

Meghan Hickey Spring 2021 Capstone Graphic Design Department of Art and Art History

**Artist Statement:** 

My name is Meghan Hickey, and I am graphic designer from Fort Collins, Colorado, come on in let me tell you a little bit about my work. Primarily through my art I hope to work through my designs to match up themes of humor, art and usability. I strive to bring a sense of creativity, and new perspectives to a digital field.

Though primarily based in text and typography, I have been working to improve and transfer my traditional art skills into a digital medium. My work is based a lot in process of thinking and creating ideas, trying as hard as I can to make sure that my work stands out visually and creatively. I love seeking new and unique solutions to creative problems. I often view my projects as puzzles, I love spending time working each piece together, often unaware myself of what the final image will be. This is one of the greatest things about creating and making art is the ability to see it at different stages of creation. Creating the bones and framework, for a work then slowly adding on piece by piece until you have a fully formed project in front of you. Figure One: Brown Bag Figure Two: Santa Greeting Card Figure Three: Cupid Greeting Card Figure Four: Easter Greeting Card Figure Five: Melo Mockup Figure Six: Illustrated Book Indesign: Digitial File Size Unknown
Indesign and Illustrator: 5 x 7"
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Indesign and Illustrator: 5 x 7"
Adobe XD, and Illustrator: Iphone Screen
Indesign and Sketchbook: 6x9"



Figure One: Brown Bag

## GABRIELLA NAMIE

## IMPACT MEETS INNOVATION

Gabriela Namie is a Brazilian designer Gabriella is a fourth generation Japand art director based in New York. She currently works as an art director at Google (YouTube Music). Before this, she co-founded Barca Studio in São Paulo and was a Senior designer at Sagmeister & Walsh and &Walsh. In that creative focus. the past, she worked with brands like

## **MWHAT MATTERS** MOST IN DESIGN IS NOT DESIGN ITSELF"

Spotify, Nespresso, Natura, Globo, Skol, etc. Her work was recognized by Form Magazine, Diagrama Podcast, Brazilian Graphic Design Biennial, Indigo Awards, A'Awards, etc.

anese Brazilian artist whose interst in design started as a child. Her interest in art and design started after her mother took drawing classes and Namie was immediately interested in

She went to college in São Paolo and was captured by the architecture and culture of the city. Through various involvement in poltical movements withing the city she realized the scope of what she could impact with her designs. Namie believes that everything you do can have an impact. and your designs will alway matter because they will have an impact on someone even if its someone you may not know. Namie also always works with passion in her projects, she loves a new challenge and a new way to expand her skills through new projects.

