

# Falling, breaking and at an end

Phillipa Rothfield

I love dance works that use bodies to depict the landscape of the mind. Lucy Guerin's *The Ends of Things* swoops upon a moment in the life of a man (Trevor Patrick). This man is alone yet not alone—4 dancers populate his internal and external reality. At first they are outside. Maybe they are his thoughts, perhaps memories, metaphors, non-literal others. Then they move into his room, peopling his negative space, manipulating him, calling his agency into question. Later a party is thrown and they become people, you know, the ones who always seem to be having fun. Trevor is both visible and invisible. Hugely funny movements occur because of his flickering visibility.

There is humour despite the pathos. The man is pathetic but in the sense that he displays no self-confidence or sense of mastery over his everyday life. Yet neither is he oppressed by this fact. Patrick has a knack of moving with great simplicity. He does not need to look cool. And this creates quite a contrast with everyone else. Perhaps their skill should suggest a neutral kinaesthetic but this is just not possible. Ros Warby, Brett Daffy and

Stephanie Lake are far too good, their movements too elegantly executed.

At one level, *The Ends of Things* deals with the abstract. The 4 dancers are aspects of the man's internal life. Like in an Edward Albee or Harold Pinter play, we do not know exactly what these figures stand for. Perhaps they are real; perhaps they are memories, or aspects of the mind. *The Ends of Things* explores its themes in several ways. It is sad and beautiful. Guerin's is a thoughtful work beyond the intricacies of her usual choreographic style. Sadly the inspiration for the work came from Jad McAdam who died suddenly this year.



Trevor Patrick, Stephanie Lake: Lucy Guerin Company, *The Ends of Things*

Jeff Busby



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