

March 1, 1976

# FOOTLIGHTS

MORE VIEWS OF CURRENT DANCE

## Jana Haimsohn

Her arms fly loose and wild, but her chest is inexpressive. You watch her volatile, mischievous face, her hips, knees, her clumping sneakered feet. Her manner is bright and a bit tough, snappy as a high school kid. "This is my house," she says perfunctorily but with a fast, half-shy grin. "Welcome to my house." She brings herself to center, begins to carefully swivel her pelvis, making circles wider and wilder, bringing

her whole body into those curves, then varies the direction into a slow arch leaning way back, lifting up and through and loping forward. Or she twists across the floor, goes faster, too fast, almost stumbles back. Haimsohn's work, in music and movement, is like a series of essays in a small range, pushing to extremes. She runs in a line with a side-to-side loping motion from end to end of the loft, sets the pattern, and as soon as it's clear, changes it. It's startling when she

hits the far wall with her hands and runs back again and again making a fearsome oo oo oo sound. Yet there's an odd quality of Roadrunner in her movement.

She paces the space off, delineating its rectangular shape, getting faster, breaking unpredictably into brief, ferocious runs. She goes faster, rounding the rectangle, making noises as she runs: shhhh, or a kind of kiss-click of the tip of the tongue against the teeth, etc. The running continues till the harsh panting of exertion builds and builds and at last she leaps out of the run to swing in quietness on a suspended bar.

In another piece she stands center with a bird-shaped water

whistle, like those saki bottles. It makes a gentle forest sound as she tilts it very slowly. She's fascinating by virtue of her intense attention and the cues that flicker through her face. Antonio Zepeda, who accompanies on Mayan drums and whistles and his own voice, begins a low trilling behind her. And to these rather warm sounds she adds a soft vocal ululation that mounts to a kind of whizzing, shattering scream. In each piece movement or sound is repeated and amplified till it peaks—sheer physical intensity produces its own strong emotional counterpart—then the action is brought quickly down, subdued, finished.

—BURT SUPREE