



Lewis Elliot White



(he/they)

Graphic Design Portfolio

September 2023
lewiselliotwhite.com



BACKPOCKET

(2022—Ongoing)

Informational, queer, and risqué.

BACKPOCKET is a self-published, quarterly, queer literary publication focused on highlighting queer history, voices, and perspectives.



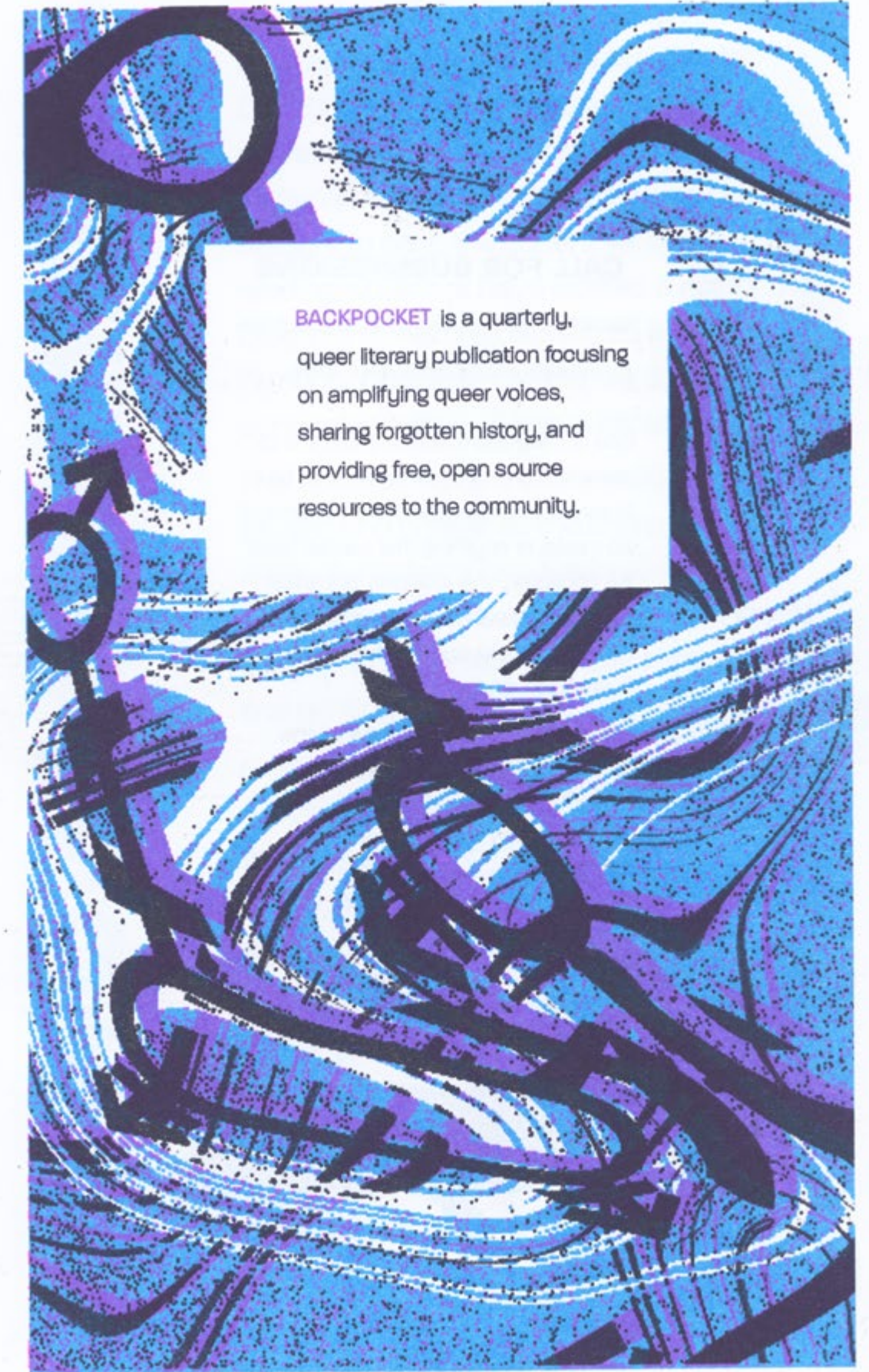
BACKPOCKET

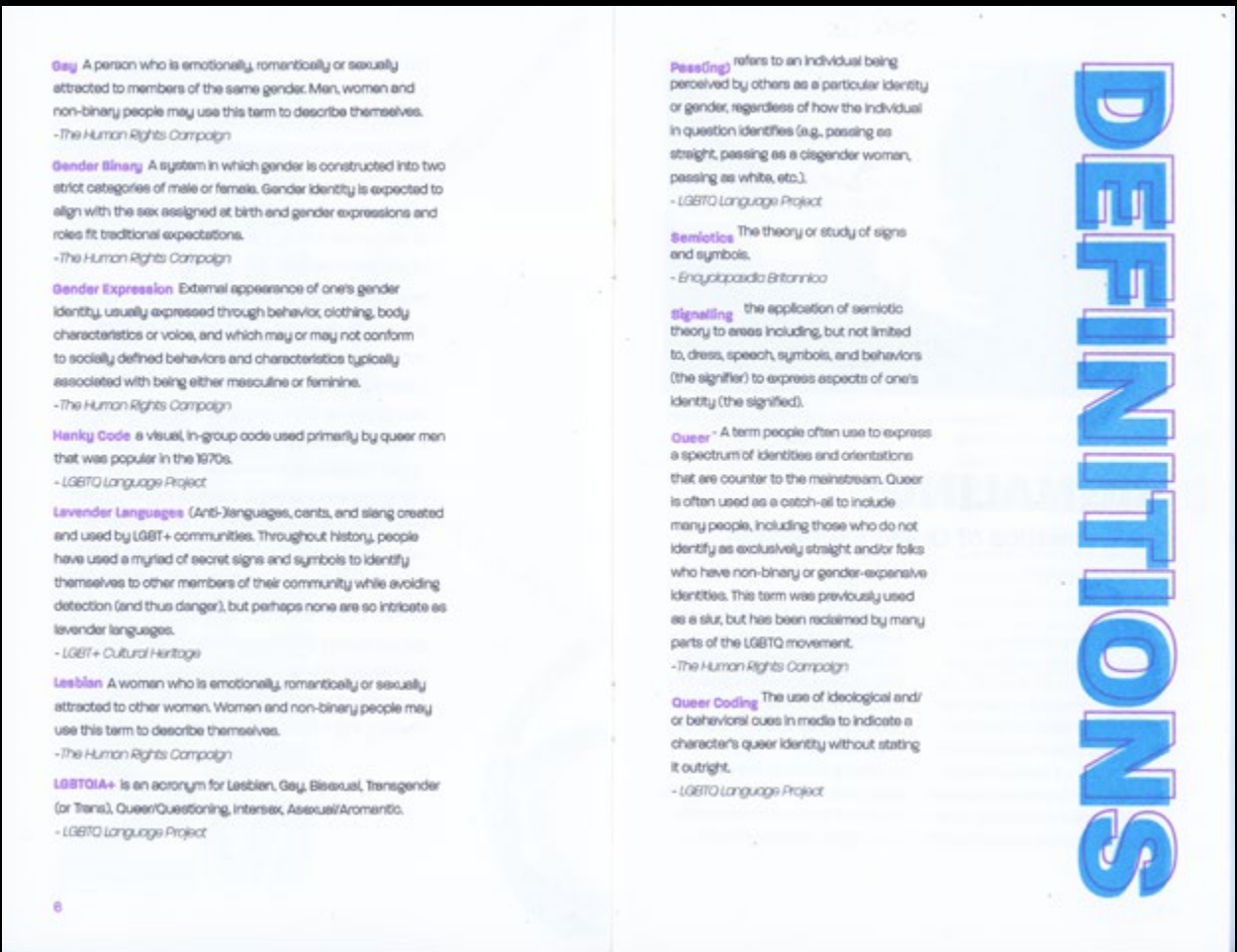
A QUEER LITERARY
PUBLICATION

ISSUE #1
WINTER 2022



BACKPOCKET is a quarterly, queer literary publication focusing on amplifying queer voices, sharing forgotten history, and providing free, open source resources to the community.







CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

BACKPOCKET is a quarterly, queer literary publication focused on amplifying queer voices, sharing forgotten history, and providing free, open source resources to the community.

BACKPOCKET is queering the idea of what it means to be a literary publication. Therefore, all forms of 2D media, or anything that can be «read», are accepted. This includes, but is not limited to:

- illustrations/drawings/paintings —
- personal/academic essays —
- creative/narrative writing —
- photography —
- collage —
- poetry —

Theme:
RIOT!
Deadline:
March 31st



BACKPOCKET



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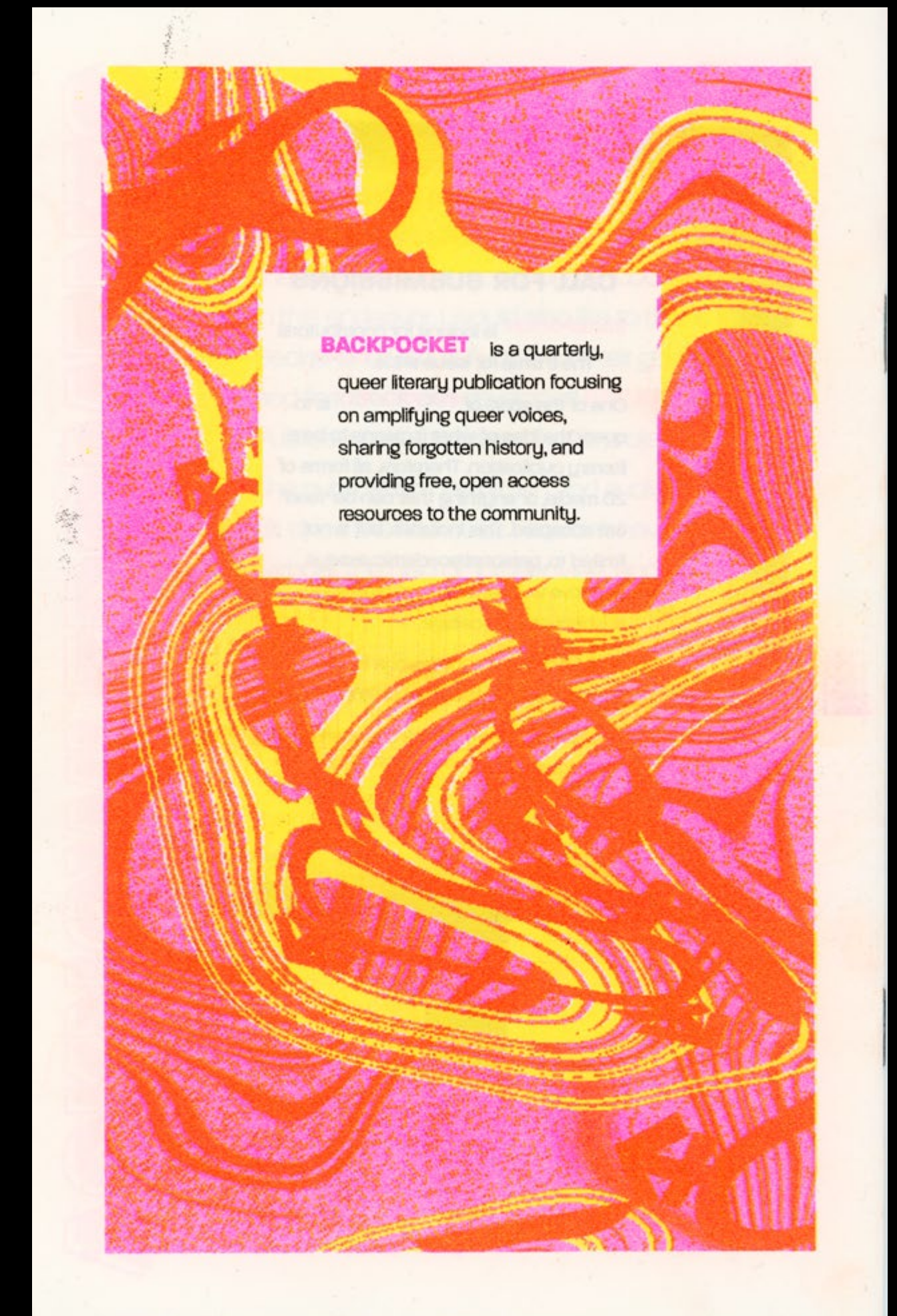
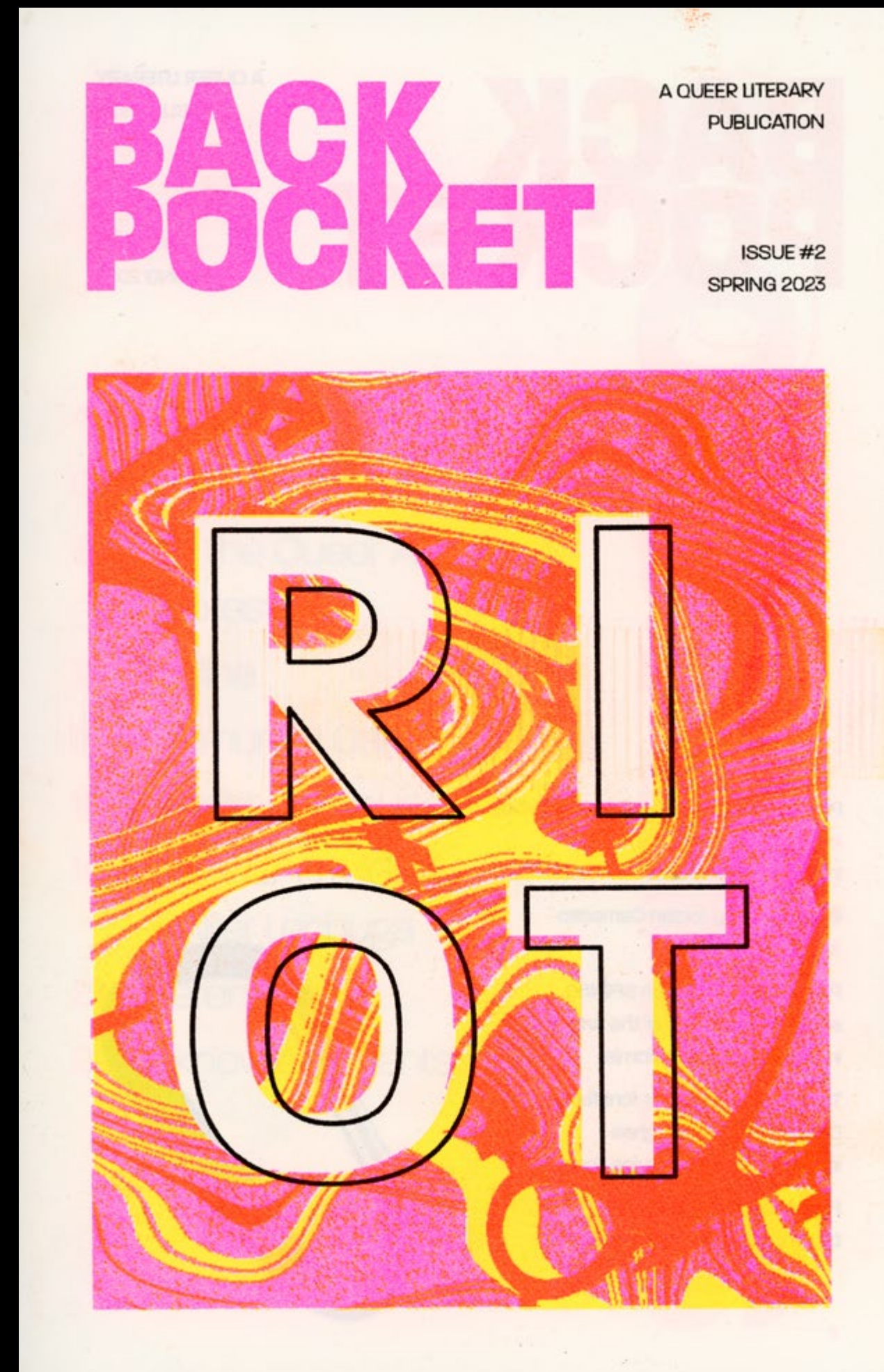
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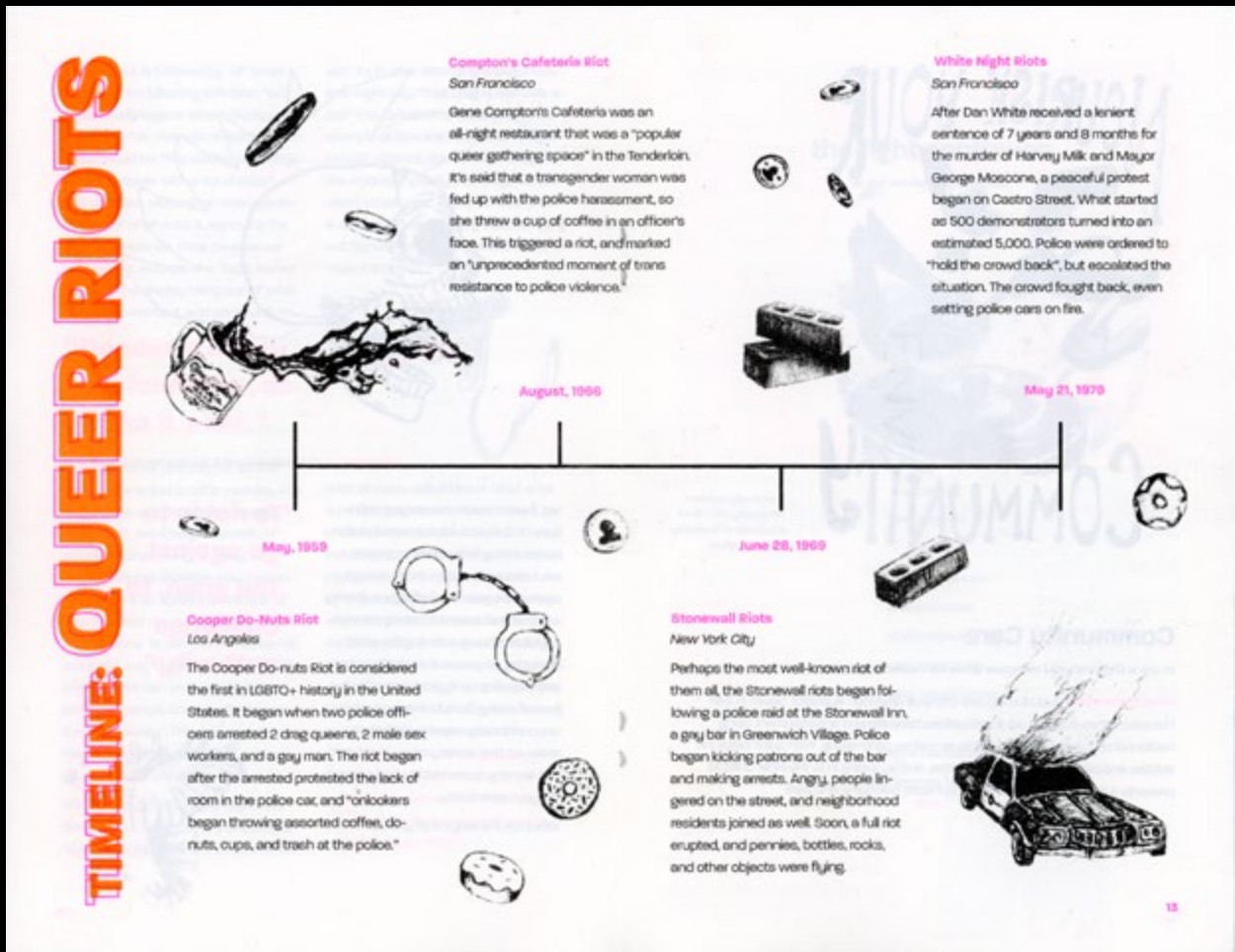
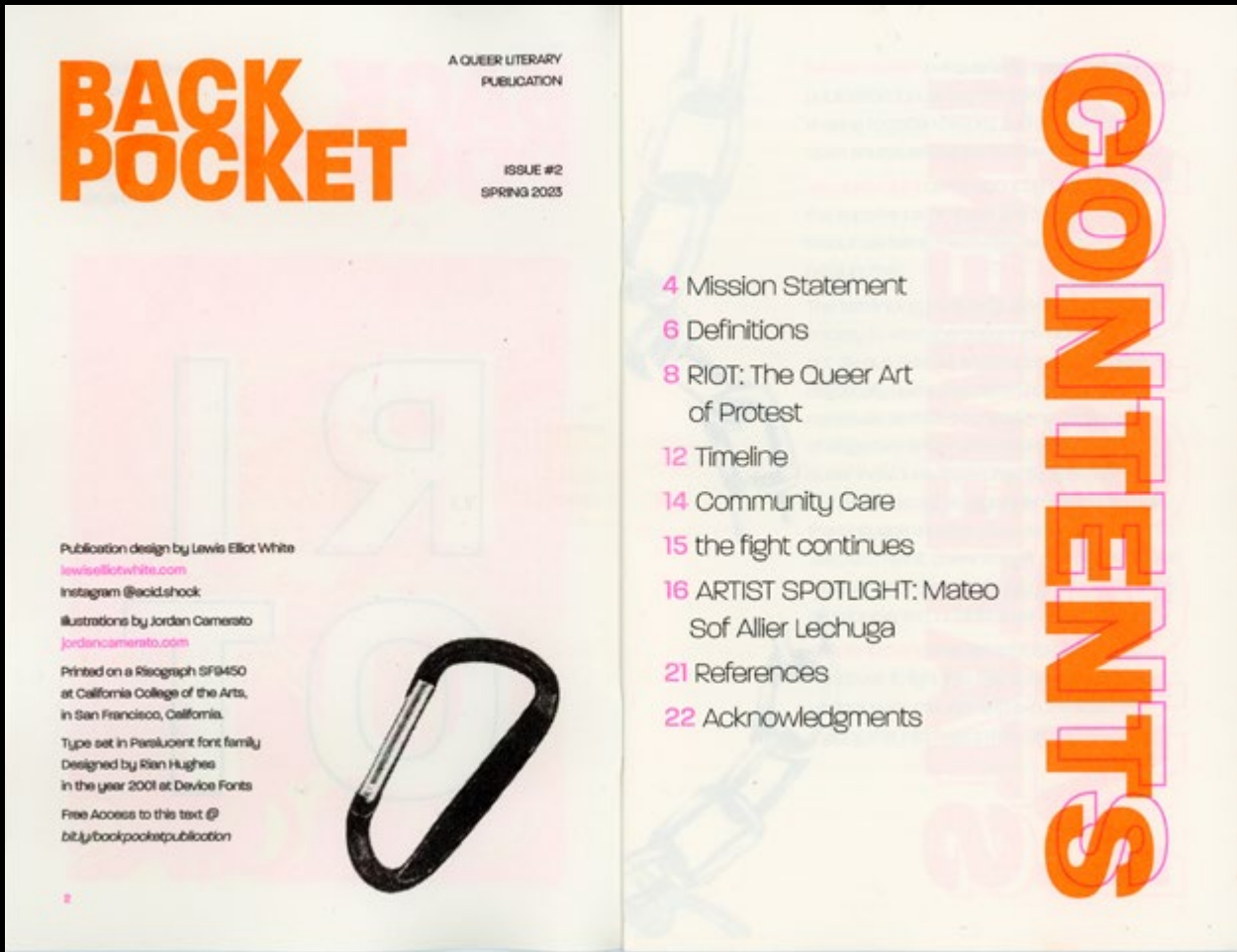
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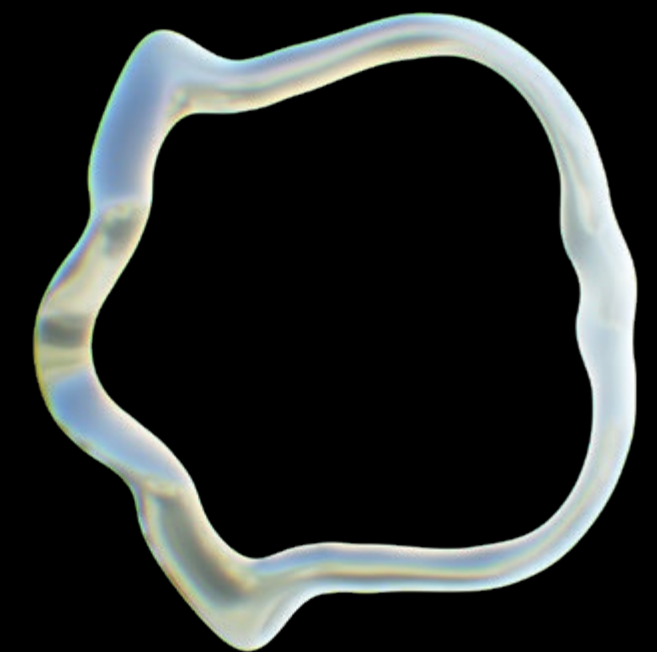




