





I have the great pleasure to introduce the Plates from *Magazine: 2012*.

Wilkin's almost monochrome quality is offset by the vibrancy and detail in Jaine's work. In selecting these pictures, of what was a very exciting and demanding exhibition, Wilkins and Jaine have left anyone who did not see the show wishing they had. The contrasts in their work - but also the similarities - have been beautifully brought together in a selection of their most important pieces.

The works stand as well as photographic images as they do exhibition pieces, which ties in with their reference to books, the written word and disseminated information.

Holding the exhibition in a Building which was previously known as The Magazine also completes the circle. But do these pages show us that the validity of the gallery-based exhibition is the only way to view art? Jaine and Wilkins have used the gallery, the catalogue and finally the internet to allow as many people as possible to view their work. All these strategies are evidenced in their work, anticipating an on-going critic of the institution and an artificiality of the Gallery. Jaine's references to Jean Baudrillard, Wilkins' slide from a film, and a conversation without Seth Seigelaub are all works that cannot be viewed in a catalogue and ask us to respond to the idea that we are seeing in this catalogue a new exhibition. The catalogue becomes the means to inform in a different way from the rhetoric of the gallery.



Ecdysis, Caroline Jaine & Janice Wilkins, 2012

In this piece Wilkins has used the pear shape in reference to the 'pear shape' of women. The pear has been dipped into Latex and allowed to rot. This represents the ageing process. The 'suit'; the latex coat signifies the outer skin that women are meant to maintain. Trying to look forever young. The suit has collapsed as the pear has rotted, it covers the ageing insides trying to mask the reality. In doing this Wilkins asks us to question society's obsession with eternal youth. Inside, you are your age. The suit is more acceptable than the rotting flesh and still maintains some of its integrity. The pear has lost its youthful shape, it has become soft and saggy, much as an ageing body. If we think about the media and its constant portrayal of women only being acceptable and beautiful when they are young and thin, the pear makes us consider who we are fooling. No amount of exercise or plastic surgery can erase time. They are masks and damaging messages to send to women. The pear is placed on a chair. This is a reference to Emmeline Pankhurst who died sitting up in a hard backed chair. Since her death the women's movement has never been as united in one fight. A fight that cut across class and education. The collapsing pear and the collapse of a unified cause, coated in an acceptable and masking skin.



Jaine's interest in the political portrait and use of the human face in propaganda extends to the act of defacement and stems from her time in Iraq in 2006, when she developed an awareness of the systematic destruction of images of Saddam Hussein. Jaine's approach references the work of anthropologist, Michael Taussig, and his claim that defacement can be likened to enlightenment, and works on objects the way jokes work on language, bringing out their inherent magic.

Although defacement can involve concealing or obscuring a face, Taussig's notion that defacement brings insides outside, unearthing knowledge, and revealing mystery is of relevance to Jaine. After her appropriation of a savagely wrecked portrait of Gaddafi from Libya in 2011 – prior to his death Jaine attempted to reconstruct a defacement. In the same year, Jaine sourced prominent PR or propaganda portraits from the internet, and prepared them for a workshop with a group of artists. Her intention was to unearth any creativity generated by the destruction. Supplying the tools of defacement, Jaine asked a group of artists to deface those "most hated". She also took part herself.

Jaine has captured both the energy of anger and the wounds of mockery in her work, *Hoarding*, which is ultimately presented on a commercial advertising banner, poised to be hoisted and used as a mechanism for influencing the populace. The words she has used are transcribed glimpses of the defacement exercise. Perhaps because of Jaine's history of working in both the advertising industry and the world of government spin-doctoring, she blurs the boundaries of propaganda and advertising in yet another reference to her favoured French commentator, Jean Baudrillard, who says the two fuse "in the same marketing and merchandising of objects and ideologies" (Simulations 1983).



