

The background of the cover is a vibrant orange, overlaid with a complex pattern of black and white geometric shapes. These shapes include squares, circles, triangles, and larger, more irregular forms that resemble stylized letters or symbols. The pattern is dense and layered, creating a sense of depth and movement. The title 'ORPHEUS' is printed in a large, white, sans-serif font, with the 'O' partially cut off on the left edge. Below it, the subtitle 'ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE' is also in white, sans-serif font, but smaller and more compact.

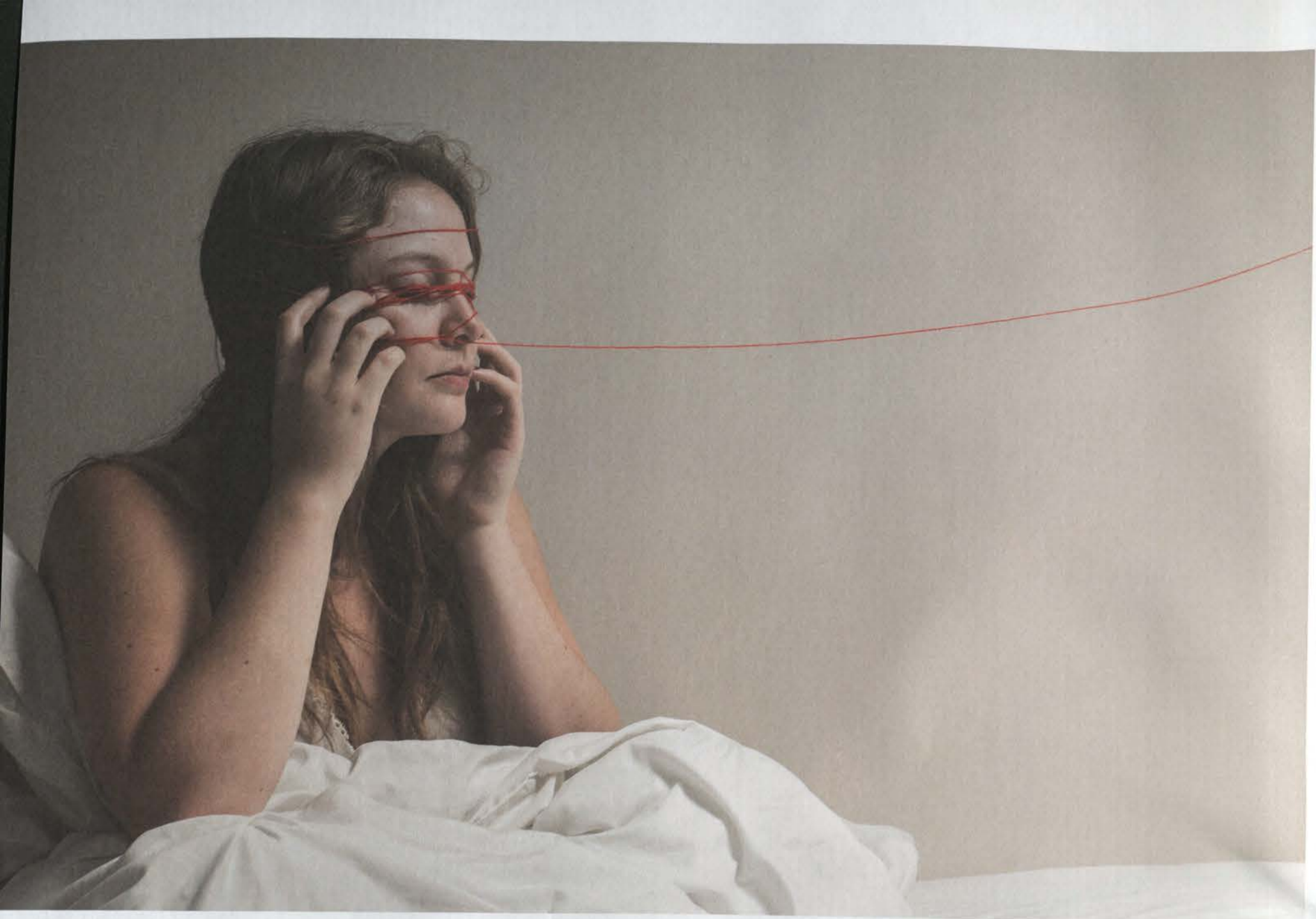
# ORPHEUS

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

ORPHEUS  
14.2

# CONTENTS

02-03	ENTANGLED SYLVIA STAHL BRIDGE CATHERINE HOLT	14-15	LOOK BEYOND KATIE TIMKO MAN GABRIELLE BOLTZ
04-05	HOWL MARA KALINOSKI SEAGULL JESSE CHAPMAN	16-17	UPON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART MARY MCLOUGHLIN UNTITLED TAYLOR ORR
06-07	THROUGH EMMA KAUFMAN GOLD RUSH MADDY WOOD FOCUS KATIE TIMKO	18-19	CREATURE COMFORT MARA KALINOSKI CHRONICLE LEIGH VUKOV TRANSPARENT LEIGH VUKOV
08-09	A FORECAST OF FALLING STEVEN DOUGHERTY EINSTEIN'S DREAMS BELLA VONACHEN	20-21	PEACHY DREAMS ELIA WILSON TRANSCENDANT TAYLOR ORR
10-11	TORSO STUDIO ELIA WILSON LANIE RACHEL POHLMAN	22-23	UNTITLED CARLY DELOIS PIPE DREAM SYNESTHESIA TAYLOR ORR
12-13	UNDERNEATH THE SKIN, THERE IS A HUMAN ALEXANDRA MORRISSETTE VOLATIC ELIA WILSON		



# INTANGLED

PHOTOGRAPHY

# SYLVIA STAHL

THIRD YEAR  
FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY

What is your obsession?  
I am very passionate and  
genuinely obsessed with leading  
a very creative, meaningful, and  
fulfilling life.

