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Jazz: Talking Scat By Jana Haimsohn

ANA HAIMSOHN can do remarkable things with her voice. Friday at the Public Theater, she declaimed poetry and sang with smooth, swooping phrases and pinpoint articulation. She would babble a single sound — a "b" or a "z" — up from a deep contralto to a high babyish squeal, pronouncing syllables with speed and precision that would astonish a linguist.

When her poetry touched down on complete words and sentences, Miss Haimsohn tossed around a nasal New York accent, a Southern drawl and a creaky old-ladyish tone. She also danced for a short time, tensing her body into obsessive, repeating postures that suggested a physical match for her alliterating vocals. . . .

Jon Pareles

