

# Portfolio

## Julia Savage



# Album Cover

Album cover design for the Portland based band Lazy Legs' sophomore album "Moth Mother". When designing this cover, I considered the band's shoegaze and grunge influenced sound with ethereal vocals and distorted effects. To represent this, I layered photographs and gradients paired with small type.

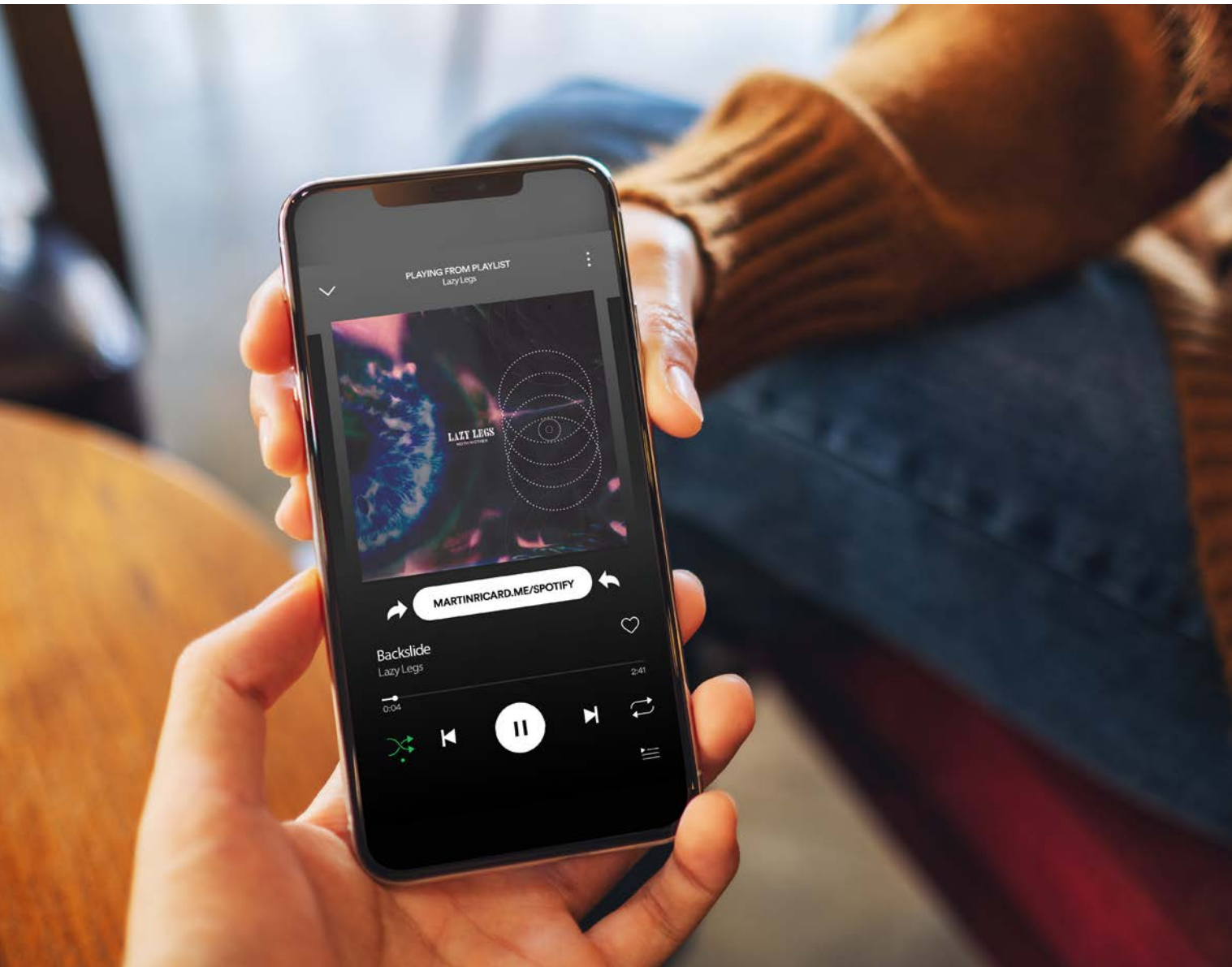
*Motif: Illustrator*

