

Like many other people, Amy Lien and Enzo Camacho, who have been collaborating for several years, are based between two or more distant places, meaning that whether they like it or not, they are separated from where they still think they might belong. This can be seen as the root cause of a productive form of anxiety, or it might also be a total waste of time. Either way, certain emergent phenomena can easily become magnified by an alienated imagination.

The call centers mushrooming all over the sprawling urban fabric of Metro Manila have unleashed a dazzling chain of analogies. The artists have been perambulating around this industry and its issues since 2010, when the Philippines superseded India as the leading nation in business process outsourcing. The districts in Metro Manila where these companies have built their offices have taken on a distinct flavor of banality, swarmed by 24-hour eating and drinking establishments that cater to those working zombie shifts on Eastern Standard or some other Time. When entering the workplace, the employees are stripped of their cell phones and enter into a predictable arrangement of fluorescent-lit hallways, rooms, and cubicles. When they dribble out of these buildings, on a cigarette break or to buy a pack of gum or French fries, they exude a particular teeth-chatter energy, an upper high. This is what an upgrade in sovereign credit rating looks like at ground level. Being amongst thousands of youthful bodies milling around strip malls and back alleyways in the early morning hours, leaking nervous cigarette breath into the hot night air and chattering idly before returning to work, the two artists felt a vicarious buzz, a fear of missing out.

Did you hear about the call center sex tape? Or the notorious Telecommunications company BBQ transvestite beauty pageant talent show? Did they tell you how Filipinos have friendly voices but low critical problem solving abilities due to an over-eagerness to please and subsequently pretending to understand things that they actually don't? That they gossip way too much? That they prefer being paid in bags of rice? In the Filipino comedy *Call Center Girl*, a middle aged OFW (Overseas Filipino Worker) returns home from a career on a cruise ship and, in order to redeem her relationship with her neglected adult daughter, joins the same call center where she works, and seduces their mutual team leader in order to pawn him off onto her. Distortion makes the facts more titillating. Hidden cameras catch leaks at low res.

Is "internet savvy youth" an international concept? While the so called eighty-nine or digital natives databasing project aggregates consensus, cheaply institutionalizing its investments, the call center phenomenon of the Philippines says this: There is an emergent population of young, English-fluent, technology-literate, newly solvent, upbeat laborers who don't feel the pressure to leave the country to support their families, but internalize the West to meet its service expectations. The lurkers in the shadows, Amy and Enzo are turned on by their heat.

Returning to NY together for the first time since 2011, scanning the city by night, their eyes were drawn, in a sliding, lenticular, double recognition, to the most beautiful person they'd ever encountered, who reciprocated the gaze, and immediately became a fixation. Fluorescent lighting made his complexion luminous. He worked for a vanguard fashion/social media platform, but also for himself, and cultivated an attitude accordingly. He would soon begin monopolizing their nights and seeping into their early morning dreams, with conversations drenched in whiskey and hot pot, reverberating dramatic nights out in Manila but refracted through the patois of edgy NY youth marketing.

This is a love that gets ditched at the Thai restaurant because he left the proverbial stove on. This is a love that demands to remain an unrequited fantasy, triangulated to maintain its momentum, to burn in perpetuity.

This is a show dedicated to those subjects that pour out into the night, to seek love in work in wasting time in race/class/gender/globalization.

Amy Lien (b. 1987) & Enzo Camacho (b. 1985) are collaborating artists. They have staged recent solo exhibitions at Mathew Gallery (Berlin, Germany), MoSpace (Taguig, Philippines), Pablo Fort (Taguig, Philippines) and Republikha Art Gallery, (Quezon City, Philippines). They will participate in a six month residency as artists/ curators at Gluck 50 (Milan, Italy) starting in January 2015. This is their second solo exhibition at 47 Canal.

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