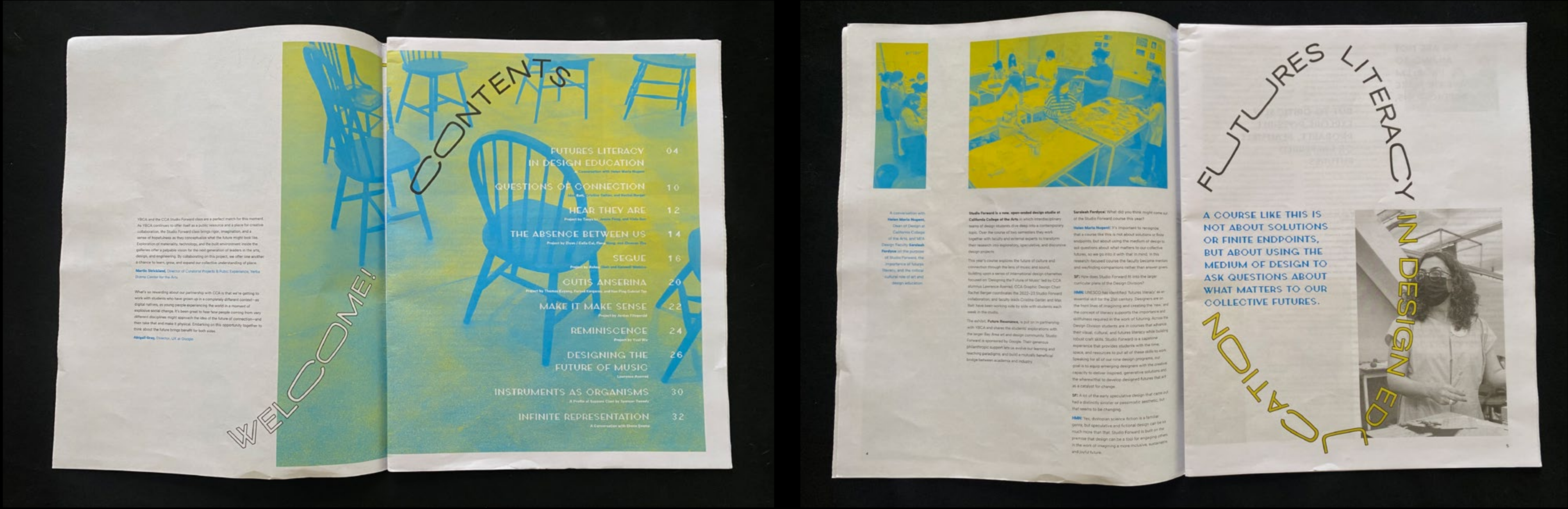
➔ **Future Resonance** (2023)

Experimental, musical, and unconventional.

This collaborative project is the exhibition catalog for Studio Forward's show at the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, which is focused on speculative design and the future of music. The layout of this publication uses a “musical grid”, where the negative space dances across the spreads. The running headers move in the shape of a Lissajous curve.















➔ Encounters (2022)

Strange, documentary, and offbeat.

This zine is a collection of photographs of strange encounters from everyday life. The zine was printed using a risograph, so each copy is a slightly different experience. Ink smudges, fingerprints, and roller marks were sealed onto the surface with a matte finish, further embracing the notion of encounters and fleeting moments.





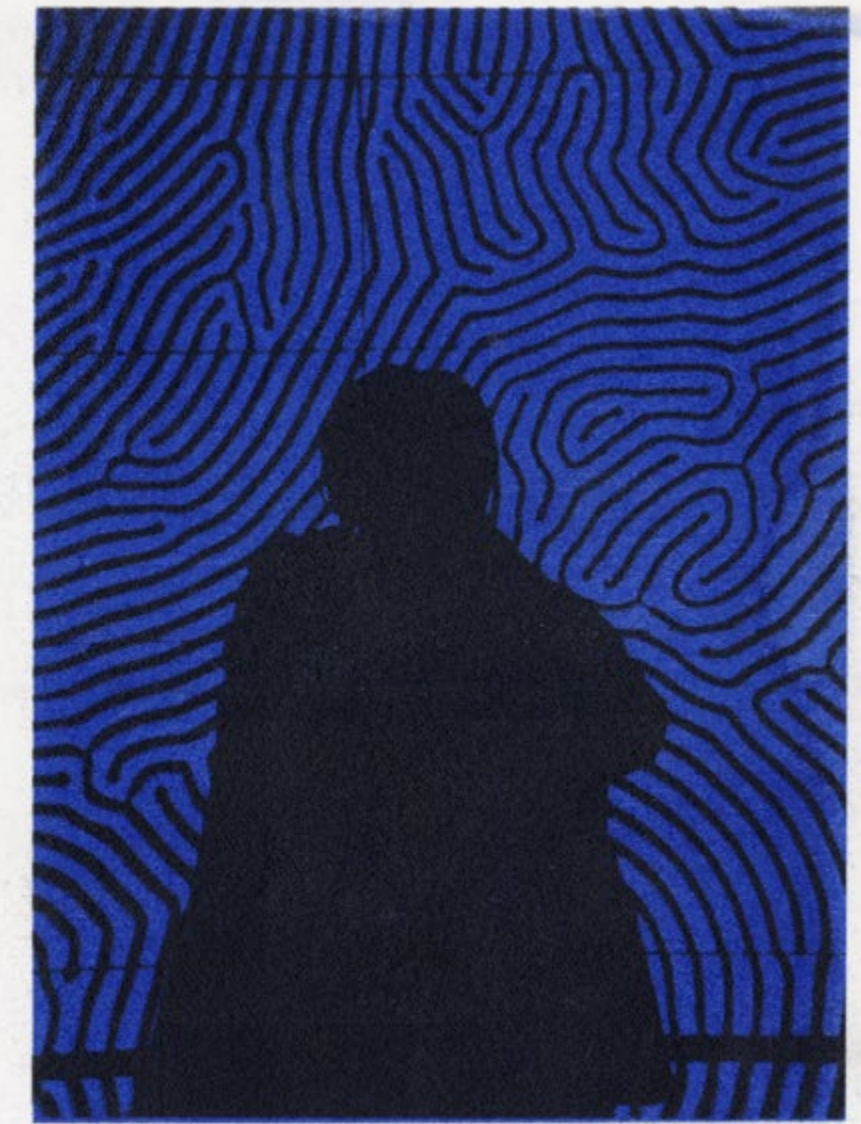
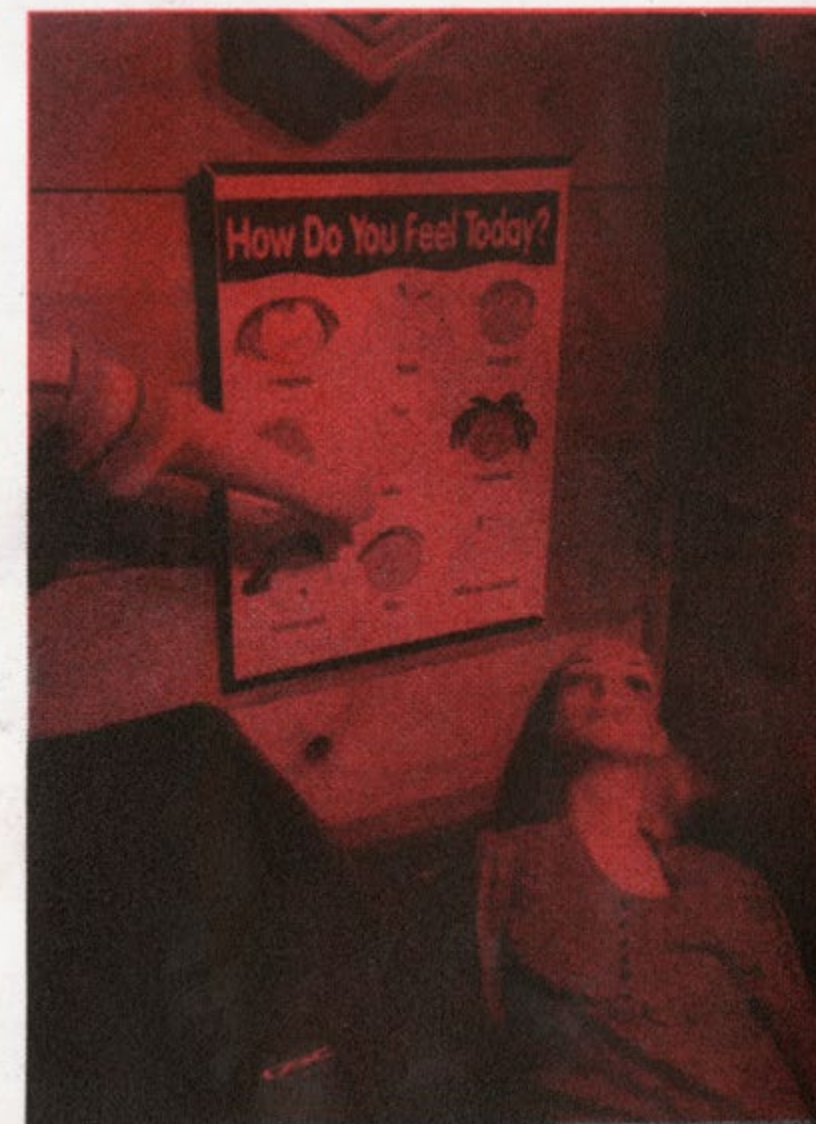
encounters

