

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







SIDE A

Peanut Butter 03:46 Backslide 05:54

Clotheater 02:27

lt's True 03:36

Metamorphosis 01:28

SIDE B

Silkworm 04:28

Nosebleed 03:48

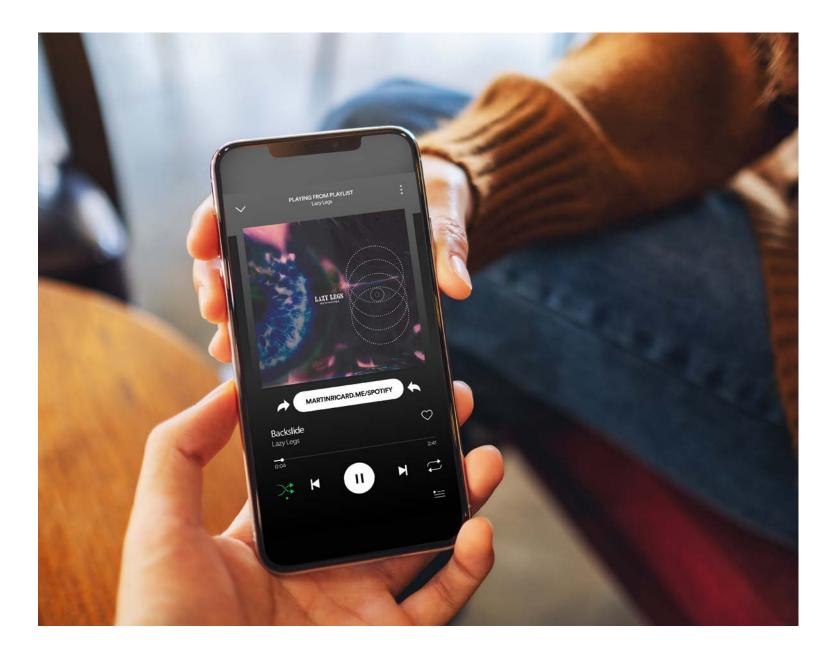
Wax 04:27

Glow 01.46

Pił 04:16











Artis **LONG**

Primary Texts on Medicine and the Humanities

Edited by Alexis M. Butzner, PhD

"The Art is Long" **Book Cover**

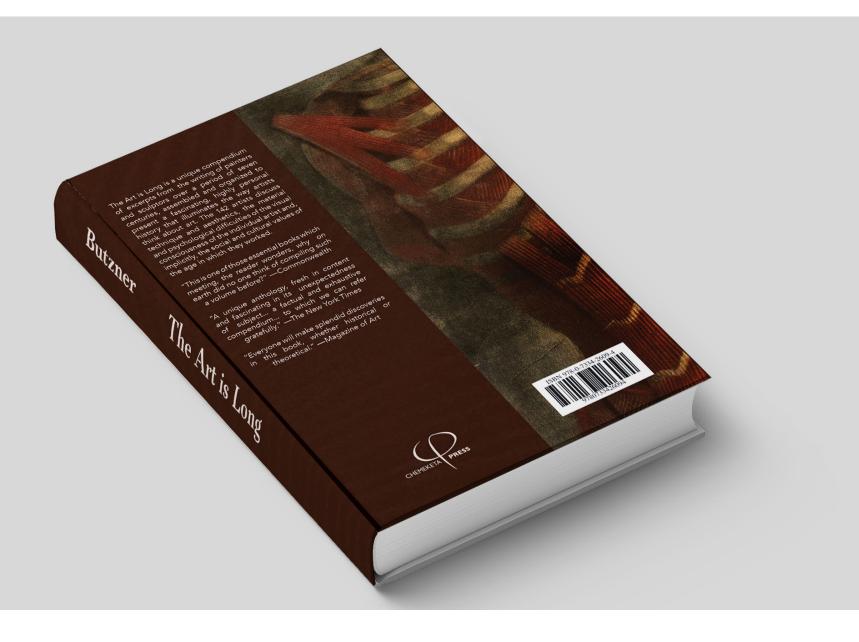
Cover design for the medical humanites anthology "The Art is Long". Featuring an anatomical illustration from the 1800s, muted colors, and angular text, this cover is meant to compliment the book's poetic writings about early medicine.