*Photo Editing: Photoshop*

*Layout: InDesign*







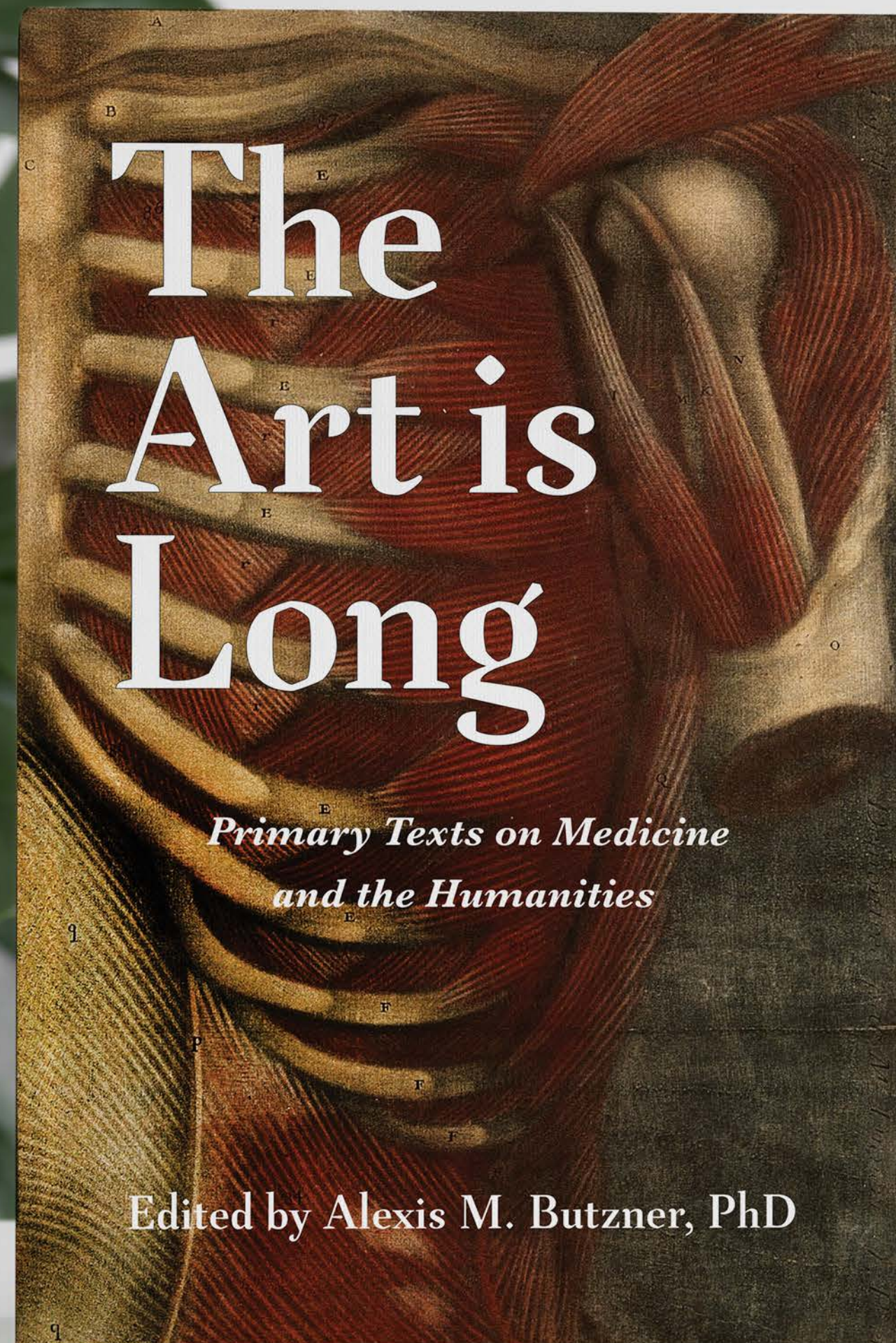


# "The Art is Long" Book Cover

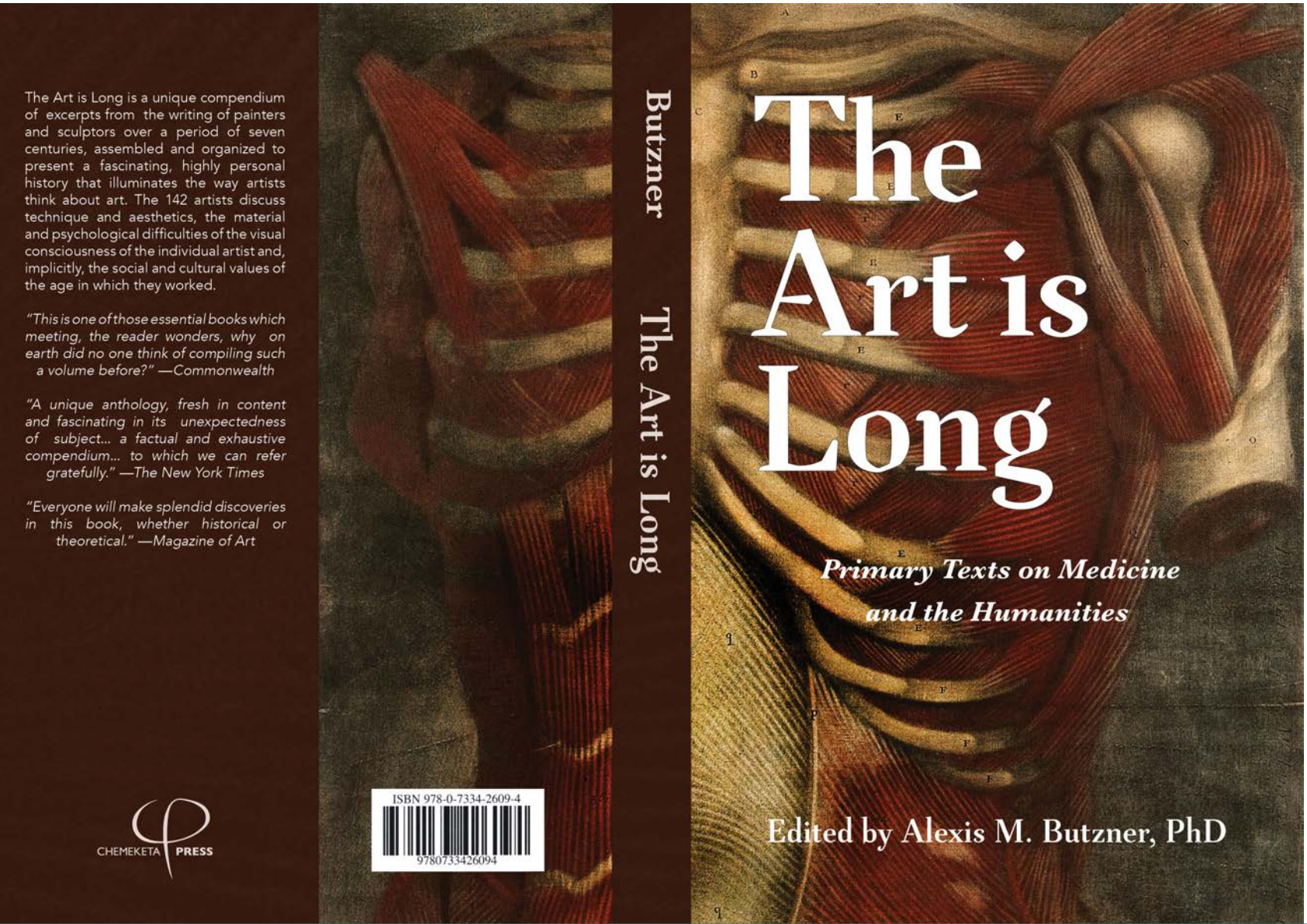
Cover design for the medical humanities anthology "The Art is Long". Featuring an anatomical illustration from the 1800s, muted colors, and angular text, this cover is meant to compliment the book's poetic writings about early medicine.

