

EXPLORE the "never-seen-before"

Travel to caves in Africa, Asia,
and across North America



*Collect samples, discover rooms,
tunnels, and much more*

*Are you interested in saving
ecosystems and protecting caves?*

Check it out at
descendtravel.com



Artist Statement

Cammi Pearson

Design has always been inspirational to me, first just in my personal life, and now in a more academic and professional sense. Growing up, I was extremely observational and drawn to details that I would discover and work with later in life. I never really knew what design and graphic design consisted of before my late high-school and early college stage of life. I was hit with the revelation that most everything we see was designed by someone. The giant movie poster looming over your head at the theatre was carefully crafted till it was deemed successful; the pamphlets you would thumb through in the waiting room of your doctor's office; the video game booklet that included characters and descriptions of aspects of the game; all them were designed by *someone* and I decided that I wanted to be that someone.

Design is constantly present in our world, from the natural order of the petals on a flower to a giant banner staring at you with its Helvetica eyes. The world of design, from hand-done type on Polish posters to modern, clean-cut computer generated graphics, is something I am proud to be a part of and proud to learn from.

My personal artwork incorporates and often emphasizes illustration and has typography in a supporting role. I enjoy the exploration of traditional media and the manipulation of it through varying vehicles. I am often drawn to bold and flat color that draws a viewer's gaze in and then moves them around the piece. I am eager to exercise my expertise in design and traditional art media. I aspire to continue learning and to discover new concepts in the design world. I am excited to be a part of design and graphic design's continual growth and expansion, and am truly curious as to where it will lead me in the future.

	<u>Title</u>	<u>Media</u>	<u>Original Format</u>
Figure 1:	14 th International Conference on X-Ray Lasers	Digital Media / Photo	11 in. x 17 in., print
Figure 2:	Ads for Eleanor Roosevelt event	Digital Media	Various, print
Figure 3:	The Brass Teapot magazine spread	Digital Media / Watercolor Pencil	17 in. x 11 in., print
Figure 4:	Celebrity Gemini poster	Digital/Mixed Media	11 in. x 17 in., print
Figure 5:	CSU Water Center Logo	Digital Media	5 in. x 15 in., print
Figure 6:	Descend Ad #1	Digital Media	8.5 in. x 11 in., print
Figure 7:	Descend Ad #2	Digital Media	8.5 in. x 11 in., print
Figure 8:	Descend Logos	Digital Media	5 in. x 15 in., print
Figure 9:	Descend Typeface	Digital Media	10.5 in. x 21 in., print
Figure 10:	Fort Collins Reads Logo	Digital Media	5 in. x 15 in., print
Figure 11:	In the Garden of the Beasts Poster	Digital Media	11 in. x 17 in., print
Figure 12:	Ipad App Art for Old Time Radio Show	Digital/Mixed Media	11 in. x 17 in., print
Figure 13:	Ipad App Art for Old Time Radio Show #2	Digital/Mixed Media	11 in. x 17 in., print
Figure 14:	The Current Magazine Concept with Logo Design	Digital Media	8.5 in. x 11 in., print