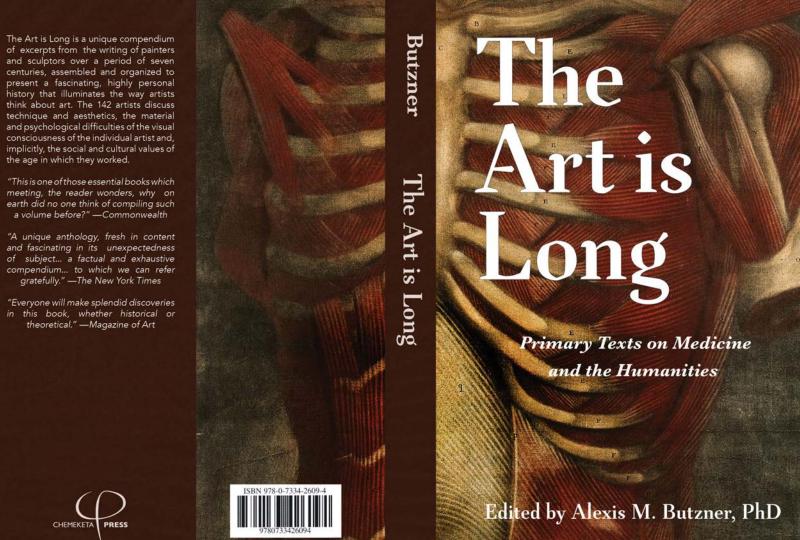
Layout: InDesign Image Editing: Photoshop





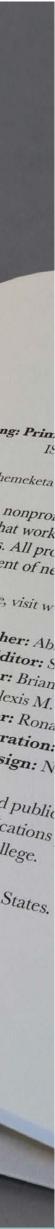






Edited by Alexis M. Butzner, PhD

THE ARTIS LONG PRIMARY TEXTS IN MEDICINE AND THE HUMANITIES The Art is Long: Prim © 2020 by Chemeketa Alexis M. Butzner Chemeketa Press is a nonprov Community College that work Publisher and Mark ate affordable textbooks. All pro go toward the development of ne To learn more, visit w Publisher: Ab Managing Editor: S Production Editor: Brian Editor: Alexis M. Design Editor: Rona Cover Illustration: Additional contributions to the design and public from members of the Visual Communications Community College. Printed in the United States. iv

