

Alexandra Munoz-Cordova

2025 Spring Semester

Capstone – Graphic Design

Department of Art and Art History

**Artist Statement:**

As a first-generation Latina, I have overcome many challenges that have made me the artist I am today. My work in Graphic Design has been a display of those efforts and combines illustration and typography to showcase my perception of assigned themes and topics. My experiences and background are a display of who I am in my art. They are an upbringing of my efforts even if they don't directly speak to my Mexican identity. My diverse background is something I aspire to use as I continue to cultivate verbal, written and interpersonal skills both fluently in English and Spanish.

My work is a direct showcase of not only my efforts but of the efforts of my mother and father who came here with nothing but still gave me everything. They left their families, their homes and learned a new language to give my sister and I the opportunity for a better future. I want to honor their sacrifices by taking the first step in breaking this generational chain of pursuing higher education. My parents will always be my greatest influence in everything I do, and I will do everything in my power to do good by them. And that for me is using my art as representation and as a voice for them and myself. For whenever I can't speak, I can create art to be my voice.

<b>Title</b>	<b>Original Format</b>
Figure 1: Romeo and Juliette	Illustrator, 24 in x 36 in
Figure 2: Fragments of Tomorrow	Illustrator, 8 in x 10 in
Figure 3: March On	InDesign, 8.5 in x 11 in
Figure 4: Prevent Wildfires	Illustrator, 16 in x 22 in
Figure 5: Save the Planet	Illustrator, 16 in x 22 in