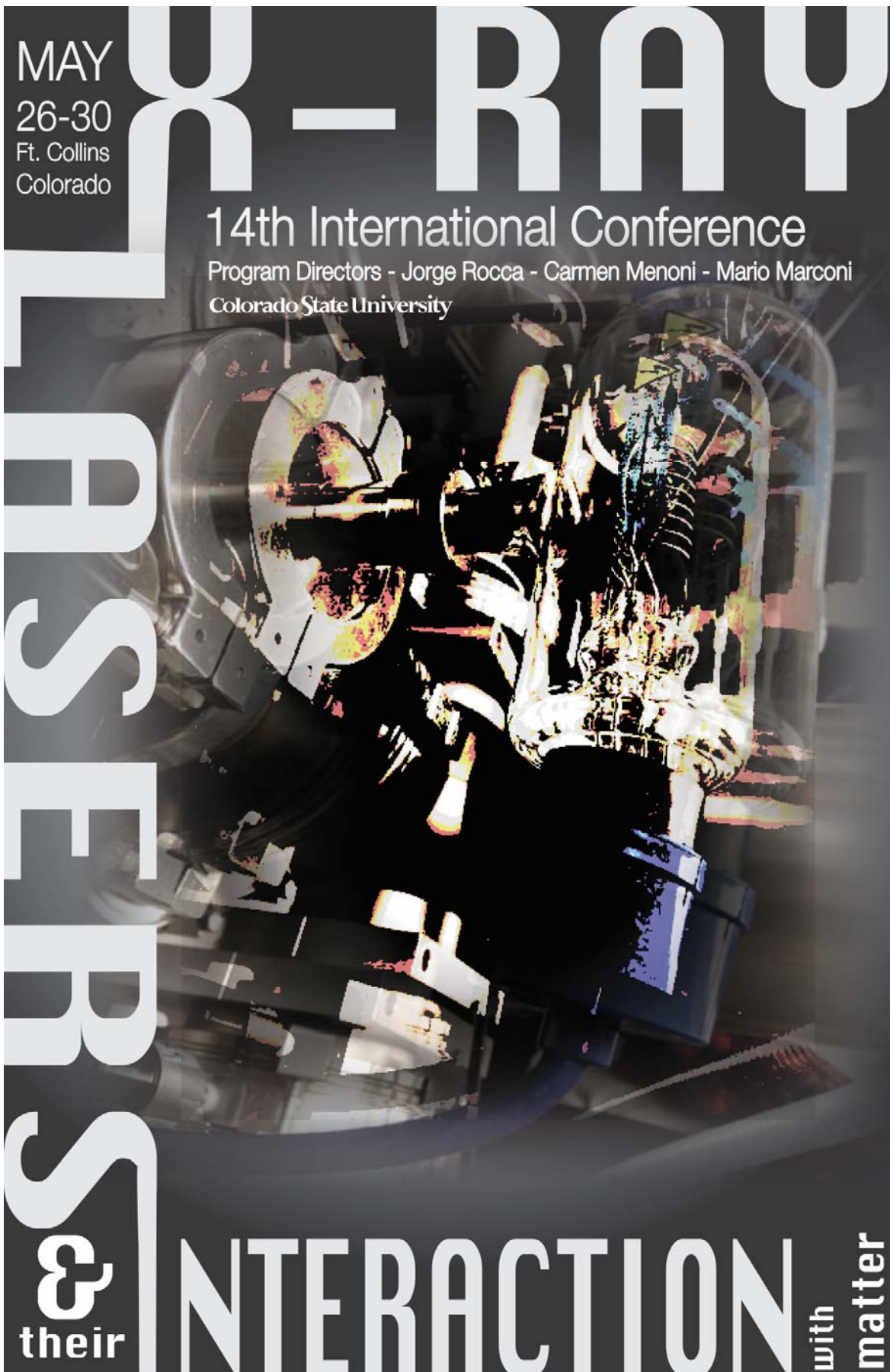


Figure 1: 14th International Conference on X-Ray Lasers.

*You are cordially invited to an
Ice Cream Sundae
with Eleanor Roosevelt*

Portrayal by Susan Marie Frontczak
Hosted by Fort Collins Reads
Sunday, August 25, 2-4 PM
Avery House Gardens
328 W. Mountain Ave
Fort Collins, CO
Tickets \$15

Buy tickets at the door or in advance at Old Firehouse Books, 232 Walnut Street
Reservations can be made by emailing oldfirehousebooks@gmail.com
For more information visit www.fortcollinsreads.com








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Figure 2: Ads for Eleanor Roosevelt event.

"WE COULD BUY OUR WAY TO PARADISE," SHE REPEATED.



THE BRASS TEAPOT

WRITTEN BY TIM MACY | ILLUSTRATED BY CAMMI PEARSON

The old woman running the roadside antique stand spoke with a heavy eastern accent. She skirted the table with two limping legs, hidden by loose, draping leather pants and no shoes. John couldn't help staring at the woman's black toes, as if she had once suffered frostbite.

Everything about her seemed to have once suffered an alternating cold.

Alice and John were on their way home from visiting their oldest daughter in college. They had only stopped so John could stretch his sore back. Alice had been sleeping the entire drive, or pretending to sleep, while thinking about all of the money they had given their daughter as a loan. They had secretly had to scrap the idea of a small vacation so she could retake her algebra in the summer.

The old woman approached John's wife. With her long fingers she pushed a brass teapot into Alice's hands. The transparent skin on her arms swung with the momentum of her tiny motions.

"Thank you," Alice responded politely, not knowing what else to say.

The old woman's stand consisted of one green table, overwhelmed with useless things from the past. Heavy, iron mementos.

John rolled his eyes when his wife set the brass teapot in the backseat of their Ford Festiva. The car was noticeably struggling as they drove down the interstate, burdened by the small weight of weekend suitcases.

On the drive home they argued about money. Wasted money. With two children in college, neither having been able to maintain their scholarships, not only was John and Alice's retirement dwindling but also their ability to make ends meet.

There had been mention of a second mortgage.

As the car pulled into their house each went to collect a suitcase. John slammed Alice's finger in the trunk, accidentally, before she could snatch her hand away.