TURN HIM INTO
A LANTERN



SORT OF PRICK
LAUGHING CAVALIER
DEVIL



PUSH THE BIT RIGHT
INTO HER EYE



I WANT TO DO
MORE STABBING



SCREW IT UP



MAKE HIM EAT
HIS EYE



RUIN THEM ALL



HAVE THAT
POWER TO CUT
THEIR EYES OFF



I Want to Do More Stabbing, Caroline Jaïne, 2012



Push The Bit Right Into Her Eye, Caroline Jaïne, 2012



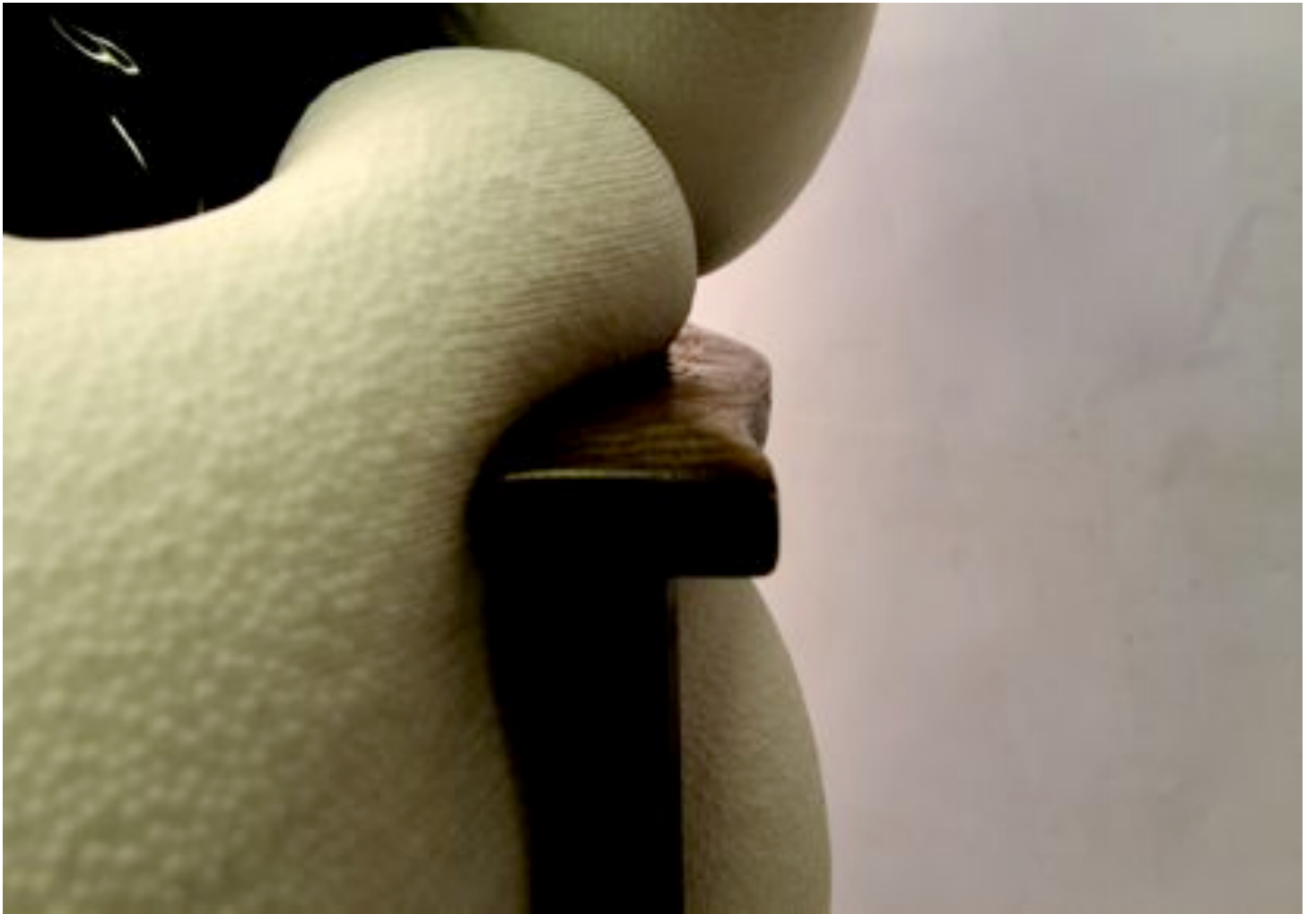
Screw It Up, Caroline Jaine, 2012

In this piece Wilkins has taken the inside of a bean bag and forced it into a corset. The corset forces the insides to spill over, whilst still being contained in their outer skin. She has placed the 'Woman' on a chair. The oozing contents resemble fat, as it folds itself around the chair. Fat is a feminist issue? She questions the perfect body shape. At first the 'Woman' can be viewed as repulsive, flabby imbedded on to the chair. When we look closer we are drawn to the beautiful curves of the 'flesh'. The roundness and softness of the body and it becomes an aesthetically beautiful object.