# BRIDGE

## CATHERINE HOLT

FICTION

FOURTH YEAR  
MEDIA PRODUCTIONS

Three weeks. Three lifeless weeks. Time dragged its feet as I dragged my spirits through the desolate season. I sat on the window seat in my childhood bedroom and watched the snow cover my sixth birthday present. The lonely swing set trembled in the cold, and I pulled my matted, sapphire blanket tightly around my hunched shoulders. I turned from the window and shut my eyes. Melancholy rippled through my skin. I needed to escape.

As I opened my eyes, I glimpsed a corner of red from beneath my unmade bed. The pale green comforter reached to hide the stark red edge from view, but my observant gaze was not fooled.

I stretched my numb legs in front of me until I stood before the side of the bed. I knelt down. Once upon a time, I feared plunging my hands into the abyss, but, at 22, I steeled myself to conquer my irrationality. I grabbed the red corner, and slid the object across the sandy carpet.

A rush of recognition overwhelmed me. The shoe box. It's altered surface was painted to read "Autumn and Spring: Confidential."

I had forgotten all about it. Time seemed to do that. It allowed me to forget.

I gingerly lifted the lid and caressed the top layer of relics. The icy glaze over my eyes melted and dripped over my face.

Notes. Pictures. Ticket stubs. Theater programs. Knick-knacks. Drawings. Warm waves of moments crashed over me. I picked up a sketch.

Mr. Lipke turns his back to write on the chalkboard. A girl leans over and drops a crumpled piece of notebook paper on my desk.

"I see those doodles in your notebook. I have some, too. Wanna share? I'm Autumn, btw."

Under the note, I see a caricature of Mr. Lipke. Droopy ears, pointed nose, buck teeth. I laugh uncontrollably, and Autumn

bursts out with snickering. Suddenly, the picture disappears. I look up. Mr. Lipke stands over me and peers at the paper.

He shouts, "April, Autumn, see you in Saturday school."

A visitor at the door distracts Mr. Lipke and he leaves the room. I dart forward and take the masterpiece from his desk. I exchange smirks with Autumn, my friend.

Autumn's laugh burned itself into my mind seven years ago. That sound. That face. I wiped my cheeks with my sleeve, before rummaging through the memories again. I felt a frayed edge, and pulled.

Autumn traces my fingertips with the edge of the gift.

"Can you guess what it is?"

I can't. I snatch at the softness on my skin and open my eyes. Green and Brown knots. Our colors. Our friendship.

"Happy birthday, April. I made you a bracelet," she says as she ties it to my wrist.

I hug her, and lean over to switch out the lights. We lay down in my oversized bed. I reach over for her hand and squeeze. She squeezes back.

"Goodnight, Autumn."

I observed the tattered object in my hand. It's once vibrant colors had whitened with age. Seafoam and Sand strings. I let it fall through my fingers and I continued exploring.

I knew what I was looking for now. The last of us.

The final piece. A sharpness aggravated the back of my hand and raised my skin. I grasped at it.

I tearfully carve aggressive lines into the wooden bridge with the pointed edge of a rock. Autumn sits beside me.

"You cry all the time," Autumn jokes. I try to laugh with her. A pathetic attempt.

"It won't be that bad. We can visit each other...and we still have summers together." Even her enthusiasm fades. She knows it won't be easy.

"I wonder what it would be like if we went to college together..." Saying it just feels painful.

I stop maiming the bridge. Still clutching the rock, I look up at the umbrella of trees overhead. A leaf drifts down from the oak and falls on my lap. I brush it off and gaze at Autumn. She notices the object clasped in my fist. Autumn offers her hand and I pass her the rock.

She rolls over and scratches: Autumn and Spring.

I clutched the rock until my knuckles were snow white. Suddenly, I dropped it and my blood flowed, again. With clammy hands I picked up my phone and I called her.

What is your obsession?  
Peanut buttery cream filled  
doughnuts with chocolate icing.

# HOWL

FICTION

# MARA KALINOSKI

FOURTH YEAR  
ENGLISH AND PSYCHOLOGY

I can sense him returning from the darkness; the vibrational pull, the sensation of disintegration, forced back by a phosphorescent burst into the tenebrous corner where I reside most days. Desperately seeking egress, a relocation of my perpetual conscious to a body that lets me inhabit it for the time I need, not this temporary shared asylum. His disoriented face swims up in front of our mirror, looking disconcerted, rattled, hands bleeding from the knuckles. I can read his thoughts: what deviation from my path have I been taking, how did these lacerations appear upon my skin, what squalid journey has my body taken me on in what seems to be unconsciousness?

I chuckle at his unawareness, but still I find myself shoved mad-deningly to the claustrophobic background, my private cove from which I watch through the oriel windows of his eyes. His fraudulent imprisonment of my psyche makes me writhe; our mutuality is abhorrent, and he usurps my autonomy by shoving my needs away.

He is so soft and deplorable, unable to break free from the comfortable societal milieu, relying on his pedagogy to wield power; I prefer to take it with my hands. His epicurean sensibilities cause me intolerable discomfort, while I suffer in vain, wishing to be visceral, corporeal, martial. But I am trapped while he capers along with his insipid friends, spouting nonsensical platitudes and indulging in spineless forms of immoderation. Speaking inanely, imbibing bourbon at a rate befitting a drunkard, incentivizing further my need for freedom.

But sometimes, sometimes, I worm out of the recess in which he imprisons me and I flood out, percolating, expanding nearly infinitely to blanket his consciousness with my, if I can be candid, superiority. When my hands are at the reins, blood courses not only through my veins but through the dark gutters of the streets.

Interestingly, he never interrogates me about the source of his hand's bruises or the anonymous blood congealing in the sink; it's as if he's intimidated by my power, or else he doesn't know its reach.

His ineptitude in the face of my recreation makes me feel unstoppable, scintillating like there are electromagnetic sparks coursing my veins. For if I can hide my degeneration from even this closest of my friends, how would any other fool follow the trajectory of my deceit? The intensity of my hatred for my unwitting host is mollified slightly by the ingenuity of my malignancy.