"I'm sorry..." He started to say as he took her hand to kiss it. A clanging emanated from inside the car. Like someone tapping on a brass kettle.

When Alice's finger stopped throbbing she picked up the teapot, removed the top and saw that inside was five quarters.

"Practically paid for itself," she remarked.

Still, John was annoyed when she insisted on setting it on the stove.

For days he felt disrupted by its presence in their otherwise modern kitchen. They had overhauled everything when the children moved out. They got a fridge with two doors and a self-cleaning flat-surface oven. If they had known the children were going to lose their scholarships and that Alice would be demoted, they would have never done it. In three years it would all be paid for and the warranties would simultaneously expire.

John was most aggravated when Alice decided to make their morning coffee using the brass teapot.

"The electric one's broken," she retorted.

John watched her, standing in her business suit; her graying hair pulled into a neat ponytail, as she clumsily boiled water and added coffee grounds.

"I've never done it this way," she said, stirring with a plastic spoon that bent in the boiling heat. John tried to show her the right way to do it, but it was too early to be giving orders. Neither was in a good mood until they had coffee and breakfast. Kisses, hugs, any affections came after food and caffeine.

"You've got to stir it...like this," he said. He dipped a metal spoon into the cavernous depths of the darkening teapot. She looked away, like she always did when John was correcting her.

"No you don't!" she snapped. She pushed his hand out of the way, causing the pot to lurch and send one boiling wave cresting onto John's exposed wrist. He yelped, climbed into the kitchen chair and poked at the tender pink skin until his wife brought him an ice pack.

"It's going to blister," she said, applying the ice. He nodded and the two didn't speak until after she'd poured the coffee and he'd set out toast for each of them.

"What time do you think you'll be home tonight?" she asked.

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Figure 3: The Brass Teapot magazine spread.



Figure 4: Celebrity Gemini poster.



Figure 5: CSU Water Center Logo.

Get Close To The Earth



Travel to caves in
Africa, Asia, and
North America.

Protect caves and
save ecosystems

Collect samples,
discover new
rooms and tunnels
in cave systems,
and much more

Choose your
destination and
budget - A great
and affordable way
to travel

Check it out at
descendtravel.com

Figure 6: Descend Ad #1.

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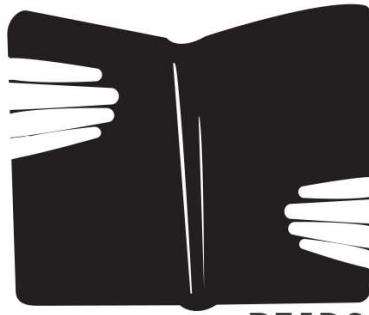
Figure 7: Descend Ad #2.



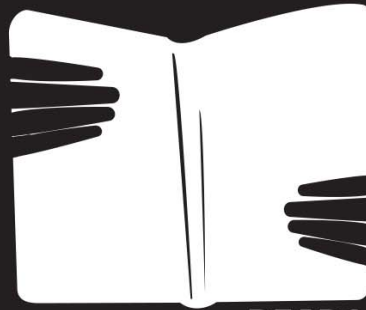
Figure 8: Descend Logos.



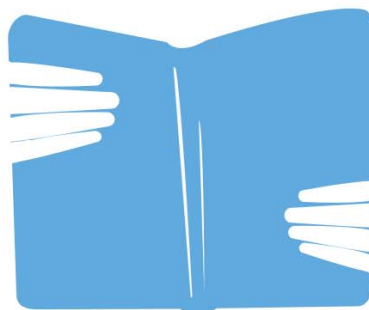
Figure 9: Descend Typeface.



FORT COLLINS READS
a shared community experience



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a shared community experience



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a shared community experience

Figure 10: Fort Collins Reads Logo.

FORT COLLINS READS presents

ERIC LARSON

BEST SELLING AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL IN THE WHITE CITY"



IN THE GARDEN OF BEASTS



1 PM, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2012
HILTON FORT COLLINS

\$10 TICKETS

ON SALE AFTER LABOR DAY
AT LOCALLY OWNED BOOKSTORES



NOVA KOTZ (ERIC LARSON)

Figure 11: In the Garden of the Beasts Poster.



Figure 12: Ipad App Art for Old Time Radio Show.



Figure 13: Ipad App Art for Old Time Radio Show #2.

TheCurrent

volume 1 issue 1



2013 FLOODS

and their effects on
the Poudre Canyon

DESIGNING

CSU Water Center's
New Graphic Identity

Colorado
State
University

Figure 14: The Current Magazine Concept with Logo Design.