









**orpheus**





# orpheus

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**About Orpheus Magazine**

*Orpheus* and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 116 years. Each term, a call for submissions is generated 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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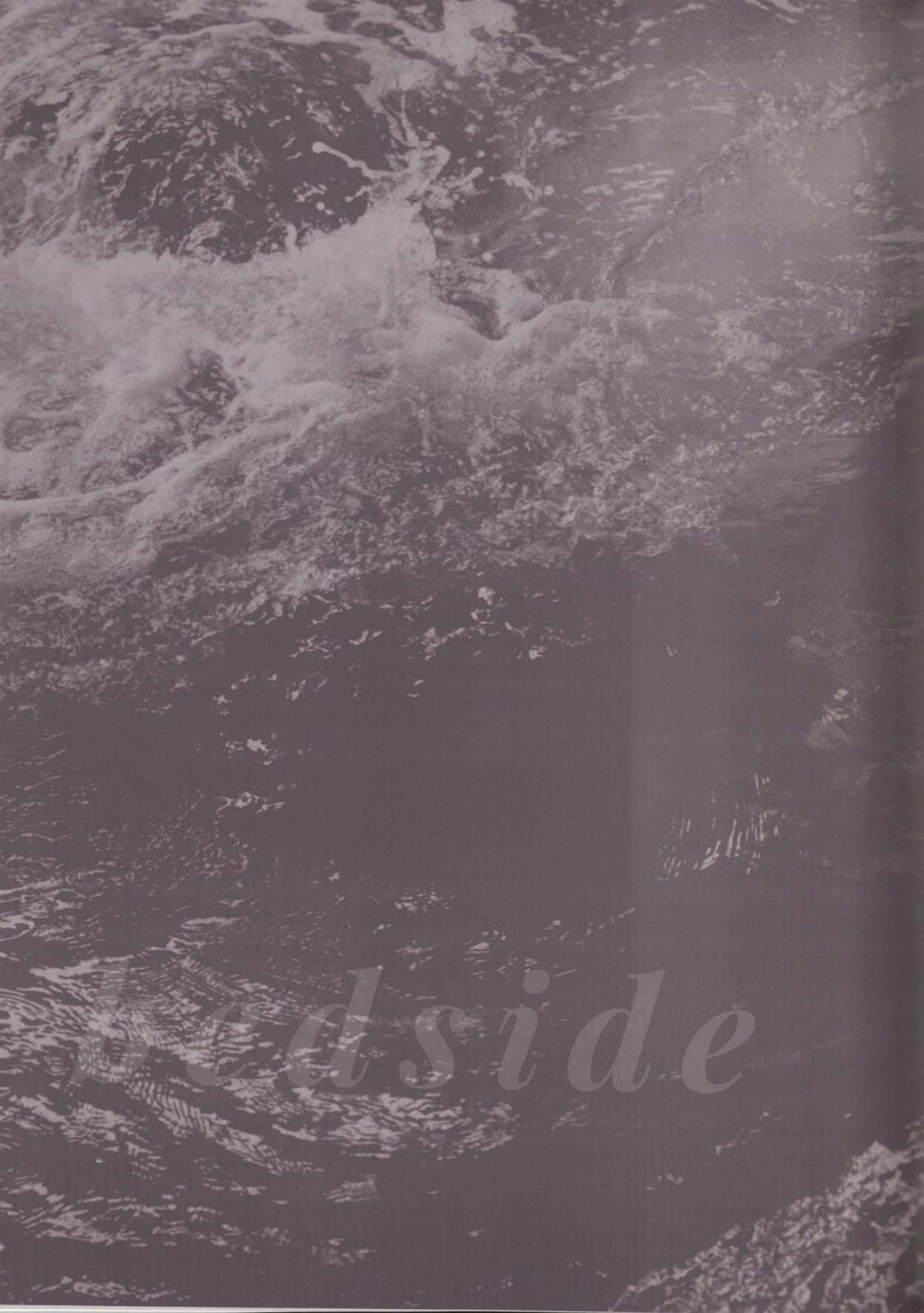
Senior | Graphic Design

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**Untitled No. 5**

Emily Bartolone

Senior | Fine Arts, Minors:  
Graphic Design and Art History



*Redside*

## *bedside*

When your **soul** is very **quiet**, and it's the end of the day/night/morning, and you listen as the sound of a lamp **switch** fills the room. Bedside is **lullaby** and **rain on the roof** and the **sun as it sets**. It's about wonder and quiet and questions.

Bedside is about the things you see and the **truths you know** the moment your eyelids *close*.



# letters from the editors

Dear Reader,

How do you hold a prayer? In your hands. You hold pages filled with the worries, wonders, and questions we take bedside. This is our offering, full of stories told in words and images.

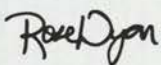
Because stories, dear reader, keep us alive. They haunt us. They hold us. They heal us. Sometimes, they are whispered in the small, still, heavy-eyed moments before we drift to sleep. Other times, they keep us awake and demand to be heard, to be listened to before we are allowed to rest at all. The bedside is where we go to make sense of the worlds around us and the worlds inside of us.

It is with great sensitivity that I recognize the privilege of taking comfort in a bedside, of having a bedside to rest in and return to, of possessing the luxury of time to tend to these bedside stories. That is why I ask you to keep open your ears, dear reader, to the stories told outside of these pages.

It is to the tellers of stories and builders of worlds that this magazine is dedicated to. Thank you for the love and rage it takes to make them real.

I hope you will find rest, dear reader, in the bedside we have laid before you.

Till sunbeams find you,



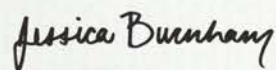
Rose Dyar  
Editor

Dear Viewers,

Throughout the process of creating this magazine, I found connections between each piece that culminated in a magazine layout which lends itself to a personal, intimate exploration. The theme *Bedside* speaks to these quiet moments in our human experience. Every time you flip through this magazine, I hope you find yourself immersed in these moments.

