

Life going out

AURÉLIA Thierrée is an elusive talent. She is a dancer, actor, illusionist, acrobat and more as she pops out from the boxes littering the stage in *Murmurs*, her long-anticipated follow-up to global hit *Aurélia's Oratorio*. It's been a long time coming, but it's worth the wait.

Once again created in collaboration with her mother, Victoria Thierrée Chaplin, *Murmurs* is a rather darker creature than the whimsical *Oratorio*.

A show about moving on, it's a restless ramination on mortality and the way our memories intertwine with the places in which we live, the walls we surround ourselves with and how little we leave behind. What does life amount to? A whisper of dust and the echo of birdsong.

That's the loose-limbed framework for the magical sleight-of-theatrical hand that is the Thierrée trademark. As mysterious masked

THEATRE REVIEW

Murmurs
★★★★☆

figures circle the stage (the ghosts of the past and the present), Aurélia dips into a grown-up's dressing-up box, shedding skins and bubble wrap, encountering fantastical monsters, dance partners and removal men along the way.

She floats, light as a feather, in the air. She scales tall buildings like a superhero. This is the stuff of handmade magic.

Full of fleeting insights and the delight of incidental detail, *Murmurs* suffers the odd meander, its heart occasionally sidetracked by trickery. But that's a minor quibble in the midst of so much wonder.

Keith Watson

Until Jan 2, Queen Elizabeth Hall,
www.southbankcentre.co.uk



Magical talent: Aurélia Thierrée performs wonders on stage in *Murmurs*

Celebrate The City with Metro



Drink Shop & Dance? Sounds like a plan for the next fortnight. Get into the festive spirit – in this case, *Mother's Ruin* – at this fun new dive from the eminent double Drink Shop & Do.

The juvenile delinquents behind this King's Cross charmer – accessed via the sweetest sweetest shop East of Willie Wonka – have a new playpen for similarly insane, insomniac kids.

I've fancied childhood friends Coralie and Kristie's original kooky alt social club since it launched in



BAR REVIEW

Drink Shop & Dance
★★★★☆

garish neon and What The Butler Saw-style peepholes hint at its seedy sex shop past.

Well, fluff me with a Fifty Pounds Martini; tease me with a Tanqueray Hanky Panky; handcuff me to 209 and Death's Door, good-to-know Yankee swingers; feed me Zaidam Gemp Gimples through a Gimp

JAZZ

Denys Baptiste Quartet

The run-up to Christmas Day can be both frantic and expensive, so this special Friday Tonic at the Southbank Centre is particularly welcome, featuring as it does the soulfully muscular musical talents of British saxophone ace Denys Baptiste and costing, as it does, precisely nothing.

A former Mercury nominee and Mobo winner, Baptiste is one of the most celebrated performers on the British scene.

His 2003 album *Let Freedom Ring!* was widely hailed as one of the first jazz classics of the new millennium, while his most recent release, *Identity By Subtraction*, shows a growing maturity, as well as demonstrating Baptiste's extraordinary postbop chops.

The sax man leads an outstandingly talented quartet. Bass duties are filled by Gary Crosby who, as the founder of Tomorrow's Warriors, has done so much to nurture successive generations of young British jazz talent.

On drums is Rod Youngs, Crosby's partner in rhythm with Jazz Jamaica, while Andrew McCormack – who released one of the best jazz albums of the year, *Places And Other Spaces*, with Jason Yarde – occupies the piano stool.

By way of a Christmas bonus, special guest Juliet Roberts – the former Working Week singer who