

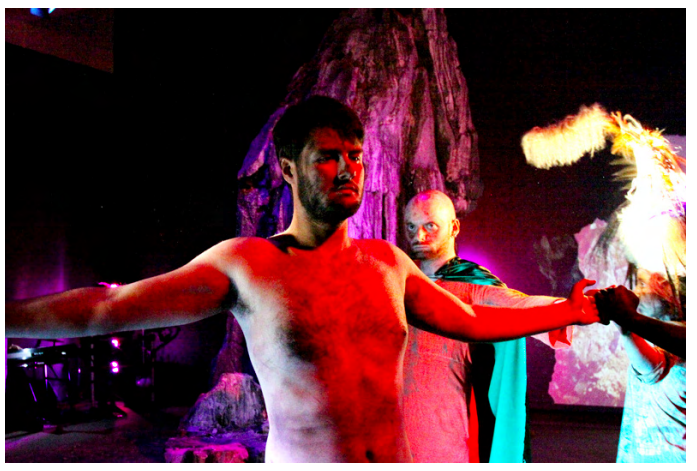
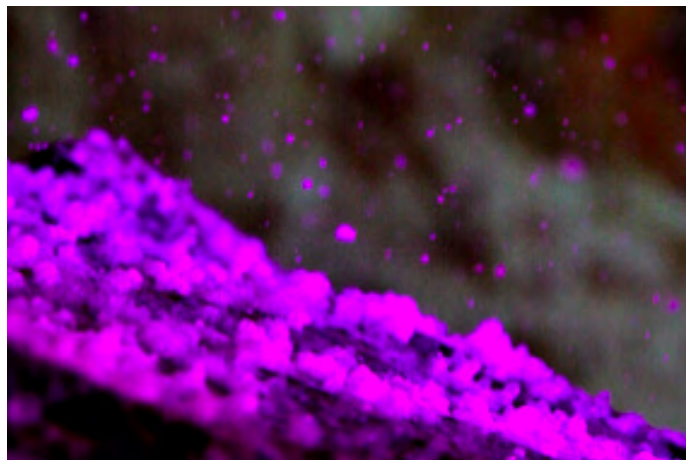


# BALLET-GRANITE

Szuper Gallery + Curtain Razors

MacKenzie Art Gallery,  
May 6, 2011 - 8:00pm  
May 7, 2011 - 2:00pm

**SZUPER GALLERY** Susanne Clausen & Pavlo Kerestey, info @szuper.org / www.szuper.org  
**Curtain Razors:** 306.543.4639 | curtainrazors@gmail.com | www.curtainrazors.com  
Curtain Razors is a registered charitable organization



Performance stills MacKenzie Art Gallery

# BALLET-GRANITE / CREDITS

Szuper Gallery - Curtain Razors

Live Performance

( 7 performers, and three piece band )

Dur 50 mins

**Watch Performance Documentation - Click here :**

**Ballet- Granite (2011):** <http://www.vimeo.com/26267256>

Direction/Conception - Susanne Clausen, Pavlo Kerestey, Michele Sereda

Performance Installation - Susanne Clausen, Pavlo Kerestey

Performers - Jason Cawood, Susanne Clausen, Blair Fornwald, Morgan Garneau, John Hampton, Pavlo Kerestey, Michele Sereda

Cave Video - Susanne Clausen and Pavlo Kerestey

**Watch video projection, click here: Étant Ballet - The Cave (2011)** <http://www.vimeo.com/26264976>

Sound scape - Szuper Gallery

Voice - Michele Sereda

Ballet Band - Billy Hughes, Trent Mailander and Otis Young

Music - Dance of the Spirits - Danilo Villalta

Technical Direction - Kenneth Young

Stage Management - Paul Crepeau

Sound Support - Jeff Morton

Structural Design Consultant - James Phillips and Caragana Production Design Inc

Set Assistants - Rebbecca Donison and Shelby Lowe

Headress - Alla Sidorenko

Costume consultation - Dean Renwick

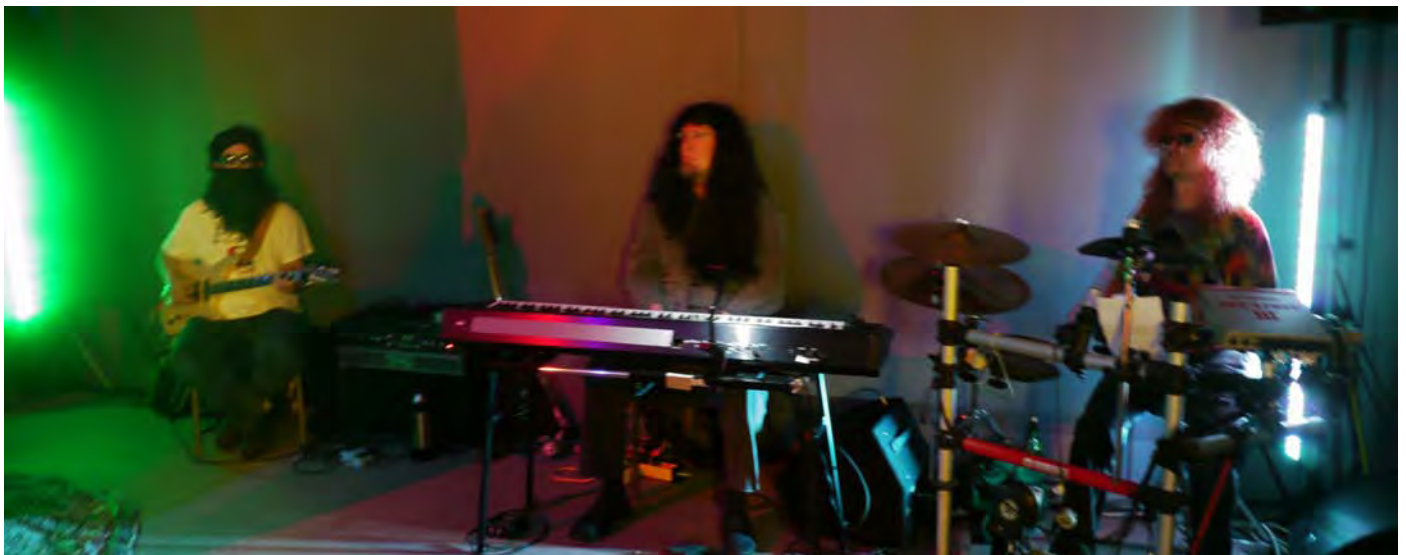
Documentation, Still - Carey Shaw, Szuper Gallery