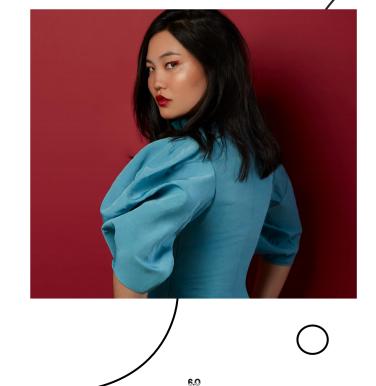


Figure One: Brown Bag



FIgure Two: Santa Greeting Card

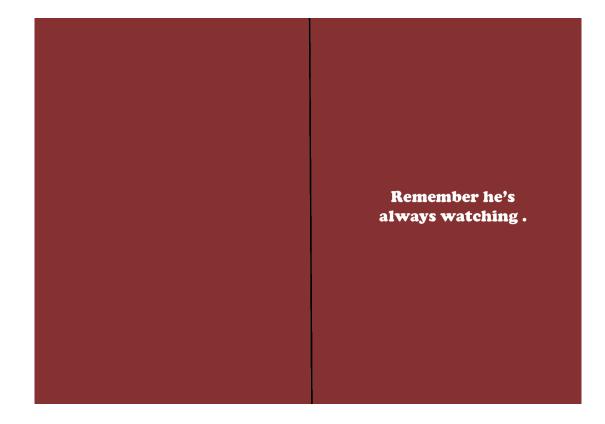


FIgure Two: Santa Greeting Card



Figure Three: Cupid Greeting Card

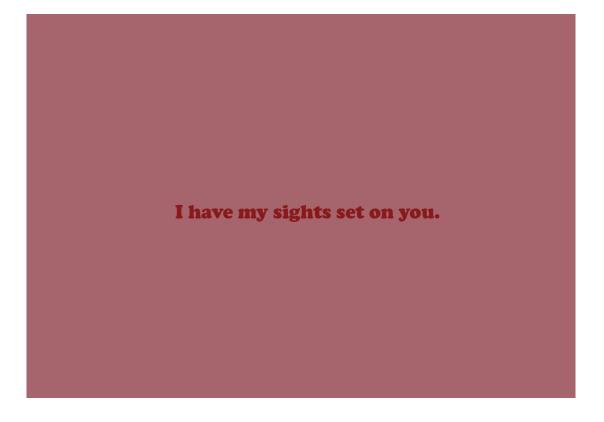


Figure Three: Cupid Greeting Card

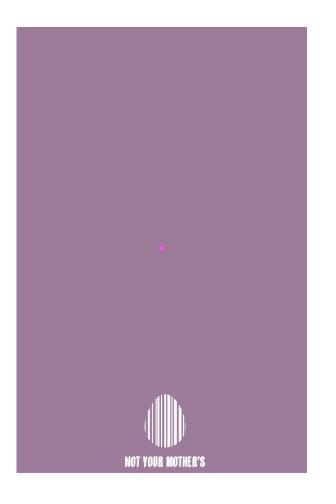




Figure Four: Easter Greeting Card

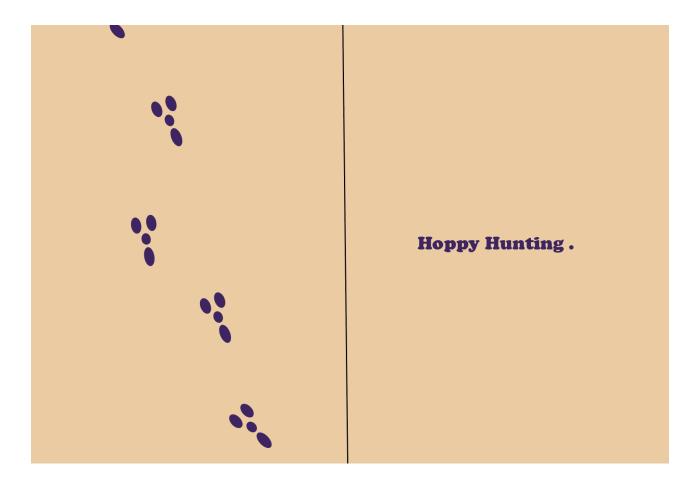


Figure Four: Easter Greeting Card

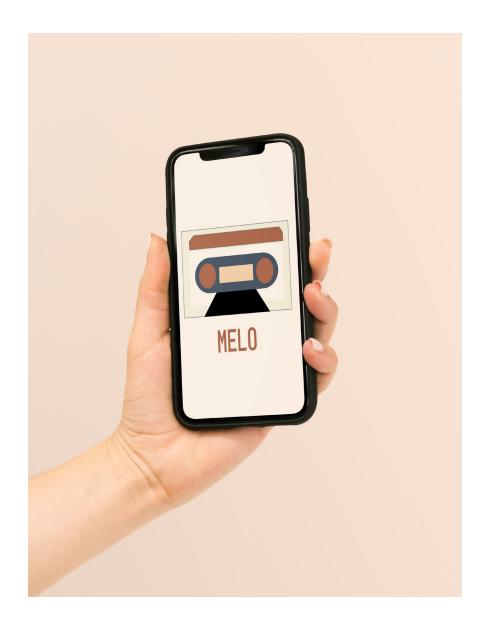
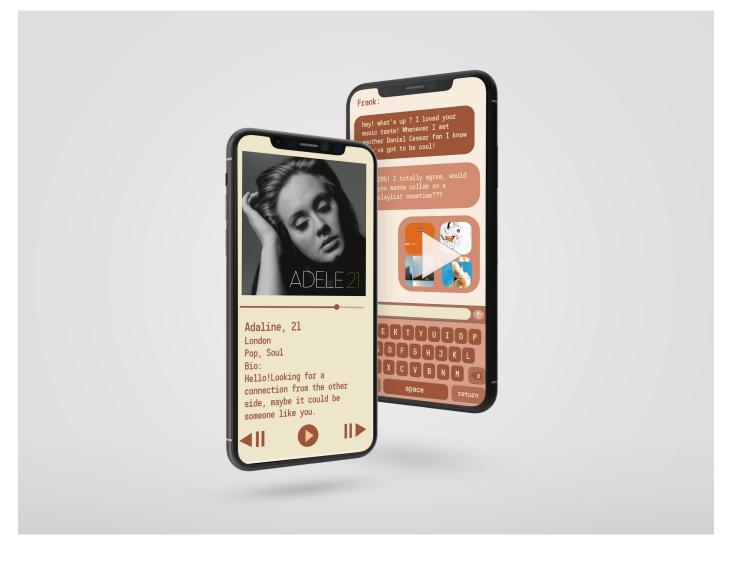


