

# ORPHEUS







**ORPHEUS**





LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE | ISSUE 117 VOLUME 2

# ORPHEUS

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## ABOUT THE MAGAZINE

*Orpheus* and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 117 years. Each term, a call for submissions is organized and University of Dayton students submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design products for consideration. Selection of included works is juried by faculty panels arranged by *Orpheus* art, design, and literary staff. Coordination, editing, design production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student-populated staff.

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Trade Gothic Light

**Trade Gothic Bold**

**Trade Gothic Bold No. 2**

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Photograph by Meg Farnan

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LETTERS FROM THE

# EDITORS

Dear reader,

Don't you just want to scream? To run away from it all, looking to find that one moment of contentedness, of release, of catharsis?

Same.

In between this letter and the end of this magazine, I hope you will find a little bit of what you might looking for. With both the future and the present unlike anything we have known before, I hope that this art and writing might serve as an example of the beauty that exists even in an increasingly chaotic world. We find strength in each other and in our beauty, and through that, the eternal hope is we can find meaning.

Right after conceiving this year's theme, Orpheus's staff lost one of our own—the magical Jill Parker. There are no words to express how dear she was to all of us on staff and the amazing contributions she gave to both us and the magazine during her time on staff. To view some of her work, turn to page 56. It is just a glimpse into the beauty and love she put out into the world when she was here.

I suspect that Catharsis is needed now more than ever. So, dear reader, please find a moment to breathe, to enjoy this, and maybe scream and/or wail from the sheer amount of sorrow, joy, and beauty the world is capable of, and read on.

Yours,



Bridget Graham



Dear viewer,

There's no disputing that the past few months have been tough. We are all yearning for a sense of normalcy amidst all the change. I am grateful to have found solace in designing this magazine, continually inspired by the enriching work and words of my fellow peers. It's my hope that this edition can bring you that same comfort. Take a seat, a deep breath, and let those emotions escape as you immerse yourself in this edition of *Orpheus*.

With care,



Meg Farnan

Viewer,

At this point in the year, we've reached the hiccups after long gut-wrenching sobs. We can catch our breaths, wipe away tears, stop, sigh some relief.

How do we go on after this? As writers, artists, and designers we find a way to persist and use our pain, anger, and sadness to share our human experience. This edition showcases our joy, grief, and escape from reality.

A long Sunday morning with Meg was spent carefully pairing literary pieces with the art and design works along with a dynamic layout. Though miles apart, we were able to keep a century's old tradition alive. Times change, people leave, but the human spirit will always express our understanding of the world around us.

We will always create. Creation is our **catharsis**.

Enjoy



Emily Cordonnier



THEME

# CATHARSIS

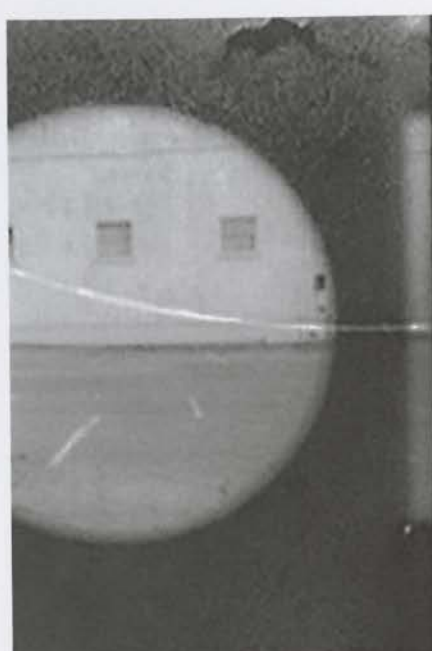
It's finally escaping into the cool night air. It's the fever finally breaking. It's catching your breath after it's been knocked out of you. It's you, alone in your madness.

Do you want to be comforted? Is it heavy, or is it light?  
Have you been tremendously hurt? Is it overwhelming?  
Are you going to be able to make it? Are your intentions still pure? Do you want to scream? Has it become too much?

It's your release. What does that feel like?

