



MELBOURNE FESTIVAL

Compassionate and complex

LUCY Guerin is nothing if not original in *The Ends Of Things*, a wistful examination of the ends of phone calls, days, independence, reason, of life itself.

The original idea for *Ends* was Jad McAdam's, the brilliant young sound designer and DJ whose death from an aneurism in July shocked and saddened Melbourne's dance and music scene.

This compassionate, funny and never sentimental work hinges on an old man, played with transfixing ordinariness and theatrical whimsy by Trevor Patrick, one of Australia's most inspired, actorly, postmodern dancers. Lean, saggy, alone, he sees out his days in a meagre room — just a phone, a chair and a loo — ritualistically pulling baggy track pants up and down, listening to a radio or a droning digitised phone "voice".

He invests peeing — waving a voluminous penis weightily — with the same determination and satisfaction as he does cleaning his teeth. Of course he doesn't "frighten the horses" — all this is meticulously mimed, in

Dance

The Ends Of Things
Lucy Guerin Company
Combination #3
Chunky Move
National Theatre, St Kilda.
Ends tomorrow.

the style of French comics Jacques Tati and Marcel Marceau.

Ros Warby, Brett Daffy and Stephanie Lake fold themselves into tight patterns, like hospital corners on sheets, directly paralleling Patrick's accumulating, patterned obsessions which fuel this 50-minute mindscape which ends in his tremulous, inevitable departure.

Francois Tetaz's score (including material by McAdam), Margie Medlin's dream-like lighting, Dorotka Sapinska's spare designs and Tom Wright's vital dramatic input all admirably fulfil McAdam's vision and Guerin's choreography. Just occasionally her tense, geometric style feels stilted, a sense quickly overcome by



Inspired: Trevor Patrick

the work's detail, complexity and humanity.

Lee Christofis