Figure Five: Melo Mockup





It is wiwh a heavy heart that I take up my pen to write these the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts by which my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. In an incoherent and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavored to give some account of my strange experiences in his company from the chance which first brought us together at the period of the "Study in Scarlet," up to the time of his interference in the matter of the "Naval Treaty"-an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. It was my intention to have stopped there, and to have said nothing of that event which has created a void in my life which the lapse of two years has done little to fill. My hand has been forced, however, by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother, and I have no choice but to lay the facts before the public exactly as they occurred. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter, and I am satisfied that the time has come when no good purpose is to be served by its suppression. As far as I know, there have been only three accounts in the public press: that in the Journal de Geneve on May 6th, 1891, the Reuter's despatch in the English papers on May 7th, and finally the recent letter to which I have alluded. Of these the first and second were extremely condensed, while the last is, as I shall now show, an absolute perversion of the facts. It lies with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

It may be remembered that after my marriage, and my subsequent start in private practice, the very intimate relations which had existed between Holmes and myself became to some extent modified. He still came to me from time to time when he desired a companion in his investigation, but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that in the year 1890 there were only three cases of which I retain any record. During the winter of that year and the early spring of 1891, I saw in the papers that he had been engaged by the French government upon a matter of supreme importance, and I recieved two notes from Holmes, dated from Narbonne and from Nimes, from which I gathered that his stay in France was likely to be a long one. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I saw him walk into my consulting-room upon the evening of April 24th. It struck me that he was look

was look ing even paler and thinner than usual. "Yes, I have been using myself up rather too ing even pater and dimension and the second pater in a second pater in the second pater in the second pater is a second pater in the s little pressed of late. Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?"

The only light in the room came from the lamp upon the table at which I had he only light in the tool is way round the wall and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely.

"You are afraid of something?" I asked.

- "Well, I am."
- "Of what?"

"Of air-guns." "My dear Holmes, what do you mean?"

"I think that you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time, it is stupidity rather than courage to refuse to recognize danger when it is close upon you. Might I trouble you for a match?" He drew in the smoke of his cigarette as if the soothing influence was grateful to him.

"I must apologize for calling so late," said he, "and I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall."

"But what does it all mean?" I asked.

He held out his hand, and I saw in the light of the lamp that two of his knuckles were burst and bleeding.

"It is not an airy nothing, you see," said

he, smiling. "On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?" "She is away upon a visit." "Indeed! You are alone?"

> "Ouite." "Then it makes it the easier for me to

propose that you should come away with me for a week to the Continent." "Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. It's all the same to me." There was something very strange in

all this. It was not Holmes's nature to take an aimless holiday, and something about his pale, worn face told me that his nerves were at their highest tension. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his fin-

ger-tips together and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation. "You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

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Figure Six: Illustrated Book

I took a cab after that and reached my brother's rooms in Pall Mall, where I spent the day. Now I have come round to you, and on my way I was attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and the police have him in custody; but I can tell you with the most absolute confidence that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles and the retiring mathematical coach, who is, I dare say, working out problems upon a black-board ten miles away. You will not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door."

I had often admired my friend's courage, but never more than now, as he sat quietly checking off a series of incidents which must have combined to make up a day of horror.

"You will spend the night here?" I said.

"No, my friend, you might find me a dangerous guest. I have my plans laid, and all will be well. Matters have gone so far now that they can move without my help as far as the arrest goes, though my presence is necessary for a conviction. It is obvious, therefore, that I cannot do better than get away for the few days which remain before the police are at liberty to act. It would be a great pleasure to me, therefore, if you could come on to the Continent with me."

"The practice is quiet," said I, "and I have an accommodating neighbor. I should be glad to come."

"And to start to-morrow morning?"

"If necessary."

"Oh yes, it is most necessary. Then these are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you will obey them to the letter, for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest rogue and the most powerful syndicate of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will dispatch whatever luggage you intend to take by a trusty messenger unaddressed to Victoria to-night. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper, with a request that he will not throw it away. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops, dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at a quarter-past nine. You will find a small brougham waiting close to the curb, driven by a fellow with a heavy black cloak tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us."

