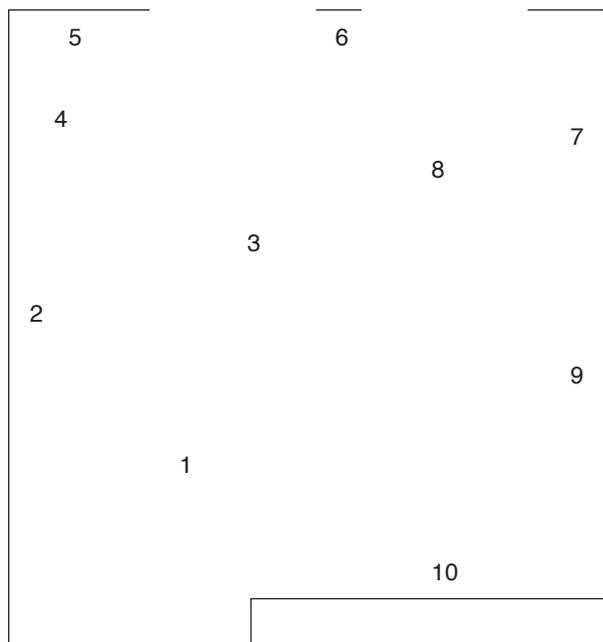


JENNY'S

Ruth Angel Edwards & Chloée Maugile
ME, YOURSELF and WE
November 23, 2025 - January 17, 2026

Ruth Angel Edwards & Chloée Maugile are artists and friends who have been collaborating since 2021, making experimental films, installation and performance works which use dark psychological script and humour alongside psychedelic imagery and sound. Their holistic and hands-on approach means the process involves many creative elements, resulting in a responsive and generative form of storytelling, image making, and world building. The new works in the exhibition were produced between London and New York over the past six months.



1. *EVERYDAY LIFE: GIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE RICKY A KISS!*, 2025
Digital video, 7:02 min; Sony Trinitron monitor, collage in frame, porcelain figurine

2. *Realities*, 2025
Brass bed frame, perfume bottles, sunglasses, shot glass, dice, inflatable piano, sundress, wooden hanger, shoes, lipstick, hair bow
56 x 66 in

3. *Here's Some Good News*, 2025
Mixed media installation, carpet
Dimensions variable

4. *Roxy Music - Dance Away*, 2025
Digital video, 28 min; Quasar monitor, collage in frame

5. *I feel you*, 2025
Digital video, 25 min; Panasonic monitor

6. *bestfriends*, 2025
Collage in frame
6 in x 6 in

7. *Portrait of the artists as Bert and Ernie*, 2024
Oil on TV box
45 x 37 in

8. *Stranger Than Fiction*, 2025
Digital video, 11 min; Philips monitor, custom plinth
53 x 16 x 16 in

9. *I lalalalala love you*, 2025
Digital video, 35 min; Samsung monitor

10. *I Want Choo*, 2025
Acrylic and collage on poster board, plexi frames
9 parts, each 22 x 28 in

Part 1.

TURN THAT FUCKING STEREO UP! THAT SPEAKER UP!
TURN THAT T.V UP! LOUDER!
TURN THE SOUND UP! BLAST THIS SHIT!

Hand me the microphone! I'm speaking! I've got something to say!
You want a joy ride on my joy stick? You want free love? You want Poly love? Self love?
Orgasmic divine intervention right in your face! All over your face! Thunderbolts jilting
through your core and upside your head! *Oops upside your head! I said oops upside
your head!* Thunderbolts ricashay everytime you remember that YOUR balls DID in-fact
drop at the tender age of 14 and therefore you have a deep and clear voice to speak in
literal terms of freedom, freewill, morality, justice and logic! STRANGER THAN FICTION!

I SAID TURN THAT SHIT RIGHT UP TO THE MAX! TURN THAT STEREO UP, TURN
THAT SPEAKER UP! I WANT TO HEAR EVERYTHING IN ALL ITS FUCKING GLORY
AND MIGHT!

cough, cough CRANK IT UP!

YOU are the physical embodiment of what sacrifice looks like - elbow grease, long
laborious days, hours minutes, blood, sweat and tears.... *YOU! SIMPLY YOU!*
NOW, *YOU* have thick and hardened skin that harbours a heart full of sensitivity,
empathy and life experience - painted with colour and character and - IS THIS THING
ON? CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE WE CUTTING OFF?

Hey! HEY? HEY! I DIDN'T RECEIVE THAT SMOKE SIGNAL BTW.

SORRY I WAS OUT SMOKING WITH SEXY GAL 101. Down the alley, round the corner
from the pub/bar/club/strip club/afters/the afters afters. Yeah and we just met actually
and I'm enamored by her beauty, I think she might be the one... I'm blown away by her
smile and nice.... *NICE TITS AND ASS! SHAME ABOUT THE PERSONALITY - IT
STINKS! BITCH!* But yeah... she mostly listens, *really* listens as I chat mostly about
being free - a free spirited soul, expressive, selfless, generous and forever curious,
student of the world, a ravenous specimen in the rat race.

