



Artist Statement:

Samantha Shepardson

As an artist I express myself best through the work I create. I am constantly inspired to create pieces that reflect my interests in music, nature, and pop culture. I find that through digital painting I can best combine my love for digital art and traditional art. With digital art I have endless possibilities to create pieces that otherwise I may not have been able to traditionally. Art is a vessel that carries my passions, and is closely in tune with my emotions. Through my work, I can express myself in a way that I can only show through art and creativity.

Being an artist is an integral part of my identity. I am constantly striving for ways to improve my work and I am always hungry to learn new techniques and ways to create. Because identifying as an artist is so important to me, I will continue to learn more about how to improve myself and my skills.

Title**Original Format**

Figure 1: Yeezy's Last Supper	PS, 13 in x 8 in
Figure 2: The Collegian	PS, 11 in x 14 in
Figure 3: The Low End Theory	PS/Ai, 33 in x 23 in
Figure 4: The Desert Magazine Spread	PS/Id, 11 in x 17 in
Figure 5: Wired Magazine Covers	PS/Ai, 8 in x 10 in
Figure 6: Everyday Coffee	Photo/PS, 9 in x 6 in
Figure 7: Acid Rapper	PS, 9 in x 11 in
Figure 8: Self Control	PS, 3 in x 3 in
Figure 9: I'm Aware I'm A Wolf	PS, 4 in x 4 in
Figure 10: Graduation	PS, 3 in x 3 in



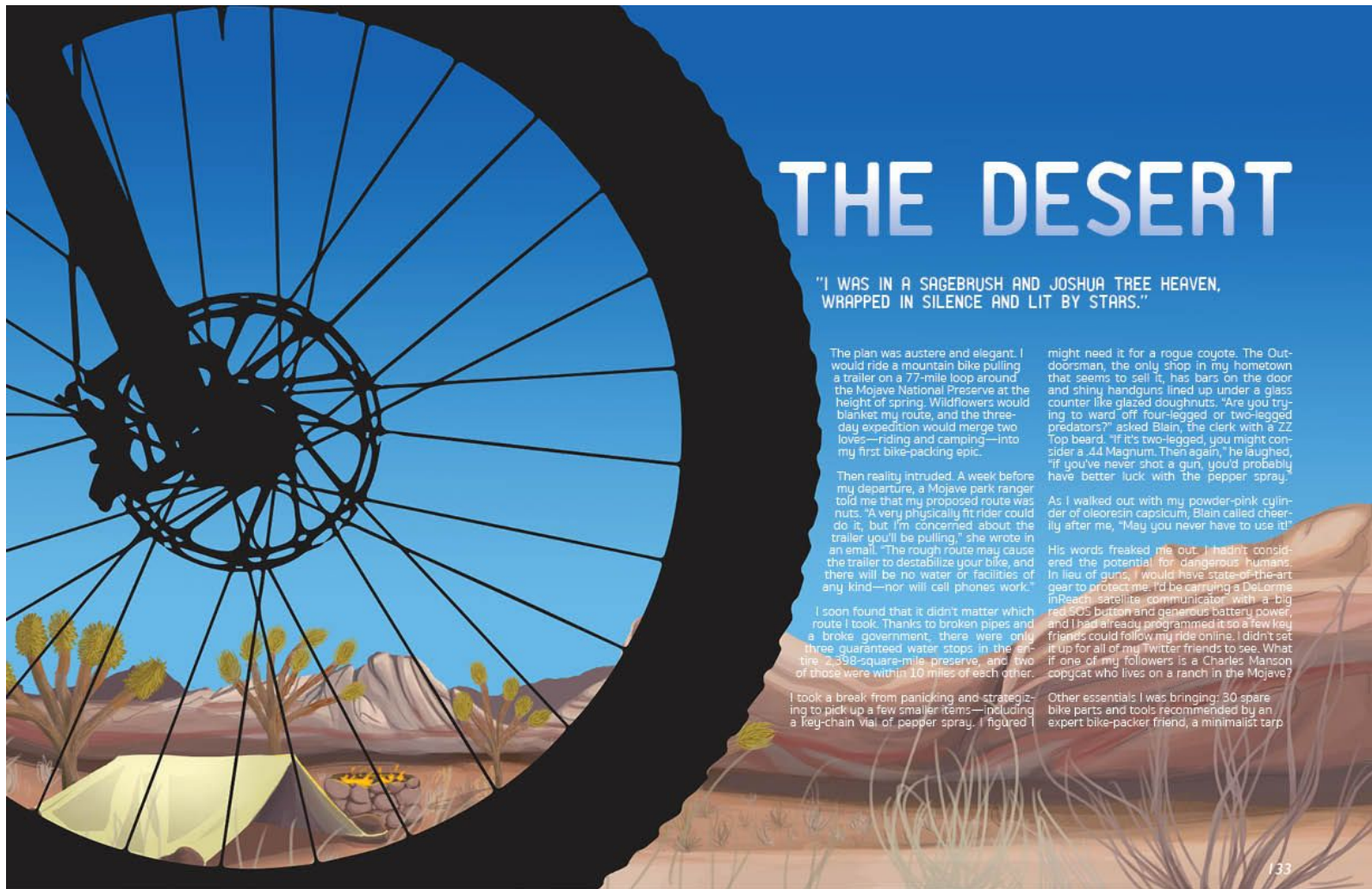
Figure 1: Yeezy's Last Supper



Figure 2: The Collegian



Figure 3: The Low End Theory



THE DESERT

"I WAS IN A SAGEBRUSH AND JOSHUA TREE HEAVEN, WRAPPED IN SILENCE AND LIT BY STARS."

