

OH, THE BEAUTIFUL WAVES

"The peacock (Sigal Sperling), "Daughter of earth" (Tamar Borer), "The Deer" (Merav Simri), "Myself" (Rina Schenfeld), "Daughter of the Hunt" (Naomi Bloch), "The Gull" (Tamar Feigenblat) - poetic characters, images born of poetry, new daughters born from the joining within Rina Schenfeld, the dancer and choreographer, of vitality of professional knowledge at its peak, and the yearning towards beauty inherent maybe to Nature itself and most surely to man.

"WAVES" is an idyll, a legend, the reality of an artist. An occurrence above time. At first, with the birth of the image of "Myself", as a perfect and mature figure, such as "Venus", awarded at once with wings, or maybe creates them for herself, so she may be carried everywhere on abundance of longing, a thing, a being worthy of being included in objects 'BEAUTIFUL'.

The destination turns out to be somewhere in landscape, in nature. And the objects - some pieces of nature and others the workmanship of man, such as - antlers of deers, peacock feathers, twigs and branches, sand and water, expanses of silk and plastic, whose beauty is derived from their natural qualities or the light and the movement. And the creatures? - are neither myself nor any of you. Not mythological heroes or historical heroes, not real figures of animals and feathered birds, but spirits. Something like Materlink's "The Blue Bird". Spirit of waves, light, silk, spirit of friendship the essence of mystery and most of all the spirit of motion. Only it, stretches from Rina Schenfeld out to the world, not world-embracing twin lines as in classical ballet, but a cluster of running lines, extending from the tips of branches "growing out" from her arms. From these visions flow the mystery to the sand, the poetry to the waves, the voice to the pebbles and the shells, and turns a group of twirling antlers to a humorous flock of geese.

As all these happen during the dance, these and many many other things whether with music or without, perhaps the goal is achieved, and pure childlike gayety prevails. On this note, Rina Schenfeld, and the deer, the wavers - her dancers, together with the idyllic poetic world, disappear into the void that is the backstage. Oh, the beautiful waves!

Cynics among the audience perhaps will make a list of various objects used, and will discuss with friends in what instance and where these objects were first used, often in Rina Schenfeld's previous works and in pieces done in far away cultures and traditions. Nonsense! One could obviously return to the first man, or even to chaos. The most important thing is that in "WAVES", at least as far as I'm concerned, there is nothing experimental, there is no sterile intellectual exertion, but only a streaming flow of poetic theatrical dance, beauty mature and ripe, warm and smiling, full of events whose tempo of unfolding is controlled by an Artist and executed perfectly by Rina Schenfeld and five of her dancers. Such beauty is rare in contemporary dance in Israel and I doubt that it is much in evidence anywhere else in the world.

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