



Playa Panama in Costa Rica...

March is/was our month of official gigs in Costa Rica.

We drove back from the north of Nicoya peninsula after a nice Holiday on some different beaches, the last being Playa Panama. We arrived near our gig in Jaco to get in a little more boogie boarding and coconut drying on Playa Hermosa.

Jaco, Stage and going to work.

Then we drove the few miles to Jaco, a local and touristy surf beach.

In Jaco we met Hugo our organizer for this 2 day's gig and he helped us



put the bus in a nice position overlooking the Festival and right next to the big stage. Hooked up the electric, and put down the ton of things for the show from the roof. The next morning we set up the trapeze structure as well the curtain this was hard work with two people and the sweat was pouring by 9 am. After we got pretty much set up we walked the two blocks to the ocean and took a much needed dip in the water. During the day we practiced a little bit for our two person Big Underwear Show, but with the heat so strong that didn't last

long... and then around 3-4 o'clock we got into our big butts and rode our bikes around to do Fartso publicity for the show. This was a lot of fun, and the farts really got peoples attention in the form of laughter. The Fartsos are a good ice breaker sometimes... as we actually have conversations with people and the farts are just pouring out, and its funny cause people generally squeeze farts out quietly when talking with others.

Little girl, resting on the massage chair and other girls who loved to hang around us.



Any hoot

In the night we did our show and had a lot of fun, and the audience enjoyed it a lot. The peanut butter Lady Liz from Canada was there and brought us some homemade peanut butter just like last year. For us it was good to do our show, and to get that feeling like we were making some kind of contribution in the world. And folks were quite complimentary which was also very nice.

The next day we made a bet as to if the Mexican artists would arrive or not from the Hilton Hotel... (as planned) Irmi and I

both thought they would not, and bet 25 pushups against it. Well! At 4 in the afternoon Rodrigo and Itzel and Jerik arrived, and so after the show we paid them our 25 pushups and they laughed at us for doubting them.

With Rodrigo, Itzel and Jerik, we had an even better show, as they are very talented artists, though at the same time it is a different chemistry, and strangely the audience was a bit lethargic. But still it was a fun show, and afterwards we went to the restaurant for our dinner and enjoyed a few cold beers before eventually going to sleep. The next morning as usual Irmí and I were up and etom, and started the process of tearing down the show. Rodrigo and Itzel and Jerik slept, and slept, and finally got up in time for Rodrigo to help with getting the trapeze down, and helping a little to hand it up to me on the roof. It was just as hard to tear it all down as it was to put it up, and we were a bit surprised that our Mexican artists weren't a little more helpful, though we understand they are now quite spoiled at the Hilton hotel, and don't normally have to worry about putting equipment away... agh,, what ya gonna do. Plod on I guess,, cause hey, people are doing they're thing, and isn't the idea to just accept everyone for who they are. (what does that actually mean) (does everyone actually know who they are) I remember though when the tour was in Honduras/Nicaragua and everyone on the bus was into the groove and the harmony was fluttering around like a butterfly in the flowers and this was fantastico. Now was a different time, and so whatever, we said goodbye to Rodrigo and Itzel and special little Jerik as they boarded another bus back to Puntarenas and the Hilton hotel job. we got ready to head out to the other side,, meaning the Caribbean side of Costa Rica for our next gig in Puerto Viejo.



We had to go over the mountains, stayed over night by a cemetery and drove under a rainbow....

But first we decided to go a little farther to the end of the road, which is a small village near the Panama border called Manzanillo.

The Caribbean side of Costa Rica is completely different than the pacific side. descendents of slavery meaning African people mostly, moved to the Caribbean side of many Central American countries thru out the



periods of history when slavery was becoming abolished, or in the case of Jamaica when those people revolted and escaped British enslavement. as well Africans moved out of Brazil and north to eventually reside in places like Venezuela Panama, Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Many of these folk speak English and Spanish and have a different kind of Latino casualness.





In Manzanillo the feeling is very casual. A fair amount of tourists come here to explore the jungles and relax on the Caribbean beaches. We did all those things even though the weather had changed and brought a certain amount of clouds and rain.

We finished in Manzanillo with a fantastic 18 km hike to Punta Mona with a new Canada friend we met who happened to be staying at our friends hostel called Walaba, Run by Alexandra and daughter Marie Jose. So Bruno, Alexandra, Irmi, myself and a Guide named Heime walked all day and saw so many amazing things along the way, butterflies frogs, snakes, and of course birds. Heime is a professional guide and had eyes like a hawk as he pointed all this amazing nature out to us.



