



ART GALLERY

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

**GALLERY HOURS**

Monday - Saturday, 10:00 am - 6:00 pm

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# small world

29 FEBRUARY to 24 MARCH 2012

**Ambie Abaña** Leo Abaya **Nick Aca**  
Mike Adrao **Carlo Aranton**  
Dennis Atienza **Robert Besana**  
Charlie Co **Francis Commeyne**  
Maoi Constantino **Antipas Delotavo**  
Alfredo Esquillo Jr. **Karen Flores**  
Chris Gomez **Renato Habulan**  
Gregory Halili **Mark Justiniani**  
Kurt Lluch **Lofranco**  
Ivan Macarambon **Joy Mallari**  
Noli Principe Manalang  
**Ferdinand Montemayor** Lee Paje  
**Anthony Palomo**  
Christina Quisumbing Ramilo  
**Alwin Reamillo** Kirby Roxas  
**Archie Ruga** Don Salubayba  
**Ioannis Sicuya** Adeo Sta. Juana  
**Clairelynn Uy** Abril Valdemoro

The scale of the miniature is deceptive. It is contrasted with the massive and is deemed insignificant, a speck in the cosmos, so to speak. But the intricacy of the miniscule is vast; its capacity for detail may actually be infinite, its patterns open-ended, and to a certain extent, always potentially unfolding.

The small alludes to the diminished, or the process of diminution itself. It is about ruin, fragment, a version of something grander, a pale comparison. It is a sign of both remains and the “not yet.” And so, it could be melancholic and quaint. It invites endearment; it is a specter of future absence. It is not so much being as it is seeming, semblance not consummation.

Art that is small, “at the threshold of the visible,” could only bear so much promise, because it hopes for a faint or slight but nevertheless marked presence: the imperfection of the finite human, the grace of frailty. On deeper contemplation, it evokes the artist’s interior that is the ocean of the

unconscious and the vein of talent and inspiration. It is the distillation of so many complications and anecdotes of everyday struggles and enduring anxieties. It may appear incommensurate, undeserving of spectacle and display, but it is what it is: incomplete, spare, condensed. Whether impoverished or fattened, it need not apologize. It is conscious of its own virtues: enigma, refinement, restraint, chastened by what a predisposed faculty could achieve. Its obsessions are thus not about manner and magnitude. They are about facet, process, abstraction, symptom, repetition. Like a planetarium, a dollhouse, a haiku, a theme park, a microchip, a diorama, a tweet, a downsize or a subcontract, it is, as the song goes, a “deluge in a paper cup.”

In art, it is the impulse of the moment, a point in the series, a devotion to craft, a study, an error, an unexpected epiphany. In other words, it is a fragile gift worthy of anniversaries of precious years still to be lived in a copious world of creative time. ©