

## January News

The new year started for Brady and me on a 30 meter high, on top of the water-tower in Monterico in Guatemala on the Pacific Coast.

All around us fireworks.

The rest of the gang was partying on the beach, dancing and having fun.

Next morning we decided to rest.

and jump in the waves at the beach they were like 2 meter some 3 meters high and I had to find a safe way to dive under or jump over otherwise you could get slammed into the black sand from the Guatemalan beach.

Everybody did some laundry and as well resting, I actually do not know what everybody did, beside myself.

I have to say, whenever there is no show the group is splitting up in extreme individualism,,,,, Couples, old friends, and singles find back in their original timing of a day, the result of this is that a lot of stuff lays around people go in the bus make food, practical in a line up and our old and often discussed and hated theme, DIRTY DISHES... time for a meeting.

On new years after a long night, nobody is excited.

And Brady is the one who talks and insist about the messes we leave. it is a boring thing for us and it makes the tour yuck.

We travel with a bunch of people who mostly still have fireworks to explore themselves away from good old cold Europe.

Brady, Nick, Paul and me are the oldest ones and we are mostly concerned about the hygienic.

Some just do not get it..... nothing more to say.

We can count the days when nobody is sick.

But hey it is the 1. January 2011.

Ralf offered to stop Motion Movie with the group.

He goes up on the water tower with his film camera and we lay on our big white tarp and build a picture what is slowly moving.

Yes, yippee we did something together!!!!

Later Mantega, Anaelle, Nico, Aga and Sara worked again in the Circus Hawaii and they did as well a show in a Restaurant on the beach.

paul went with them and got a little bit much tipsy.

Next Morning we were ready to leave and to face the next border; EL SALVADOR.

After getting everybody up and all together we left at 11.00 and a new section of adventure started.

The ferry.



To get back on the Pan American Highway we had two possibilities, 80 km back where we came from or the fairy.

We decided to take the fairy.

A fairy through the Mangrove: (This is a swamp what has special kind of trees growing in and it looks like a Jungle)

Th first fairy port in Monterico was only for little cars..... the second one near the playa Hawaii was made for big trucks and buses and us.

Our two english wonderful experts were measuring the entrance to the fairy for the next

hour..... the people from the fairy were just standing around and it seems like they were laughing at us. (nick and Paul)

We made it on the ferry, safe and dry, we made it through the Mangrove, we made it back on the road.... as well the Minny Winny.

Ugh!



What a nice little adventure.

The next two and a half hour we were driving on a endless gravel road.

Swamps left and right, than farming land with banana trees, cows and pigs, long trucks speeded by and we swallowed the dust.

When we made it back on the paved road it was a allgemeines Aufatmen, (togetherness breath-out) and so the bus, the engine had to pick up with quite a big amount of dust as well.

It was around 40 km to the border El Salvador but the bus made some strange sounds and had some problems to get up the hill.

Nick said... lets air out the air-filters, he said it three times, than the bus stopped driving.

On a hill on the middle of the street in a curve.

Luckily there was a rest-place right behind us, Brady slowly backed up and the sun went down.

Darkness surrounded us.

Flashlights turned on and Nick and Paul crawled under and in the engine.

First try to start???

Nothing!

Maybe we do not have Diesel any more?

Yes thats it, there is no Diesel in the tank. With a 5 Gallon Tank Brady and James got the amount what saved us, as well Paul was exchanging the oil-filter.....

Mantega is writing:

... we were able to move. Pretty complicated mechanical stuff eh?

This incident was the first and lightest one that lead to a chain of terrible and mind burning incidents what will follow.

Arnoud is writing now:

After the bus get going, we made it to the border, (arena) which had two steps, the first welcoming us with a smiling face, the second leaving us only an option bad enough to make us prefer turning back and sleep behind a gas station we had passed earlier in Guatemala. Circus are seemingly not welcome in El Salvador.