I look in our mirror and see his terror-stricken shadow move behind my eyes; I observe him dispassionately as he beats against the gate to his penitentiary in a helpless affray. Remembering the suffocation of that space, I feel vindicated watching him voiceless, motionless, in the place I have escaped.

I can sense him returning from the darkness and internally I howl; I struggle against my excruciating withdrawal from freedom, waiting for the next snap of his mind that sets me free; I long for the day when I am he, and he is no one anymore.

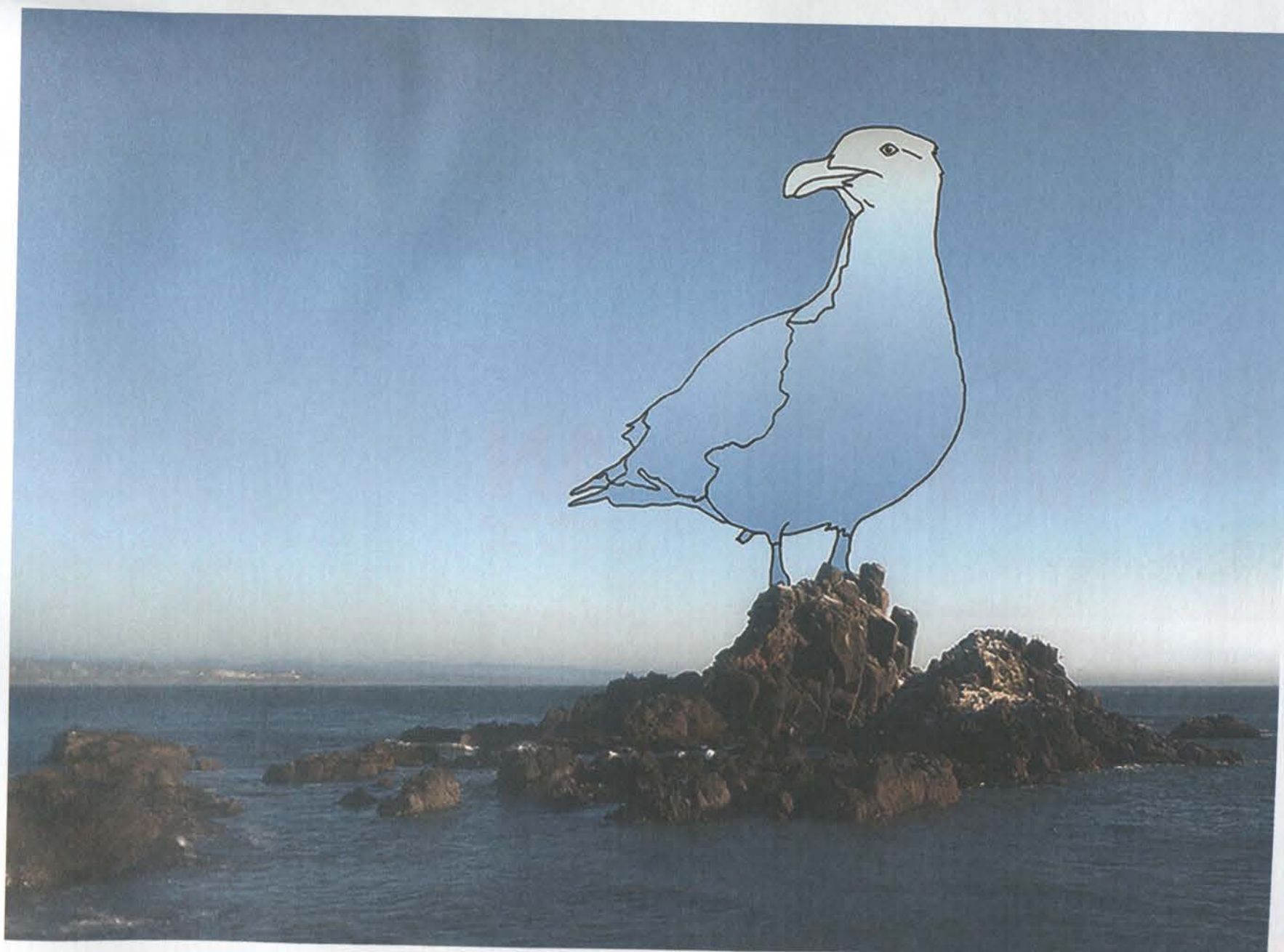
What is your obsession?  
Day to day life gets boring without  
a little change in your rhythm.  
Seeing things differently is the key  
to the creative process.

# SEAGULL

## JESSE CHAPMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY  
AND MIXED EDITING

SECOND YEAR  
GRAPHIC DESIGN





# THROUGH EMMA KAUFMAN

FILM

SECOND YEAR  
GRAPHIC DESIGN

What is your obsession?  
I'm obsessed with photography and  
mac n' cheese!

What is your obsession?  
Books, books, reading, writing,  
musical theatre, and books

# GOLD RUSH MADDY WOOD

POETRY

FOURTH YEAR  
COMMUNICATION – PR

My skin is gold but my scars are silver

Put there on accident

Put there on purpose

Precious and tragic.

With the blooming of rubies on my flesh

and the sapphire of tears,

I have carved

and I have poked

and I have scraped

and I have begged.

I have mined for all that I am,

and paid with the only currency I have.

The black at my ribs

and the white at my knee.

The shape on my wrist

and the number at my elbow.

The lines on my forearm

and the lacerations on my memory.

Crown jewels —

glittering and invaluable.

Innumerable.

