

AMOL K PATIL

VISAS REVISITED



Live performance | Clark House Initiative, Bombay | 2012





Visas Revisited | video stills

<http://vimeo.com/72139177>

Amol Patil was invited to perform at the 'World Event for Young Artists' Festival in Nottingham, sponsored by the Arts Council England. Despite an entirely funded invitation his visa was rejected for he was seen as a high-risk economic migrant who might overstay his visa to seek employment illegally, for he lacked sufficient funds in his bank account.

His elder brother Jagdish, a civil engineer, who believed art was a path to emancipation, nudged Amol Patil into becoming an artist. Jagdish has been fighting an unending lawsuit aimed at ending caste discrimination that he faces at the municipal corporation. The act of invitation and subsequent rejection, the barrier to travel he faces hinders his career, and believes it is akin to the class barrier his brother faces. He presents a performance as a tribute to the efforts of his brother, presenting his views on visas and travel.

Lokmanya Tilak revived the annual festival of Ganesha in order to instill the idea of socio-political discourse amongst the larger populace and since then the Ganpathy festival in Bombay has included institutional critique within its scope of objectives. Shri Sai Mitra Mandal, Regal Cinema, established in 1984, an organization of young men living on Wodehouse road granted Amol Patil permission to hold the performance in the space beside their pandal (makeshift temple) on the street.' (From the exhibition essay.)

Under the gaze of the 300 or so passersby who gathered, Amol wrapped himself with the objects he had packed, unpacked and re-packed over the last few weeks, mimicking the machines spewing plastic at airports, used to wrap

suitcases. Once he had left himself barely any airspace, he walked stiffly and heavily, with all he was carrying, passport wrapped tightly across his face, to the gallery, where he began to cut himself out of his hot imprisonment of heavy sentiment, with a pair of tiny blunt, metal scissors. Once free, he stared at the cast of his body that had accommodated all these objects, and stared at them, for almost too long, then he gave the slightest nod, and left the room.

- Text by Sumesh Sharma

EVENING WALK



Evening Walk | Live performance | video stills

I live in a *chawl*. Living here easily cultivates the desires of being popular, a celebrity. I have been fascinated with the role of the brands, mall culture and Bollywood. I satirize superficial and fake appearances in my process of practice. I walked from Prabhadevi in Bombay to Parel, making white marks from a bottle of paint, on the road to mark the distance and direction I was taking. I went into shops, tried on clothes, and the ones I liked, I left the showroom, and stood dead still on the road just outside. It was a satirical performance where I used heavy make-up imitating a celebrity, but also resembling a dead mannequin.

IMPRESSION



Impression | Product from performance in front of the camera| Henna, Synthetic Resin Adhesive | 2011



Impression | video stills

<http://vimeo.com/user15649805/httpvimeocomimpression>

Where I live, every time there is a wedding, whether Hindu or Muslim, the entire chawl have their arms and feet decorated with henna. My work explores the desires that are generated constantly by the fashion and other media. I

reflect on appearances, the fake characters generated by mall culture and Bollywood within in my process. This is where my desire to create a unique costume, which is impossible to replicate, came into existence. 'Impression' is a jacket, which is a product of my performance before camera. The mediums used are henna, fevicol - a synthetic resin adhesive, and my body. My body becomes a machine and heat from it helps the fevicol dry over a period of 24 hours, which is then peeled off. The peeled layer then contains the textures and wrinkles of my skin. Using henna and fevicol serve the purpose of contradicting each other. Henna is used as a temporary tattoo on hands and legs for decorative purpose, while fevicol helps me symbolize the fake nature of cosmetic products. They merge and create a surface of their own; to peel the so called 'dead skin' from my body.



Impression Fabric | Product from performance in front of the Camera| Henna, Synthetic Resin Adhesive | 2010

MOLT



Molt | Product from performance in front of the camera|
Henna, Synthetic Resin Adhesive | 2011



Molt | Video stills

<http://vimeo.com/71953914>

In this work I compare the human body to that of reptiles, which shed their skin each year renewing their skin. There are varied cosmetic products produced each year, which promise to rejuvenate skin into agelessness. Over the course of a day, I am able to shed - peel off - a resin-skin that had covered my whole body.

