

The idea behind the title *Lilt*, was to choose a word that had a kind of redundant or historical use, a word simple in form (a mild pleasure), yet seldom used. This was to draw attention to the arbitrary nature of the symbolic mode (semiotically) as an inverse to expected communication and meaning. In other words, this title, in a sense communicates nothing: it has no intrinsic meaning. However, the reader will be looking for meanings, generating connotations, that again are completely arbitrary. If a connotation was intended perhaps it is a kind of tilt, a double back on the word itself as a play on language, or more accurately a play on how we expect language to function; in this case a word that seems to mean something playful, but is merely a basic phonetic sound. There is a semi onomatopoeic dimension to this word that seems to imply its definition in its sound. This was what was appeared attractive: its material sound and its playful self-redundancy. There are no intended relationships to any of the work in the show, nor an attempt to 'frame' the show, and that is the point; the reader may write whatever meanings they chose to construct (which are of course from culture in the broadest sense). In this way the word has been written previously and is rewritten over and over; the signifiers keep multiplying. However, there is a relationship to the reuse of a material whether it be a word, a sound, a found object that links all the 'elements' of this show. The dislocated and ruptured nature of the text as unstable and mutable runs through all the work. It is important that with the change of one letter in a word creates a new word, thus 'lilt' could easily be 'lift' (as the spell check in Outlook wanted it to be), or 'tilt' (which could be conceived as another play on a shift in the signifier). But these two words are too obvious and don't allow the restless ambiguity and self-deceptive aspects of language to be released; for *différance* (Derrida) to come into play. In *Lilt* we find a deferral of meaning ; an overturning of the material signifier and production of the intertextual object.

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Lou Hubbard

Simon Horsburgh

Brett Jones

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AERIAL FIELD 2

Call me old fashioned but I often use the word "lilt" with a hand gesture to describe a wave or gentle rhythm. And just as often this is followed by a sudden guillotine motion of one hand on the other, to break the harmony.

This kind of lilt is at work in Aerial Field 2, an elevated geometry of lines, planes and points. Two soccer balls shrivelled like rotting fruit - are delicately trapped between fine wires strung in formation across the site like flight paths or power lines.

On the floor is a cluster of soccer balls, relics of games arrested. Such is their patina of weathered skin and swollen hide, these spheres might also be buoys, markers for hazards or mooring.

The geometry of lines is also reminiscent of navigational signs. These signs are ambiguous and mysterious like 'shoefiti', the practice of throwing shoes whose laces have been tied together so that they hang from overhead power lines.

CREDITS

Artist: Lou Hubbard

Title: Aerial Field 2

Date: March 2013

Dimensions: variable

Medium: assorted soccer balls, Superflex stainless steel game fishing wire, galvanized horseshoe nails, alloy sleeves

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Thanks to Brett Jones and Anthony Johnson for presenting this version of Aerial Field.

Broken

The human body has been against this piece of rubberised foam, imprinted itself, sublimated itself to the function of this object. Its history is inseparable from the body, its reason for being was in the service of the human body. The body is documented in this artifact, its presence is undeniable and ineffable.

The piece of boogie board becomes something else, its resemblance to its original form is displaced, denaturalized. The natural signification is broken, the expected link is opened out, dispersed into a noise of alternatives (interference).

The signifier floats as it is cast into the sea, cast into a heavy metal; at once beguiling and undermined, the signifier multiplies. This space in-between signifiers and possible signifieds where meaning breaks open, induces a perpetual *de ja vous* for all those meanings that are inconclusive, unresolved. The matter of life that is inexplicable, uneasy in its unknown, the points where we consciously (I must not get sidetracked, bogged down) move on so as to not stop to see our limitations, our lacks, our stupidities, our isolation. Yet the breaks are precisely the moments when we let the possibilities in, stopping to be affected, to allow our self to be contested and pierced.