Thank you to the patrons for supporting this expression of creativity. Thank you to the writers and creators who continue to make this magazine all that it is.

Enjoy,



Jessica Burnham  
Lead Designer & Design Editor







## where we are

Anna Edwards

Senior | English, Minors: Human  
Rights Studies and Philosophy

(it had always meant)  
skin seeping humidity  
a wetness on your body  
slowly becoming a tolerable  
blanket of heat and mosquitos  
an acknowledgement  
that an open window at camp  
welcomes only a still breeze  
and the tune of evening crickets.

bedside, small bodies appeared  
with tears of home  
and sick stomachs  
unused to bone thin mattresses  
backs turned from damp walls  
silently praying the scratch on their foot  
wasn't the tickle of a daddy long legs  
*don't worry we swept them all out*  
I whisper  
*I miss my mom too.*

(this time around)  
there is no Wisconsin heat.  
only a sweat of unease from  
unfamiliar landscapes,  
running towards trains,  
impatient to leave,  
and from the energy it takes  
to open the window on my ceiling,  
a heavy blanket, weighted.

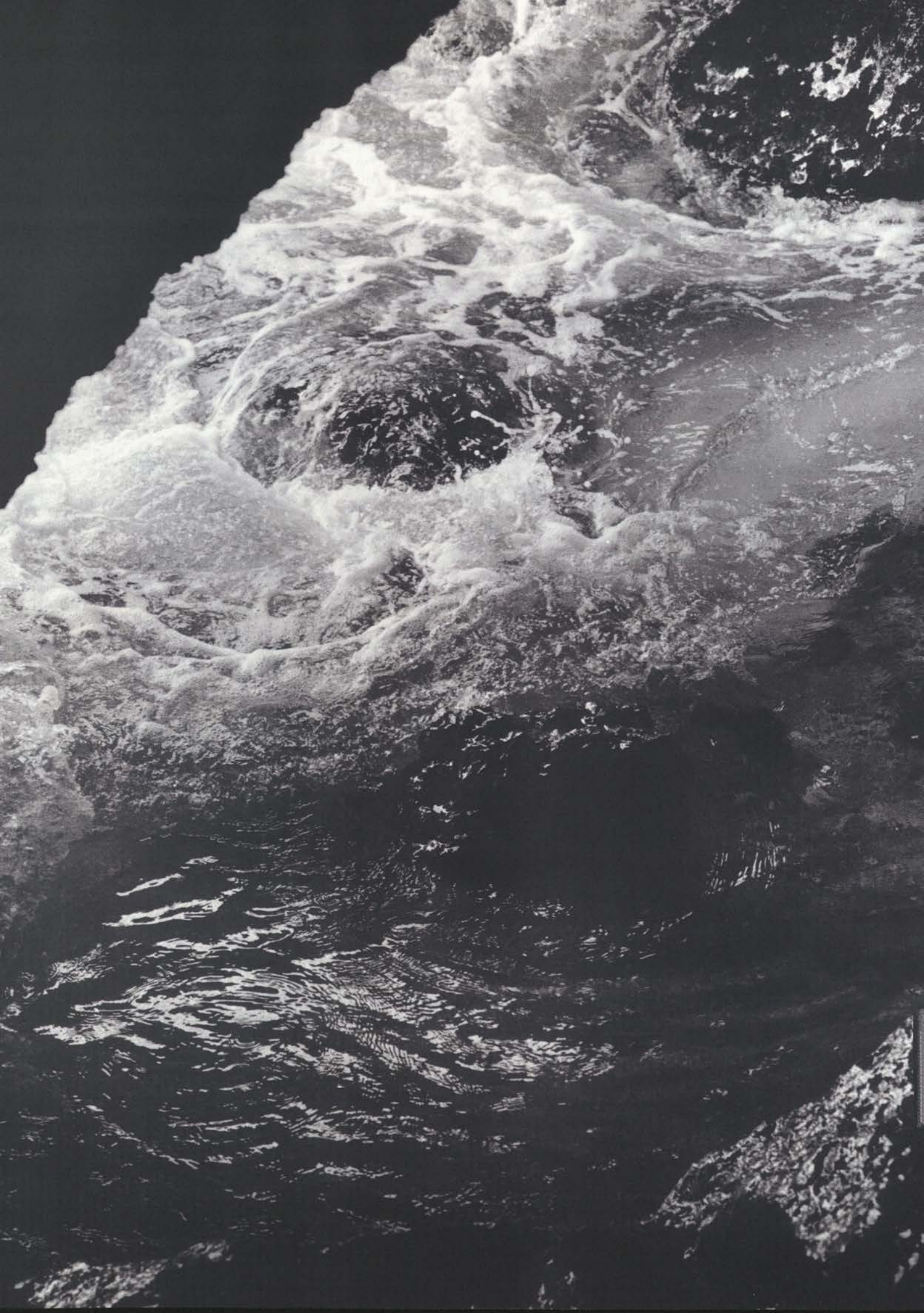
my body isn't small anymore,  
but in the dark calls home  
bring the sound of her voice  
casting a web that dusts my bed  
of quiet self-doubting spiders.  
soon my pillow feels just like her hands,  
the scratching replaced by her touch.  
*you are where you need to be*  
she whispers  
*don't worry, I love you.*

# Untitled

Brandon Poa

Junior | Mechanical Engineering





# Relinquish

Carter Spires

Junior | Mechanical Engineering

Fluorescent invasion seeps through the window illuminating  
illuminating me  
my thoughts  
DON'T

think

like

that

Remember  
remember how they say  
they say DON'T let the bed buggies bite ya  
but

these covers only keep the outside out  
bugs are inside too.

Distractions

where can

I find

them

need them Now  
surrender is near  
the chamber is empty  
and the echoes are eternal.





