

THE LONG LEASH

a group exhibition with

Bank, Aline Bouvy & John Gillis, Audrey Cottin, Lucile Desamory, Jos de
Gruyter & Harald Thys, Rachel Koolen, Chris Lecler, Nathaniel Mellors,
Shelly Nadashi, James Richards, Anna Solal.

curated by





Group Show

OPENING 15th MARCH 2013
FROM 6.00 TO 9.00 PM

FRIDAY — SUNDAY
FROM 2.00 TO 6.00 PM
and by appointment
+32 (0) 485 470 065
info@theister.be
www.theister.be

The Long Least

16th — 29th MARCH 2013
WOLKE

Rue du Canal 45 11th floor **1000 BRUSSELS**

AN EXHIBITION WITH:

**Bank, Aline Bouvy & John Gillis, Audrey Cottin
Lucile Desamory, Jos de Gruyter & Harald Thys
Rachel Koolen, Chris Lecler, Nathaniel Mellors
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The Long Leash

"In order to encourage openness we had to be secret. "

Tom Braden, first chief of the CIA's International Organisations Division in an interview with Frances Stonor Saunders, *The Independent*, 22 October 1995

" They took me to a place and undressed me, and I stayed there in my shirt and underwear: I don't know if the effect was beautiful, but it was the situation."

Paul Vanden Boeynants in his press conference of the 15 of February 1989

The Ister is pleased to announce "The Long Leash ", an exhibition with Bank, Aline Bouvy & John Gillis, Audrey Cottin, Lucile Desamory, Jos de Gruyter & Harald Thys, Rachel Koolen, Chris Lecler, Nathaniel Mellors, Shelly Nadashi, James Richards, Anna Solal.

"The Long Leash" envisages itself as drifting between two events: A press conference by former Belgian Prime Minister and leader of the PSC-CVP party Paul Vanden Boeynants, in which he describes the peculiar circumstances of his kidnapping in 1989 by a fake extremist political group (the self-proclaimed 'Socialist Revolutionary Squad'); and comments made by former head of the CIA Tom Braden, in which he reveals the existence of a secret cultural propaganda programme dubbed 'the Long Leash', implemented during the Cold War era as a strategy to culturally usurp the Soviet Union and expose their incapability to produce 'high' art.

The absurd tone that arises from both events brings this exhibition to life. In Braden's case, his narrative worthy of a classic CIA conspiracy becomes esoteric and unreasonable - however grounded in fact - while Vanden Boyenants' televised soliloquy transforms a personal experience into an uncanny event through which reality is derided and exposed via pomp, self-derision, and humour.

The exhibited works take on the framework of a cockamamie reality, holding both truth and gross ambiguity. In effect, each work becomes its own myth.

The original video documentation of Vanden Boyenants' press conference will be on view in the exhibition along with a printed copy of the article by Frances Stonor Saunders from which the words of Tom Braden are taken out: "Modern Art was CIA weapon", published in *The Independent* of Sunday the 22nd of October, 1995.



Aline Bouvy & John Gillis, *Ingénierie Sociale II, III*, 2013;
Rachel Koolen, *The Dummy: Sphinx*, 2013.

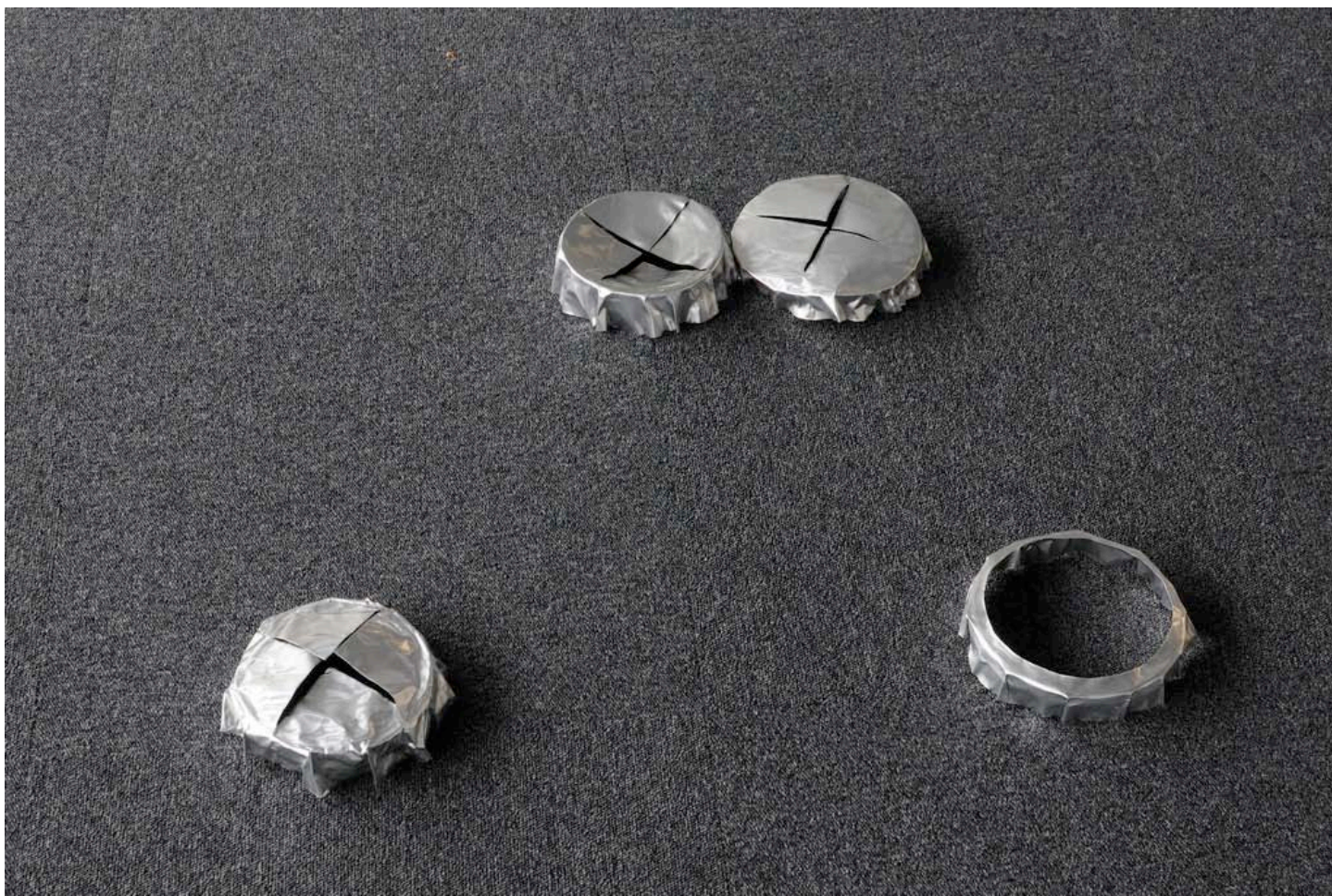


Aline Bouvy & John Gillis, *Ingénierie Sociale I*, 2013;



