

**The insect's presence**

The crisis: monetary, European, housing, gas, humanitarian, ecological. Crises are everywhere, and they (almost) all come with the same "solutions". Austerity. Exceptional measures. The reinforcement of ... Tightening to solve a crisis: taking panic and turning it into fear, the fear of losing what we think is ours. And yet, along with the crisis comes the opposite effect: the scream. The scream comes when what we thought we possessed transforms itself into an insect in our own hands.

*"Why don't I keep sleeping for a little while longer and forget all this foolishness," he thought. But this was entirely impractical, for he was used to sleeping on his right side, but in his present state he could not get himself into this position."*

(Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*)

The scream is the inevitable piercing of our world the moment we notice the insect in our hands. The moment we become aware of its presence, and its unwillingness to leave, despite our frantic attempts to make it disappear. The unveiled horror of the insect we did not see, and *that stays there*. Perhaps we need to work with it, to love it. Because the insect is not a monstrous enemy: it is our awareness of the enemy's presence. It is a sign of the generalized chaos in which we live. Crushing it wouldn't solve anything; we will always be at the centre of the same catastrophe, with the corpse of our awakening crushed at our feet.

**The temptation to sublimate**

*"The world has become fully immanent, the false transcendence remained: now it is hardly "otherworldly", but rather that of the life experiences that remain to be explored. Being somewhere – to be situated in the world- is an ob-ject of panic for our contemporary subject."*

(B. Aspe interviewed by E. Bordeleau, *Le Merle*)

"30 ideas to sublimate the tomato" (Elle Québec)

Here, in this exposed cesspit, it isn't the blisters and the stinking smells that suddenly suffocate us; it's perhaps the roses and the glimmering greens, the scent of Purell, the beauty of small gestures, a red dress, the dubious peacefulness of a yoga class, music for swings, the applause at the end of an engrossing concert, the photographs of a protest assembled in a souvenir album, the progressive repayment of a mortgage, Earth Day, the promise of everything that will come perfume this world. And so we eat organic food and live better... *and yet?*

There is a moment when words only build walls, a moment where a tomato is just a tomato. A moment – the moment of the scream – where we no longer want to remain in the dialectic, no longer in representation, but formless. For Bataille, formlessness was what man sought to escape, but was always, and would always, remain there. A "that", something dirty, fascinating and taboo. Formlessness is not abstraction. Formlessness does not make sublime; it digs, it stuffs, it penetrates the bowels of the world where it can only stay. Against a vanishing art, there is an art that remains in the world and shoves itself against you. Not to petrify, but to work there.

**The release**

*"The scream is the victim's mark: she makes herself a victim because she chooses to scream; if, under the same vexation, she were to ejaculate, she would cease to be a victim, would be transformed into a libertine: to scream/to discharge, this paradigm is the beginning of choice, i.e., Sadian meaning."*

(Barthes, Sade, Fourier, Loyola)

Many of us embrace, rather than suffer, this screaming state. Through it, we protest, publish confidential documents, dance in banks, strip, immolate, occupy universities, hack Internet sites, block bridges, go on strike, knit, write uncertain books, and texts like this one. Within the scream, all battles intermingle, without the hierarchy of pain or sacrifices, with no regard for divisions, guilt or pride. We scream in panic,

with no precise targets, no known weapons, but with the right instinct of those who recognize within the chaos not only what will be destroyed, but what may emerge.

**Formless vs. formed battles**

“*Their strength doesn't reside in their organization, but in their capacity for disorganization.*”

(R. Cloward et F. Piven, Poor People's Movements)

The *Drawn Scores* end on the chaos of the scream. They do not go further. Like the story of Antigone will always end with her suicide, like the captives in Goya's *Tres de mayo* will always be frozen in the moment before their imminent death, like the punks will keep chanting *Anarchy in the UK* and the rappers *Fight the Power* to the unarmed masses. The scream will always be like the never-ending blast at the end of *Zabriskie Point*: the exploding house, the patio table falling in a cloud of dust, the metallic ballet of the television, the multi-coloured, jellyfish-like clothing, the fish opening its belly to the blue sky, the flying loaf of *Wonderbread*, the books spreading out like mute fans, the perfect prescription for a pulverised world to rise from its ashes, each of its fragments opening like bubbles of smoke in the water, wounded horses without bridles, their wounds, in turn, opening up worlds, their blood mixing with sprinklers to feed what already appears but has not yet chosen its form, does not yet need to be destroyed – but that will come.

The *Drawn Scores* scream to, in turn, render our panic formless, to return parts of the world to a state of chaos and force us to begin anew, to always begin anew.

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**Edith Brunette** has exhibited (Le Lieu, Galerie de l'UQAM, Skol), done residencies (Praxis, La Chambre blanche), and published articles (ETC, Inter, Cassandre/Horschamp). She is vice-president of the Board of Directors at Skol.

MÜGLUCK (MTL)

**DRAWN SCORES  
(GALLERY 2)**

18 October - 16 November 2013  
Drawings



A series of rhythmically frenetic drawings, *Drawn Scores* uses codes from other mediums (music, writing, comics) as a way to question drawing and narration. They find inspiration in *Le CRI*, a play written by the artist in 2012. They are a kind of enactment of the play, without being a mere illustration; drawing outlines narrative, and can be seen as an exercise in writing.

Within this frame, the artist has added one constraint – the musical staff, which becomes both support and narrative tool. Based on the principle of the lexical fields of sound and design, the drawing becomes musical notation, an alphabet unique to this piece, which has, moreover, been played by a musician in collaboration with the artist.

The lines of the staff can be seen as roads, corridors that form the landscape of the page; they serve as a support and lead the narration. Lines of articulation or of segmentation, but also lines of escape, of movement, creating different rhythms and scales for each character. *Le CRI* the play, therefore, becomes a drawing, a drawing that is both a staging and a musical score, in a jumble of mediums that transgress their traditional roles.

By inventing various constraints and new writing systems, the artist invites each medium to spill into the other; and forces her brush to bring order, to negotiate the hierarchy between these mediums while creating an ideal scenario in which the drawn line may become unhinged, rebel, and seek to flee.

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A 2012 graduate of the Beaux Arts (France), Mügluck now lives in Montreal where she is engaged in a number of research projects (graphic and narrative experiments, drawn scores, theatre and concert drawings) and works as an illustrator for the publishing industry and for the press.

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