

March 2011



We got up in the morning to jump in the waves from **Las Olas**, a beach 15 km away from **David in Panama**.

The waves were big and dangerous and hard to surf for our surfer team Jan and Brady.

The night before it was raining cats and dogs what was very refreshing and a lot of things were wet.

After everybody did their morning rituals: breakfast, running, surfing and handstands we put our underwear on to

pick up the garbage at the beach, Momo filmed it. Later we found our way to **Santa Marta**, a beautiful village with 3432 mas o menos) habitants.

Doris met us on the highway to bring us to her house. The Panamanians do not put to much effort in visible signs and correct kilometer informations.

We parked in front of her house in a little street with colorful gardens around us and curious neighbors.

In the late afternoon hours it is time to play soccer, volley ball or baseball. We all went to the center park where the Santa Marta people gathered to play.

We were invited for volleyball. Two games and we lost both.

It was a blast just to see how all ages play together, tuff guys, jung girls, mothers, little boys..... just everybody was around.



After volleyball we were invited for dinner in a restaurant. Beans, rice, meet or eggs and coca cola the national drink here.

We were happy..... and **Momo** as well, for another reason. It was clear that she want to stay in **Santa Marta** and go from now on her own way.

This was always her plan it was **not** because of **cups and dishes**. She will make her own

documentary by going back to Mexico, filming more the indigenous people and her

live and struggles.

After a good sleep under warm blankets because it got a little cold in the night we got up,,,,, like usually.

We also got breakfast served and Momo started to do the last interviews which each of us....

A little later we drove to our performance place, what was on the edge of town, it was a big hall without walls but a roof, perfect. We could not park the bus inside, but thats O.K.

So show-time program: unloading, setting up the stage. It was extremely hot and we were ready for a swim. Luckily there is everywhere rivers around, so we jumped in a cold water basin just before it start raining an hour before show-time..... and it rained into show-time.

Only 20 people showed up 18 kids and 2 grown up.



Brady was stalling for an hour with all his little tricks he has in his side pocket. And as well he gets pretty creative with his spanish jokes.

The kids who were there in the first hour enjoyed him. I was just laying in bed resting and sleeping, exhausted from the daily live and share and not have any space for myself. I think, but I was full of self-pity these days. Old age?? Menopause is coming soon? Being the opposite

from what I want to be??

The rain stopped and the rest of the village came.

The show was fun like all of our shows, always a little different. This time the people could not stop laughing and screaming when Brady did his Pom Pom cheerleader parody..... and when he came in with his knitted thong turning the fire lasso they were thrilled.

Momo finished her interviews and gave the camera to Doris because official we called this the last show of the Big Underwear Social Tour..... and it is on camera.



FINISHED

DONE

OVER

BAIBAIBUS

ADIOS

HASTA LUEGO

No nothing is

over, we are still breathing together in the bus and outside the bus. We packed quickly and drove back to Doris's house to have a late dinner. Kira and Momo bought a Baylis for this special moment. We sat on the porch talked and relaxed and went to sleep until the next morning. I felt even worse this morning, kind of sick and more tired, I did not want to get up and be social. But I had to finish the February newsletter together with Momo. After a last Lunch with Maurito and Doris we start driving direction David first.



We had to get Oil for the bus and more food. We stopped at a special store where you need a membership card, our friends from **Santa Marta** had one. We got a lot and all in big packages. It got dark and we still had to go a ways.

To get over to the Pacific side you have to cross some mountains, what is not suggested to do in the night. We parked slept at a gas stations It was a quiet night and in the morning we could fill up our water-tanks again what is important so we can make coffee and have showers every day.

The mountains were amazing, jungly, green and full of beautiful sights. The bus got hot a few times and we had to push it one time over a hill. With four people it still helps.

Here was the Caribbic but no silent harmonic, lonely, green beach.

We arrived in **Chingonola** what is close to the border to Costa Rica boarder, there we found our resting place for the night.

Immediately we were surrounded by 10 to 15 kids, who asked all kind of questions.

Some were dressed for Carnival, they had self-made costumes out of garbage bags and paper masks.

We told them that we will do a show next day and that they are invited.

The sun came up and the kids as well. We moved to the center of the Barrio parked at the **Parque Centro** and put the structure and the rest of the show into the basket ball court.

The kids had a game what they played their with endurance. One has a whip made out of a stick and a string the other one has only a stick. The whip kid try to get the stick kits stick. All day long you here this whipping sound and they all have



blast.

We thought it must be left over from the slavery.

For the show we did not do any advertisement, the kids were there and their parents came around 6, let's one pair of parents for 4 to 6 kids.

No tourists in this town, only people who live their day by day, they were thrilled, happy wonderful.