*Layout: InDesign*

*Image Editing: Photoshop*







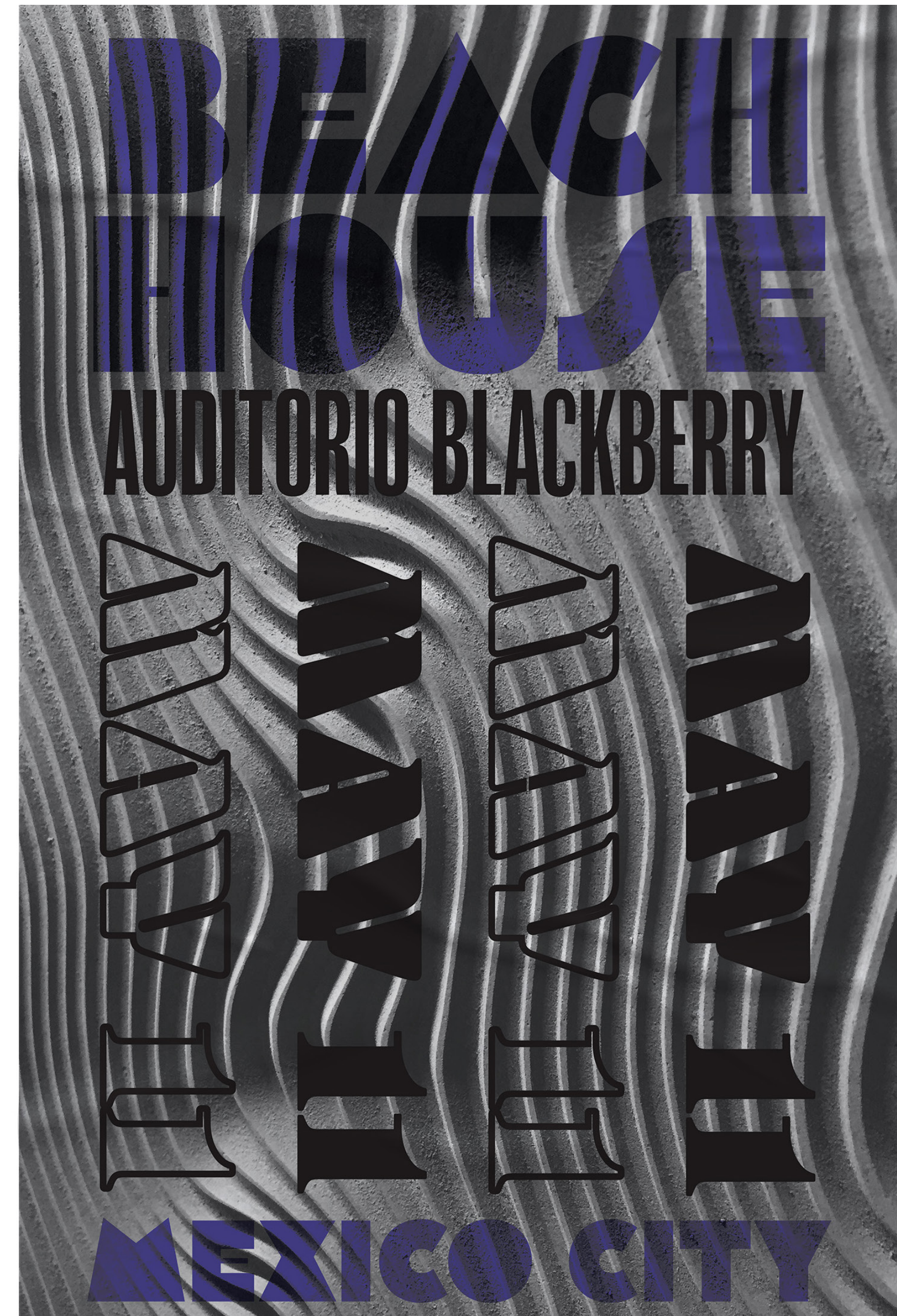
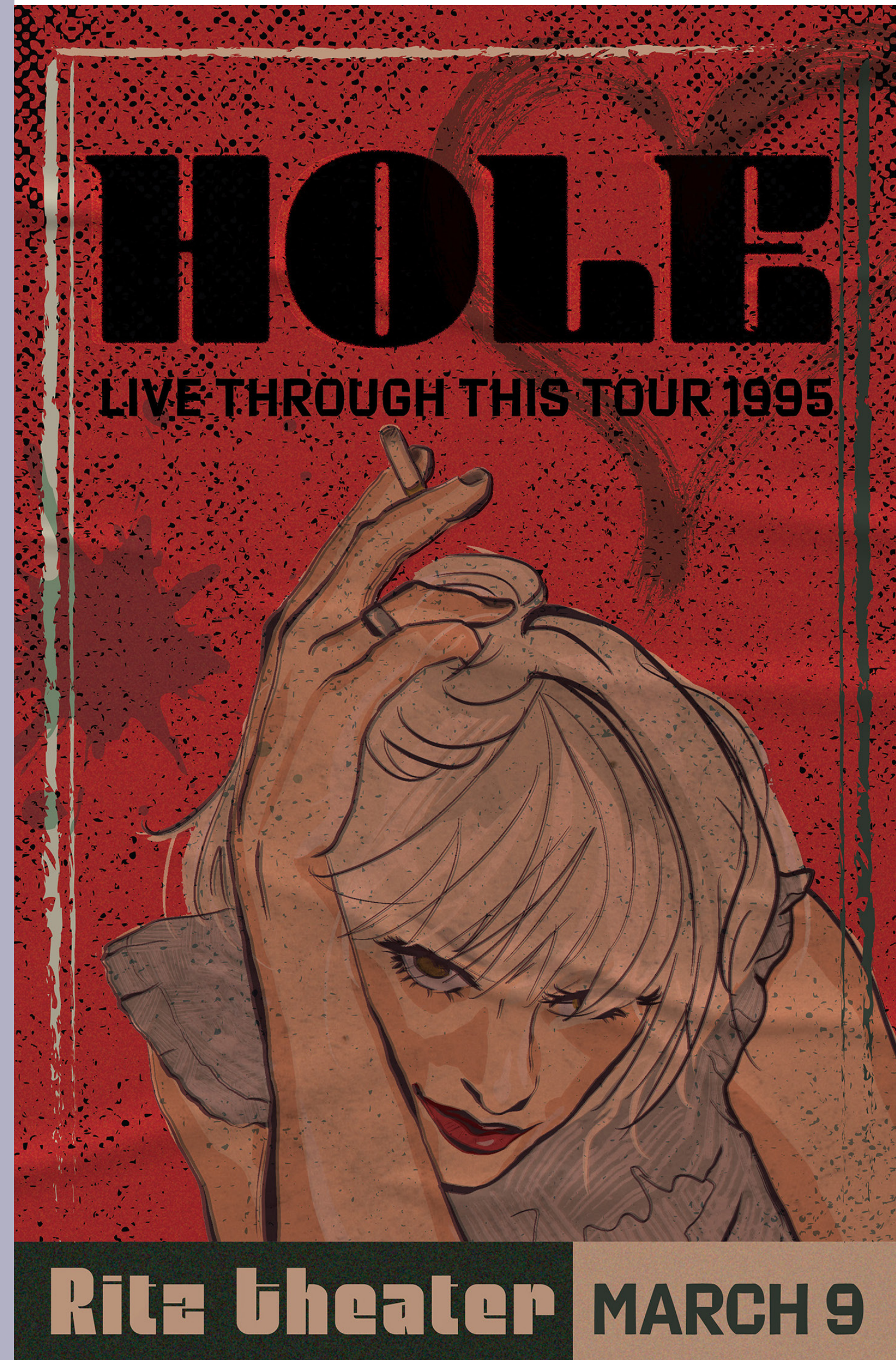