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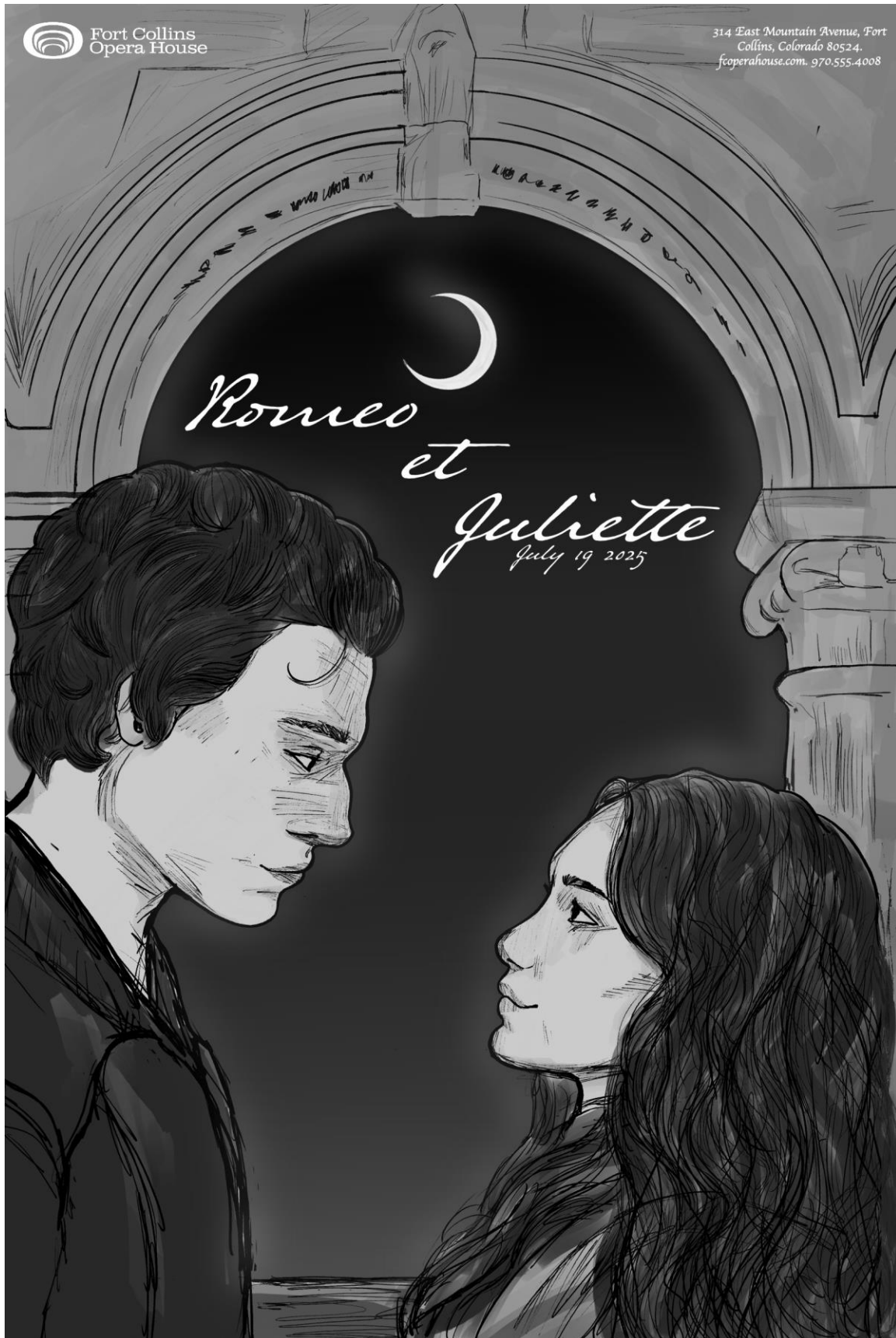
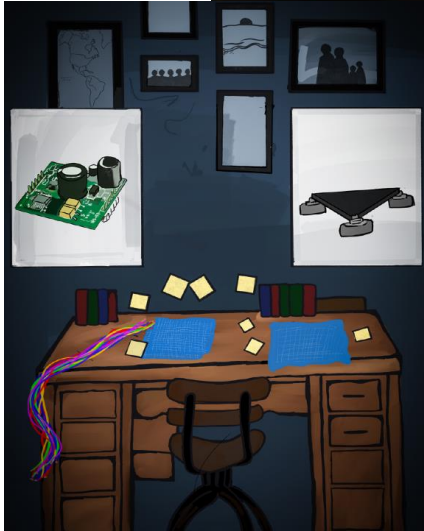
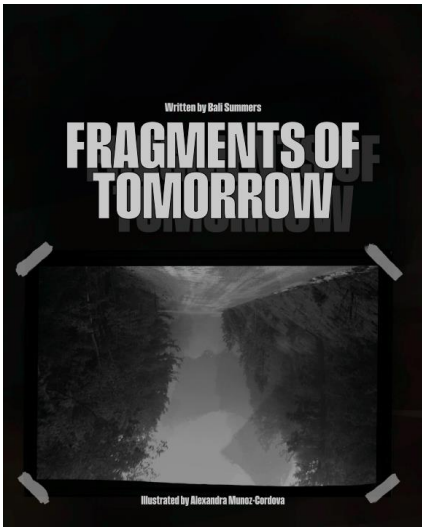


Figure 1: Romeo and Juliette





Linden woke up early the next morning and headed out for Old Joe's house. The bell on the door jingled cheerfully as he entered. Old Joe was sat hunched over a cluttered desk of wires, magazines, and sticky notes. He was muttering to himself and clutched at his wiry grey hair.

"What's wrong Joe?"

"Ah! Linden, I didn't hear you come in. Please, join me."

"Tell me, what do you make of this?" He gestured to a circuit board on the desk in front of him.

Linden looked closer. "It's a circuit from one of the piezoelectric tiles." Linden looked at it more closely. "Is there something wrong with it?"

"That's what I'm wondering." Old Joe scratched his head. "I can't for the life of me find anything wrong with it, but the energy collection unit flagged it as needing inspection."

"Tim. Did any other tiles get flagged?"

"Good question." Old Joe's eyes twinkled mischievously. "Yes, there were other flagged tiles. I've been stalling so I could ask you to collect them." He stretched out his hand behind him. "Save my old body some of the trouble, eh?"

Linden laughed. "Sure thing Joe. I'll get right to it."

