

*English Language – Eyewitness account*

The magnificent chandelier hung from the middle of the ceiling like a bat, staring at the polished white marble ground. Flamboyant decorations were placed or hung around the enchanted room. Tables with neatly laid *Versace* dining ware surrounded the dance stage made out of lustrous wood. Underneath each table was a red carpet neatly embroidered with flowers. Pillars held the ceiling up high as if they were gigantic spikes adorned with fine carvings of Chinese goldfishes and lotuses. Guests and diners had filled the massive hall either gossiping or dancing the *waltz* along with the three-beat *Blue Danube* by *Strauss*. I gazed at the grand ceiling noticing the fine embellishments. Guests danced perfectly with the beat, finely and exquisitely. There were large Italian style curtains with thin silk nets. Double doors had been bordered with extravagant gold and the handles resembled a number of ribbons bunched together. The room had astonished me from the time I entered till then. The light-peach coloured walls had given me a gracious and overwhelming impression. I was delighted to enter the hall, observing the dresses and tuxedos that brushed past chairs. The room made each guest feel very royal and majestic and certainly dazzled me.

The music stopped. Then the acoustics of the room echoed a great sound. It was from the corner of the dancing stage. I looked out of the edge of my eye and saw a string quartet and a piano player. I thought to my self, classical again? I had never been fond of classical music. All the guests dancing stopped to look at the musicians. At the table I drank a sip of water from the crystal glassware. All prepared and ready, a violinist pulled his bow on the strings of his instrument. It emitted a high pitched sound. Very slowly, but gracefully, the quartet started to play together. The 'light' music played sounded very calm and attractive. The atmosphere had changed magically and I felt I was in the classical period, very romantic and jolly. Guests started to dance again, very slowly along with the beat. I observed a particular couple. The silver diamond dust like- specs of the dress flashed in my eyes. Her black dress had captured my attention. Her body fitted tightly inside the dress, very elegantly and well adorned I thought. She was quite tall with her stilettos which had also matched the height of the man, who was almost six foot seven. The man held the woman by her arched back while dancing. Their movements were powerful and artistic. I thought they were professional dancers while twisting their bodies. These couples interested me and I watched them perform. I felt the motion pumping in my heart, which was potential but calm.

The sudden crescendo from the piano had alarmed me. I observed the couple. They had launched dramatically away from each other and then the woman had skillfully twisted back in to the folds of the man's arm. His white tuxedo had cushioned the landing. The music was

sharp and dominant like ice being shattered repetitively. It was like a sudden burst of flames, energetic and explosive. The woman shook her breast as if she was to arouse the man. She lifted her right leg. The man gently held her leg while she laid her arm around the his neck. The woman's foot was dragged smoothly along the glossy wooden floor as the man 'slurred' back. They looked in each other's face. It seemed like they were going to kiss. The music then returned to its original tone, a relaxing –Italian style. The couples pulled each other together and danced like before, the *tango*. Side to side, they walked simultaneously. The woman's diamond necklace flashed light in my eye. I concluded that she was very rich. She smiled courtly with sparkling white teeth. The man swung his arms along with the woman while grinning. They amazed me. I wanted to know how to dance like them. Other couples had stopped to watch the talented dance. Waiters had also halted to observe such graceful movements. I had never thought that dancing could have influenced me in such a way.

The lady's dress had swung from side to side, exposing her thigh, white and smooth. Her hazelnut hair brushed back and fourth like a silk curtain. She pressed her lips against the man's neck, temporarily staining his white collar. There was a sudden crescendo in the time with piano again. The woman arched her back with the man holding her hips along with the tone. The royal and grand sounds got louder and louder and together, the couples moved intensely with great dexterity, swirling and pacing. The ambience of the room was very romantic and courageous. The piano was played *forte*. With one quick movement, the man turned the lady around while she looked back seriously. There was a *diminuendo* with the piano while the quartet played a *decrescendo*. At the same time, the lady's swift movements was around the man, slowly taking big steps around him as if a tape was being played slowly. With an unexpected resonance, the romantic atmosphere had died out. There was disappointment from everyone. The two stood gazing in to each other's eyes. Affectionately they held each other tightly posing in front of their well mannered audiences. Although it was short, the pair had astounded everyone with their tender and hasty rhythms.

This experience of listening potential but romantic music along with a "perfect" dance was divine and heavenly. From that moment, I wanted to dance with similar elegance like a floating feather. Dancing is a spectacular and breathtaking activity. Like this experience, I have started to learn how to appreciate tango dancing and fine music. Afterwards, I found out that they were from England, but had never took any dance lessons. Since then, I have still been wondering how they danced so well.