

PORTFOLIO

OZ

ZIE

ALLEN-TORREGROSA



Hi! I'm Ozzie.

I am a **Graphic Designer** and **Illustrator** currently based in West Lafayette, Indiana

While I primarily work with packaging design and infographics, I also enjoy designing and producing all kinds of visual solutions to meet my customers' needs. I especially love working with color and experimenting with various styles and techniques for both digital and print. My willingness to learn and try new things gives my work a different look each time.

I love going to events such as concerts and conventions and enjoy a wide variety of media, though cartoons hold a special place in my heart. When I'm not working on design projects or my thesis, I'm usually found going out with friends, or at home with my cat, Zim.

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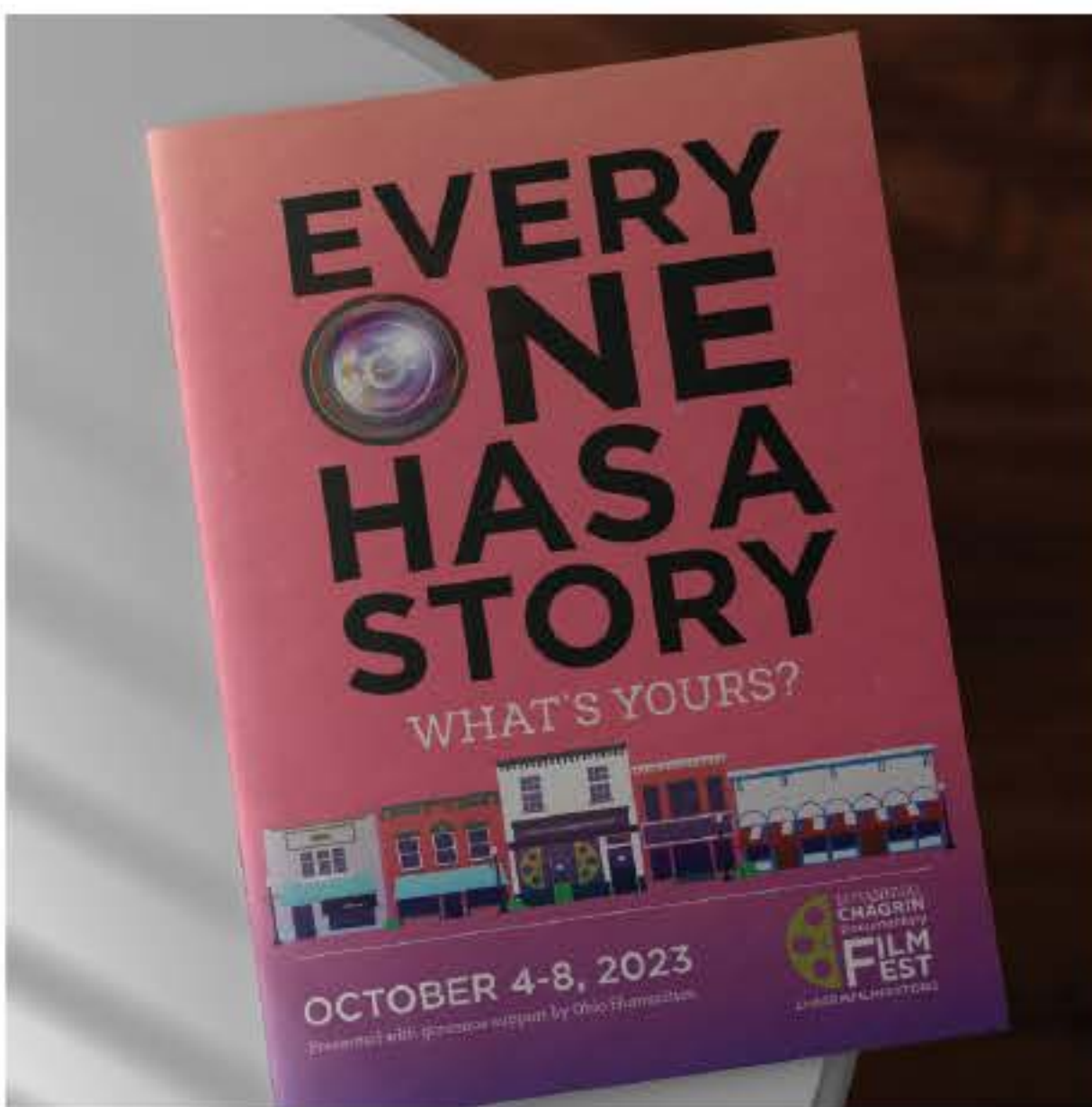




Chagrin Documentary Film Festival 2023



As one of my biggest design-related projects recently, this campaign was so much fun to work on. The Chagrin Documentary Film Festival approached my peers and I in early 2023 and tasked us with designing a program cover for this year's event. The initial class project spanned approximately three weeks from ideations to rough final ideations before the festival's committee chose a winning design. As the winning design, I spent two and a half months working closely with the committee and other members to curate and produce a finalized design that would be used for their program, as well as additional event materials such as merchandising and badges. I combined my knowledge of both design and illustration properties to create the materials that were used in this year's event which was held in October.

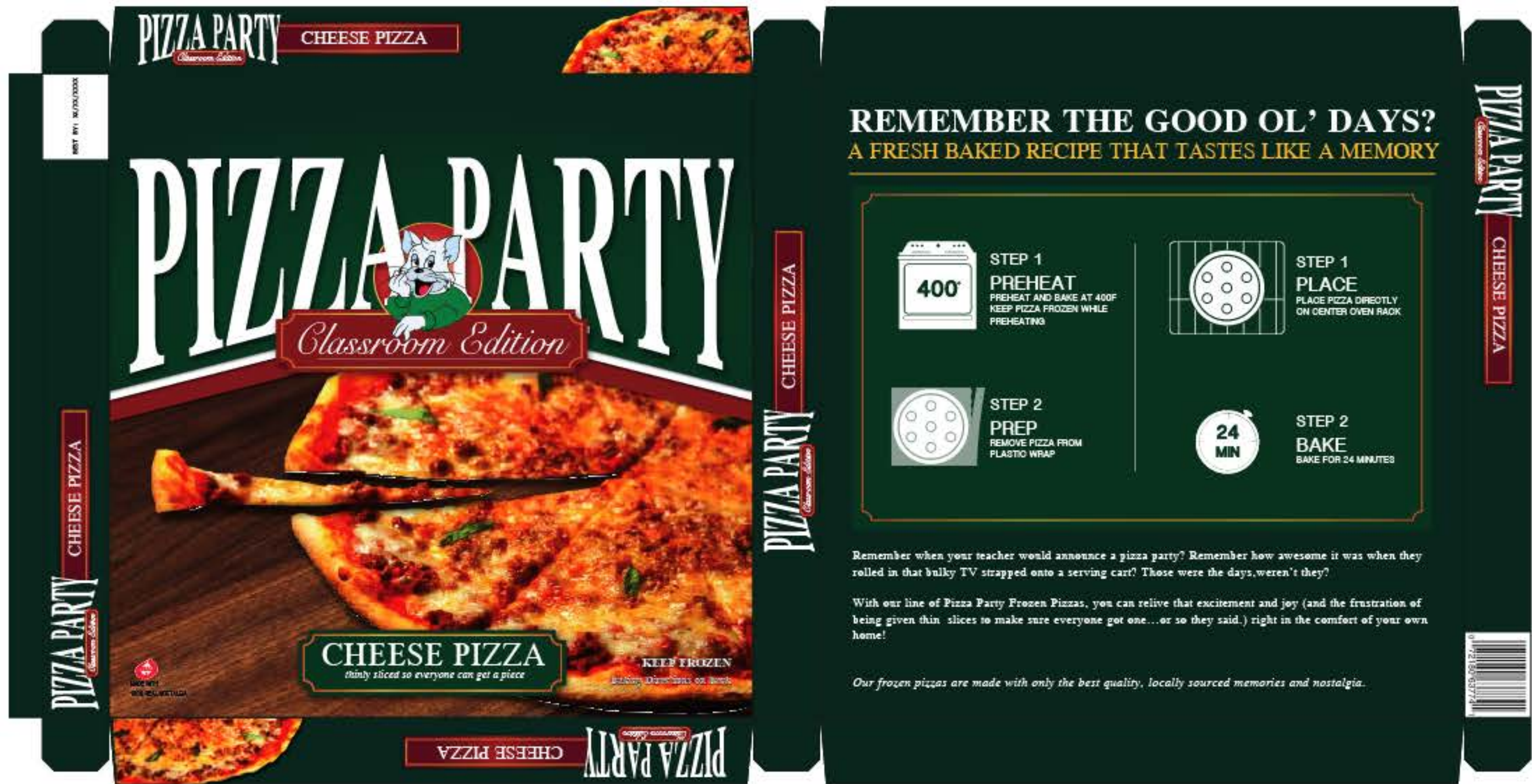






BFA Thesis Sneek Peak

During my final year, I was allowed to create a project based on anything I chose. After some deliberation and evolution, my project evolved from a very convoluted and unorganized idea, to an exploration into the psychology of nostalgia and package design. For more information and documentation, follow the link [here](#).