**Catharsis.**

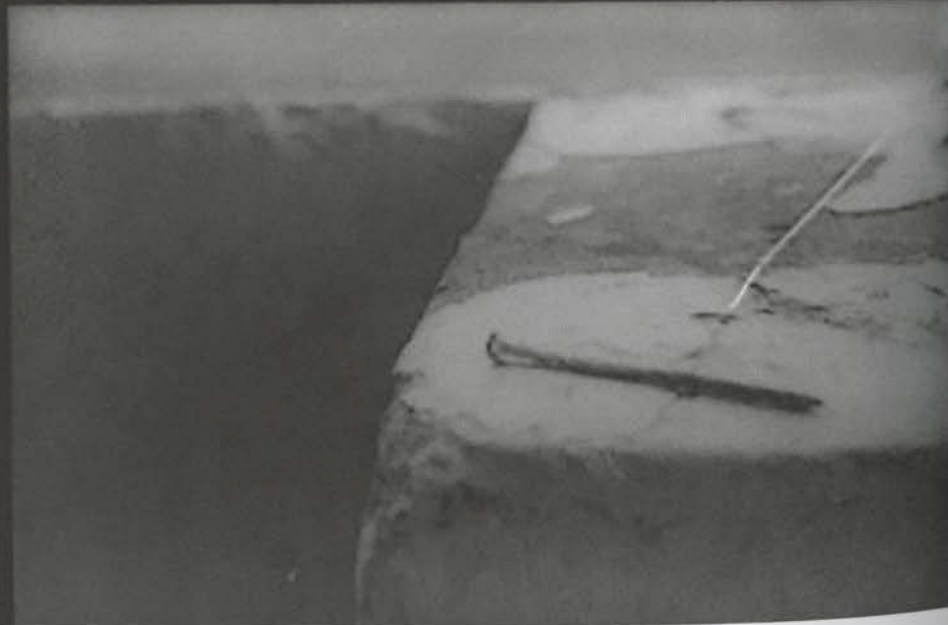




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ILFORD HP5 PLUS



## DEDICATION

## IN LOVING MEMORY

**JILL PARKER | 1999–2020**

I could talk for days about the little gifts that Jill Parker gave to me in the too short time that I knew her. In everything I got to do with her—Orpheus, the Outdoor Adventure Club, The Moral Courage Project, life in general—Jill made me laugh, made me think, and made me a better writer, student, friend, and person for having known her. I will be in debt to her for the rest of my life. I'm in good company in this regard: the community of people that will miss her deeply is large and is a testament to how well Jill loved and was loved during her twenty-one years on Earth.

The best testament, though, is the art Jill left behind for us. Later in the magazine are a few of her hundreds of the creations she was constantly working on. Jill had an almost supernatural ability to clearly see and express the simple wonders and bits of magic in the world, and she had a rare appreciation for life in all its forms. Her contributions to Orpheus are endless, and each edition is better for her having worked on it.

The art on pages 56–61 offer a small glimpse into her head and heart. Through them, we can feel her presence again. It's all there—the rapt attention she paid to small but important details, her equal-parts playful and clever humor, the way she could take the most mundane and gray day and transform it into something warm, unexpected, and just so much fun. She was the best of us. I will miss her as a collaborator, a confidant, and as a friend, but will forever find comfort in the fact that her love and her light continues on in the memories of her friends and family, in all the good that she did, and the beauty she created.

Bridget Graham

Literary Editor in Chief

39<sub>B</sub>





MATTY SPICER | PHOTOGRAPHY

**39B**

ERIKA CAMBRON

## IXTAPA SUNS

An Ixtapa Sun coming into  
view, it grilled my hungover  
eyes—blazed under an unforgiving  
sky, in the passenger seat of  
a car i should've never been  
in. rugged heat waves clenched in  
fear that i've arrived—ready to  
dishonor mis ancestors. spoiling  
away the night in the company  
their colonizers.  
morenita's guardians—Gabriel, San  
Ysidro—gasp in terror of our  
bodies. collide with disapproving  
sighs, we left our consciousness  
in hands of tequila sunrises. pleasure  
riveting through untethered veins.  
then will come the memories, that we'll  
reminisce about. over a Bordeaux  
out in the grotto. we scold younger  
versions of us for ruining the  
grass, wondering how did time pass  
through us so quickly?  
fluttering through endless  
reminders that we're no longer  
invincible. but until then  
we're going to sprawl our  
legs into forbidden sand.  
high pitched yelps of happiest  
times will cascade over the  
mistakes that'll be made; that  
we won't remember. Thank god.

EMILY CORDONNIER | BOOK DESIGN  
**SUMMER RESEARCH II**







MEGAN LEWIS | PHOTOGRAPHY

**UNTITLED**



SIERRA KOCHERSPERGER

## THE SCIENCE OF YOU AND ME

Every breath you have ever breathed is still out there. Every piece of loneliness has been exchanged for a kiss and is still lingering behind you. Don't look back. Dance with me in the middle of this hurricane. Let everything we ever pulled into existence cease to exist. Let us use it to fabricate a soundtrack to this  
slow

sad  
dance.

Every lie you whispered into my hands is caught in the same feverish purgatory.

Stuck somewhere between floating and falling and calling him by your name. How cruel it is, that everything you have ever done lingers in a bleak immortality. Let's decipher this barbaric game where I float between memories, wishful thinking, and his hands that are not your hands on my body. Is it still a tragedy if we both die in the end? Is it still a tragedy if we are both madly in love with other people?

I can still feel you. And that is the result of conservation of matter. The mass of our beginning must be equal to the mass of its production. I guess that means I have always felt this lonely. That I have always been so scared that you will forget me. The indestructibility of matter means that I have always been scared of being consigned to oblivion. And that is the result of my humanness. It is so easy to trick myself into believing it was all fever dream, all sex and booze and an overabundance of wanting. Coked out on disillusionment and the recollection of you,  
all red hair

and cigarettes  
and "save me."

Douse yourself in holy water, notice how it does not save you from your sins. Take holiness into your own hands. Determine if everything you started with: escapism, falsehoods, exploitation of naivety, you will also end up with. You are still escaping, telling yourself lies so the monsters are easier to slay, you were always good at taking advantage of the situation. You will continue to sin; nothing can just cease to exist. See what you can whisper to empty rooms during the dimness of life, see if the walls can muster up a response

a repentance.



