BIGGER THAN WE ARE

An Anthology of Poems and Artworks by 8th Grade Students

P.S. 140
One of the oldest alternative art spaces in New York, Artists Space was founded in 1972 to support contemporary artists working across many disciplines. Today, Artists Space continues to be a site for provocative discussion and examination, proposing new modes of artistic production and new ideas in a radically changing world.

Expanded Art Ideas, Artists Space’s arts education program, was founded in 2001 with the mission of encouraging mainstream and special education students in New York City’s public schools to develop a personal artistic voice and to utilize their individual creative capacities. It does this by providing students with the skills to communicate, document, and publicly exhibit their work. Expanded Art Ideas equally widens Artists Space’s commitment to contemporary artists
by providing the opportunity for artists to work and collaborate with different communities in an educational setting.

The program has grown from one portfolio development residency in 2001 to a full range of projects, including Photo Club, Artists in/ed Space, Art and Literacy, Threads of History and the continuing Portfolio Development. Expanded Art Ideas support students in developing a richer platform of identity from which to speak across a wide range of artistic forms.

This past year, we were fortunate to welcome two new teaching artists. Poet and artist Desirée Alvarez worked with two 8th grade English classes, using the writings of Gwendolyn Brooks, Maya Angelou and Yusef Komunyakaa to explore politics, identity and race, which culminated in the brilliant and moving poems published in this volume. Artist Claudia Sohrens worked with photography students to explore narrative photography, exposing how images are created and manipulated to influence viewer perception. The result was a beautiful slide show and wall installation. Teaching artist Susan Hamburger worked with our students to prepare individual portfolios for the entrance examinations to specialized high schools. In addition to skillfully completing typical visual arts studies and examining works from art history, her students learned to think critically about their own contributions and analyze the work of their classmates.

Our annual Art Day at the end of the school year was a great success, with a poetry slam accompanied by a slide show from the photography students—touching all who were in the audience and inspiring rousing applause. The Portfolio Development students’ work was exhibited in the gallery, and
Photo Club’s installation on the photo wall was on view for the whole community to appreciate. We are so pleased to publish this book featuring the work of our students, and hope that this work inspires future students for many years to come.

2016 marks the 15th year that Expanded Art Ideas has flourished at our partner school P.S. 140 Nathan Straus. When I initiated Expanded Art Ideas many years ago, the intention was to bring contemporary artists and innovative art programs to middle school students. I am so pleased that the program has been successful—thanks to our teaching artists, and the P.S. 140 Nathan Straus team.

It has been a particular pleasure to work with P.S. 140’s Carmen Fulford for the last 14 years. She has encouraged our teaching artists’ work from the beginning, and saw Artists Space and Expanded Art Ideas become an integral part of the school’s community under the direction of Principal Melissa Rodriquez. Artists Space’s commitment to our students at P.S. 140, which enables their creative voices to be heard through poetry and the visual arts, will continue under Kate Temple as incoming Director of Education at Artists Space.

It has been an honor to work with everyone involved through my time with Expanded Art Ideas. Enjoy our book!

Chrysanne Stathacos
At P.S. 140, we believe that art should be a fundamental part of the daily life of a student. Only when art education becomes an integral element of the learning process – instead of a discrete, project-based exercise – will it succeed in encouraging uninhibited learning by our students. We believe that the arts can open new doors and offer experiences that give students the opportunity to look at their world through a different set of eyes.

Our school, P.S. 140, has been honored to have an amazing and fruitful partnership for the past 15 years with such a professional and giving organization, Artists Space. Our students have benefited from the expertise of incredibly talented and committed artists who believe in the ability of students to learn and perfect their artistic ability given the opportunity and support. Chrysanne Stathacos, Director of Education for 15 years, and now Kate Temple, and all of the teaching artists who have worked with us over the years, have respected a vision of our school as intricately related to the arts and have continuously helped it evolve.