Ornaments,

tarnished,

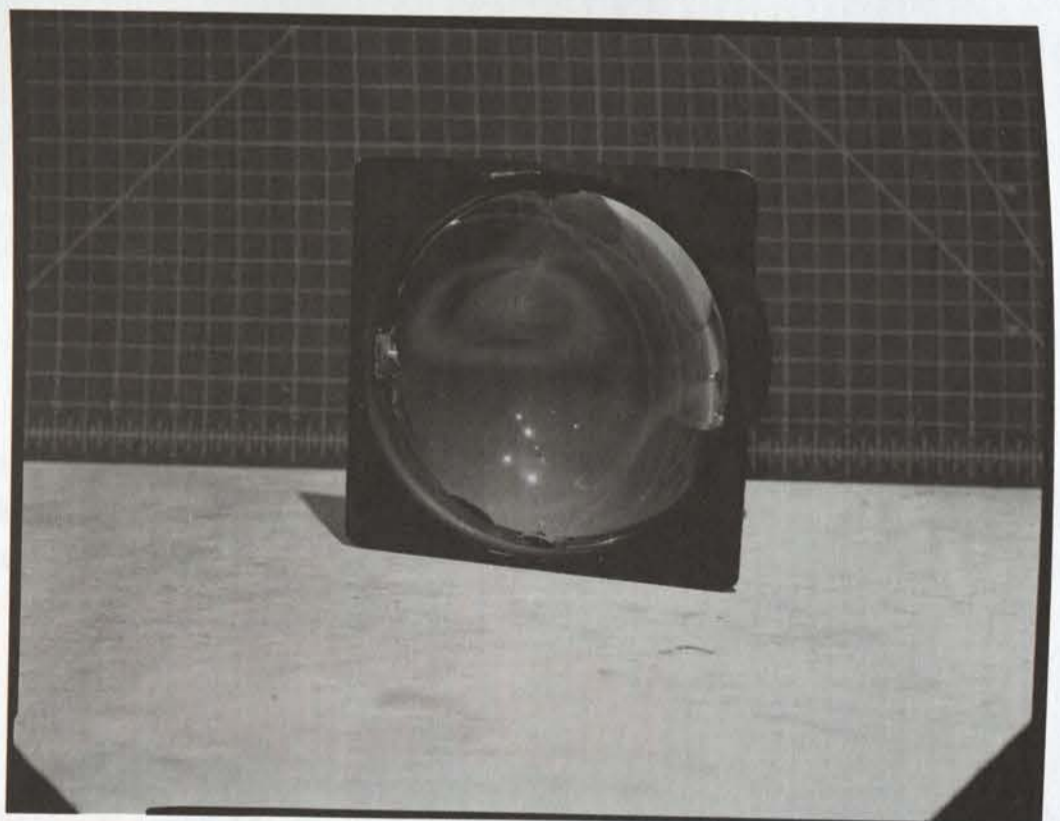
discolored,

and ruddy.

I bought them with my tragedies.

A cave of unceasing riches.

But I am not a gold rush and my jewels are not for sale.



# FOCU. KATIE TIMKO

PHOTOGRAPHY,  
4X5MM FILM CAMERA

FOURTH YEAR  
PHOTOGRAPHY

What is your obsession?  
I am obsessed with analog  
methods that capture the inter-  
action between light, chemistry  
and photographic media.

# A FORECAST OF FALLING

POETRY  
STEVEN  
DOUGHERTY

THIRD YEAR  
ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY

*"What are you going to do about it?"*

Dark clouds roll in  
And like pizza dough under a rolling pin  
Soul's spread thin,

*Smack*

Thunder begins

A burning flash of white light  
This is what a lightning strike is like  
Impact  
No life  
Control goes from between the eyes  
To somewhere outside  
Everything gets pulled tight

*Smack*

Strike two  
Mouth tastes like blood, metal, bile  
Stainless steal souls from broken bodies; beguiled  
Heat spreads like a fire; wild

*Smack*

Strike three  
But this isn't a metaphor anymore it's a fight  
And by the third strike  
You're out—  
Out of your fried mind and into the fire  
What comes after the hit only feels higher  
For a second suspended

# He experiences his thoughts himself,

A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space.

and feeling as something separated from the rest,  
a kind of optical delusion of his con-  
sciousness. This delusion is a kind of  
prison for us, restricting us to our person-  
al desires and to affection for a few per-  
sons nearest to us. Our task must be to  
free ourselves from this prison by  
widening our circle of compassion to em-  
brace all living creatures and the whole  
of nature in its beauty.