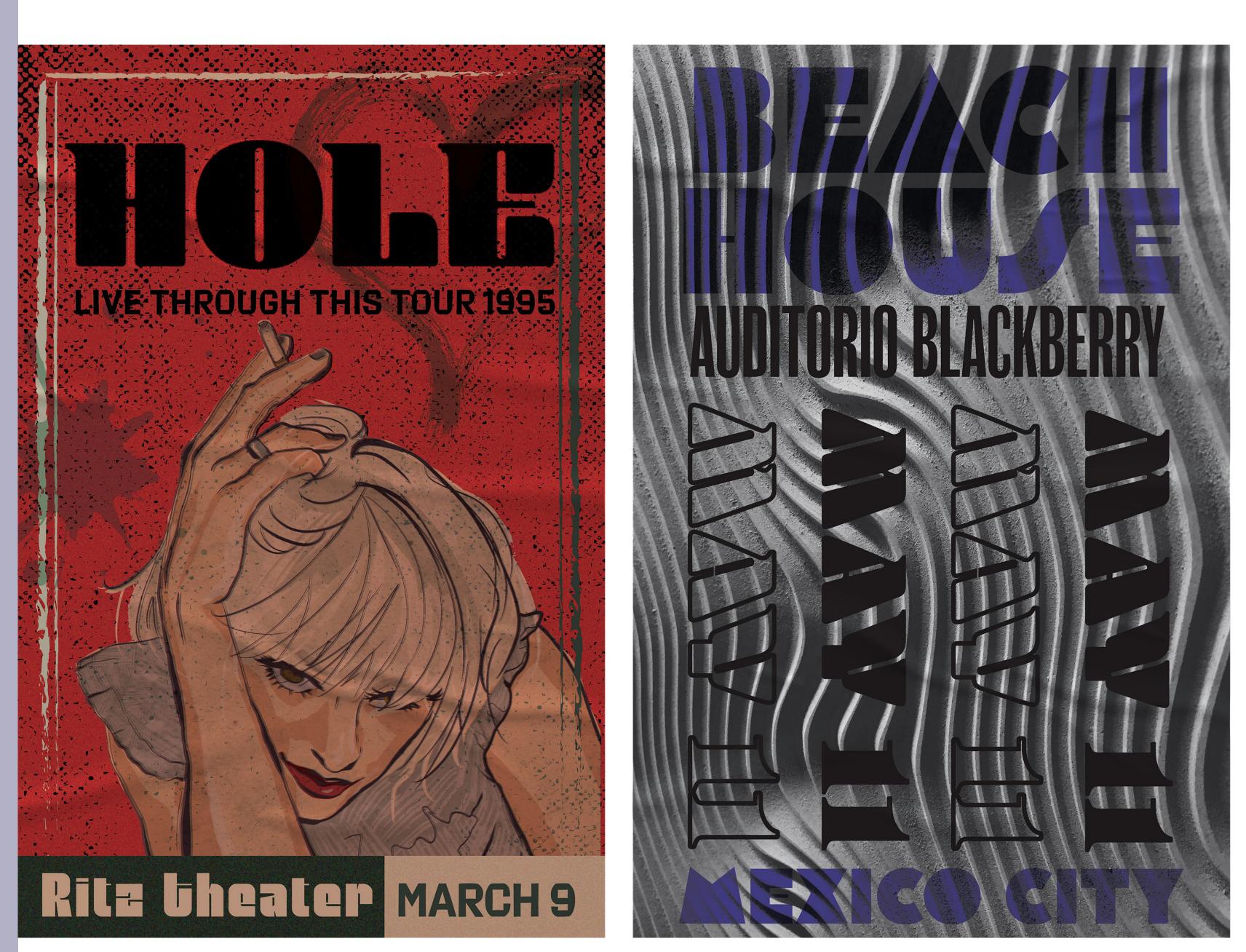




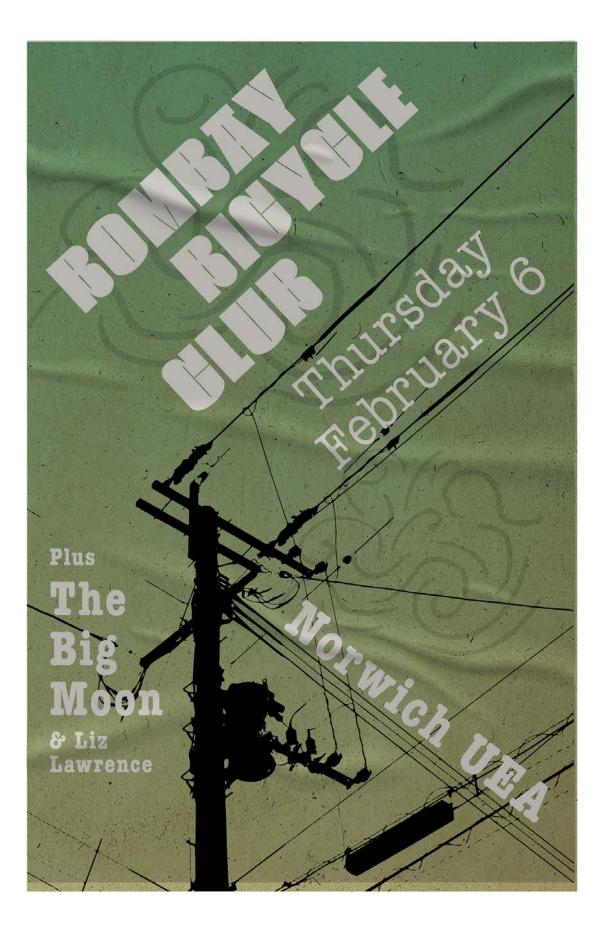
Poster Collection

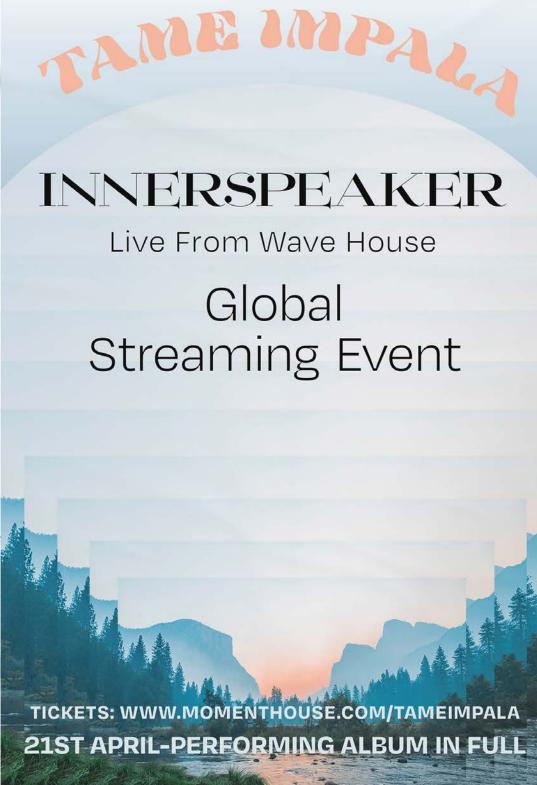
For this collection, I wanted to explore the world of concert event