It has been our privilege to work with Chrysanne, the Artists Space office staff and the dedicated and talented teaching artists – photographer Claudia Sorens, visual artist Susan Hamburger, and poet Desireé Alvarez – this past academic year. Our relationship with Artists Space has promoted, enhanced and encouraged the growth of the arts in our school.
Our students are given tremendous opportunity under the guidance of very special teaching artists to express themselves through the visual arts (painting, drawing, and photography) and through writing poetry. These artists support and encourage the students to discover their hidden talents and to take risks. The results are amazing, incredibly beautiful and quite touching. Our students take much pride in their work and are over the top when it is shared or displayed in our school, or in art galleries as a result of winning a competition.

Our school community and I are very grateful for their vision and support and look forward to a long fruitful relationship that will continue to inspire the artists and writers of the future.

THANK YOU, ARTISTS SPACE.

Melissa Rodriguez
Principal
Photo Club
Over the years I’ve had the pleasure to teach within a number of exciting Youth Education programs that represent a diverse range of students, goals and outcomes. This was my first opportunity to collaborate with Artists Space and to teach photography to 8th graders at P.S. 140.

My students this year demonstrated great talent. They used photography as a way of storytelling: for personal narrative as well as to express feelings about their families, school, and neighborhood. The images they produced ranged widely. They were broad in scope yet idiomatic—they were part reportage, part social commentary, and combined the personal and poetic. Not afraid to take risks and to experiment, the students were able to develop a new vocabulary of styles and surfaces for their ideas.

I found this group of students to be very dedicated and generous to their peers. Thought-provoking activities and assignments led to constructive conversations about photography, public and private spaces, and our use of social media.

Based on our discussion about different genres of photography, and their professional applications, I was thrilled to witness the effort they put into discussing and editing each other’s work and collaboratively producing the photo wall and slideshow for the final celebration and exhibition.
The work in the show reflects personal narratives, as well as the collective experience and memory of the neighborhood and its community. I am so happy to have played a part in this.

Claudia Sohrens
Expanded Art Ideas

Photography Residency Spring 2016
Photo Club P.S. 140
1 Luis Maldonado 10 Shaylene Viera 19 Caitly Dominici
2 Luis Maldonado 11 Cayla Mercado 20 Cayla Mercado
3 Cayla Mercado 12 Luis Maldonado 21 Illiana Polanco
4 Allison Vazquez 13 Geanet Rogers 22 Cayla Mercado
5 Caitly Dominici 14 Cayla Mercado 23 Ulianny Fabre
6 Cayla Mercado 15 Luis Maldonado 24 Ulianny Fabre
7 Cayla Mercado 16 Shaylene Viera 25 Ulianny Fabre
8 Geanet Rogers 17 Shaylene Viera 26 Luis Maldonado
9 Shaylene Viera 18 Illiana Polanco 27 Luis Maldonado
Beautifully brave, the voices of P.S. 140’s poets look hard at an uncertain world “to get out of the mirror” and see into ways of being transformed by language.

Together we read Elizabeth Bishop’s “Map” poem and students wrote their own maps of family, school, predators, and the developing heart. These new wordsmiths charted fear and friendship with a freshness and maturity of perspective.

We focused on the notion that a poem can be a room and a safe hiding place for storytelling in which anything can happen, a place where fantasy and experience can be made manifest and comprehended by the poetic voice that simultaneously is and is not the “I”. Students explored the power of the line by writing lines as simple as one word and as complex as an aphorism.

I have loosely sequenced the poems to arc from explorations of the psyche and the world to odes to loved ones, persona poems in the form of animal portraits, and poems of moral compass. From the tender quotidian of sneakers, pets, and the weather to metamorphoses of identity, intense portraits of family, and visions of a better world, these new poets strike at a lavish range of emotional and sonic vistas. In no uncertain terms they are sculpting the future of language deftly and heartbreakingly, with capable hands and voices.

Desirée Alvarez
Map

Looking at a map you travel with words. You see where you’re going. You look at the outline of where you are. Colors defining each place you go and lines representing things that are bigger than we are.

Maps are not only a way of directions to places, but also a way into someone’s heart. You see where you go with fear of what’s to come but with excitement for what is waiting for you.

Juliana Mendez
Chasing My Dream

How to breathe if I’m in the sea and not a fish. Sometimes it’s better just to listen but I feel like I’m in a prison. I already started, I can’t stop. If I fall I’ll just stand up. I can’t waste more time, I’m taking a long ride.