Having left without an exit stamp, we had no choice but to go back to the border the following day, where we tried again. Our mind prepared, Mantega dressed up even better than for a wedding ceremony, we sent our diplomats to deal with our Salvadorian friends. This effort, carried on while the whole group was patiently sweating half a day, got us a transit permit of 24 hours through the tremendous Salvador. We drove at night, which is not exactly recommended in this country, but the only attack we had to bear was that of a flat tire on the Minnie Winnie. James and a couple of eminent English engineers fixed it in less time we would need to mention it. And Arno passed them gloves (and is deeply proud of it). After this relaxing day, Brady made the bus land behind another gas station which actually looked very scaring as our imagination about Salvadorian hospitality was not really optimistic after we heard plenty of stories including guns and cadavers. We only saw guns on the way, so we thought we could sleep without worries, which we did in less than 10 minutes.

Back to irmi:

We woke up without guns but-with a refreshing cafe, like every morning.

As fast as we could, we got out of El Salvador in time without a fine and stood front of the next border.

5 to 10 english- speaking Honduran gays wanted to help us to get over the border.

We did not need one of them, because we had Mantega, still in his business outfit and Iza with her mexican charm.

All of us got in very easy.

It is the bus the Minny and the trailer what make the border-passing feels like we are staying in a line to bring our Christmas presents back.

Another hot afternoon in and around the bus made everybody less than unexcited.

As well nobody should show any artistic skills, cause this is what the El Salvadoran officers did not like and who knows what Honduran has against people who throw stuff in the air, walk on their hands, and bend over in the wrong direction??

They found something.



We needed more papers for the trailer, which is.... if you read the last Newsletter.... still in Roberto's name, a Notary Public that we can use the trailer.

How?

Mantega and Iza used their charm and power and we got 5 days to contact Roberto and Isabel back in Puebla to send this papers to the border.

We start the bus and finally the first real drama start to develop.

Nick and Paul our english safety police insist that we stay right here at the border, it is not suggested to drive in the night through Honduras while all the mean Honduran people try to rob us.

At the same time Ralf in the Minny was threaten from a guy who threw a stone at the Minny Winny and another person showed in his best pantomime how to cut a throat.

Ralf wanted to drive at least 50 km to get away from the border.

Brady was stuck now in between a stone and a hard place.

He drove 500 meters and sent Mantega, Iza, Alfredo and Momo out to ask in the house owners by the street if we could park in their back yard.

We found Oscar.

200 meters away from the street he had a house, a fence, a family, a lot of neighbors, cows, pigs, a lasso and a wonderful spirit.

We got inside the fence it was not easy but professional direction from Nick and Paul.

The neighbors came and surrounded the bus and all the artists went out and start to perform right in between the house and the bus.

Brady had a breakdown. Or was it a premonition?

This was 4 days of going through stuff we did not want go through like we did..... and suddenly peace, laughters from Honduran kids, released artists and a chocolate cake for Mantegas birthday

and two failed attempts to talk to Nick who got upset over the last three days.

In the back of the bus other things got prepared for the next morning.

Late in the night Brady and Oscar catches some half sleeping cows with their lasso tricks.

Next morning I was sick from the sun. I needed shade.

Around me there was strange things going on, Momo came with tears in her eyes and said: „there is sad news „, I asked: „Yes?“ , she said: „You will hear later!“

I was hanging out in the shade pouring cold water over my head.

Than Nick came and said: „ I am sorry Irmi, I am leaving“.....

So this was the black cloud which was collecting itself over the pink/blue bus.

Also Paul was going to leave. There was no way to stop them.

All morning they were talking with everybody from the artists about their plans, they were sad but understood that these two english guys could not stay as long Brady is how he is!?!?!?

An Ass-whole!

Not to mention again that Brady try to talk to Nick but Nick did not want to and built up a wall.

Paul was as far I know O.K with Bradys ass-wholeness but he is Nicks best friend. So he followed.

Brady, Momo and I sat on one side of the bus, the rest sat on the other-side of the bus and drinking Tequila to say good by.

Brady and I walked in the picture.

Time to leave for them, a last handshake for us some tears and Alfredo took them by his hands and helped them for the next two days two find a bus to Tegucigalpa and a hotel with english speaking people.

We drove to a beach thats where we are now.

Doing what?

Social-work?



Anti social-work?

Finding back to the original idea?

What was expected from Nico, Aga, Arnoud, Alfredo, Mantega, Anaelle, Iza, Val, Brady and Irmi?