posters. This medium allows endless possibilities of typography, illustration and photography.

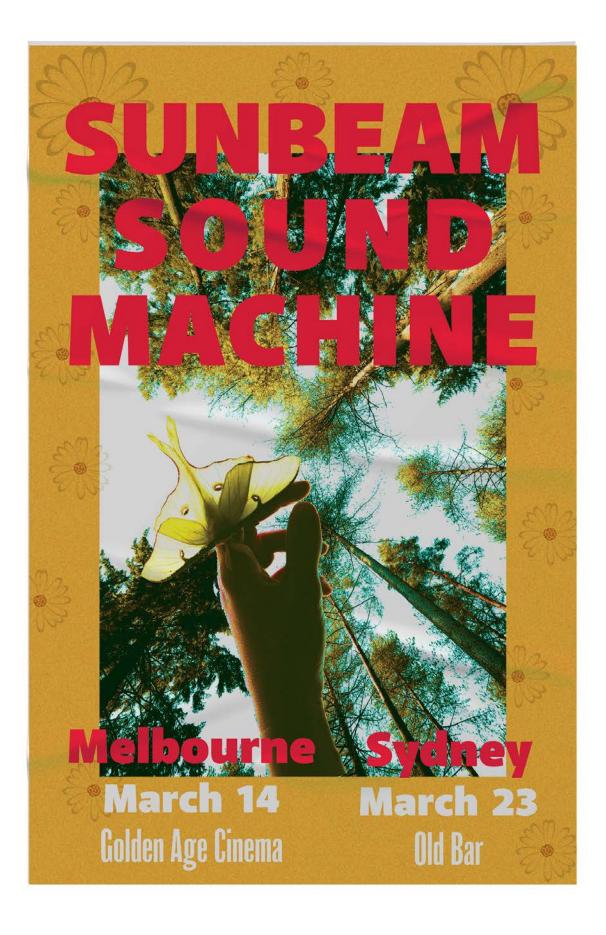
Illustration: Procreate & Photoshop Layout & Typography: Illustrator