We were without Momo, so Pavel had to jump in to do the introducing part.

This show was different and a highlight and a surprise for the town.

We got fans in the age between 5 and 14.

Especially Kira who could be my official daughter right now, because so many people think that. She gets snickers, coca cola, cookies and whatever she would ask for.

The night was ruff, the basketball court and the playground turned out to be the hang out place for the drunk people in the night.



Sunday morning, we were as slow as the people in the town to get up

and make plans for the day.

Find water to swim.

We drove around 4 hours maybe 5, discovered a leak in a hose, bought food saw rivers without a possibility for the bus to park..... finally we arrived at our old parking place, after we jumped in the river right around the corner.

Everybody thought we came back to do another show.

Jan and Pavel did improvised workshops with the at least 60 kids, slack rope and handstand. They enjoyed this very much, the kids and the older two kids as well.

The rest of us was hanging out in the bus and try to hide from the people who watched us and the bus in their special way, called staring.

Also this night had some drunk people exploring the area around the bus in their special way.

We decided to go now to Costa Rica, we were close to the border and their in **Puerto Viejo** is for sure a beach.

Three times we got lost to finally get on the right rode to the border.
No signs.
And this border was the best border ever.



We still had some paperwork and stamp action to do..... easy.
The coolest thing was the bridge from one side to the other.
Their was a sign, it said one truck at the most.
It was an old train bridge, some big pieces of wood were the track to the other side.

Back in Costa Rica to the Pura Vida.
More expensive, more tourists, more luxury., less free stuff....
Yes more luxury, the luxury to feel

more secure for the reason everybody has more money, maybe. Here we have to pay for electricity and as well every little thing what have to be done has a price.

In the more poor countries, people give more things from the hard.
But we feel comfortable here, because we are used to this kind of live.

When we arrived in **Puerto Viejo** we heard a familiar voice, Tao was their on a bike, welcoming us.

funny story as well, I tell real quick.

Tao just send a friend the last newsletter from the B.U:S:T to a friend, she read it and looked at the pictures, at this moment we drove by her house, so she called Tao, who jumped on a bike to welcome us.

We decided to go 5 km away from **Puerte Viejo** to stay on a quiet beach for two days, to built up some energy for the weekend.



Tao brought us to another wonderful beach, when we backed up the little road, we had to stop for a moment because a **Sloth** and her baby were hanging in the tree. look at the pretty picture Kira made.

The mother was full of flees the baby not yet, Brady touched it Kira made a photo than they moved very fast out of the way higher up into the tree.

We stayed for 2 days and could really relax, we got showers at a youth hostel called Walaba (Sea-horse) Marie Jose

is the owner and a friend of Tao.

If you go to **Puerto Viejo** without a bus you could stay in one of the very special little apartments she got there each has a special design.

Back in Puerto Viejo what is a pretty good tourist town and as well a station where people go on and off buses.

We set up the show at our favorite plaza in town, the basketball court, did our fartso round in the city.

At 7 p.m. the place was packed.



Tao helped this time with the spanish but most of the people speak anyway english. This show we played three days in a row and we got good respond from everybody and presents. Invitations to go for breakfast, a pink boogie board.

I got a massage from Jim what cured me from my shoulder pain since than and his wife Marsha brought us chocolate, what is very strong and muy rico stuff here in Costa Rica.

We got coconut-water and as well again we could fill up our water-tanks for kitchen and shower action.

And every night we could watch 3 movies for free outside the internet store.

O.k. this was not special for us, it was for everybody. A

Anyway.....

Thank you all in Puerto Viejo.

We are down to 4 people now, still a lot of things to do to keep everything in shape.



Monday a young couple from Israel came and asked if they could stay and travel with us for a few days.

We said yes, because why not but at the same time we felt like saying no.

They brought their stuff stayed in a tent and were very nice and peaceful and just around.

Somehow everybody felt a little strange.

And finally on Wednesday we separated already.

For Brady and me it is clear at the moment we just want to have less and less people in the bus, to find back to our rhythm.

Lets say I want to find to my own rhythm, I am confused sometimes how angry I get if somebody else walks in the morning in the kitchen besides Brady.

10 km. later we park in **Cahuita** over the night to go early in the morning into the **National Park Cahuita**.

We did and had for the first time on this trip a three hour warm rain-forest rain tripping on us.

First we saw a nice shower we could use when we come back, than monkeys, than a Raccoon, more monkeys, little picks, big blue butterflies, a special bird? and a yellow snake.



Back in the bus at 12 o'clock. The rest of the day we spent driving to **Cartago**.

We arrived around seven it was raining all the time during driving into the mountains again. It was a cold night and gave us a all a very good sleep under a warm blanket.