That Nick and Paul left brought us in an interesting situation, to the essence of living together, to the energy level scale.

It was high in the beginning, it went down slowly in the meetings about the hygiene, cups and masses at the first day in Honduras it dropped completely.

Do we explore the relationship between money and friendship or do we explore the relationship between quitters and leaders, between young people and old people.

Nick and Paul were the only older people on the bus who were on our side, the side of hygienic and keeping everything in shape, they were the mechanics, they kept the bus going..... they are gone because of arguments.

Over little things we think, for them it was bigger things...

Nobody else argued.

It is a lot of listening and than nothing.

So it is weird and Brady and I are not experienced in holding a group together, keeping it together or bringing it back together.

Back to the beach.

We pay 60 \$ a day for water and electricity for us 14 people.

On the second day Brady and I decided to not have meetings anymore but to talk to each single person about the situation and the mood.

Points what our group made:

-Generally everybody is tired of us and the way how we are.

-No improvements in the show because of too much concentration on the house cleaning. (which was low in our opinion)

- no touristic actions, like climbing a mountain or explore together the different places.

- Brady is to much of a bitching leader.



Points Brady and I discovered as well from our side and more:

-Too many people who still work on their number and didn't find a character

-not much sense for the bus and health care.

-generation gap.

We could feel that something is going on. Everybody was sneaking around and try to stay away from the bus and us as far as possible.

Alfredo came back to us from bringing Nick and Paul to a safe place.

He felt it too.

Some people were thinking to leave. Nico said, if we throw one person out a whole group will follow.

We said: we do not throw anybody out, but if you want to go it is o.k. because we are too many people on the bus and if the group want to go, thats O.K., too.

Two days later we left to go to Tegucigalpa, Brady had to go to the US Embassy to get more sides in his passport.

We did not make it to the embassy, only to the outside of the city, parking by the police station. Honduras is very dangerous in the night, everywhere.

Again Brady took the possibility to talk to the group which was cramped in the bus.

= 3 reasons why we came here: 1. The passport 2. Pick up Jan and Kira (two more artists from Germany) and 3. Who wants to leave the B.U:S.-Tour can get out here the best.

Why?

It was still very strange to be together, bad vibrations, no talking, silence.

Alfredo sponsored coke with rum into the bus round and the talking started. Nobody said that they will leave, but it was highly talked about that there were too many people on this project for things to work well, and that it is O.K. if someone want to go, its not bad.

It just became a drinking night, also our protectors from the police-station got some beer.

Brady got so drunk this night that I had to carry him into the bus and into the bed.

This was at midnight, 5 hours later we had to get up to drive the bus before the morning traffic to the embassy.

We did it.

8 o'clock Brady was applying for new sides, he paid 82 Dollars and the next morning he could get his passport back.

Tegucigalpa... stuck!

A good time to make decisions:

Alfredo, Val and Momo went to the principal and got a permit to do a show at the Zokolo and as well meet Nick and Paul.

They were still in the city, relaxing and discovering their freedom again.

Mantega, Anaelle and Arnoud were planing to go over the border to Nicaragua with us and than stay in Leon. Sara had finally decided to head out for her own adventure which was combined with Nick and Paul who were in a hotel in the same city as us now.

Alfredo told us, that his father is very sick in Durango, Mexico and he want to be with him and he can work on a project in Guadalajara.

Val has to fly back from Tegucigalpa on the 20th, so only ten more days.... she decided to stay with Nick and Paul.

In the afternoon, Mantega, Anaelle, Nico, Aga, Val, Iza, Alfredo did a show at the Zokolo.

Brady and I stayed at the bus to welcome Jan and Kira.

Alfredo and Val came back to say good by and have a last meal with us and Kira and Jan.

Than they left to the hotel. The rest of the performing group came back and were very hungry so they just start eating.

Brady and me felt like food provider, and water,,,we went shopping for food and water from the big underwear bank money and cooked..... they went out to work and did not think at all to go buy something.

Not even a beer.

No thank you for the meal.

Next morning we got Bradys passport and started to drive direction Nicaragua, border.

Brady was making sarcastic remarks about the moneymaking shopping situation.