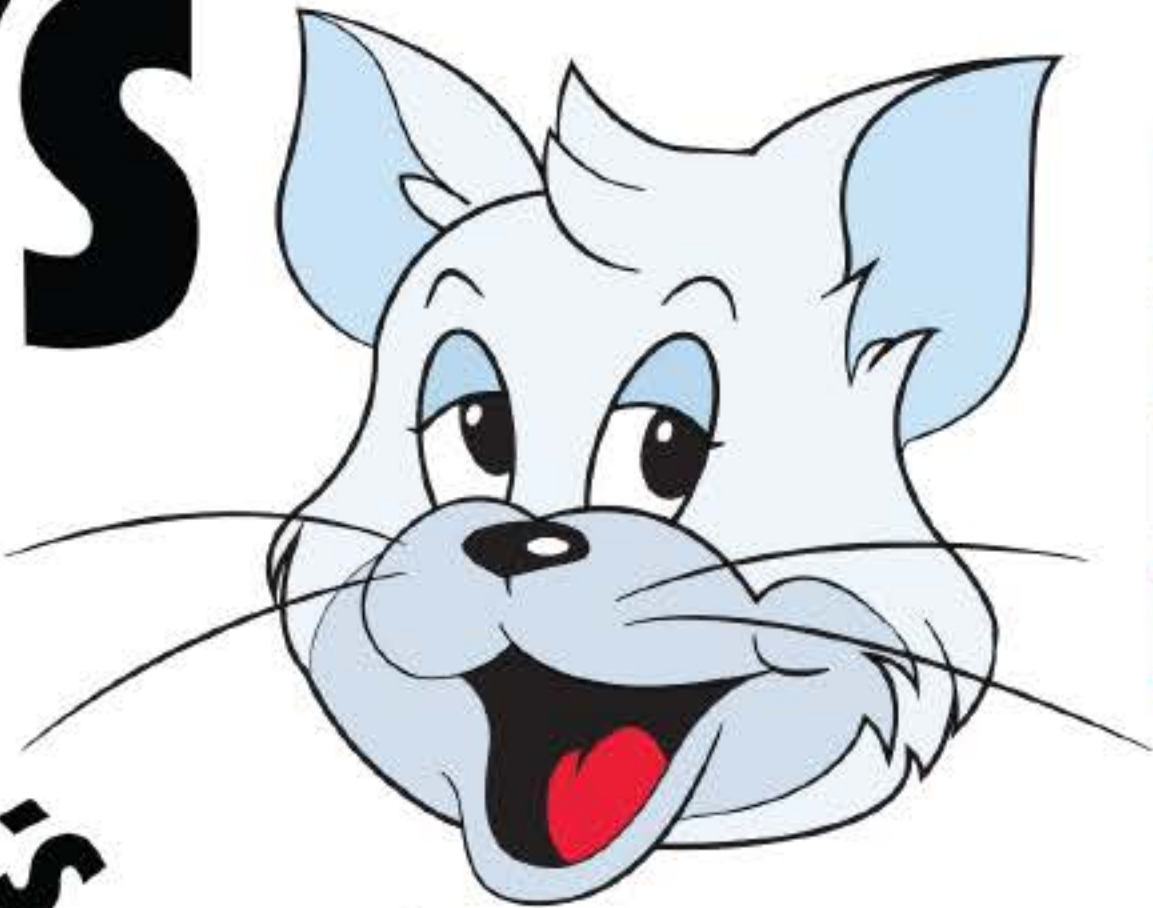


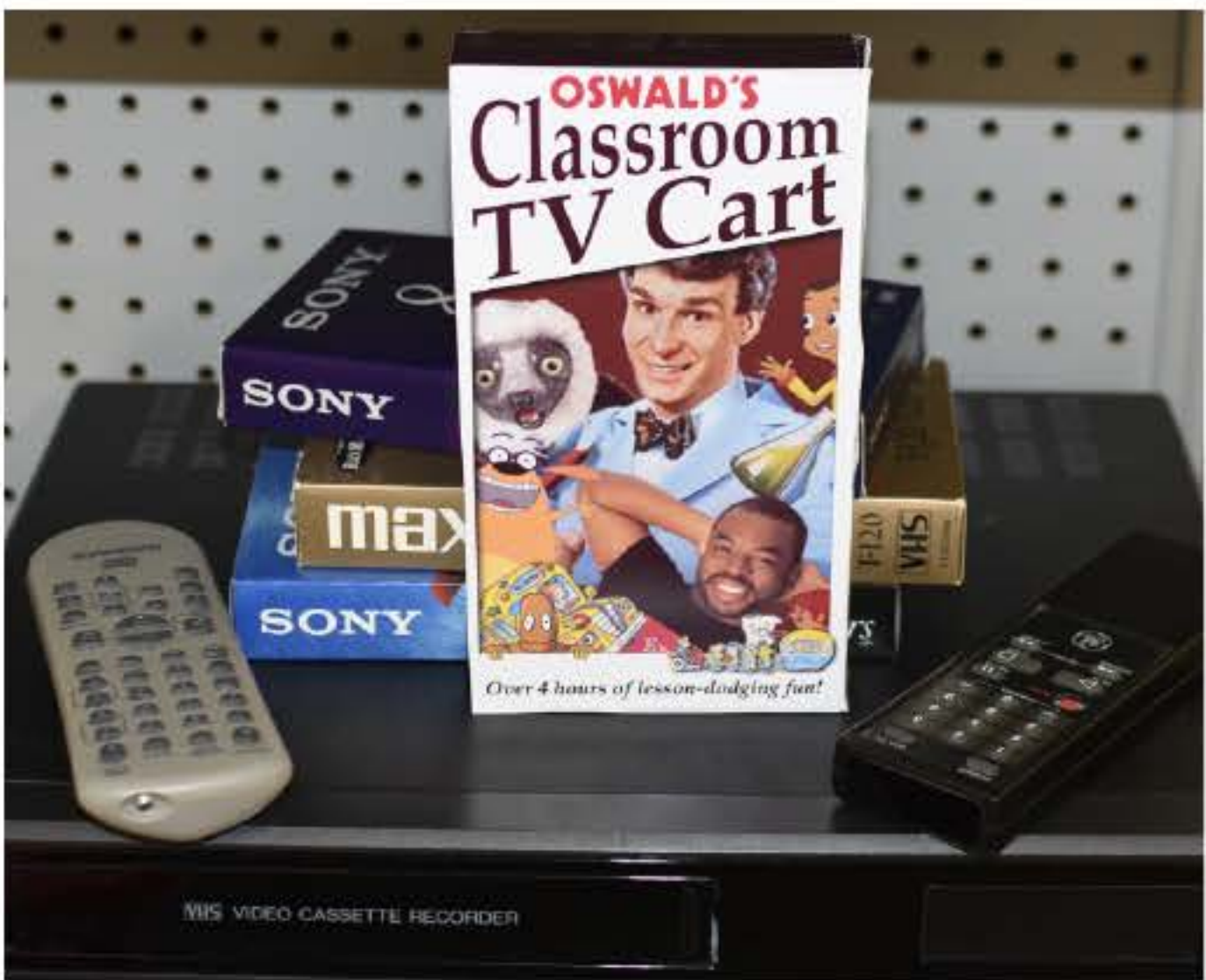
OSWALD'S

KABEL-BLACK
AaBbCcDdEeFfGg



OSWALD'S
OSWALD'S
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Book Cover & Typesetting

As an introduction to both typesetting and creating book covers, this sophomore year typography assignment was a challenge for me initially. I wanted to approach this classic with a more modern and minimalistic look, but also wanted to make sure that the Art Deco style of the 1920s would remain intact, because this style is often associated to the “Roaring 20’s” era. I smoothly merged these two drastically different design styles together and managed to still allow both individual styles shine in their own way.

For the book cover, I chose to use silver in the design because while gold is the most prominent color associated with the Art Deco style, it prevented the green from standing out.

For the typesetting itself, I used the typeface Futura, which was also popular during the time period. This allowed a continued immersion with the theme I was trying to achieve, as well as remaining legible to readers.



F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

(September 24, 1896 – December 21, 1940) was an American novelist, essayist, short story writer and screenwriter. He was best known for his novels depicting the flamboyance and excess of the Jazz Age—a term he popularized. During his lifetime, he published four novels, four story collections, and 164 short stories. Although he achieved temporary popular success and fortune in the 1920s, Fitzgerald received critical acclaim only after his death and is now widely regarded as one of the greatest American writers of the 20th century.

"Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch our arms further... And then one fine morning---So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past."

F. Scott Fitzgerald's third book, stands as the supreme achievement of his career. This exemplary novel of the Jazz Age has been acclaimed by generations of readers. The story is of the fabulously wealthy Jay Gatsby and his new love for the beautiful Daisy Buchanan, of lavish parties on Long Island at a time when The New York Times noted "gin was the national drink and sex the national obsession," it is an exquisitely crafted tale of America in the 1920s.