Early in the morning we drove the bus into another **magical bus healing place**.

Why we came here is another story what fits in the category of exploring the relationship between money and friendship.

In **Puerto Viejo**, Eric and his wife Marcia watched the show, on sunday they came to visit the bus again. Brady start to talk and he as well.... lets they say they had a conversation to the point Eric said: I have a friend in Cartago and he will work on your bus for free, this is my donation for the tour.

And the bus was in good hands: first they replaced the transmission hose (it cost 90 ¢) for free, stopped the oil leek, than raised the bus up so we can go safer and softer over all the things Central American street-workers put on and in the roads.

As well we got invited for lunch and dinner and he showed some interest in the Mini Winni.

Next day we got up had breakfast and Alan said; lets go to **Liberia** and get the **Mini Winni** and the **trailer**.

Brady, Jan and him went for the ride, 280 km and came back 1 am in the morning.

It took them 6 hours to get there, traffic and bad roads. kevin, who let us store our two vehicles at his place, kept the stage so the trailer lost quite a bit of weight what could them make go back fast.



The side story about the Mini is: A lot of the artists stayed in the Mini after the tour but none of them left a note.....

It needed a lot of vacuuming and cleaning, the dust from the roads and all the other things for example used condoms.

But how you can see in the pictures Alan took really good care of all this.



Kira and I got invited from Erick and Marica for lunch in their house in the mountains. We went there with Fabiola, Alans wife.

A wonderful place, up hill with a little pond, fresh water from the hill, a jungle behind the house. Three nice kids, Italian wine, chicken and outside a trampoline and a lot of rain.

What an adventure.... the Mini Winni, the Trailer and the Bus back together.

Alan bought the trailer and we gave him the Mini Winni for free. So he will do all the

paperwork.

From Bradys and my back rolled a big stone down... uff!!

Back to show life.

The „Festival National de las Artes“ in Turrialba, what has a active Vulcano around the corner.....

Sebastian Gaetano, Araknido Circus organized this gig for us. It is a festival what changes every year the city. A traveling festival.

We were the traveling artists and went with the bus to 4 different Pueblos around Turrialba and Siquiris. Juan Vinas, Tres Equis, Alègria, Santa Marta.

The shows were at 10.00 am except for Santa Marta, there it was 9.00 am on a Sunday just before church.

We got introduced to Roland who is the Director form the Circus Fantastico in San Jose. The Circus was working with the Band, called: THE ORIENT HOUSE ENSEMBLE and we had the pleasure to have them as well to give the show the next higher level of entertainment.

Sebastian was with as well in the show.....and the first two events we had still Pavel, Kira and Jan with us and the audience was humunges, 600 people first day 400 second day crammed in sport halls.

Outside it was so hot, Turrialba is up

in the mountains, on the Caribbean side of Costa Rica...inside as well.

After the show we were surrounded by kids and parents with their cameras or I phones, we had babies in our arms, gave auto-grams and a interview to the „National“ Newspaper.



We were rising stars for one hour. At Midday we were always done, we got invited for lunch and coca cola and than drove back to Turrialba. First we had to push the Bus a last time up the hill to get away from Tres Equis.....

It was now time to say good bye to Kira and Jan who had to catch a Tica Bus to Mexico City and as well to Pavel he was on his way to Nicaragua and Sebastian went home to his wife Lucia. Brady and I were alone in the bus.

After 5 month the first time.

Lets say: we enjoyed it.

Next morning, we were waiting for the Circus Fantastico, they wanted to borrow our Structure for tissue and rope.

Than Iza arrived and told us all the adventures she had, since she left the tour in Jaco.

She was not sure if she want to participate in the last two shows at the festival.

It was different in the bus, everybody left, only Brady and I , no Kira or Jan, Pavel, Tao, the tour was over..... Iza felt the strange vibrations.



The next village was Alegria: 10 am , the band, Sebastian, Iza, Brady and I and the audience, 80 people. Enjoying our presentation out of the pink and blue bus. This time we did not get lunch, but we went to a beautiful river for swimming and refreshing.



There is so many rivers here in Costa Rica and most of them are clean and clear and made in paradise.

Before we wanted to get to Santa Marta, out last show we drove to Siquiris to say hello to Pepe. A friend and Clown from Coast Rica. While looking for the parking the bus supposedly scratched another car.

Nobody from our side saw that but the other side did see something.

The police came, looked, measured and made a report, it looked like it was the bus.

The car owner wanted 200 \$,we got a ticket from the police, they took our license plates



but we still could go to Santa Marta (more later)

Iza was ready to leave again but than after a conversation about her and our feelings she stayed for one more show.

We arrived in Santa Marta in the dark. Backed up into the grass area and slowly one tire of the bus sank into the ground. Deep enough that the bus had a great lean to the right over night.

