



Suicide is preventable.

Ask for help.

depression hotline: 1-630-482-9696

suicide hotline: 1-800-784-8433

lifeline: 1-800-273-8255

trevor project: 1-866-488-7386

Artist Statement

Chelsea Conrad

As an artist the people around me, the world around me, and the experiences I have inspire me. Art is ever growing. Entering CSU, I wasn't sure if graphic design was truly the place for me (and sometimes I still wonder), but through my years here I have learned so much and developed my abilities for the better. My art ebbs and flows year to year, month to month, week to week... it is constantly progressing. My best works are simple and clean, which truly represents me as an artist, a designer, and a person. Graphic design warrants utilization – a poster should mean something, a logo should speak to people, and a website should be easy to navigate. The fascinating part of graphic design is the wide variety of art the medium allows. I hope my art style continues to advance as I fall into graphic design even more deeply.

	<u>Title</u>	<u>Media</u>	<u>Original Format</u>
Figure 1:	The Neuroscience of Screwing Up	Magazine Article	InDesign, Illustrator
Figure 2:	Don't Give Up (CIPE)	Poster Illustration	InDesign
Figure 3:	CIPE Font	Digital Illustration	InDesign, Illustrator
Figure 4:	Experience CIPE Ad	Print Advertisement	InDesign
Figure 5:	Blurryface Album (Front)	Digital Illustration	InDesign, Photoshop
Figure 6:	Blurryface Album (Back)	Digital Illustration	InDesign, Photoshop
Figure 7:	Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Poe)	Illustration	Ink, Crayon, Charcoal, InDesign, Photoshop
Figure 8:	Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Martin)	Illustration	Pen, InDesign, Photoshop
Figure 9:	Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Sunburst)	Digital Illustration	InDesign
Figure 10:	Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Number 3)	Digital Illustration	InDesign
Figure 11:	Calendar Portrait	Digital Illustration	Digital Photography, InDesign, Photoshop
Figure 12:	Calendar Months	Digital Illustration	InDesign, Photoshop, Illustrator



the neuroscience of **SCREWING UP**

If we can train our brains to embrace failure,
we open ourselves to new discoveries.

by jonah lehrer | illustration by chelsea conrad

IT ALL STARTED with the sound of static. In May 1964, two astronomers at Bell Labs, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson, were using a radio telescope in suburban New Jersey to search the far reaches of space. Their aim was to make a detailed survey of radiation in the Milky Way, which would allow them to map those vast tracts of the universe devoid of bright stars. This meant that Penzias and Wilson needed a receiver that was exquisitely sensitive, able to eavesdrop on all the emptiness. And so they had retrofitted an old radio telescope, installing amplifiers and a calibration system to make the signals coming from space just a little bit louder.

But they made the scope too sensitive. Whenever Penzias and Wilson aimed their dish at the sky, they picked up a persistent background noise, a static that interfered with all of their observations. It was an incredibly annoying technical problem, like listening to a radio station that keeps cutting out.

At first, they assumed the noise was man-made, an emanation from nearby New York City. But when they pointed their telescope straight at Manhattan, the static didn't increase. Another possibility was that the sound was due to fallout from recent nuclear bomb tests in the upper atmosphere. But that didn't make sense either, since the level of interference remained

**"Experiments rarely tell
us what we expect. That's the
dirty secret of science."**

constant, even as the fallout dissipated. And then there were the pigeons: A pair of birds were roosting in the narrow part of the receiver, leaving a trail of what they later described as "white dielectric material." The scientists evicted the pigeons and scrubbed away their mess, but the static remained, as loud as ever.

For the next year, Penzias and Wilson tried to ignore the noise, concentrating on observations that didn't require cosmic silence or perfect

continued on page 093

Figure 1: The Neuroscience of Screwing Up.



Suicide is preventable.

Ask for help.

depression hotline: 1-630-482-9696

suicide hotline: 1-800-784-8433

lifeline: 1-800-273-8255

trevor project: 1-866-488-7386



19th Biennial Colorado International Poster Exhibition

September 18 – October 28 / Opening reception Friday, September 18, 7 p.m.

Clara Hatton Gallery in the Visual Arts Building and the Curfman Gallery in the Lory Student Center.

Exhibition Judge is Alejandro Magallanes of Mexico City / Honor Laureate is Rene Azcuy of Mexico

Chelsea Conrad

Figure 2: Don't Give Up (CIPE).