MOLT REHEARSAL



Molt Rehearsal | performance in front of the camera | Video Stills | Peel Off, a cosmetic product | 2011

<http://vimeo.com/71954741>

EARLY IN THE MORNING



Early In The Morning | Video stills of a performance in front of camera | Synthetic Resin Adhesive | 2011

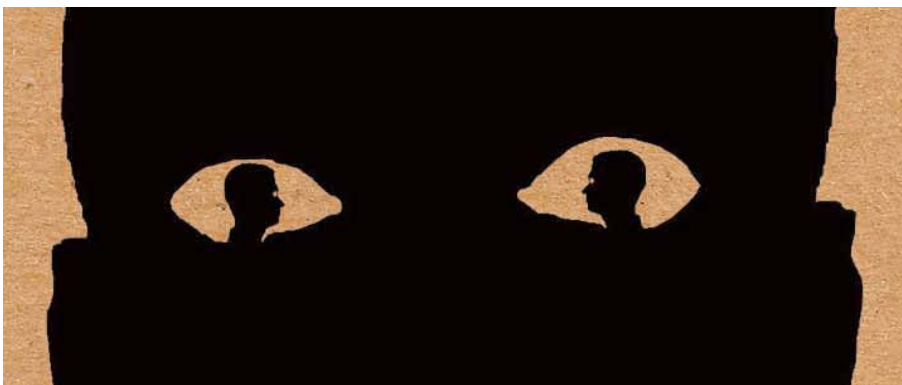
This work is about the connection of my dreams with the space I live in. It is a simple mapping of objects in my space. These are ropes made out of fevicol (Synthetic Resin Adhesive) that I made over one day. The ropes are a molt of the tiles on the floor on which I laid out long lines of thick fevicol to dry. The ropes were like memories of the tiles. In the morning, in my half-sleep state I wrapped my body in with these fragile fevicol ropes of memory, and returned to

sleep. When I woke up I used the fevicol ropes to wrap each thing I used as the morning progressed – a shirt, switchboard, iron, tube light, gas cylinder, tea cup, till the ropes created a web of connections through the kitchen.

