



fans. Gowns - two of them of the old-time, long-trained sort - hung in the air. There was also a table and a revolving armchair. A frame (with no picture) hung on the back wall, a hat next to it. Schenfeld made use of all this to tell her story - for story it was.

She conjured up many griefs, a few pleasures. With the fans and her won skills, she brought people to life - obviously those she had loved but also memories of herself when very young. Everything she did was dance, whether in silence or backed by Chopin preludes or, towards the end, by a percussive beat as fateful as a knell. What she evoked was sometimes deeply affecting, sometimes wifal, pensive, playful - always fascinating.

Personal appeal

DURING the first 20 minutes or so of the Rina Schenfeld Dance Theatre performance at the Rebecca Crown Auditorium on May 14 - the opening dance event of the Israel Festival - three young women skittered about, ran, gestured, mimed, in a series of moves that seemed to have little relation to anything, even by surrealist measure. They changed from shapeless dresses to attractive swimsuit types of garment. They wore high-heeled shoes or were barefoot. One brought in a bunch of flowers. When Chopin etudes broke the silence, one made balletic moves. They used a chair (separately) and one stood on it and

raised her dress. A white bird, gull or dove, and not as stated in Monday's review, appeared in the air and rested on the chair before being helped to fly off.

What all this witless motion was intended to convey may perhaps have been clearer to some in the audience than others. They clapped.

The disadvantage of starting with such *Figures and Etudes* was that it delayed appreciation of Schenfeld's long solo. *In My Room, Summer 1987*. It was entirely due to her personal appeal that she soon captured the imagination and restored one's vision.

Conjuring up many griefs, a few pleasures: Rina Schenfeld captures the imagination in 'In My Room, Summer 1987.'



AT THE Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv on May 11, the programme by the Bat-Dor company was an outstanding example of what is best in modern dance and choreography.

The premiere was Mark Haim's *Only if You Dance with Pepe*, to music from the Dominican Republic, and it turned out to be a zippy little effusion of joy with refreshing flair for making the most of simple syncopated animation.

Who was Pepe? Perhaps the woman (Patricia Aharoni) in neat tailored trousers and embroidered waistcoat whose movements kept her in one spot while others were doing their thing around and about her. They danced individually and also held hands and sometimes feet (and why not?) as they stepped back and forward or followed the musical throb in hiccupping Haiti spirit - all five of them but particularly the two men, Eytan Sivak and Ze'ev Rom, whose bodies seemed made for this slick, swift, utterly captivating how-d'ye-do about happy nothing.

If this American choreographer can do as well in other works, he is surely among the fresh waves of modern dance. A product of the Julliard School, he has choreographed for the Joffrey Ballet in New York and the Frankfurt Ballet in Germany. He has also had his own company but is now artistic director of the Lisbon Dance Company.

Why the move to Europe? "Support for dance has dropped so much (financially) in the United States that almost everyone is trying to get to Europe (where companies are much better subsidized)," he said. This is not Haim's first visit to Israel. He came to see his (paternal) grandmother in Beersheba when he was six.

The finely balanced performance began with Hans van Manen's *In and Out*, elegantly erotic in its arithmetic (the women in toe shoes) against the brash innuendoes of Laurie Anderson and Nina Gagen sound; then Domy Reiter-Soffer's *Alto Rhapsody* (music: Brahms), a poem of sorrow beyond tears, ineffably expressed in movement; finally Rodney Griffin's *Changing Wheels* (music: Kurt Weill) that tells it all: the agony of uprooting, the hope of a new life.

AT THE Rebecca Crown Auditorium (May 10) the Jerusalem Tamar Dance Company showed how well on the way it was since its debut in January towards being a major and more cohesive dance group. Repeating some of the works, it added an interesting solo choreographed and danced by Gall Alster. Called *QC*, it was a crazy mixture of simian moves, martial arts, macho posturing and acrobatic display.

(Photos by A. Agur)