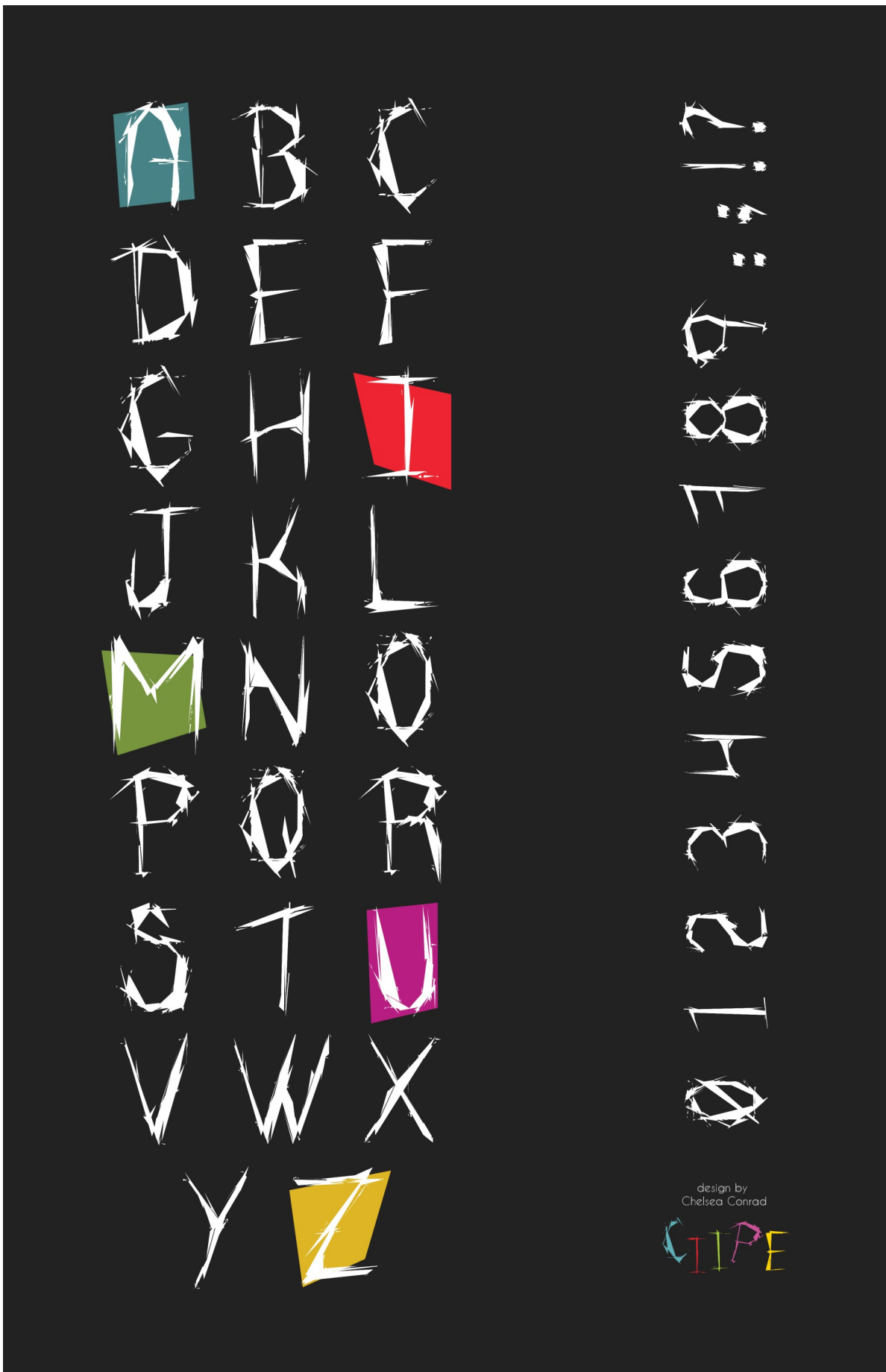


Figure 3: CIPE Font.



19th Colorado International Invitational Poster Exhibition

EXPERIENCE HISTORY CULTURE ART

Gather with the university community for this unique experience that the Colorado International Invitational Poster Exhibition brings to campus. This historic exhibition has been shown on campus for 38 years, and this year has invited 70 artists and designers to exhibit 140 posters from around the globe. Join us to appreciate the international aesthetics and cultural information found in their artwork.

For more information, call 970.491.6774.

Colorado State University

Figure 4: Experience CIPE Ad.



Figure 5: Blurryface Album (Front).



Figure 6: Blurryface Album (Back).