How to escape the demon of analogy? By 'feigning a spectacularly *flat* respect (this is the Copy, which is rescued)'.¹

The broken piece of boogie board copied in bronze seems metonymically indexed to its referent, yet this is the illusion of *doxa*, the literal signification, the denotation produced by the connotation. Rather it is the metalanguage embodied in its 'brokenness', where the metonym is extended into the 'third meaning' into signifiante where its connotations become the reverberations of the unnatural floating signifier.

This copy undermines its metonymical meaning for its signification has little to do with a boogie board (the referent), and subsequently a feigned indexical relationship, and more to do with a break in our perception of experience of a material object and our subjective substitution with this object. In other words, the referent is replaced with the self (one's self) and our limitations and imitations in the construction of our identity; the broken fragment is a palimpsest for our unknowingness and the absence of the body.

Brett Jones, 2010

¹ Roland Barthes, *Roland Barthes* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994), 44.

Slug

You will observe a photograph titled *Adobe* (by Simon Horsburgh) depicting an indeterminate flat surface where a protrusion occurs: a lug in the same material. A photograph though without scale, proportion, identification; a detached referent, an indexical displacement. Adobe refers to a brick made of sun-dried clay, or perhaps an allusion to a process of digital manipulation; either way a Lacanian 'point de capiton', something to hold the stuffing of the subject in place; a recognisable signified – the context of the lug that is used to locate two parts is pertinent here (as in two parts of a mould). But the signifier slips, the caption, the title mobilises and the subject is no longer anchored possibly pulled along by the hair (Lugga: Swedish, Lugge: Norwegian), dragged like a rap of cloth through the mud. The ear that is pulled; that lugge of refusal (Scottish, 1495) to adhere the caption to the image; the object to the referent.

This image, *Adobe*, had an immediate place in language; the idea of the lug etymologically and phonetically form an association with 'slug'. The image generated this arbitrary signifier than in turn provided a turn on which a prior thinking around casting holes in walls of a space was released. In this scenario, the title is also completely arbitrary, and of no value to the writing of lug. Or slug. Lug in one sense means to pull something with effort, to move something heavy, while sluggard from middle-English is a lazy or idle person (Swedish: Slugga, a heavy, slow person), later being the noun for the slow moving snail like animal (1704).

The original conceptualisation of Slug was derived from another of its meanings as a piece of lead fired from a gun; to which the snail like animal is related in form. The textual association is with the holes in the walls of the space from plugs since removed, where the cavities remain; scars, traces of former uses. One of these uses being a Sports Power repair and storage facility, to which (so the story goes) a target of thick straw and cannite on the rear upstairs wall was used to fire shots for the sighting of rifles. Irrespective of accuracy (and validity of the story), another weave in the textual web was created. Along these chains of associative meaning, the word slug is also a boxing term, and a baseball term: both to hit hard, a hard blow. These definitions also refer to the impact of the bullet into a surface (a wall, flesh), while constructing an incongruous relation between the slow moving animal and the speed of a bullet.

Returning to the notion of the tissue of the text, and the linguistic body, the imaging of slugs being removed, excised, cut from flesh prompted the thinking of a representation of absence turned into positive. In other words, the negative spaces of the cavities made into moulds to which forms would be cast. The conception of a linguistic scare tissue as filling the void; the symbolic plugging the holes of the impossible encounter (the real), acting as ciphers of moments of jouissance; where the act of a projection occurs with cast objects (slugs) in lead and paper. The fragility of Tenguchu Japanese tissue paper and the heavy malleability of lead, both mutable and unstable, transformable; transpositions of text moving through a weave of permutations, associations and (material) potentialities.