The plan was austere and elegant. I would ride a mountain bike pulling a trailer on a 77-mile loop around the Mojave National Preserve at the height of spring. Wildflowers would blanket my route, and the three-day expedition would merge two loves—riding and camping—into my first bike-packing epic.

Then reality intruded. A week before my departure, a Mojave park ranger told me that my proposed route was nuts. "A very physically fit rider could do it, but I'm concerned about the trailer you'll be pulling," she wrote in an email. "The rough route may cause the trailer to destabilize your bike, and there will be no water or facilities of any kind—nor will cell phones work."

I soon found that it didn't matter which route I took. Thanks to broken pipes and a broke government, there were only three guaranteed water stops in the entire 398-square-mile preserve, and two of those were within 10 miles of each other.

I took a break from panicking and strategizing to pick up a few smaller items—including a key-chain vial of pepper spray. I figured I

might need it for a rogue coyote. The Outdoorsman, the only shop in my hometown that seems to sell it, has bars on the door and shiny handguns lined up under a glass counter like glazed doughnuts. "Are you trying to ward off four-legged or two-legged predators?" asked Blain, the clerk with a ZZ Top beard. "If it's two-legged, you might consider a .44 Magnum. Then again," he laughed, "if you've never shot a gun, you'd probably have better luck with the pepper spray."

As I walked out with my powder-pink cylinder of oleoresin capsicum, Blain called cheerily after me, "May you never have to use it!"

His words freaked me out. I hadn't considered the potential for dangerous humans. In lieu of guns, I would have state-of-the-art gear to protect me. I'd be carrying a DeLorme inReach satellite communicator with a big red SOS button and generous battery power, and I had already programmed it so a few key friends could follow my ride online. I didn't set it up for all of my Twitter friends to see. What if one of my followers is a Charles Manson copycat who lives on a ranch in the Mojave?

Other essentials I was bringing: 30 spare bike parts and tools recommended by an expert bike-packer friend, a minimalist tarp

Figure 4: The Desert Magazine Spread



Figure 5: Wired Magazine Covers



Figure 6: Coffee For Life

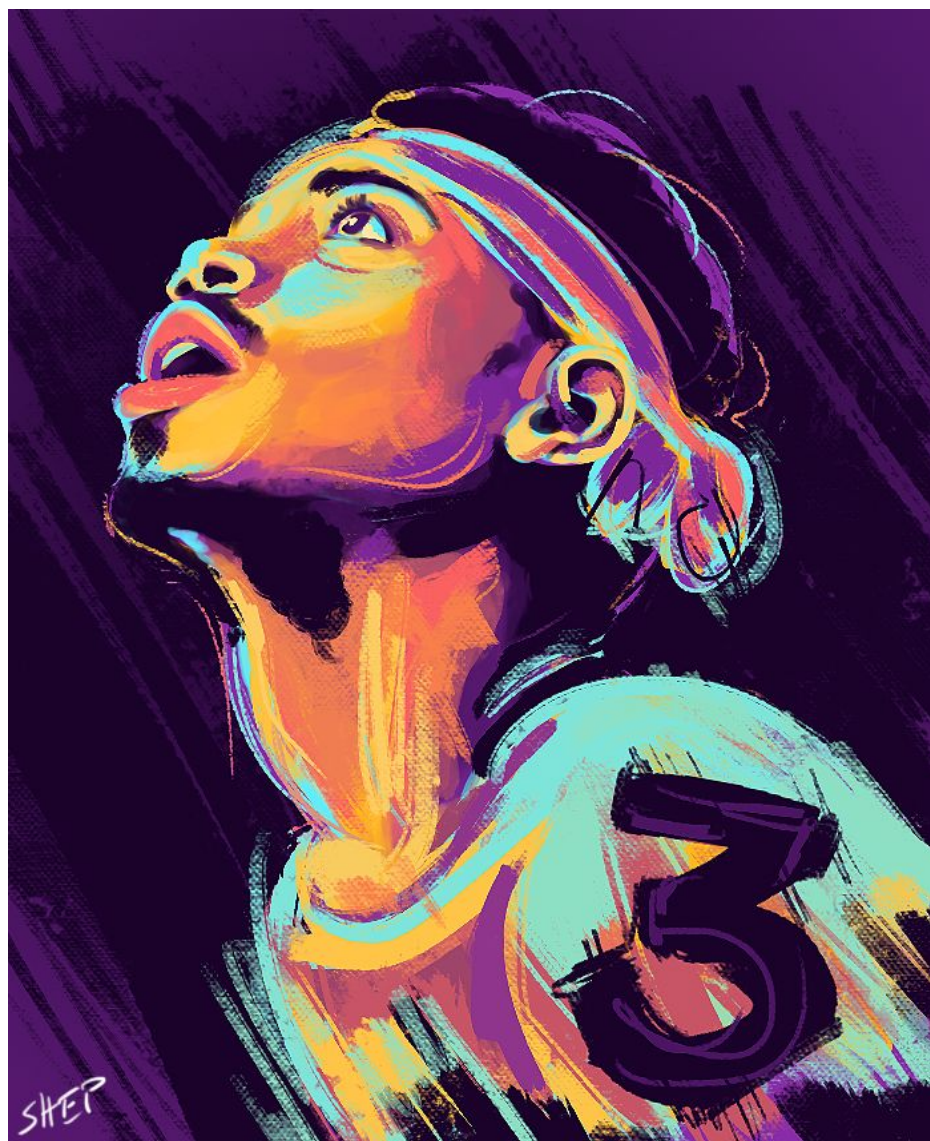


Figure 7: Acid Rapper



Figure 8: Self Control



Figure 9: I'm Aware I'm A Wolf



Figure 10: Graduation