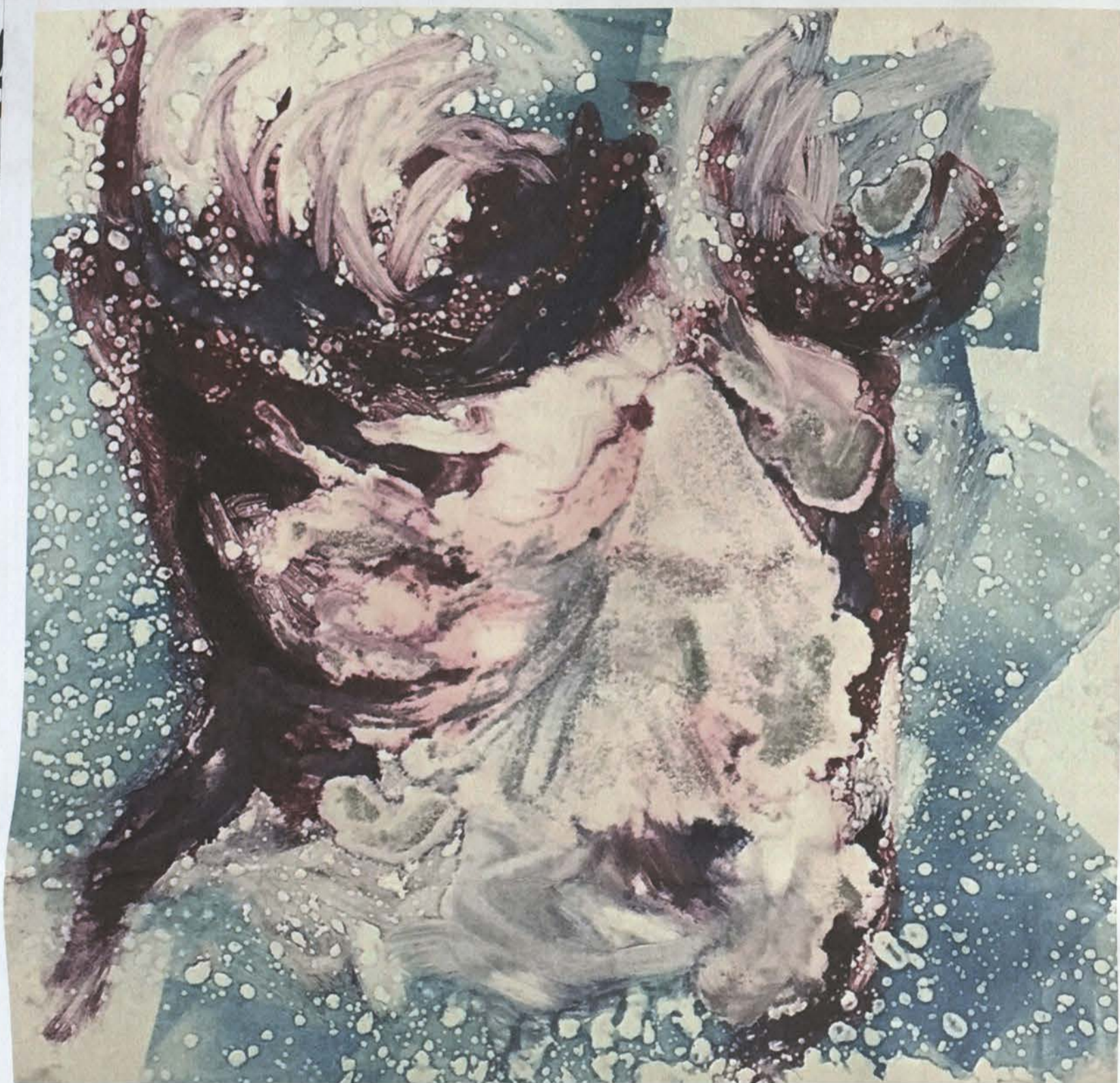
In some distant arcade, a clock tower calls out six  
times and then stops. The young man slumps at  
his desk. He has come to the office at dawn, after  
another upheaval. His hair is uncombed and his  
trousers are too big. In his hand he holds twenty  
crumpled pages, his new theory of time, which he  
will mail today to the German journal of physics.  
Time sounds from the city drift through the  
room. A milk bottle clinks on a stone. An awning is  
cranked in a shop on Marktgasse. A vegetable cart  
moves slowly through a street. A man and woman  
in talk in rushed tones in an apartment nearby.  
In the dim light that seeps through the room,  
the books appear shadowy and soft like large sleeping  
animals. Except for the young man's desk, which is  
cluttered with half-opened books, the twelve oak  
desks are all neatly covered with documents, left from  
the previous day. Upon arriving in two hours, each  
man will know precisely where to begin. But at this  
moment, in this dim light, the documents on the  
desks are no more visible than the clock in the cor-  
ner or the secretary's stool near the door. All that can  
be seen at this moment are the shadowy shapes of  
the desks and the hunched form of the young man.  
Ten minutes past six, by the invisible clock on  
the wall. Minute by minute, new objects gain form.  
Here, a brass wastebasket appears. There, a calendar  
on a wall. Here, a family photograph, a box of paper-  
clips, an inkwell, a pen. There, a typewriter, a jack-  
et folded over a chair. In time, the ubiquitous book-  
shelves emerge from the night mist that hangs  
over the room. The bookshelves hold notebooks of patents.  
One patent concerns a new drilling gear with teeth  
curved in a pattern to minimize friction. Another  
proposes an electrical transformer that holds constant  
voltage when the power supply varies. Another de-  
scribes a typewriter with a low-velocity typewriter that  
eliminates noise. It is a room full of practical ideas.  
Outside, the tops of the Alps start to glow from  
the sun. It is late June. A boatman on the Aare turn-  
ties his small skiff and pushes off, letting the current  
take him along Aartrasse to Gerberingasse, where he  
will deliver his summer apples and berries. The baker  
arrives at his store on Marktgasse. Fires his coal  
oven, begins mixing flour and yeast. Two lovers em-  
brace in a dark arcade, their bodies pressed tightly into the  
warmth of the brick wall. A woman who cannot  
sleep walks slowly down Krautgasse, peering into  
each dark arcade, reading the posters in half-light.  
In the long, narrow office on Speichergasse, the room  
full of practical ideas, the young patent clerk still sprawls  
in his chair, head down on his desk. For the past sev-  
eral months, since the middle of April, he has dreamed  
many dreams about time. His dreams have taken hold  
of his research. His dreams have worn him out, ex-  
hausted him so that he sometimes cannot tell whether  
he is awake or asleep. But the dreaming is finished. Out  
of many possible natures of time, imagined in as many  
nights, one seems compelling. Not that the others are  
impossible. The others might exist in other worlds.  
The young man shifts in his chair, waiting for the typist to  
come, and softly hums from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

# EINSTEIN'S DREAM.

TYPOGRAPHY

# SABELLA VONACHEN

THIRD YEAR  
GRAPHIC DESIGN



TORSO STUDIO

ELIA WILSON

MONOPRINT ON  
STONEHENG

FOURTH YEAR  
FINE ARTS

What is your obsession?  
Fil-A Sauce.

# LANIE RACHEL POHLMAN

FICTION

FOURTH YEAR  
PSYCHOLOGY AND ENGLISH

Jess woke up before her alarm with her mind pushing back the onslaught of memories as minds do on days like this. Streams of hazy light shone through the slits in the blinds, disrupting the darkness of her small bedroom, and highlighting the turned down picture frame on her dresser next to the modest dress she'd selected the night before. With the sun's urgings and her alarm clock flashing 8:30, Jess sat up, hugging her knees and blankly surveying the room. She would have to face it eventually, and she knew that. Face the quiet upstairs, the tears hiding in the corners of her eyes, the sounds of pacing at night coming from the kitchen, but not yet, not this morning. Gathering strength, Jess placed her feet firmly on the carpet and set about getting ready for the morning, welcoming routine. On her way to the bathroom she glanced down the hall at the only other door, almost wishing, but it was closed.

