

January 2012

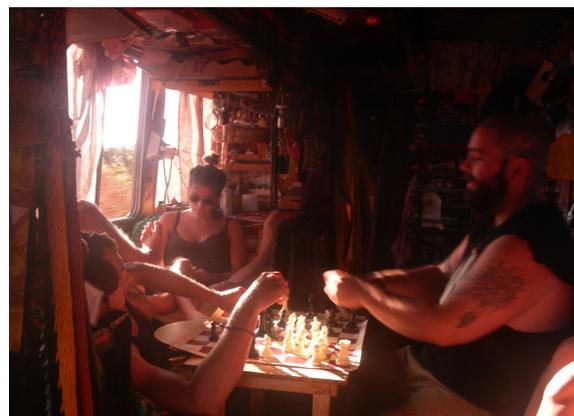
We woke up in Barra de Navidad after a short New Year Celebration with 4 little fireworks and a cookie.



I do not have to say a lot about the weather because it is always nice, hot, windy and the water is warm...

Soon Itzel, Rodrigo and their son Jerik will join us. They come from Guatalajara what is not too far away from all this beaches we hang out and wait for them. We are still in a hurry it is a slow hurry.

Barre de Navidad was a little too touristic and we left to look for something more quiet, we ended up direct by the beach between an American Villa and a Mexican hut. In the evening we did the first attempt to practice a little dance together. It was very confusing but what do you expect when 5 chiefs have an idea for contemporary dance.



We left in the morning and searched for a place to repair

the muffler, what had a little damage from our other accident in December. We found one and he welded and repaired the part in an hour for 80 Pesos. We brought our cartons with give away stuff out and his family could go through it. They had fun and also us.



Now Playa Pascuales. Our final stop until the three Mexicans will join

us. When we pulled into the stretched out city along the beach David came out of his house and invited us to park right there in front of his house. Perfect..... a lot of surfers come to this place, so nice waves along a 4 km long lonely beach.



We ended up staying there for 3 days waiting. A waiting what was filled out with a lot of swimming, trying to fish and enjoying the space and place. They arrived in the 3rd night and we did a little show for David and his family and friends. Than next morning we put the bus back on the road.

Driving along the Mexican Pacific Coast is a blast one beautiful, special, lonely beach after the next.



Still on the quest to arrive in time at Diego Genes Festival, we only stopped for internet, food and sleep but we did not make more than 250 or 300 km a day. The border to Guatemala was still two or three days away and when the police stops you for take a picture with the bus or just to get money, time flies. After the second police guy let us go for 10 US Dollars we stopped at a Pemex Gas Station for the night after our young spirits did each 55 pull ups during driving. Another day in the bus looking forward to go to Mazunte a little tourist village which Itzel and Rodrigo knew. The sun set and a full moon was above us when we jumped in the water. One of many magic places we will remember..... We started to think to stop the rush to Nicaragua and start to do shows in this city.

Next morning we talked to the Municipal and he said yes to a show, yes to water, yes to electricity and he put 100 chairs around the stage.



Wow.... This was easy. Our first real show. We set up the show in a rush at the basket ball court of Mazunte.



With Faebel, Laurie, Itzel, Rodrigo, Brady and me we put a Potpourrie together what ends in fire. Jonah had a bad foot so he was our music technician. Brady and I rode our bikes farting around. Great big audience nice hat. We bought three Pizzas and Beer and everybody was happy.



O.K. Brady and I always have something to say about what should have been done and when than in the right way....

Next morning Laurie, Rodrigo, Itzel their son Jerik Brady and I went to the Punte Comete, a far out rocky point with a natural jacuzzi .....



Back on the road a few hours later looking for a super Mercado. We snagged a electric cable and bent a pole and then bent it back after a

discussion with 15 people..... funny.

Another magic playa for the night. Playa Colorado. Just guessing we can make it down the dirt road And we did! Laurie and Faebel were cutting low hanging branches right and left it was getting dark, cars which came from the beach had to drive back to find a wide spot so they can pass. 4 km through a jungle than, sand, than another Magic Beach Moment. In the morning two fisherman came to the bus and they saw the show last year in Morra a little town around the corner. Big/Small world.

We wanted to reach the border to Guatemala, another day of driving until a little late in the night. Than celebrating Lauries 22<sup>nd</sup>



birthday at midnight with Mango Juice and Brandy. And we had a long discussion about helping out in the bus, being aware about all the things in the bus what can be done, seen, watched and how to talk to people, how political correct do you have to be around Americans, Europeans and Mexicans. Who ever knows Brady know that there could be some problems. ... or you just listen and do what should be done to live together in a bus.