She questions the idea of the perfect shape. The idea that women's lives would be so much better if they could drop twenty pounds. They would become more successful, attractive and happier. When we see fat, we pity it, the lack of self control, its ugliness , its non conformity.

She is pushing us to question society's idea of the perfect body, one shape, one size, silicon-breasted Barbie dolls. How women - real women - should look, the universal shape and how we are seen to fail when we cannot obtain it.

Is this pursuit for the perfect figure another quest for universality, something women can have in common? Diet clubs, Weight watchers clubs, exercise clubs, places where women can be together with one aim? The fight for the perfect figure. Wilkins wants us to ask why women spend so much time, dieting, shopping, forcing themselves into pursuits of the unobtainable that only ultimately satisfy the viewer.



Doris, Janice Wilkins, 2012



Doris, Janice Wilkins, 2012



Doris, Janice Wilkins, 2012

In these pieces, Wilkins has painted Catwoman masks on iconic faces. She is trying to show the 'oneness' of all women, the universality of their sex. These women all had lives, partners, children, cooking, washing, cleaning and the sameness of the female body and its biology. She wants us to see the similarities between women, not the differences. The pain of child-birth, the working woman's dilemma and guilt, the woman who chooses to remain childless. The pressure to 'be' a woman changes from generation to generation, women divide themselves into groups, stay-at-home mothers, working mothers, childless women, career women, the educated and the uneducated. Wilkins, in painting the masks on these faces, isn't hiding these women but bringing them together in a show of unity. One Woman. A metaphor for universality.



Clowder, Janice Wilkins, 2012

Jaine responds to what she considers a diminishment of media-built comic-book dictators of the Middle East and north Africa in a substantial body of work she calls *Iconoclasm Two Point Zero*. With an acknowledgement that iconoclasm has existed for centuries, Jaine looks at what makes the act of defacing a political portrait different in current times. “Two point zero” references a new age of web technologies (2.0) that are user-centered and participatory in nature.

In 2011 Jaine attempted to recreate traditional, overbearing political portraits from anonymous revolutionaries sourced via the internet, but abandoned the idea in favour of a method that did not use the same language as the propaganda-ists.

In *Iconoclasm Two Point Zero: Playing* Jaine demonstrates her own form of defacement that anonymises the subject – but in turn suggests a power in anonymity. Taking 254 individuals sourced from the internet, Jaine forms a pack of 52 playing cards. Her interest in Clay Shirky’s work and altermondialism are apparent, however the networked community of cards is not entirely positive – a sinister lone wolf terrorist lurks (Jack of Spades) alongside Freemasons (Five of Clubs) and poker addicts (Queen of Clubs).

Jaine’s interest in the rising influence of the individual is a common theme in her work, as is the colour green. Many have misinterpreted Jaine’s use of green as either referencing Gaddafi’s Libyan flag or the religion of Islam. Whilst Jaine might have a fascination for both, the carefully selected shade of green that re-occurs in Jaine’s work is the colour used by television and film to generate media illusions – or chromakey. Jaine’s use of chromakey provides an empty narrative, there for the connected individual to embellish. Installation work includes actual chromakey fabric, some salvaged from TV studios. In her playing cards – each figure has been carefully chromakeyed out – in a reversal of the usual media technique of using chromakey for the background.



Playing, Caroline Jaine 2012

Jaine appears as a Joker in the pack – a carefully painted portrait from a photograph in Iraq in 2006 – a dark period of her life she has written and often spoken of. An image of Julian Assange’s arrest provides the other Joker. Although Jaine and Assange are recognisable, the majority of the pack remain anonymous to the viewer – all chosen for a reason – for the strength they find in connecting with others. This is in stark contrast to political leaders who feel the need to promote their faces to achieve power – the power of networked individuals can often be in their anonymity.

Jaine’s passion for the work of John Baldessari is also apparent in her single-coloured defacements. Baldessari less defaced, and more obscured faces with a notion of erasing individuality and transforming a specific person into an obscure object. Jaine’s work takes this further and asks whether the strength in individuality can be heightened by the concealment of an identity.