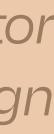
Craftwork **Brewery Can** Design

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











FTW BREWERY F







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





TTAGARD

FRIDAY MARCH 13 LOS ANGELES















Edna St. Vincent Millay Robert Frost

of American

noccupied ten minof late, to bring a

um of present-day American verse But the publisher's note had stated one thing quit learly, that the Miscellany was to be a biennial. Two years have with the second

companion to that publication. The dissimilarities proof-reading, and seeing the volume through the press.

perament, range and choice of subjects are manifest, but the outstanding difference is this: Georgian has an editor, and the poems it contains may be as that editor's reaction to the poetry of the day. , on the other hand, has no editor; it is choice which forms it; it is not an atlief any particular group or stress who appear here have cord and, although they each one stands (as all newlso must stand) as the exponent of fresh and alities in our native poetry. It is as unters, separated by temperyent and distance, were to arrange to have an exhivo years of their latest work. They would nd that they were the only painters worthy of a public showing; they would maintain that their enerally speaking, most interesting to one of mind to another. Their gallery would necessarily be limited; but it would be flexible enough to admit, with every fresh exhibit, three or four new members who had achieved tance and an idiom of their own. This is just utes. Again, it was exclusive the meritorious if its object was, evidently, not the meritorious if its object was, effectempting to be a compendi-Edna St. vincent Millav-have taken their place with done. The newcomers--H. D., Alfred Kreymborg, and impossible one of attempting to be a compendi-impossible one of attempting to be a compendi-The such, he has chosen his own selections

and determined the order in which they are to be printed, but he had no authority over either the choice or grouping of his fellow exhibitors' contributions.'

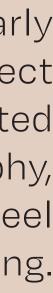
the same absence of judge or jury that marks any "sociwhich actuated its contributors to join in such ety of independents." There is no hanging committee; determined the arrangement; this time seniority has been the sole arbiter of precedence. Furthermore -- and In the first place, the plan of the Miscellany is frank-this can not be too often repeated--there has been no ly imitative.nFor some years now there has been editor. To be painstakingly precise, each contributor has published in England an anthology entitled Georgian been his own editor. To one of the me bers has been Poetry. The Miscellany is intended to be an American delegated the merely mechanical labors of assembling,

Magazine **Spread**

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

Layout: InDesign







re everywhere in this my New elm-shaded streets with little shop Are everywhere in this my heart-England. Among your heart- where they sell, kites and marbles. **Z** Lengtand. Among your the shaped leaves. Orange orioles hop You are of great parks where every shaped leaves. Orange of the one walks and nobody is at home like music-box of the strate and strate nome. little weak soft songs; In the crooks You cover the blind sides of green. little weak son songs, in the teyes houses. And lean over the top to say of song sparrows sitting on spotted a hurry-word through the glass To eggs. Peer restlessly through the your friends, the grapes, inside Lilacs in dooryards. Holding quiet I ilacs. False blue. White, Purpl Lilacs in dooryands, housing the conversations with an early moon; LColor of lilac. You have forgo Lilacs watching a deserted house. ten your Eastern origin. The veiled Settling sideways into the grass of women with eyes like panthers. an old road; Lilacs, wind-beaten, The swollen, aggressive turbans of an oto road, turnes, staggering under a lopsided shock jeweled Pashas. Now you are a very of bloom Above a cellar dug into a decent flower. A reticent flower, A of bloom Above a curiously clear-cut, candid flower, hill. You are everywhere. You were curiously clear-cut, candid flower, hill. You are everywhere. You tapped the win- Standing beside clean doorways dow when the preacher preached Friendly to a house-cat and a pair dow when the predicter predicted of spectacles. Making poetry of beside the boy going to school. You of a bit of moonlight. And a hunstood by pasture-bars to give the dred or two sharp blossoms. Maine cows good milking. You persuaded knows you. Has for years and years. the housewife that her dish-pan was New Hampshire knows you. And of silver. And her husband an image Massachusetts. And Vermont.Cape of pure gold. You flaunted the fra- Cod starts you along the beaches grance of your blossoms. Through to Rhode Island. Connecticut to the wide doors of Custom Hous- you from a river to the sea. You are es-You, and sandal-wood, and tea, brighter than apples. Sweeter th Charging the noses of quill-driving tulips. You are the great flood of clerks. When a ship was in from our souls. Bursting above the leaf-China. You called to them: "Goose- shapes of our hearts. You are the quill men, goose-quill men, May smell of all Summers, is a month for flitting,". Until they The love of wives and children. writhed on their high stool. And **I** The recollection of the gardens wrote poetry on their letter-sheets of little children. You are State behind the propped-up ledgers. Par- Houses and Charters. And the faadoxical New England clerks. Writ- miliar treading of the foot to and fro ing inventories in ledgers, reading on a road it knows. May is lilachere the "Song of Solomon" at night, So in New England. May is a thrush many verses before bedtime. Be- singing "Sun up!" on a tip-top ashcause it was the Bible. The dead tree, may is white clouds behind fed you. Amid the slant stones of pine-trees. Puffed out and marching graveyards. Pale ghosts who plant- upon a blue sky.. May is a green as ed you. Came in the night time. And no other. May is much sun through let their thin hair blow through your small leaves. May is soft earth. And clustered stems. You are of the green apple-blossoms. And windows open