**Self-Portrait**

Annie Denten

Senior | Photography,  
Minor: Art History





**Finding Space (Variation 6)**

Claire Bowman  
Senior | Fine Arts,  
Minor: Art History

# Humdinger

Nathan Mansour

Senior | Electrical Engineering

Perhaps it is a homerun?  
The one that leaves you trotting to first.  
The kind you know immediately  
from the crack of the bat  
a refreshing crack of the back.  
Where your soufflé soul leavens  
alongside summer's sandlot comets.

Maybe it is a song?  
A bouncy jingle, filled with flourish.  
The one with the saloon piano  
kindly asking you to dance,  
flooding you with fluffy flashbacks  
of all the sepia high school sock hops  
you were generations too late for.

Could it be a bird?  
One that flies backwards.  
That jerks, zips, snaps, and stutters  
like the jabs of a telegraph message.  
Whose sugar saturated  
belly buzzes & bumbles to and  
fro from flower to feeder.

Or is it an ice cream stand?  
Pastel pinks and periwinkles perfumed  
electrically of molasses memories.  
Wrapped in warm waffle cones.  
Where today's late summer soft serve  
tastes like a twist of frolicsome yesterdays  
and pensive expectations of tomorrows.

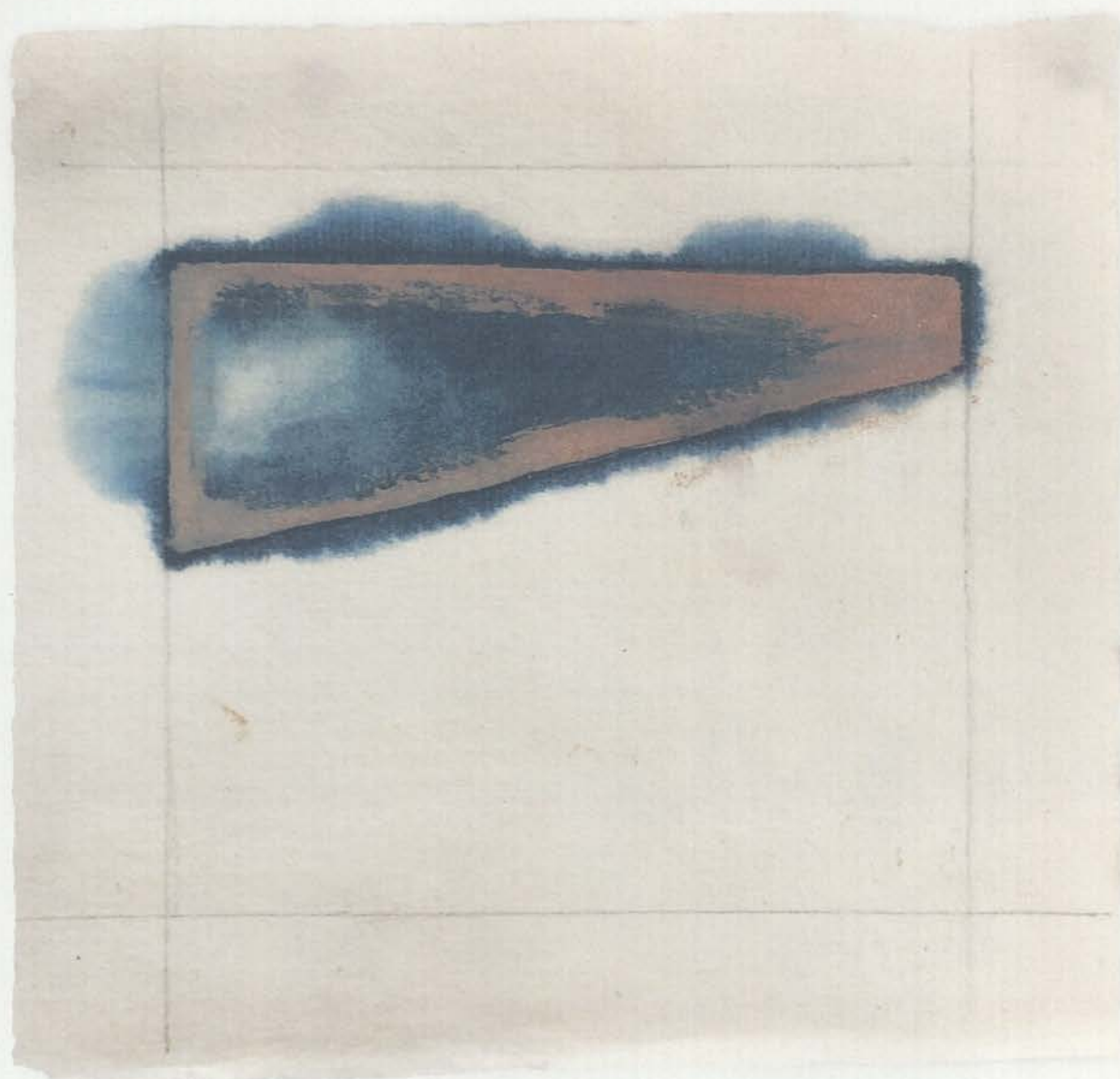
Yes, Friend. That is a Humdinger.











# Study No. 1

Emily Bartolone

Senior | Fine Arts, Minors:

Graphic Design and Art History

## Devotional/Devotion♀all

Rose Dyar

Senior | English, Human Rights Studies

Mother Mary burns pink-pure on my windowsill  
Makes her home among the Milky Way  
Appears in mirrors of Michigan's mansions  
Wax frozen there for someone else's God.  
Mother Mamaw burns black on left over coal  
Like Joan Jett of Arc, she smokes a cigarette  
Sweetly over the state of Kentucky.

What have we done to you, oh ladies  
Our ladies, of sorrow, our ladies of grace?  
Shaken, but like the dust, even you shall return  
From manna and cornbread and home, to yourselves.