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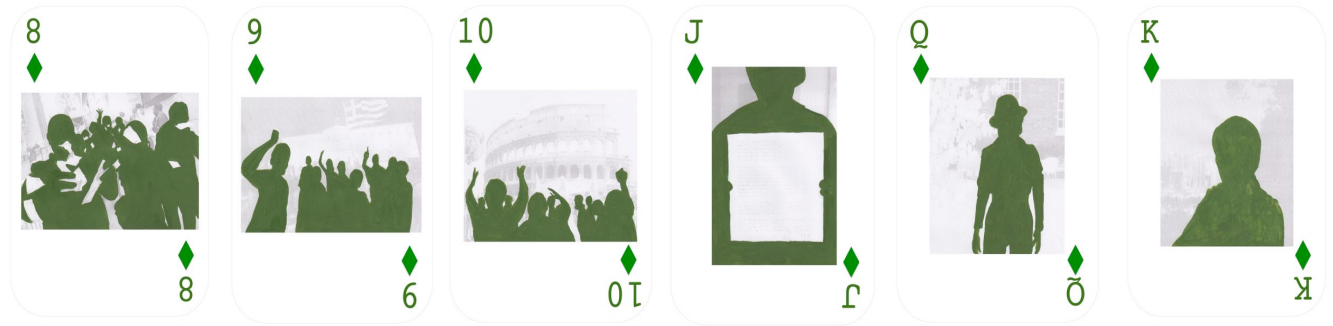
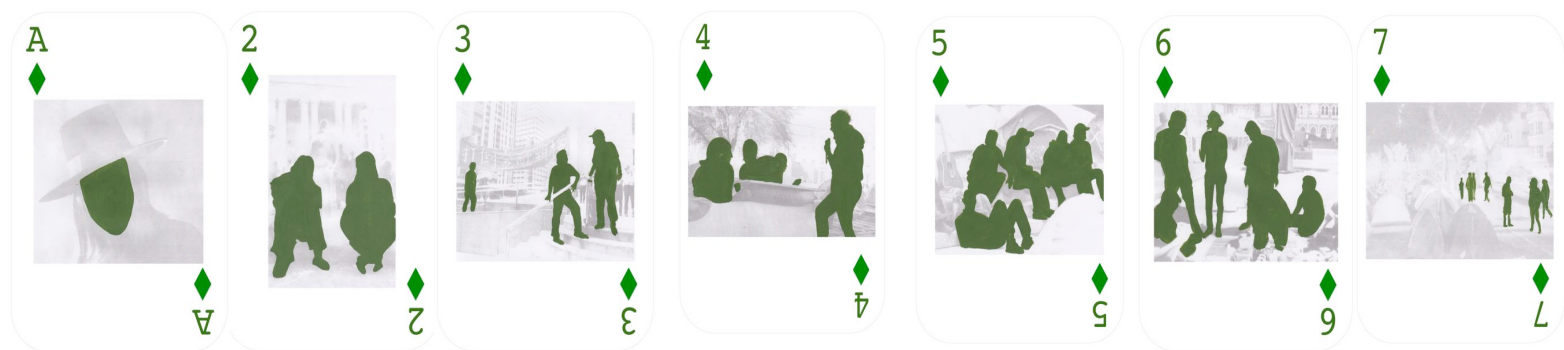
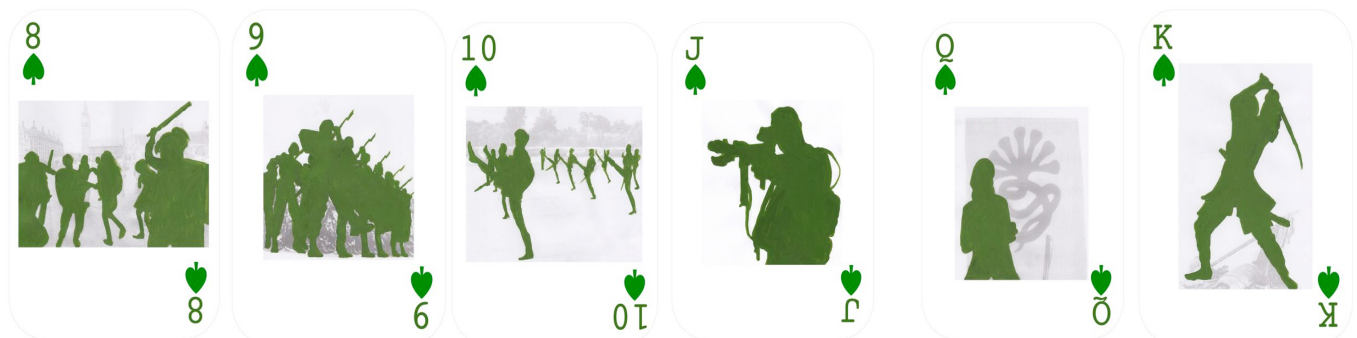
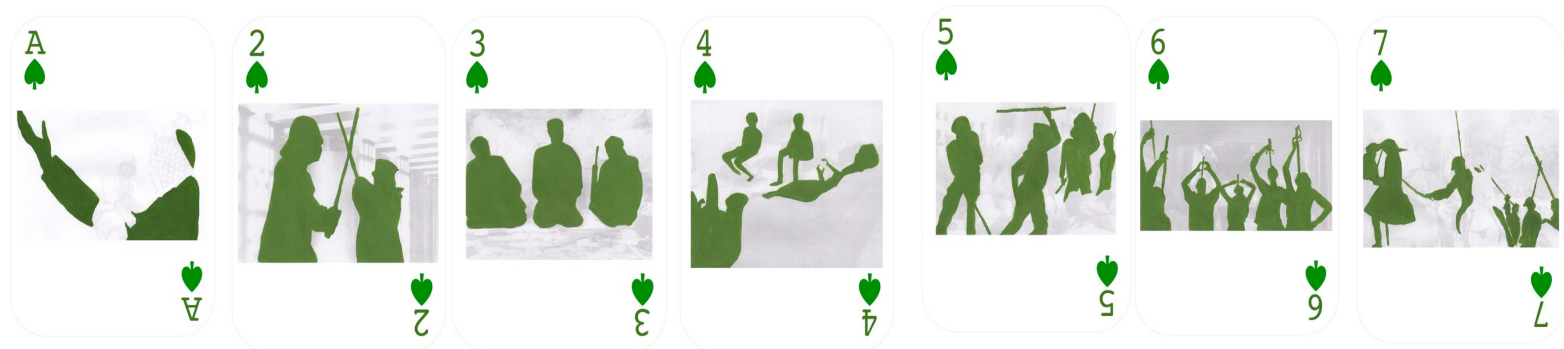