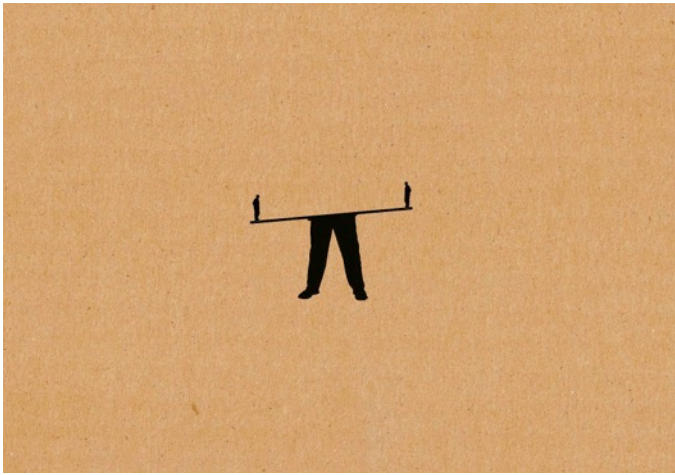
MANY I



Many I: Shock | Digital Print on Paper | 12 inch x 9 inch | 2013



Many I: Shock | detail



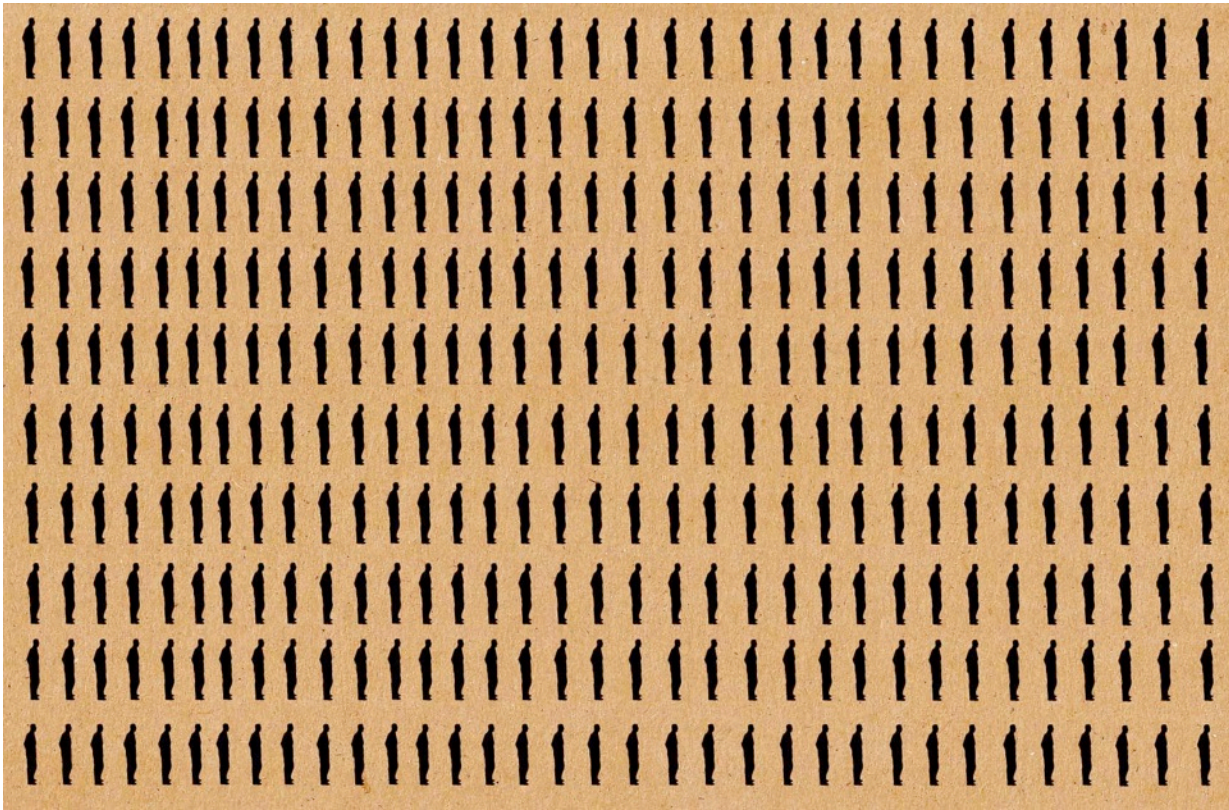
Many I: Balance | Digital Print on Paper | 8 inch x 6 inch | 2013



Many I: Deal | Digital Print on Paper | 8 inch x 6 inch | 2013



Many I: Worship | Digital Print on Paper | 12 inch x 9 inch | 2013



Many I: Many | Digital Print on Paper | 8 inch x 6 inch | 2013

Bisecting the appearance, I leave behind the details of a human body representing them through silhouettes of gestures. These gestures however are made from reference of the self, but they also create a memoir from which I belong. The forms that experiment with medium emerged to form a narration of family lore.

Shock: looking at self within self

Worship: a shelf in self

Balance: a pair of legs weighing the self and the other

Deal: a frozen moment just before the gift handed over

Weight: one known and three unknowns

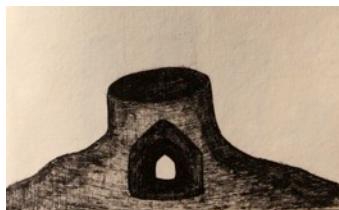
View: a man on mountain assuming the future

Many: is it others or I?

