



**Please Handle With Care**  
Wooden cabinet and collage on ready mades  
213.36 x 213.36 x 50.8 centimeters  
2011

**"\_\_\_\_\_ will wear a dress."**  
Acrylic, collage, stencil and serigraphy on canvas  
182.8 x 91.4 centimeter  
2011

**PAM YAN-SANTOS**  
b. 1974

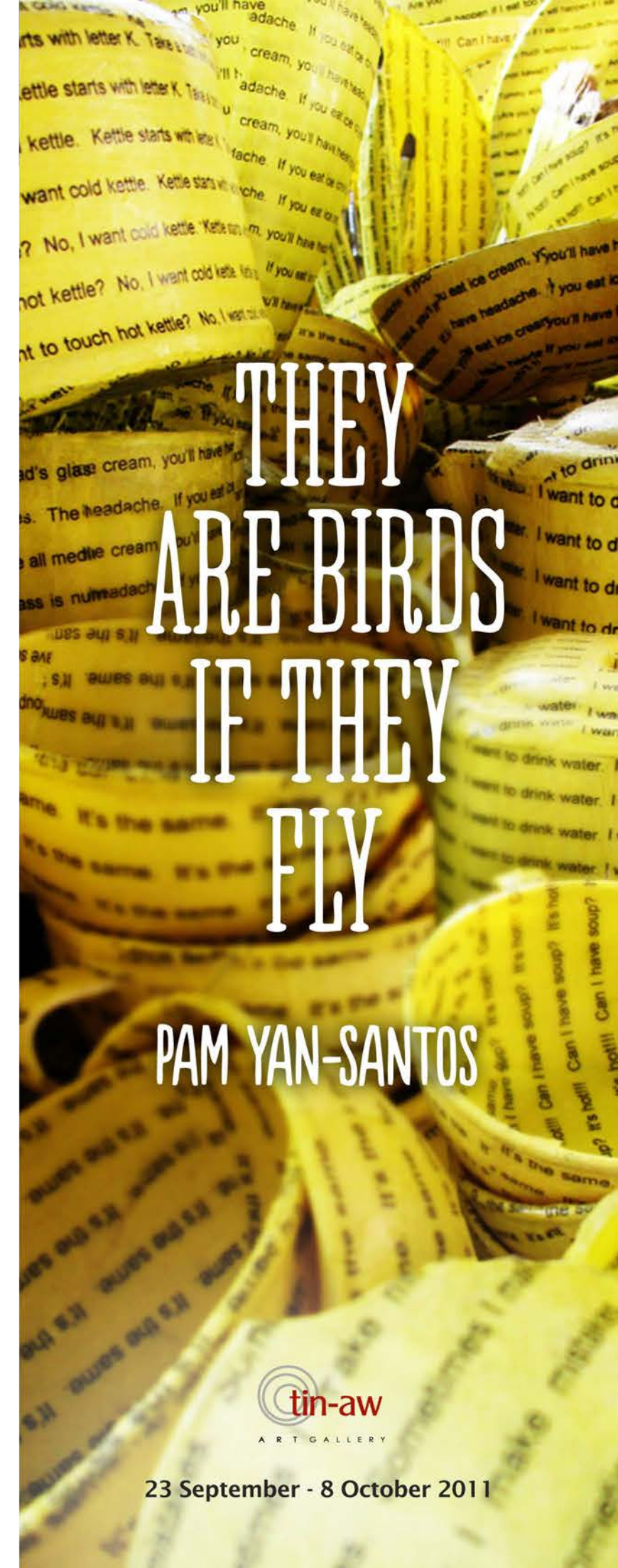
1991 – 1995 ■ Bachelor of Fine Arts major in Painting, University of the Philippines, Diliman Quezon City, Philippines