a zine by l.e.white

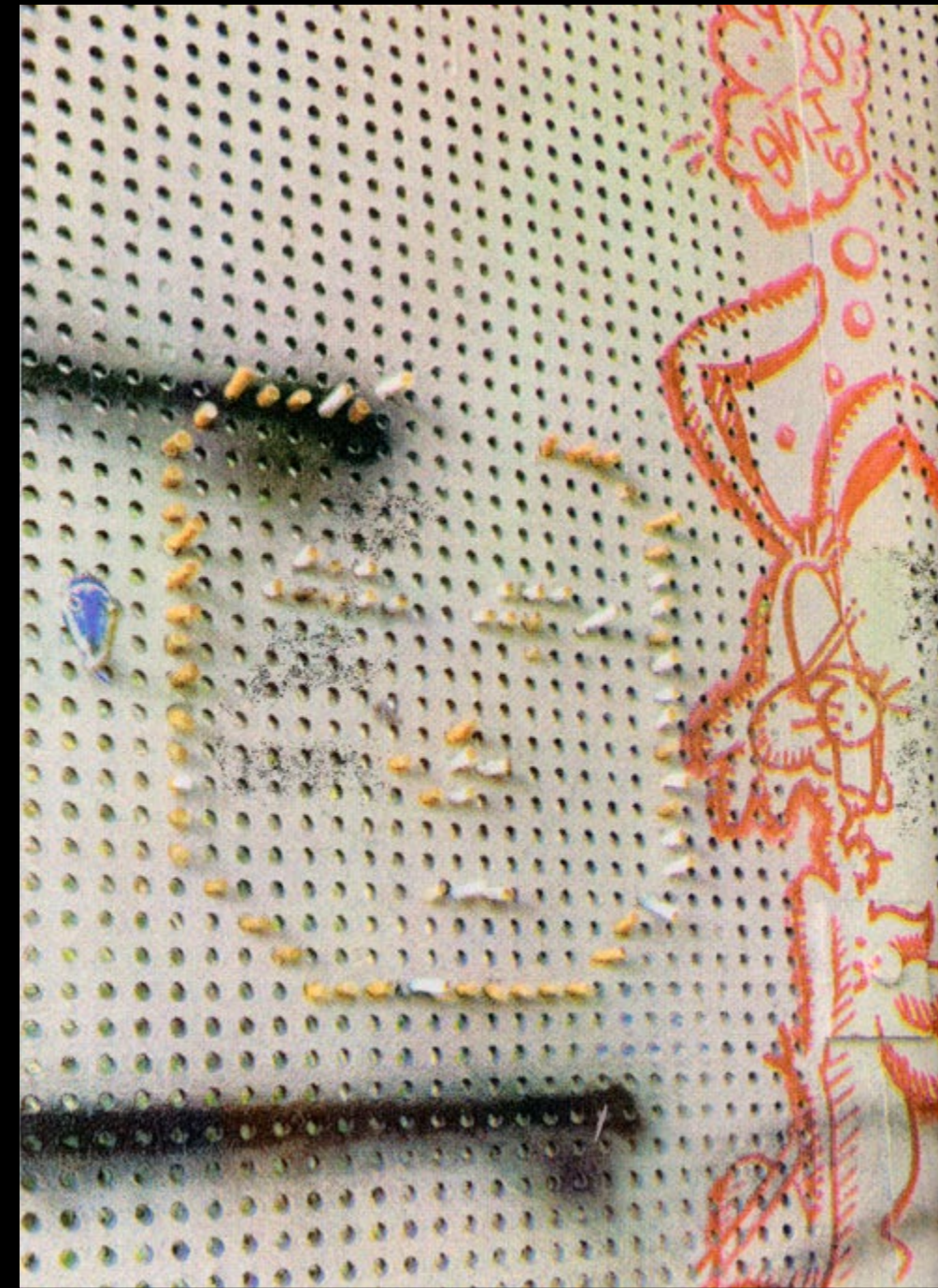
printed on a risograph SF9450
at california college of the arts
san francisco, california
november 2022

