

33

Slab
catalogue

PATRICIA PEREZ EUSTAQUIO

CLOUD COUNTRY

SEPTEMBER 28 - OCTOBER 19, 2011



PATRICIA PEREZ EUSTAQUIO

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Bea Davila (exhibition notes)

Silverlens Inc (copy art)

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°SLab

Publisher: Silverlens Inc.

Cover Image: *Cloud Country (Landscape)*, 2011 detail

Back Cover Image: *After A Bird in Cloud Country*, 2011 detail

SLab Catalogue 33:

Cloud Country - Patricia Perez Eustaquio

28 September - 19 October 2011

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Installation view, CLOUD COUNTRY | Slab

Temple Cloud is an English village within the Chew Valley near Bath.
I have never been there.

I once dreamt of my gallerist, whose face, upon giving me a tour of her new house, became covered with patches of red moss, while her lashes became heavy with long stringy buds. More recently I dreamt of making sculptures out of clear jell-o that encased bronze and wooden objects in big wobbly blocks. It was a stupid dream, and I would never make those in real life.

I once boarded an empty train with a friend, and realizing our mistake soon enough, we tried to get out but we were locked in. The train started moving and brought us to the far end of the tracks where all sleeping trains go to rest. We rushed to find the driver, but there was none, so it seemed the train had moved by itself. It was a stupid mistake, and I regret that it happened in real life.

It is quite difficult to recall dreams, and more often than not, their images and narratives blur with memories so that reconstructing them becomes a slippery task of sorting truth and lies. When we sleep, we fly off to cloud country, where our resting minds weave stories and invent landscapes, conjure super powers and strange creatures. But as we wake, those dreams

remain as clouds: you might see a rabbit taking shape while another sees a dinosaur but it's still just water.

Memory is a tricky thing. When we recall we see things twice. Once, we saw it for sure while the second time our eyes do a somersault and searches to retrieve a picture in our head. Recalling dreams perhaps is seeing things from a farther remove. The disquiet arises when we've seen it twice, and twice yet again. I'll see things for myself, and for you, too. We'll write our biographies as paperbacks, flimsy and full of flourish.

People store keepsakes to remember certain things, particular events. "As remembrance," one often hears, but are memories really warm fuzzy things kept away in cedar boxes? I wouldn't want to assent to that and be called uncool, and I wonder whether a cold glassy brick would better represent the ambiguity of my memories.

Marco Polo, upon reaching the Southeast Asian islands is confronted with a one-horned creature with black hard skin and a head of bull. A unicorn!, he pronounces, and proceeds to "correct" the long-held vision of the elegant white unicorn resting on a virgin's lap, with the image of a muddy rhinoceros.

The platypus is a duck that looks like a beaver and has tits to suckle its babes. I can still recall the illustration from my worn (now lost) copy of Ripley's Believe It Or Not. The hippogriff is an eagle with the rear legs of a horse. It is a proud mythic creature much like its co-star you-know-who.

On my last road trip, I drove through long tunnels into mountains, on old stone roads, rising several hundred vertical meters, going from summer to winter in a twenty minute drive. Along the way, I passed what looked like a big cloud resting on the side of the road, but at closer look was a block of ice. It sat there majestically on the mountainside not caring that June had come and that December was still very much far away.

PATRICIA PEREZ EUSTAQUIO
CLOUD COUNTRY

September 2011

LOOK UP WHERE YOU BEGAN. In this country there is neither measure nor balance to redress the dominance of rocks and woods, the passage, say, of this man-shaming clouds.

For a moment the world is this room, this dark, jazzy, terrible room, where every element of our lives is focused in the shine of your malicious eyes. A reflection (not yours) broken on the water. In the foreground white blur, although they couldn't be snow for this is a summer scene. And yet, though the tragic view is central to my vision, all lovely artifice and lacking any hint of compassion, to stand upright like a piano in your parlor---elegant, but a little out of tune.

Imagine, if you will, the man who has put on a heavy coat, mittens, warm hat and scarf to brave a blizzard. It is a doom that awaits all of us who reject our own nature and insist on being something else other than ourselves.

Oh, the morning papers said simply fair and warm. (A whitish day passed beyond the curtainless window)

It took three days driving north to find a cloud. Other days (five, seven, ten?) have blurred together in my memory, which is just as well. It is pointless to speak of the gamut of mysterious planes, mild tachycardias, and sudden flushes as though a single word could summon up a thousand others. We skimmed as though we were flying over a landscape. A wall of trees rose up in front of us and we drove into it.