# Poster Collection

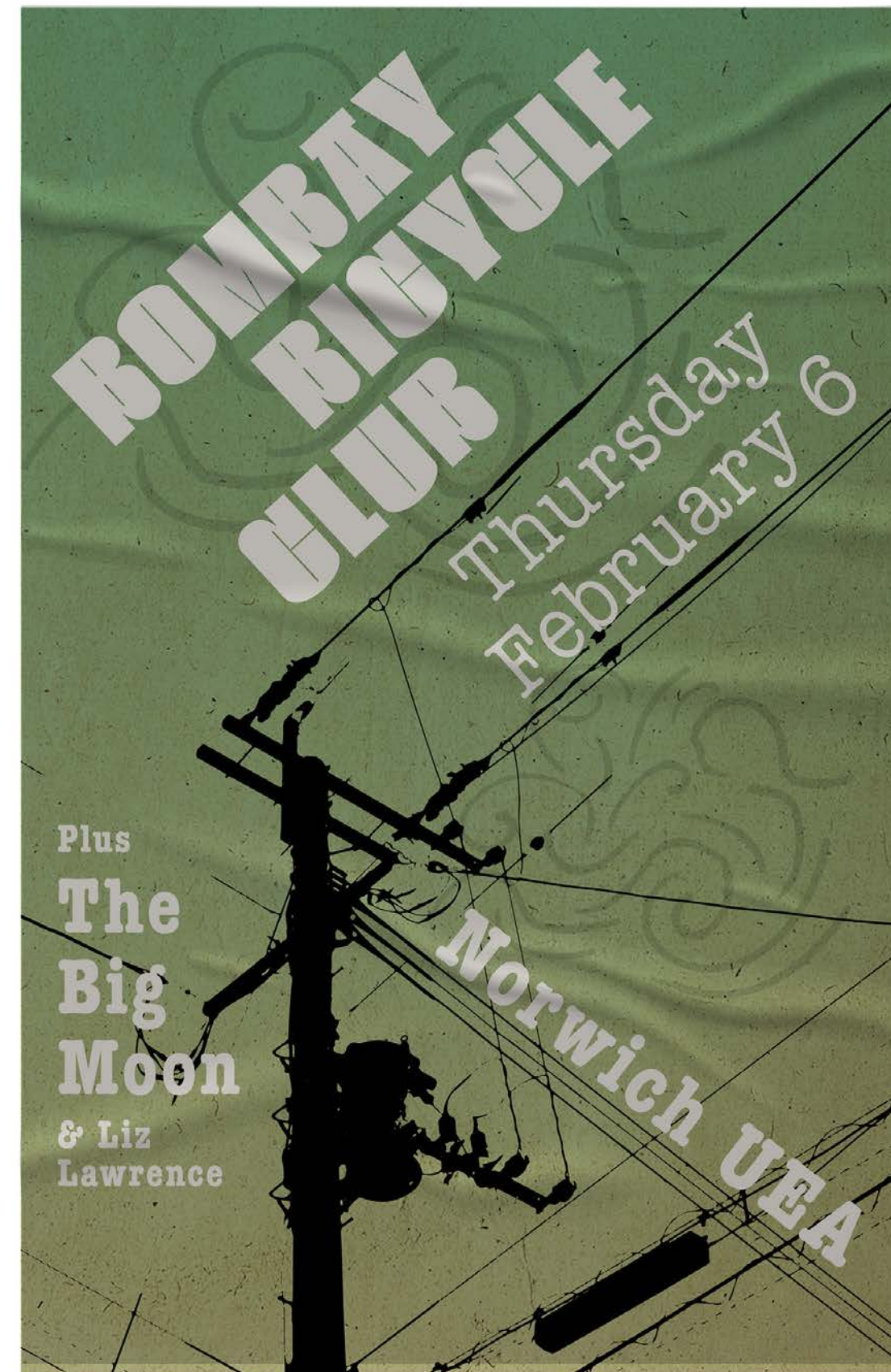
For this collection, I wanted to explore the world of concert event posters. This medium allows endless possibilities of typography, illustration and photography.

*Illustration: Procreate &  
Photoshop*

*Layout & Typography:  
Illustrator*









# Craftwork Brewery Can Design

Craftwork Brewery is a concept for a fruit flavored beer brand. With whimsical typography, round shapes, and bright colors, this packaging represents the brand's lighthearted spirit.

*Logo Design: Illustrator*  
*Layout: InDesign*









# Event Promotion

Inspired by the indie pop band TV Girl's colorful yet dark aesthetic, I created a set of promotional items and merchandise, including a ticket, billboard, and clothing.