**SOLO EXHIBITIONS**

- 2011 ■ THEY ARE BIRDS IF THEY FLY, Tin-aw Art Gallery, Makati City, Philippines
- 2009 ■ MAKES SENSE, Art Informal, Mandaluyong City, Philippines
- 2008 ■ LIKE, Blanc Compound, Mandaluyong City, Philippines
- 2006 ■ GOING PLACES, Boston Gallery, Cubao, Quezon City, Philippines  
SORTING SHAPES, Kulay Diwa Art Galleries, Parañaque City, Philippines
- 2004 ■ QUILTED OBJECTS, West Gallery, Makati City, Philippines
- 2002 ■ PHASE PATTERNS, West Gallery, Makati City, Philippines



detail of Please Handle With Care

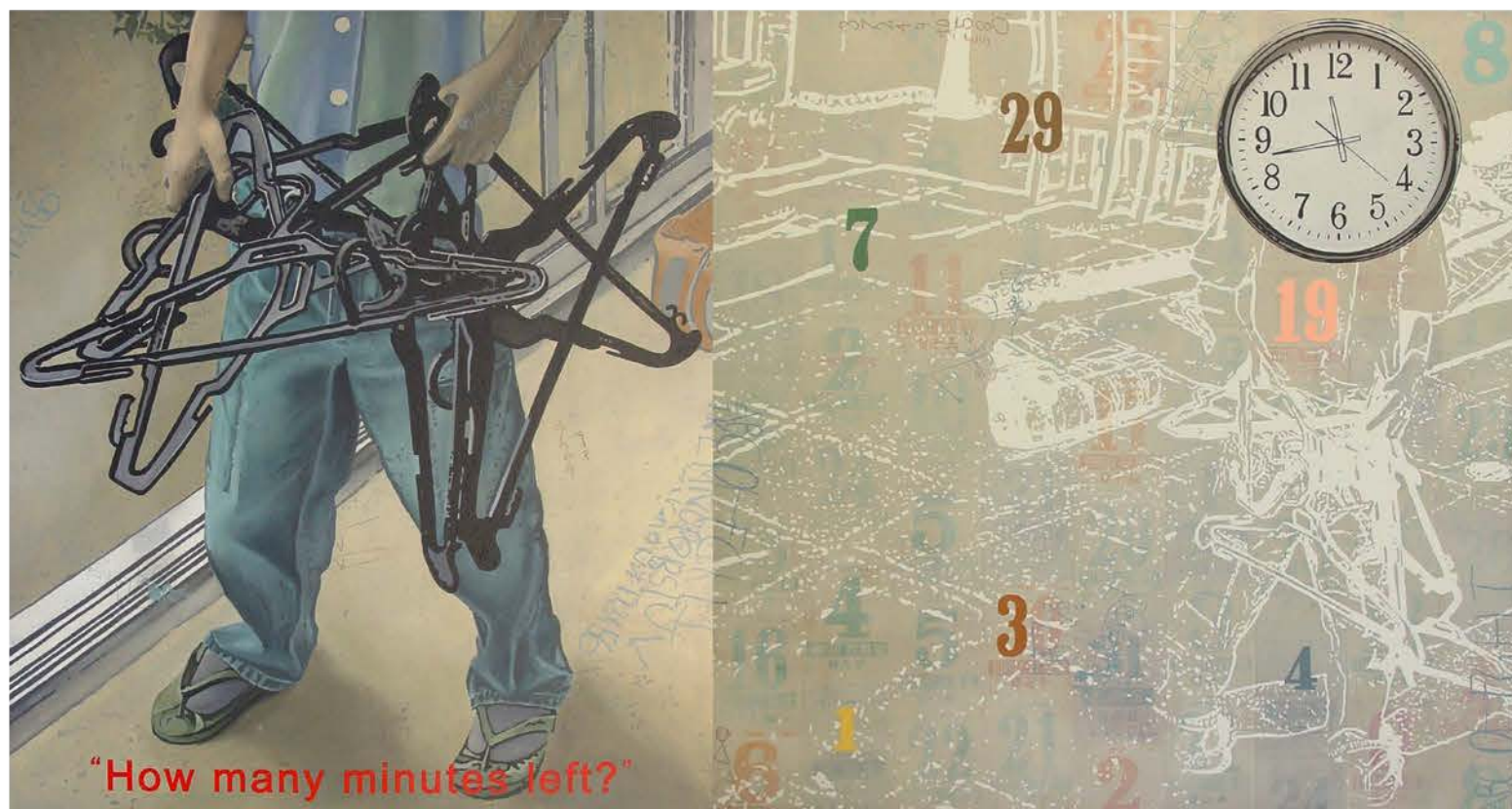


**THEY  
ARE BIRDS  
IF THEY  
FLY**

**PAM YAN-SANTOS**



23 September - 8 October 2011



**"How many minutes left?"**

**"How many minutes left?"**  
122 x 228.6 centimeters  
Acrylic, collage, serigraphy on canvas, 2011



Upper G/F, Somerset Olympia Makati  
Makati Ave. corner Sto. Tomas St.  
Makati City

