



## Sensitivity

She had been awaiting for this very moment until now, the chance of being a star dancer, to enlighten the scene through her art. An achievement, as she will soon discover, is not an end in itself. Is it too late or too early: she is not ready, she has not understood. But it is time, she must go, there is no way back. She takes a great breath but she can't release it. Her heart stops beating, her head is about to burst. She is not quiet, she is not frightened, she is simply still. Void is engulfing her and with it the silence is deafening and overwhelming. She has lost all control and has no will. The desire to go on is given to her so she fights and carries on again and again. He has not allowed her to stop, that's why she starts. The chords are struck gently, the melody streams slightly deadened, she doesn't hear it but the music is inside her, her body remembers and guides her steps, her jumps, her spins. It is free, she lets it go, she doesn't know where she is. Yet, her body is limited, it is human, it can give away and expire. She is both trapped and delivered by it. It is the way of expression and its limit.

She still doesn't understand: the fall is getting close.

Her vision has blurred the other dancers backstage, we on lookers and she standing back, admiring her grace and virtuosity. They perceive an instant, they can't see the hidden effort, the muscles work, the difficulties of her path, they just can't see her except the picture given.

She starts to understand a little.

She tries to go further, to overcome this moment, to stir the public. Some of them are moved, not all but she ignores it. She is progressively back in control of her body, she listens to it and makes it live. She is conscious of reality, plunges to the ground, uses it to fly up in the air and reoccupies her space. The blank she went through has now become her force. Her emotion is in command and guides her dance, she reveals herself. The necessity has disappeared. She fights to keep on living for her art, she offers her vision of the part she has stopped playing for some time already. Then, she captures our attention, her new power is opening our eyes. We now have to imagine the following sequence: each move takes place precisely at a given time but time is running, figures must be linked together and die one after the other. They achieve a choreography that once done must give place to the souvenir. Dancing is as ephemeral an art as a dancer's life.

She realizes at last, she is overcome by her emotion, she dances. She becomes what she wanted to be, she doesn't have to think about her movements. She is technically perfect but only her frailty affects deeply, between truth and emotion. And she moves me, her, the woman in the painting, Degas's vision of one art by another art. And this time, it's my turn to understand this dance of life and I take my eyes off the frame dreaming up this vision, just a short flash in my life.

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