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Nightwork is a short film showing an almost motionless figure of Catwoman. The soundtrack uses the voices of mature women discussing their experiences of work and their deteriorating physical ability.



Still from Nightwork, Janice Wilkins 2012

Jaine's sound pieces, transcribed on the following pages, are based on live interviews and happenings with defacers and those who have witnessed defacement of political figures. She draws on her fascination for creativity that is released through the mystery of the art of destruction

QURAT

[inaudible]
[beep]
[beep]
hello
there are two sides to the picture
[inaudible]
the good and the bad
[inaudible]
the bad picture
[inaudible]
the bad picture
[inaudible]
always been conditioned
[inaudible]
you are basically living in a state of suppression
[inaudible]
looking us up and down
[inaudible]
air of suppression
[inaudible]
you can't go out
[inaudible]
defacing in the newspapers
[inaudible]
it does sort of help you relieve that tension
[inaudible]
Musharraf is a bad person
[inaudible]
Can't do much because there is army swarming
[inaudible]
I'm talking about the time
[inaudible]
putting judiciary
[inaudible]
defacement
[inaudible]
in homes
[inaudible]
a time when I thought Musharraf is good for the country
[inaudible]
in the beginning
[inaudible]
Musharraf was a good idea
[inaudible]
those Saddam statues or something...we don't have those in Pakistan
[inaudible]
he didn't make himself as King
[inaudible]
need a change
[inaudible]
done it once he can do it again
[inaudible]
had his chance
[inaudible]

BEN

um...I have a fetish for dictatorships

we always had a shadow of China
we in Hong Kong wondered if
we all kind of sat there and
we were shit scared
yeah so we just worried about China being brutal

I always used to see portraits of Deng Xiaoping
and there was this little man in his 70s
extremely powerful
crossing his legs
meeting dignitaries
he was such a small guy
how does he how can he
be so brutal?