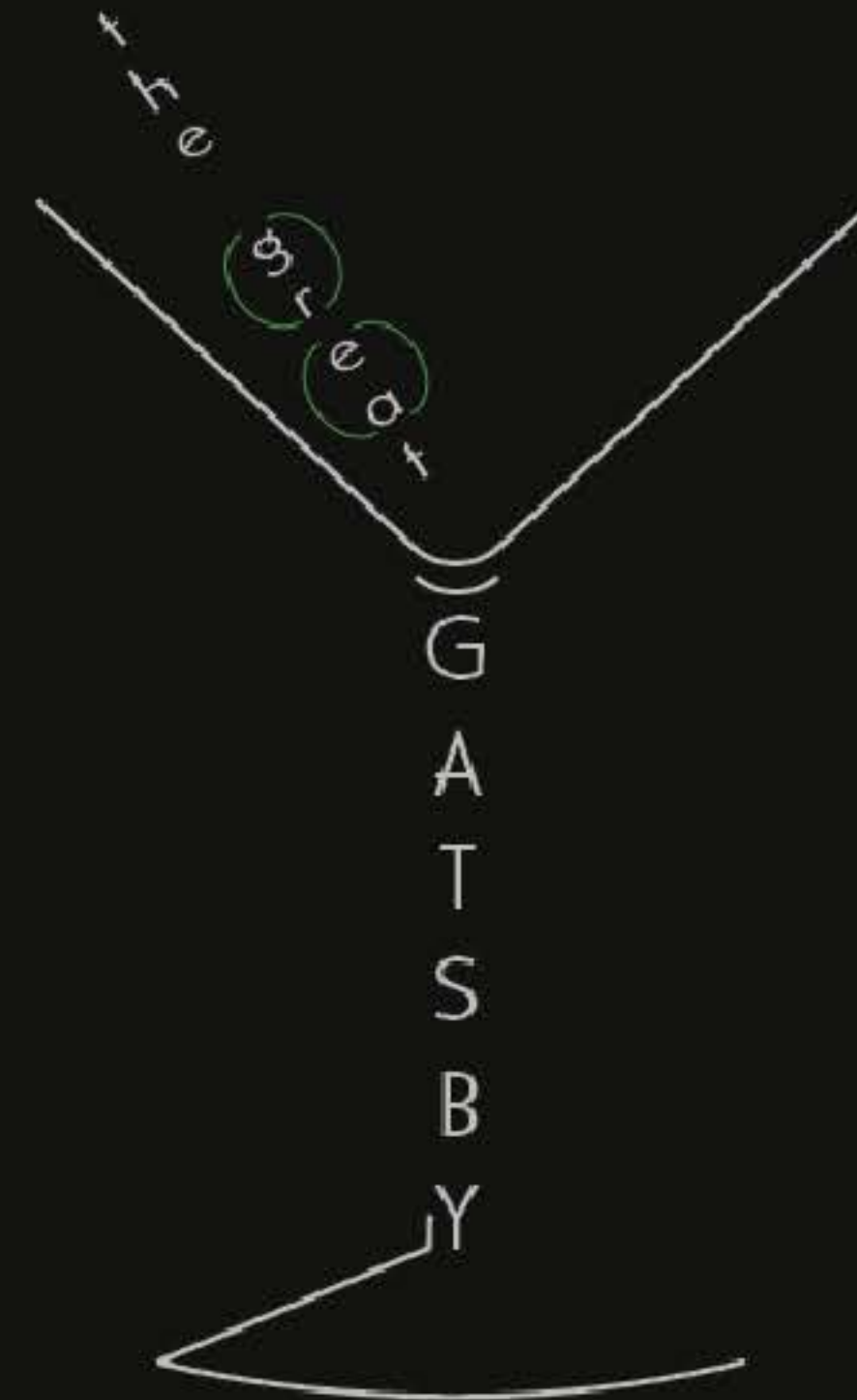
The Great Gatsby is one of the great classics of twentieth-century literature.

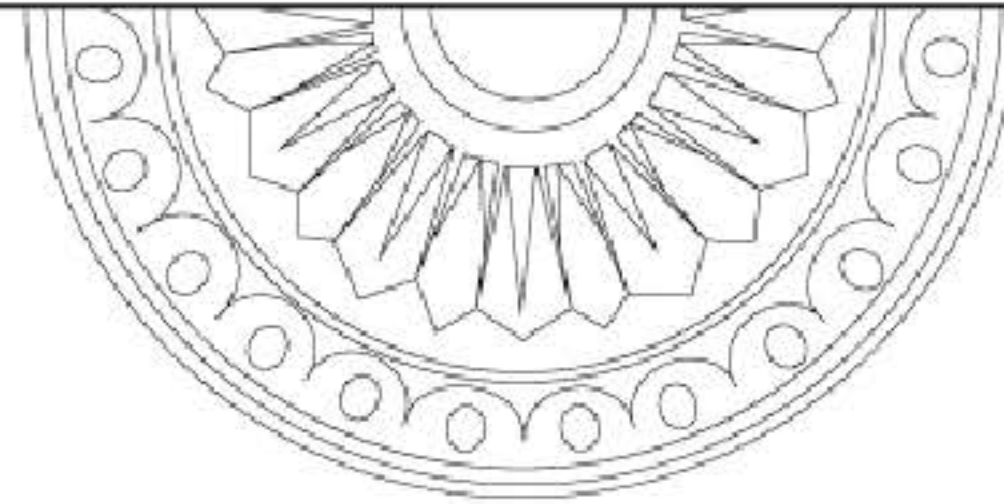


The Great Gatsby



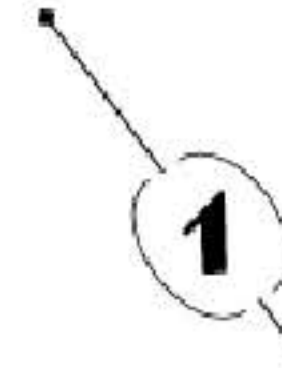
F. Scott
Fitzgerald





Then wear the gold hat, if that will move
her; If you can bounce high, bounce for
her too, Till she cry 'Lover, gold-hatted,
high-bouncing lover, I must have you!'

—THOMAS PARKE D'INVILLIERS



In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

'Whenever you feel like criticizing any one,' he told me,

'just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.'

He didn't say any more but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon—for the intimate revelations of young men or at least the terms in which they express them are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions.

Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.



It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land.

Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western Hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound.

They are not perfect ovals—like the egg in the Columbus story they are both crushed flat at the contact end—but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.



I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hôtel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and marble swimming pool and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eye-sore, but it was a small eye-sore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires—all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago. Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven—a national figure in a way, one of those men

who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy—even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach—but now he'd left Chicago and come east in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest.

It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came east I don't know. They had spent a year in France, for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together.

This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it—I had no sight into Daisy's heart but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking a little wistfully for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red and white Georgian Colonial mansion overlooking the bay.

The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold, and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy, straw haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining, arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.



Additional Packaging Design

I spent a solid chunk of my Junior year at CIA learning the ins and outs of packaging design. Soon enough, I fell in love with it. I loved the ways that a package could be designed and how many different types of boxes there are. These are a few packaging projects that I had made when I was still in the discovery phase of packaging design.



