

# The New York Times

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## Reviews/**Dance**

### *Big Impact From a Simple Form*

By JACK ANDERSON

The third annual Swiss Dance Festival opened on Friday night at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery. That location alone says much about how

the festival has progressed over the years.

The first two festivals were held in a gallery of the Swiss Institute of New York, the organization that sponsors these evenings of dances by Swiss choreographers who are currently living, studying and creating works in New York City. The gallery performances were pleasantly informal. But they were jammed with dancers and the stage area was cramped.

Friday's performance, presented in association with St. Mark's Dancespace Project, was also jammed. Yet the dancers were blessed with the

church's wide open spaces. Three group works were offered. Nevertheless, the piece that looked best involved only one dancer and a singer.

Patrik Widrig's "Mira Bhajan" began with Mr. Widrig and Raine Eastman walking slowly on stage. Then Miss Eastman sang traditional songs from India and some love songs she composed. Mr. Widrig plunged his way through a solo that suggested that passion could be a form of intoxication. He constantly threw himself off balance. At times, he could scarcely stand upright, and he twisted to the floor in corkscrew turns. There were moments when he tried to regain his equilibrium by holding onto a pillar at the side of the church's altar. But the strength of his emotions sent him reeling again.

No other choreographer represented on the program united form and feeling as effectively as Mr. Widrig did.

# DANCE MAGAZINE

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Swiss Dance Festival—III  
Dancespace Project at  
St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery  
October 19–21, 1990  
Reviewed by Tom Wachunas

In *Mira Bhajan*, Patrik Widrig has fashioned an electrifying relationship between his energetic solo movement and the gentle love songs—both traditional Indian and originals—rendered by singer-guitarist Raine Eastman. To Eastman's plaintive ballads, Widrig flung himself across the floor with giddy abandon, writhing and twisting, barely able to keep himself standing. There were moments of silence, when his falls were even more convincing. This was a sincere portrayal of a man smitten with love, or with pain.