Shame tells me mistakes are fatal wounds. Experience and scientific laws tell me I will heal. An equal and opposite reaction for every moment of existence and every slight sensation. But sometimes the heat of fire burns so nicely, and sometimes the hollowness of heartbreak fills me so sweetly. You are an ache I keep around to remind me what it is like to feel something, anything. You are a ghost that I cannot see. You haunt a home you do not belong in, and I let you. I welcome you in with satanic symbols and guarantees of the afterlife. But matter cannot be created or destroyed, and promises were made to be broken. You are not going anywhere, but you have already left.

I used to spill words into your bedroom, rearranged them like photos in an album. Which ones would convince you to stay? They all looked so pretty, but I should've known that you only saw in black and white. Imperfections like that set you apart from the gods. That and the way you didn't love me until it was 2am, and then you worshipped every misplaced freckle sprinkled on my skin. I should have known only common men are entranced by the half-truth that words leave behind. You are smarter than the mortal. I should have known you would not be entranced by mere words, that only bodies could captivate you. I should have known you would not stay. You were running from a past and a future, there was no way I could redirect you. I should have known a body in motion would remain in motion, that I was never able to change your velocity.

You used to stand in front of me, and my brain never registered you as a threat. Never thought you would do me harm.

And then when you did,

because of course you did,

(even the gods have sinned).

My heart still beat for you, even as it bled. I never shielded myself from you, instead stripping myself of any protection. I watched you swing the sword every time. Pieces of my heart fluttering to the ground after every single swing, and each time I would glue the pieces back into place with the wailing of tears. I have a patchwork quilt that no longer resembles a heart. Conservation of matter has taught me that my heart has never actually been broken, has never lost a single ounce of itself. Maybe just this once, science can be wrong. It never saw me at hell's doorstep, tear-stained cheeks and a voice worn from wailing.

Forgiveness allowed me to ignore the pain you inflicted, knock on your door each time. However, with every action, a reaction: growth enabled me to recognize you were only ever looking for a sword fight, a place to run to and from. Too bad your church prays for pain while mine preaches peace. Too bad I don't believe in destruction like you do. Too bad happiness has a counterpart, and this world ensures its presence. Too bad science found its way into our creation of love.

EMILY CORDONNIER | INFORMATIONAL POSTER

# THE PANDEMIC

**WORLD  
HEALTH  
ORGANIZATION**

ANNOUNCED "COVID-19" AS THE NAME

OF THIS NEW DISEASE ON

**11 february 2020 .**

Information taken from the following sources:  
coronavirus.chin.gov.cn/portals/gov/covid-19.html  
cdc.gov  
www.who.int/

**CORONAVIRUS**

DEATH TOLL: 157,970

OFFICIAL NAMES HAVE BEEN ANNOUNCED FOR THE VIRUS RESPONSIBLE FOR COVID-19  
(previously known as "2019 novel coronavirus")  
AND THE DISEASE IT CAUSES. THE OFFICIAL NAMES ARE:

**CORONAVIRUS DISEASE**  
(covid - 19)

**SEVERE ACUTE RESPIRATORY SYNDROME CORONAVIRUS 2**  
(SARS - COV - 2)

**PANDEMIC**

SOUTH-EAST ASIA  
147,700

AFRICA

WESTERN PACIFIC

AMERICAS

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

EUROPE

CONFIRMED CASES: 2,319,066

IN COVID-19, CORONA  
STANDS FOR CORONA,  
VIRUS FOR VIRUS, AND  
19 FOR 2019.

FORMERLY, THIS DISEASE  
WAS REFERRED TO AS  
"2019 NOVEL CORONAVIRUS"  
OR "2019-nCoV".

THERE ARE MANY TYPES OF  
CORONAVIRUSES  
INCLUDING SOME THAT  
CAUSE MILD UPPER-RESPIRATORY  
TRACT INFECTIONS.

DESIGNED BY ADITYA KUMAR, IN GRAPHIC DESIGN FOR, NERING ARON



# CORONAVIRUS

GLOBALLY, AS OF 2:00A.M. CEST, 22 APRIL 2020,

THERE HAVE BEEN 2,471,136 CONFIRMED CASES OF COVID-19, INCLUDING 169,006 DEATHS, REPORTED TO WHO.

## DISEASE COVID-19

2020  
PANDEMIC

CONFIRMED CASES OVER TIME

2,471,136  
confirmed cases

DEATHS OVER TIME

169,006  
deaths



CASE COMPARISON (CONFIRMED CASES)  
WHO Regions



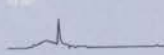
TURKEY  
141,000



IRAN (ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF)  
141,000



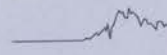
CHINA  
82,000



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
141,000



SPAIN  
141,000



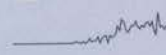
ITALY  
141,000



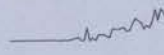
RUSSIAN FEDERATION  
141,000



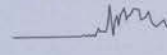
BELGIUM  
141,000



BRAZIL  
141,000



GERMANY  
141,000



THE UNITED KINGDOM  
141,000



FRANCE  
141,000



Information taken from the following sources:  
Coronavirus (COVID-19) Dashboard | ECDC  
WHO COVID-19 Dashboard  
www.who.int

Designed by Kathryn Roberts, in graphic design 1, spring 2020





MEREDITH NORTZ

## SHE/THEY

I learned to light a fire with one match,  
Twigs and leaves and cardboard as kindling,  
Logs carefully placed.

I learned to have a crush with Sabreen,  
Salt and vinegar chips and Wii tennis,  
Words left unsaid.