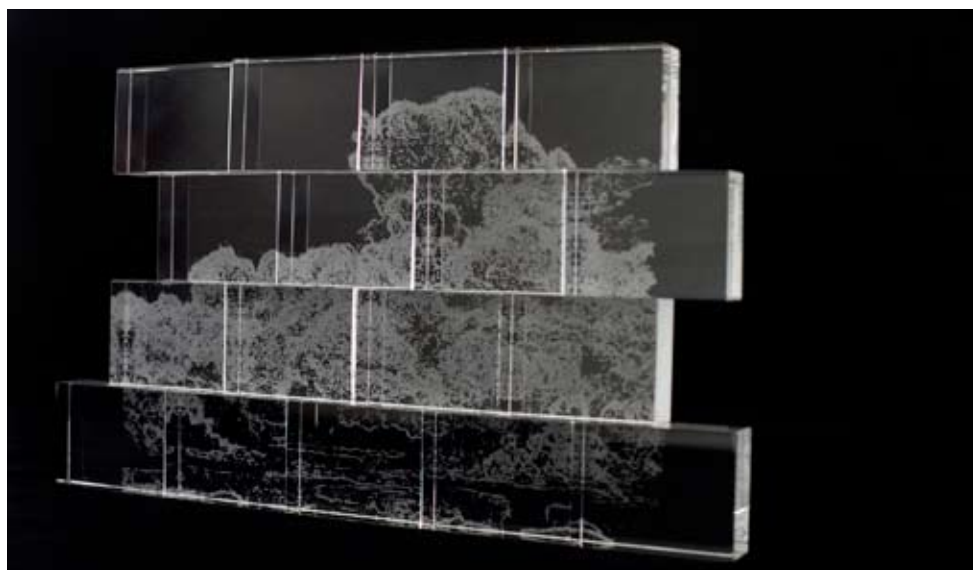
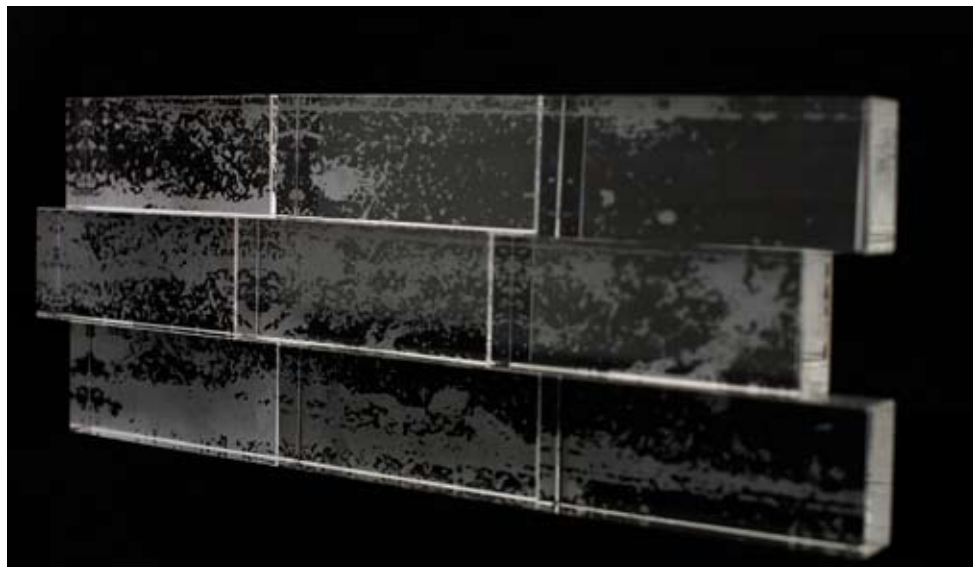
Here was Flatland, a country of just two dimensions, inhabited only by planar figures: triangles, squares, polygons. And how do they recognize each other? If they cannot see each other from above and so perceive only lines? I might not have easily recognize the square. Blessed are these who wander in the mist and can see things. Two dimensional, but luckier than I. Two things, an accident and a design. Maybe I am not dead.