Beautiful walk, with big waves...

The next day we drove back to Puerto Viejo and parked next to the basketball court where we had parked last year, everything was the same more or less,, except maybe there were more new homeowners in the area, and more for sale signs too.

Basquetbal court in Puerto Viejo.

My feeling that Costa Rica was



becoming inundated with people has been stronger this year, we have seen it nearly everywhere we have gone, land for sale at pretty incredible prices,, (high) well anyways,,,,,,  
On another subject, our little green Parakeet has adapted to the bus life pretty well,, she doesn't clean up her messes, but we are used to that now and so she does her thing and has decided we are friends, and so she fly's down on top of my head and crawls around my neck and shoulders and picks my face and ears and generally cuddles and makes her special little noises.



Here she is on Brady's nose .....and here on his head

We will take her to a Gardner we met in Jaco who has some other birds and a love for taking care of such beautiful creatures, and this is wonderful as we wouldn't be able to take her along with us after April.

But hey, what else do we do,, while you are doing what you are doing. (were interested!!)  
Well,, while in Costa Rica, we don't drive so much,,,



And sometimes we watch little insects who cross our way.

we actually stay in places 5 or 6 days sometimes,, and during that time, Irmi makes bread, or we grind coconut and dry it in the oven into flakes,, we mix that with a bit of sugar or salt depending on what our desire is.

We have to maintain or fix a certain amount of stuff,, like the propane frig, or the propane stove,, we have to always be conscious of water,, so we have to find places to fill up,, either the tank underneath, or the tank above what is for showers,, which was a brilliant idea,, cause sweet water is so nice after salt water.



We or Irmi has to take care for her left knee which she originally injured in Grenada,, and has reinjured several times during shows.

Its a strange injury, and we hope that it heals,, as she is so darn active... it will be very important to keep her fit,,, as the tour doesn't really function well with out her on her game... I have to be more conscious of giving massages,, and laying of hands on her knee,,,

Ok, serious moment!!,, so we have

special friends and some of them have taken the time out of they're busy lives to write us back,, some of them seem confused as to if we are really expecting them donate to our



to

project,, and rather than answer to if we expect anyone or everyone to donate,, let me just point out a few things...

NO.1 and this is mostly to artists in our category,,,, we have taken ourselves out of the circuit,,,, that is to say,, we are moving over so other young and fresh artists can step in,, were not going to stay around like old actors in Hollywood, or 3rd generation fisherman or such.

NO.2 we are happy also to open up new possibility's for artists to travel to central America in the future,, ask anyone we have worked with,(in Central America) and you will get a positive critic in regard to us,, and the BUST project,, "YOUR WELLCOME,,



.... For example in Corpus, Honduras....

NO.3 We are doing shows in places that

no one else does shows,, and we are videoing and documenting these shows,(we promise there will be a film someday), and a lot of folks on our email list live vicariously thru us, and should be allowed to continue. Maybe it helps to think of us as a big grand non-profit world-renowned organization with no administration costs, 100 % of the money goes direct to US. And so to finish this current vein,, if you want to donate to us,, please do,, and if you don't,, we totally understand,, or if you cant we totally understand,(we still love you very much),, please don't feel the need to defend yourself,, or undermine what we are trying to accomplish,, or



we might move into a house and pay big bills and help more to contribute to driving up the cost of living,,, OK,,, Thank yee again. So yea, we are exactly in the place we want to be, and quite possibly exactly in the place YOU want us to be.



On the road ..... and in our dream-world.

The only way we could possibly be any happier, is if a good majority of our friends (Thats what some of us are right!) and colleges communicate with us and share they're special style of friendship,(sorry silence don't count, well maybe it does.) this is certainly part of what we are exploring on the Big Underwear Social Tour, and yea,, I know that since we are not on the cover of some magazine or on a big TV special that we aren't really legitimate,,, and that were possibly always gonna be stuck on this face book level of social interaction with a majority of folk,, but anyways,,,,, thanks again, for your understanding,, especially to all the folks who do take the time to stay in touch with folks like us, who are sometimes difficult to stay in touch with.