He said something like, „in Puebla when we made money it all went into the Big Underwear Pot, now some of the family are leaving everybody keeps the money and Brady and Irmie have to go shopping to still feet everybody“?

we got stopped several times by the police always trying to charge us with an offense to get money, finally they caught Brady smoking behind the drivers wheel, thus a hundred Lempira fine, hey thats better than the 800 Lempira they started with.

It was strange still,,, no Val,, no Sara and no Alfredo. And knowing 3 more would go off in Nicaragua!!.

.....

We bought propane for cooking and mandarins and melons on the way to our next night stop.



What was at a sport area. There was 4 soccer fields around us and just after we saddled down 10 to 15 different soccer-teams arrived and start to play.

We cooked, watched a movie what Momo set up in front of the bus and as well watched cool soccer games.



Later on everybody showed their acrobatic skills what was a soft and easy closing of the day.

Next boarder day.

It was easy to get out of Honduras and also easy to get into Nicaragua.

No questions about our Trailer..... we paid per person 12\$ and another 24 ¢ for caravans..... free.

In the first minutes driving into this New Land we felt more freedom and peace.

Our plan was to go to Leon and do a last show with Mantega,

Anaëlle and Arnoud before they leave us.

First we had to get Diesel and before that ..... Cordoba (Nicaragua Money)

in Chinandega; no bank, no cambia but hombres who walk around with big packs of money in their hand and offer to change.

So we did, for an O.K. deal..... I think.

Here in Nicaragua filling up the tank cost as nearly as much like in Europe.



In the early evening we arrived in Leon..... cutting a few curves and blocking the traffic like usual, we could park right by the Zokalo.

In the middle, the center, plaza independecia, the place with the most action.

No complaining, no angry sellers..... a few drunk people who tried to steal Bradys nail-polish and one Policeman who did not let us park right in front of the church entrance..... what we thought is a good idea because of the Big Underwear Religion.

Everybody slept good and the next morning we got a permit, electricity and all kind of helpers from around the town.

Here the sun goes down at 5 p.m., we start to prepare at 3. p.m..

It was still hot, Aga, Kira and Iza wanted to work together on the Silk. They talked about it for a while but nobody built the Trapeze structure. So there came up the question: \*When do you want to practice this?\*

The issue with the practicing has a long story, Brady is a practice skipper.....

But in this situation there was no time to do anything else beside to built our performing place and than start the show.

Aga wanted to do also Trapeze with Nico, so why not just have Kira and Iza working together..... Aga countered that she do not want to do nothing at all.

After a unpleasant discussion Kira said, she can wait more days and just watch the show, Iza did her solo number with Arnoud for the last time and Aga only Trapeze with Nico, she was not very happy about this solution.

They decided to train after the show.

I write this little story for a special reason, it is a setup for the future (in where I am right now) a set up for the next drama.

We did the show, everybody helped to set it up, more or less.

Big audience, technical problems with the light and the sound, 2600 something Cordoba landed in our hats.

Here start the trouble.

The girls wanted to keep the structure to train, Brady told them before you do that can you help to put the rest of the stage equipments back in the bus.  
 Aga took the money jar brought it into the bus and start counting it.  
 The others were carrying and packing around her.  
 So I said, you do not must count the money now, there is still a lot of stuff to bring back from the stage what is more important, just hide it somewhere.  
 When she arrived at the stage everything was gone.  
 Brady asked her if he can talk to her for a moment.  
 What is your problem why do you not help?  
 Aga : I do not want to talk about that, now you loose another artist ...Iza will leave.  
 Live goes on, everything was finally in the trailer and on the bus, the trapeze construction back on the roof. We went out for dinner.  
 Mantega, Anaelle and Arnoud got their stuff out of the bus and,what surprise, Iza as well.  
 We did not really understand why she left, her reason was  
 8 people left  
 Chami introduced herself after the show  
 She is from France and a Photographer on her way to Panama as well.  
 She is traveling since 3 month starting as well in Mexico. She asked if she could jump on the bus to take photos. she jumped on in the morning as the others were leaving.  
 It was perfect, we had space and more calm and fresh, innocent spirit on the bus.