I learned to love myself with heartbreak,  
Broken promises and I love you *but* and falling apart,  
Starting again.

I learned to fall in love with Sophia,  
Shared songs and jokes and movies,  
Sunsets on the beach.

I learned to say goodbye with my memere,  
Saved voicemails and freezer burnt meat pies,  
Grape jelly made fresh.

I learned to be me from myself,  
Short hair and heavy boots like armour,  
Warming hands by the flames.

JESSICA WILLIAMS | OIL ON CANVAS

# THE BUTCH RENAISSANCE



SHANNON STANFORTH | PHOTOGRAPHY

## **FORKS**









LYDIA KLADITIS | SMARTPHONE PHOTOGRAPHY

## A STUDY IN HITCHCOCK (BECAUSE I GOT BORED)

ERIKA CAMBRON

## WHITE ANTICS AND BLACK PRAYERS

There's beauty in the  
way they pretend to  
care about anyone else  
outside their realm;  
outside their  
color scheme.  
in absence of threats,  
riots, they paint themselves  
a line between the good  
and the worst of all. acting  
betrayed; acting horrified by  
the doings of their ancestors  
they look at us,  
pale faces and red hands, and  
make us swallow their words of pity,  
their version of history because it suits  
them like their white robe and  
instead of first aid kits, they give us  
advice: comply, behave, assimilate  
until you forget to pronounce your  
own name,  
until it sits deep in the crevices of  
forgetfulness, until it makes you  
unfamiliar to its roots,  
pretend you were never starved of  
stability as you try to build a  
family out from the scraps of humans  
they left behind; the ones they thought  
would forget.