Rachel Koolen, The Dummy: Sphinx, 2013

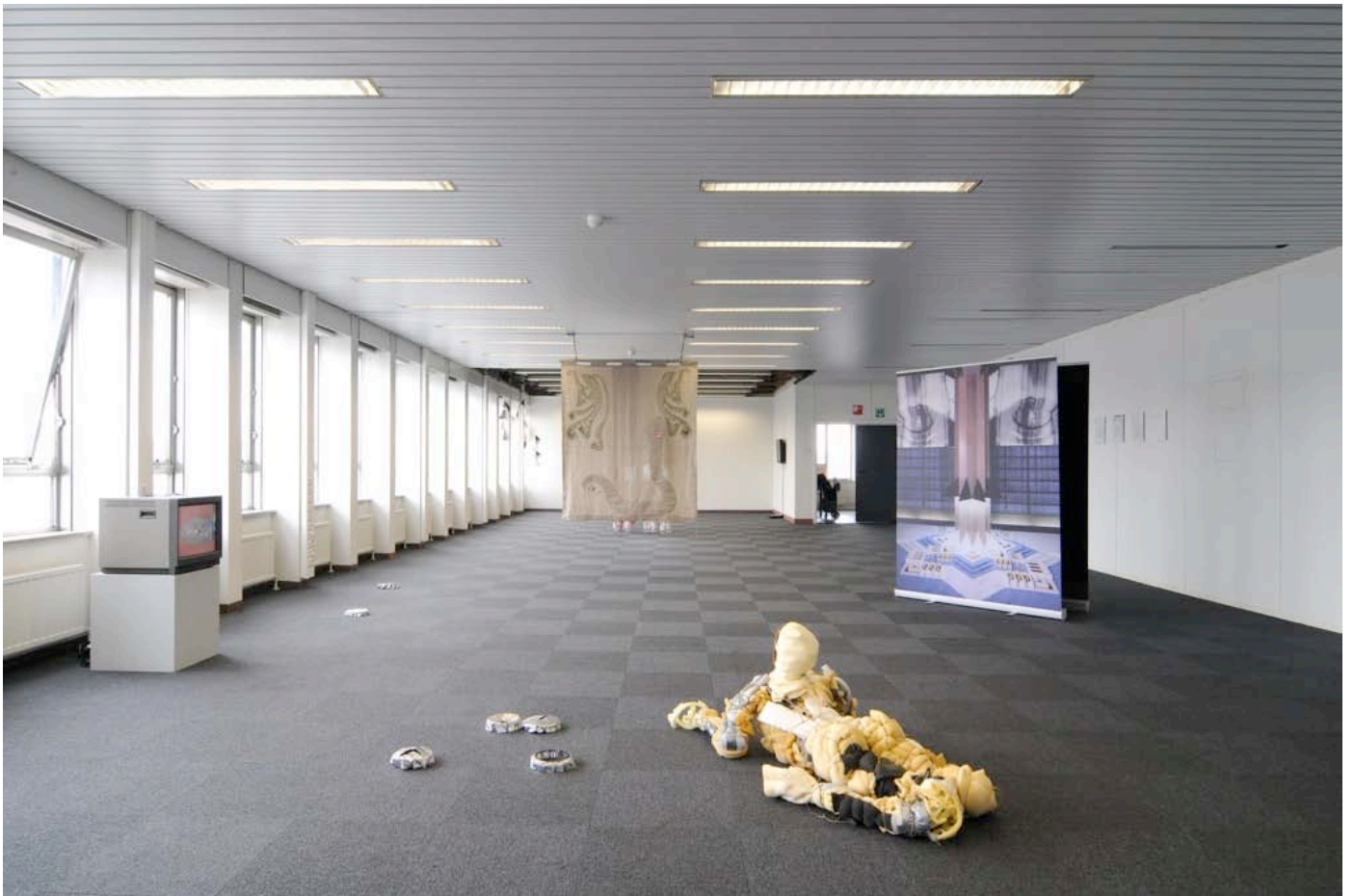


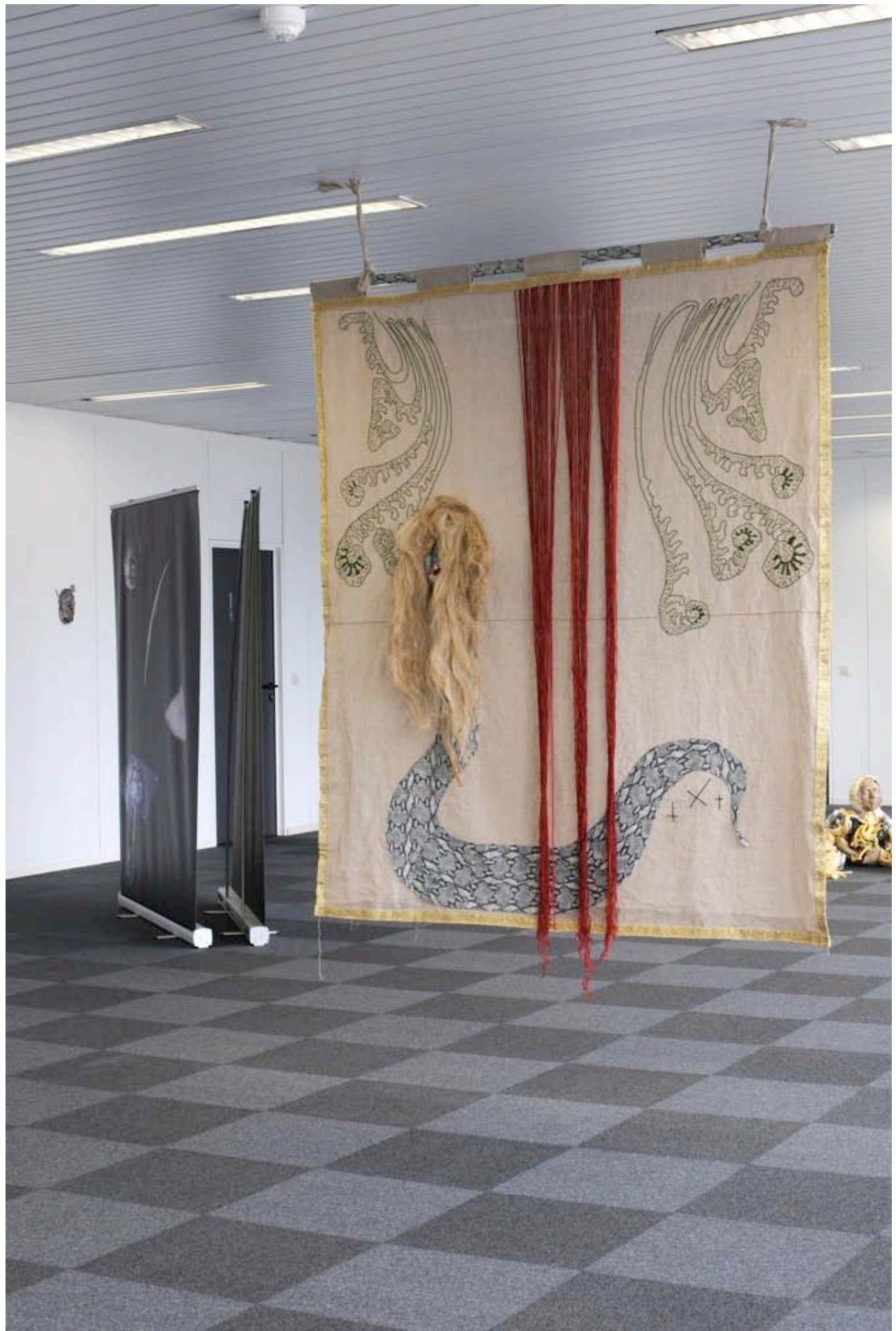


Rachel Koolen, holy pie – angry pie – ghost pie – empty pie – conscious pie
– first pie, 2013



