



Strange occurrences: the Lucy Guerin Company's *The Ends of Things* is sometimes mystifying but most times beautiful.

Odds and Ends

SOME things end not with a bang but with a quiet subsiding into ordinariness — the second millennium, for example.

Literary types call these anticlimaxes bathos. Others will sympathise with *The Ends of Things*' cringing protagonist and call it pathos. Lucy Guerin's humor and skill with narrative can embrace both along with a persistent sadness.

Guerin always works closely with composers, and this time she got together with a genius DJ from Sydney, Jad McAdam, also a favorite of choreographer Philip Adams.

It was McAdam's idea to explore the sounds of things ending — not dramatic finales but mundane stuff such as the last crackle of a vinyl LP.

But in July, McAdam died suddenly of a brain aneurysm.

REVIEW DANCE

The Ends of Things

By: the Lucy Guerin Company

Where and when: National Theatre, until October 28

Reviewer: Alison Barclay

It was left to composer Francois Tetaz to evoke McAdam's trademark sonic squirts and farts, dreamy mysteries and outbursts of pop songs, and he pays faithful homage.

It is hard to know how dark a backward shadow McAdam's death cast over the company as it was

making *The Ends of Things*, but the result is full of prickly poignancies.

Guerin has a gift for creating characters whose stories you long to discover. This time it's a prissy obsessive-compulsive type played by Trevor Patrick with such detail he makes one itch.

Like most natural-born daks, he longs to achieve cool. Will mauve daks do the trick?

To test his new mettle, he attends a party. He hangs loose with kissy-kissy girlies (Ros Warby and Stephanie Lake).

But life is not fair. An encounter with a dominant male (Brett Daffy) has him faltering out the door in the dreary light of morning — a humiliating end of things.

Between these points are many incidents that I admit I just don't get.

Why do Warby, Daffy and Lake fold each other up like Meccano pieces? What are those fluttering bird-wing hands over Patrick's face?

But these are imaginative moments of choreography in their own right and I no longer torture myself trying to analyse every move Guerin and dancers invent.

Being baffled comes alongside admiring the beauty they make out of the most pedestrian movements.

For Guerin, every guzzling of drink and puerile punch-up is a goldmine of expression, and she exploits them to the max.

Even Dorotka Sapinska's set, a cook-tent that becomes a bedroom, a marquee and finally a collapsed wreck, suggests the potential for story tucked away in the drabest objects.