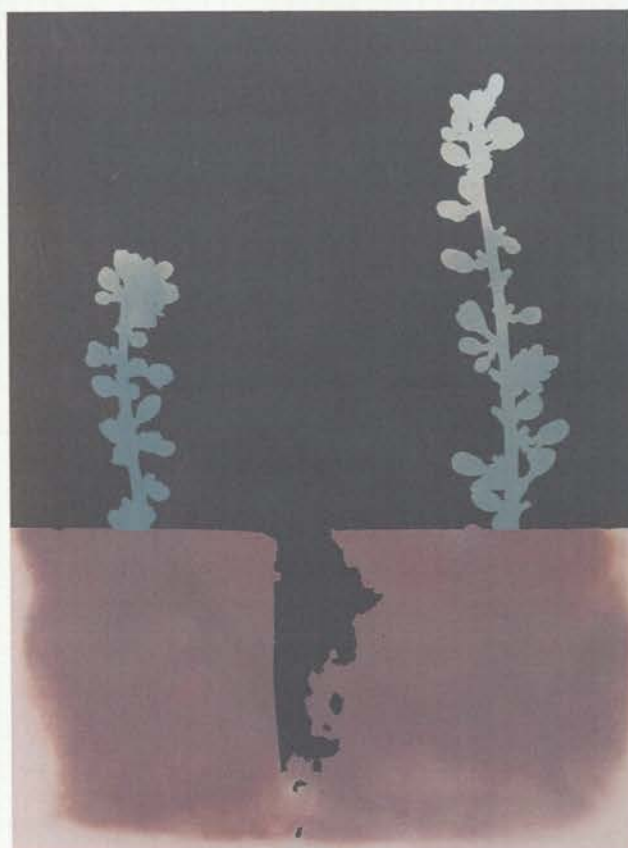




Build Me Up No. 6  
Shirley Denton  
Senior | Photography  
Minor: Art History







## Lumen Landscapes

Meg Gramza  
Senior | Graphic Design,  
Minor: Photography

She sits and listens and thinks

## She Sits and Listens and Hums

Jeremy Rosen

Fifth Year | Graphic Design and English

During the meditative evenings  
reclining in blue cotton trousers  
not necessarily poised to leave anytime soon  
feet propped, wearing his slippers  
a burning cigarette in her free hand  
her own head, burning, balancing on the other  
Around the pane unhidden lights snicker  
cavorting through the diaphanous shade  
one floor up and not far enough  
she thinks she hears them outside, laughing  
like the two of them would be  
but Billie's "Moonglow" plays, torch-like from the hi-fi  
so she sits, and listens, and hums.



# Grocery Shopping

Mary McLoughlin

Junior | English, Human Rights Studies

*That's so fucking gay.*

You tell me,

after I whisper a pick-up line  
that sounds straight  
out of the kind of teen romcom I never  
saw myself in

before I lean in to kiss you.

I'm still getting used to the way joy

rests between blades of grass learning to  
hold the weight of nighttime  
dew drawing in dawn.

The last really happy poem

I remember writing  
was in fourth grade and  
was comprised almost entirely  
of flowery metaphors,  
each stanza soaked in soppy rhyme.

Sometimes,

this rainsoaked shiver  
scares me, so

the next time

I lean in to kiss you, I ask  
How many funerals have you been to?

But your grin blooms

against my mouth anyway  
*like bedside springtime*  
*like the smell of honeysuckle*  
*like the meadow of sunflowers hanging on the wall above us.*

I remember what it's like to rhyme.

*The worst part of being gay is all the hair.*

You tell me,

as your hair  
fans through my fingertips,  
pans out across my pillow,  
flickers across your face like campfire.

Yesterday at Kroger  
I forgot

to worry,  
to scan the aisle,  
to think twice before  
resting my cheek against your  
hair while you hunted through shelves full of  
instant potatoes.

And now,

as your fingers wander through  
my curls,

I forget  
seventh grade,  
the word faggot,  
my childhood parish,  
every sin my grandma ever denounced on Facebook.

Sometimes,

when you kiss me,  
strands of your hair  
follow your bottom lip into my mouth.

And in this moment,

I can't remember anything  
else, so I agree.

The worst part of being gay is all the hair.

**Build Me Up No. 2**

Annie Denten

Senior | Photography,

Minor: Art History





# *Tuesday, Loved*

Peter Kolb

Senior | English: Creative Writing

You lay here as I found you...  
Glitter Untouchable  
surrounded by white chipped walls painted  
in love's ill-aged friendships and  
bedside blurry mornings sung of  
"hey hey....hey.  
like what we do last night...?" and such  
still echoing here around you, as  
you nervously watch for time out your window.

Socks are mismatched, smell of different shoes  
and overdue laundry. Fragile statues of saints  
you've been named after look not at you,  
but too out to the street. which is just as well...  
give the whole tumbling Earth one big break.

See even saints, you know,  
need their time of personal reconciliation.

And you lay there... shivering beneath your blanket  
on a gray rain Sunday morning  
asking nicely for things to rhyme,  
or at least form to a few haikus.



And darling look I know you want to cry for it all.  
Till the sad runs dry, and your wells of wishes turn to  
dreams of Mr. Rogers and spirithood roundabouts.  
But there are likely several bugs in your carpet  
and they emphatically request of you to clean.

but yr now off busy dreaming of Trains...  
and karate kick 1-inch punches.  
In the hopes that you'll be ready to flee, or break something  
when time finds his man the saint or you.  
Before heads hurt of this bsy dreaming

You say there's more in there than could ever fit on this paper  
and I know you want to get it looking spiffy before the rents come in. And  
I know you just at least want to ask if anyone knows how it's all going to end  
but

am I doing OK!  
am I the love ethereal incarnate!  
am I heaven's bastard pool boy!  
questions

belong to answers,  
child. And answers only exist in the life that's past lived.

So do not breathe. No  
no do not say a world child  
yr breath is much too precious don't you waste it on this world child  
turn off your lamp  
now, and release to the rotational responsibilities of the universe.  
Here we are.