Back in her room, Jess changed into her predetermined dress, black like her mood. The sound of hangars clanging resonated behind her, and Jess turned to see a familiar child with dark cascading curls riffling through her closet, throwing garish outfits together unto Jess's bed, and pulling at the ends of other brightly colored pieces she couldn't quite reach. Lanie, an outspoken 8 year old just starting to outgrow her baby face, directed her thoughts at Jess without pausing her endeavor to match highlighter pink pants with an all sequin shirt, "Jess, why are you wearing that dress? It's so...blah."

Jess resisted the urge to smile, "Because, it's *customary*. Why are you tearing apart my closet?"

"Because it's customary." Ignoring Lanie's sass, Jess looked back at the mirror above her dresser to apply her make-up. Lanie gave up her searching, obviously not finding a suitable alternative outfit, and approached Jess, settling next to her in front of the mirror. "When do you think mom will let you do my make-up? I want long eyelashes too."

"I had to wait til high school."

"I don't want to wait that long. Do you think mom would let me at least wear lipstick today?"

"I highly doubt it."

"Jess, when you graduate high school, do I get your room? Your room has a bigger window."

"I don't know. Can we stop talking about the future? I need to focus on getting ready for today."

Disappointed, Lanie started fiddling with objects on the dresser, flipping over loose change and running the beads of a sparkly homemade necklace through her fingers, until she noticed the picture frame. With both hands she reached out slowly, picked it up, and placed it so the two smiling girls with dark curls were facing Jess. "Looks like you accidentally knocked us over."

"Oh yeah. I must have hit it with my elbow or something."

"Today won't be that bad, Jess. At least we will be there together."

Both girls jumped as the voice of their Aunt boomed up the stairs, "Jessica! Please come down. We are waiting on you."

"I have to go, Lanie." Jess said slowly, clicking the clasp of her necklace.

"I'm going to miss you, Jess."

"I miss you too." Jess whispered as she passed Lanie and walked towards the steps. With one last look at Lanie, standing frozen in the doorway to Jess's bedroom, Jess swiftly made her way down the stairs to find the kitchen empty except for her Aunt Sharon.

"Where is everyone?"

"Your parents are already on their way there," replied Sharon. "Your mom cries when she thinks of her laying there in that place all by herself."

"Yeah. I could hear mom pacing last night. She must be exhausted." Jess holds back the tears attempting to siege the fortress she'd built around herself the past few days. "Well, I guess we better get going."

"You're all ready, then? Why are you wearing that necklace?"

"Lanie made it." Jess glanced down at the ring of sparkly craft store beads dangling around her, clashing with the somber mood of her high neck black dress. "She would've wanted me to wear it today. She hated black."



