

# DANZA DUENDE

Dancing your life !

"When consciousness shines the Duende begins. If Art can be Duende, life can be Duende too !"



## Orientale Duende

Yumma Mudra, vendredi 28 août 2009, 13:09

Francisco, my poet friend, used to call me regularly to ask "so, have you already started to learn Oriental Dance?". From time to time, he would send me magazine articles on the subject. For two years he had been determined to convert me to this discipline completely unknown to myself.

I had danced since always. As soon as I got to stand on my legs, I'd been wanting to dance. It was a certainty as well as an obsession. So, I was taught to work my legs "en-dehors", to sustain all my body weight on toes, to at stare at myself in the mirror, to tap my feet to the rhythm and on counter rhythm.

Later, I turned to more interior practices, such as yoga, or martial arts as Shotukan, I ignored, though, all about the circles, the sensual waving, the camel, the serpent, the abandonment of the body to the movement. I had almost forgot that my hips, my breast, my womb, could also play music. And, when I was finally tamed by the Oriental Dance, I discovered a completely new sensitivity, a sweetness, a delicate femininity under my skin, that slowly, developed inside my heart. The soft, deep and terrible heart of the Mother.

From the Orient, Oriental Dance borrows only its appearance, it is universally feminine. Further more it is the queen of the natural. It demands the body, muscles, skin, to relax. Allowing them to acquire softness, a rising smile up to the lips and a generous waving, a vigorous tremble. We are no longer a woman with a certain age, a face, a name, a history... Far beyond that, we discover The Woman, She who comes from the moon and

hides beneath veils of illusion.

I'm not referring to cover on fantasy or gold, silver or silk in order to mesmerize the audience or to try a sorrowful competition with Salome, piteously fed with the libidinous sweat of some frustrated predators, fascinated to blindness with the glitter of your own belly. There the mischief of vanity and jealousy await, taking us away from both ourselves and everybody else, tearing us apart from all the essential matters.

Oriental Dance is one of the World's most natural dances. It was born spontaneously. It is simply breathe among sisters in fond complicity, it has no age, no prejudice. Its delight hypnotizes both the one who dance as the one who watches. Its sensuality nurtures the soul and we become suddenly aware of the spirit within the body. The authenticity of its beauty doesn't belong to anyone, but each dancer reveals it in a new dawn.