Shelly Nadashi, Medium, 2012

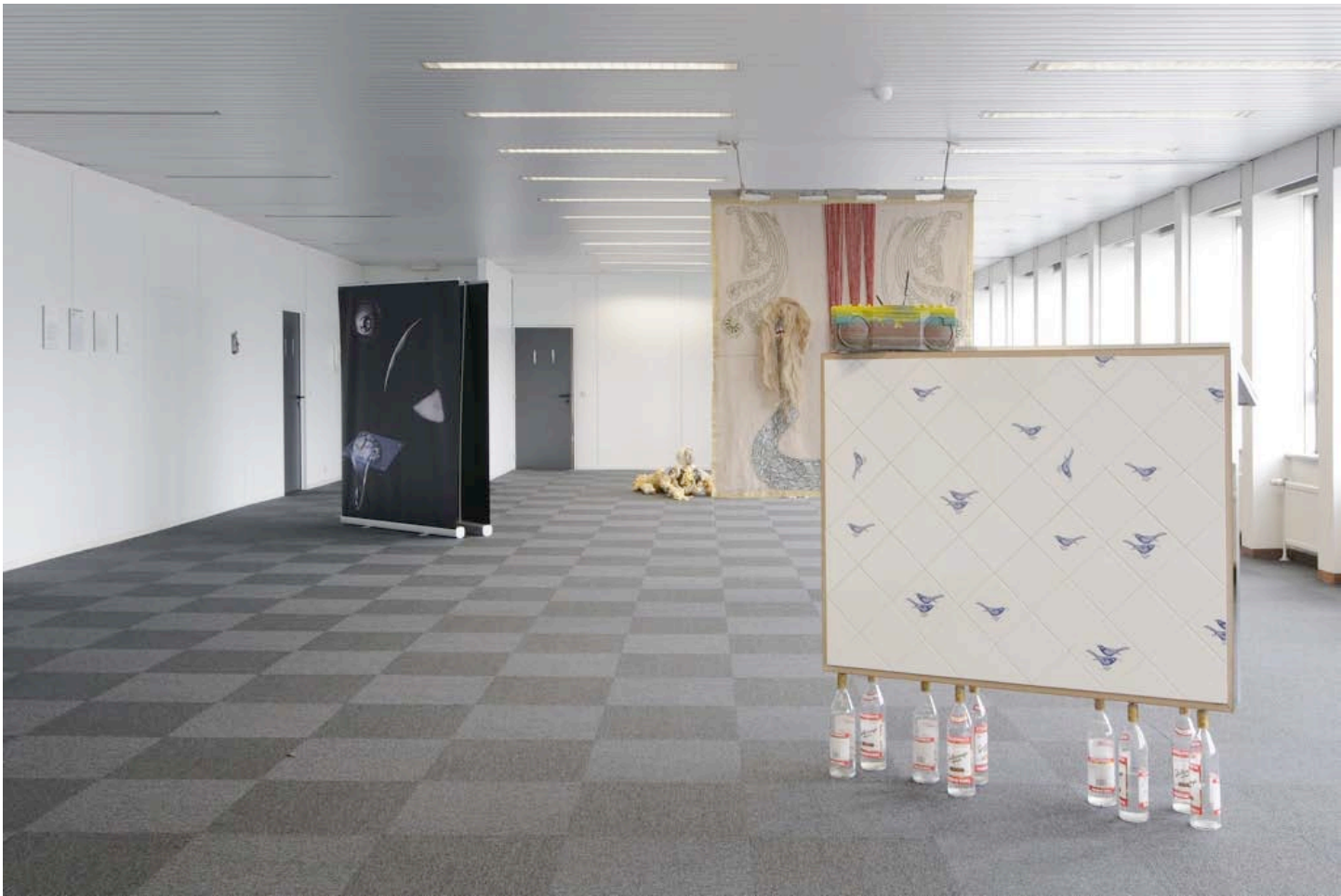