SMIRNOFF
WHIPPED
CREAM



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
GREEN
APPLE



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
PINE
APPLE



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
RECIPE
NO. 21



triple distilled vodka

SMIRNOFF
RECIPE
NO. 27



triple distilled vodka

SMIRNOFF
RECIPE
NO. 57



triple distilled vodka

SMIRNOFF
BLUE
BERRY



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
PASSION
FRUIT



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
PEACH



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
STRAW
BERRY



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
WATER
MELON



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
RASPBERRY



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
KISSED
CARAMEL



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
LIME



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
CHERRY



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
CITRUS



vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
GRAPE



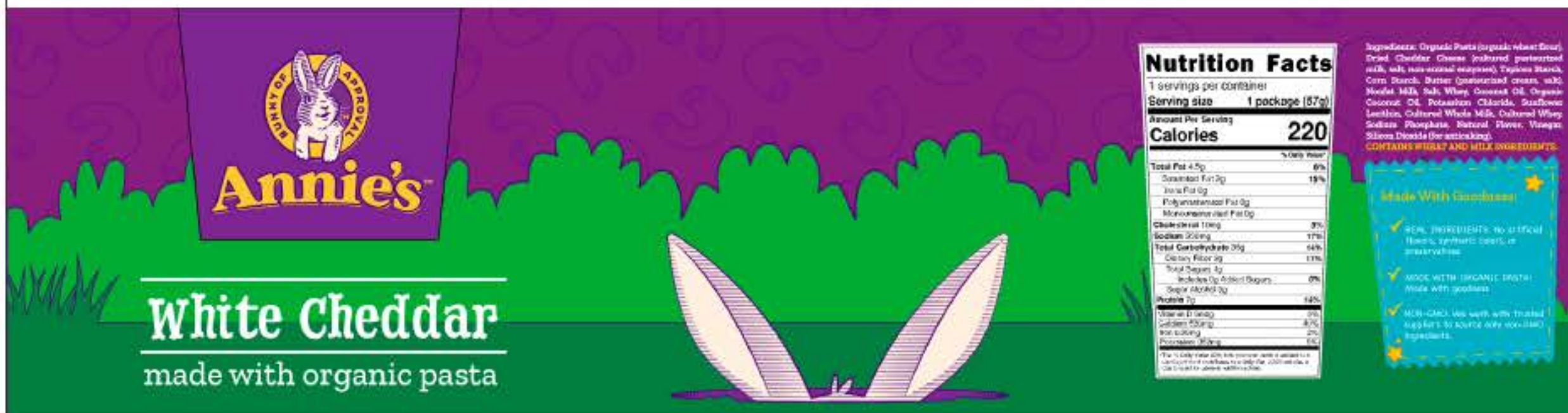
vodka infused with natural flavors

SMIRNOFF
VANILLA



vodka infused with natural flavors

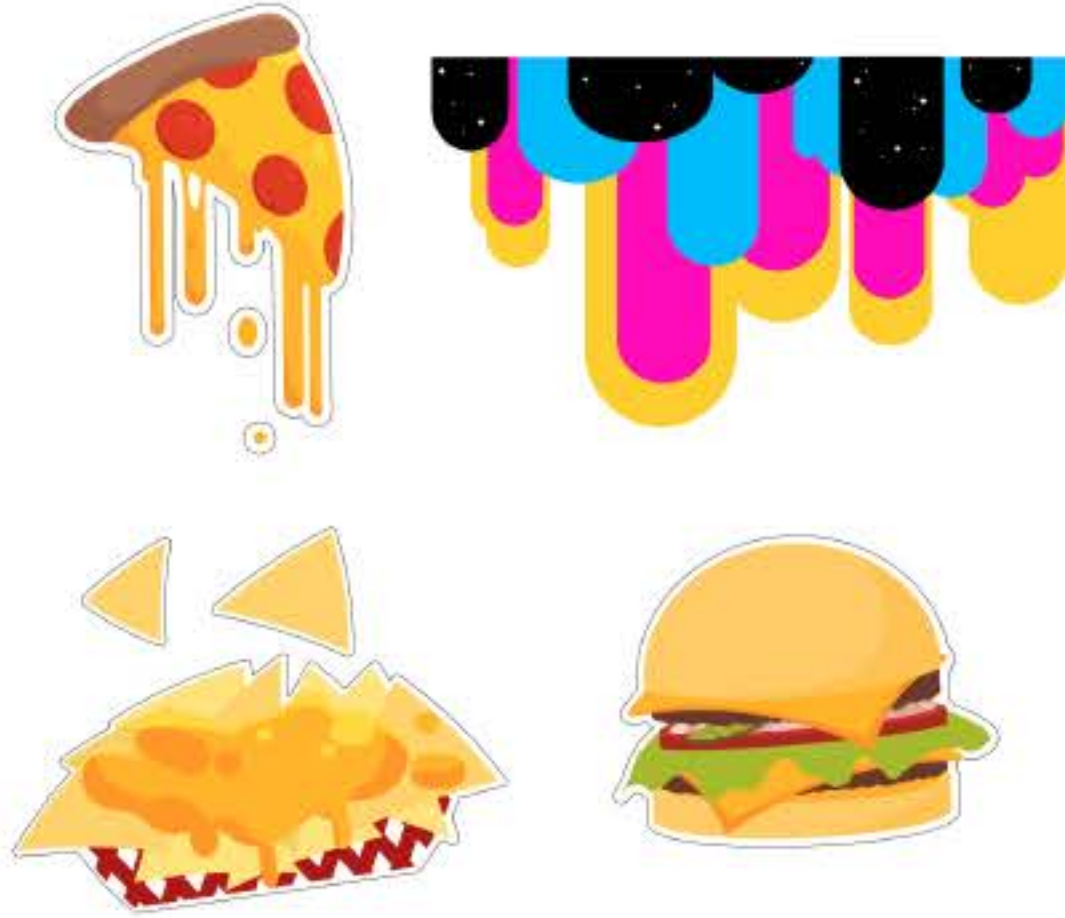




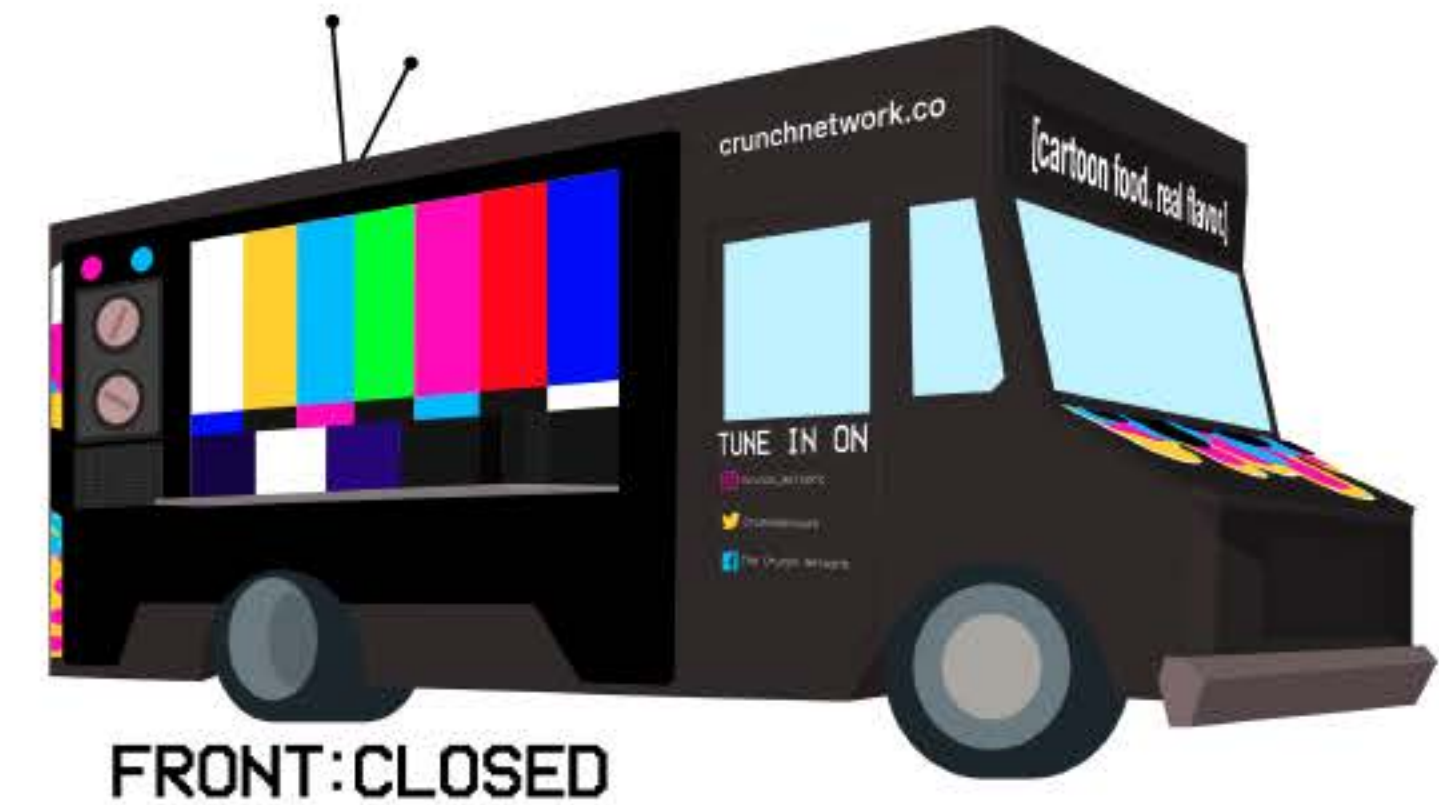
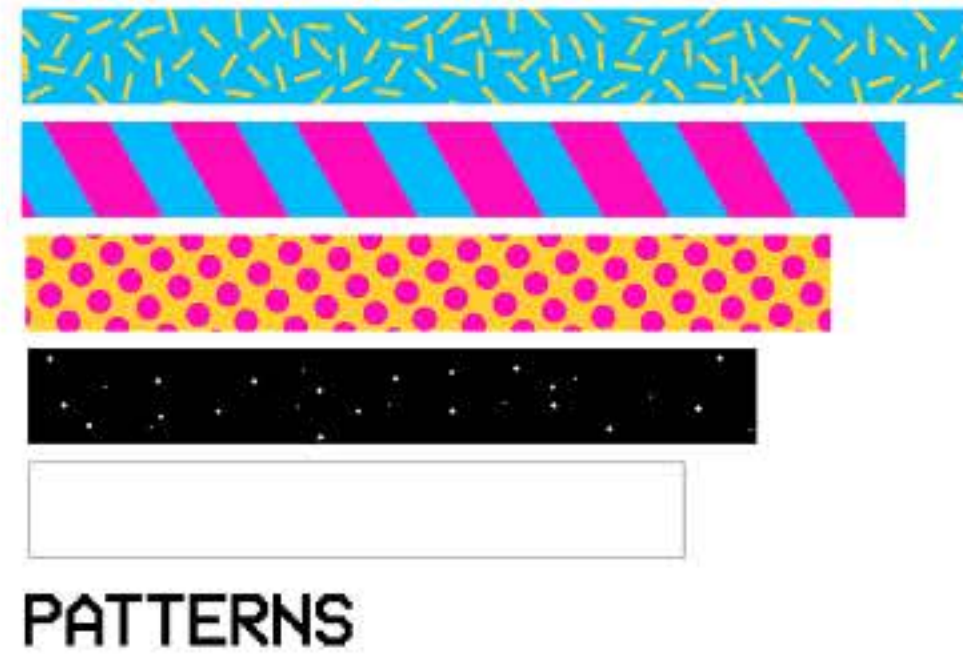


Food Truck Concept Design

This is one of my all time favorite projects. There are so many fun and clever food ideas in most of my favorite cartoons and they almost always seem to look nothing short of delicious, So I decided to run with this and the constant talk through the years of how people wish they could try foods from their favorite show, and turned it into something that could be done by anyone.



ASSETS



Dishes	
Jake's Most Delicious Sandwich 9.00	sandwich made on a toasted baguette with cream cheese, dill, pickles, sliced boiled egg, bird (chicken), cucumber, roma tomatoes, sweet yellow onion, choice meat seasoned with rosemary and thyme, & bacon. (batter sold not included)
Pizza Gyoza 4.95	dumplings filled with cheese, tomato sauce, and pepperoni
Krabby Patty 3.50	a crabmeat burger topped with cheese, pickles, tomatoes, onion, ketchup, mustard, relish, tartar sauce, & 1000 Island Sauce
Together Breakfast 5.50	four waffles topped with whipped cream, lightly salted popcorn, maple syrup, and one (1) strawberry
Bites	
Splinter's Easy Pizzas 2.00	two sliced english muffins with tomato sauce and mozzarella cheese, your choice of toppings (we will liberally put any edible thing on it.)
Burrito Bites 3.50	bite-sized burritos with your choice of fillings
Lightening Nachos 2.50	tortilla chips with lightening sauce and cheese
Sweets	
Finn Cake 3.00	three chocolate cupcakes with topped with vanilla frosting and marshmallows. they look like Finn
Treetrunks' Apple Pie 1.50	fresh baked apple pie sprinkled with cinnamon sugar.
Cookie Cat 1.50	ice cream sandwich in the shape of a cat's head, filled with strawberry and vanilla ice cream, he's a pet for your tummy and super super yummy!