**GALLERY HOURS**  
Monday - Saturday, 10:00 am - 6:00 pm

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**Rest Room**  
Acrylic and serigraphy on canvas  
154.4 x 154.4 centimeters  
2011

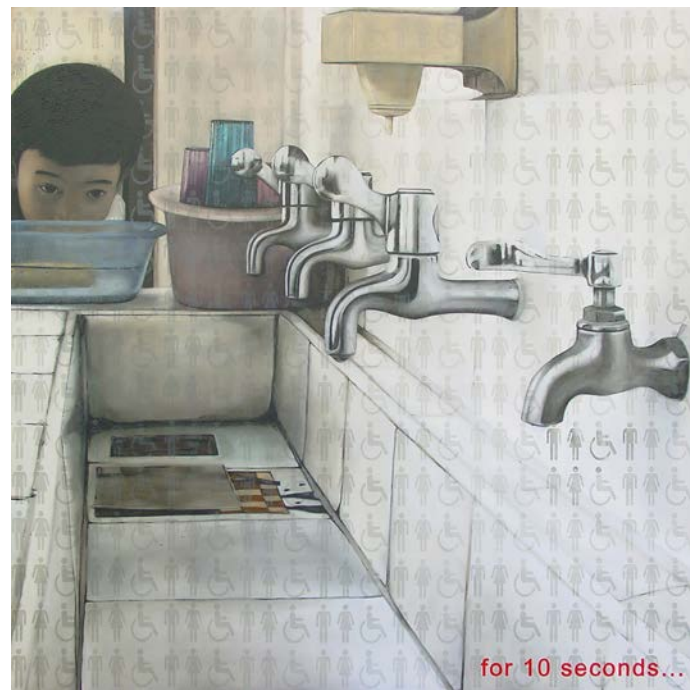
fragmented, and so obsessed with details that normal reason would deem too banal and needless. Such difference may be described in many ways, but it suffices to say that it defies expectations of what is measured, restrained, reasonable. Its disposition to repetition is central, and it is here that the home, the place par excellence of intimacy and habit, and the child's sagacity in discerning the minutiae come together. It is through this epiphany of a beautiful mind that art is chastened, decelerated, so to speak, to attend to its eccentricity and consider its unique criteria of coherence.

Yan-Santos reflects on this universe through a painstaking kind of painting that dwells on certain graphic techniques to reference everyday life in the home and her role in that milieu. The graphic element manifests itself in terms of the attention to design, the finesse of the exterior, the stark delineations of figure, the penchant for collage or juxtaposition, the citation of found materials through serigraphy and stencil. It is also revealed in the sensitivity to the accoutrements of the interior: furniture, dress, routine, kinship, wall paper. It is through the graphic, moreover, that she addresses, or better still, meditates on the multiple responsibilities of the "domestic," which is as much about the inner sanctum as it is about the outer limit and both reinterpreted through art by woman. In this exhibition, she probes aspects of the familiar, coming to grips with the potency of words and interdiction, the presence of pets, the enclosures of habitation: cages, cabinets, rooms. Through the eyes of Juno, she gathers moments of repose in which the pace of life comes to a halt because a different loop of thought takes over. Here, repetition overlaps repetition through a disruption, a variant of the everyday alights and fills the space with new insight into a quirky mentality and the ties lashed around this kind of thinking. This mediation of Juno takes his artist-mother to the logics of a distinct life way of icons, texts, objects, and other signs. They cohere to reinforce a system that vexingly reiterates and thus instills an exceptional form of patience. This is the subjectivity that inevitably congeals and that is articulated in art that repeats as well.