sea. And of the stone hills which to a South wind. May is a full light reach a long distance. You are of wind of lilac. From Canada to Nar-

American Poetry

BROOK **IN THE** CITY

ROBERT FROST

 \mathbf{T}^{he} 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 who knew the brook, its strength. And as one who knew the brook, its strength. And tossed. A flower to try its currents where they crossed. as one who knew the decay a finger-length. And The meadow grass could be cemented down. From impulse, having upper a line to see A flow-made it leap my knuckle, having tossed. A flow-growing under pavements of a town. The apple trees er to try its currents where they crossed. The be sent to hearth stone flame. Is water wood to serve meadow grass could be cemented down. From a brook the same? How else dispose of an immortal growing under pavements of a town. The ap-growing under pavements of a town. The ap-cinder loade durated through the set dispose of an immortal ple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame. Is wa-cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown. ter wood to serve a brook the same? How else Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone. In fetid darkter wood to serve a brook the samer riow else ness still to live and run-And all for nothing it had ever done Event formation and all for nothing it had ever dispose of an immortal force. No longer need-ed? Staunch it at its source.With cinder loads the brook was thrown. Deep ed? Staunch it at its sourcerns thrown. Deep dumped down? The brook was thrown. Deep water, But I wonder, If, from its being kept forever unin a sewer dungeon thater and all for nothing it ness still to live and run--And all for nothing it This new-built city from both work and sleep.Is water had ever done. Except forget to go in fear per-wood to serve a brook the same? How else dispose of had ever done. Except orget to get to the serve a brook the same? How else dispose of haps. No one would know except for ancient an immortal force. No longer needed? Staunch it at its maps. That such a brook ran water. But I won-source. With cinder loads dumped down? The brook der. If, from its being kept forever under. These was thrown. Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone. In thoughts may not have risen that so keep. This fetid darkness still to live and run-And all for nothing new-built city from both work and sleep.

half-way down the mountain. He drove a covered wag-on years ago. Understood how to handle a rifle. Shot mountain. Two Japanese families had flower farms, A man and woman were in rows of sweet peas. Picking interiors.Clothes ransacked from the latest designs for to the Los Angeles market. They were clean as what women. In the combats of "male against female.". The they handled. There in the morning sun, the big people mountain, the scenery, the layout of the landscape.