Hoosh hush ah hmm sh ti  
mahn sa ka tuhn, lo tin for ee.  
Seef awh, ants fo hmh ne, fo  
hoosh hush ah hmm sh ti

Be easy, here young one.  
Yr ship is deep beneath the water,  
but this is where things must belong now.  
Yr voice is awfully quiet,  
but silence, is just another sound now

I'm cheering for you, we all are.  
And we know you're going to do just swell.  
So rest your head gently child. You mstn't speak...  
but please still listen, for you still all have  
so many stories                      so many stories  
left here to tell.

# Halcyon (Simon before or after the party)

Zachary Collopy  
Junior | Photography









# WELL,

# that's the way it is

My name is Barbara and I was born and raised in Knoxville, Tennessee. I was the only child of my parents but I had my own voice and when I was clear that I had my own voice I was ready to move on my own.

Barbara is a social worker and she is a mother of three children. She is a mother of three children and she is a mother of three children. She is a mother of three children and she is a mother of three children.

All of the people from the area are periodically coming to the area and they are coming to the area and they are coming to the area. They are coming to the area and they are coming to the area. They are coming to the area and they are coming to the area.

There aren't a lot of places around here to buy food. There aren't a lot of places around here to buy food. There aren't a lot of places around here to buy food.

Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs. Dayton lost 400,000 jobs.

if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh. if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh. if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh. if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh. if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh.

because we were black. because we were black. because we were black. because we were black. because we were black. because we were black. because we were black. because we were black.

All of these issues are important to the families of West Dayton neighborhoods. All of these issues are important to the families of West Dayton neighborhoods. All of these issues are important to the families of West Dayton neighborhoods.

The community is not alone in the process of moving on. The community is not alone in the process of moving on. The community is not alone in the process of moving on.

"what can we each, personally, do for Dayton?"

man-made hill of garbage and trash

there aren't a lot of places around here to buy food

smells for miles

there will be a thriving economy which will be Dayton will want to join

we formed a group that protects the neighborhood

Dayton lost 400,000 jobs

no one wants to live by the trash

our neighborhood association has been working on this

I think I have them hope for the future

now the only place for kids to go after school is the Boys and Girls Club

food desert

if they do ever have produce it isn't very fresh

We weren't given the same consideration because we were black

WE CARE

about the community and

WE CARE

about the children and

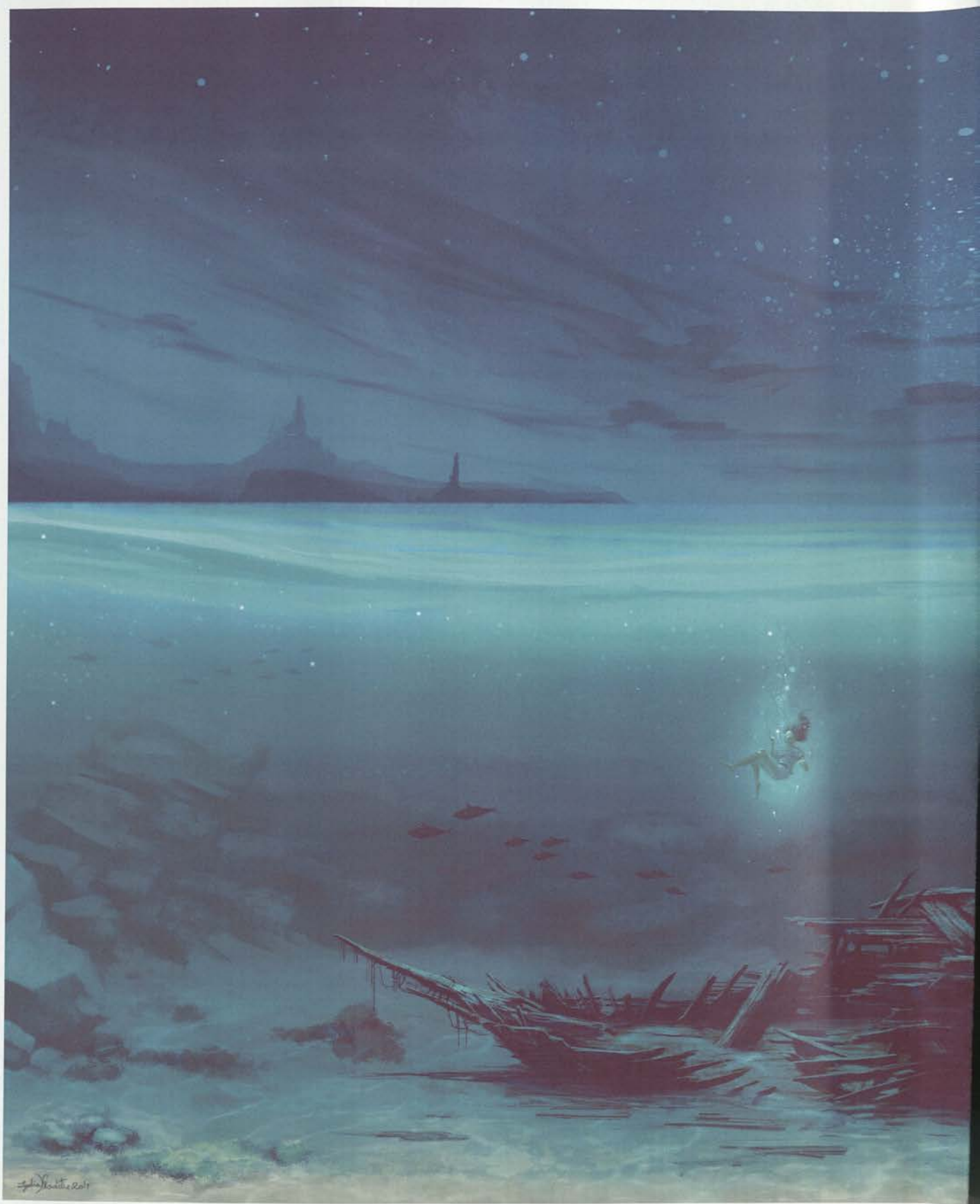
the future of the area



# My Life in Dayton

Payton Oakes  
Senior | Graphic Design









# Wreck of a Finch

Lydia Kladitis

Sophomore | Photography



**Contact Gallery Exhibition Postcard**  
Jesse Chapman  
Senior | Graphic Design



**RADIAL GALLERY**  
DEPARTMENT OF ART AND DESIGN  
UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON  
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DAYTON, OHIO 45469-2923