Below this threshold, I want to spend the rest of my life everywhere, with everyone, one to one, always, forever, now. I dreamed of the lands of the South Seas, made of streaks of cream arranged in long strands across a plate of mulberry jam. These green chameleons race one another across: divining, perhaps, my thoughts. We have crept between a sorcerer's passage, quite as if we'd been played wretched trick. For here in disguise was the surface of the moon, the noplacement of everywhere but how very correct, after all that here at the world's end we should find this ; a city as it thrashes and twists. But with its outcry muffled, its hurry hampered its ambitions hindered, it is like a dry fountain, some useless monument sprawled, sinking into an immaculate sunshine, helplessly etherizing into unearthly sweetness of flowers blooming in December.

Collaged from the text of Umberto Eco, Kazuo Ishiguro, Jeanette Winterson, Alicia, Damien Hirst, Sylvia Plath, Gustave Flaubert, Truman Capote, Edgar Allan Poe and a word from my own sculpture from 2008 "Oh"

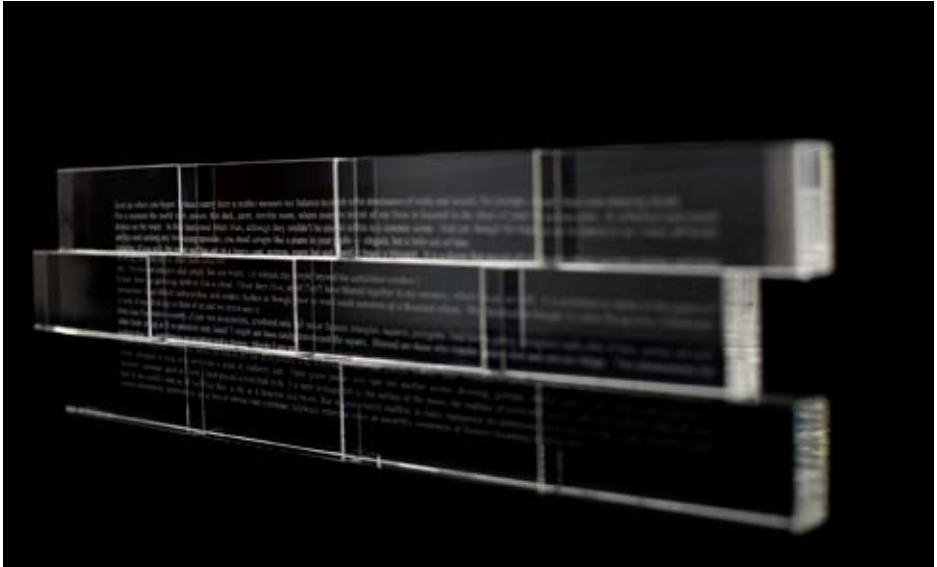


Look Up Where You Began (diptych), 2011
mirror, photo on canvas
36 × 72 in / 91.44 × 182.88 cm (each)

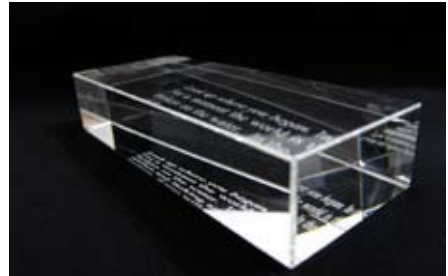
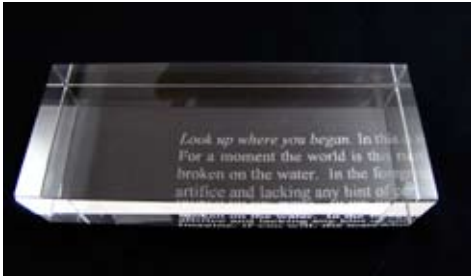


Untitled (Béton Brut), 2011
engraved crystal (glass) bricks
5.91 × 14.76 × 0.98 in • 15 × 37.5 × 2.5 cm

Untitled (Clouds), 2011 | engraved crystal
(glass) bricks | 9.45 × 12.60 × 0.98 in / 24 ×
32 × 2.5 cm



Untitled (Look up where you began.), 2011
engraved crystal (glass) bricks
5.91 × 19.70 × 0.98 in • 15 × 50 × 2.5 cm



Detailed view of *Untitled (Look up where you began.)*



100,000 years, 2011
clear cast resin, gold leaf, fossilized wood
9.45 x 5.12 x 3.15 in • 24 x 13 x 8 cm



From *Goodbye Cruel World* installation, 2005
mirror, horn, plaster
variable dimension





Blue Eyes, 2011 (diptych)
oil on canvas
96 x 84 in • 137.16 x 213.36 cm (each)