Mao Mao Mao
and very cheeky
very pink rosy cheeks looking very happy working in farms singing and wearing army uniform
that was the start of my fascination

I only started acquiring them properly when I first came to Cairo
I saw this incredible photo portrait of Anwar Sadat
that was a portrait of him in full military regalia
looking kinda 45 degree angle
I thought ok I will buy this

so I was aware of this posters of revered leaders everywhere
both Ayatollahs in Iran
Ataturk virtually everywhere in Turkey except for the Kurdish parts
It really accelerated my kinda fascination
there was Ben Ali everywhere
I saw his photo every street corner
big banners along the main avenue
newspaper stands
taxis
however small the picture you will see him
somewhere

I wanted to get some pictures for myself posters to keep and I went to a place called Bizerte it was the local branch of
the ruling party
and it was a Saturday afternoon three o'clock four o'clock
I said I would like some posters of your great leader Ben Ali
the youths grabbed me aside and said you wait here we will get back to you
executive officer of the branch greeted me it was his opportunity to
give me the posters give me the flags give me some scarves that Ben Ali loves wearing

colours are red and mauve I have still got them and I will never give them away

then he started taking pictures of me with some activists inside the office
outside the whole building emptied out and took a picture with me
this is the fun part my favourite part
it was to go on Facebook

I started looking for Mubarak posters
extremely rare in downtown Cairo there were only three three I can think of three posters of him
ok this guy is not as egotistical as the Ayatollahs or Ben Ali or subsequently I discovered King Abdullah of Jordan or
Assad
those five
Gaddafi Assad Ataturk are proper leaders in terms of exploiting their images
don't forget the Ayatollahs

the process was extremely difficult
no posters no official posters nothing
he's a dictator been here for thirty years
I never succeeded until I asked around and looked around
in public buildings you are not supposed to take them down
I started discovering pictures of him in poorer districts, baladies, local markets
very bad places
very cheap vegetables

two days before the uprising I bought a framed Mubarak picture from the 1980s and it cost one pound fifty

so I got two of them

from then onwards
Mubarak posters were only used in two ways
one for people protesting defacing his photo
putting them up to take them down

which upset me a little bit

the other printing them out handing them out - counter revolutionaries
suddenly I got posters that people couldn't wait to get rid of after the uprising

nostalgia is a very important thing for me

I saw people tearing down posters in not just Cairo but in Port Said and Alexandria

what a shame

I went straight to the supporters who had been bussed in
I bundled it into my bag straight away

I've got one in my flat in London now

the only thing I found when I went to Libya was a Gaddafi mat

I didn't really have the courage to just take it

One thing I am gagging to have is a bust of Deng Xiaoping
no no I'm not swapping them - Ben Ali are too precious
Your Biden is not good enough

I have Assad Fridge magnets – one of his wife
I keep them all in a safe place
or bust

if you see a Benazir Bhutto get it

I like a good assassination

ROB

[CROWD SOUNDS]

by the time I got to Benghazi any official pictures were gone
a few days afterwards it had disappeared
there were graffiti artists

[MENS VOICES SHOUTING IN ARABIC]

a portrait being used as a doormat
on an entrance to one of the buildings
that was being used by the rebels

[CROWD SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND]

it looked like a wall hanging
it was er...it was kind of...er...fabric of some kind
people were joking as they walking in
with security

trampling across his face

[ROAR OF CROWD AS MUBARAK IMAGE IS TORN DOWN]

Gaddafi in his military uniform in his peaked cap
he would have probably been in his 30s
pretty much intact but dusty and dirty
it was kinda matter of fact

I made a point of laughing at it

it had been there for a while and people had got rather blasé
it was a daily part of the abuse they were heaping on him

[CROWD SOUNDS]

and at that stage it wasn't that big a deal
it wasn't muddy, it was dusty
a hot dry climate
all the boots that had tramped across it had
had left a film of dust on it
it was getting dirtier every day

six weeks into the uprising and there wasn't another portrait of Gaddafi to be seen in the entire city

