

Greetings from Bavaria to Bonanza,—here from there

L. Martina Young

“How” those boys blurted out, hands raised in *Ke-mo-sah-bee* fashion, in unison!—with recalcitrant sneers stretched across their pock-marked faces. They were, I surmised, the hipster kids of Virginia City,—14, maybe 15 years old challenging me with some kind of litmus test betraying a western-country’s hee-haw countenance.

“How *what?*” I asked
and without leaving time for response—

“Why don’t you show me how to move from there to here without taking a step?”

I was the new kid on the block,—the dance artist-in-residence exploring the snowbound black-ice’d streets of the neighborhood “Little Joe” style with a smile I was certain nobody could deny. We met on the uneven cedar-brown worn wood slabs banked in front of the Mark Twain Saloon like a threshing floor, buttressed against The Silver Dollar and The Bucket of Blood.

It was lunchtime. I hadn’t seen them in any of my classes but soon would. I thought I’d get out from the K-through 4 classrooms I’d been in all morning, climb the hill above Saint Mary’s of the Mountains, catch some rays straining from under the cold wintry sun and get psyched for my afternoon teaching of the 5 through 7th-grades.

How indeed I thought. How is it that in this spring of '87,—post-1984 LA Summer Olympics and the assassination of Indira Gandhi, post-1985 Live Aid Ethiopian famine relief, post-Halley comet visiting Earth once more, . . .—

How would this urban woman just off the plane from the blue-green culture houses of Bavaria’s Lake Kochelsee to the hymnal halls of Virginia City,— a dance artist of a different color using a different language,— How would I make any difference in *this* time, in *this* western place with its wild nomenclature wrapped around every mine, stool bar and bell,—how was I going to get from there to here?

And then I remembered my first class at the beginning of the week: in ran those squiggly giggly bouncing joy-filled 3-year old bodies,— already in motion, already moving, already dancing. And the curly-haired red-head girl beaming brightly in her pink-and-pumpkin-orange tutu stoutly fluffed around her tummy like a swirl of cotton candy,— her!—as if hailing the promise of the coming of the faire.

Ah-h yes!— the coming of the faire, . . . hail to the dance of the inconstant faire. Remember my friend?—how we danced? *O, — how we danced . . . !*

love hugs kisses and more—
Martina

