

: The month of February has been one of transition, we said Goodbye to our performers with in a few days of each other. Cirque en Deroute first, and then a few days later Rodrigo, Itzel, and Jarik, they had some contact with an old friend from Mexico, and he was able to get them a short contract with the Hilton Hotel in Puntarenas .



Mimmie who had just arrived a few days Prior watched as the 6 artists headed down the road, she had the whole back area of the bus to herself now. After we left the Hilton Hotel and our Mexican representatives and the dreams that had been discussed with the director of the entertainment program we ventured down the Pacific Coast and stopped along the way and shopped and took pictures of colorful parrots, and swam in the sweet water along the pacific ocean. Finally we arrived at Playa Bellina, a place we had stopped last year,,. a sort of secluded beach, with a picture postcard look to it,,. and very few tourists.



We squeezed the bus into a nice little parking spot 20 meters from the crashing waves, under some palm trees and other tropical trees.

This place has outdoor showers and a toilet, what more could you ask for.

We swam in the ocean and watched the nature, and I climbed a coconut tree and knocked down some coconuts.

Mimmie is a veagan so she eats a special diet, which seemed to include a lot of food she got at the Japanese store in Berlin.



But of course she loved the fruits of Costa Rica.

The 2nd day we were there we met a German man who loved to bring his kayak and spear gun, and go out for hours to hunt for fish, he supplied a family and

other friends with said fish, and he also gave us some,, as well he sold me a spear gun for cheap money, so I could join him, and I got a nice fish which I cant remember the name of. Mimmie was not to thrilled at us killing her friends, but she tolerated us as we munched the scrumptious fish. after a few more days of this particular paradise we headed back some miles to a known tourist village called Dominical. I should also mention that we did one great session of garbage picking up here and thats how we met the german man.

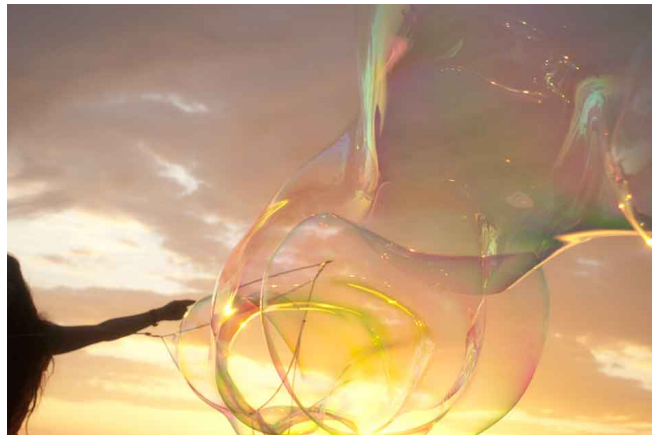


O.K. this is a spider not a fish, but they were around their, a lot...

Anyways in Dominical we asked at the bar called Tortilla Flats if we could do a fire show in the night, they said sure, and so we prepared and then did our fire show with Mimmie to a rauchous crowd of mixed tourists and local yokals to a wonderful response, and some money in our hats.



A few nights later we did another show there, and after the show a man named Jason asked if we would consider doing a private party at his house up the hill. We agreed on a small donation towards our project, and the next night



Mimi in action

Jason helped us transport our gear up the hill to a very nice house that overlooked the ocean complete with swimming pool and jaccuzi.



We did two short presentations one comedy, and one fire, both were well recieved by the small audience of friends from Jason. afterwards most of

the folks became naked, and so it was a perfect opportunity to bring out our special underwear that we have on offer for the appropriate donation (20\$) and we had 8 nice donations from the friends there.



Irmi, Mimi, Brady, B.U.S.T.Bus

Saying good bye to Mimi

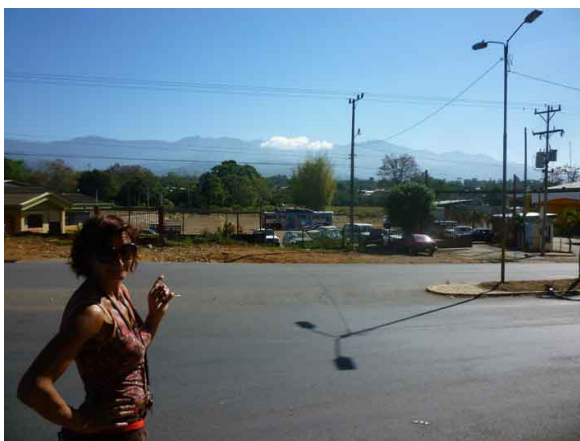
A few days later Mimmie found a ride to San Jose and left us there in Dominical, she needed to head back to Berlin so that she could freeze her bottom off.



So now its just Irmi and I and that's ok because we seem to continue to have time for doing this thing and

the adventures continue unabated, for example we decided to drive to San Isidro, which is 40 clicks over the mountain, we headed out, and near the top of the mountain the bus would not continue, we tried twice but she just wouldnt make it. so we turned around, and headed

around the long way, which is roughly 140 km's of beautiful jungle along the Panamerican highway.



Here is Irmi, pointing to the Bus parked in the sun in San Isidro.