POSTCARD



Postcard | Digital Print on Paper | 60 inch x 6 inch | 2013

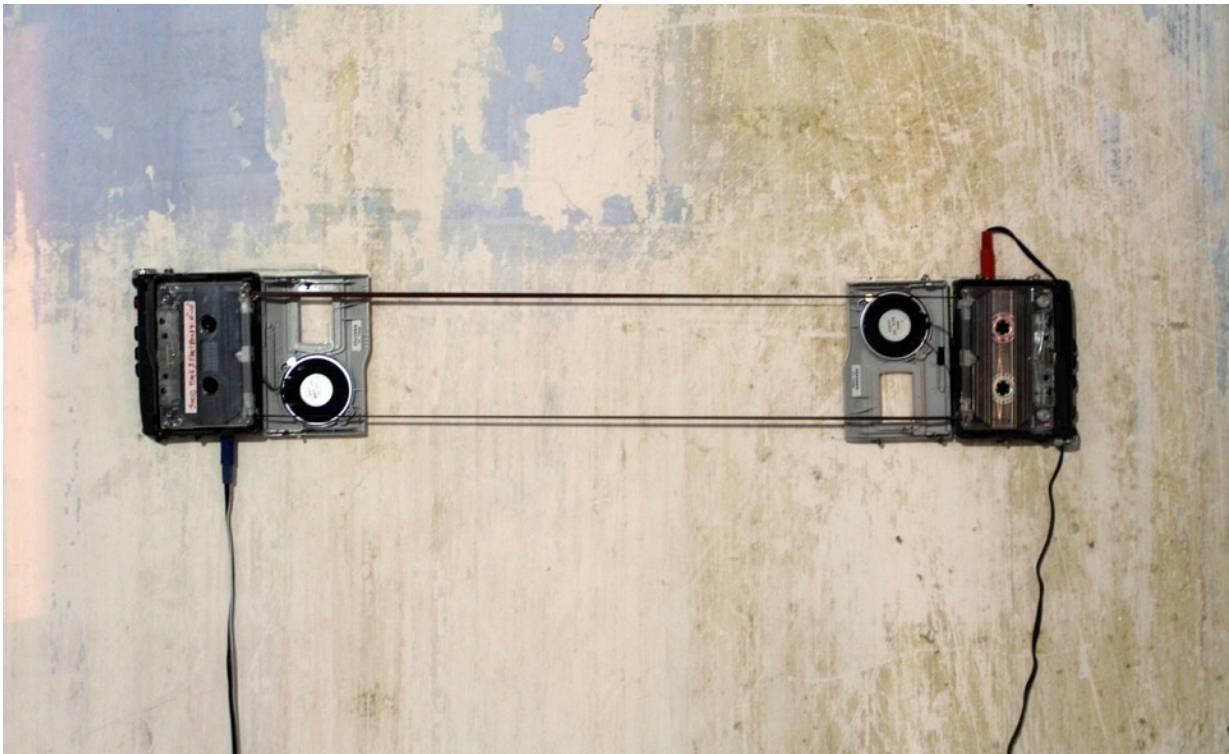


Amol Patil revisits his personal history and a cultural history that reveals a certain series of political events that now define the city's political and urban scape. His father, a blue-collar municipal worker and an avant-garde Marathi playwright, left him a voice recorder, few tapes, scripts and photographs as an inheritance, dying young. Not far from this space at Worli Naka, reside laid-off mill workers and their families. They form a formidable Dalit political constituency that once saw camaraderie with the Black Panthers, a community to which Amol along with all the gallery attendants belong. Challenging conventional Marathi theatre, sets within formats of caste and myth, the son of a traditional nomadic powada singer Kisan Gunaji Patil's plays reflected on issues of the migrant, the need for private space, unemployment, and the labor strikes that brought about an end to the mills.

