**Béné Meillon, Oct. 2014**

**Thème**

The video sounds produced/arranged/tampered with/altered, as if someone had amplified the creaking of the bars which she keeps hitting with minute precision/perfect accuracy. The creaking/squeaking of the bars has been wrapped with reverberation, turning the sound into a repetitive, nerve-racking/stressful/anxious (hypallage) [harrowing: too strong] punctuation as her body curls around the bars. The darling/cutie tightens her lips/clenches her teeth under the effort, her shoulders barely tremble/quiver with/at the impact as, after letting go of the bars and somersaulting/for a somersault/going into a somersault in-between (the two bars), she catches them again/grabs hold of them again. She holds still for a second in a handstand position on the top bar./She freezes for a brief moment, holding her balance in a handstand position on the high(er) bar. A triangle, rectangle turning into an isosceles and then into an *I*, a line of silence, the wind knocked out of her, the geometry exercise is coming to a close/about to end./–Nadia announces her dismount/finish/her exit. She rounds her back, tucks her knees under her chin for a double somersault only boys/men can pull off/manage/do/perform; people thought they were watching a sylph/angel/pixie, and there she goes borrowing from men and teaching them a lesson they shall never forget/beating/defeating them like never before/giving them the time of their lives [plus loin du texte, très ironique]. Roaring/Shrieking with (wild) delight, a woman lets out a scream/howl (which rises) above the crowd of eighteen thousand spectators, punctuating the white slippers as they catch the floor (perfectly,) without as much as a single flutter/without a ripple/fluttering/wavering/flinching at all. Her arched back draws a comma all the way to her fingertips tickling the sky: she salutes. And the computer once again displays this 1.00 while she dashes into/flies toward Bela’s open arms/to Bela holding out her arms to her.

She is now pirouetting/twirling on the balance beam, in the flashing light of a thousand raving/ wild/erratic/crazy fireflies, flickering wildly/erratically/on and off. The child seems to be holding everybody’s breath. She launches into a double somersault with a spin and, in a snap of a finger–her landing perfectly stable–she sets them free/releases them, as if the volume had been put on mute until then/someone had muted the volume until then/had turned the mute volume button until then, and then the audience roars in adoration, relieved that she hasn’t fallen. And they all dart toward(s)/run/rush to(ward(s)) their newsrooms and telephones, ten, ten, make sure you right that down, *she’s perfect*, says the front page of Newsweek/Newsweek’s front page, no one has ever seen anything like this/it before, perfection IS of this world: “If you’re looking for a word to say that you’ve seen something so beautiful you couldn’t say it/it couldn’t be expressed, simply/you can say that it was Nadiesque,” writes an editorial writer/journalist from Quebec. The judges have to ask Béla what (it is) exactly she has performed, it went so fast they couldn’t see.

**Translated from Lola Lafon, *La Petite communiste qui ne souriait jamais*, 2014.**