Nico said, why do not we climb all together a volcano, before we go to Granada.  
 Leaving 4 artists behind a man on the bike showed us the way out of the city. And Nico the way to the volcano with the name: Momotombo.  
 A new adventure started:  
 We got to the foot of the mountain, what is also right by the Lago de Managua and had to face two officers who told us, that we need a permit and a leader to climb up the mountain, and that they want to try to get it for us through their chief.

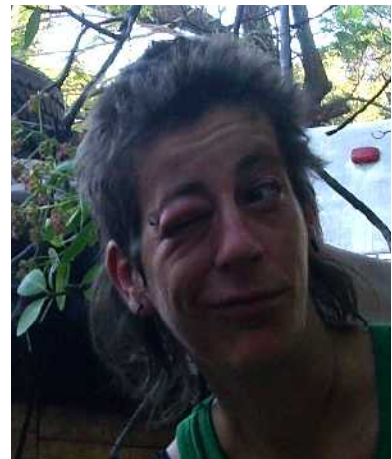
We camped with food, fire, swim and some unsuccessful fishing attempts.  
 Brady and me got up at five prepared for the walk just to hear from the officer that we do not get a permit.  
 We packed and drove to a smaller one.  
 They have quite a bit of Volcanos in Nicaragua, so there is choices you can make.  
 Momo was sad ..... Momotombo-Momo..... who do not want to clime a mountain what has your name??  
 We parked in the yard of a farmer with 200 different animals, mostly horses and cows.  
 He showed us the way and we start to walk.... in the already pretty hot sun.  
 Everything is o.k. when you stay on the trail.  
 We jumped a fence and hiked up a dry river bed..... into the wilderness.

Brady was in the front, leading suddenly he jumped backwards and start screaming.  
A rattlesnake was rattling at him.  
A big old one with 12 rattles means she was 12 years old.  
We all had a look while Brady was holding her head down with a stick.... beautiful.  
We crossed the dry river again and went up a steep grass-hill.  
To cross the mountain not to loose height.  
Without the wind what was blowing it would be over hot.  
At some point we could have turned around and walk back the way we came.  
We decided to go on.



It got more scary, more steep and the grass and the bushes start to scratch the body up.  
In a few situations our masculine leaders had different ideas what way is the best, I have to say there was no best, there was only bad or worse.  
we separated, Jan and James went their way because they did not trust Brady, Nico, Kira, Momo, Camille and Aga followed Brady and me for a little while after Brady stormed off because Aga said, Shut up and start walking.

Brady and I arrived first in the camp, we had a few bee-stings and a lot of scratches, we lost our water and were over heated.  
It was a very special feeling to be back in the bus and have water and shade we also could use the water storage to have a shower.  
45 minutes later Jan and James came back, exhausted as well.



The rest of the gang took a little longer.... they chose the worse way.  
They got attacked by bees, by a lot of bees.... especially Kira, she got stung by 35 bees and got to much sun. The first thing she did was throwing up.

This was a wonderful example for what a wonderful group spirit we have.  
Not!

After everybody cooled down, we drove to a little city which was right at the water and ate some platanos and rice.

Brady told me i have to talk to Aga otherwise he just give her a very hard time.  
So I did.

I asked her why she do not help out anymore, only things about herself.  
She said: I am tired. I kept talking.....

After a while she talked and said, that she do not want to talk to Brady because he is always so sarcastic with her.

And that she is very tired of the situation and she want to wait until Granada and see if it gets better.  
And when it do not get better Nico and her want to leave the tour.

I said, if you do not to talk to Brady, it do not get better and so you can leave right now.  
Or you just want to have a free ride to Granada.

She said: That they want to be in the show in Granada.

The signs were set, she really did not make one move to talk and so Brady and me discovered more and more things on her we did not like.

She is the queen of standing around when other people find a lot of things to do, she asked to get 1.50\$ back for a coke from the big underwear money, when we by beer for the last three days for everybody.

Nico is fine, he do not say very much and helps out a lot.

We drove to Granada.



To the Festival " El Barrinche Ambiental".... Diego Gene and Ben Wheatley welcomed us and had a surprise for us as well.



