



A HA!Man Performance described (or tried to)

The HA!Man enters. No words. Something soft, something stirring, a whisper, perhaps whistling: mystery, from where and where to? No performance the same. Always a journey through the known and unknown. Something refined and classical - cello and piano, or full orchestra. Something serene for the soul. A movement of the hand, or hands - something like the exquisite "Slow Waltz" recorded for his unborn daughter. And then an exploration, an experimentation - "Global Warming" or playing to the beat of an old running engine. Then a rush of high energy, cello brilliance, a dance with colourful drapes. A keyboard improvisation on a theme given by the audience, perhaps. A rap made up of mouth sounds, perhaps. Then a march or a jazzy swing, turning the cello into a drum set! Great sadness enters in the form of "Relentless Tears", overwhelming cello passion in the form of "The Herd Came Down" (over a hundred original tracks to choose from). And then on to the festive and the jolly - was that an arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March (for instance)? Anyone who wants to join on stage? And finally a home-coming, the all-embracing "Her Time Has Come" or "Beautiful Land." Or all, singing a new song together.. Described as "a composer-performer in full flight," "downright magical" and "totally unexpected" by critics and audience members the world over, the HA!Man's self-made career spans three decades. "This is not a show. It is an experience. I'll never forget it for as long as I'm alive." Independent, all-ages, all venues. But mostly where there is allowance for a *full breath of HA!*