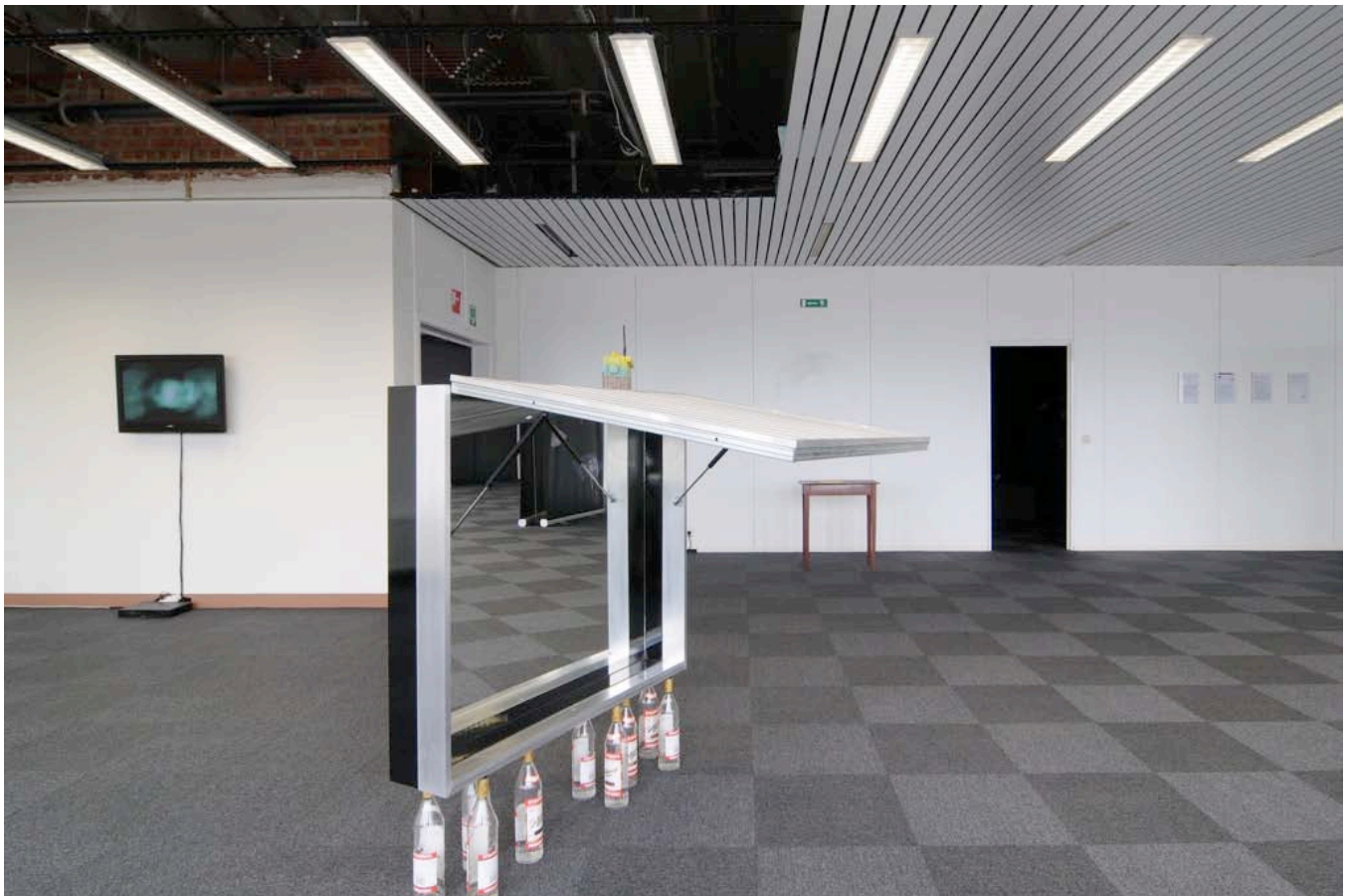
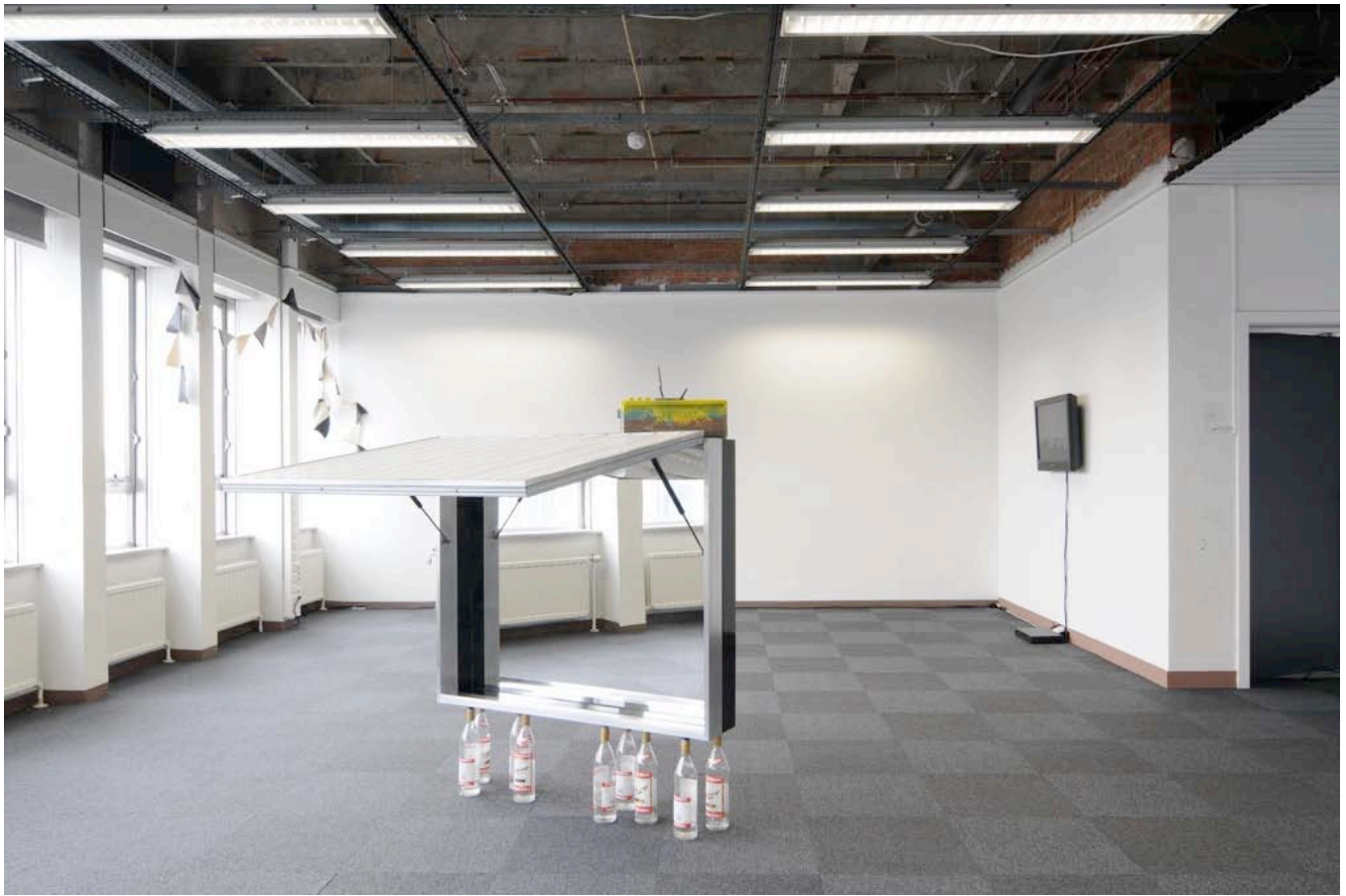