Its fucking mental!!!!

From the pub, to the club, the toilet bowl, inside the kabab shop, the deli, the offy, swerving on the nightbus, you me and we in the bedsheets, our pillow talk. I wake up all alone on my own. Sexygal is a memory, a tattoo of time.

NOW. In the hangover state of today, I stand before you! The revolution is televised!! Aaaaahh!!! ACTUALLY CAN YOU TURN THAT SPEAKER *DOWN* PLEASE? MY HEAD POUNDS! I'M HANGIN' WHAT IS THAT AWFUL SOUND?

OH, UTTER BULLSHITE!!!! HEY! HEY YOU!!! VIEWERS FAR AND WIDE... HAVE YOU TRIED TURNING THAT TV OFF? IT ROTTS THE BRAIN!! HAHA!

I'm only joshin'... I'M NOT DONE YET. I HAVEN'T FINISHED...

TURN THAT SPEAKER UP!! I MEAN IT!

I stand here searching for THE SUBMISSIVE TYPE as I am THE DOMINANT TYPE in all of this! In this boundless ocean of self discovery, human rights, equal pay... It's cat calling the kettle black!

IM COMING OUT AS HOMOSAPIEN TO THE MASSES, IM BEING CANCELLED FOR LYING ON MY RESUME , I DO NOT HAVE THE EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

NOPE! NADA!

I DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR A PINT OR A PLAN OR A TRIP TO JAPAN! I DO NOT LIKE GREEN EGGS AND HAM! *SAM I AM!!*

I DO NOT HAVE A *POT TO PISS* IN OR A *WINDOW TO THROW IT OUT OF!* I AM CASH POOR BUT ETERNALLY RICH, FULL OF CULTURE AND *WHOLE LOTTA LOVE!*

YOU STILL FOLLOWING?

REMEMBER IT BEGINS WITH YOU! YOU ARE FOREVER YOUNG DUMB AND FULL OF CUM! So WHY STOP NOW? Y'ALL READY FOR THIS?

THERE ARE INFACIT GREENER PASTURES - Believe me.

And YET, HERE AMONG US IS A SERIOUS MAN full of inventions, creativity *INFINITE* imagination... TURN THAT STEREO RIGHT UP!

Your gunna wanna, shoulda coulda, possibly definitely maybe, want to hear this! I'M

JUST TELLING LIKE IT IS: THE COMEDY WRITES ITSELF. IT TRULY DOES.

THE FARSE STARTS FROM YOU AND ME AND US AND WE AND THEM IS US AND YOU.

AND WE ARE ON THAT ROOF TOP, LOOKING OUT ON THE 64TH FLOOR. IN SOME LUXURY PAD AND THERE SHE IS: STICKIN IT AND SUCKING IT TO THE MAN. *MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE.* AND SHE'S SUCKING IT ALL AWAY - ALL THE HATE, GREED AND THERE HE IS, LEGS SPREAD, IN HIS MOST VULNABERABLE STATE - THE POWER IS IN THE PALM OF HER HANDS - and she says I'LL PAINT YOU LIKE ONE OF YOUR FRENCH GIRLS- IN SHADES OF GOLD, PURPLE AND GREEN. HIS GROIN, HAIRY NECK, BACK AND CRACK IS THE PARTING OF WATER. A CHANCE AT FREEDOM.

THE SCENE IN OIL PAINT IS VIBRANT AND BEAUTIFUL. HE IS FINALLY DISARMED - HE LAYS IN ECSTASY THINKING OF NOTHING BUT JOY & HUMANITY. TRUE FREEDOM FROM ONESELF. LOVE FOR THY BROTHER. FINALLY HE IS ABLE TO SEE BEYOND. TO FEEL BEYOND. THIS SERIOUS MAN HAS TURNED GIGGLY AND LIGHT. HE LIES THERE AT PEACE - HAPPY. UREKA! THE LIGHTBULB MOMENT THAT SHINES BRIGHTER THAN WHAT HAS COME BEFORE. HE IS BLINDING LIGHT. WE ARE FREE. FINALLY FREE! THE WAR IS OVER.

TURN THAT TV RIGHT UP!!!! THIS IS GETTING GOOD!

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN. FAME IS FOLLOWED BY HUMILATION!!! THE SERIOUS MAN IS SWITCHED OFF. THE DAMAGE IS DONE. HE FOUND PEACE BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. SERIOUS MAN IS EXPOSED TO THE MEDIA, TO THE THOUSANDS; SCANDALS, WEALTH AND LIES SPLATTER FOR MILLIONS TO READ, FOR THE WORLD TO JUDGE.

SHE USED A FAKE NAME, A WIG AND EYE CONTACTS. SHE IS NOT WHO SHE SAID SHE WAS - SHE IS SOMEONE ELSE! *SHE*, THE CATS MOTHER! SHE THE CATS MOTHER CONSTANTLY EVOLVES EACH DAY - HOUR BY HOUR INTO THE WOMAN SHE IS ALREADY IS.