# UNDERNEATH THE SKIN, THERE A HUMAN

ALEXANDRA  
MORRISSETTE

OIL ON PLYWOOD WITH  
TRACING PAPER AND  
PAINTING GLOVES

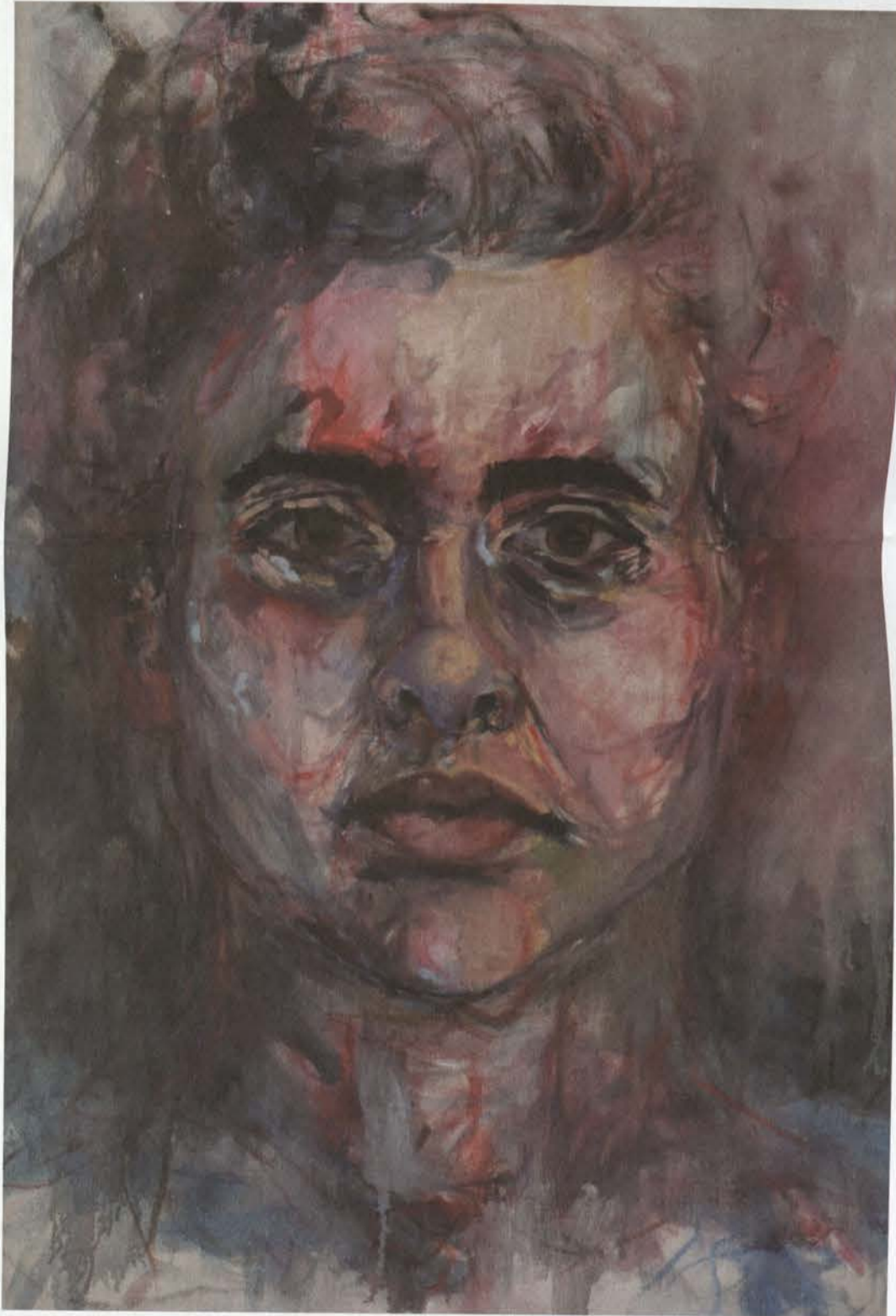
FOURTH YEAR  
FINE ARTS

# VOLATIO

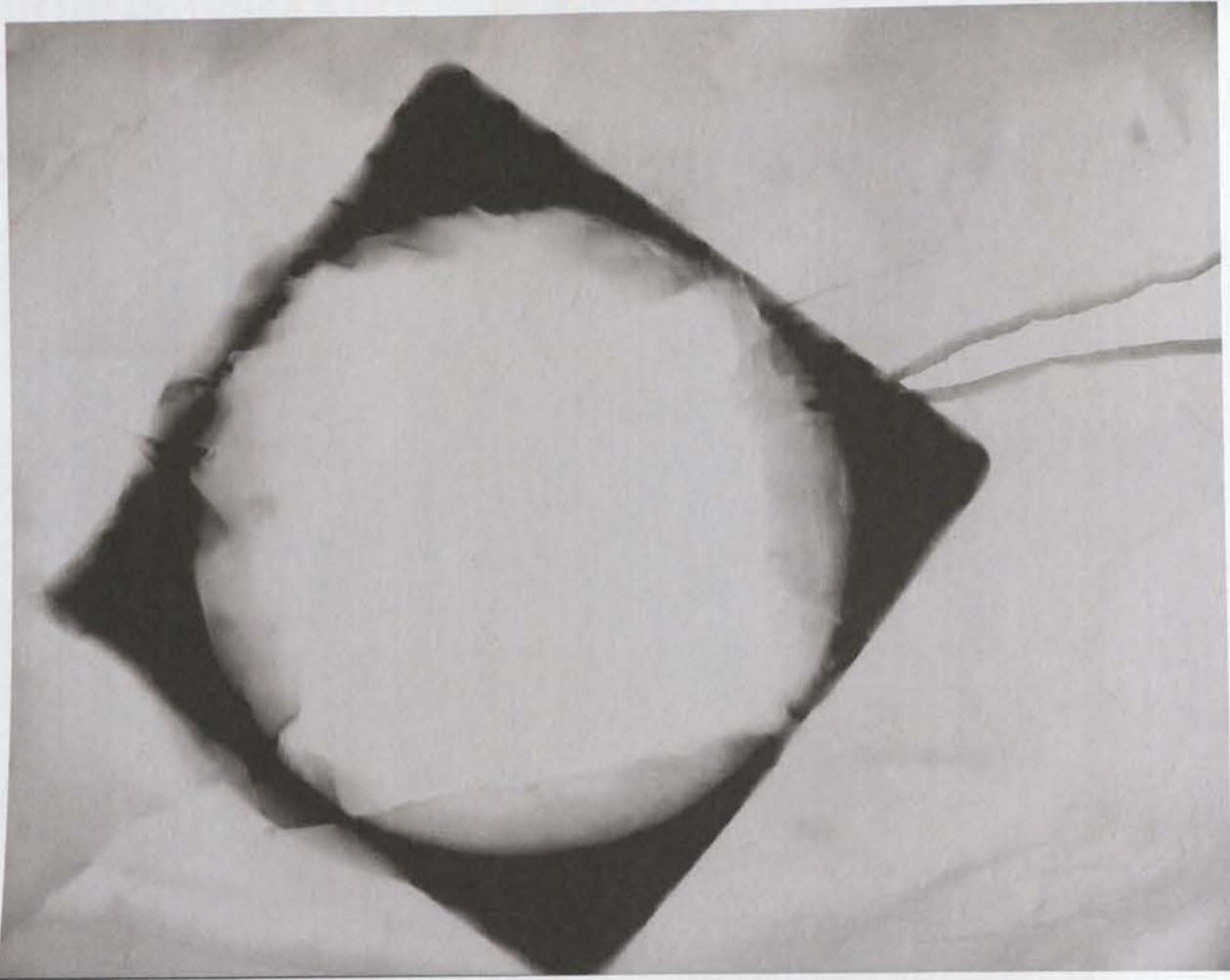
## ELIA WILSON

OIL PASTEL AND CHALK  
PASTEL ON CANVAS

FOURTH YEAR  
FINE ARTS



What is something you  
cannot live without?  
My family.