We went to sleep in peace and tiredness. Next morning up again driving, we only stopped in Tapachula to get some Mexican Marzipan. Then we had to find the border... somehow that's always a little difficult, there is no signs. After driving through narrow streets we found it. At the border there are always a lot of guys who want to help to bring you over the border. They tell you where to park and what to do and follow you where ever you go. Without and with them we made it to the other side and start looking for

a safe place to sleep and for a bank to change money.



We



found a gas station with toilettes and showers and security. After a hot night we drove into Cautepec to change money and met Myner, a Guatemaltece who lives here and in California. He brought Brady and me to a small community up in the coffee mountains. We talked to the Burgermeister and he wanted us to do a show. They would tow us up the hills and if we would have made the descision to go there they would have had to do that, there was hills they were as steep as a ladder. But we did not go there everybody was a little scared and Myner supported this feeling by wearing three different weapon around his waste. Another night at a gas station with a security guard. After that another day of driving into and through Guatemala closer to the border to El Salvador. Another gas station with huge and Guatemalen truck drivers.



Before we came to the border we had to take a detour along the most dusty and sandy road, trucks were passing us. It was easy to get out of Guatemala and easy to get into El Salvador. Another Gas station with

Security. Brady washed some laundry and the rest I do not remember and any way .....

We got lost in San Salvador what we accidently hit.

But we got out and made it safe to the next border. Honduras.

As well .... No problems here. The same woman from last year was filling out our papers and she remembered us well. This time we did not have to deal with a trailer what is not in our name.

So we were done in one hour and could go to the beach Guayava



Dorada, where we were last year after Paul and Nick left us. This time we worked on the opening contemporary dance choreography more. And we did a very good job..... we all believed. Around 2 pm we left and went shopping in San

Lorenzo. First water, because nobody thought about water, drinking water. There were some sarcastic words thrown back and for about this issue. And again the group spirit turned it into a running joke what from now on let us never run out of drinking water.

Half of us went to the market and the other half stayed in the bus and got surprised by Manuela Carmen de Hernandez. She suggested to the Big Underwear Team to go to El Corpus a gold mining village a little bit in the mountains close to the border to Nicaragua. We decided to go there after staying at another gas station. At this moment when the bus stops everybody gets into a routine of, set up the house outside, chairs, table, somebody starts cooking, Brady tries to repair or clean something, somebody gets



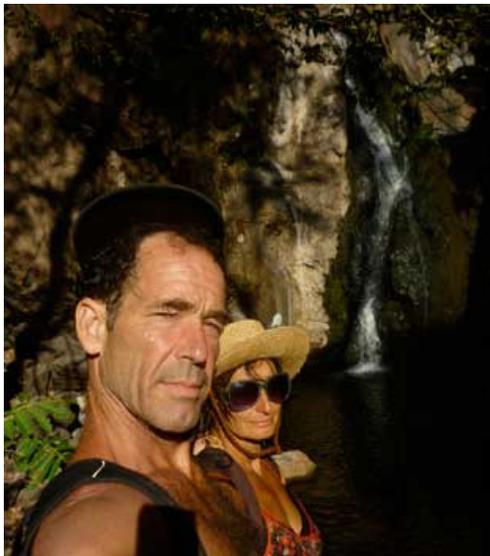
Next morning we are on our way to El Corpus. It is a dusty road what started flat and than keeps getting steeper and steeper until we have to get out of the bus and help pushing. The first hill we did it, the next one after two attempts we gave up. By hoping that somebody helps us out of this situation we stopped a car and asked if they can send us a tractor. The driver in the car let Rodrigo and me hop in his car and took us to the center of El Corpus where we talked to some important people. The Buergermeister,



the Police and him as well. One man walked to the gold mine and asked for the tractor and half an hour later a tractor with a back- and a front hoe drove down the stony steep road to the bus, turned around and pulled us up to the soccer field. It was hilarious ..... immediately we were unpacking and preparing for the show.

We did not have to do any advertisement the inhabitants from El Corpus heard already. It was a dusty and fun show, our second show. A little Chaos and confusion. We made 49.00 \$ Spend half of it for beer. We got sandwiches and a 3 liter bottle of Coca Cola as a present. We were happy and tired after this day. But there is always a next day. Rudolfo shows up in the morning and invited us for a hike into the mountains around the gold mines. Rodrigo and Itzel stayed and did a silk and akro workshop for all the kids who were anyway hanging around the bus.

The highlight of the hike was a dream waterfall, a waterfall where you can jump into the water from 4 meter, 6 meter or 8 meter, right from the rocks.



Jonah was going down and up and down and up he had so much fun. Brady dove, Laurie, Faebel and even I did it. I could feel the excitement still 30 minutes later. We hiked on farther, though eventually went back to the waterfall. (Sorry no pictures from the jumps)

It was hot and we ran out of drinking water and everybody was suffering walking back to the bus.