Iza was there waiting for us so she could possibly return to the Big Underwear Social Tour.

She realized that all what she needed was some time out after all this leaving and bitching and meetings.( I hope she will write more about)

We are happy.

With Aga it is still a different story.

Through her behavior; not to want to talk I also do not want to talk with her. I just did not want her in the bus anymore using our stuff and food and water.

But what can you do, it is a social tour.

Social is a word what have a lot of meanings and as well there is a social pressure.

It is hard to throw somebody out and at the same time it is easy.

it is just a step you have to make.

Next morning we called a meeting to get some clearance.

We found out that Nico and Aga are ready to go their own way.

Brady made clear that he has just a problem with Aga.

We asked them if they want to leave the bus now and just make a clear cut so we can go on as well with the people who are left.

They preferred to stay and do the last shows with us.

We actually made the meeting with Aga and Nico together with the whole group and that was better good stuff came out after bad stuff.

We had a day to rehearse the new show idea we had.

We agreed to put all our adventures into the show, the dishwashing, the meetings and the adventure with the bees and connected it with numbers as well Momo became the presentador of the show.

Aga could work with Kira and Iza in a trio number.... they were the ones who cleaned the dishes in their act, very feminine and sexy as well skillful.

The story with the bees ended with Jan and Kiras number... we have a nice bee-costume what Jan wear now and poor little strong Kira, who got originally stung 37 times was the victim again.

I think this a nice way to get over your fear from bees.

There is no film material because james had to do the music..... it is a bummer. Finally we worked on the show and it is not documented.



When we set everything up at the Plaza de Independence, a lot of kids came and crawled around us. Their are not timid here, they are very forceful in asking for money and a lot of them were sniffing glue..

They were high on it. All this boys walk around with a cup or jar filled with glue..

I do not try to give them attention, so they wonder off.

They did not.

After the show they were still with us hanging around the stage, all the artists left with James back to the circus school, to the house what is made out of bottles, where we get food and drinks and another wonderful experience, that also dreams from other people become reality. If you go the web-side: <http://elberrincheambiental-en.blogspot.com>, you will see.

Brady and me stayed and we were a little scared that we get robbed, killed, strangled by the glue-high kids.... there was security at the place, ugh..... all what bothered us in this night were the mosquitos.

A new show day, bells are ringing, Ben shows up, shows us the newspaper with a photo and a nice report,.

Since we are part of the festival we got another Job from our hosts, Diego and Ben.

And this is funny and great.

Now we are in the present, today is friday and brady and i sit in the bus and do our office-work, what is writing the newsletter, answering e-mail and downloading pictures on face-book.

The future is Saturday.....

Saturday night 4 groups of kids, representing fire, water, earth and wind will show the skills they learned in the workshops during the festival.

Nico, Momo, Brady and i will be the judges when they show their choreography.



We have to make a speech what basically says how important competitions are and how much money we can earn with that.

When we want to announce the WINNER, one kids says I do not agree... we ignore and start again, The Winner is.... again we get interrupted..... we try a third time and all the kids shout, WE DONT AGREE..... and they kick our butts from the podium and we are out..

A speaker will come on stage and will say, the 4 elements work together, there is no winner, everybody is as much important as anybody else.

This wonderful scene reminds me off all this Festivals i

was in Germany where I never was a winner, because i was not good enough.

OUAAAAA.

It is sunday now, the 23. January after picking up trash in our underwear with the kids from Diego Gene's School

we are hanging out in the bus and writing mails or brushing teeth, Brady is on Skype with Jonny Fox.

Last night when Fire, Water, Air and Wind got together in the competition, The Jury got kicked out like it was planed and we all danced together to beautiful live music.

The jury was Momo in a Bavarian Dirndl, Nico in a black suit and Brady and I in our Fartsos. So we made a good impression how important judges at festivals are.....



As well things are and live is changing now. The Minny Winny and the trailer can be stored here at Diego's place. So James is moving into the bus.

Thats possible, there is Jan, Kira, Iza, Momo, Irm, Brady and James.

We will save a lot of gas money, water, beer, whiskey, milk, honey, sunflower-seed, washing-powder, dirty dishes, meetings and nerves.