Pizza			
	Sm. - 5.00	Med. - 7.00	Lg. - 11.00
Choose Your Ingredients			
Sauce	Cheese	Meat	Toppings
Tomato	Mozzarella	Pepperoni	Mushroom
White	Cheddar	Sausage	Extra cheese
Olive Oil	Gouda	Chicken	Onion
Barbecue	Raclette	Bacon	Black olives
Ranch	Parmesan		Green pepper
Choose a Style			
Invader Zim's "Bloaty's Pizza" - Detroit-style Pan Pizza			
Spongebob's "Krusty Krab Pizza" - Thin Crust Pizza			
Adventure Time's "Pizza Fish" - Neopolitan Pizza (shaped like a fish)			
Chowder's "Pizza Pockets" - Calzone			
Drinks			
Mabel Juice mango & passion fruit margarita mix with vodka, grapefruit juice, gummy worms, & grapefruit-hibiscus syrup			
Cactus Juice Melon liquor, vodka, coconut rum, pineapple juice & a splash of carbonated cactus water			
Apple Blood apple vodka, cranberry juice, bitters, & brown sugar			
Non-Alcoholic Drinks			
Fountain Sodas - Water - Juice			

MENU

VCR OSD MONO-REGULAR

Acumin Variable Concept-Condensed Bold


FLEGREI
TYPE



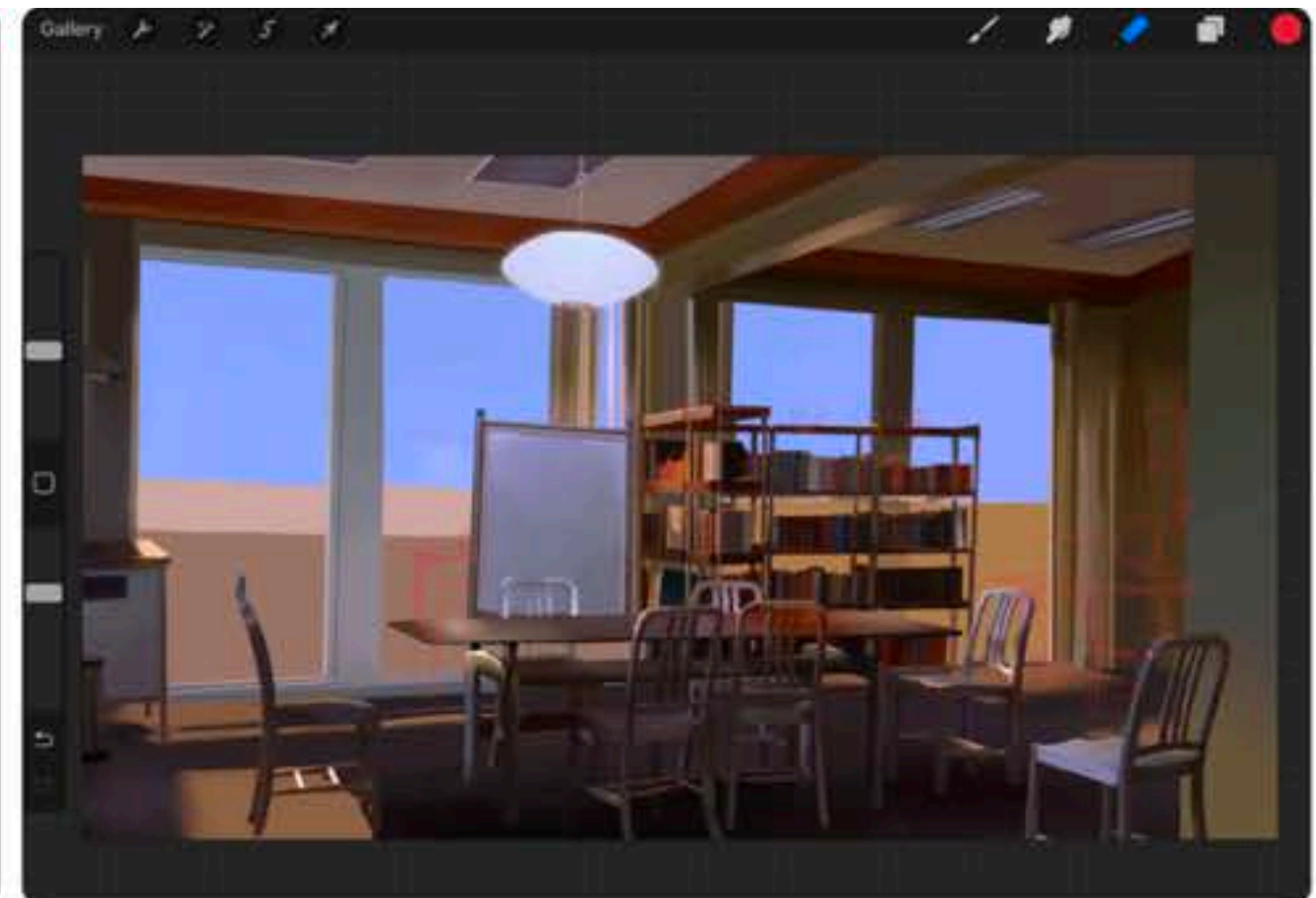
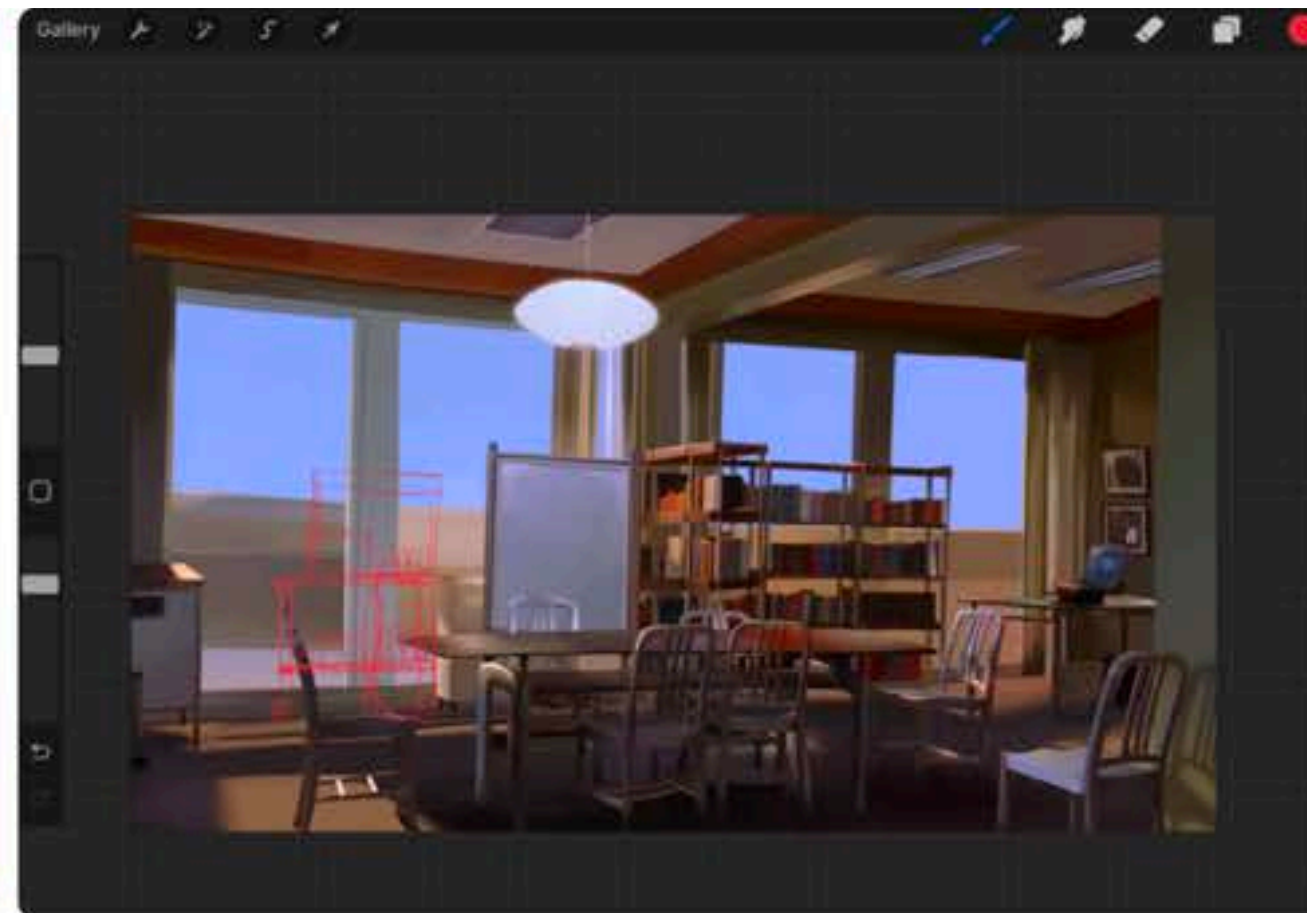
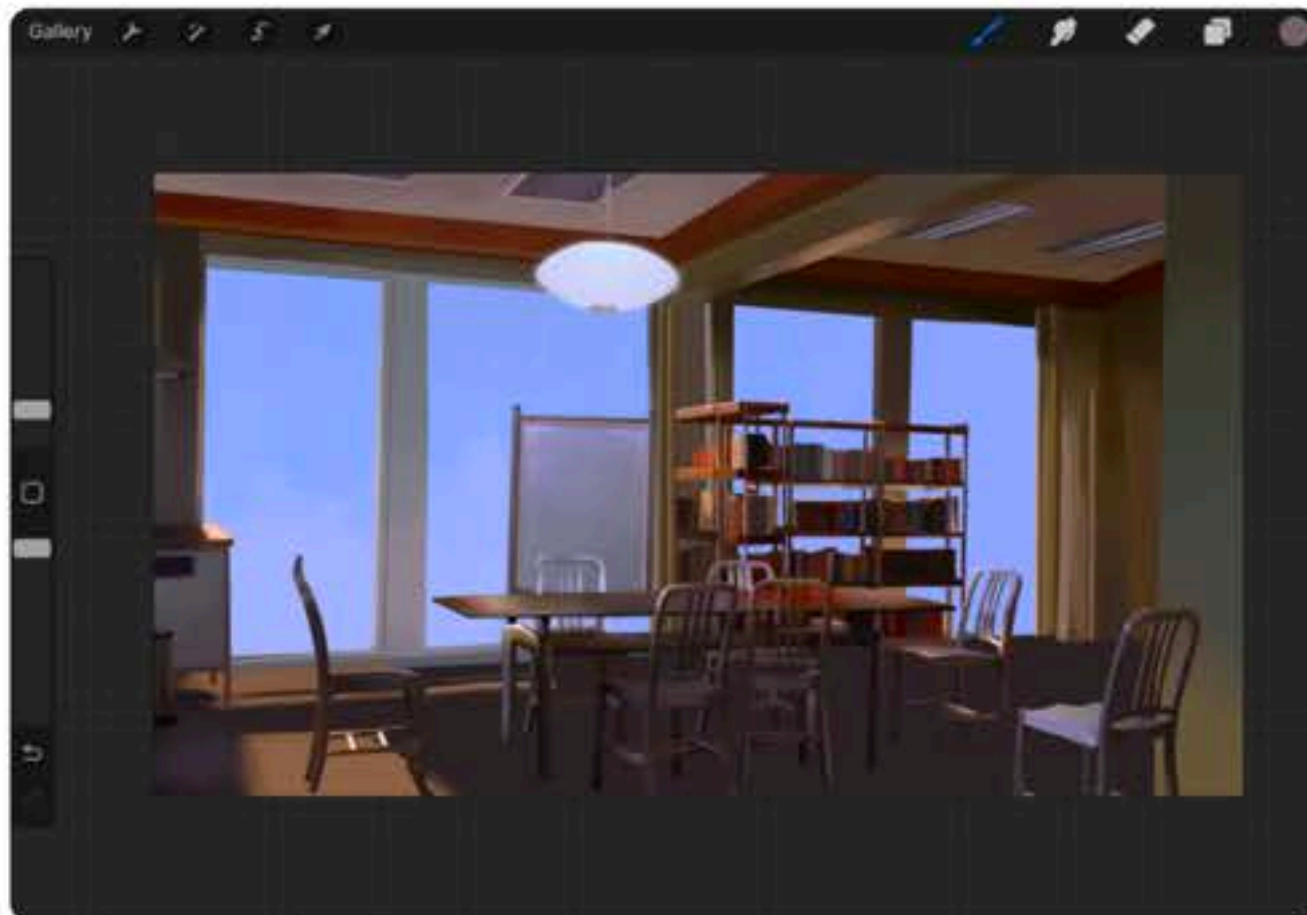
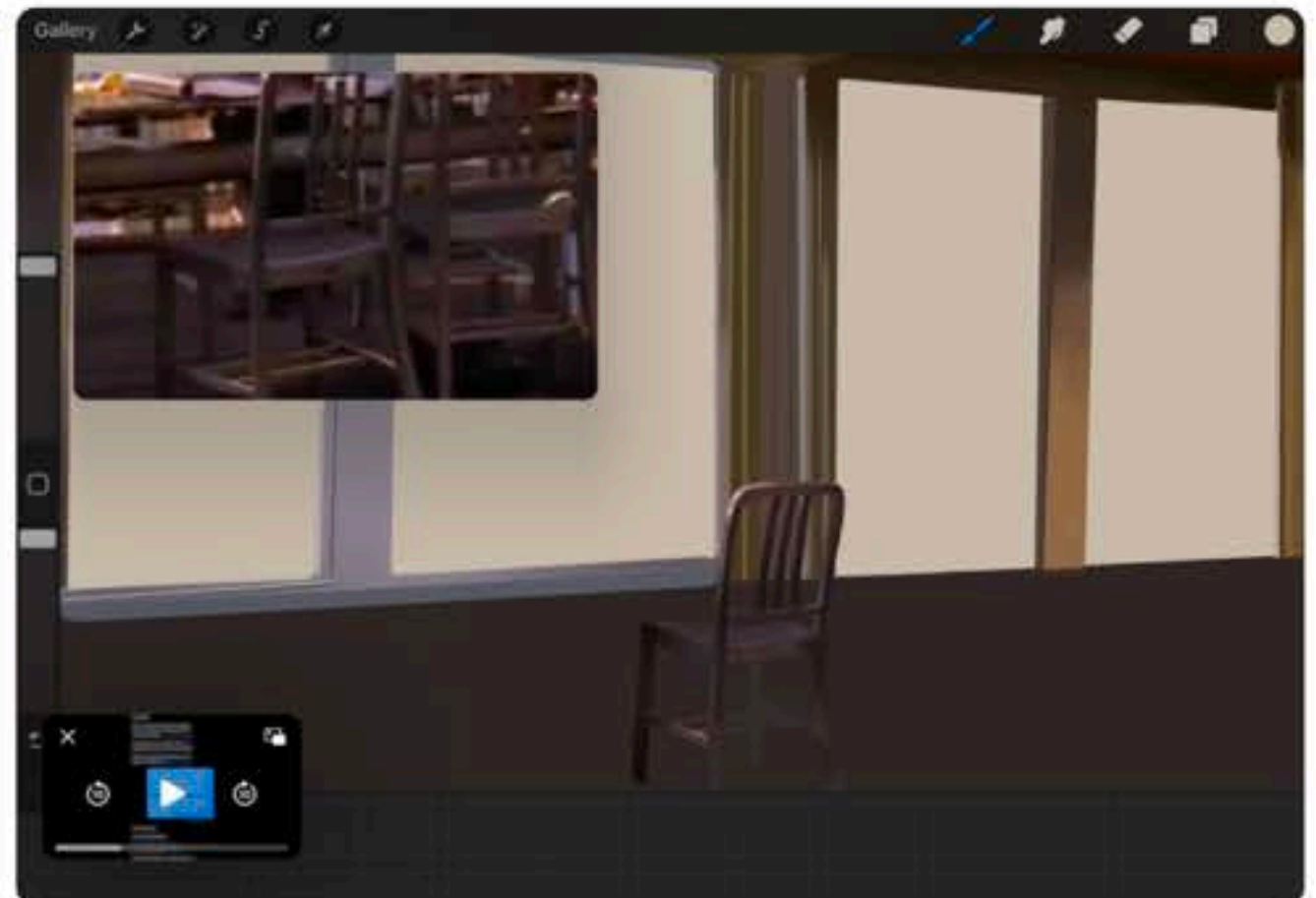
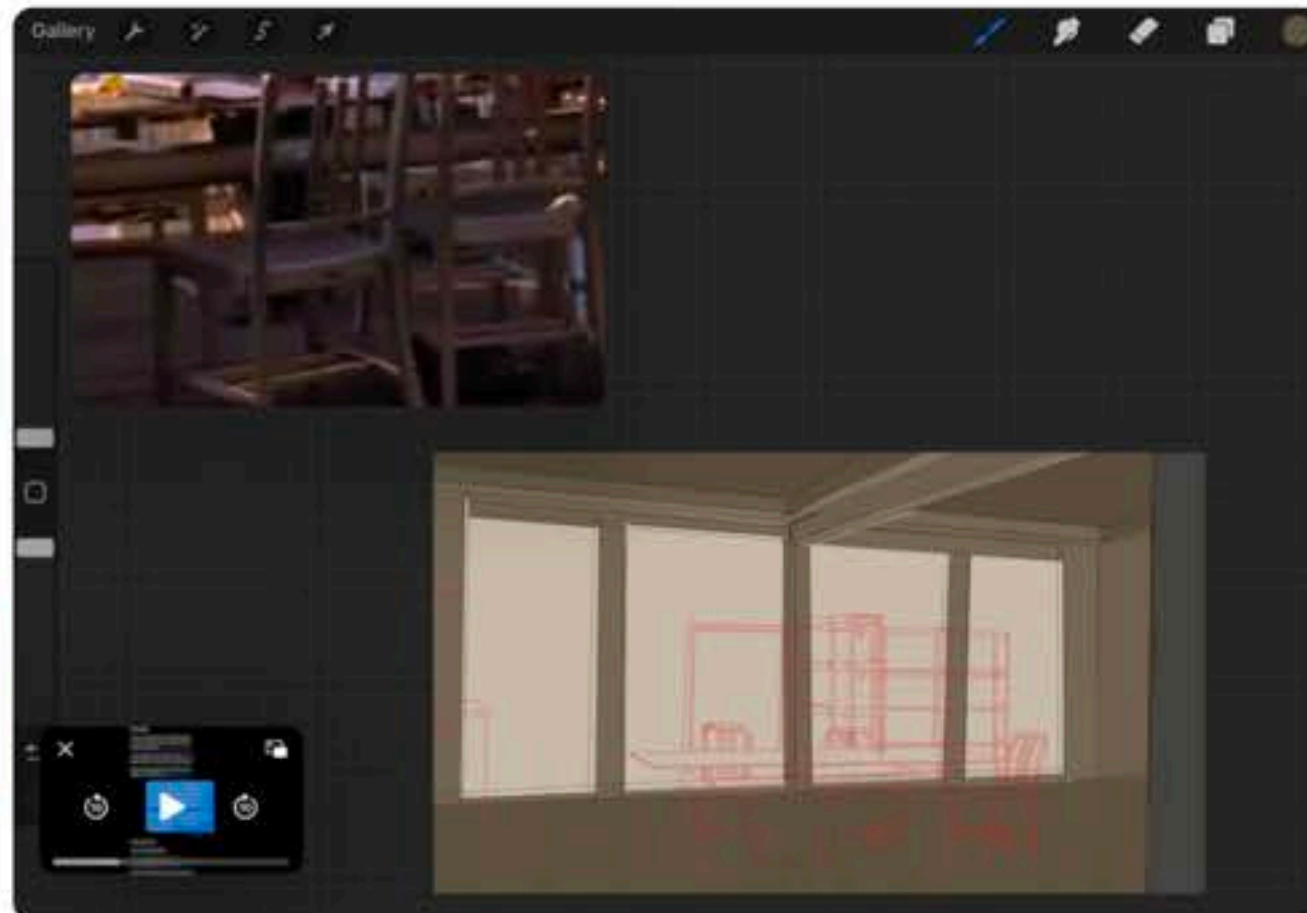
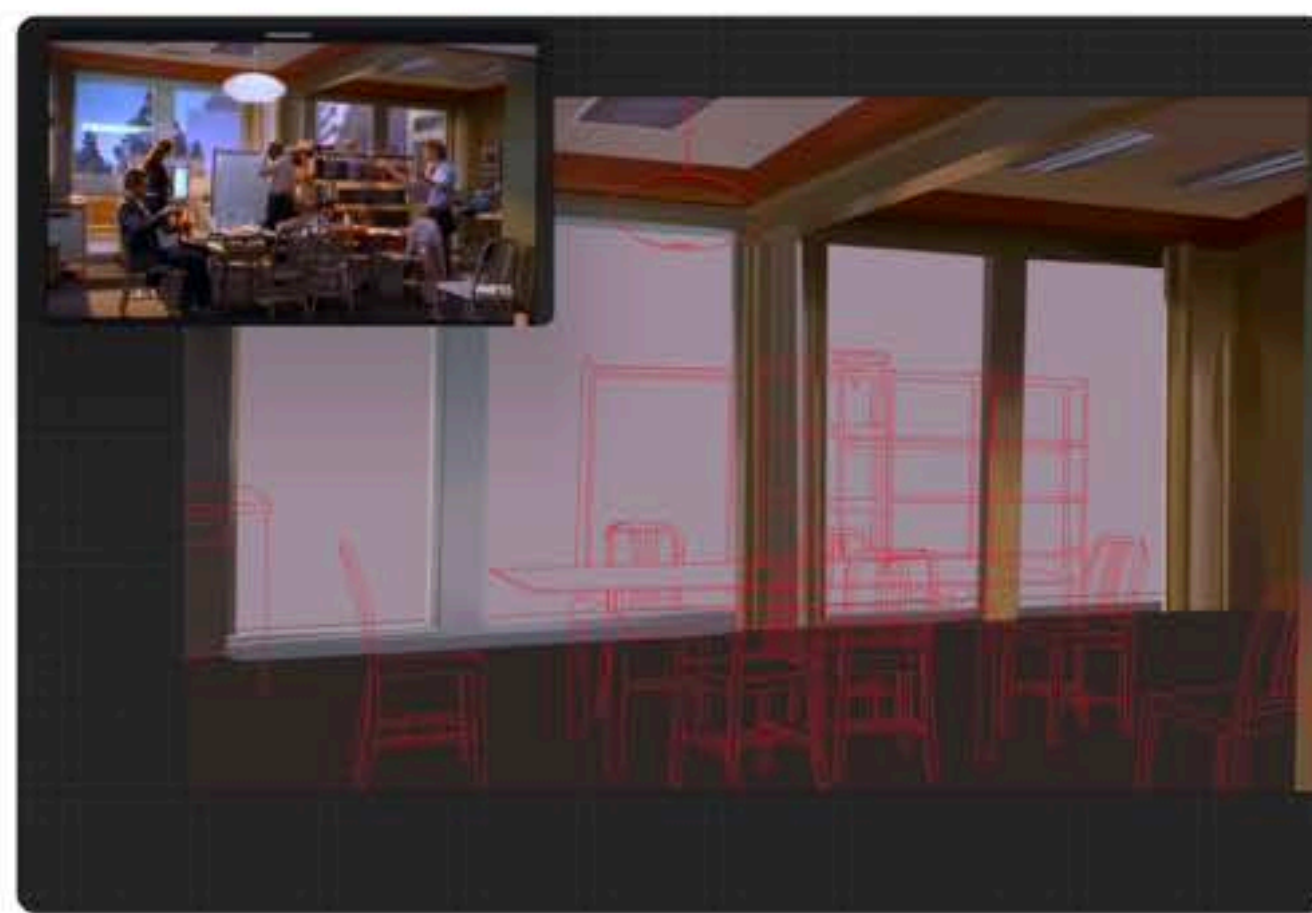
Illustration Work

