

Chila Kumari Singh Burman

August 6 - 30

OUTPUT gallery is excited to resume its 2020 programme after lockdown with a solo exhibition by Chila Kumari Singh Burman (b. 1957, Liverpool, England). For her show at OUTPUT, Burman will be exhibiting a showreel of three moving image works. These include her latest video made during quarantine in collaboration with Susanne Dietz titled 'Armour (2020)' alongside 'Dada and The Punjabi Princess (2017)' and 'Candy Pop and Juicy Lucy (2008).' Burman's practice spans across form and media and she writes that her approach to subjects is grounded in 'a tradition of graphic political satire, generated from an adversarial position within the gender and identity politics of a post-colonial, class-oriented, and visually saturated contemporary Britain.'

The artist first studied at Southport College of Art and Design before going onto complete a BA in Printmaking at Leeds and an MA from the Slade School of Art. Burman now lives and works in London, where she also has this year's upcoming Winter Commission to transform Tate Britain's facade.

Ways into thinking about the exhibition:

1. What do you think of the evolution of the video work over time?
2. Did you learn anything about the artist from the Inside Out - North West clip where she is featured?
3. How does the work make you feel?

OUTPUT is a gallery working exclusively with creatives from or based in Merseyside. It is part of Invisible Wind Factory. The programme is supported using public funding by Arts Council England.

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OUTPUT gallery, 32 Seel St, Liverpool, L1 4BE
OPEN 11-5 THURS-SUN



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Transcript from 'Kamla' (1996):

00:15 [non-English narration]

01:15 What the hell, bloody that -- this man is really that. I go. I go now. Everything very heck and this is it. No bloody that. I'm so upset. Why can't tell any, may I -- can you just, better than India, bloody coming here, where you -- it does all, all trouble, that very, that I'm going now. Go, what the hell? Bloody, this is it. You make me angry, like coming here if I'm good, bloody I'm going to India back. Now I'll make a good time in India, bloody hell. I'm not going to come back bloody, those -- all, but you make my trouble.

02:05 Right. I've got to stop now. Right. I've got to stop now.

02:35 So much to say, so much to say, this is the hardest thing in the world. Fire, fire, fire. Aag, aag, aag. One struggle after another, one fight after another. Freedom, what's that? Was, is, dead hard. Stereotypes reinforces mystery. Who says all working class Asian girls are quiet, what? In our house? Wild girls, Punjabi, Bhangra, Gidha, sticky sweets, sweat, who's wearing the best salwar kameez, glittery, satin, and velvet rage, gidha pa, gidha pa kudiye, dance English sister dance. Move that body. Roti dal and beans and biscuits. Palma violets, hopscotch under the dim cobbled street bare lamp in bare feet in frilly nylon frocks, tatty hair, red corduroy dresses, sparkly churidar pajama, white, purple and pink and Indian films every Sunday afternoon, all dressed up, tears, nappies, playing in the aisles, chocolate, coke and jalebi and ladoo, barfi and syrupy sweet masala chai, Bar 6 and toffee crisp and grar. Pakeezah, Mother India, Phoolan Devi, Jhansi Ki Rani, Meena Kumari, Sita Durga Ma, Kali, where are you? Standing up tall and reaching heights and show them what you got. Rebel without a pause.

05:15 Struggle and fight and shout, is that? Respect us now. Got to make it through the night, warm love, sweet pillow; you know what I'm saying. Don't cheat us. The world is so cold, cold and it ain't do nothing for your soul, sister. Cockroaches in the fire place and love mashing them up, stir it up little darling, stir it up. There must be hundreds of us dying to do art and sing and shout out there. Why did they have to make it so hard? Go for the burn sisters, stretch and turn. Bad young sister, reach out and touch. Let's make this world a better place, because we shall overcome, ain't stopping us now, you now, her now, because we're on the move and grooving. Choler, let's go. Strengthen and uplift the mind. Let's go crazy. Roti, kapda aur makaan; food, clothing and shelter. Peace.

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