We had a nice meal in the diagonal position and a very quiet evening. Brady and I saw a Amarillo, we got a little bug collection and as well Iza seemed happy.

5. 30 we were up to have diagonal coffee and tea. Our host came and laughed called a friend with a 4 wheel drive.... the bus did not move a bit... just the tire. We started to built the show, the audience was arriving. it was hot this time no shadow for nobody, the band arrived and as well a big back hoe arrived and pulled the bus out like we get carrots out of the soil.



We gave 30\$ and continued to get ready for the show. Suddenly no electricity in the whole area.

For 5 month we carried a generator with us in the bus for exactly this situation..... we used it and the band was happy and we were proud.

It was the hottest show from all shows ever. 9.00 am the band got sun burns, the tarps and the carpets were laid over a unlevelled grass field, the audience sat under umbrellas or far away in the shadow.



We had a wonderful few from the stage to the volcano. And another special show in front of an audience who right away went to church after the spectacle. The church was only 30 meters from us.



After

lunch and coconut cookies, Sebastian jumped in the Bus to Turrialba for business and we had to go back to **Siquiris** to care for **our license plates**. The bus is long and sometimes you can not get out of places how you want, we had only one possibility, to go to the right direction Turrialba and look for a turning place.

We found one, a steep one. Brady drove only 15 meters down but the bus could not go up backwards. He drove down the hill to turn around and get a run up the hill.

On the way down, the bus touched already a water hose what was going over the street to a restaurant with a lot of drunk women and an angry owner.

Going up the hill we separated the hoses and water splashed over me, because I was the one on the roof to get the hoses and lead it over.....

Iza translated the angry speech.....we had to fix it, sure.

The neighbors had to turn the water off a drunk girl came to us and kept everybody laughing.... the angry man brought everything from the house what it needs to fix a hose.

Alles gut!

Siquiris: Iza says good bye.

We had an appointment at 8 am in the morning at the "**Transit Justicia**" in **Guapiles** (36 km direction San Jose) to give the man with the scratch on his car the 200 \$ in front of an official..... whatever it is called.

We arrived in the later afternoon in **Guapiles** and looked for a safe parking over night. The bus draws attention where-ever we go and so we get to know, Eric, Natalie and Warren.



Eric and Natalie have a farm up on the hills, they work with young volunteers over the internet side world best volunteers and were excited to hear all our stories..... what was kind of similar. They showed us a nice safe place to park, a bamboo garden and the Rio Blanco for a refreshing swim.



And while talking we found out that Tao is the best friend of Natalie, they grew up together and in a few days Tao will go to their farm and visit. Costa Rica is small.

Next morning we did what we have to do in **Guapiles**, in two hour we were free to go back to **Siquiris** to get the plates from the police..... we did that.

Than we finally could go to our next and last event to **Alajuela**, north east from San Jose.

We passed **Guapiles** (ha-ha) and **San Jose**, by going through the city asking at nearly each corner: direction Alajuela, there is not many signs but many helpful people. Finally the Transit police drove in front

of us and showed us the way.

In Alujuela we met Sebastian and **Carlos from Playa Zakundo**, who arranged this evening in a school for us.

We parked outside the school and prepared inside. Nice place, many kids and some parents arrived early.

This was the loudest and most unconcentrated show ever, Sebastian saved the day with his impressive juggling routines and the unicycle.

After the show there was only 3 people who wanted photos with us and this says something.

You can see in the picture how unconcentrated our audience was..... it is blurry, blurry.



Carlos came to us and told us, somebody was in the bus,

when he went a man jumped out of the window.

Brady unlocked the bus and..... there was the **TV on the floor**..... he must have had problems to get it out of the window. There is one window we did not close because sometimes we are to lazy to store the shower hoes up on the roof we just let it hang into the sink.

You always learn the hard way..... lets say half hard way, the TV was still there.

In 5 month the first time that somebody broke into the bus.

This month is full of premieres, **1st: the curtain structure with curtain** in Porto Viejo, **2nd the generator**, **3rd (and hopefully last) a thief in the bus**.

After a nice meal, prepared from Olga, we said good bye to everybody and drove direction **Cartago** to our mechanic Alan and his nice family.

The next night we got invited from our spezial Show Band: **Gilad Atzmon & The**

Orient house Ensemble. They gave a concert in a Jazz Club in San Jose.

If you have time, dear newsletter reader, check them out, they have a interesting history.

Back in Cartag, chilling taking it easy, doing laundry, making food for each other, Brady is writing emails to ex underwear travelers, and as well signed the papers for the Mini Winni sell.

We greased the bus, and have completly cleaned it up and changed things around how we want them, it is our home now.