Out in the courtyard of the home community, Old Joe watched over as Linden carefully pulled the circuits from the flagged tile pieces. It was a delicate process, which was slow going, but Old Joe loved to chat.

Linden was only able to half listen to what Old Joe said. Most of it went over his head anyway, but the amount of money caught his attention. "I dunno, \$180 sounds like a lot to me."

"And it was a lot, don't get me wrong! But the later video game console cost a whole lot more. I remember right I think I paid \$1100 for the PS6. Far let of god that thing ever did me!"

"I see, why'd it cost so much?"

"Well by that time the inflation had gotten pretty bad, so everything cost a whole lot more."

Linden looked up from his work and quirked an eyebrow. "What's inflation?"

Old Joe startled from his nostalgic reverie. "Oh, ah...um. What's inflation, eh? I don't think I'm the best person to explain it, but essentially it means that one dollar is worth less than it used to be worth, so everything you've got to buy starts costing more and, well uh, people used to hate that."

"How could the value of one dollar change? Isn't the value supposed to be one?"

"Shucks kid, in this some kinda 'test'! It's been so long since I've had to worry about paying for anything I don't remember exactly how it worked. If only I could just google it."

Linden sighed and returned his focus to removing the tile. Even if Old Joe had a special fondness for talking about the past, it seemed like everyone was always talking about the convenience and accessibility of information before. It got old for Linden pretty fast. Sure, had love to live in a world where he could just ask any question to some all-knowing information machine, but instead the best source of information he had was kooky Old Joe.

Linden arrived at the top of the hill, at the foot of the NCAR Mount Lab to find the buildings looking better than he was expecting. Feeling hopeful, he made his way inside.

Linden turned his headlamp on and headed towards a nearby hallway. He found most of the offices he searched empty, devoid of their belongings long ago. After rounding a corner, he found one of the hallways collapsed. Linden avoided that direction. A few of the scattered offices he searched weren't completely empty. They had office supplies and furniture, sometimes books. One or two offices had an old computer inside. Linden cracked one open to look at its components. The machinery looked powerful - much fancier than the parts he'd found for his PC. But the soft card was for the older frequency, before long-ranged with was all that was left. He made a mental note to come back another time when he could carry more parts back with him.

Linden kept searching. He wasn't having any luck finding mineral oil in the offices. Old Joe had said something about a server room, but Linden didn't know what that was or where he could find it. He mentally smacked himself again for not thinking to ask before he ran off. After searching the main floors, Linden saw that the sun was starting to set. He didn't want to worry his mom or Old Joe, but he still hadn't found the mineral oil. He looked at the front doors, weighing his options. He didn't like the idea of coming back empty-handed after he came all this way. Linden delved downstairs.

Now fully removed from any natural lighting, Linden decided to turn on his flashlight as well to help him see. He felt bad about using the batteries. His mother's voice rang in his head. "Why didn't you let the scavengers do their job and stayed at home?" Linden wanted to huff! Plus they wouldn't have gotten here until tomorrow, and that would've meant another day of his friends and neighbors taking on crank aunts. While he argued with himself, Linden turned a corner and descended another short stairwell. The server room! Or at least, it was what he thought a server room would look like. Rows of metal towers as tall as the room itself stood looming in the darkness. He looked further in. Some of the towers had been knocked over or smashed on the ground from what looked like the ceiling collapsing.

"This must be underneath that collapsed hallway," he thought.

Linden listened for a moment. The rabbit didn't sound like it was shifting, so he guessed it was likely well settled into place. Linden started looking around the intact part of the server room first. He saw towers upon towers, but no stray bottles of mineral oil. He walked back to the side of the room that had caved in, shining his flashlight at the rubble hanging above him.

He crouched down to look to the other side. Broken building materials and smashed bits of towers littered the floor past the caved in ceiling. Squinting to see it, way down at the end of the room, Linden saw two large jagged holes.

He tried to read the label from a distance, to no avail. He'd have to get in there.