Angel Luis Rondon
Wings

I see your golden wings
In the winter darkness

Spread your wings and change the winter
Darkness to summer light

And never let darkness rule
The world.

Angel Espinal
Change of Form

Change the color to black and white and grey.

Why are you full with beautiful colors and I’m just plain mystery colors?

Snowing, it’s black and cold.

I’m in the back quiet. I hear a whisper.

The noise is silent.

Everything will happen all over again.

Yesterday happened. It will happen today and tomorrow.

The only thing I can see is that there are angels, the ocean and the world.

Megan Fleming
Mapped Plans

could you describe yellow?
what would you tell him?
he can’t see
to him everything is time
the rug is at 3 o’clock
the mug at 4

i’ve been told what helps
is a map of life
not your version but his
with his eyes wide open
all he sees is black

the woman is stressed
how can she go outside?
she can’t even order coffee
without stuttering
it’s a curse she thinks
one day the two meet
so different but so alike
one day the woman
stops stuttering
she creates the man’s map
designs it for easy access

the man can’t see
but the woman’s beauty
is perfection
their love is inevitable
they can’t run
when all they have is each other

they realize they’re not alone anymore
too happy to process
they spend eternity together
through health through sickness and forever
sappy i know but their life is mapped
they were bound to meet
it was inevitable people would say

Audrey Siahaya
Light & Darkness

The light is beautiful.
It’s full of innocence and trust.
I wish I could always be with the light.

 Darkness is disguise
 filled with lies and hurtful comments.
 I wish I wasn’t part of this.

The light and darkness are inside me.
To help balance I contain my own
light and darkness.

Ernesto Conde
The World of Hers

Out of the window there’s the world filled with mystery. Remaining unknown.

Water could be described like a teardrop from you. Once it drops it may never stop. When you’re mad, you look up. One drop falls, two drops fall. Then all fall. The rain is crying for you as you let them fall. You notice the colorlessness of the world.

Could everything you see be an imagining of yours? Colors behind many colors.

Behind the black is white and behind the white is grey. So then what’s behind the grey?
Carrying an empty bucket, 
putting it aside as you see the world around you. 
The raindrops, once they fall, make a puddle. 
Looking in the puddle you see you. 
You turn seeing the bucket fill, 
wondering if the heart is like a bucket. 
Once it’s filled with emotion it’s full. 
When the rain stops a smile appears 
as if the rain is helping you.

Karen Jiang
Her Smile

I never really knew you.
But when you’re here,
I can hear you.
I can feel you.
I may not be able to see you,
But I know you’re there.
And there’s one thing I will always remember about you.
Your smile—
OH YOUR SMILE!
The smile you had only when you saw me.
The one that made me smile right back at you.
The one that tickled me.
The one that made me happy when I was sad.
The one that stopped my crying and the one that put me to sleep.
But most important, the one that created memories I will always remember.
Your smile.

Cayla Mercado
Your sweet voice didn’t always hurt me. Now I hear it everyday. The pain engulfs me. I want to go back and relive all our moments but my luck is now against me. There is no way to describe the feeling I get whenever I look into your eyes. Your feelings cannot hide from me. Try to hide all your pain deep inside. We don’t need the sky to fly, we can swim in the sea as time goes by. Even if you forget yesterday I will still be there for you tomorrow.

Joshua Santiago
Never Blossom

She once was a moon flower, only blooming at night. She would never let anyone close enough to see her light. She was afraid once it was gone things would never be right. The only thing that will save her is the moon’s light. But she realizes the light is gone. Now she is a flower that can never bloom on.

Shaylene Viera
Fear

Fear is being afraid

Fear is an incredible thing, because of its power

Fear is not one thing

Fear is multiple things

Fear itself is scary

Fear is something you feel afraid of but don’t want to be.

Ashley Baez
An Open Door

Open the door!
I can’t.
My fears, my life won’t let me.
Open it!
Just ajar.
Okay, it’s open.
Over and over my consciousness tells me,
Open it.