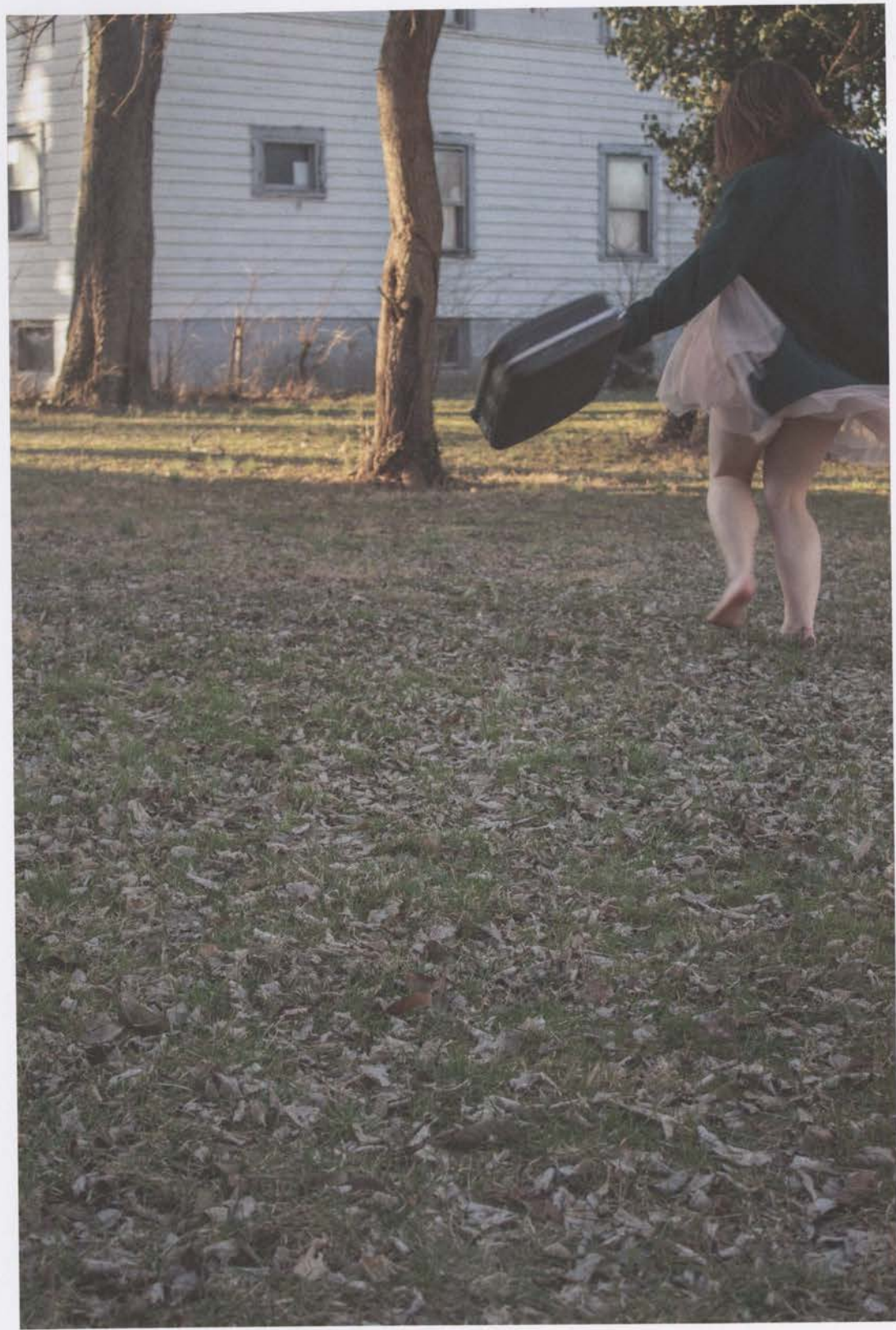
KELSEY VONDERHARR | PHOTOGRAPHY

## VACANCY









KAITLYNNE CHAPMAN | DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

## WHIRLIGIG



RACHEL MAUS  
**DECLINE**

You can feel the atmosphere change when you enter Sunrise  
(Where the employees are overworked and underpaid)  
(And the residents are overlooked and understimulated)  
It's eternally overcast  
and the persistent threat of death hangs in the air  
Tears of dread drowned my sinuses as I stood outside of her room  
I swallowed them and threw up a fake smile  
A split second of hesitation was my only moment of peace  
She was sitting in her chair, more out of limitation than choice  
But it wasn't really her, just the remnants of who she once was  
Her warmth melted off with her weight  
She lost her resilience with her appetite  
Her charm shed with her hair  
And her kindness drained with the fluid from her lungs  
Insults fell from her mouth with her rotted teeth  
While her patience shrunk and shriveled with her skin around her frail bones  
Grievances welled into blood spots on her arms  
And loneliness clotted her veins  
So only this shell remained  
Living, though not alive  
Numbness spread through my body while I lingered in the parking lot  
Recognizing that it was guilt that had driven me to visit her again  
Obligation, not love  
My affection for her had drained with the fluid in her lungs  
Melted off with her weight  
Fallen with her rotted teeth  
Shriveled with her skin  
  
There were no tears in Room #3 of Kutis  
As my eyes averted the gaze of her casket  
(I had mourned her death months ago)  
  
Instead there was rage disguised with polite laughter  
As I held scripted small talk with near strangers  
Who I only run into at this funeral home  
The sun shined bright in the cemetery  
While the priest mispronounced both her first and last name  
And she rolled in her grave before she was lowered into it  
Months of swallowed tears finally broke free to water the freshly thrown dirt  
And I left the guilt and resentment with my tears  
To keep her company



MATTY SPICER | PHOTOGRAPHY

# LIGHT







KATHRYN NIEKAMP | PHOTO EMULSION SCREEN PRINT  
**FLOWER STUDY**



CHRISTOPHER FOHL

**THE TIMES**

The prince's funeral was today,

It was televised.

The florist down the street said how her flowers would have been nicer.

The tailor said that he could have done a better job on the royal's clothes.

My priest spoke of the chapel, its grandeur and goth,

But no one noticed death.

The child only cared that school was out the day,

The mother still prepared the usual supper,

The sun rose and sank in the same fashion,

And the cars drove to their destinations with only minor hesitation.

The moon shined and winked out of existence again,

Just another moment,

A grain of sand in an endless desert.

SHANNON STANFORTH | PHOTOGRAPHY

## GROWTH











MATTY SPICER | PHOTOGRAPHY

**LOOK**

WILL BRYANT

## HOW I DON'T CRY EVERY TIME I DO THE DISHES

Big glassy bubble at the top  
Good soap, that's why  
Clings to my hands cause I filled up the bottle  
Feels like oil when I try to rub it off  
I used to wash with that stuff  
Back when I loved to clean the kitchen  
Swept the stairs, mop in silence  
My hands would gray in the winter  
Wither, bled and blistered  
Why'd the water steam when I wash my hands  
Pick the scabs and wash again with Ajax  
I'm trying to talk more when we're together  
Mutter less when I'm alone  
But wells rise in my chest and face and eyes  
The bubble shatters, O.K.  
Who died?  
The first time he wore makeup  
He was dead I was hugging his mom  
Who else? It keeps coming  
As a bullet or a car  
Tattooed pricks from Columbus  
Death is always in motion  
Roving in wide forms  
I still don't want to pick up  
The phone is Culmination  
A near miss and far too late  
Quit crossing my fingers  
Grip the counter and my hands yellow  
Breathe out not in then  
Drink something warm  
Be quick to bed  
Slow down but be in motion  
I'll wake early to drain the sink  
For now, close my eyes  
The bubbles dissolve  
And I will sleep, swimming  
In thick gobs that hold me  
But swing and shatter like crystal