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## contact

Exhibition Opens September 27th | Reception 5–7 PM  
Exhibition Closes November 1st

### **RADIAL GALLERY**

Located on the 2nd floor of Fitz Hall

### **FEATURING WORK BY**

Janelle Young & Christine Zuercher

### **GALLERY HOURS**

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 9–5 PM  
Thursday 9–7 PM  
Friday 9–2 PM

### **FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION**

[go.udayton.edu/radialgallery](http://go.udayton.edu/radialgallery) or contact the gallery coordinator at 937-229-3204. During the reception visitors may obtain a parking pass from an Art and Design greeter at Fitz Hall main entrance. Outside of our reception hours, visitors may obtain a parking pass from the parking attendant located on the University Circle inside the main entrance.



## waking up with the sky, or, god has never been gentle with me before

Bridget Graham

Freshman | Political Science

Depression usually blocked out late November to early April – sorry boys, I’m booked. The late spring months were for sewing myself back into the fabric of the world, of coaxing myself back to reality with long days spent sweating in the sun like some kind of misguided believer, convinced the heat would take away what had passed in the winter months.

I remember every time I’ve woken up, the latest being late June, in a tiny, flimsy cabin with rain pounding against the paper-thin wood like a worried mother. Despite the violence of the sound, the water hit my face in a fine mist, interceded by the mesh screen.

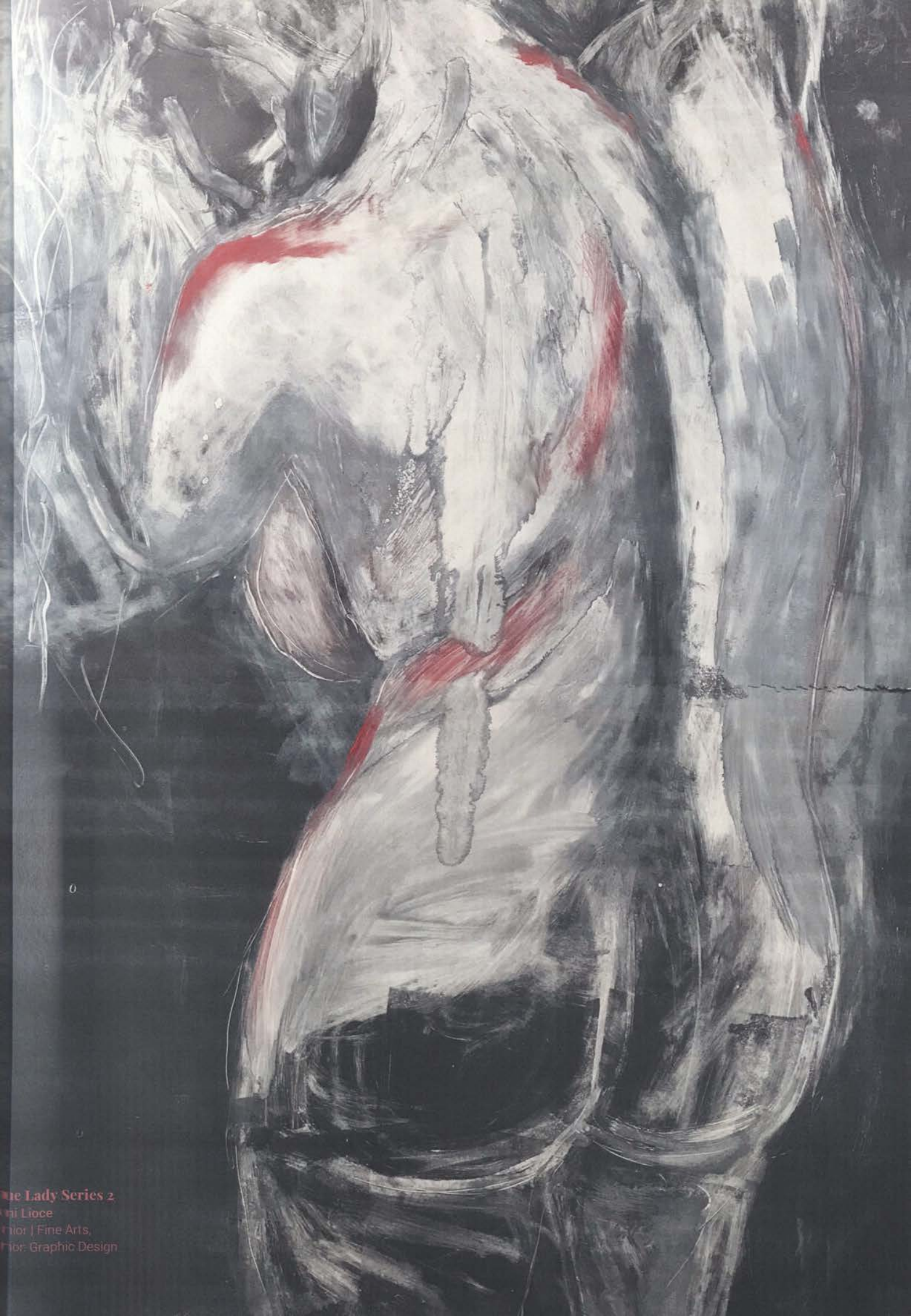
*God is being very gentle.*

And the next morning, I could notice flowers growing bright yellow against the gray-green tornado sky. I could laugh and be the loudest person in the room, no reservations, no fears or chewed off fingernails.