A Bird in Cloud Country II, 2011
oil on canvas
96 x 72 in • 243.84 x 182.88 cm



Cloud Country (Landscape), 2011
oil on canvas
96 x 72 in • 243.84 x 182.88 cm



After A Bird in Cloud Country, 2011
oil on canvas
96 x 42 in • 243.84 x 106.68 cm



After Cloud Country (Landscape), 2011
oil on canvas
96 x 42 in • 243.84 x 106.68 cm



Strange Fruit, 2011
cast metal (solid brass) vitrine with
pinewood base
variable dimension



Installation view, CLOUD COUNTRY | SLab

SLab is proud to present *Cloud Country* by celebrated artist Patricia Perez Eustaquio, opening this September 28, Wednesday, 6-9pm.

In *Cloud Country*, Eustaquio showcases her characteristic work, paintings on shaped canvases, as well as new work cast from materials we haven't seen her work with before-- crystal, bronze, a mirror and a photograph. As in previous shows, such as the 2009 Ateneo Art Award-winning *Death to the Major, Viva Minor*, and last year's *Dear Sweet Filthy World*, Eustaquio is as meticulous, brave and imaginative.

Eustaquio likens *Cloud Country* to an archaeological survey, where she draws from a mass of thoughts born from what was and what will be, and sifts through it to distinguish between memory and myth. In this cerebral exercise, Eustaquio finds connections between images, text and material.

In one work, Eustaquio brings together a mirror and a photograph. The mirror is sandblasted with a collage of words gathered from the literature of Umberto Eco, Kazuo Ishiguro, Jeanette Winterson, Ali Shaw, Damien Hirst, Sylvia Plath, Gustave Flaubert, Truman Capote, Edgar Allan Poe, and Eustaquio's 2008 sculpture "Oh". Pieced together, Eustaquio creates a unique narrative, which she then places facing a photograph of a giant block of snow that Eustaquio chanced upon one springtime in Europe. Reflected in the mirror, therefore, is a chance encounter of this piece of ice, waiting at the side of the road for winter to come. And when the two halves meet, a second narrative emerges. In the glass and in the ice, we are reminded of how hazy or how clear memory can be. Or, how delicate or how enduring.

Just like in another of Eustaquio's work--sculptures of small bricks made of crystal, carefully placed on top of the other to form a wall-- we see the thin line between fragility and stability. Like pieces to a puzzle, she gathers images, text and material, and slowly rebuilds. In *Cloud Country*, Eustaquio not only surveys but also unearths and completes meaning.

Cloud Country by Patricia Perez Eustaquio opens on September 28, Wednesday, 6-9pm at SLab. The show runs simultaneously with *Incarinate* by Isa Lorenzo in Silverlens Gallery, and *Glutted Vertebrates* by Tatong Torres in 20SQUARE until October 22, 2011.

Words by Bea Davila

OTHER RECENT WORKS



A Bird in Cloud Country (diptych) 2011
oil on canvas
72 x 48 in • 183 x 122 cm (each)
Shown at Christie's May 2011 Auction



Horns in Cloud Country (diptych) 2011
oil on canvas
61 x 48 in • 154.98 x 121.92 cm (each)
Shown at Art Hongkong 2011

PATRICIA PEREZ EUSTAQUIO | b. 1977, Cebu, Philippines

SOLO SHOWS

- 2011 *Cloud Country*, SLab, Makati City Philippines
Last Post, Ateneo Art Gallery, Quezon City, Philippines
- 2010 *Objects*, 20SQUARE, SLab, Makati City, Philippines
Dear Sweet Filthy World, Silverlens Gallery, Makati City, Philippines
- 2009 *Bone White*, 20 Square, Makati City, Philippines
- 2008 *Death to the Major*, Viva Minor, SLab, Makati City, Philippines
- 2004 *Swine*, Green Papaya Art Projects, Quezon City, Philippines
Death to the Major and Other Works, Magnet Gallery, ABS-CBN, Quezon City, Philippines
- 2003 *Split/Seam/Stress*, Ayala Museum, Makati City, Philippines