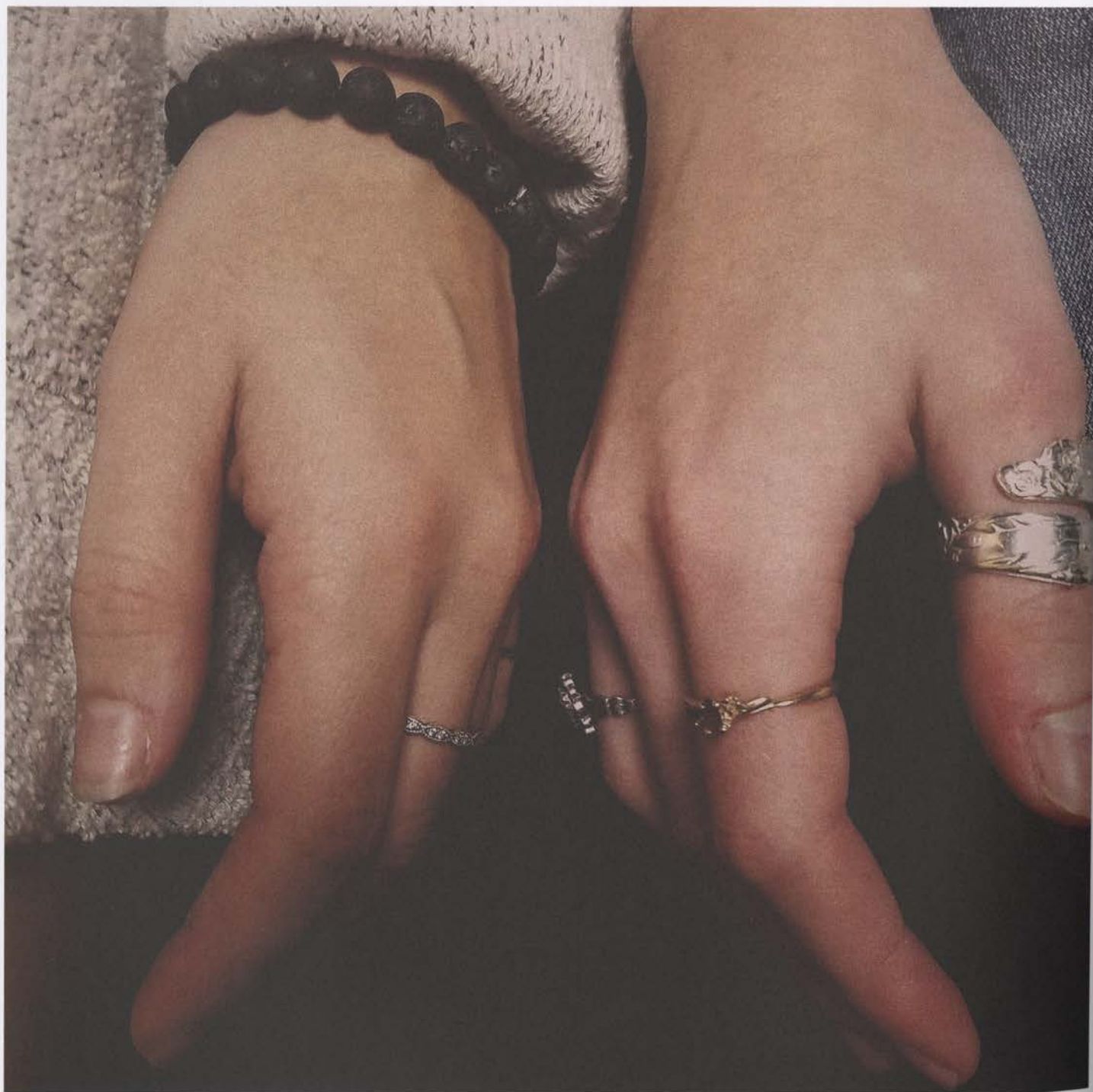
GRACE KING | SCULPTURE

## BACK TO CREATION









MEGAN LEWIS | PHOTOGRAPHY

**UNTITLED**

BRETT BARTLETT

## HE CALLED ME B

He called me B  
As though my one syllable name  
Was impossible to release from his throat  
As though  
It was disgusting on his tongue.  
He called me B  
To everyone but me  
A nickname I could never understand.  
When he finally digested and spit me out  
I could recall him speaking  
On what grades he would release into the world  
As good enough.  
He always said that he would never be satisfied  
With a B.

