the stage. We shall see, since there is also the lighting factor!

I taught a workshop in Portland, Maine to an enthusiastic troupe of dancers. They had a beautiful studio on the top floor with an interesting wooden floor that gave you level changes whether you wanted them or not. We had a really fun time, and every one learned the choreography so easily, that I was able to teach

them a bonus choreography.

I also did a veil workshop in Bangor, again on the top floor and then went to a hafla with the workshop attendees. It was great to spend more time with these beautiful ladies, and I felt like I was able to connect with a few of them learning more about them and their lives. Kashani and I danced, and we had some great Chinese food. The hafla was at a Chinese restaurant owned by a belly dancer! It was a relaxed party, and we left full and blissful from dancing and watching other dancers. I also bought some beautiful hair adomments from Anouchi and

asked her to write an article for Jarceda which happens to be in this issue.

I had such a wonderful time meeting dancers, sharing, learning and briefly touching their lives and being touched by them. I carry them in my heart.

Every belly dance studio was on the top floor of the building, and none of the buildings had elevators. I had to schlep my heavy bag up each flight of stairs. At the last one I wondered out loud why all the studios were on the top floor, and the answer was cheap rent. Makes sense to me! My studio was in an old auto garage for six years for the same reason.

Well, a trip to Maine simply wouldn't be complete without seeing a moose. There are watch for moose signs all over the state, and I told Kashani that I just had to see one. So, she called one of the locals and

asked his advice on how to see a moose. He said that first of all it was hunting season so they'd be harder to find and then had another reason I couldn't remember.

But, we were stalwart and took off to look for a moose. We drove along the main Hiway for quite a few miles, and then Kashani decided to take a back road. We drove along a beautiful lake called Moxie Pond, and at one point we were driving on a narrow road with water on both sides of us. The scenery was exquisite, and we were also treated to two very large otters cavorting in the lake.

After driving quite a ways, we saw two women out on a walk

and stopped to ask them about directions. Kashani asked if the road came out at Bingham. They said, "Just follow the road until you come out at the tah, then turn right and Bingham is just a few miles down the hill." Kashani thanked them and started driving a way. I had to ask her what the heck tah was. She told me it was tar, pavement as opposed to dirt or gravel roads. Oh. I had momentarily forgotten that in Maine, they don't need to say the R's. So, there we were driving along in a cah to the tah.



Veil play in Bangor

Well, we drove and we drove and we drove some more. The nice ladies neglected to mention the numerous forks in the road and which fork we needed to take. So Kashani just chose with intuition. It started to get dark, and suddenly we saw something dark ahead on the road, and there they were, the illusive moose! It was a mother and her calf. I excitedly jumped out the of the

> cah to take a picture with my new camera, but alas, it was too dahk! It's the only photo that didn't come out, so I have to just look at them in my own mind's memory file.





Moxie Pond

show you the map? Didn't you see that most of Maine is wilderness?" Then one of us had the bright idea of calling for help. But, even if I had cell service, which of course I didn't, what would I tell them? "We're lost in a white car on an endless dirt road somewhere in the backwoods of Maine?"