martina as well Ina, and Heinz, and Herr Konrad as well Dado and family, and of course Bill who helped us prepare the bus for these adventures. We learned that part of the reason we do this is for all the people we know, yes and we are showing off in a way, we are saying hey look at us,,,,, and sure we also learned that we are doing this for us, as well, for the hell of it.



*Going out with the family to Abilene Airport to watch the yearly Air-show*



We learned that it is important to look at what others are doing, and to pay them some compliments. We want to share and exchange thoughts and experiences with all the different people that we know on this amazing planet, of which we will eventually exit.



*Airing out our "casa rodante" in the Texas wind*

We want to continue to inspire the country's we traveled thru to pick up they're garbage and we want to caution all western peoples to slow down the barrage of money money money, and to always be conscious of the earth's resources. It is so appropriate that we are here in a part of Texas where Jacques Husband Greg works with a company called AES Wind Generation. The earth is our mother and our minds are the father and together we will continue to make little babies and life is beautiful for someone like me who makes little kitschy statements. In the name of the big underwear spiritual and comical religion I share this April newsletter with you. Thank You All.