Too bright outside, too cold.
1945, the war has ended, WWII.
But WWIII has just begun in my mind.
Nothing but the sound of children playing.
I watch as the little flakes of snow fall on my front lawn,
quietly creeping their way into my cold and quiet life.
The wind slams my door shut. BOOM!
I jump back startled. OPEN IT! NO!
I wake up and find myself on a couch, awakened by a snap. 
My session is over, I will be back tomorrow. 
Mom and dad in the kitchen arguing again. 
Yesterday seems like a long time ago. 
I hardly remember the last time I saw my parents actually love each other. 
No one will ever know what goes on behind my open door. 

Kayla Ramos
Holocaust Witness

My eyes must be deceiving me.
They must.

Everyone has gone mad, justifying
genocide, contemplating insanity and
waving around red, white, and black
reminders.

Reminders that the world I thought
I knew is gone. Screaming in native
tongue, burning in the name of supremacy.

Supremacy personified as a theocracy
mascaraing as a stable economic compromise.

Yowis Arias
Can I Talk About...

Can I talk about myself?
Can I talk about my friends?
Can I talk about when people are mean to me
And make fun of my English?

Can I talk about myself?
Can I talk about my family and school?
Can I talk about my great poem that doesn’t rhyme
But has lots of real world cool?

Let’s talk!

Gatta Sylla
Don’t Judge Me

Don’t judge me
For my looks

Don’t judge me
For who I am

Don’t judge me
For being myself

Because at the end of the day
We shouldn’t be judged

For doing what we do and for
looking and being who we really are

Because we should all feel good
In what we are doing

Janisse De La Cruz
Trust

Trust is like a cellphone. Once you lose it it's really difficult to get it back. After a lie you lose trust and it's hard to trust again a person who lies every time they feel you are not important. Don't ever get too attached to a person.

Michelle Mercado
A Terrible Loss

One day I lost something.  
Something important to me:  
My name.  
They called me Questions.  
I’m not really sure why they called me that.  
Anyway, that’s not the only thing I lost.  
I lost my best friend.  
The one who started the name. Now I’m home  
clutching my blanket so my mom won’t see my pain.  
I lost my friend,  
I lost my name,  
I lost my dignity,  
I lost my school.  
I don’t want to go anymore  
but I don’t have a choice I guess.  
I lost my identity.  
I never wanted to be Ms. Anonymous.

Amandalis Acosta
Mirror

I look through the mirror,
I always see with fear.
Trying to get out of the mirror,
But first she has to find the key.
The key is hard for her because she has to love herself.
Don’t let anyone bring you down,
We all are beautiful.

Nayeli Brito
Stereotype

Different

Bi or not

Lesbian or not

Gay or straight

I am not you

I am different

Geanet Rogers
Maps

I was behind closed doors.
A day, 24 hours,
stuck behind the closed doors.

People surrounding me,
thinking I'm not gonna make it
as I feared it was gonna be my last breath.

I saw someone important last week
who was there as I was saying my farewells.
Bright colors let me know it’s that time of year
and everything coming to an end.
But family pictures show me
that people don't want me to leave.

Caitly Dominici
Long Lost Sister

I love my father and what he does
I know I need help but I'm doing fine
The next day I wait for dad
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting for him
The door opens, my mom is at the door
She tells me that daddy left us
I go into a mental state
I finally have a plan to run away
Run away from my life
Run away from my fears
Run away from myself
I write a diary saying I hope I have a sister dad
Someday we will meet and I will love her

Jazmin Bernard
Precious Daughter

I may not have talked with you a lot, I feel bad. But you are always a part of my thoughts. If you are ever feeling down, Mommy will be here and won’t let you down. And will never be wrong. You are beautiful and kind, and will never leave anyone behind. Even if you try to be evil, you are an angel, not a devil. You are one of mommy’s precious little girls who are as special as pearls.

Dedicated to Anna Vang

Diana Li
R.I.P. Grandpa

Grandpa you passed away yesterday. I wasn’t there to give you the last hug.

You suffered so much that my pain for you is worse. But you gave me advice and taught me to open my house and be more wise.

Can’t believe you would leave me, never healing. You was my backbone man!

You will never be forgotten, I thank god for making you the age of 99.

RIP grandpa.