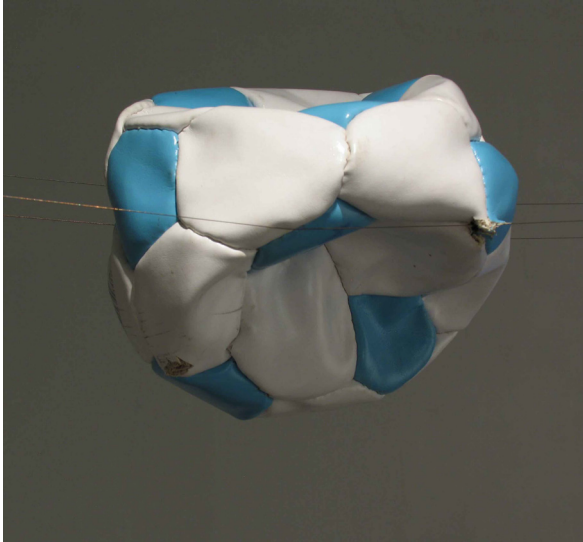
Hence the conundrum for the reader as writer; where does the text begin or end? Where is the referent to which the reader may find ballast (a common use for lead), an affirmation of a subject? There is no beginning or end to this text, nor the texts discussed: akin to the meaning of slug as the piece of lead that was once used to space the lines of type in the letterpress, the slug of these words is apparent in its absence (leading: in typography) and presence as the object made from the negative of the mould (and the scars in the walls). The text formed these objects long before their material realisation, and the text continues to reshape and transpose them according to what is read and written. Only fleeting points de capiton for the text of signifiante.

Simon Horsburgh is primarily a sculptor and installation artist. His prevailing artistic preoccupations are with elemental dynamics and the formal and poetic potential of ordinary things. He has exhibited extensively in Melbourne, as well as interstate and abroad across the past fifteen years. Simon spent four years on the management committee of artist-run organization West Space. He has been the recipient of an Australian Postgraduate Award as well as Arts Victoria International Cultural Exchange and New Work Grants. He has an MFA (Research) from the Victorian College of the Arts and held a studio residency at Gertrude Contemporary. Simon currently lectures in sculpture and design studies at Monash College in Melbourne.

Lou Hubbard has been exhibiting since 2000 in Australia as well as Hong Kong, Scotland, New Zealand, Malaysia, Italy, Korea, Germany USA and the Philippines. Australia Council. International studio residencies include Paris Cite des Internationale Art 2004 and Barcelona 2012. In 2013 AIR Antwerpen, (Belgium), invited her to participate in their international artist's program. Lou Hubbard is also Head of the Photography Studio in the School of Art, Victorian College of the Arts, University of Melbourne. Hubbard's work explores the dynamics of training, submission and the aesthetics of sentimentality. Basic materials of domestic and institutional utility are tried and tested – subjected to acts of duress and then shaped into formal relationships. Sometimes these operations are captured on camera; sometimes the actions become sculptural assemblages that are fitted and measured and precariously balanced.

Anthony Johnson is an artist living in Hobart, Australia. His work often activates a complex and often humorous engagement with the everyday, while contingent moments and states of impermanence inform his practice. In 2011 Anthony was the recipient of a Qantas Foundation Contemporary Art Award, and has recently completed an MFA at the University of Tasmania.

Brett Jones is searching for the object as text that disrupts and fragments the unity of the subject. He is seeking the act, the image, the text that moves the subject's image-repertoire into rapture, into an ecstatic composure, a space where silence vibrates with jouissance and loss. He is the co-founder of West Space, serving various roles including director, president, chair until 2008. He has exhibited in various non-profit spaces since 1991, received several government grants, generated and managed more than 20 projects including several international projects, published articles and presented papers at international conferences. He is currently undertaking a PhD at Monash University. www.asinlife.com





Clockwise from top left.
Anthony Johnson *Lazarus*
Brett Jones *Broken*
Anthony Johnson *Stutter*
Brett Jones *Slug*
Simon Horsburgh *Sway*
Lou Hubbard *Cheep*
Lou Hubbard *Aerial Field* (detail)
Simon Horsburgh *Adobe*

Text Mex

I am in Antwerp

I'm on the edge of nowhere in the mid-west of WA, dropping in on a satellite wi-fi.

