

THE KALAMPAG TRACKING AGENCY

Curatorial notes

They say it always starts with a bang. Or a series of bangs.

Like the tiny explosions in your brain that rattle you to take action. It could be something simple and small, not necessarily earth-shattering. The act of capturing the fleeting moments, ideas and visions and the act of tracking them down both entail a certain slippage of forms and time, something that tends to elude us but cannot be ignored, something which we liken to kalampag, a Tagalog word that roughly translates to a 'bang'; something of an alert, a warning that something may worsen or interrupt the journey, versus the stable engine hum of a giant system, a well-oiled machine; like the rattling of loose parts that collide while in motion.

This is a collection of loose parts in motion, a series of bangs, assembled by individual strengths, and how they might play off each other in the context of a screening program. Featuring works from the Philippines and its diaspora, it is here that we present some of the most singular, fragile, and striking moving image works by Filipinos over the past thirty years. It could have been from forty years, or more. But we are limited by time and resources, and what we have current access to.

This is by no means a representative program. This selection is personal, subjective. Like the works assembled here, the act of assembling this program is itself informed by a certain agency, by an independent capability to act on one's will.

With no small amount of detective work to address the institutional and personal gaps of proper cataloging, archiving and storage, we tracked down individual people and individual works, from the nooks and crannies of several libraries and collections, to tiny islands in the Visayas, to the Los Angeles sprawl.

With a variety of formats, techniques and textures; from 8mm and 16mm to HD and cellphone video; from optical print experiments, ethnographic documents and video installations; this is a collection of works assembled not by theme, history, medium or other arbitrary concerns: this is a confluence of uncanny juxtapositions and pleasant contradictions, an experience not unlike revisiting a familiar place in a new light. But before you get to where you're going, you hit a speed bump or a pothole and you hear a loud rattling coming from your car. Sometimes you think something's amiss; sometimes it's the sound of it that comforts you.