To get down the hills back on the highway was much easier than up. We crossed over to Nicaragua. We drove straight to Granada and parked at a gas station just a kilometer away from Diegos Genes Mime School. Next morning he organized a permit for the Plaza Independencia and we were in the show business for the next three days.



The town was full of tourists, Americans, Germans, Canadians, French..... and they all were into partying around our bus. I twisted my knee in the first show and was

suspended for these kind of actions.

One night we were invited to a pool party and on another day we all got to go on the Nicaragua Lake on a Jet Boat, cruising around the nearly 400 Islands made Millions of years ago by the Vulkano near by.



The night came also at the end of this day and we stayed at the lake. A short Good Bye to Diego and his talented boys and hard working women. He always asked us to give workshops for his

boys and we never get to this point.



Rivas... Basketball Court, food, sleep, wake up, permit, unpack, water, electricity, market, show, photos, pack, food, sleep, Bask



Advertisement in the night around the bars and restaurants, a lot of tourists in this little surfer village. Showtime, fun, no underwear sold, beer from new friends, Rum with Coca Cola, bus full of people, Germans, Americans and us. Long night. Early morning wake up, everybody is tired.

Jonah, catches a fish. No energy to do another Big Show, everybody is asking, we do a fire-show in the street and a fire-show for the Sushi-Restaurant, we get Sushy and beer for free. Back to bus, a little party, than bedtime.



Next day Mimi the Japanese girl arrives with Ken, they mt at the airport and he helped her out to get to San Juan del Sur.





Ken needs to go back to Costa Rica and so Cirque en De route to catch the plane. We cross the border with 5 hitchhikers from San Juan del Sur. Then the adventure boys want adventure and we drive to the Park Santa Rosa, what is only a few miles away from the border. It is dark when we arrive and immediately insects start to crawl around our legs. Brady grabbed the big cockroach what was hanging out on a tree than he caught a little baby snake,



Jonah brings home a very green tree-frog and the catch of the night was a big fast tarantula what had to pose in a jar for an hour so everybody can have a close look.



30<sup>th</sup>, the day when Laurie was going to leave us. Early departure 300 km to the airport had to be made in 7 hours. After 180 km there was a

traffic jam, the rice-farmers blocked a bridge to make a point. After an hour of waiting and wondering if we can still make it, the bridge opened. When we passed the rice-farmers they were waving and giving us the peace sign and the common call in Costa Rica: Pura Vida.

We arrived in time and Laurie left us with tears in her eyes. We will remember her like the girl who liked to talk about poo what smells like papaya and threatened everybody with



her French attitude. We missed her right away. And still do. Ken directed us to his house to stay over night and have a warm shower and a last meal with Jonah and Faebel who were the next who were going to catch the plane at 7 am in the morning. Another sad good bye around 3 am they jumped in a Taxi and we back in bed.

Our next plan was to go to Cartago to meet Alan and Fabiola to visit and have the bus maintained. Alan changed his business and so we moved on to Puntarena. Here Rodrigo and Itzel have a contact from the Entertainment Manager in the Hilton, Double Tree Hilton, a 4 Star Hotel. And this is where we are now with the bus and our



underwear. Michel the Entertainment chef is from Canada and he loves our Mexican couple so he was ready to support the Big Underwear Social Tour right away. He will organize shows in the resort and in the village for us.

That's a big change for the big underwear team and we all feel a bit strange about being here. Maybe not Mimi because this is the first experience she has with B.U.S.Tour.



From Company Cirque en Déroute 30/01/12 by Jonah Katz

After an action-packed month and a half, Laurie was dropped at the airport today to start a three-day journey back to France. This will complete her circumnavigation of the globe. Her itinerary from today is as follows: San Jose to Miami, Miami to Houston, Houston to Washington D.C., D.C. to London, London to Paris. It was a teary goodbye, but we are all confident our paths will cross again some time in the near future.

It is currently 12:20 AM. Faeble and I are attempting to stay up all night so we can sleep on our planes back to San Francisco.

Although our journey will not be as grueling as Laurie's, our desire to leave is just as non-existent. We have been through so much with Irimi, Brady, and The Family that we just now got into the groove of living and working with each other. Many tempers had to shoot through the roof. Many tears had to fall to the floor. Many shows had to reach an audience before the bonds between us could become as resolute as the giant hardwood tree I had the pleasure of climbing today.

It is with a heavy heart that we say goodbye, as we regret not being able to continue all the way to Panama. May Brady, Irimi, and the rest of the Big Underwear gang keep moving, find new adventures, and continue to challenge the ideals of society while spreading joy in the same manner as before. We love you with all our hearts. The power of the Big Underwear is everywhere.

In the words of Bobarino Gravitini:

Hugs and kisses,

Company Cirque en Déroute