Hi all

I am in transit so I'll be brief

Hope this e-mail finds you all well.

a group of us have set-up a space in Launceston,

reactivate

I would love to show with you guys and thanks for asking

I'll start Text Mex email tomorz.

The images make fair sense Lou;

because the transposed object is common to our practice

This is how its looking at a glance - apologies if this seems superficial.

Sway feels right for sure.

Lazarus! That's great Ant. Looks like me trying to do a sit up these days.

I like the conversation that Sway forms with Lazarus and Stutter too.

moments of shudder, dislocation, fragmentation and mutation.

Props that denote the signs of certain forces at play. Forces we all know too well but this time stretched somewhat or slightly contradictory to the way we typically read them.

I love how Lazarus is sitting up...stretching and yawning 'time for breakfast - anyone for toast!'

I've still got to nut out how Lazarus will work. It gets totally lost on the ground alone.

Yeah. It needs something to elevate it (not literally) a bit. Some kind of flat plinth/field/frame. Maybe something square like the bread, like a square on a square type deal, but big like 1000mm square. White n posh. Plinth work rising from the dead. Supremetists for breakkie.

Hey check this out. Desert tube ride. Fibreglass n curves...

What the hell is it?

Big sheet of fibreglass from an old tank.

Entirely my thoughts too on Lazarus base but I've got to find something neutral rather than make it I think. Or use something in-situ. Dunno. It's been plaguing me for a while.

Mask off a square of floor and butter it...

That's hilarious!

I'm thinking something that plays on the lightness and malleability of the bread...something heavy and stubborn. Like the way a little bird will hitch a ride on the back of an elephant. Bruce has done a few floor plate things. I'll see if I can borrow one from him.

Floor. Plate. Toast... perfect.

There's a Nauman moment in there somewhere. Have you found any floaties along the tide line?

Yeah. It's like a Richard Serra light-bulb studio moment - a contorted piece of cor-ten sitting on top of a steel plate from the House of Cards work.

Hey mate I've got an idea for Lazarus. Mask off a square field then put a skim coat of plaster on the concrete floor. Sand it smooth (beautiful and fine - maybe even through in patches) it will give u a beautiful delineated field. Subtle but plinthy. Wall-y but floor. Micro thin edge lifting it off the ground almost imperceptibly. It's what I did on the wall at Gertrude Octopus, but without the charcoal. Could be great (and buttery...)

Yeah that's hot. I'll give it some thought...But I've been thinking it needs to be some flat object yet relatively neutral. I kinda wanna it to be a fresh sheet of particle board (or mdf maybe) snapped to a squarish (bread slice) scale. Fake timber acting as stale bread. Plinth material rather, as opposed to the complete slick neutrality they attempt.

Did you hear about the guy getting taken by the shark in NZ?

...Oh fuck. You sent me some of those pics... That's so heavy. Mate, what do ya even say...

R.I.P. A.S.

Simon is coming over with Adobe

Adobe is like a view through an afghan sniper's binoculars...

It is a closeup of the imprint that a dirt bike tyre has made on a soft spot in the dirt road at home.

Adobe could be the perfect confounding of the referent

Huh?

Did you frame Adobe?

amigo

Makes a little rammed earth structure

give the space the sense that its governed by a slightly altered elemental state - perhaps the forces at play on different planet.

Maybe the hot/cold thing between adobe and frost could work with an equatorial bucket separating them somehow - polarities of planet launceston...

What do ya reckon?

I'll dive deeper soon

I think my emails just went to you...

I'm pretty rusty at this...

Hey I just bought a van man.

Simon I owe you a windscreen

Sick! What year model? Send us a pic...

Ant can u skype today?

Yeah let's try for 2 pm. Is that cool?

Yeah OK. Great.

Ant can we make it 2:30 pls? Have to pick the Bug up from kinder.

Finally got the fucker out of the bucket. It's a weird thing. How's the new wheels?