THEIR NAKED BODIES , ADULTARY, SHAME AND ALLEGATIONS ARE PLASTERED

ALL OVER THE WORLD. EXPOSED! SHE LEAVES HER HUSBAND FOR THE SERIOUS MAN. BECAUSE THEIR CONNECTION, HIS ERECTION AND THE ATTENTION IS STRONGER THAN HER OLD STATE. *SHE THE CAT'S MOTHER* RECOUNTS HER STORY ON DAY TIME TV - SAT ON THE SOFA TELLING *HER* TRUTH, HER SIDE OF THE STORY - SHE FLICKS HER SHINY HAIR, HOLDS HER GIANT DIAMOND RING TO THE CAMERA AND GLEAMS: *WE ONLY HAVE ONE LIFE SO WE BETTER LIVE IT.*

Part 2.

I'm not the same person I was *10 minutes ago, I've changed.* Matter of fact call me Sue, Tom, Rick or Harry whilst we are at it CALL ME BIG SHOT, MUMMAS BOY, FRESH OFF THE BOAT! I'm all of them wrapped up in a string. *I'm split -* Keeping you on your toes! I'm the captain of this ship! Look ahead! *Don't look back in anger!* We are soaring through troubled water. And the water is black, so very black. Black enough to see your face - cracker jack!

Wheeeeyy I've won! Ca-ching! Give us a wave! Its rough seas ahead hun, it's you, me and catch 22 holding on to the sides! So tighten your grip because this captain has been drinkin' and it aint H2o... *Let me tell you!! HAHA!*

How's everyones week been huh? How you doin? There's a new reality coming in - *News flash!* some of you aren't going to like it. I'm just saying... It's a hard pill to swallow. It is like Christmas but with no presents. It's the blind leading the blind! Come here, come closer.. Come come! Gather. Let me tell you... after you lot have gone, and all the candles have been blown out, the party is over and you're left to pick up the pieces... because the world keeps on spinnin' *whether you like it or not.* *Say it aint so!* So wrap that shit up in a bow and smile - You're on camera! :)

It's all loveeee baby!!! It's gravy baby!!!

Thanks for coming out here tonight! - we have bossman in the crowd tonight!
You're looking good... *hey hey!! Easy easy.. Come on!!!! Hey hey! Easy tiger!!!*

There is some good genetics swirling around this room tonight... *Whey Hey! ...*
hold on to your girlfriends gents...because when I play.. I play to win! Look at all
these people... these *beautiful people, these plastic people...* we've got *people*
sitting shoulder to shoulder with god fearing commitment phobes, claustrophobes,
Thanatophobes, the monophobes, the gynophobes... say it aint so-
phobes!....COME HERE! GIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE RICKY A KISS! MWAH!

Look, I promised this to be a family show, a family affair... didn't I? the kids are
watching - *think about the children!!! Save the children!* Because the children are
in need... so pls call 01201234fuckyouuuuuu! and donate just 3 of any currency
today! Nooo, nawww! No way! The government wont help with nuffin, you aint got
nothing mate.

The devil walks the earth and no he doesn't have goat legs or hoofs for feet...
he's a wrinkled old ball without a soul (or any lips for that matter) he's got a suit
for every day of the week in navy and black and more money then fish in the sea
and *yes!* He was *born* out of a woman. Can you believe a woman created the
devil? *No woman, no cry!* I said - *no woman, no cry!*

IT'S INSANE. I'M INSANE! INSANE IN THE BRAIN - INSANE IN THE
MEMBRANE, its cocaine, vodka and cigarettes in no particular order just give it
here! I'm fed up with the lot of you! But you! You can stay! And YOU! Off with your
head! And YOU fetch me my morning paper! And make it snappy! We've got hard
times to read about in a land far far away!

I can't kick this feeling. We are not the same! None of your decisions are our
own..

Everyday life.

It's written in the stars. There's no escape. So called 'responsibilities'.... *And they*
come thick and fast! But it's not just that, *it's everything.* Friends, making babies,

getting from A to B, feeling alive, feeling fulfilled, remember me!! *Remember me, I am the one who had your baby's eyes!*

I mean fuck it start a cult! Bury your head in the sand!!! Get out of town - disappear for a while. But even disappearing comes with a price!!! *even starting a new community outside of the confines of société....amongst the pines..* Even out there, the community that *you* have built with bricks and water with love and care... even *there* under the stars... *There are problems.* And in that cult that you've created - trying to better *your* life, trying to give a sense of purpose to *your* life - *there are still problems* but not only problems you've got a couple of kids running about asking questions like *papa why is the sky blue? Why is Ben without a dad? Papa why does mumma cry and then smile the next? Papa, why does that man have missing limbs and sleep outside? Papa why why Oh why?* What goes up must come down. But it never does.. And it never will. Everything, even the temperature, just gets higher and higher.

Your apartment with one window, mold and toilet next to your head in a *sense...* is a prison but you pay for it! You pay rent in this life, the afterlife, and in the next life - you will still be paying rent.

Everyday life.

Your probably wondering what this modest humble church mouse I seem to be living rent free inside your head - I think I've squatters right the amount of time I've lived inside your head.

I'm just hoping you don't send me an invoice for all the amount of time i've been living there.