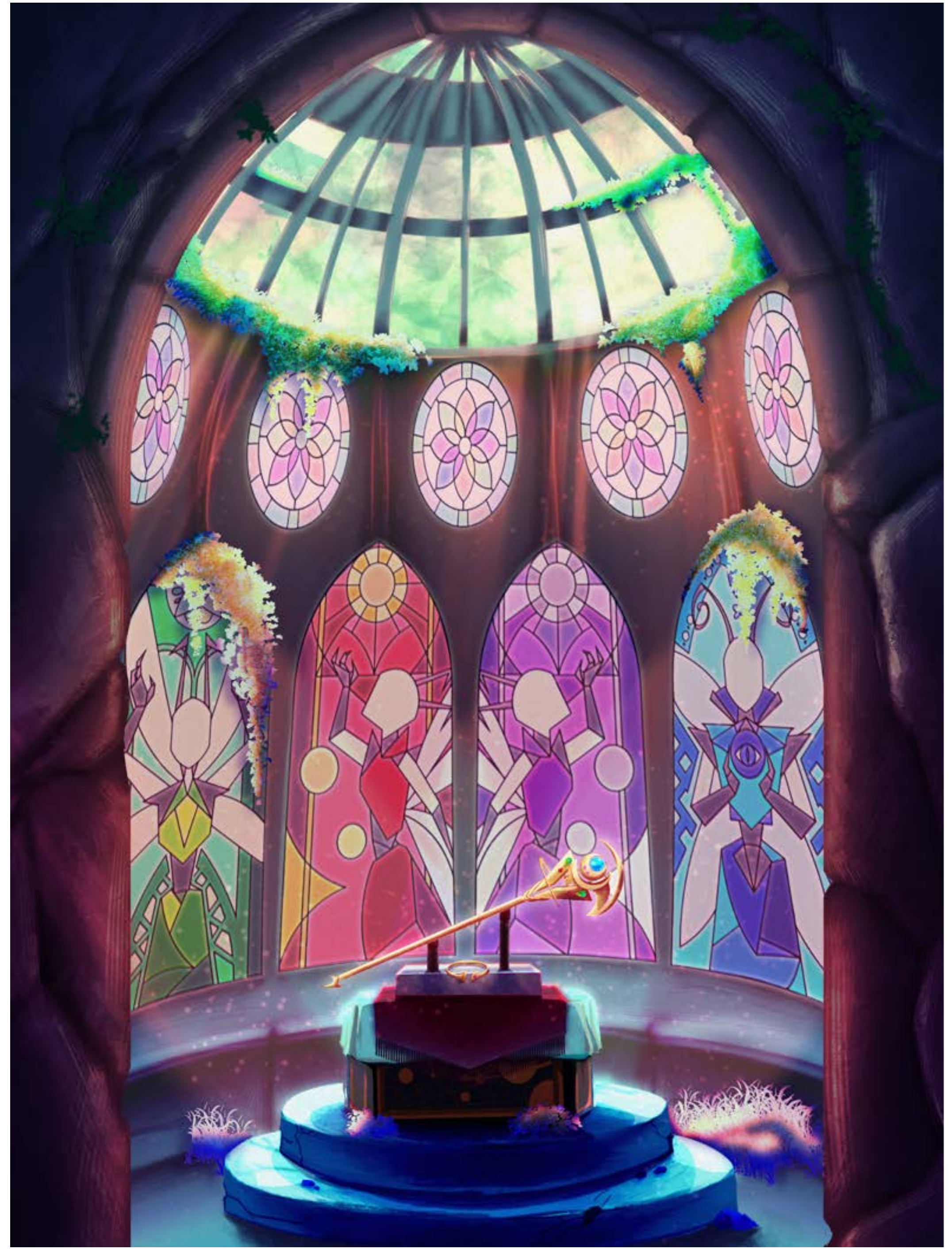
Alongside my Graphic Design experience, I have a long history with Illustration.