typeset in picnic & karla

ig @acid.shock





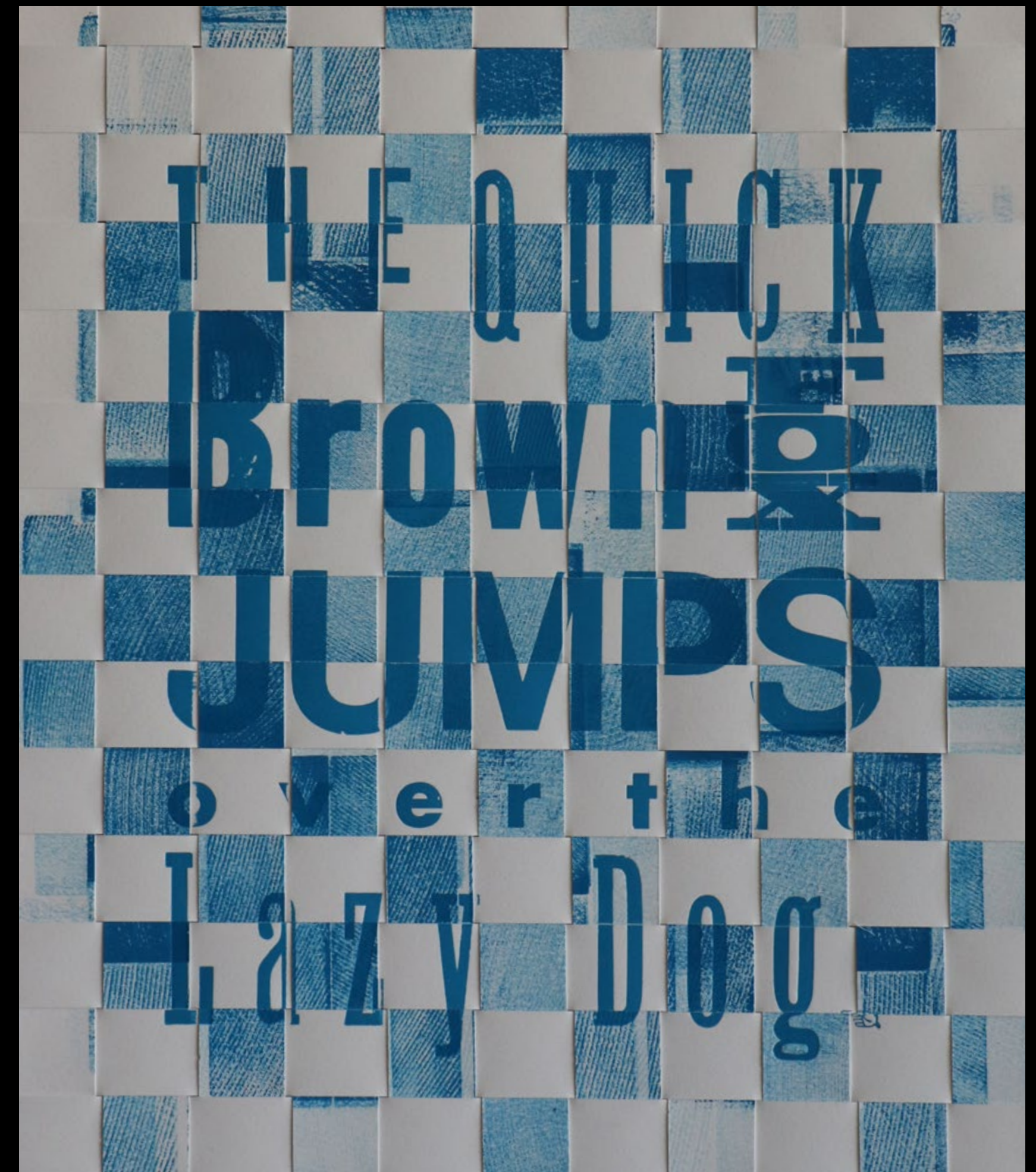


➔ **Typographic Poster** (2022)

Experimental, witty, and analog.


This **Typographic Poster** is a reference to the commonly used pangram, “The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.” A number of printing techniques were used, resulting in multiple variations of the poster.





THE QUICK
Brown FOX
JUMPS
over the
Lazy Dog.



JUMPS
o v e r t h e
L a z y D o g 

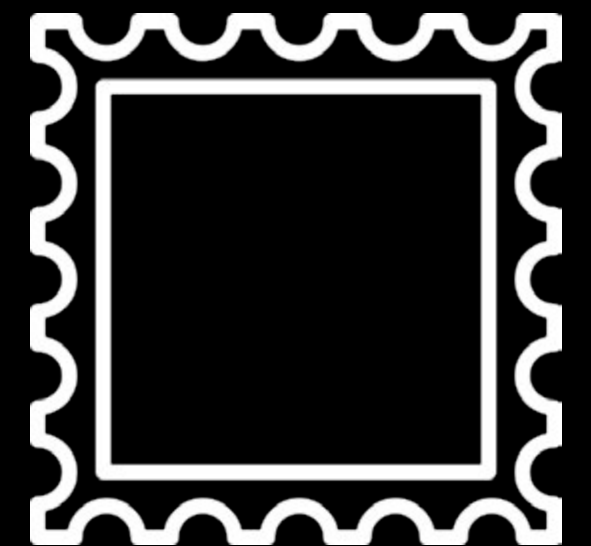


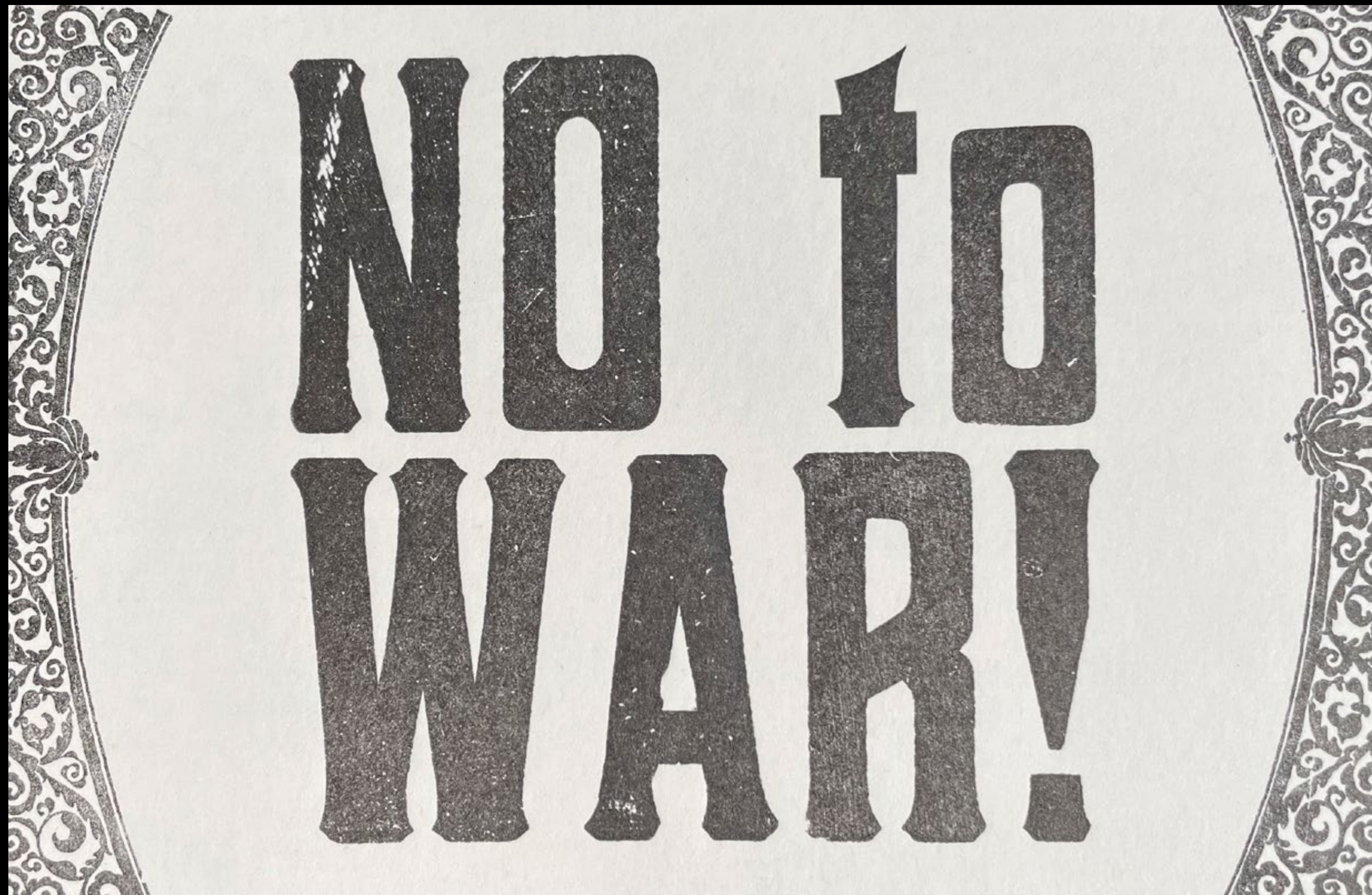
NO TO WAR!