That night I woke up damp again, this time with the sticky sweat of the late June heat, the kind of Missouri humidity that makes you sweat so much you’re almost cold, tangled up in sheets that twist like snakes underneath.

*A second baptism.*

I walked away from the tangle of linen, watched the moon, called my mother. Prayed a rosary, best I could. I could hear the birds laughing at me for mixing up my Glory Bes and Our Fathers. An hour after the sun came up, it went back behind clouds and it rained and rained and rained, so the hills became waterfalls and ditches turned into Lake Superior, just as cold and just as clear.



0









**Double-Goer**

Annie Denten  
Senior | Photography  
Minor: Art History



# Running

Anna Edwards

Senior | English, Minors: Human  
Rights Studies and Philosophy

### *I. Running*

And so, she ran.

Not by cornfields, but a river. It swam forward like a snake, the spine of the village.

It was her nightly journey; a well-worn path. The moss and damp earth beneath her feet pushed her forward, the leaves reaching out from the dense forest were cheering her on. She ran—not well—but she fought her way through in the dim light of the setting sun.

That evening she left her house, heading off into routine. Past the local grocery store and around the corner wine-bar filled with men one year away from thirty with drinks cheered to their fleeting youth. It was the river she ran to, a quiet flowerbed of small boats tucked in for the night. She left her house ten minutes later than usual, but nothing seemed out of place.

There were swans, in the river. Nothing magical—these weren't the animals of ballets or songs or stories. They were off-white, muddied by the dark river water. In the muddy water they swam, silently following her as she made her way. On this night, however, they weren't there. Appearing on the path late, the swans had already made their way up the river where they would rest until morning with their heads twisted together like milky vines. She was unused to running without their gaze, small black buttons soundlessly watching her move.

With the exception of the individual seeking solace in an evening stroll, she was relatively alone on the river. The boats were dark, the swans inaudible. Tonight, she didn't have her feathered audience.

As she came around the second bend of the river, she noticed two small eyes blinking at her from

the forest's edge. A cat emerged, pausing before he darted up the path, his tail quickly blurring into the horizon line. It had started getting dark, and the creature had barely been visible in the last ebb of the sun's honeyed rays. A darkening dusk, she hadn't realized the cat was black. Suspicion began to purr into her ears.

But she was here to run. Swallowing her worries, she focused on the hiss of her heavy breathing and making it to the end of the path. She quickened her pace.

### *II. Seeing*

The lone bird up in the tree could have told you what was going to happen. He was in his usual spot, overlooking the river's path just as he liked.

He watched the girl run, as she did every night. He saw the boats dock, the swans slowly make their way to sleep, and the black cat creep his way into the distance. If he could have, the bird would have warned the girl to run back up river. But snakes can't slither backwards.

Instead, the bird watched. He watched as the girl ran forward, beginning on this night to view the branches of the trees less like clapping hands but instead frantic gestures. The leaves were no longer celebrating her endurance but whispering into the wind, *be careful*.

The bird watched as the running girl refused to look over her shoulder. He wanted to call out to her, *what are you running from?* But the bird already knew. She refused to surrender.

He saw her run, and then he didn't see her.

The night enveloped into darkness.

### *III. Knowing*

In the morning, the bird watched the swans awaken—untangling their necks, they waded up the river following the spreading light. Soon, the boats opened their sleepy eyes as their wooden bodies were untied and unmoored. He noticed the black cat nestle into the nook of a tree, lying down to lick his paws in a knowing way. Eventually, the cat settled into a slumber after a long night of lurking.

That morning, the bird didn't see the girl while he perched on his branch.

He couldn't see her but he could smell her.

In the soft ground there were marks where she had been running.

The only telling of her being.

Footsteps—charred.