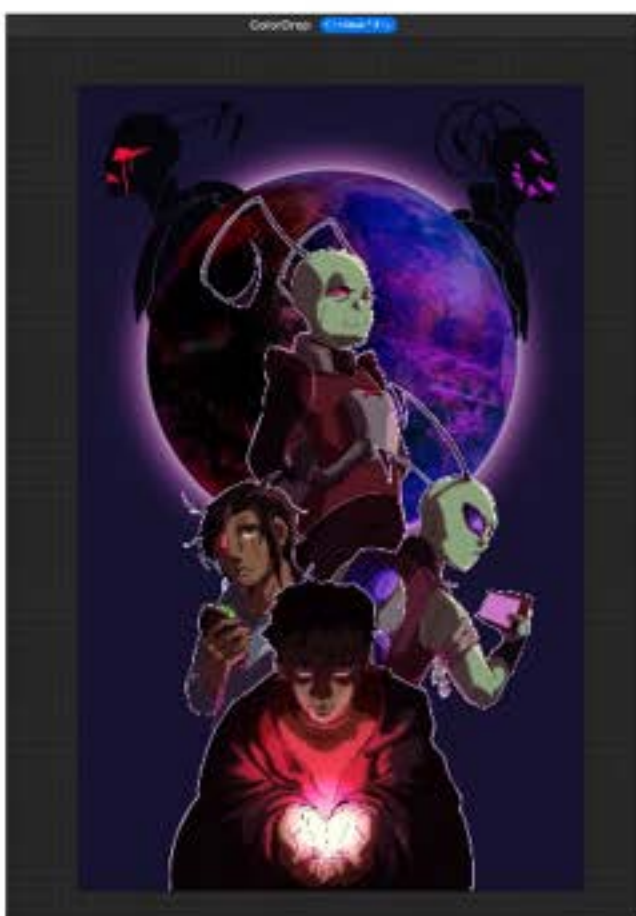
I use both of these skills to create fun, colorful, and kid-friendly designs. I haven't let these skills wane while I focused on my degree and now as I'm entering the field. Illustration has been a lifelong passion of mine and I want to keep both skillsets sharp for whatever project I do.



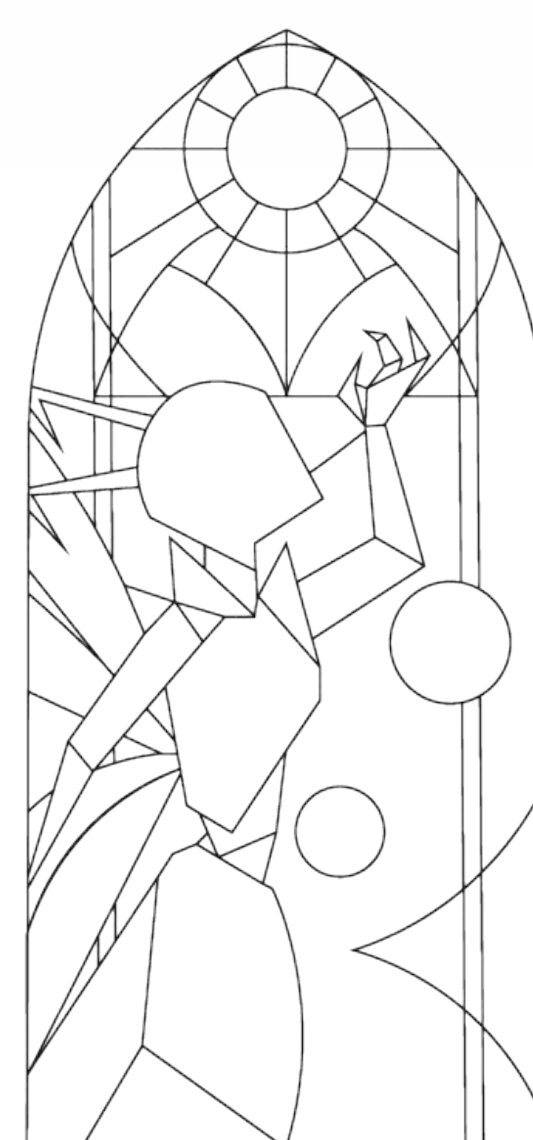
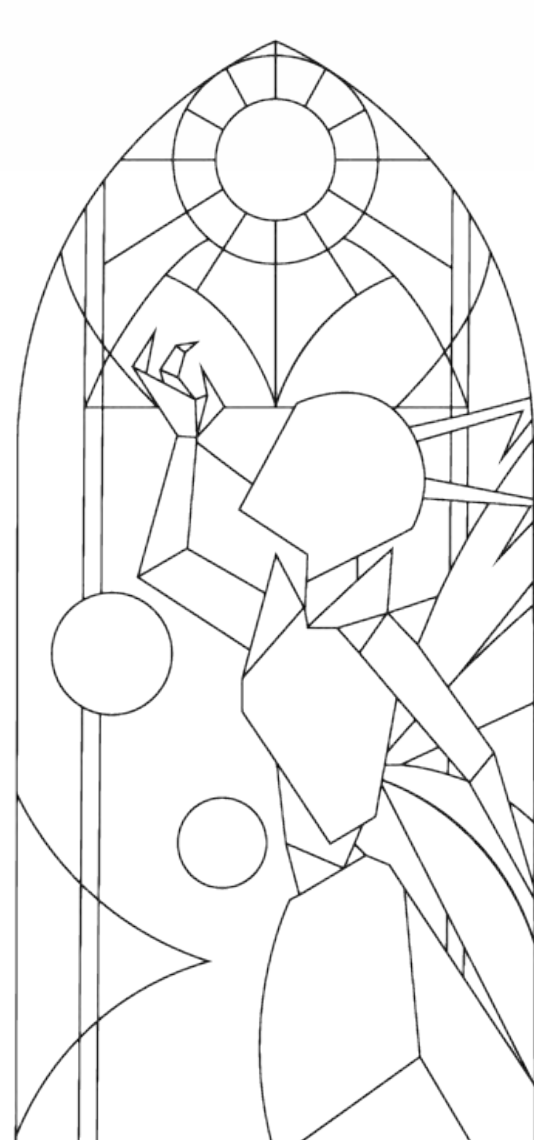
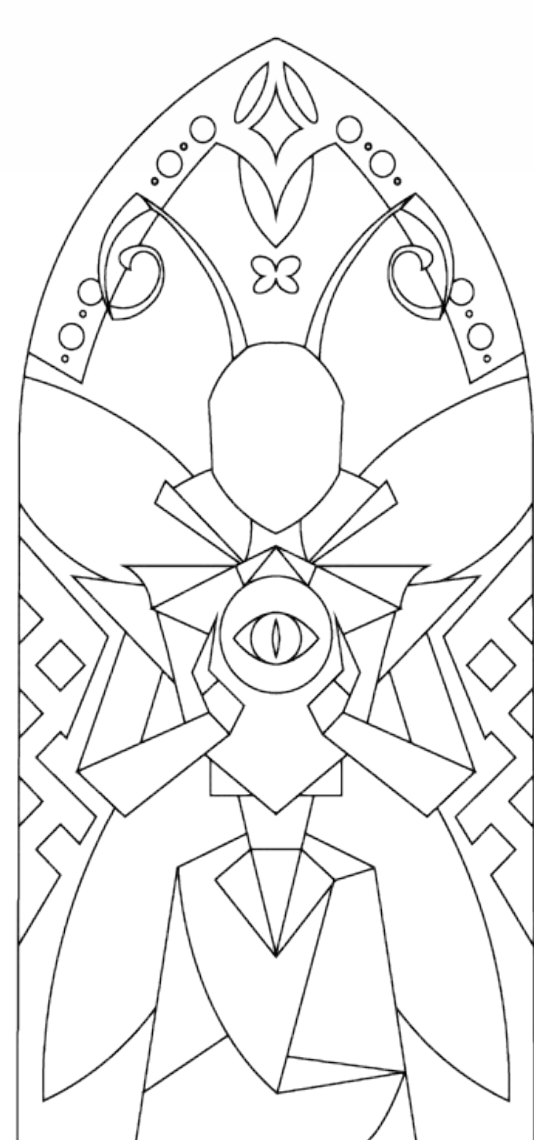
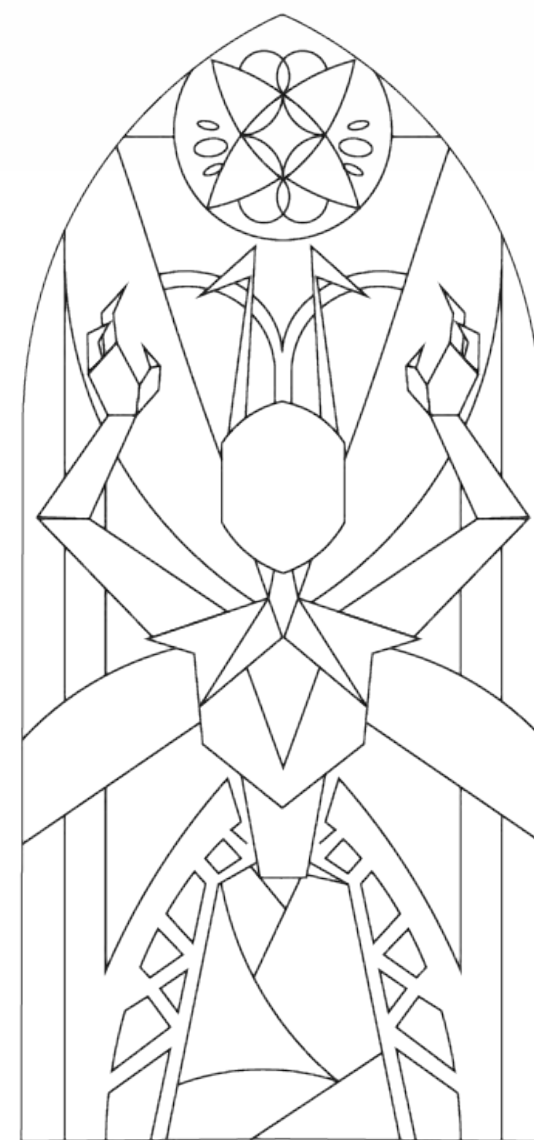








HOME BOUND WAR











Ozzie Allen-Torregrosa
ozzieat.com