 (2022)

Urgent, simple, and timely.

The postcard is a unique form of messaging that lends well to protest art. Not only are they seen by the recipient, but the postal service workers along the way. This postcard, made in response to the war in Ukraine, adds to a long dialogue of anti-war efforts that utilize this phrase.

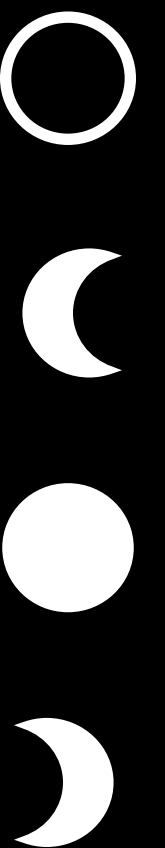


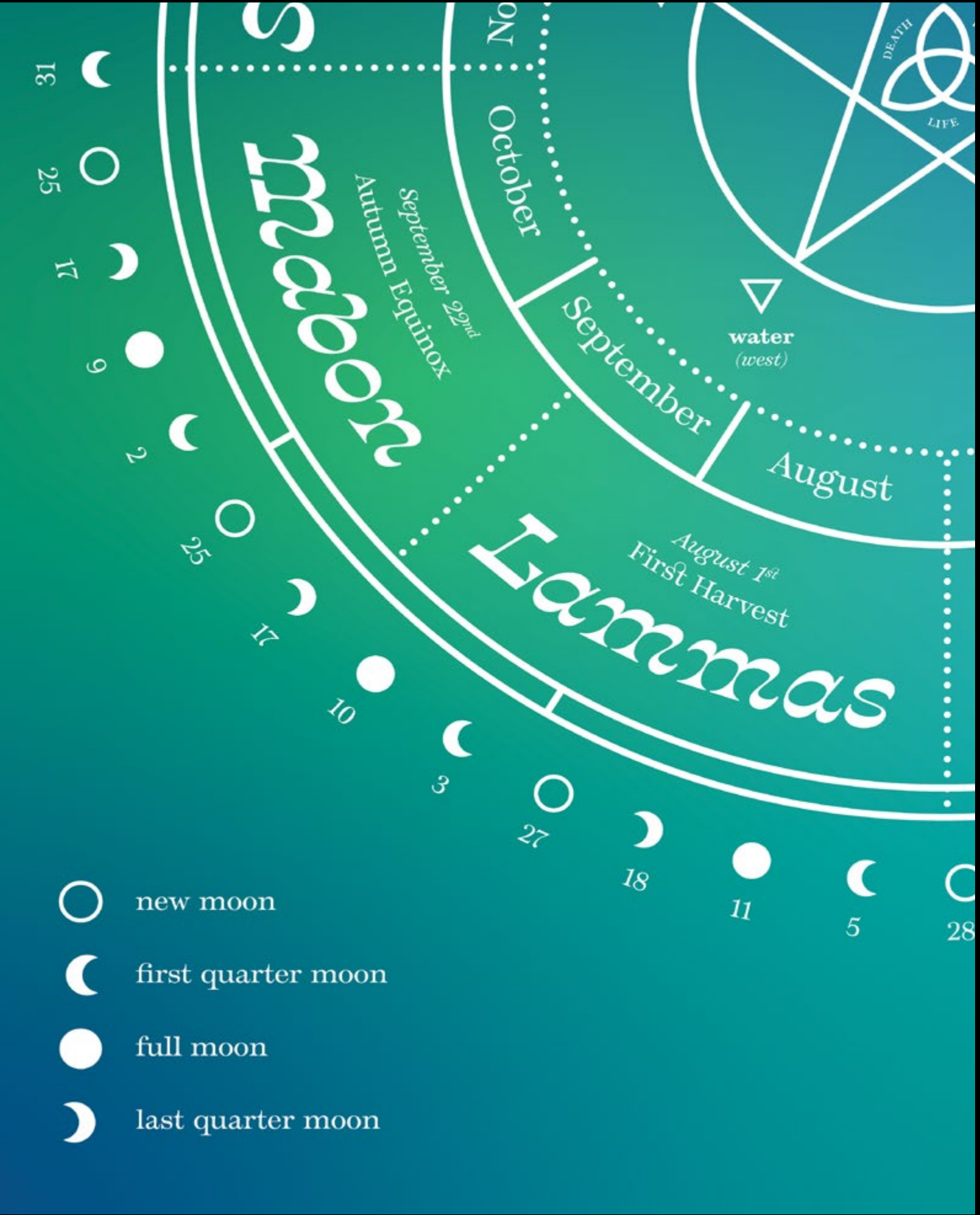


➔ **Wheel of the Year** *(2021)*

Functional, witchy, and eclectic.

The **Wheel of the Year** is a calendar used by many pagans and practitioners of earth based religions. This poster marks the eight sabbats, while also functioning as a moon calendar.





➔ Nat Over the Rainbow (2021)

Playful, friendly, and expressive.

Nat Over the Rainbow is the brand identity for an independently run boutique specializing in wire wrapped crystal jewelry and other craft goods.