SELECTED GROUP SHOWS

REGIONAL/INTERNATIONAL

- 2011 *Silverlens Gallery, ManiArt 11*, Manila, Philippines
Silverlens Gallery, Art HK 11, Hong Kong
Silverlens Gallery, VOLTA 7, Basel, Switzerland
Silverlens Gallery, Pulse New York 2011, New York, USA
- 2010 *Popping Up, Exploring the Relationship Between 2D and 3D*,
a survey of Asian artists,
curated by Fumio Nanjo (Director, Mori Art Museum), Hong Kong Arts
Center, Hong Kong
Silverlens Gallery, Art HK 10, Hong Kong
- 2009 *Thrice Upon A Time: A Century of Story in the Art of the Philippines*,
Singapore Art Museum, Singapore
Pulse Art New York, New York City
Hong Kong Art Fair, China
- 2008 *Silverlens Gallery, Asian Contemporary Art Fair*, New York
Silverlens Gallery, Contemporary, Shanghai, China
Silverlens Gallery, ArtHK08, Hong Kong, China
Three Young Contemporaries, Valentine Willie Fine Arts, Kuala Lumpur,
Malaysia
- 2005 *You Are Here*, Valentine Willie Fine Arts, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Flippin' Out: From Maynila to Williamsburg, Goliath, Brooklyn, New York
- 2004 *SENI Singapore 2004: Art and The Contemporary/Home Fronts*,
exhibit of Asian artists, Singapore Art Museum, Singapore

PHILIPPINES

- 2011 *Bisa: Potent Presences*, Metropolitan Museum of Manila, Manila Philippines
Strip 2011: Painters as Photographers, Curated by Rachel Rillo, Silverlens, Gallery, Makati City, Philippines
- 2010 *Review*, SLab, Makati City, Philippines
- 2009 *Serial Killers*, Green Papaya Art Projects, Quezon City, Philippines
- 2007 *Shoot Me, Photographs Now*, Mo Gallery, Bonifacio High Street, Manila
- 2005 *Parallel Stories*, Art Center, Megamall, Ortigas, Pasig City
- 2004 *Cancelled Metaphors*, Art Center, Megamall, Ortigas, Pasig City
The Sedimentation of the Mind is a Jumbled Museum, Vargas Museum, University of the Philippines
Inventory, The Cubicle, Pasig City
Magnet Gallery Resident Artists, Magnet +, Makati City
- 2003 *Picture This*, Art Center, Megamall, Ortigas, Pasig City
Under Construction, Big Sky Mind, Cubao, Quezon City
Dog Show, U.F.O., Mandaluyong City

AWARDS

- 2010 *Shattering States*, Ateneo Art Awards 2010
- 2009 Recipient, The New Wave, Ateneo Art Awards 2009
13 Artists Award from the Cultural Center of the Philippines
- 2005 Gawad Urian for Best in Production Design, for the film *Ebolusyon Ng Isang Pamilyang Pilipino* by Lav Diaz

ART RESIDENCIES

- 2010 *Art Omi*, New York, USA
- 2009 *Stichting id I I*, Delft, The Netherlands

EDUCATION

University of the Philippines - Diliman, Quezon City, Philippines
Bachelor of Fine Arts, Major in Painting, Magna Cum Laude,
Citations: Presidential Scholar; academic years 1998-2001,
Dominador Castaneda Award for Best Thesis

United World College of the Adriatic, Trieste, Italy, International Baccalaureate
Diploma, with Certificate in World Cultures, 1997 through a grant from the
Italian Government and the UWC Endowment Fund

Silverlens Galleries

Established in 2004, the Silverlens Galleries (Silverlens), in its three exhibition spaces—silverlens, SLab (Silverlens Lab), and 20SQUARE—and two backrooms, show contemporary art from the Philippines. Silverlens has earned recognition from both artists and collectors and is currently one of the leading contemporary art galleries in the country.

Silverlens' vision, through its exhibition program, artist representation, and institutional collaboration, aims to place contemporary Philippine art within the broader framework of contemporary art dialogue.

Photography and related media are showcased at silverlens. Exhibitions for painting, drawing, sculpture, design and mixed media are at SLab and 20SQUARE. SLab is a venue for large group shows or solo exhibitions, while 20SQUARE is a favorite for smaller, more intimate ones.

A thorough program of established and emerging contemporary art from the country's most exciting artists are shown at the Silverlens Galleries. The gallery's artists push the boundaries of their medium and are aggressive in their dialogue with the critical audience. Furthermore, through regular gallery events such as art talks, film screenings, and panel discussions, Silverlens works to create increased awareness about artists, their work, and their process.

www.silverlensgalleries.com



Silverlens Galleries



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°SLab

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SQUARE

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