*Illustration: Procreate &  
Photoshop*

*Typography and Layout:  
Illustrator*





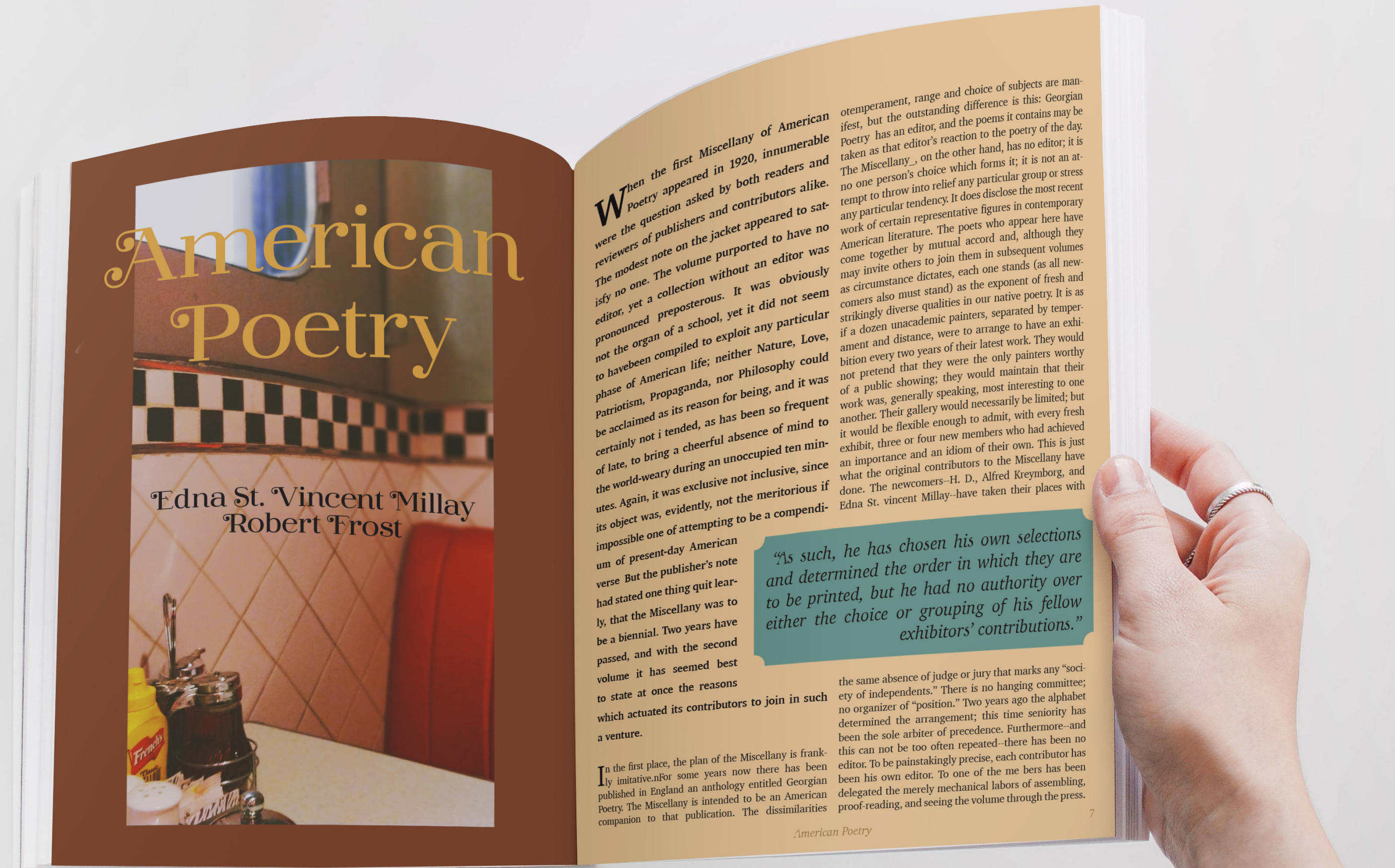




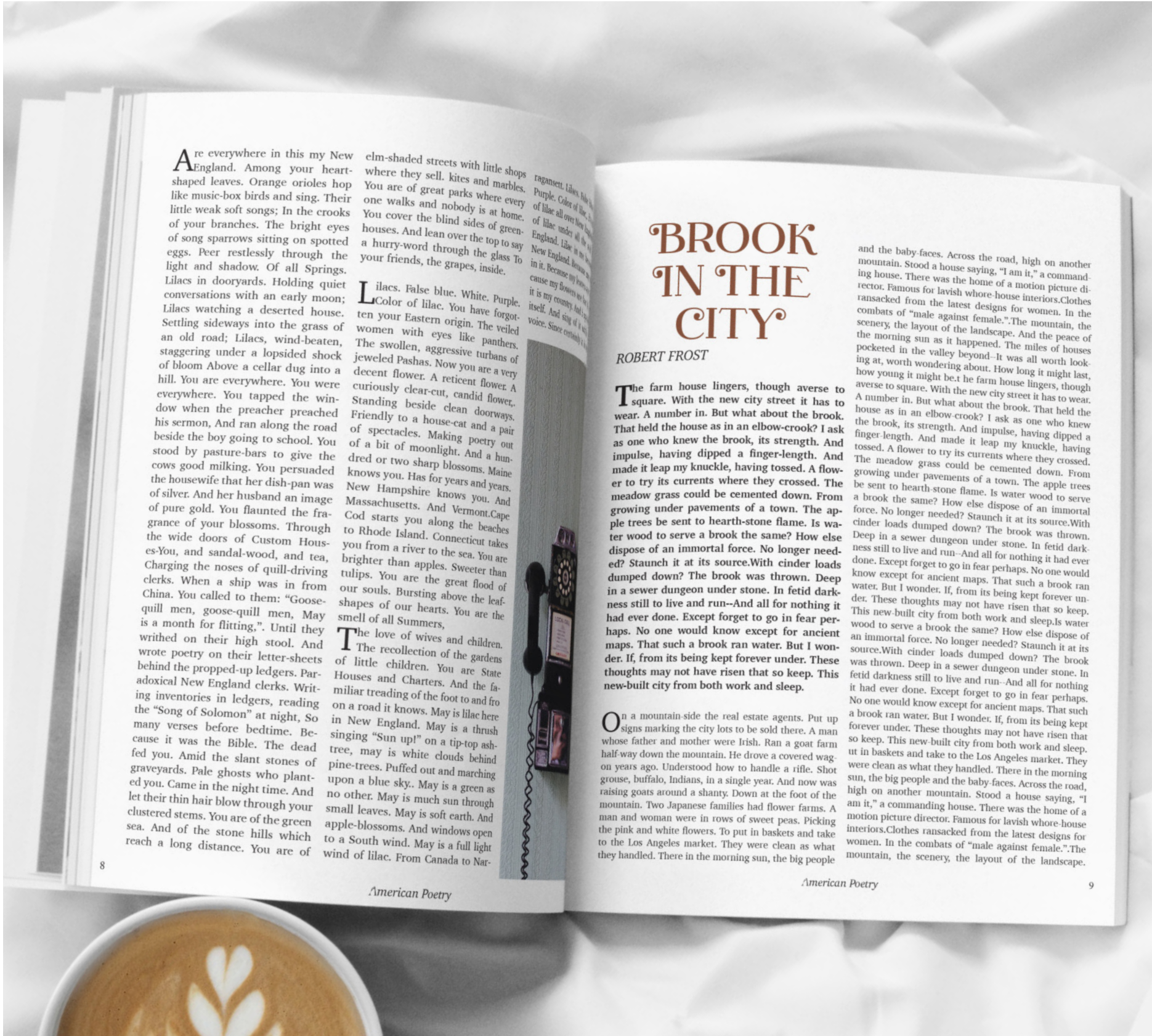
# Magazine Spread

This magazine spread uses early American poetry from from the Project Gutenberg Library. With warm muted colors and decorative typography, this magazine spread is meant to feel nostalgic and inviting.

