

Contemporary Art Writing Daily

Wednesday, December 17, 2014

Amy Lien & Enzo Camacho at 47 Canal



(Amy Lien & Enzo Camacho at 47 Canal)

Haegue Yang's early blinds - prior to the later shopping-spree installationism - interspersed heaters, smells and videos of airport lounges within its venetian mazes to create metonymic sites for the then-still analog fracturing of space (it was 2007 when jet-setting was still the only way to fly) was relevant to globalizing artworld. Yang's spaces disfigured unconscious visual ordering of space and inserted their own artificial senses for it. The video monitors depiction of circulation's non-sites became ironic respite from the disorder, but in the banality becoming no escape at all. Of course that all now looks nostalgic, superseded by the all-powered exchange of monitor-theater.

And so here the lights turn low and the curtain drawn around all-interior personal theaters, locked in to Bacta tanks of network refresh in a Sturtevant spin, fleeing videos in which attention cannot be directed-to but merely mis-directed by whirli-wig visions, matching the press release's dizziness of everywhere-nowhere artist romance, refreshing art's nauseating self-sentimentalization.

Looking Back on 2014 #2

Selections by Chris Kraus, Alan Licht, and Kelly Copper.

As 2014 comes to a close, BOMB's contributors have a look back and report on a few highlights from their own reading, listening, and viewing experiences—books, albums, exhibitions, plays, performances, concerts, lectures, places, objects, really anything striking encountered over the course of the last eleven months or so. This is the second of several installments.

Chris Kraus

Writer, filmmaker

Amy Lien and Enzo Camacho, exhibition, LEAK LIGHT TIME HEAT
(47 Canal, New York, November 8 to December 21, 2014)

Traveling between Europe, New York, and Manila, Lien and Camacho have been studying the youthful call-center culture of the Philippines since 2010, when that nation eclipsed India as the leader in business-process outsourcing. Lurking in the shadows of Metro Manila's twenty-four-hour restaurants, clubs, and bars catering to employees working zombie shifts on Eastern Standard or some other time, their brilliant, sexy, sometimes sleazy installation conveys the subjectivity of those who, as they write, "pour out into the night, to seek love in work in wasting time in race/class/gender/globalization."