Chris Lecler, Stoly, 2011





Rachel Koolen, Bannière de Fanions, 2013



A LETTER FROM MICHAEL JACKSON TO JOSEPH MERRICK

Cher Joseph,

10/07/08 Los Angeles

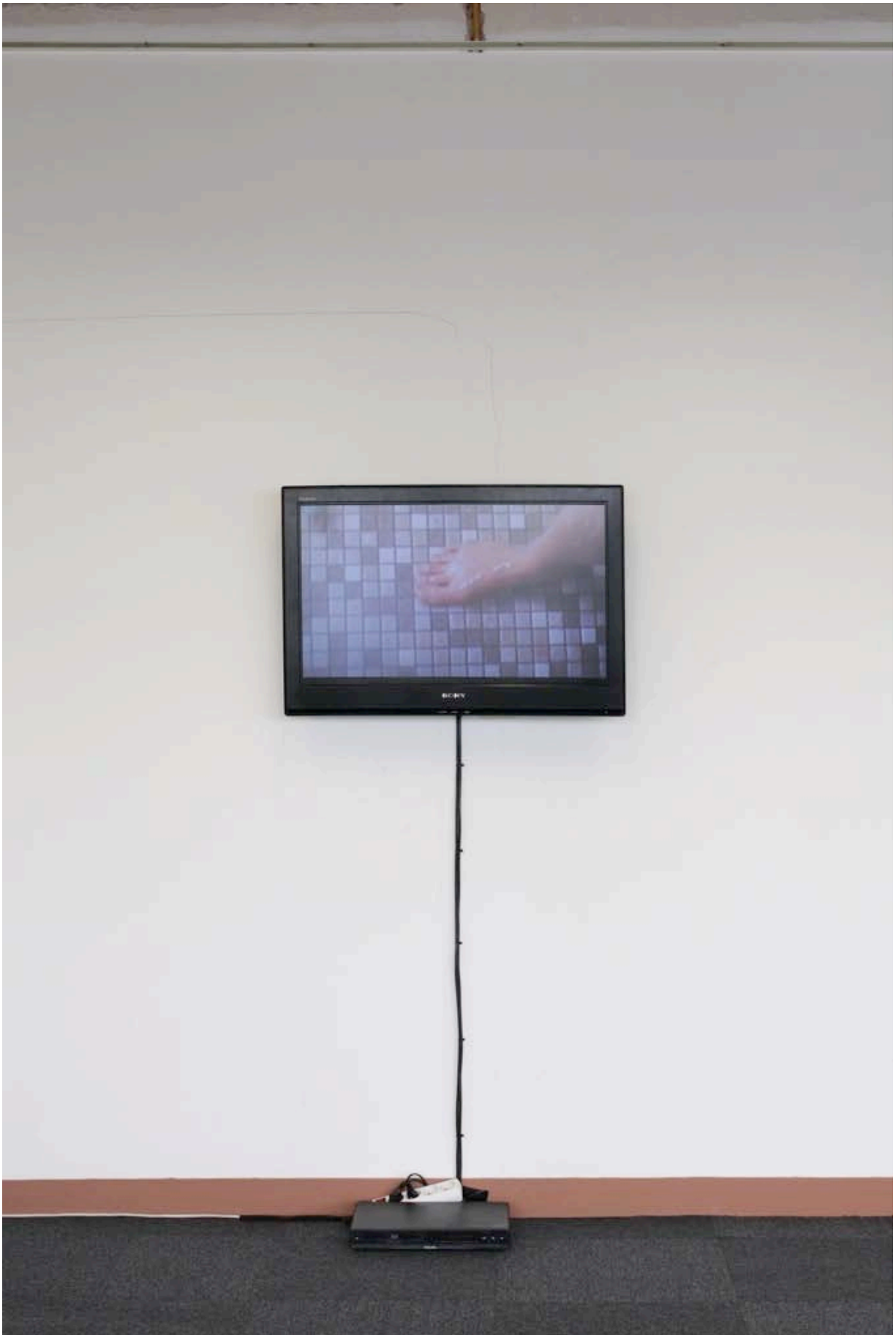
Tu dois penser que c'est curieux de ma part de t'adresser une lettre. Pourtant nous avons plus en commun que ce que tu penses. J'ai bien sûr beaucoup lu sur toi, il paraît que tu construisais de petites cathédrales dans la chambre ? Je pense que l'épave ossature de ma villa te plairait. Mon salon est greffé à ma salle de travail, le studio. Durant toute ma vie, j'ai construit des temples, ils n'ont pas exactement la forme requise. Certains ont la longueur d'un record, la hauteur d'un proche-petit, la forme d'un domoïde. Ils ne respectent pas les règles de symétrie et pourtant habitables. Si j'ai beaucoup d'incertitude à leur sujet, je peux t'assurer au moins d'une chose. Mon cher Joseph, c'est qu'ils sont tout à fait habitables. Si on devait les dessiner, malgré leurs géométries abstraites, outre l'évidance du toit et des fenêtres, on risquerait certainement pas ni la temple, ni une chaise large dans laquelle on puisse s'effondrer généreusement, enfin quelques zigzags pour évoquer la fumée qui s'échappera d'un pot bien chaud. En bref de mon parcours couronné de succès, les petits pots sont restés un de mes plats préférés ! à tort peut-être le poulet frit façon Kentucky qui traité hélas mes convictions végétariennes... Ton squelette est dans l'un de ces temples, entouré de jardins, près des rancs de Neverland. Mais seul peut le rendre viable, les autres ne connaissent pas l'empirisme et je ne compte pas leur dire, pas tant que je n'aie pas repris un peu de souffle pas moi-même.

Je dors comme toi dans un sacson. Son plastique est moche et accueille un corps meux qui n'importe quelle autre pelle. Son souffle oxygéné m'appaise bien que la température ne soit jamais adéquate. J'y dors toujours avec mes lunettes de soleil mais j'ai souvent froid aux pieds. Quand je me lève enfin pour aller mettre mes douchettes, celles-ci, à la place de m'apporter la chaleur bien souvent me refroidissent d'avantage ! Quelle plaie. Que faut-il que je fasse pour me réchauffer enfin, que je baigne ma tête dans un bloc de glace ? Depuis plusieurs mois, j'ai accumulé des documents pour pouvoir acquiescer les ossements. J'ai gardé des dossiers en haut de l'étagère de ma chambre à coucher, parmi d'autres objets comme l'harmonica de mon singe Bubble, sauté et sauté d'un centre de recherche. Épargne-moi les médecins, pitié. Il faut que tu saches qu'il s'agit là d'un fesseur compagnon, une présence en bien des points étonnante.

Les longues balades que je fais le matin, pieds nus sur le sol brûlent des pieds de L. A avec le jeune Mr. Cadeaux, m'appassent. Nous couronnons des yvres, admettons les lignes élancées des formidables roses du Parc de Neverland. Si mon domaine pas moi-même que souvent, je confonds la nuit et le jour. Que faire de cet amour de maux ?