Rad. Bucket is sick!

Show us ya bucket.

Your bucket is sick. I don't have a bucket...

I only just got some text sent off to you mate.

More of the SH(it) below.

We can bat it between us today.

"playful" happy-go-lucky tone?

Bahahahahahah.

Thanks mate no probs.

Something is shaping.

Chat again tomorrow?

So what about a title for it?

I like lilt

And that should have been 'lilt' not 'lift'. Don't you love the way microsoft pass on their slips.....

So what do you all think?

It sounds like flute music to me

Call me old fashioned, but I often use the word lilt and with a hand gesture to suggest a gentle wave or a rhythm, and a lean. I know I use it with students to suggest subtleties in presenting a series of works. It had never occurred to me that they didnt kow the word, but come to think of it they often look at me strangely during tutes due to my arcane use of language.

If I (a philistine) was playing someone in scrabble who used this word I'd be questioning it

Is phillistine an anagram of lilt?

The word Lilt is new to me so I'm neither here nor there about it

Shallow off the cuff stupidity and response is my own short falling but one I feel I am especially good at.

I can live with Lilt for sure, and as I have no better ideas, i can't offer anything up at the moment. It smells a bit like lavender tho, and I keep thinking about Picnic at Hanging Rock too...

I do think there is a gentle lurching quality to it, but now I'm thinking about butterflies...

Semiotically...arbitrary...redundant...symbolic...historical...onomatopoetic...inverse...(seeks same...)

the reader (as you have done Ant) will be looking for meanings

I dont know what onomatopoetic means.

self-redundancy.

This is our language I guess.

I'm not fixed on the word, though it is lovely is it not?

You are up to your eyeballs in PhD!

The idea of the title as a sound is beautiful (if I understand correctly).

such an un-affective lite word.

is seriously heavy going for the likes of me,

I'm cool with Lilt. I like the idea of a butterfly landing on Sway and bending it

I am FOR the word as title (hey, there's a new tilt/le).

The redundancy of the word it seems is not quite as redundant as we may have initially thought given Lou's confession

and a hand gesture I do recall seeing Lou so eloquently use once or twice

Lilt it is then...

unless Sime can throw a more useless card on the table and answer the call of nothingness.

C'mon Sime!

I got nothing rattling around in my mind.

What do you mean, no stutter Ant?

Stutter intercepts Lilt. Perfect.

Soccer balls up.

Stutter caused the balls to fall!!!!

Great as well

There is an overall sense of objects that have transgressed conventional signification, and more specifically have been subject to an unforeseen force or event in this process.

Ant's bizarre planet.

And a catalogue?

labour intensive production

Academic hula-hoops.

...has there been an email that I'm yet to read?

Asked if we could contribute some words for it.

Mumbo jumbo...

Maybe the two of us could get an email chat going about our thoughts on the outward show works...

Ah...

Any of the options from Simon and Ant will work

It was left over from lunch the day before. The next morning I came in it was like that.
It tried to get up.

What you thinking?

I think Sime you have potential as a script writer for a wry and sardonic television series; I can imagine a character (not you of course) speaking your text to a kind of mirage (dream figure) and then asking 'are these words getting through', to which the question is echoed back.

A wry and sardonic TV show where I speak n nobody listens... I think I've seen that one

Now regarding the catalogue info...

It seems Lou and Brett have already put something forward.

when is absolute last deadline?

just a reminder that I need it by Friday.

And the deadline

I have received Lou's and mine is finished.

I have written Slug

with an elegant flair.....

when is absolute last deadline?

well for the two of you I think I can give you until 12 midnite this Saturday

I know its short notice,

might be the first steps towards getting around to doing something one day...

First I have to look up a definition for wry and sardonic

I better get onto the catalogue stuff then.

I can see some intertextual moments

The twisted forms of Stutter shake, rupture the Text appropriately

Sounds like we have a show

Are you gonna go to Launceston for the opening?

Yeah I reckon I will.