Figure 2: Fragments of Tomorrow





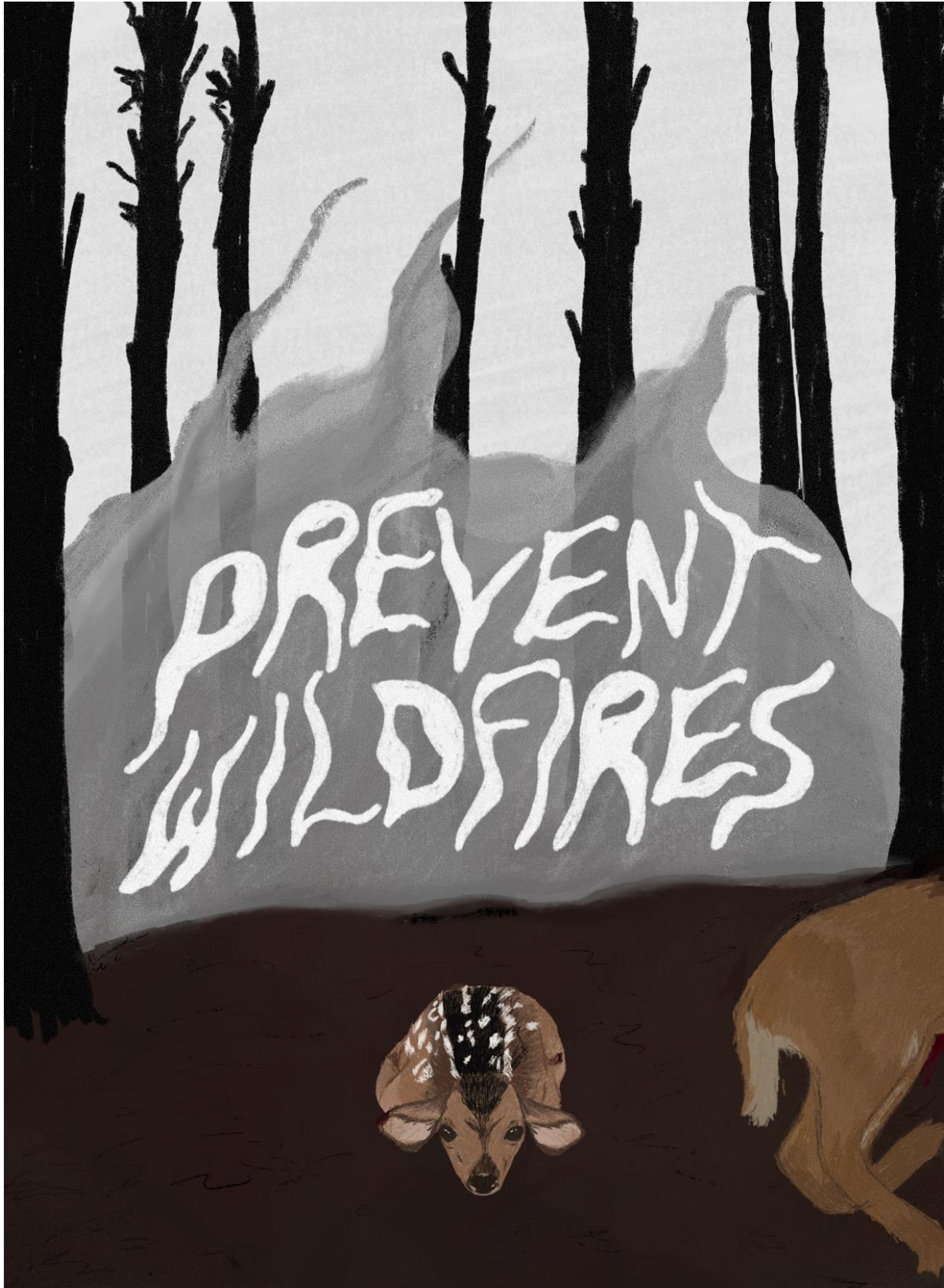


