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Dancing as Worship: Men on the dance floor?

by Andy Raine

'You want me to dance?! But I'm male!'

David pulled it off. "All his might," is the key phrase (2 Samuel 6:14). I think there's a fair percentage of guys that would move it they had a clue how, and if they weren't afraid it would be overtly feminised. Sadly, in my experience, when a guy joins the average dance class, that's what he usually gets.

About men on the dance floor – I find it's less about the steps, than how they are executed. Attitude. And that takes a mental adjustment for the dance and the choreographer both.

To choreograph effectively for – or to dance effectively as – a man, the thought process has to adapt to a cougar-like motion. The movements are still smooth and suspended, you can't hear the footfalls, but you have concealed energy, latent power, explosive power, a very different attitude. The dancer's body-centre doesn't float suspended anymore; it has force, it presses against the floor – even when the dancer is standing perfectly still, or suspended in a leap.

It's the difference in "Meekness = weakness" versus "Meekness = obedience". Put the obedience caption onto a picture of a stallion under the saddle – tremendous explosive power waiting patiently (yet vibrantly alert) for a delicate command.

This is not to say that women can't dance powerfully and energetically, or that men can't pull off anything involving delicacy; this is to give a basis for emphasis in the training. Avoiding extremes, you can do the exact same steps, but do them delicately, or powerfully. And the attitude thing is a little hard to describe. I make the mental contrast often that an average dancer crosses the floor, a delicate dancer skims across the floor, but a powerful dance conquers the floor.

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