Angela Pena
Love is like a stream flowing fast.

My feelings are strange, like the first time I met you. I smiled then frowned, knowing you’re not going to be around.

I will be standing here watching you pass by. I wonder when will you say hi.

We make eye contact but don’t say a word. You’re on that bike all day. Come and take a break before it’s too late.

Mia Mejia
Anniversary

It’s our anniversary.
A single rose in my hand as I visit you.
Sitting in the grass, wet from rain, I sigh.
“I love you,” I say quietly, “I hope you see that.”
Then, with a single tear, I stand,
leaving the rose there. Red, dark as blood.
“It was supposed to be our anniversary, “ I mutter.
I swiftly walk out of the cemetery.

Raylyn Rivera
Trigger

Trigger To my sorrow
Trigger to my smile
Trigger to my sadness
Trigger to my sympathy

Anabel Sanchez
Basket

On the side table there is a basket waiting to be filled with fruit. Will anything ever be put in the basket so it won’t be empty? One day they say this lonely basket won’t be so empty anymore.

Nevaeh Washington
Friend

Listen,
You like her and that’s perfectly fine,
I just want you to be happy
even if I’m not the reason.
I want you to be happy with her.
Show her love but please,
don’t do it when you know I’m looking.

Yanelly Gomez
Dangerous Beauty

You get yourself caught
In her elegance
Her sweet aroma
As she silently
Seduces you into her
Everlasting trap.
Your desire to embrace her
Makes you
Unable to
Discover her thorns
Covered by her
Beauty
Her perfection.
When you realize
Your mistake
It will already be too late
You have been stabbed
Ten times
Hundred times
Thousand times
By her thorns
You are unable
To do anything
But be devoured whole

Amy Lin
The dark fox walks where life hasn't lived yet, it hides in the shadows but never dies.

The young lizard has just seen life, it hides but can't get away. It looks around, it stands aside as it watches the forest go by.

You're too dark to be good. Be brighter as you should. I'm bright and you're dark, please don't break apart, let me help you if you would.

The clouds with rain, then the sun with leaves falling by the pond, it's beautiful.

Please change, it's peaceful, and now we're the same. Tomorrow, we will change even better than yesterday.

With dark clouds in the rain, there is a lot of darkness, but with you I saw a light, a light bright that changed you and me.
Remember me when I dropped you in the snow, you ran away. I remember when we were playing in the park, it was cold and it got hot as I saw the family picture.

The wind is lighter than a feather. I can't see it but I feel it. It keeps me cool through the night as I dream of it to rise.

Elijah Cetino
Tigers

Tigers are fast. Some are slow, they hunt with their eyes, smell with their noses, but they have a choice to kill or to die. Look closer to their eyes, then you’ll feel their pain.

Noel Guzman
Gorilla

Big and strong like a gorilla.
Brave with no disease.
Showing its true color as being a beast
that has the strength to throw things across the jungle.
Able to fight anything without fear.

Jeff Espinal
A tiger is a predator but to the tiger we are the predator. With their stripes being used as CARPET with their FUR being worn on the backs of famous people with their HEADS being hung on walls with their nails wrapping around our necks as we walk down the red carpet. We are their predator.

Iliana Polanco
Butterfly

I am a little butterfly who's ready to fly up in the sky. I want to feel free like my family used to be. I don't know why all these things are happening to me. I want to be equal to them. It doesn't matter my wings' color, we're all the same.

Brian Parra
Small Dog

A small dog
Just wants to be free
Just wants to be happy
Just wants to be loved
By other animals

The dog just wants to play with everyone
With no problems
The small dog tries and tries
To stay good
To be nice with the whole animal kingdom

But others want to fight with the small dog
Want to bother and annoy the small dog
Want to bully and put down the small dog
So the small dog tries to stay calm
And ignore them
But they have to leave the small dog alone
So the small dog can run down a meadow
With no care in the world
So the small dog can peacefully sleep on his owner’s bed
So the small dog can play with his friends
And live a happy life of
A small dog

Yailene Rodriguez
You hurt me once
You hurt me twice
That’s all I need in my life.
You made me laugh
You made me cry
But now it’s time
to say goodbye

Naya Plajas
No One Knows

No one knows the things I’ve seen.
No one knows the things I’ve done.
There are things I want to tell my friends
but can’t tell them.
I have so many things on my mind,
that’s why I’m failing school.
Too many things on my mind I can’t focus.
I don’t care about being popular.
I have friends I can hang out with
even if they don’t like me.
Two are beautiful and one is just very peaceful.
I like them the way they are.
I care about them,
but they don’t care about me.
I trust them but I don’t trust them enough
to tell them everything I can’t tell anyone.
No one can know,
no one will know
EVER.