*Layout: InDesign*







Are everywhere in this my New England. Among your heart-shaped leaves. Orange orioles hop like music-box birds and sing. Their little weak soft songs; In the crooks of your branches. The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting on spotted eggs. Peer restlessly through the light and shadow. Of all Springs. Lilacs in dooryards. Holding quiet conversations with an early moon; Lilacs watching a deserted house. Settling sideways into the grass of an old road; Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided shock of bloom Above a cellar dug into a hill. You are everywhere. You were everywhere. You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon, And ran along the road beside the boy going to school. You stood by pasture-bars to give the cows good milking. You persuaded the housewife that her dish-pan was of silver. And her husband an image of pure gold. You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms. Through the wide doors of Custom Houses-You, and sandal-wood, and tea, charging the noses of quill-driving clerks. When a ship was in from China. You called to them: "Goose-quill men, goose-quill men, May is a month for flitting.". Until they writhed on their high stool. And wrote poetry on their letter-sheets behind the propped-up ledgers. Paradoxical New England clerks. Writing inventories in ledgers, reading the "Song of Solomon" at night, So many verses before bedtime. Because it was the Bible. The dead fed you. Amid the slant stones of graveyards. Pale ghosts who planted you. Came in the night time. And let their thin hair blow through your clustered stems. You are of the green sea. And of the stone hills which reach a long distance. You are of

elm-shaded streets with little shops where they sell. kites and marbles. You are of great parks where every one walks and nobody is at home. You cover the blind sides of green houses. And lean over the top to say a hurry-word through the glass To your friends, the grapes, inside. Lilacs. False blue. White. Purple. Color of lilac. You have forgotten your Eastern origin. The veiled women with eyes like panthers. The swollen, aggressive turbans of jeweled Pashas. Now you are a very decent flower. A reticent flower. A curiously clear-cut, candid flower. Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of spectacles. Making poetry out of a bit of moonlight. And a hundred or two sharp blossoms. Maine knows you. Has for years and years. New Hampshire knows you. And God starts you along the beaches to Rhode Island. Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea. You are brighter than apples. Sweeter than tulips. You are the great flood of our souls. Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our hearts. You are the smell of all Summers. The love of wives and children. The recollection of the gardens of little children. You are State Houses and Charters. And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro on a road it knows. May is like here in New England. May is a thrush singing "Sun up!" on a tip-top ash-tree, may is white clouds behind pine-trees. Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky. May is a green as no other. May is much sun through small leaves. May is soft earth. And apple-blossoms. And windows open to a South wind. May is a full light wind of lilac. From Canada to Nar-

## BROOK IN THE CITY

ROBERT FROST

The farm house lingers, though averse to square. With the new city street it has to wear. A number in. But what about the brook. That held the house as in an elbow-crook? I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength. And impulse, having dipped a finger-length. And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed. A flower to try its currents where they crossed. The meadow grass could be cemented down. From growing under pavements of a town. The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame. Is water wood to serve a brook the same? How else dispose of an immortal force. No longer needed? Staunch it at its source. With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown. Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone. In fetid darkness still to live and run--And all for nothing it had ever done. Except forget to go in fear perhaps. No one would know except for ancient maps. That such a brook ran water. But I wonder. If, from its being kept forever under. These thoughts may not have risen that so keep. This new-built city from both work and sleep.

On a mountain-side the real estate agents. Put up signs marking the city lots to be sold there. A man whose father and mother were Irish. Ran a goat farm half-way down the mountain. He drove a covered wagon years ago. Understood how to handle a rifle. Shot grouse, buffalo, Indians, in a single year. And now was raising goats around a shanty. Down at the foot of the mountain. Two Japanese families had flower farms. A man and woman were in rows of sweet peas. Picking the pink and white flowers. To put in baskets and take to the Los Angeles market. They were clean as what they handled. There in the morning sun, the big people

and the baby faces. Across the road, high on another mountain. Stood a house saying, "I am it," a commanding house. There was the home of a motion picture director. Famous for lavish whore-house interiors. Clothes ransacked from the latest designs for women. In the combats of "male against female." The mountain, the scenery, the layout of the landscape. And the peace of the morning sun as it happened. The miles of houses pocketed in the valley beyond--it was all worth looking at, worth wondering about. How long it might last, how young it might be. The farm house lingers, though a number in. But what about the brook. That held the house as in an elbow-crook? I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength. And impulse, having dipped a finger-length. And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed. A flower to try its currents where they crossed. The meadow grass could be cemented down. From growing under pavements of a town. The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame. Is water wood to serve a brook the same? How else dispose of an immortal force. No longer needed? Staunch it at its source. With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown. Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone. In fetid darkness still to live and run--And all for nothing it had ever done. Except forget to go in fear perhaps. No one would know except for ancient maps. That such a brook ran water. But I wonder. If, from its being kept forever under. These thoughts may not have risen that so keep. This new-built city from both work and sleep.

## SEVEN TWILIGHTS

CONRAD AIKEN

### I

The ragged pilgrim, on the road to nowhere. Waits at the granite milestone. It grows dark. Willows lean by the water. Pleas of water. Cry through the trees. And on the boles and boughs. Green water-lights make rings, already paling. Leaves speak everywhere. The willow leaves. Silverly stir on the breath of moving water. Birch-leaves, beyond them, twinkle, and there on the hill. And the hills beyond again, and the highest hill. Serrated pines, in the dusk, grow almost black.