American Poetry

and the baby-faces. Across the road, high on another mountain. Stood a house saying, "I am it," a command-ing 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 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 wear. A number in. but what about the brook, its strength. And impulse, having dipped a That held the house as in an elbow-crook? I ask finger-length. And impulse, having dipped a torsed. A flower to make it leap my knuckle, having it had ever done. Except forget to go in fear perhaps. one would know except for ancient maps. That such 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 ut in baskets and take to the Los Angeles market. They 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 womap were in remer different farms. A

SEVEN TWILIGHTS. CONRAD AIKEN

The ragged pilgrim, on the road to nowhere. and strange; and wake an ancient of the work o Waits at the granite milestone. It grows dark. Waits at the grannee infestorie, it grows uark. 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

 \mathbf{R}^{y} the eighth milestone on the road to nowhere. almost black.

UnclearA work toA work to<t when they dream of seas. "O trees! exquisite dancers in gray twilight Witches! fairies! elves! who wait for the moon. To thrust her golden horn, like a golden snail, Above that mountain—arch your green benediction. By this small stream..." Now the rich sound of reaves, Turning in air to sway their heavy boughs,. Burns in Turning in air to sway their heavy boughs. Flowers in veins Turning in air to sway their heavy boughs, but is in his heart, sings in his veins, as spring. Flowers in veins his heart, sings such peace. As comes to seamen 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, far down the valley. Now. Though twilight here, it may house, against a slate-cold cloud. When the bar The pilgrim listens, as the night air brings. The mur-island. With one red star above it.... "This I should see. web.Here, in a hundred years from that down

Should I go on, follow the falling road often seen But I shall stay. Here at milestone, like a watchman, Lift un be one gray knowledge,. Into the twinter lifts. A lantarn. Now by the wall of the by lean. Myself, like ancient wall and due which purple dusk, grown old, grown old in bean of clouds flow inward from the sea The progrow dark. The golden wall. Grows graves stone again, the tower. No longer hinder the province of the sea. Where now the de mermaids were at play. Sea-horses play great jeweled tortoise. Walked slowly low at the waves,. Bearing upon his back a the nacles.A white acropolis ..." The ancient read out, above the houses and the trees. Malderin

struck. Its tremulous golden twelve, a light in the win-struck. And first heard music, as of an old piano. Music dow. And first heard music, as of an old piano. Music as if it came from the earth. Far down; and dow. And first heard music, as of an old piano. Music dow. And first heard music, as of an old piano. Music remote, as if it came from the earth. Far down; and remote, as if it came from the earth. Houses grow old hen in the quiet, eager voices?"... Houses grow old remote, as if it came from the earth. Far down; and remote, in the quiet, eager voices?"... Houses grow old then, in houses have ghosts—Once in a hundred years and die, houses have ghosts—Once in a hundred years then, in the quiet, eager voices?"... Houses grow old and die, houses have ghosts—Once in a hundred years and die, houses. And live once more." ... And then and die, houses have gnosts—Once in a hundred years we return, old house. And live once more." ... And then we return, old house. And live olice more, ... And then the ancient answer. In a voice not human, but more like the ancient answer, in a voice not numan, 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 the owner, but as a guest you come, to fires not lift. By hands of yours.... Through these long-silent chambers. hands of yours.... return, and bring once more. Your Move slowly, turn, return, and bring once more. Your lights and music. It will be good to talk."

Tt is the eucharist of the evening, changing. All things It is the eucharist of the evening, changing. All things to beauty. Now the ancient river. That all day under to beauty. Now the ancient river. That an day under the arch was polished jade. Becomes the ghost of a rivthe arch was pousned jace, becomes me gnost of a riv-er, thinly gleaning. Under a silver cloud.... It is not wathe poppies are, and oh how yellow (M) (a) core the dusty plane-trees. Which crouch in the dusk is runneled by the minimum (M) (a) core the dusty plane-trees. Treeb coldly lighted by his er, thinly gleaming. Under a suver cloud..., it is not wa-ter:. It is that azure stream in which the stars. Bathe at

Image: Strangely speaking View of the grass tips sparkled; Now all grow of the transmely speaking View of transmely speaking View of the transmely speaking

nows and bears us with it into dask. Reported you say! Repeat them slowly. Upon this is the an incantation. For ancient tower, old will in twillight This day in the wind. Not as the owner, but as a guest."