Michayah Rogers
Bella, bella, they sing.
The beat plays from my feet.
I start to twirl
and the beat and the color red start to meet.
The time flies from 1993
to tomorrow.
I feel the breeze from the beat.

Ulianny Fabre
Thunder falls, so does my love.

Success is not about winning; it’s about staying in the game.

Birds can be your best friends if you show them love.

You better taste your words before you spit them out.

If you have love then you can feel other people feelings.

Zain Alzindani
Sneakers

3 PM waiting until 7 AM waiting for sneakers. I was the 89th person in front of 100 people behind me. I was so nervous and worried because I didn’t want anything bad happening. The time went by, the store opened, I waited for my number to be called out. When my number was called out I got in the store and asked for a size nine and a half. As soon as I got out, I felt calm and left.

Jordon Quinones
Clothespin

Life is like a clothespin
You can’t grab everything
There's only so much you can handle
Big dreams, small possibility
   Grab what you can
      Make it count
     Reach for the stars

Jade Fernandez
Bend low again night of summer stars
So near you are sky of summer stars
So near a long armed man can pick off stars
Pick off what he wants in the sky

Roniel Brito
Map

How can a map help with no destination?
Map is not just a paper
It is not something that everyone has.
It’s something we make on our own.
It’s not something that is given,
It is made by our decisions.

Sokhna Lam
La Vida Difícil

At times my life suddenly opens its eyes in the dark
I feel a spark
like Lois and Clark
just trying to make a mark
and it makes my head swirl
even though at times I just want to curl
up in a ball
cuz I'm scared I'm gonna fall
into a life with no meaning
no feeling
like those people in the streets
popin’ pills
not paying their bills
going day by day
where all they say
is I need a fix
from your bag of tricks
or be a man with a dead end job
or be part of the mob
I don't want a life
where everywhere I go
I gotta carry a knife
now I don't want to sound like a preacher
or try to be a teacher
I just want it to be nice
and actually live in the place people call
Paradise

Fauri Estevez
Unreal Dream

On my mind is a world full with pink sky
And pink flowers,
A castle with people singing and dancing,
I wish this is true.

Xing Li
Imperfections

Pink and silky
Tied and perfect
Nothing can ruin it
IF it unravels…
It's still pink
And silky
Not tied but
still perfect
It's not ruined
Just torn inside
But it could be re-tied
And everything will be alright
The person who untied it
Will feel guilty
While it sits there
Being proof that nothing can ruin it
If it's hurt it will bounce back
Like the perfect ribbon it is

Anjalis De La Cruz
PORTFOLIO
The graduating class of 2016 at P.S. 140 simmered at a slow burn, but once they decided to get serious, they were on fire. I was privileged to share many special events with them during their final year at school. These included a memorable, eye-opening visit to Frank Sinatra High School, acceptances for one and all to specialized arts high schools in New York, a moving graduation ceremony, and two honorable mentions conferred by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. To each of these independent, funny and determined individuals, I wish growing confidence and success in the journeys they take to expand their horizons and pursue their dreams.

Susan Hamburger
Ashley Baez, Untitled fashion illustration, colored pencil on paper, 28 × 24 in
Elianny Fabre, Still Life painting, acrylic on paper, 17 × 14 in
Elianny Fabre, Self-portrait, oil pastel on black paper, 20 × 18 in
Fauri Estevez, Still life, acrylic on paper 14 × 17 in
Sokhna Lam, Untitled, charcoal on paper, 19 × 20 in
Ulianny Fabre, Self-portrait, charcoal on paper, 18 × 24 in
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