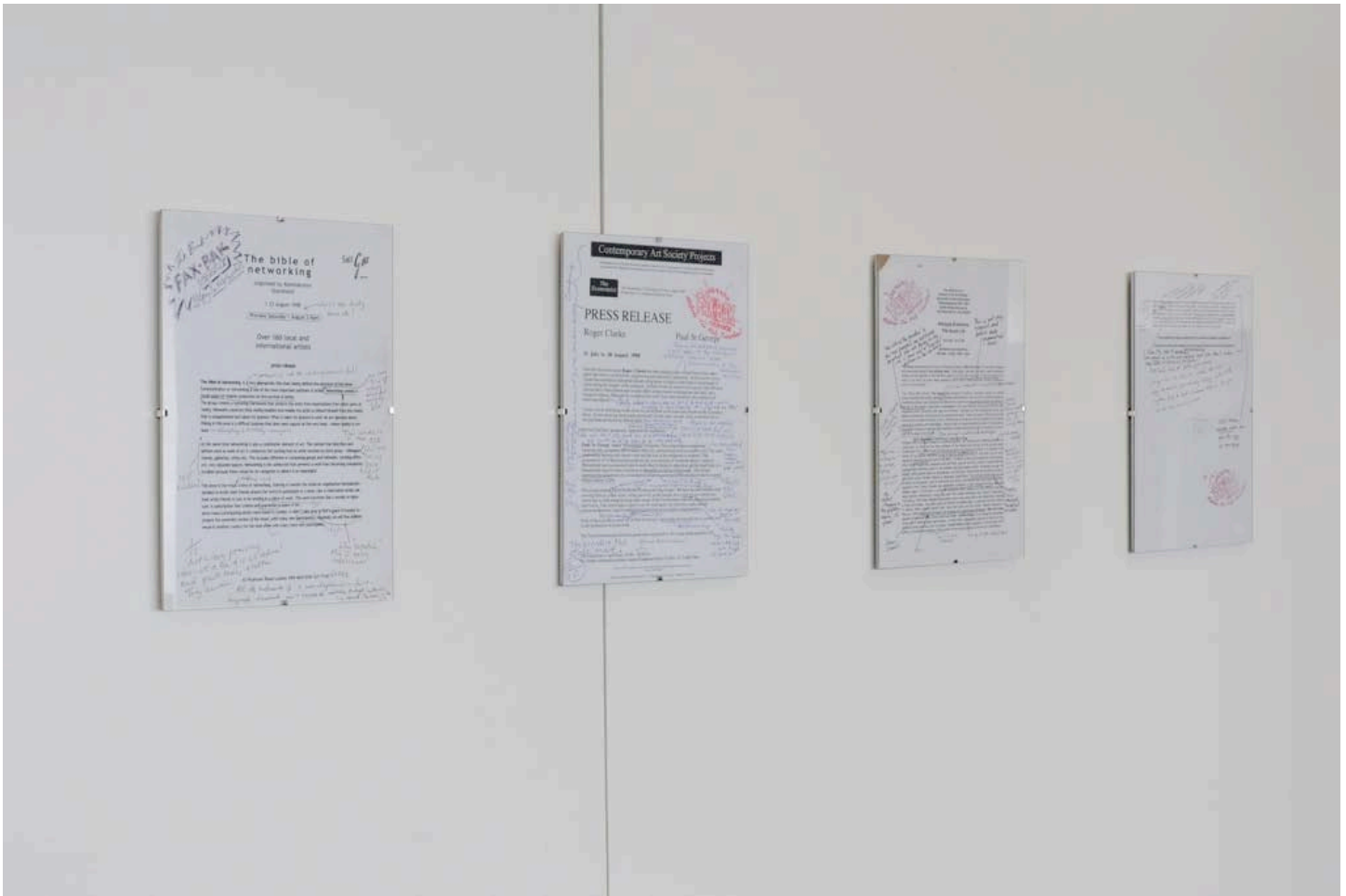
Michael.

Anna Solal, A Letter from Michael Jackson to Joseph Merrick, 2012



James Richards, Not Blacking Out, Just Turning the Lights Off, 2011/12





Bank, Fax-Back (The Bible of Networking at Sali Gia), 1998

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Tel 01902 321541, Fax 322979

Philippe Bradshaw The Good Life

19.10.98 - 13.11.98

exhibition opening times
Monday - Friday 10am - 5pm

'the site of the garden' is
far too pompous an expression
for what you are trying to say
- as is your use of 'binaries'
earlier in the sentence.

This is not very
elegant and
doesn't make
grammatical
sense.

The Good Life presents the work of Philippe Bradshaw 'Mid Life Crisis' in the newly situated and renovated space of the waiting room. Plate glass, concrete, lino and a wood veneered ceiling are the features of this first floor space in a 70's high rise block of the art school. This work is the result of a four week residency and is newly commissioned, marking Philippe's return to solo practice.

The 1970's BBC sitcom, 'The Good Life' situated in Surbiton, suburbia, speaks of middle class moralities and middle aged crisis's. Masculine/feminine, city/country, industrial/pastoral, freedom/constraint, work/leisure, the raw and the cooked are essential structures contested in the site of the garden. Suburban homesteaders, Tom and Barbara Good, grub about in the vegetable patch, wrestling with pigs and chickens, tolerated by their neighbours Gerry and Margot, whose idea of the good life is supermarket ease. Class and sexual difference provide the tensions of nature/culture. Tom is wholesome in cords and woolly handkerchiefs and Felicity saucy in dungarees and wellingtons. Honest clean dirt posed against city smut in the suburbs, stepped in a sense of yearning and morbidity amongst lattices of semis and parades of shops, just off the edge of the city.

Claim now - the word is 'crises'! VERY BAD MISTAKE

Surely 'stepped'
is the word
needed here?

Avoid
banal
80s-speak
phrases -
we're all
richer for them.

BAD GRAMMAR / SENTENCE CONSTRUCTION

Philippe lives in a glass house in a concrete garden. His greenhouse, Rolling Stone is an urban pod, an irony on the cosy comforts of the retreat and secrets of the garden shed. Constructed of a greenhouse of horticultural glass and aluminium frame it is situated in the centre of the gallery, enclosing a set of teching decks spinning on one side and an army regulation sleeping bag laid out on the other. Evidence of every day existence: drying socks, food, men's magazines, cashpoint card and Ritz, records and their covers, compete with the precise clean polished glass of the exterior and rigid techno, which resonates through the gallery, rattling glass panes of greenhouse and windows. 'Excuse me do you fuck as well as you dance' plays Twisted: Wayne G. (featuring: Stuart Who). The artificial constructed sounds of techno in the garden, reek of conformity and control. Clandestine late night clubbing and the delights of the Torture Garden are essentially suburban in their escape to Eden. Mid Life Crisis: copy 1, comprises a curtain of aluminium chain, falling from the ceiling covering a large window overlooking a busy ring road. The curtain recreates Jean Honore Fragonard's The Swing. The image depicts a young lady upon a tree swing with a red velvet seat, wearing a frothy pink dress. Her lover gazes up through her parted legs. A painterly control of nature in chains; blues, greens salmon pink, silver and gold, red and brown makes reference to Rococo, whilst suggesting bondage and struggle in a supernatural landscape. Mid Life Crisis speaks of hysterical fears of lost youth and vitality. Couch Potato, is an elegantly threadbare divan sofa of baile époque reproduction. It holds within its sagging cushions a mound of long sprouted seed potatoes, pink fur apples. Couch Potato quietly suggests, on the far side of the gallery, the waste and decline of time spent on the couch waiting for life which is elsewhere.

