



# THE LABYRINTH

Ο ΛΑΒΥΡΙΝΘΟΣ

Butoh Dance Solo Performance

**Sophie Hutin**

Conception, dance: **Sophie Hutin**

Music: **Nick Kyriazopoulos**

Lights: **Michalis Bouris**

Extracts from **Samuel Beckett**, *How It Is*

Production: **Théâtre de l'homme qui marche** / **Αποφως**



Creation in Athens on November 2007 16th  
November 16-18th, Booze Cooperativa, Athens  
July 2008, Athens  
Fall 2008, Paris

Duration: 50 minutes



**When man creates his own nature,  
that is to say Town, a 'second' nature,  
further and beyond his own will...  
When town becomes a living body...  
Going inside the monster,  
inside the Artifice or human nature.  
Exploring sounds, smells, images.  
Feeling the energies, life and death newly ruled.  
And sometimes, feeling the lost world of Nature,  
trees and animals.  
Feeling, also, old social rules that are not wholly dead.  
For my exploration, I wanted to walk, to travel through Athens.  
In silence.  
Feeling and dancing.  
Dancing beauty and horror.  
Dancing on the string.  
Walking.**

**Who am I?  
I am  
the laughing beggar**

Sophie Hutin, August 2007

**Butoh Dance, dance of the obscure body, is born from a revolution of bodies  
in Japan in the 60's and 70's.  
The imperfect and vacillating body calls mother-earth, ancestors,  
dances the chaos of the world.**

**« Opening up hell is engulfing heaven inside. »  
Pierre Emmanuel**

**Théâtre de l'homme qui marche**



- in me that were without when the panting stops scraps of an ancient voice in me not mine
- something wrong there
- I scissored into tender strips the wings of butterflies first one wing then the other sometimes for a change the two abreast never so good since
- that's all it wasn't a dream I didn't dream that nor a memory I haven't been given memories this time it was an image the kind I see sometimes see in the mud part one sometimes saw
- warmth of primeval mud impenetrable dark
- sudden series subject object subject object quick succession and away
- if they see me I am a monster of the solitudes he sees a man for the first time and does not flee before him explorers bring home his skin among their trophies
- it comes close to my eyes I don't see it I close my eyes something is lacking whereas normally closed or open my eyes
- the air thrills with the hum of insects
- centuries I can see me quite tiny the same as now more or less only tinier quite tiny no more objects no more food and I live the air sustains me the mud I live on
- sleep duration of sleep I wake how much nearer the last
- the blue there was then the white dust impressions of more recent date unpleasant and those finally unruffled by emotions things not easy
- where I have never been but others perhaps long before not long before it's one or the other or it's both a procession what comfort in adversity others what comfort
- in the dark the mud that I hoist myself if I may say so a little forward to feel the skull it's so bald no delete the face it's preferable mass of hairs all white to the feel that clinches it he's a little old man we're two little old men something wrong there

Samuel Beckett, *How It Is*

## Théâtre de l'homme qui marche



You said I'll go to another land, to other seaways wandering,  
Some other town may yet be found better than this,  
Where every effort of mine is a writ of guiltiness;  
And my heart seems buried like a corpse.  
My mind -How long is it to be in this decay confined?  
Wherever I turn, whenever I lift my eyes  
The blackening of my life arise,  
Where I have spent so many years spoiling and squandering.

"You'll find no other places, no new seas in all your wanderings,  
The town will follow you about. You'll range  
In the same streets. In the same suburbs change  
From youth to age; in this same house grow white.  
No hope of another town; this is where you'll always alight.  
There is no road to another, there is no ship  
To take you there. As here in this small strip  
You spoiled your life, the whole earth felt your squanderings"

Constantin Cavafy

**Théâtre de l'homme qui marche**





 **Sophie Hutin**, conception, dance

Born in France, firstly philosopher and economist, researcher and teacher, she directs the *Théâtre de l'homme qui marche* company.

She received a body and voice theatrical training (Lecoq pedagogy, Claire Loiseau, Théâtre du Lierre, & Grotowski's collaborators in Poland) and studied Butoh dance (Atsushi Takenouchi, Yuko Ota, Katsura Kan).

Stage director and performer in corporal and vocal theatre, she combines her own creations, artistic collaborations in other companies inside and outside France, and pedagogical projects (Passion Théâtre, Fotobot, workshops in France and Athens).

She questions the synergy of all performing arts, theatre, dance, voice, and tries to make a bridge between Western and Eastern performing methods (Lecoq, Grotowski, Butoh dance, traditional Eastern performances, voices of the world).

Creations:

with Sylvaine Guyot.: *Andromaque*, Racine, Paris, 2006  
*O Labyrinthos*, Butoh dance solo, Athens, 2007

More information, photos & videos :

<http://www.myspace.com/sophiehutin>  
& <http://www.homme-qui-marche.org>



 **Nick Kyriazopoulos**, Musician

Athenian, his universe is experimental, electro-acoustic, minimalist music. For *O Labyrinthos*, he composes an atmosphere melting electronic music and artificial sounds of the town.

To listen to extracts of his work: <http://www.myspace.com/kyriazopoulosnick>.

Photographic credits:

first page: « Le Labyrinthe d'Athènes », Alain Pannetrat, [www.pictalogue.com](http://www.pictalogue.com), 2007  
pages 2, 3 et 4 : « O Labyrinthos », Girogos Vlassopoulos, 2007  
page 5 : « Butô à Beaubourg », Romain Fouquier, 2006

**Théâtre de l'homme qui marche**