



5. Expression

My hands are the vessels that express the inner workings of my mind. Through a paintbrush or a computer mouse, my hands allow me to shape, mold and discover. The very same hands that lifted paper mache hot air balloons with flower petals for parachutes into the sky can now express my ideas for city innovation.



6. Identity

The Mind's Eye is like a chasm that exists behind the mask of what we show others. These frames in the foreground of the Cadavre Exquis are the pieces of external life that we absorb and the emotions we present. Sometimes I am gentle and kind. Sometimes I am fierce. Or clever, or supportive. Sometimes I am overcome with happiness or weighed down by grief. Caring for our every-shifting inner-self may mean expressing the heavy things externally, in work and in everyday life.