This sentence is garbled and meaningless

second clause
omitted

* for this
sentence to
be correct,
replace
'posed' with
'poses.'

* And in
place of
No more
dad-dad-dad-
dad-type
'art' for
Christ's
sake!

An
artist
sleeping in
the gallery -
again! Oh
Good!

Simplistic
O level
standard
theoretical
Mistake

Jesus
Christ!

how does time
'decline'?

no apostrophe needed here

Err...

Contemporary Art Society Projects

Contemporary Art Society Projects Limited is owned by the Contemporary Art Society which was founded to promote the collecting of contemporary art and to acquire works by living artists for gift to art museums

The Economist

The Economist, 25 St James's Street, London SW1
Programme Co-ordinator Katharine Stout

PRESS RELEASE

Roger Clarke

Paul St George

31 July to 30 August 1998

Over the last seven years **Roger Clarke** has been making rigid, refined forms from sheet metal that refer to architecture, engineering and industrial components. In the last two years, Clarke has introduced industrial colours using strips of plastic coated steel to form bands of colour along the lengths of the sculpture. In these works he explores the reaction that different colours have when placed next to each other, using unusual combinations that unify into a complete object. Although the sculptures are made from sheet materials, they appear to be solid cast objects.

Clarke will be exhibiting works from this series both in the foyer and outside on the Economist plaza. A new piece has been made specifically for the space outside, using a material which has just been produced by British Steel.

British Steel have generously supported this exhibition.

Paul St George makes "Minumental" Sculptures. This project takes monumental contemporary sculptures and re-makes them on a personal and more accessible scale. The usual relationship between the viewer's size and the size of the sculptures is reversed. This presentation of 10 Minumental sculptures gives a summary of twentieth century sculpture. Minumental and monumental refer to each other by being in opposition and the small scale of a Minumental exposes some sculptures as dependent on being monumental. This project questions the uniqueness of a monumental sculpture, since each Minumental is one of a signed limited edition of 250.

The second project, **TRACKORAMA** looks at moving images. We have become familiar with viewing films in a dark room, sitting passively as the images move past us. In contrast the viewer has to walk along the long static image of the Trackorama to see the changing locations and events. The viewer takes control over the time spent, the links they make and the transitions between visual events, actively building up a complex visual narrative.

Both of these projects come out of Paul St George's philosophical research into a viewer's role in the production of an art work.

The Trackorama project has been generously supported by No Limits, Reprographics Ltd

The exhibition is open daily 10.00 - 20.00 hrs

For further information please contact Katharine Stout: Tel/Fax 0171 628 7560

Form of the Contemporary Art Society Ltd (Private Company) The Bank, London SW1
0171 628 7560

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THE BANK
FANBAK
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You Help Yourself!

This is an awkward pairing
'rigid' refers to the structure
whereas 'refined' refers
(presumably) to the
aesthetics involved

Totally confused - clearly they are part of the same object - you're
confusing a visual disparity with a physical one BAD!

There is an implied
criticism here but you
need to be more explicit
and should be at the bottom of the whole sheet really.

ie. does model of
them -
'model-
monumental'
might be a
better phrase

This is
VERY
Weak.

how do images move
past us?
UNCLEAR.

embarrassing
Nobody
buys this 'active
viewer' shit any
more. Forget
all about it.

Confusing
Very clever play
on the word 'model'
But to be confused with these sort of jokes, they open yourself
up to criticism

Try to involve the
reader more.

2/10

3 strikes
and you're out

owners
surely

too glamorous a
word - they're very
explainable indeed,
usually (see papers)

Can anything be
like real neighbourhood
watch?

Rife with inexplicable domestic crimes and neighbourhood watch, 'chucking out the chinz' and mid life crisis's, suburbia is home to the garden. An industry of suburban commuters, home own, watch 'changing rooms' and garden, whilst middle England protest the right to party, environmental politics and self sufficiency. Fondness for gardening is a quintessentially English quality: paradise regained, the Arcadian ideal, the rose tint of the pastoral. The garden is an environmental icon of Parochialism and nostalgia, where taste marks out class. The Good Life articulates Mid Life Crisis and the conflicts of survival and decay.

This exhibition is kindly supported by CIC Screens and Stepan Tertsakian Ltd

Trains from London leave Euston at 45 mins past the hour and cost £16 purchased by

6pm the previous day.

I know the type of sentences
you want to write but watch out you don't switch
over into inadvertent pastiche.

Not bad stabs at poetic prose release
writing - but cut down the clichés. Also don't
rely too much on your dandyish dodgy spell checker
system. Ring the Bank's Grammar Helpline when you
do the next one, if you want.