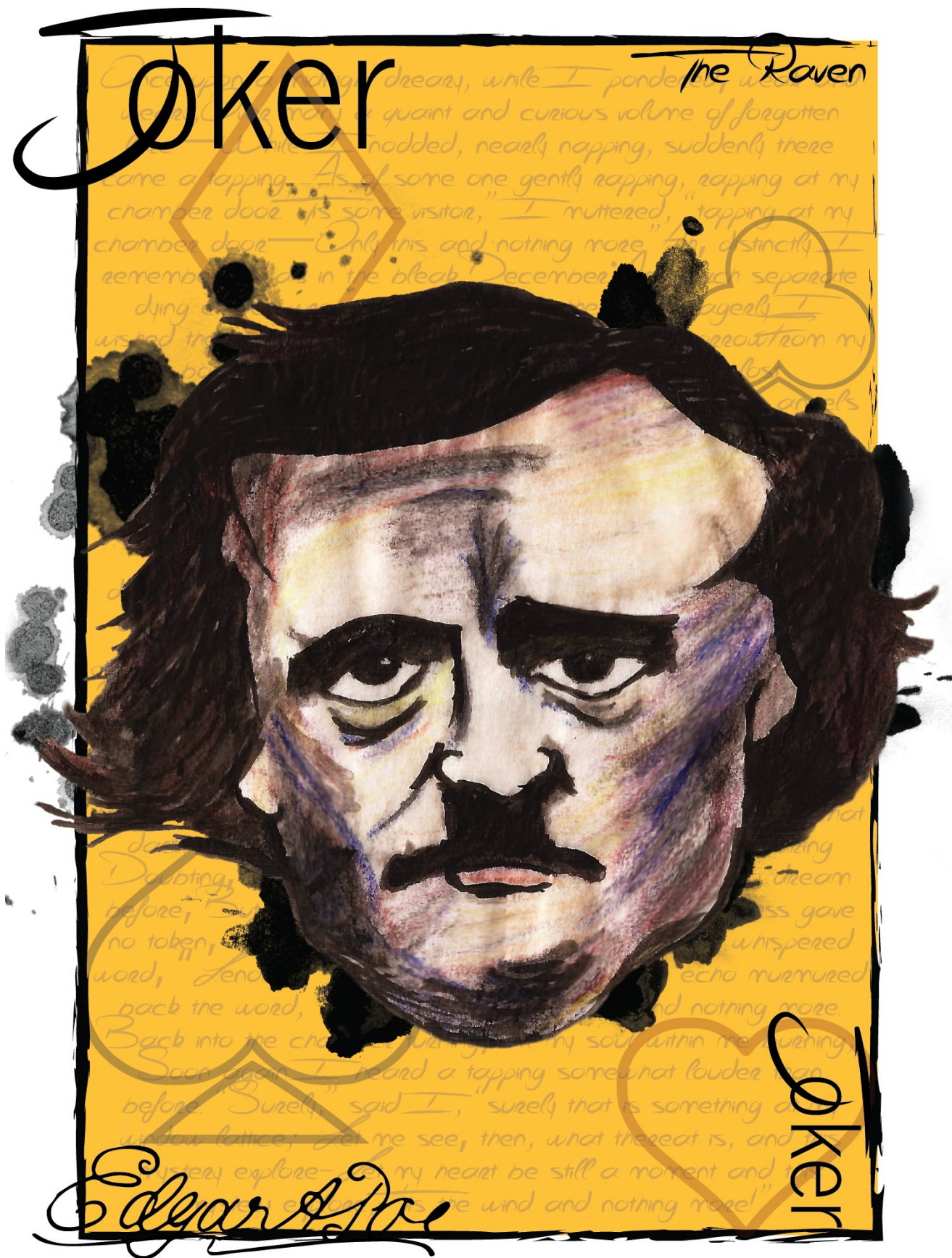


Figure 7: Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Poe).




Figure 8: Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Martin).

3
I lie upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore—While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping
at my chamber door. 'Tis some visitor, I muttered, 'tapping
at my chamber door—Only this and nothing more. Ah,
distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December; And
each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor! Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had
sought to borrow from my books, surcease of sorrow—sore
row for the lost Lenore—For the rare and radiant maiden
whom the angels name Lenore—Nameless here for
evermore. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors
never felt before; So that, when, to still the beating of my
heart, I stood repeating, 'Tis some visitor entreating
entrance at my chamber door—Some late visitor entreating
entrance at my chamber door;—'tis it is, and nothing more.
'Tis present! my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
Sir, said I, or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore; But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door, that I scarce was sure I heard
you—here I opened wide the door, Darkness there
and nothing more. Deep into that darkness peering, long I
stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams
no mortal ever dared to dream before; But the silence was
unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, And the only word
there spoken was the whispered word, Lenore? This I
whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, Le
nore!—Surely this and nothing more. Back into the cham
ber turning, all my soul within me burning. Soon again I
heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. Surely,
said I, surely that is something at my window lattice; Let
me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;—'Tis the wind and nothing more.

Figure 10: Smithsonian Writers' Cards (Number 3).



Figure 11: Calendar Portrait.

 I'm a writer, a
designer, an artist.
I'm a friend and
a daughter. I'm
a student and a
feminist."

Nov

s		06	13	20	27
m		07	14	21	28
t	01	08	15	22	29
w	02	09	16	23	30
t	03	10	17	24	
f	04	11	18	25	
s	05	12	19	26	



Dec

s		04	11	18	25
m		05	12	19	26
t		06	13	20	27
w		07	14	21	28
t	01	08	15	22	29
f	02	09	16	23	30
s	03	10	17	24	31

Figure 12: Calendar Months.