ARTISTS IN CAMBRIDGE

I want Maggie too can we do it together
[SCRATCHING SOUND]
hate his mouth
I'll have Blair
someone took a baseball bat to the statue of Thatcher
[SCRATCHING SOUND]
[SCRIBBLING SOUND]
there are scissors as well and a knife
[FRANTIC SCRATCHING]
[PAPER CRUMPLING]
[SCRATCHING SOUND SLOWING DOWN]
oh it's lovely
I want to do more stabbing
[BANGING SOUND]
push the bit that came out into her eye
[LAUGHTER]
[INAUDIBLE] to pieces
[FRANTIC SCRATCHING]
how you spell bimbo
turn him into a lantern
[SCRATCHING SOUND]
[PAPER CRUMPLING]
I hate her
cut their eyes off
going to make him eat his own eye
[TAPE SOUND]
cut this one
sort of prick laughing cavalier devil
[BANGING SOUND]
can't do this in front of people
this is our autonomy we can do whatever we want
[FRANTIC SCRATCHING]
I don't feel anything for him...is that worse

Wilkins has taken the 'Bag for Life' caption used by many supermarkets and exploited its meaning. Women are called 'old bags'. Shopping becomes a life long task. Shopping is usually associated with women and enjoyment. She wants us to question the idea of women relentlessly shopping, searching for the next fashion item, the perfect shoe or must have ingredient from Nigella. Why are women's lives so tied to shopping? The relentless advertising, the force feeding of acceptable body types and this idea that women will want and must 'have'. Consuming in the pursuit of happiness, buying into woman-hood. She wants us to step back and question what we are buying and why. Do women feel 'as one' when they shop? Is this the new universality? The thing that binds them together? A collective need? The women's movement into shopping centres. Wilkins wants us to question the time and energy we spend, spending.

In using the Catsuit as a basis for the piece it becomes a metaphor for the freedom that the suit gave to Catwoman, but a freedom that cost her more. She became a shallow sex symbol, with a cartoon body, exploited and used by the men around her.

The 'bag' is full of shopping. The top of the bag is laced, referencing the lacing of the corset, a garment used to give women the ideal and sexually alluring shape. The small waist, child bearing hips and an ample bosom. Tins of food can be seen forcing themselves out of the restraints of the material. The suit is the shape of the ideal woman, but by cramming items into it, it becomes distorted, bulky and heavy, unattractive. It no longer has the perfect form. The contents are pushing out through the suit but there is no way in or out. It is sealed. It is the skin you are born with, the one given to you by society. In only having one handle Wilkins wants us to feel the impossibility of carrying this weight. The bag is positioned on a chair, the symbol of universal suffrage or a universal burden.



Bag for Life, Janice Wilkins, 2012



Bag for Life, Janice Wilkins, 2012



Bag for Life, Janice Wilkins, 2012

In the summer of 2011 Caroline Jaine asked three British news journalists assigned to cover the revolution in Libya if they could recover an example of a portrait of ousted Libyan leader, Muammar Gaddafi, that had been defaced by his opponents. One correspondent was able to retrieve a large defaced poster, but whilst travelling with rebels in the back of a pick up – they took offence to the already defaced image and tossed it from the moving vehicle.

Lyse Doucet from the BBC was more successful, and wrenched a stretched canvas containing a stamped on and sliced out Gaddafi, from its frame. It was posted to Jaine, who began, not only her forensic like analysis of the piece, but shared the relic as if it were a war treasure with others. Displayed in a dimmed tomb-like room, the canvas is laid flat and viewers are able to walk around it. A hush appears to fall over visitors as they take in the aesthetic of genuine evidence of revolution. Having critiqued Jeremy Deller's appropriation of a bombed out vehicle from a Baghdad market – which he then toured around America - Jaine claims that it was her obsession with political portraiture that drove the act of retrieving the relic, and not a reference to Deller's work.

Jaine was not to know that Gaddafi would meet his end at the hands of his defacers when the object was salvaged, which makes it all the more powerful. Jaine's intention for the piece is as a challenge to the narrative of events we are offered in the media. The chromakey muslin on which it rests, the choice of a highly televised subject matter, and her insistence that the relic never be filmed or photographed are all testament to Jaine's suggestion that being in the presence of something says more than a two dimensional image.



Untitled, Caroline Jaine, 2011