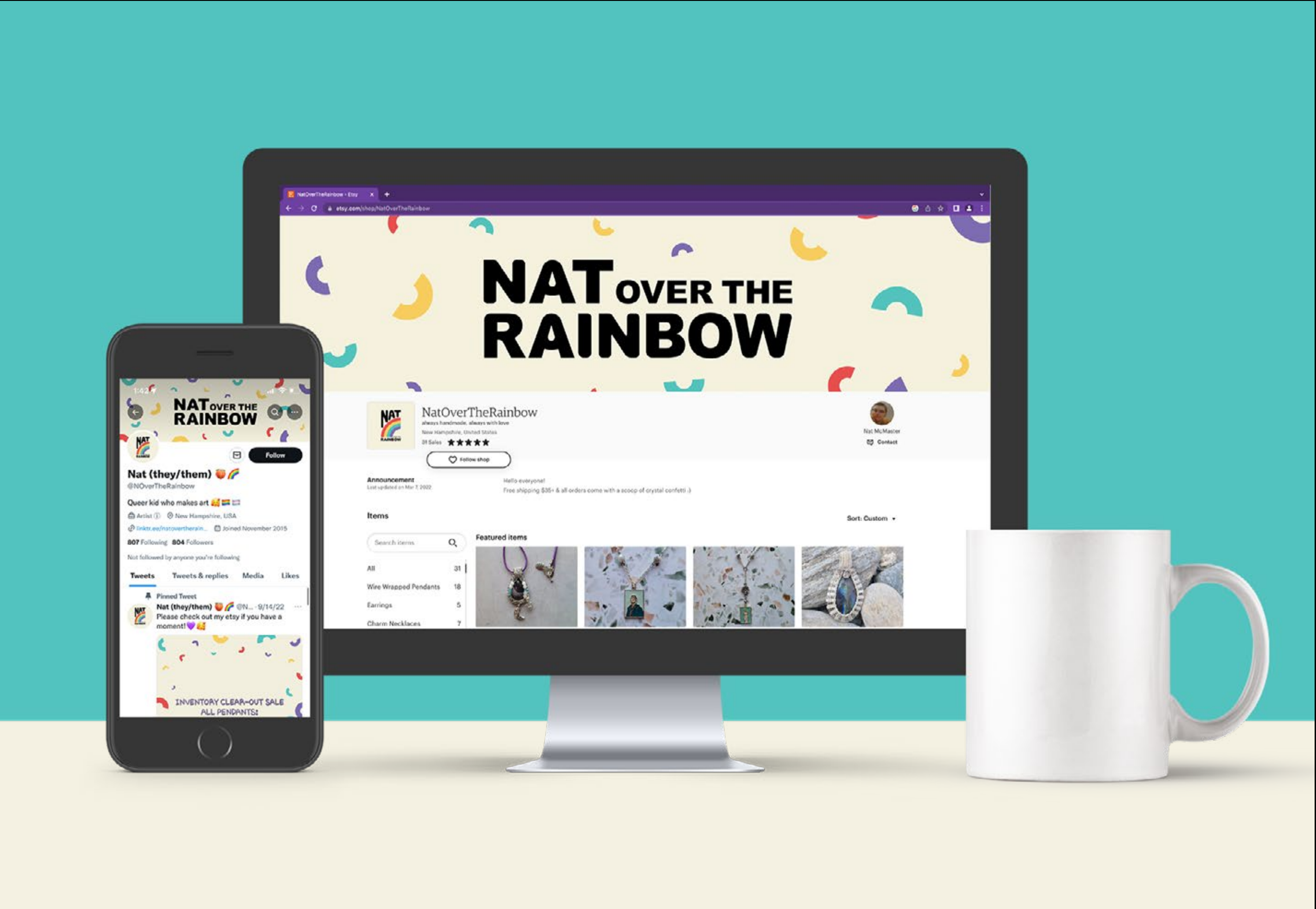


NAT



**OVER THE
RAINBOW**



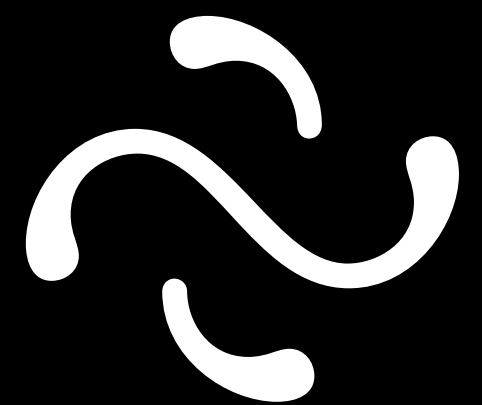




Transformations (2021)

Introspective, classical, and tranquil.

Transformations includes a collection of meditative writings on nature and time from various New England based authors. The photographs, which are my own, showcase the transition from winter to spring in the town forest of my hometown. The outer covers of the book are pine wood, a tree that appears abundantly in the New England landscape.









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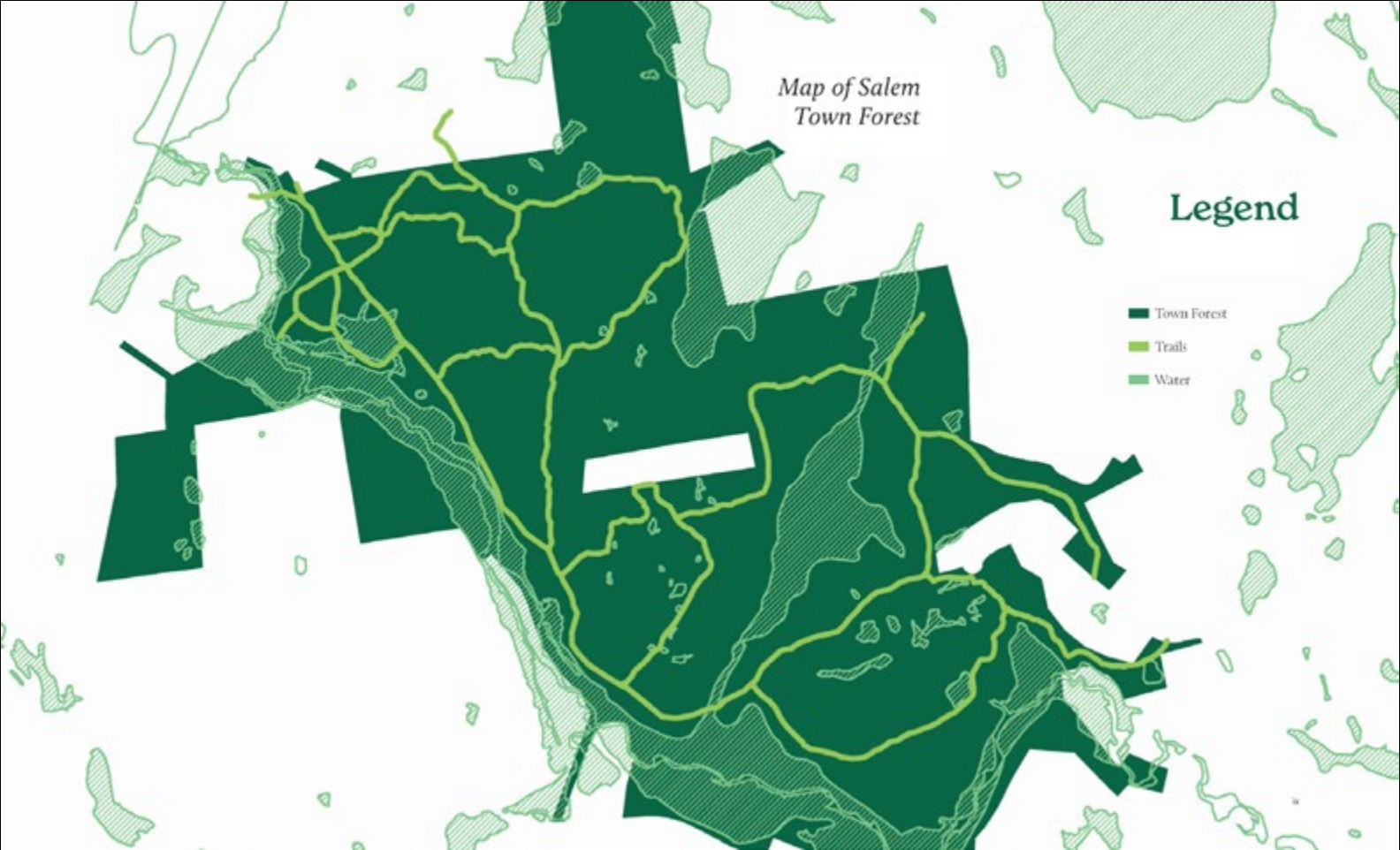
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Foreword

A Blessing of the Trails

The Church of the Woods

Loving, Living God, we gather in your name, giving thanks for this place and each other, to ask your blessing upon these trails and upon all those who seek them.

What is a trail? A trail is where we walk, made by taking one step at a time. A trail is a way in the wilderness. A trail is a co-creative act between a place and a traveler. A trail is a witness to those who have come before, evidence of relationships past. A trail transforms itself and the traveler each time it is walked. A trail is one way of knowing, changing every day.

How do you find a trail? When we first arrived on this land, the visible human trails here were leftover tracks of skidders and logging trucks, where people had chosen a way based on efficiency and utility, not pausing to enter into conversation with the land more deeply than to ask how we could take what we wanted. Now, not only humans but deer, bear, fox, moose,

Songs for All Seasons

The Sum Of Life

By Cora C. Bass

Day by day the weeks go by,
Month by month the swift years fly,
Hour by hour we work, we live,
Love and labor, gain and give.

Taking blessings as they come,
In the total and life's sum:
Bird as in a volume vast,
Read the future by the past.

Only reaching heights sublime,
Willing step by step to climb,
Wealth to which a soul succeeds
Is to what the present leads.



An Excerpt
from “Walden”

Solitude

By Henry David Thoreau

“I go and come
with a strange
liberty in Nature,
a part of herself.”

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled.

These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures hull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but

“They who come
rarely to the woods
take some little piece
of the forest into their
hands to play with...
which they leave,
either intentionally
or accidentally.”

seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature’s watchmen,—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveller along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a

mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveller passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts,—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness,—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left “the world to darkness and to me,” and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

“While I enjoy the
friendship of the
seasons, I trust that
nothing can make life
a burden to me.”

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple



Gala Sans

 (2020)

Fun, funky, and functional.

Gala Sans is a sans-serif display typeface, that takes inspiration from the round, organic nature of apples. A hand-written feel helps give this quirky* typeface a little more personality.

*quirky!

galas

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