- Text by Sumesh Sharma and Zasha Colah

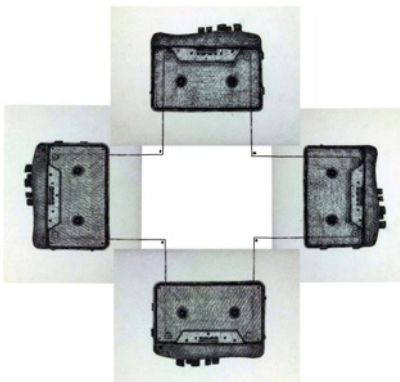
Detail

POSTCARD



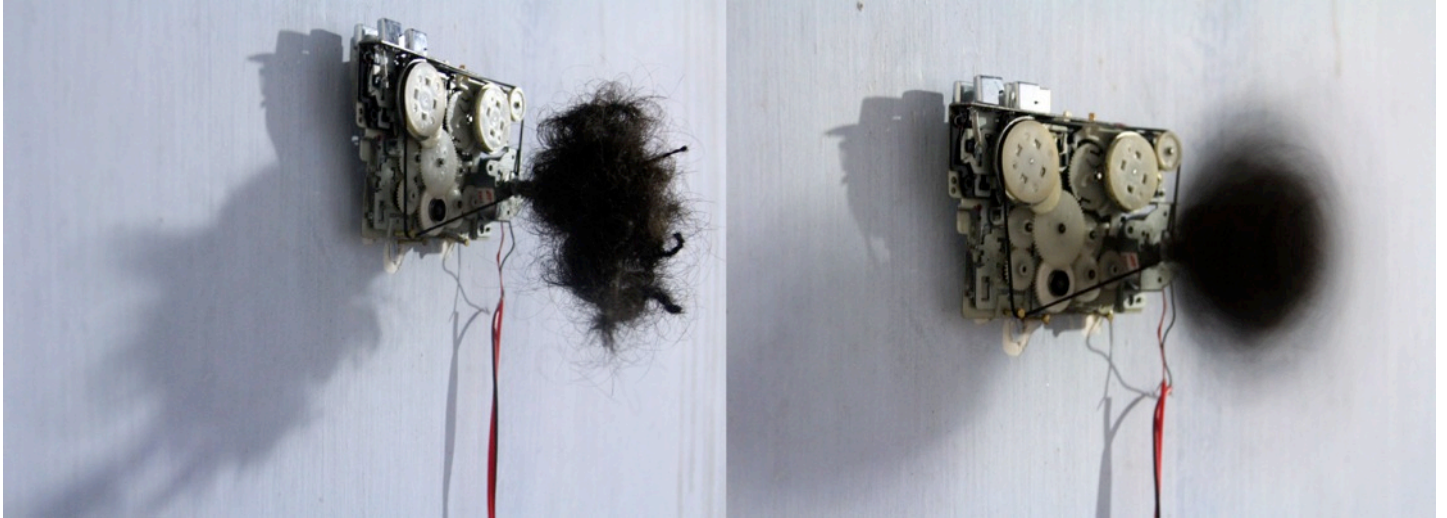
Postcard | Sound Installation | Walkman, cassette, audio reel | Size variable | 2012

My father Kisan Patil scripted plays as he worked as a civil engineer in the Bombay Municipal Corporation, narrating stories of dilemma's of a migrant in the city. 'Postcard' was a play that discusses the relationship between a migrant working in the city's mills and his wife in rural Maharashtra. He would collect references for his plays by recording conversations using a Walkman and sounds near their chawl in the Bombay's industrial district of Parel. Having lost my father as a young boy I got acquainted with my father through the props such as the Walkman he left behind. In 'Postcard' I split my father's Walkmans into two, recording sounds (now, within the gallery), connecting the two through Walkmans by a cassette reel that moves between them and repeat the same sound like a conversation between two characters.



Postcard | Drawing for my next work in this series

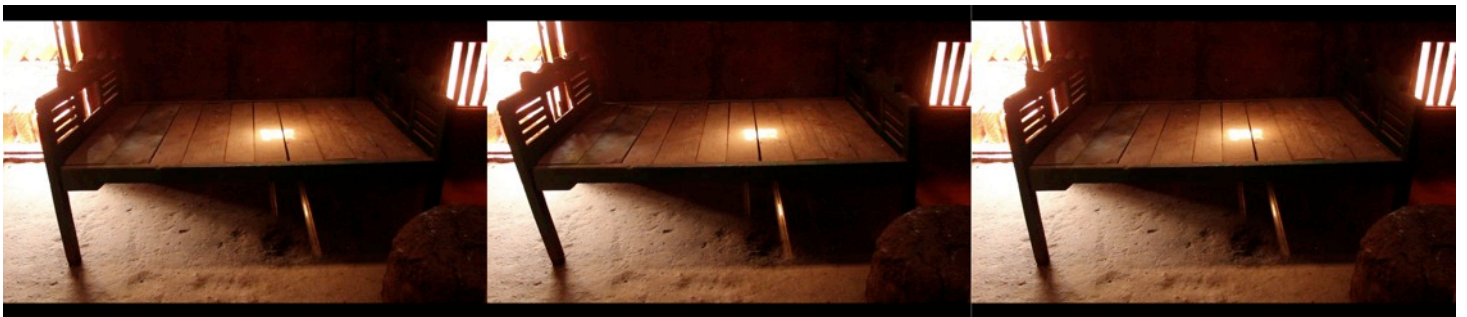
DETRITUS



Detritus | Mechanical Installation | Walkman and Hair | 5 inch x 5 inch x 3.5 inch | 2012

‘Detritus’ is a work where I place a tuft of hair on the spool of the Walkman, by doing so it works as a windmill, forcing us to deal with something that is considered impure among Indian traditions, referring to the sanitation workers of Bombay and the detritus of caste that remains, amongst us in India.

COMMISURE



Commisure | Video Stills | 2012

<http://vimeo.com/72131733>

While I have been working with the remains of my father and his theatre practice, I have been comparing living and dead objects and their functions, like in a theatre set up. In this video, I am looking at the transformation of stability with time of both my grand father and the bed that he used in his village home.