Las Vegas Artist’s Guild Juror's Statement

This is Small

Marcus Civin

May 22, 2019

Two eggs is a small thing. A light switch is a small thing. A quick breakfast. A backpack. A stack of chairs is a small thing. All of them broken in small but different ways. A table. A schedule. A couple empty oil barrels. A short concert. A car in traffic. These are our little pieces. You know: aging is a small thing. Evil, too. Maybe. Lying and saying everything's great, that's a small thing. Moss, a tree. Small. Citrus canker is small; buffaloes are few. This jar of nails. This balloon. This gauze. This town. This dung. This flat. This, if it were a eulogy. Small. This broken dish. This truck. This spinning top. That tremor. Maybe. Maybe, this smudge. That horizon. These brushstrokes. This stomach trouble. Your jewel. This dress, corduroy. This cow, bleeding. This county. My committees. The swivel. The chair. The candles. Small but beautiful, and they smell good. The coffee cup. Broom and dustpan. The side of the mountain. The mountain. The massive boats loading cargo. The golfer. Small. That bright courtyard, that was her small prison. That gecko or tortoise, flying. This hat. This apple. These hands that could stop three bullets. I love these small hands. I am the luckiest man in the world I saw these small hands that day by the window perfectly realized, me wearing my favorite sweatshirt, my hair perfect, and my pet seahorse looking like it could fly the whole day. Oh, and all of us dancing, eating candy or dreaming of smoke rings, of dots, or birchwood, and aprons. How do we get away with what we get away with? What gives us this agency? What makes us want to do the things we do? How do we give ourselves agency when we are so small?

Writing this, I found myself wanting to talk to an artist new to Las Vegas named Sapira Cheuk. I wanted to ask Sapira a few questions. I’m also new to Las Vegas.

Hey Sapria, what is a mountain?

Mountain is majestic, inspiringly large and imposing, and in my mind, female.

One egg or two?

For me, more is always better when it comes to breakfast.

What is small?

Something that’s physically tiny in comparison to my body, but only in physicality.

What does it feel like to tear up/tear down/pull apart a painting or drawing you made?

It feels AMAZING, when I finally decide to do something like that, it usually means I can’t bear for it to exist in its current state. So the alteration usually feels like a rebirth.

Why is that piece of wood in your hand more important than any other piece of wood in the world?

I don’t think my hand (or me) could make a piece of wood particularly important. I imagine there’s a lot of pieces of wood out there being really REALLY important, I’m thinking pieces of wood in a cradle, part of a leg to a stool in a busy DMV...