But this exhibition is more than just painting. It is about how an abode is "enworlded" by the said condition, how it is entangled in words that are inscribed on paper and are wrapped around objects of comfort (balls, shoes, paint brushes), which are in turn ensconced on the cherished confines of fine china or a miniature aviary of stuffed feathered friends. The original substance is worn out, so to speak, outstripped by Juno's oft-repeated words, which are by turns aphoristic and anecdotal. When he says, "they are birds if they fly," he confounds us because he dares nature to profess itself to an expectation, an obligation to which he himself is subjected; he reciprocates by provoking the impossible, or the not-yet possible. The effect is elliptical as cryptic lines actually code very commonplace circumstance, ciphers of recurrent reality: mother choosing not to leave the house; time needed to complete a deed; the desire to play; the confession of making mistakes.

It is in this light that the making of this art becomes a rite of healing, a therapy, if we must resort to the term, that aerates a gamut of sentiments from fear to frustration, melancholy to joy, resignation to yearning. What further informs the project is the alternative syntax that Juno insinuates into the conversation. His words prompt or cue his mother to weave aesthetic propositions that transform biography into a creative engagement with a fraught predicament. In the end, the artist casts a critical eye on the world's anxiety over and eventual refusal of the atypical or the queer or the peculiar or the idiosyncratic; she renews her interest in the overinvestment in security and convenience, questioning their centrality, something like stimming, or repetitive body movement that calcifies. Such fretfulness to conform ultimately builds up into norms, which then accumulate into tragic prejudices. In the long duration, we are moved to become more hospitable to the speculative and the sui generis, prospects intimidated by Juno, that must at all times be made to belong to an open, repeating world, which seems to be the house and the art of this boy of wonder. ©

will wear a dress."



**Look For 10 Seconds...**  
Acrylic and serigraphy on canvas  
154.4 x 154.4 centimeters  
2011



**The more you \_\_\_\_\_ the more you will not go up.**  
Acrylic and graphite on canvas  
122 x 91.4 centimeters  
2011



**A Piece of Heaven**  
Acrylic on canvas paper, chain, glass and frame inside birdcage  
49 x 40.75 x 30.50 centimeters  
2011



**Sanctuary**  
Acrylic, felt powder and synthetic fibers on polystyrene foam inside birdcage  
42.25 x 44 x 37.5 centimeters  
2011



**Supervised Play**  
Collage on plastic balls inside birdcage  
69.5 x 45 x 33.5 centimeters  
2011



**Comfort Zone**  
Acrylic, sand, soft putty on polystyrene foam, and pillow inside birdcage  
71 x 48.5 x 34.5 centimeters  
2011



**Stuffed Chicken**  
Sewn printed canvas stuffed with cotton, coconut husk inside birdcage  
57 x 28.5 x 30.5 centimeters  
2011

# What repeats, what changes

by Patrick D. Flores

Painting is repetition. It responds to a reality that is already reckoned, investing it with some kind of form, a picture, a trace, an image, a stroke. Also, painting pertains to rule, a training that lies in the sensing as well as in the making. It amasses works that may make up a history of efforts, a history of an art that is named painting and valued as painting. In realizing painting in the social world of both artist and those who take part in intuiting it, there is a strong sense of pattern, of going back and forth, pursuing a line, putting on color, faceting a figure, cutting an angle, and so on, until the travail is over and the motion turns into object. Before a thing emerges on a surface that is an illusion of a full-bodied world through medium and skill and all other devices necessary for facture, painting rests on a palimpsest of repetitions. It is, therefore, at once open to more of the same or to the elusive, and closed, trapped in its own rigor, its commitment to a form that resists co-incident or play or chance.

In the work of Pamela Yan-Santos, all this transpires, she being reared in the fine arts and practices her métier in the art scene. In the home, however, a different climate pervades: it is a psychological cosmos furnished by her son with the fellow artist José John Santos III. The boy Juan Elessar or Juno wanders in a world that moves along a different rhythm, impervious to the demands of judiciousness or the efficient synthesis of thought, or the integration of so-called knowledge. The process whirling in the mind is fundamentally