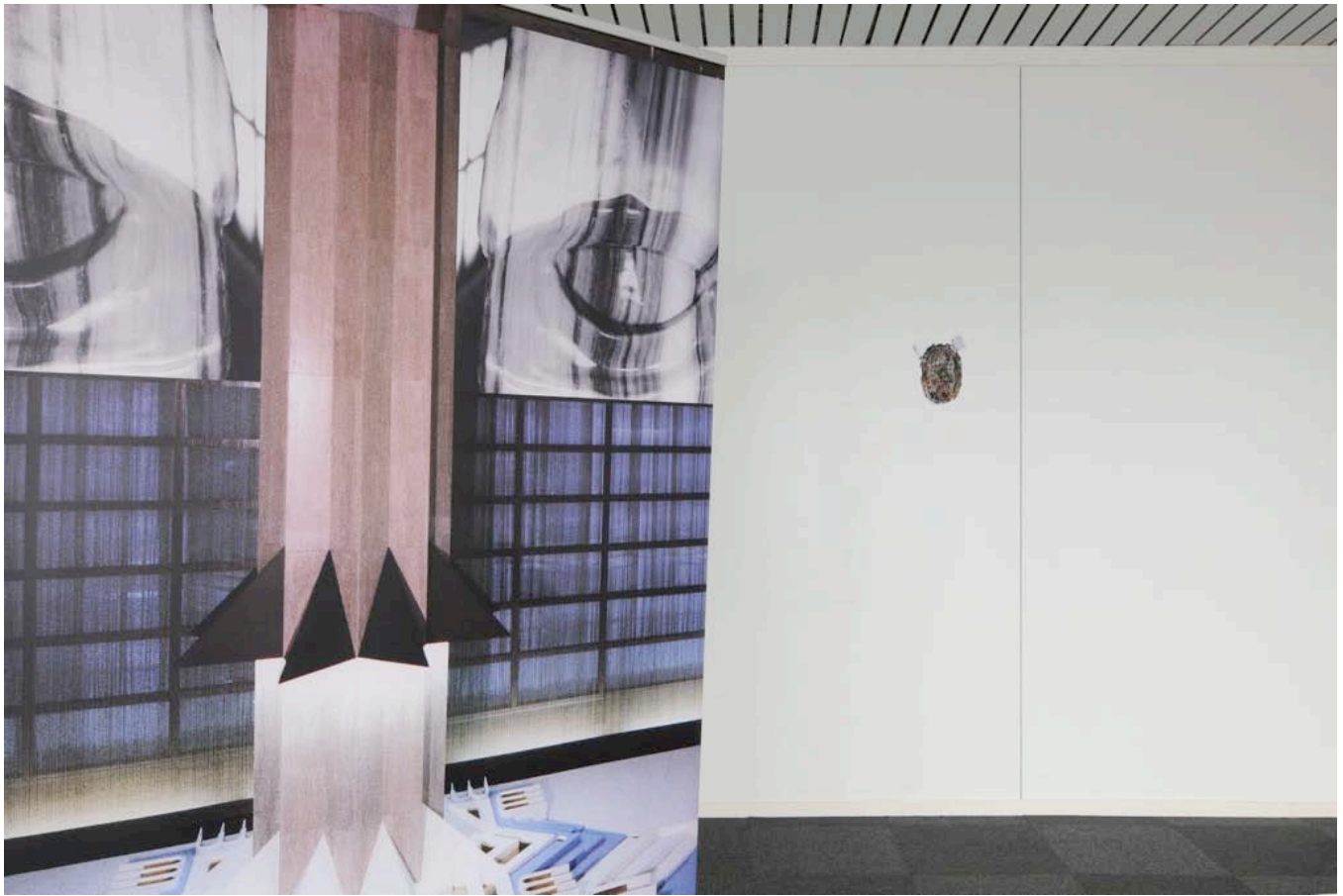
.2
10

Next time -
Make sure you
get this ALL
on one page.





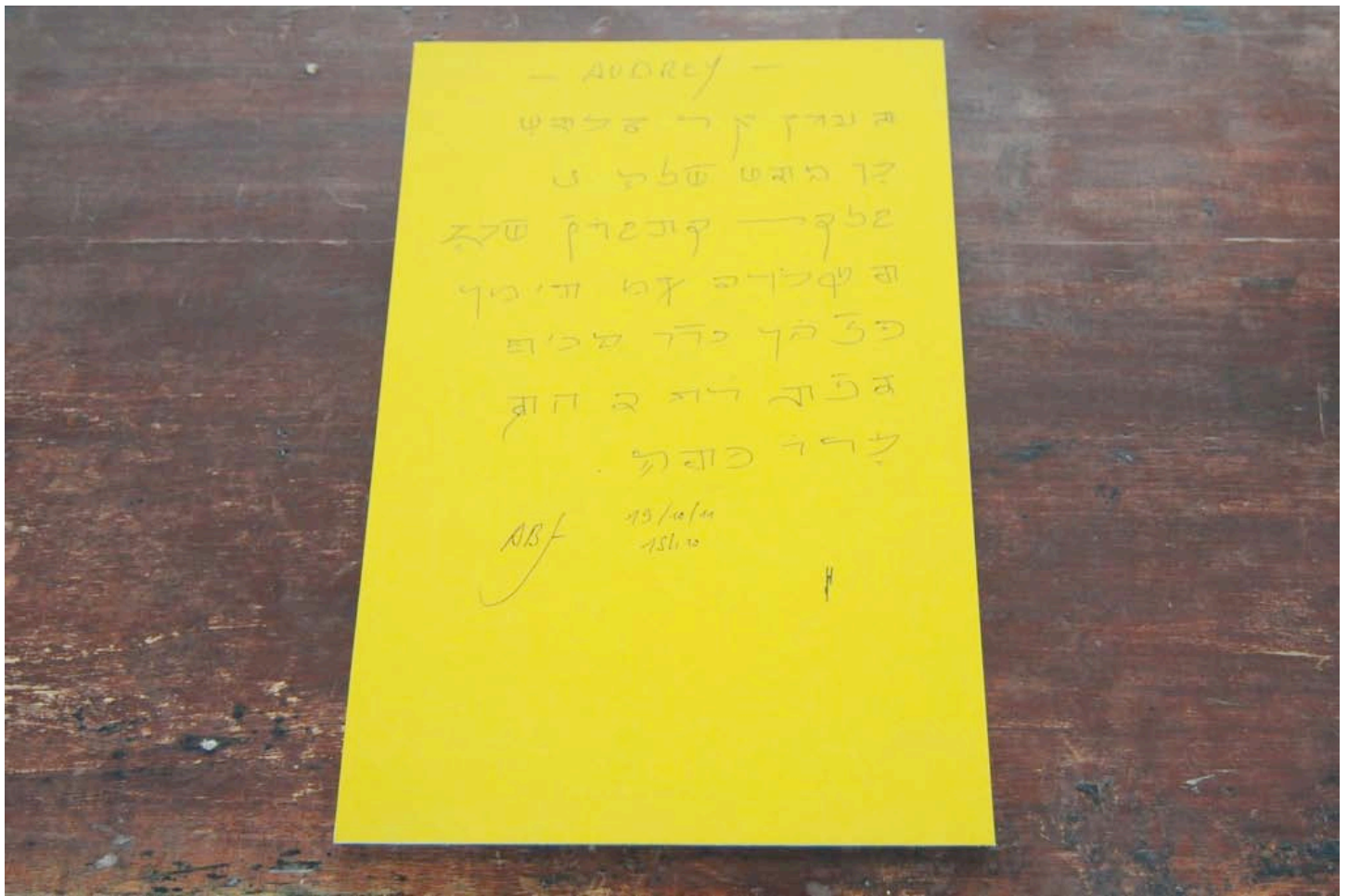
Lucile Desamory, La Nuit de la Saint-Jean, 2010



Rachel Koolen, Interface, 2013



Audrey Cottin, La Lettre Anonyme, 2013



Audrey Cottin, La Lettre Anonyme, 2013



Nathaniel Mellors, Seven Ages of Britain Teaser, 2010



Jos de Gruyter & Harald Thys, *The Deserter*, 1997



Rachel Koolen, Rough Neck, 2013



Rachel Koolen, Rough Neck, 2013