We have time.

We left Granada on Tuesday morning, saying good bye to Diego and his wonderful self-made family. Saying good bye to Camille, she had a date in Costa Rica.

Saying good bye to daily showers and always available toilettes.

Also saying good bye to Nico and Aga.

Brady always have some heart-feelings and becomes very sentimental when somebody leaves.

I am not so much like this. I got tired as well to be with people who are tired and do not make a move to change it.

It is a big bus, but to small for some combinations of human beings.

New blood and spirit is always welcome.

Pavlo from Tschechoslovakia, a jewelry maker and traveller jumped-on the ride to .....



.....San Juan del Sur was our destination for this day.

After having a swim in the Lago de Nicaragua and going shopping we arrived just before the sun set in San Juan del Sur. we parked at the one end of the 2 km long sandy beach, at the "Circus place"

Sure the police showed up and told us, that we have to get a permit to perform here and especially when we want to work with fire.

O.K.----- we did this before! ... so why worry???

Next day James and Iza walked to the police office to start the process.

The rest of us were doing things when you come to a new place, search for a toilette and internet cafes and the cheapest market to buy coffee, milk and cookies....

They came back with a permit that we can stay here, for the DOING SHOWS PERMIT they have to come on the next morning.

Pavlo, our new Big Underwear Social Tour Visitor, made some nice bread and established himself as a good food maker.

Brady and I went out to do a show in a Bar, Mama Negro a Tourist Bar, with many many tourists from english speaking countries, so we could speak english, too and german as well.

It was different, young tourists enjoying themselves, being cool and drunk and loud.

They talked more than Bobarino, but we did it and made 210 Cordoba's, what is 10 american \$.

Next day swimming, shopping, eating, and James and Iza were going back and forward to the police-office, with little success.

In this night James and Brady got in an argument it started with the bike lock what was not around and ended with James smashing our guitar on the ground, telling Brady that he did not want to hit him.

The first shown violence on our tour.

And it is not an camera, a lot of interesting parts at the tour did not get filmed because the film people got emotionally involved.

Next day Brady and James worked it out, and James took his time out to go to Costa Rica.

Brady and i had two more terrible disco-party shows to make our 10\$ for food and water.

Than Momo and Iza asked at the parquet deportiva, what is 150 meters from our parking away, if we could do a show there.

Saturday and sunday we set up the aerial structure, curtains and all what we need and did two nice shows on a basketball court in San Juan del Sur.





Before the shows we made a parade through the innertouristsection and got a wonderful mixture of Nicaraguan and tourists to watch the show.

The line up for the show with 7 people:

Momo = presentador

Brady = Bobarino how we know him

Iza = Tissue and Dancing wit ha brume

Kira = Tissue and making Handstands on Jan

Jan = Fire ..... and holding Kira in the air.

Irmi = being Döpp and Döp ,Pression

And

Pavel = Helping a lot and doing a short little number with his contact ball.

For him we created a very special moment.

Iza starts to sing in her brume dance, Pavel comes on stage and start to show his tricks.

slowly one after the other come in with an owed instrument to support the wonderful voice from Iza.

Juice harp, nose flute, Kazoo, can drums, mini Trumpet.

It sound terrible and Pavel gives up his show..... and goes back to the technic.



So JA... we use every source we have to make people laugh.

And they do and appreciate our spirit what allows us to be stupid and funny and normal.

Today is Monday the 30th of January, tomorrow we will go on a boat ride into the Pazific. We will go fishing and snorkeling and we will have a lot of fun time.

Pavel and Jan making bread for our adventure tomorrow and Brady and me are in the internetcafe.

This month was mixed with many emotions and changes and we are still doing The Big Underwear Social Tour.

From the original team only Iza Brady and me are here.

Every day we have visitors who tell us their stories or bring us food, some stay longer and enjoy a few hours with us. Others follow us.



Like Cindy, he is from Managua and we met him in Granda, now he is here with us. He speaks a spanish what is very hard to understand, he is a good juggler and acrobat and makes his money by juggling fire in fron of restaurants.

He sleeps on our porch and demands pan cakes or french toast in the morning, he brings us fish and papayas and we like him.