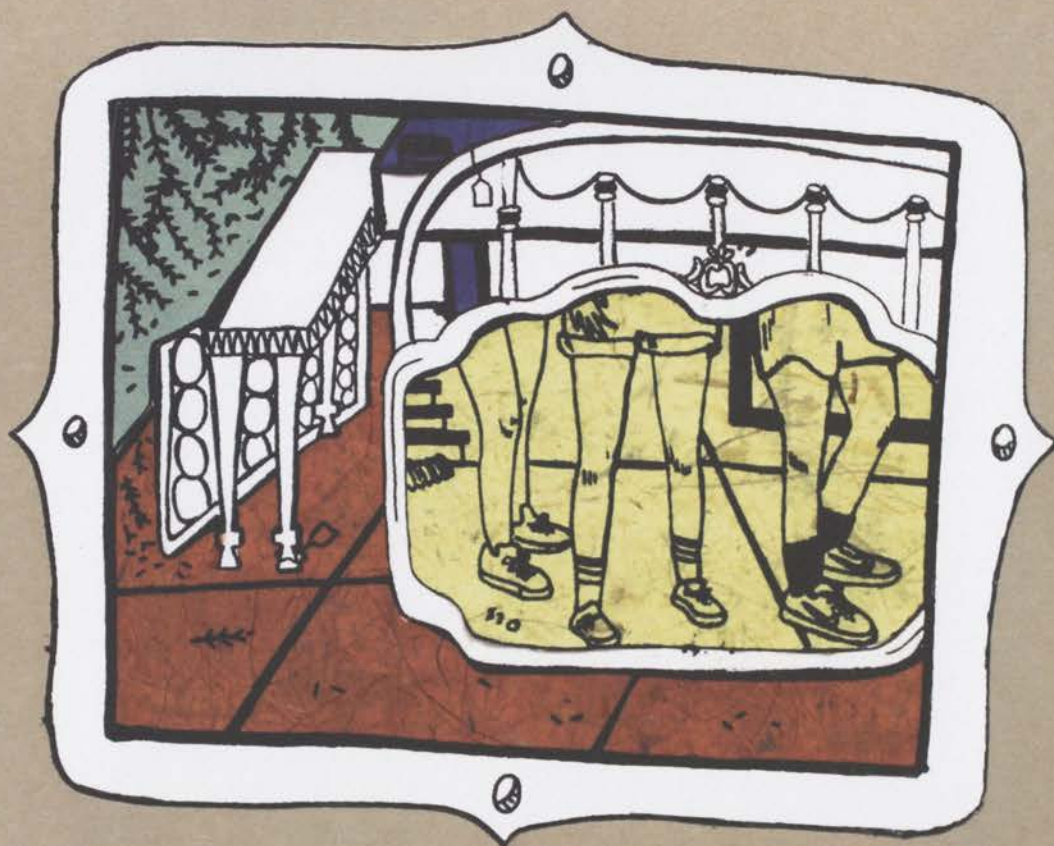


CLAUD JACKERT

## KITCHEN LIGHT 4:17 PM

I'm feeling it harder nowadays  
Rose petals losing grip  
Bong rips on a honeyed afternoon  
You're haunting undoubtedly  
To execute what is required  
To make ends meet  
To exhale for once this year  
Googling "punk hairstyles" and praying for something to break  
In my dreams we unclench our jaws  
& swim nude under the fullness of the moon  
Whispering blessings before crossing narrow avenues  
No sigils can adequately steel you  
Against the unrelenting tide of twenty  
But when the spell breaks I will take your face in my hands  
And kiss your eyelids  
Willing with all my heart that the days on the horizon  
Won't sting so hard  
So put on your shoplifted socks  
And we'll sit out this winter warmly

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE WE'RE JUST LEGS



1/5

0202 M-1

ELEANOR KEELAN | SILKSCREEN  
**JUST LEGS**







KAITLYNNE CHAPMAN | DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

## WITH BATED BREATH

EMILY GEORGOPOULOS  
**PAPILLION**

No one ever warned me  
About how desperately my heartbeat  
Would keep time with the ticking  
Of the clock.  
About how hopelessly my eyes  
Would watch every minute pass by.  
How could I escape the long lonesome night?  
How could such an empty heart  
fill a body, a room, with ache?  
The butterflies emerge from  
Their cocoons in the morning,  
And I wonder if I too will ever be able to let go.  
I never knew starvation  
Until you stood there silent.  
Anxiety blooms like my honest heart  
And consumes me whole.  
My mind spins thoughts like silk.  
Fear weaves walls around me.  
Tears seal my chrysalid shield,  
And so I wait for the return  
Of my one good thing.

KATHRYN NIEKAMP | PHOTOGRAPHY

## DRAGONFRUIT





JIA'SHAWN MCCLENDON

## MEANING OF PASSING LIGHTS

I know not a thing of what this life means  
This uncertainty with reality, though with time I may glean  
I do know that life's meaning has a different significance for others  
It comes and goes, one after another

I just want to know what those passing lights are that I can rarely catch up to  
Or why is that when I feel the light in my hands, they slip away so easily  
Chasing after them, not realizing that the whirling winds surrounding me are the reason for my disequilibrium  
Those uncontrollable forces that rage tragically and you don't know why  
They carry you and tear you down in what seems like only a moment  
Everything is just incredible.  
And frustrating, beautiful, terrifying and reckless.  
All of it so much because it is all it can be  
It doesn't make sense either  
How can anyone really understand any of it?  
You can try to understand, you can pray to understand it, you can live to understand, you can die to understand it  
We all just try.  
Most of us want to understand, I think  
Some don't and just tire of it all  
But life is what we all have in common, as well as what comes after  
I think we can prescribe meaning to as much as we want  
But I think we'll just never understand it

MEREDITH NORTZ

**GUARD #3**

The last time I cut my hair  
Curls littered the bathroom floor.  
Carefully cropped, plainly shaved,  
Impulsively done.

The first time I cut my hair  
I was four years old.  
I had begged my mom for months,  
The stylist trimmed a few inches.

The second time I cut my hair  
I was five years old.  
I donated fourteen inches,  
But I still wanted something more.

The third, fourth, fifth time I cut my hair  
I grew my hair out for years,  
Waiting to donate it again,  
Looking for that same feeling again.

The last time I went to a hair salon  
I asked for part of my hair shaved.  
I argued with the stylist more than ever before,  
And left feeling happier than I ever expected.

The last time I cut my hair  
I was twenty-one years old.  
I looked in the mirror and saw  
Myself for the first time.







LUCY RAUKER | PHOTOGRAPHY

## COMFORT

ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY JILL PARKER

# IN MEMORIAM

The best testament of her spirit is the art Jill left behind for us. These are just a few of her hundreds of the creations she was constantly working on. Jill had an almost supernatural ability to clearly see and express the simple wonders and bits of magic in the world, and she had a rare appreciation for life in all its forms.















## BRETT BARTLETT

SENIOR | WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES

Brett Bartlett is a senior from Dayton, Ohio. She is a Women/Gender studies major with minors in Racial Justice, Africana studies, and theatre. Not only does she write poetry, but she performs it and models as well. In case you haven't heard it today, Black Lives Matter.