Figure 4: Prevent Wildfires

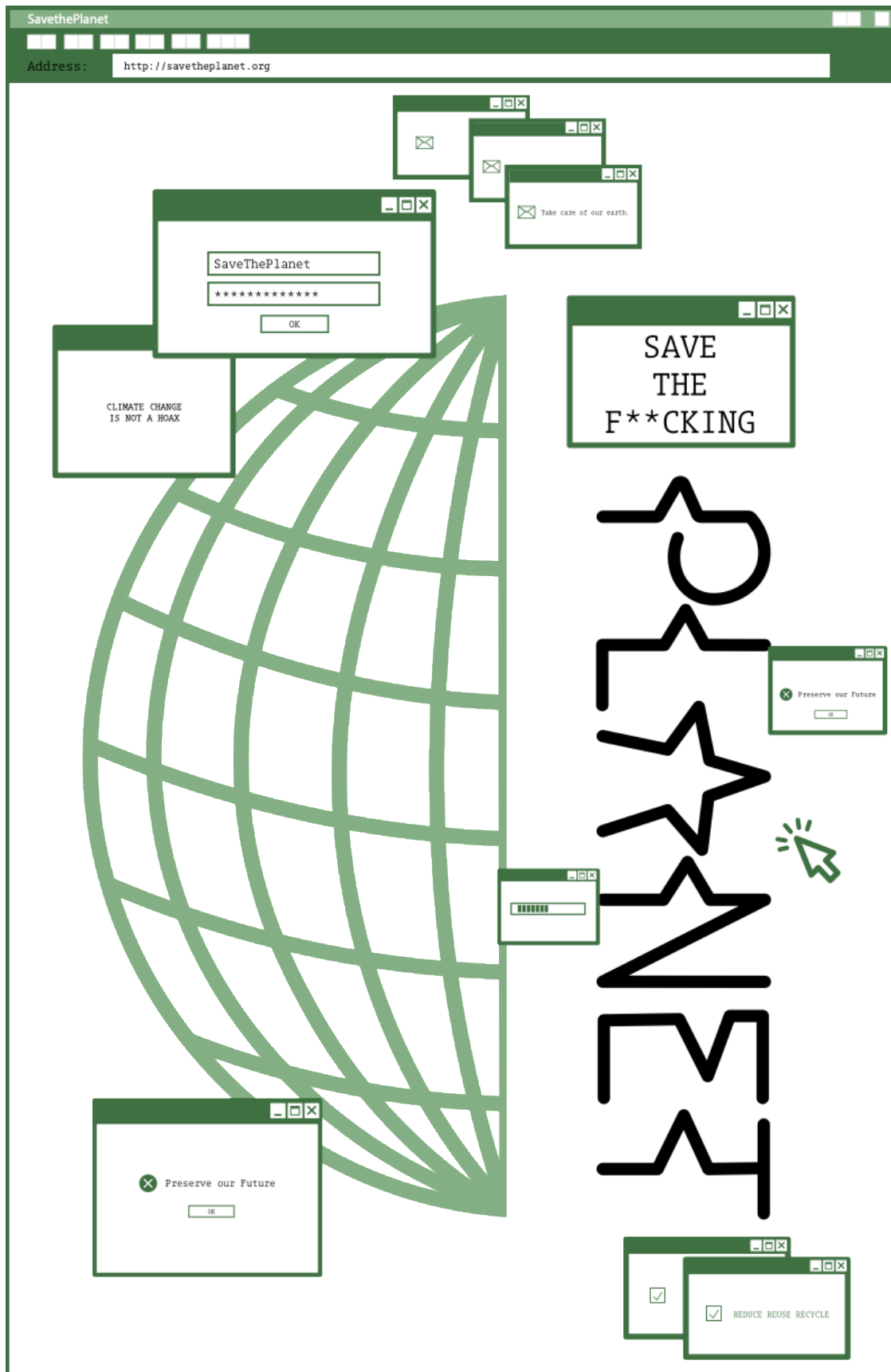


Figure 5: Save the Planet