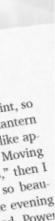
When the tree bares, the music of h dways and keen is the sound, long and uzers are the poplar boughs in the evening bits, for the or darken. Brightens..., O monstrous miracle of the Labor darken. Brightens..., O monstrous miracle of the table or darken. Brightens..., O monstrous miracle of the table or darken. Brightens..., O monstrous miracle of the sky of rain. Thus lies the sea. are the poplar boughs in the evening light.... And the moon. Drinks up their light, and as they house, against a slate-cold cloud. When the box with the That one should live because the others diel."

When first I came here, bearing lights and music. To fine that scarcely it bears up. The perals that the land of the defense of the second sec When first I came here, bearing lights and music. To this old ghostly house my ghost will come, Pause in the this old ghostly house my ghost will come, Pause in the this old ghostly house my ghost glide. Above tall grassehalf-light, turn by the poplar, glide. Above tall grasse-through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or through the broken door. Who will say that he saw—or the dusk deceived him—A mist with hands of mist blow the dusk deceived him—A mist with hands of mist blow down from the tree. And open the door and enter and down from the tree. And open the saw, as midnight tore it after? Who will say that he saw, as midnight down from the tree. And open the door and enter and down from the tree. And open the door and enter and close it after? Who will say that he saw, as midnight ruck. Its tremulous golden twelve, a light in the win-

Now the great wheel of damages with dippin Against the ice-white wall of light in the west. Si trees bow down in a stream of air. Leaves, blac and smoke, are blown on the wind. Mount upw my window; swoop again. In a sharp silence loudly falls. The first cold drop, striking a leaf....Doom and dusk for the earth! Upwar To draw chill curtains and shut out the dar an instant, with uplifted hand. To watch, bet ruined portals of cloud. One star,--the totte

cold, cold and g

pool of rain? The slow arpeggic



the darkness, ri things are rain ... room. What are



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











2021 Annual Student Art Show Virtual Show

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

Awards announced Tuesday, May 24th

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



THE GRETCHEN SCHUETTE

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 eyecatching 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

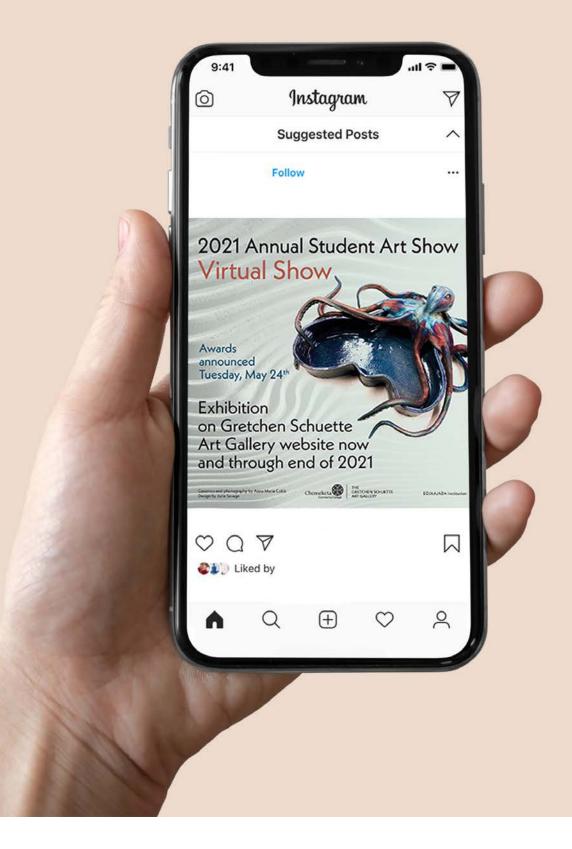
Awards announced Tuesday, May 24th

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



GRETCHEN SCHUETTE ART GALLERY









Photography Credit: Jack B @nervum (pg 2), Annie Spratt (pg 7), Anna Maria Cobb (pg 17) Stock photography credit: Adobe Stock

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