By the eighth milestone on the road to nowhere. He drops his sack, and lights once more the pipe. There often lighted. In the dusk-sharpened sky. A pair of night-hawks windily sweep, or fall. Booming, toward the trees. Thus had it been. Last year, and the year before, and many years: Ever the same. "Thus turns the human track. Backward upon itself, I stand once more. By this small stream..." Now the rich sound of leaves. Turning in air to sway their heavy boughs. Burns in his heart, sings in his veins, as spring. Flowers in veins when they dream of seas. "O trees! exquisite dancers in of trees; bringing such peace. As comes to seamen moon. To thrust her golden horn, like a golden snail. Above that mountain--arch your green benediction. Once more over my heart. Muffle the sound of bells. Mournfully human, that cries from the darkening valley. Close, with your leaves, about the sound of water. Take me among your hearts as you take the mist. Among your boughs!" ... Now by the granite milestone. On the ancient human road that winds to nowhere. The pilgrim listens, as the night air brings. The murmured echo, perpetual, from the gorge Of barren rock far down the valley. Now. Though twilight here, it may be starlight there; Mist makes elfin lakes in the hollow fields. The dark wood stands in the mist like a somber island. With one red star above it.... "This I should see.

Should I go on, follow the falling road.... This old ghostly house my ghost will come, Pause in the half-light, turn by the poplar, glide. Above tall grasses through the broken door. Who will say that he saw--or the dusk deceived him--A mist with hands of mist blow down from the tree. And open the door and enter and close it after? Who will say that he saw, as midnight struck. Its tremulous golden twelve, a light in the window. And first heard music, as of an old piano. Music remote, as if it came from the earth. Far down; and then, in the quiet, eager voices? "... Houses grow old and die, houses have ghosts--Once in a hundred years we return, old house. And live once more." ... And then the ancient answer. In a voice not human, but more like creak of boards. Or rattle of panes in the wind. "Not as the owner. But as a guest you come, to fires not lit. By hands of yours.... Through these long-silent chambers. Move slowly, turn, return, and bring once more. Your lights and music. It will be good to talk."

It is the eucharist of the evening, changing. All things to beauty. Now the ancient river. That all day under the arch was polished jade. Becomes the ghost of a river, thinly gleaming. Under a silver cloud.... It is not water. It is that azure stream in which the stars. Bathe at the daybreak, and become immortal. "And the moon," said I--not thus to be outdone--"What of the moon? Over the dusty plane-trees. Which crouch in the dusk above their feeble lanterns. Each coldly lighted by his tiny faith; The moon, the waxen moon, now almost full. Creeps whitely up.... Westward the waves of cloud. Vermilion, crimson, violet, stream on the air. Shatter

### II

When the tree bares, the music of it changes and keen is the sound, long and musical, are the poplar boughs in the evening light. Do you house, against a slate-cold cloud. When the leaves and the tenants leave it, cricket sings in the valley by the threshold; Spider, by the cold moon, hangs web. Here, in a hundred years from that clear evening

Pale gleaming ghostly stream, impalpable--So faint, so fine that scarcely it bears up. The petals that the lantern strews upon it,--These great black barges float like apparitions. Loom in the silver of it, beat upon it. Moving upon it as dragons move on air. "Thus always," then I answered,--looking never. Toward her face, so beautiful and strange. It grew, with feeding on the evening light,--"The gross is given, by inscrutable God. Power to beat wide wings upon the subtle. Thus we ourselves so fleshly, fallible, mortal. Stand here, for all our foolishness, transfigured: Hung over nothing in an arch light. While one more evening like a wave of silence

### III

Now the great wheel of darkness and low dipper. Whirls and whirls in the heavens with dipping trees bow down in a stream of air. Leaves, blades and smoke, are blown on the wind. Mount upward my window; swoop again. In a sharp silence loudly falls. The first cold drop, striking a leaf.... Doom and dusk for the earth! Upward To draw chill curtains and shut out the dark an instant, with uplifted hand. To watch, bet ruined portals of cloud. One star,--the totter fall and crush it. Here are a thousand be the wisdom. Alembicked out of dust, or of Choose now the weightiest word, most Most somberly musicked line; hold up the These paltry lanterns, wisdoms, philosophies, your eyes, against this ness. And you'll see--a ing strand of cobweb. half-inch deep in dusk wise-men! Now, if e Cry loudly, lift shrill cians. Against this wail of rain. But you pages turn to water cold, cold and g the darkness, ri things are rain.. room. What are

"Once in a hundred years we return, old house. And live once more. And then the ancient answer. In a voice not human, but more like creak of boards. Or rattle of panes in the wind. Not as the owner, but as a guest."

to golden flakes in the icy green. Translucency of twilight.... And the moon. Drinks up their light, and as they fade or darken. Brightens.... O monstrous miracle of the twilight. That one should live because the others die!" "Strange too," she answered, "that upon this azure.

pool of rain? The slow arpeggio Thrill and thrill in the dark. W sky of rain. Thus lies the sea-s twilight of the sea. No gods standing. Cleaves the long d



# Tea Box Packaging

Three Leaves is concept for tea brand providing a variety of different teas. The packaging reflects the soothing, natural products the brand provides.

*Logo Design & Layout:*

*Illustrator*

*Illustration: Procreate*









# Student Art Show Promotion

For this project, I designed a poster for the Gretchen Schuette Art Gallery virtual show. These are to be shown on social media and the gallery's website. Featuring ceramic artwork by another student, this design is meant to eye-catching and informative.

*Image Editing: Photoshop*  
*Layout & Typography:*  
*Illustrator*

## 2021 Annual Student Art Show Virtual Show

Exhibition on Gretchen  
Schuette Art Gallery Website  
now and through end of 2021

Awards announced Tuesday, May 24<sup>th</sup>



Ceramics and photography by Anna Maria Cobb, design by Julia Savage



THE  
GRETCHEN SCHUETTE  
ART GALLERY

EO/AA/ADA Institution



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