Documentation, Moving - Gabriel Yahyahkeekoot

Administration + PR - Carey Shaw and the Mackenzie Art Gallery

Poster Design - Rio Saxon Design

Produced by Curtain Razors and Szuper Gallery in collaboration with the Mackenzie Art Gallery with the support from Curtain Razors, Canada Council for the Arts, Saskatchewan Arts Board



Performance stills MacKenzie Art Gallery

# BALLET - GRANITE / SYNOPSIS

Ballet -Granite begins with the aftermath of a nuclear incident, an explosion. A group of people run ashore an unexpected landscape. Everything is about to happen, but nothing seems to have changed. How might the alterations to the organic world, the world of vibrant and edible matter might affect the way we perform, when eating itself has become a productive activity? The setting: a mystical landscape, a crash site, in the wild or in the rush of a blackout. Pulling apart the “ballet” of the food system in musical scenes and absurd stories the performance deconstructs the format of a hysterical cabaret, simple actions which gradually unravel. Based on the principle of a crash choreography, the performance is driven by a concern for image, sound, gesture and speech and the staging of both contemplative or active human presences, performing cursory actions, following instructions, responding to chance, ever moving in shifting assemblages. This futuristic anthropology is an unconventional response to agriculture.



Performance stills MacKenzie Art Gallery



Performance Still MacKenzie Art Gallery



“ But there are strange things in the world - I know my grandfather’s whole story; indeed for long years, whenever a anyone spoke of beautiful girls, I though of the fine hair of the forest girl; but in regard to the pitch stains that started everything, I no longer know whether they were removed by wahsing or by scraping, and often when I was planning to go home, I resolved to ask my mother by forgot it each time. “

Performance stills MacKenzie Art Gallery

## PERFORMANCE TEXT/VOICE - EXCERPT

text adapted from *Granite in Colourful Stones* (1853) by Adalbert Stifter

“On the edge of this forest, where the fields are today, but in those days there was still thick undergrowth, there was at the time of the plague a pitch-burner’s hut. In it lived a man and from time to time one could see smoke rising from the forest.

During the time of the plague this pitch-burner wanted to escape. He wanted to go up into the highest forest where no one ever intrudes, where never a breath of men comes, where everything is different from down below, and where he hoped to stay healthy.

But if someone were to get him, he intended to kill him with his wooden poker rather than let him come nearer and bring the pestilence. When the sickness was long past, however, then he wanted to return and live on. Therefore, when he got the news that the plague had already appeared in the neighboring counties, he rose and went up into the forest, as it was at the time of creation, where no men have worked, where no tree falls unless it is struck by lightning or blown down by the wind; then it lies there, and new saplings and plants grow out of its body; the trunks stand tall, and between them are the unseen and untouched flowers and grasses and plants.

In the high forest is a rock far above the lake, where hardly anyone has ever been. But on the lake there is supposed to have been a wooden dwelling.

The house was behind the lake. From this lake the pitch-burner went up to the Rock and looked for a suitable place. But he was not alone; his wife and children were with him, and his brothers, cousins, and servants; he had to cane his cattle and his equipment.

He had also taken all kinds of seeds and grain in order to be able to plant in the loosened earth, in order to gather provisions for future times. Now they built huts for men and animals, they built the ovens for distilling their product, and they spread the seed in the tilled fields.

One man had stayed in pitch-burner’s hut. The pitch-burner told him that he should give a sign when the plague had broken out. He was to send up a column of smoke at noon, let it continue without change for an hour, then extinguish the fire to make it stop. For the sake of certainty he was to do this three days succession, so that the forest dwellers would recognize it as a sign that they could not come down and catch the disease. “ ...



Performance stills MacKenzie Art Gallery



Jean- Antoine Watteau, 1721



... "Now the emigrants lived in the high forest, and when the plague had broken out in our region, a column of smoke rose from the House Mountain at noon, lasted an hour without change and then stopped. This occurred three days in succession, and the people in the forest knew what had happened.

But none of it did any good. When the bushes of the forest had got their blossoms, white and red, as nature wills, when the blossoms had turned to berries, when the things that the pitch-burner had planted in the forest and sprouted and grown, when the barley had its golden beard, when the wheat had already become whitish, when the oat flakes hung on the little threads and the potato plants bore their green globes and bluish blossoms- all the pitch-burner's people, he himself and his wife, except for a single

little boy, the pitch-burner's son, had died.

The pitch-burner and his wife had been the last, and since the survivors had always buried the dead, but the pitch-burner and his wife had no one after them and the boy was too weak to bury them, they remained lying in the hut as corpses.

The boy was now alone in the dreadful great forest. He let out the animals that were in the stalls because he could not feed them, he thought that they could find nourishment from the grass of the forest, and then he himself ran away from the hut, because he was terribly frightened of the dead man and the dead woman. He went to an open place in the forest, and there was now no one around, no one but death."...