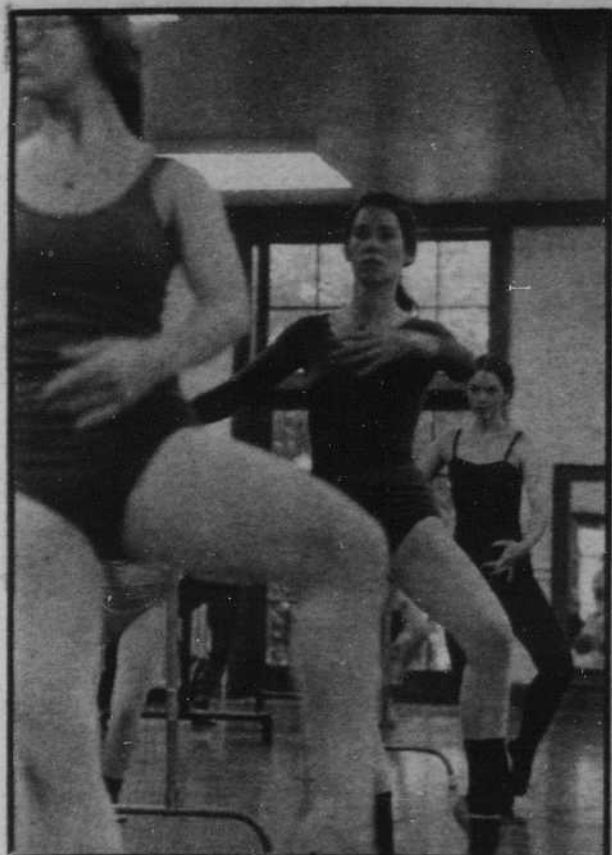
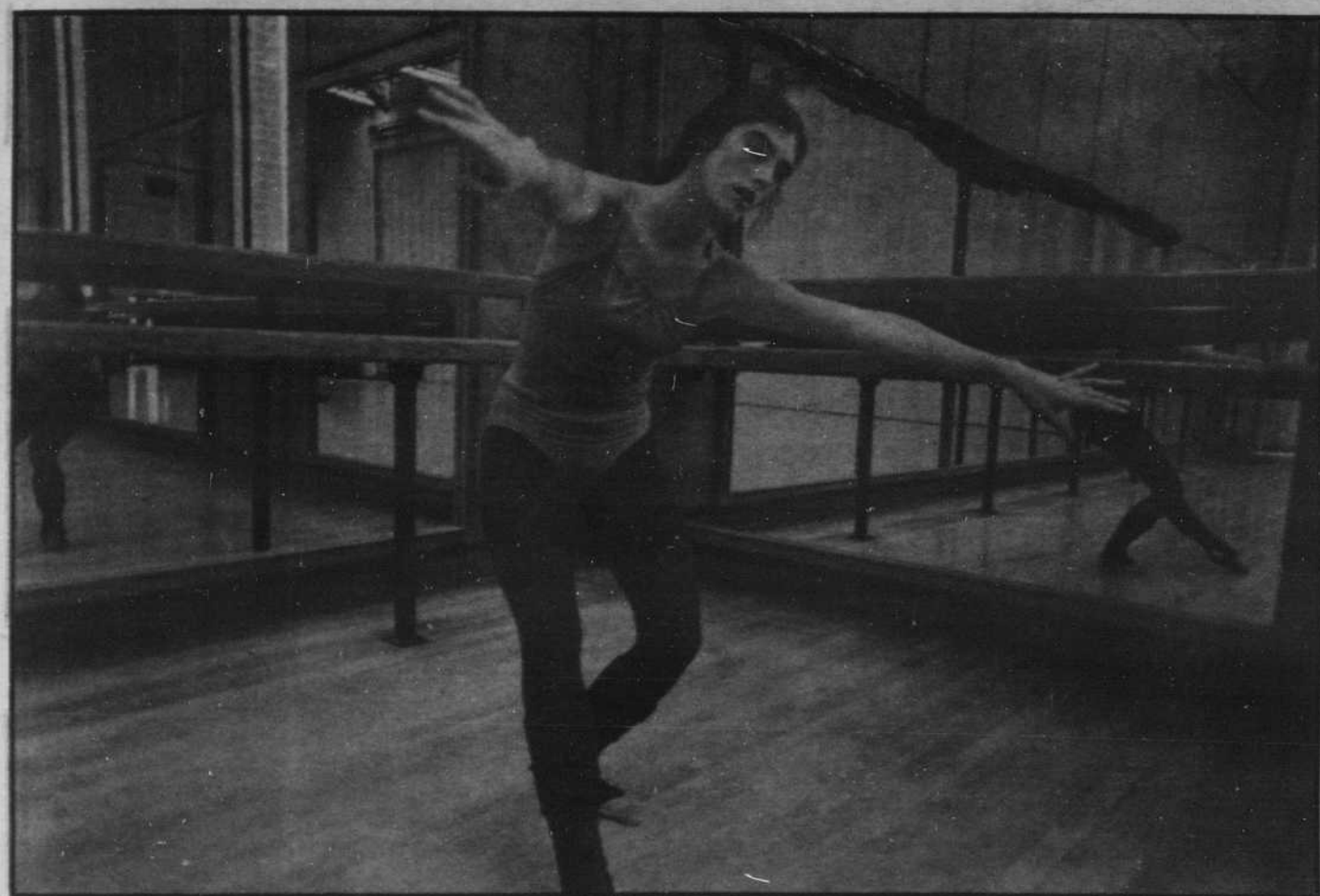




A Living Portrait



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racticing her art, the dancer stands alone in an empty gym. A still form that springs to life as suddenly as flame, she controls each muscle to pirouette and pause, turn and leap again.

She traces a pattern of fluid motion across the floor, shadow following in swift, mute imitation. Watching her dance is like following thought . . . as quickly as she appears in one spot, the momentary movement vanishes to be replaced anew.

Her term paper is a dance, and she's been practicing the steps since classes started. It follows her everywhere, as portable as her body.

Dancers cannot be separated from their art — just as dancing doesn't exist without them. The essence of the dance refuses to be caught by print or picture, it needs the added dimensions of time and space to be complete.

Lasting impressions are fleeting as flying feet; the camera stops a dancer in mid-movement, but the complete motion is lost. Like frames of an animated film, each picture catches a fraction of the total gesture and grace embodied by the dancer.

As an artist, the dancer's canvas is the floor, her brushes are her limbs and the painting a continuing process once the dance begins. Each time a dance is given, it is reborn and takes on some of the dancer's spirit — an abstract body picture as old as rhythm and movement.

Everyone knows the feeling of being caught up in a dance, but artistic dancing stands separately from popular forms like disco. Yet, it is an art form that demands participation . . . a dancer leaves no trail of by-products behind except in the memory. And as she moves, her audience must follow the thread of her steps to the final bow.

A dancer is someone who carves a pattern through time and space, whose art is rather like a progressive dinner . . . from house to house we travel sampling different foods yet at the end there is nothing tangible, nothing retained except the experience.

She offers a living portrait of feeling. With a gesture she translates emotions from joy into melancholy — studied introspection that is always in the process of becoming.

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