## WILL BRYANT

SOPHOMORE | ENGLISH

Will is a sophomore English major from Dayton with a love for grocery shopping and writing songs. His album, Muskrat & Kustard, is out there somewhere (listen?). His current project is an autobiography dictated entirely in Kroger receipts. Unfortunately, Orpheus didn't want to accept it this semester. Maybe next.

## ERIKA CAMBRON

SOPHOMORE | ENGLISH

Finally got the courage to put my thoughts into words.

## KAITLYNNE CHAPMAN

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

Kaitlynn Chapman is a senior Photography major with a Fine Arts and Women and Gender Studies minor. Her passion lies in using her photography to capture human emotions and experiences through self portraiture, and plans to continue exploring such topics for as long as she is allowed a camera. She also likes fall colors, chocolate chip pancakes, and Hermione Granger.

## EMILY CORDONNIER

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

What's my ambition you may ask? Uh, I'd like to be a designer or two. I'd like to be two designers.

## CHRISTOPHER FOHL

SENIOR | ENGLISH

Christopher Fohl is a Montgomery County native. He is a senior at UD, majoring in English, who has attended Wright State University and Sinclair Community College. Christopher uses his life experiences in order to write poems on depression, family issues, the environment, and how one may find meaning in the Tech Age. Christopher lives by two mottos: always try and everyone is worth everything.

## EMILY GEORGPOULOS

SENIOR | BIOLOGY

Emily is a senior biology major with a religious studies minor. You may have seen her shelving books at her beloved Roesch Library. Her hobbies include stress baking, singing in and out of the shower, indulging increasingly rare bouts of creative energy, and ranting about fancy science things no one in her family can understand. She hopes your days are perpetually filled with love and light.

## CLAUD JACKERT

SENIOR | POLITICAL SCIENCE

Likes: Oversized gaudy paper-mache, a full moon in the cold, the embrace of friends after long absences  
Dislikes: Capitalism, litterbugs, overcooked cabbage

## ELEANOR KEELAN

FIRST YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Saying I'm a freshman from the Chicago suburbs just isn't as cool as saying I collect stolen soup spoons or that I watched a lot of Treehouse Masters as a kid.

## GRACE KING

SOPHOMORE | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Gracie King is a sophomore pursuing Graphic Design. She plans to minor in marketing and possibly photography as well. The piece featured is an appropriation of "The Creation of Adam" by Michelangelo. The purpose of the piece is to convey the rekindling of faith and connection with God.

## SIERRA KOCHERSPERGER

JUNIOR | INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

It's interesting where we can be years later in life. I no longer feel the same anger, the same fascination, the same love. It's different now. And I want it to be. Have things be different, and want them to be too. It'll change you.

## LYDIA KLADITIS

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

Though I am a photo major on paper, my passion and ambitions are for filmmaking as well as other forms of storytelling, including VR, illustration, writing, book-making, composing, and animation. Consequently, the piece included here is a little, impromptu, photo "sketch" I did with my younger siblings while waiting for a table at a restaurant. The place looked like a set right out of a Hitchcock film so we played around with different scenes we thought would fit and this is what happened.

## MEGAN LEWIS

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

It's me again, the graphic designer that has only submitted non-design work. We'll see if that changes in the future. Probably not but anything is possible.

ARTIST | DESIGNER | AUTHOR

# BIOGRAPHIES

## RACHEL MAUS

SENIOR | ENGLISH

Rachel Maus is a bad granddaughter.

## JIA'SHAWN MCCLENDON

SENIOR | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

My name is Jai McClendon. I am a senior from Dayton, Ohio and I enjoy doing anything where I can capture the essence of the world and create something from it. I love to draw, paint, take photos, dance, sing, and write. My most complicated relationship is with words and I am glad to be able to share them within this publication.

## KATHRYN NIEKAMP

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Kathryn Niekamp is a native to rural northwest Ohio. She is currently a senior graphic design major and photography minor at the University of Dayton where her education drives a passion for incorporating imagery into her designs.

## MEREDITH NORTZ

FIFTH YEAR | MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Fifth year mechanical engineer, still looking for what I want to be when I grow up.

## LUCY RAUKER

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

My name is Lucy Rauker, I am from Buffalo, New York, and I am a Graphic Design major here at UD. I also work as the photographer for the College of Arts and Sciences.

## MATTY SPICER

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Hello, I'm Matty Spicer! I'm a senior graphic design major with photography, art history, and fine art minors. I'm from Cleveland and I love illustrating, being with friends and family, laughing, kayaking, taking photos, gardening, traveling, being sustainable, drinking coffee, baking, helping people, running, working at the Chapel, reading, and more. Also, if you're curious, I can tell you the colors of your name.

## SHANNON STANFORTH

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Shannon Stanforth is a senior graphic design major with minors in sustainability, biology, and fine art. She draws inspiration from the world around her, including her current home away from home in Dayton and her own backyard in Novelty. Nature is where she feels most at peace. She hopes that her images can be that for you, too.

## KELSEY VONDERHAAR

JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Kelsey Vonderhaar is a junior graphic design major with photography and marketing minors. She is from Cincinnati, Ohio and her art often focuses on themes of growth and abandonment.

## JESSICA WILLIAMS

JUNIOR | FINE ARTS

Dayton native rooted in figurative representation. I aim to connect with my community through gestural mark making and a bold color palette, with a focus on the Black and LGBT community.