Now back to our regular program::

In Puerto Viejo we performed for 3 days, just Irmi and I this time,, we did an hour show and finished with our fire numbers including a burning bike, and our fire jump rope. we passed the hat after each show, and received compliments, and made new friends. During the day we maintained equipment, and made

food, and swam in the Caribbean ocean just 10 meters from the bus, it's a rough life eh!!



After our 3 day stint of shows in Puerto Viejo we relaxed for 2 more. The rain continued its somewhat scheduled deluge as well the sun and clouds did they're thing too.

Puerto Viejo Lavanderia, we got invited for free laundry and breakfast

On one of those days Luis Papoose a taxi driver approached us and asked if we would do a show in Hohn Creek 6 km's away, so we went and checked out the place and prepared to do a show for 2 days later on a Friday at 6pm. The change of place was like going from Mars to Venus in the sense that Hohn Creek is just Locals,,, and Puerto Viejo is a mix of Tourists and more Tourists, and a bunch locals

Any hoot, we plugged into the electricity and went to the Pali supermarket and made a nice meal, then settled down for some Red Skeleton films.



*Hone Creek, right by the Hospital.  
Every day rain, but not in the show.*

... and this boy on Brady's left side look alike Toby...



The next day we dressed up in the Fartsos and went out and did publicity for the show the next night.

The Locals love the Fartsos, and so do most of the tourists, after they get over they're initial embarrassment, but there weren't any tourists in Hohn creek. Riding on the pavement



around the Hohn Creek area we were surrounded by incredible jungle and the noises from our fart machines echoed loudly.

Ok, so we did the show in Hohn Creek and lot's of children and families came and it was a wonderful show, especially how it took some time to get the audience warmed up,,

..not sure if they like the farts!

but after Irmi's and my characters did just that,(especially Irmi) the audience was with us all the way.

In the end we passed the hat and received mucho compliments and then went right into packing up the show before it got too late. a couples beers and off to sleep we went to awake to much rain falling from the sky. We drank our coffee slowly and practiced our morning Spanish, and then started the Bus and headed out direction Cahuita an even more laid back caribbean style village.



Cahuita, basketball court, a friendly helper, out for farting...

The rain stopped, and the basketball court started drying out, one of the folks helping to prepare the place helped us get the electric going and after a bit of cloths washing and other such menial tasks, we headed out on the bikes for fart publicity. after an hour and a half of such, we came back to the bus and settled in for a short little rest. Then we set up the show, and at 6pm we didn't have a lot of folks, but shortly after they did start to arrive, ya see in Latino culture folks don't really arrive at a function until an hour or two after it has been advertized as starting.

We finished the show and were putting stuff away and people were still arriving asking if the show had started yet!. The president of the cultural communal in Hohn Creek had given us a ride to Cahuita to check if it was ok to do the show there and we hitchhiked back, a truck driver picked us up. He was hauling bananas for one of the big name company's, he had 3 kids in the truck with him, when he dropped us off in Hohn creek we invited them back later for a cup of tea or coffee,,, later they showed up at our bus and brought two cases of Bananas.



They attended our show in Cahuita and the next day (Sunday) we would go to their house to visit them. But on the way to their



village we were stopped at a checkpoint, and after the police scrutinizing Irmi's passport they indicated that there was no entry stamp. This was a big surprise to us. So Irmi had to ride with the police to the Panama Border, and our friends brother drove me and we followed them, and after 2-3 hours and 20\$ we had Irmi's stamp and could go back to our bus,, but first we ran out of gas in the brothers van so we loaned him 10\$ and they hitched a ride to the gas station and we made it to Penshurt where the family lived.



This was a cool scene as the family is somewhat extensive with many relatives living on the premises. After feeding us quite well, we watched a Claude Van Damme movie,

and finally the father of the family came home in his semi truck and slickly parked it where I would not have believed possible.



The next day we came back to say goodbye and Viviane cooked us the best breakfast I have ever had, beans and rice, and tortilla and an egg, and platanos

too, yea that's the good stuff.

We drove to Limon and parked next to the park, which makes sense eh!. we biked around a little, and did a bit of shopping, and then put little bit of effort into checking on shipping the bus by boat, we got one number and by night fall drove out of the city. I think they only take the vehicle, and the persons have to go another way, which I am not so interested in, so we drove off, and eventually stopped at the University of Earth near Guacimo and got permission to park near the guardhouse.