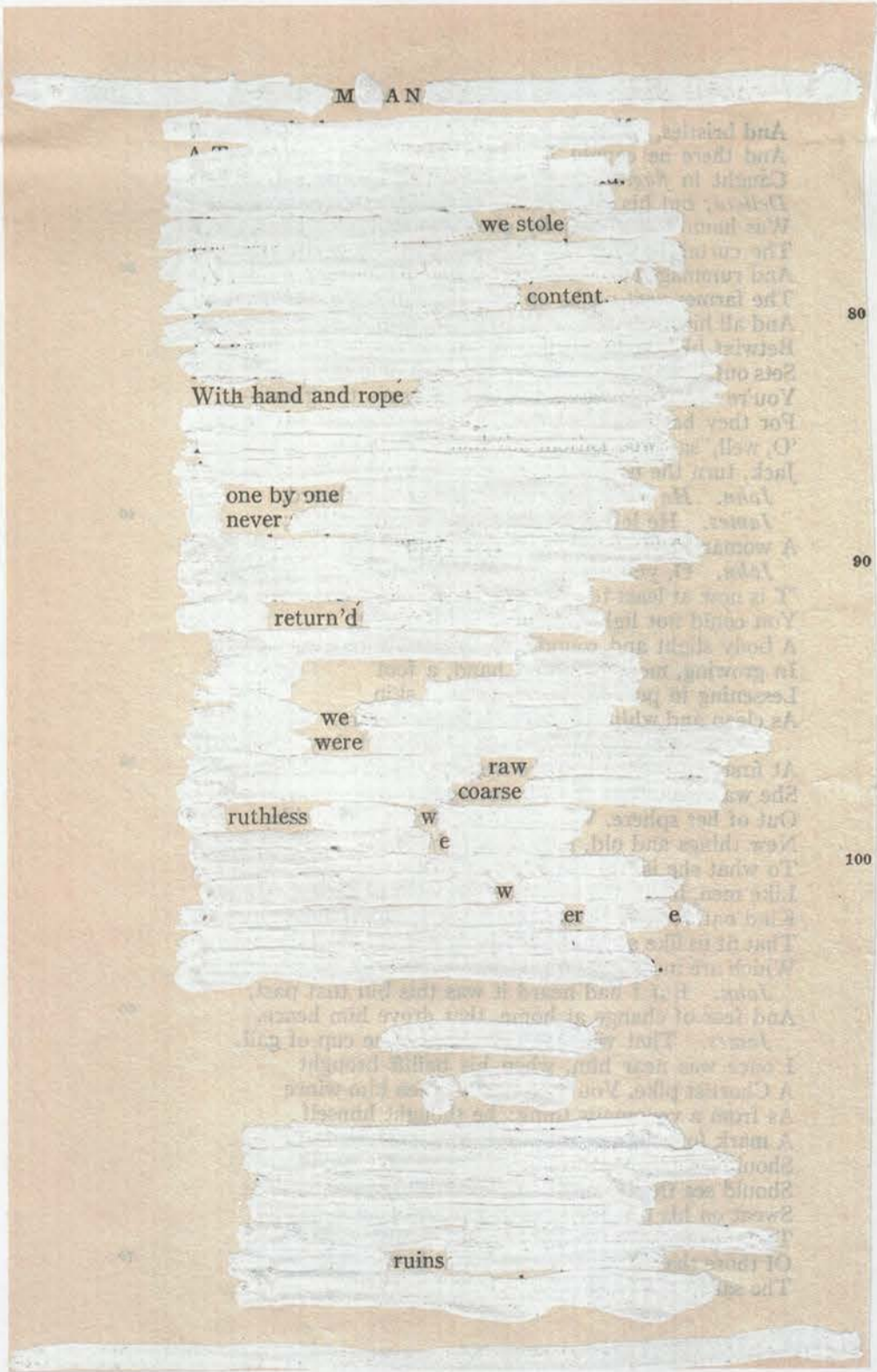


**OK BEYOND**  
**KATIE TIMKO** FILM  
FOURTH YEAR  
PHOTOGRAPHY

ALEXANDRA  
MORRISSETTE

MAN  
REFLECTION  
GABRIELLE BOLTZ

FOURTH YEAR  
SOCIOLOGY, ENGLISH,  
WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES



What is your obsession?  
Details. All of the details.

# UPON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART

MARY  
MCLOUGHLIN

POETRY

FIRST YEAR  
ENGLISH

Loss is not  
depraved emptiness,

but the widow learning  
her own arms  
aren't long enough  
for the itch that  
haunts her back, and the resulting

drive to the drugstore to  
buy a  
gnarly plastic  
backscratcher  
whose touch knows none of the  
Tenderness  
of 61 years of marriage

and whose withdrawn alien  
fingernails  
rake and  
tear  
not knowing  
these

were  
Hallowed Grounds

Loneliness is not a pervading  
Silence,  
but a groggily whispered  
Good Morning  
that escapes on a  
straying yawn  
before she catches herself,  
erases decades of habit

to make  
Aloneness

TAYLOR **UNTITLED**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
THIRD YEAR  
FINE ART



What is your obsession?  
Currently Benjamin Lee  
Sperry's work.

# CREATURE COMFORT

POETRY

## MARA KALINOSKI

FOURTH YEAR  
ENGLISH AND PSYCHOLOGY

entropy: your hands.  
fevered dreams of running, holding,  
arpeggios in ivory.  
catastrophe to reach your eyes.  
they are not hazel  
like you say, they are  
grass  
and deer  
and times I've seen you cry.

erosion: dancing with you.  
arms like downpours, my body a rock.  
I could be sinking but you are shaping me instead.  
getting worn from talking of you  
thinking of you  
listening to recordings of your voice.

your voice is a cricket  
I am a silence to fill.

disintegration: my resolve.  
on the porch the couch is clouds  
I am composing letters in my head.  
but I can't move to realize them.  
I am sinking in instead.

trespass: memorized paths with stranger feet  
waking up in your sheets but without you.  
crossing the room to kiss your eyes  
green  
and dear  
and not crying now.

What is your obsession  
Documenting/watching/be  
inspired and awe-struck  
human emotion



# TRANSPARENT

PHOTOGRAPHY

# LEIGH VUKOV

FOURTH YEAR  
FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY

# CHRONICLE

PHOTOGRAPHY



What is something you  
cannot live without?  
The people I surround myself  
with, my ultimate inspiration.



# PEACHY DREAMS

**ELIA WILSON**

MONOPRINT ON  
STONEHENG

FOURTH YEAR  
FINE ARTS

If you can invite anyone to dinner,  
who would it be?  
Myself in 30 years or Jesus...its a  
tough call really.

# TRANSCENDANT

PHOTOGRAPHY

TAYLOR ORR

THIRD YEAR  
FINE ARTS



What is something you  
cannot live without?  
Fresh air.



If you can invite anyone to a party  
who would you invite?  
My grandparents pa

# PIPE DREAM SYNESTHESIA TAYLOR ORR

POETRY

THIRD YEAR  
FINE ARTS



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114.2