In San Isidro we were looking to possibly buy two batteries, as well to refill our propane tanks, and also to buy a real wheelbarrow, as my home made one wasn't really the kind you want to balance on your head. We ordered batteries from a service station, and should wait a day or two, we got our other supplies, plus a Costa Rican phone (prepaid card) and then we met Herbert another German man from Nuernberg, he delved into my electric issue with me, and helped me figure some things out, where upon I decided not to get the batteries and thus saving me 350\$. Thanks Herbert!



The pictures we made from Herbert were all a little blurry but this picture is clear and IT was right there on the way to San Isidro.

And though I probably do need new batteries, he showed me how to by pass some of my other electrical components in such a way as to still get some electricity from the existing batteries that we can at least load our computers, or run the blender we just cant watch DVDs.

We were actually able to drive up the hill on this side, and get back to the pacific side returning to our special beach (Bellina) where we stayed for a few days and saw the monkeys as they hung out in a big tree overlooking the beach, this was really neat. And our German fisherman returned and took us out again on the ocean, where I promptly got sea sick, didn't catch any fish, and Irmi had to paddle my ass back to shore,,yuk,,,,. (the



picture was taken before Brady got see sick)

Then we drove back to Dominical for another fire show and a few nights and days of chillin, and boogie boarding in some sweet waves.



A few moments before we were heading off north towards Tamarindo, we met some tourists and the man suggested playa Portero which is just north of Tamarindo. He said that there was a bar that had Ladies Night on Wednesday's and that 2-300 people showed up and that might be a place to pull off one of our now infamous fire shows.



So off we headed,... along the way we stopped at a nice beach and I almost drowned in an attempt to boogie board on some sizable waves,,, still alive we enjoyed the new place,, and the next morning continued our drive north,,



which ended up being an all day drive,, at the last of which was dirt-gravel roads that we could really only go about 5-10 miles per hour as it was so bumpy. Eventually we arrived in playa Portero and with some help from gringos found the Las Breezes bar on the edge of town and ocean in a secluded little bay surrounded by hundreds of fair to do

foreigners,, houses and hotels. We described our idea to the managment and they quickly said yes, and so now we are here,, waiting for the next night to perform our fire show and continue our



project which continues to take many wonderful turns all in an effort to continue the exploration between money and friendship.

Ok, so we did the show at the Las Breezes beach bar, it was well attended,,, there was a DJ and he was making some nice music. Our mistake was going on too late, because the people just got snokered as the night progressed, oh well,, we still did the show,, and still kicked ass, and got lots of compliments,, just after, when we went around collecting in the hat, some of the Locals looked at us like "who are you" (they seemed not to remember) we still made a bit of money, and recieved two donations for underwear from a nice couple from Oregon.

The next day we took it easy for the first part of the day. There were two guys drinking beer by the bus and one of the two was holding a little green parakeet... what looks like a miniture parrot, they got progressivly more drunk, and at one point the parakeet flew off,,, then he went and got the bird from a small tree,,, and later the Bird`flew away again, they gave up



catching it and after they left I climbed the tree, and I could see the Baby wanted to be friends', cause it flew near me,, and so I caught her and brought her down from the tree and welcomed her into our bus,, where she is now, actually



I'm not sure she is a she,, but she seems a she. She has been with us a week now,, and after playa Portero...

(One in the picture is a she, guess!)

Brady also sold his old handmade, signed wheelbarrol



...we went to Playa Coco which is a village mostly dominated by fair to do American's and Canadians... who have bought land and built incredible houses, many with swimming pools and air conditioning,, and there is even an expensive store in town for them. In fact we met Stosh, who happens to manage Pacifico Properties for the company, and lives with his sweet heart Rosie, and they have adopted two squirrels.



The man in the picture is Stosh with his quirrrels protection mask.

The squirrels are very cute and take a certain amount of patience, but these folks are perfect for them, and they invited us to dinner at there home, and the air conditioning was crazy but the food was great, Thanks Stosh ad Rosie.

The next day we drove on to Playa Panama. we stayed a night at this beach as it was fairly quiet, and the water was quite refreshing.

As with all these places the wildlife is pretty amazing, from birds to insects as well the fauna is fascinating. Not so much about the mosquitos, the sandflies and the jelly-fishes.



A lot of people stop and take pictures of the bus, and a few actually stop and talk, and ask questions,, the majority don't stop though and seem a bit scared maybe, or at least seem like they want to mind they`re own business, its humurous to catch them taking pics though, as you can see they would rather just take it and be gone, so they can add it to their collection without any hassle.



This three girls invited us for breakfast in Playa de Coco.

Irmi and I go along here, watching and wondering, our project is a little up in the air these days, we are preparing for our month of work

here in Costa Rica, starting in march we will perform, mostly with our show, but sometimes with some other artists thru our friend Sebastian. Jacco, Peurto Viejo, San Jose, and Ciudad Colon, these are the places we prepare to perform in March.



Brady on the left!

Monkey on the right!



We think of all the different friends we know and we wonder at the times, both of us are from another time, when friends had more time for each other. Now a day's you have to make appointments for many of the friends, even the ones we might not have seen for ages. Its a little bit different in the New Millenium. I wonder if we are the only ones thinking like this,, or if others of our tribe think similiar thoughts. Make an appointment and we can talk about it if you like.