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Nice Park by the port in Lemon

Streets in Lemon

The next morning early we woke up and started the engine, we headed off to get Kerosene and also fill a few gas bottles.

At the diesel station we filled up on diesel and met a man that offered to take us around to get the gas bottles filled, so we went and had a cup of coffee, and then filled up our gas bottles (for the refrigerator) and had nice conversations with a Costa Rica gentleman. We drove on a little further and got the kerosene as well a bit of shopping for supply's and dinner and stuff.



Vulkano smoking and .....Hector Vargas who drove us around.



Then drove to Rio Blanco, a place we had discovered last year just off the highway. we spent the afternoon there, with many swims in the sweet water and then in the late morning of the

next day we headed off for the big drive up the mountains direction San Jose. It's a long steep climb but the bus did fine. on the other side and about 12-13 km's from San Jose we stopped and waited the rest of the day till 10 -11 o'clock so that (with out a bunch traffic) we could drive into the city and arrive at the Best Western hotel right smack in downtown.



## Best Western Parking

It was like moving into a gated community, (everything is razor wire and metal fencing) we parked in the back taking like 5-6



car spaces, and living out of our bus, and just using the hotel room for showers and TV, which was a blast. Each day the festival sent a truck over to our hotel and we loaded our show and zoomed to the festival site in Parque Sabana, one of the days was in another Parque I believe Libertad, yes, Parque Libertad. In both places Irmi and I had really nice shows, we had practiced a little and refined a few things, and with our broken Spanish we enjoyed lot's of photos and lot's of autographs after the show was finished, oh and lot's of compliments too.



Shopping Spirit in San Jose...

Our 4-day stint in San Jose was over and after walking around town, and doing a bit of shopping we headed out around 9pm direction Ciudad Colon, along the way we met Sergio who is the organizer for our gig there.

Sergio directed us into the city and helped us park in a good place next to the park. Our shows are in a few days but we decided to present our fire show last night, (Wednesday) with the support of the mayor and park officials we promoted the show in the day with the Fartsos and then at 6:30 we



performed our fire show right outside the bus on the edge of the Parque central. It was not a big audience and it was not a loud audience , and we were not the most exciting artists, but the show went well, and we made the money we had spent earlier to refill the big propane bottle,(for the stove) so there you go,, we can cook for another month and a half.

The next day we biked to a river which had a small waterfall, the river was very beautiful, except for the beer cans and plastic and garbage that was scattered around, yea unfortunately Pura Vida (pure life) becomes pura bassura (pure garbage) for some people The water was still nice and we biked back in the afternoon and enjoyed the activities in the park which is where the bus is parked.



The next day was our performance day, and Sebastian who has been our contact person for the last two years in Costa Rica made sure everything was prepared for us. And so at 4

o'clock Bobarino Gravittini and Senora Frauline Marianne Doep Gravittini did they're comedy show to a fairly attentive audience.



There were artists from Spain, Mexico, and Argentina, some we know from Mexican festivals we played at last year and all are wonderful artists.



These Latino performers have a special style on and off stage. The next night we did

another fire show in the park, and this was a big show. at this point in the tour Irmi and I are a bit tired, and so maybe not so enthusiastic for getting out and socializing with the other performers. Most of us had worked the week before in San Jose, so I guess we were all a little burned out, especially Sebastian who is organizer and artist, But finally on the last night of the Pura Risa Festival (pure laugh) we all went up to where the other artists stayed and had a Barbecue. This was a nice finish to a pretty good festival. And it was also a nice finish to the month of March.



Barbeque night In Ciudad Colone.....

Who knows what is going to happen after this, we sure don't, but you will next month when you read the next edition of the BUST newsletter. Maybe you have noticed the change in the

web site! we hope so, were still excited about our project, and though we may not know where its all headed we know where we are now.

Before we start heading out of Costa Rica we will deliver our little green parakeet to Rodrigo, a man we met in Jaco who will give little birdie a new home. Yes,, a little bit sad we are. She/he has been such a wonderful little friend. We taught her to say "give me some money"" which I feel a little stupid about, funny I don't feel so stupid having taught my kids to say swear words,,, to the exasperation of a few folks as well they're mother. any hoot our little parakeet friend will continue to live in this amazing paradise and we will move on down the road of the big underwear spiritual path of social exploration. Puppets hanging out at the balkony



Last day's with Kaka-Verde our Parakeeto