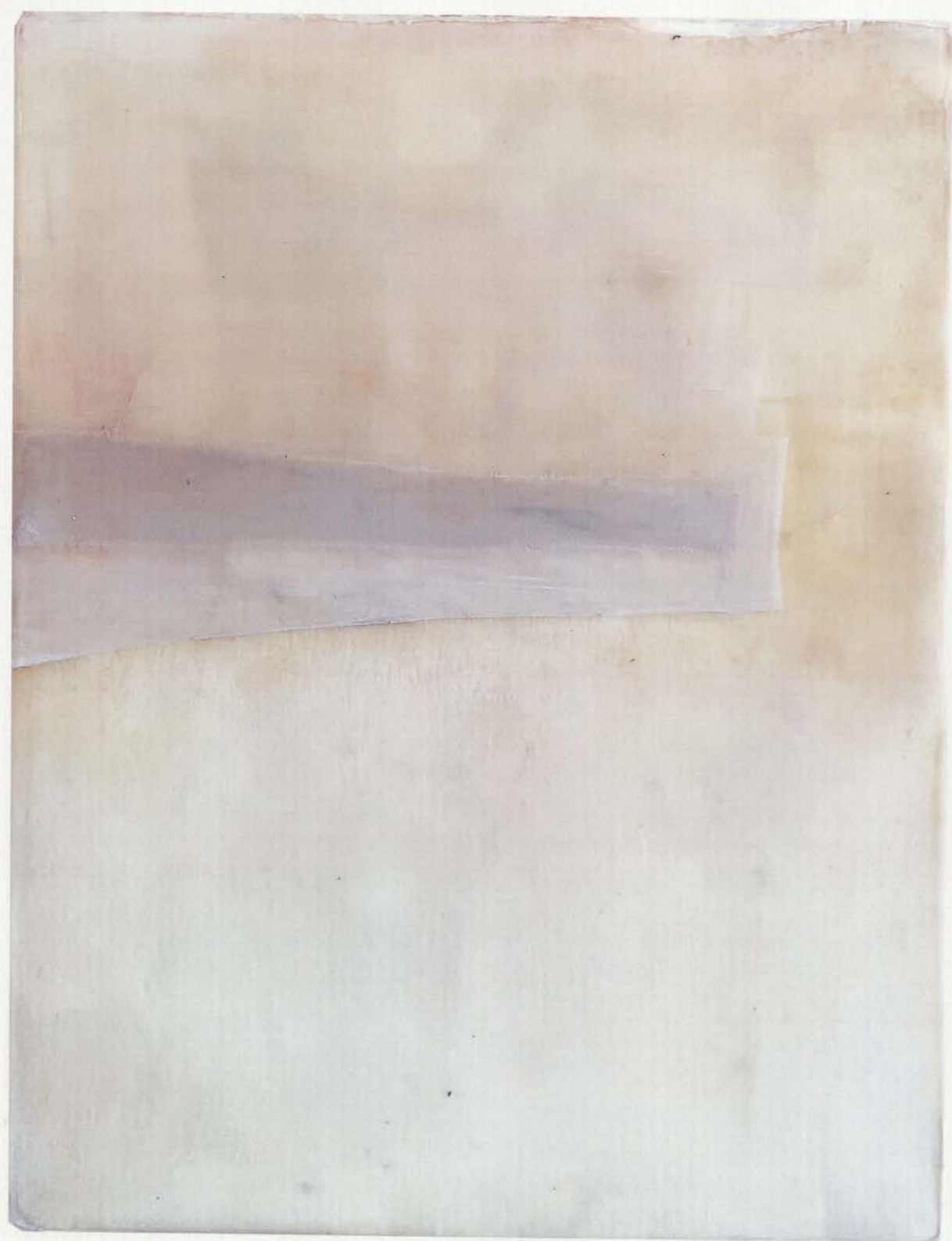
## Personal Logo

Meg Gramza  
Senior | Graphic Design,  
Minor: Photography

me  
g







# biographies

## **Anna Edwards**

Senior | English, Minors: Human Rights Studies and Philosophy

Do you feel that breeze?

## **Brandon Poa**

Junior | Mechanical Engineering

The mediums I work with are 35mm and medium format film photography. I'm a foreign-native to Dayton. I was born here, then spent thirteen years living in Asia before returning for university. Something I've been exploring in education and creative pursuits, is the grey area between being a skilled craftsman and an artist.

## **Carter Spires**

Junior | Mechanical Engineering

All the things that aim towards harmony with others and myself make up the bits and pieces of me. Being surrounded by nature, acting goofy with good-hearted friends, playing music, cooking some vibrant veggies, and writing/scribbling life's thoughts are usually the things I flow between. Poetry is one of my favorite outlets because it lets me dig into different sides of me, sometimes unearthing ones I don't expect to see.

## **Annie Denten**

Senior | Photography, Minor: Art History

I am reincarnated, ask me about it and join my army to help me figure out why.

## **Claire Bowman**

Senior | Fine Arts, Minor: Art History

I was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio. Both of my parents were art majors (who ironically met at UD) so it was practically impossible to escape the influence art would have on my life. I grew up learning about the abstract expressionists of the 50s, and for a long time, Jackson Pollack was my favorite artist. While I usually work figuratively now, abstraction will always have a lasting impact on me.

## **Nathan Mansour**

Senior | Electrical Engineering

I am grounded in the belief science and humanities are both inseparable and dependent on one another. As a result, I take joy in constructing analogies with concepts of electricity. Some other frequencies which are resonant with my soul are music, birds, Smith charts, and the square root of negative one.



**Jeremy Rosen**

Fifth Year | Graphic Design and English

Jeremy Rosen enjoys all items pumpkin flavored/scented, black leggings, and other things that make him a basic white girl. You can find him on campus promoting his sorority, taking selfies, or just hangin' with the squad.

**Emily Bartolone**

Senior | Fine Arts, Minors:  
Graphic Design and Art History

I am a senior Fine Arts major with a concentration in painting originally from North Eastern Ohio. My paintings have grown, over the last four years, to be explorations of materials and perceived space through the usage of color, composition, and texture. I will be using these paintings to apply to graduate school in the Winter to receive my MFA and continue on to teach in higher education — wish me luck.

**Rose Dyar**

Senior | English, Human Rights Studies

And I still shiver easily.

**Meg Gramza**

Senior | Graphic Design, Minor: Photography

My name is Margaret. My initials spell my nickname, so I have always gone by Meg. Art and design has always played an important role in my life. When I was young, my grandmother often encouraged me to make art with her. Now, I am a senior graphic design major and photography minor at UD. I have loved every moment of this adventure so far, and I am beyond excited to find out what will come next.

**Mary McLoughlin**

Junior | English, Human Rights Studies

I wish spelling and peace came easier to me.

**Peter Kolb**

Senior | English: Creative Writing

"Tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear?"

**Zachary Collopy**

Junior | Photography

My name is Zac Collopy. I do bad things and still have good karma. I have a major. I produce industrial grade action-plastics and folly.

**Payton Oakes**

Senior | Graphic Design

I design for a purpose through community-based design and branding. Through this approach, I am able to design to make a difference within the community, whether that is creating social change or creating an advancement within the community. I am also able to design within the requirements of a brand through creative, cohesive design techniques. With my goal of designing for a purpose in mind, I am capable of creating work directed around real-world elements, social change, and client success.

**Lydia Kladitis**

Sophomore | Photography

I am a multidisciplinary artist with a very deep need to tell stories and play with the visual world. Therefore, nearly everything I create has some kind of story embedded in it for you to uncover and explore.

**Jesse Chapman**

Senior | Graphic Design

As a photographer and designer, I always seek to preserve the old. Many times the themes reflected in my work represent the past. Growing up in Dayton surely must be the reason I was driven to these ideas. This city is a great example of how things from the past become forgotten and untended to. Specifically in my photography I aim to capture architecture, relics, and anything considered mundane that has been forgotten and give it new life.

**Bridget Graham**

Freshman | Political Science

When I was in the fourth grade, my teacher told me I reminded her of a little Tina Fey. The rest of my life has been attempts to get people to say that again. I love making art, but I love helping people more. I'm trying to find a way to do both at the same time.

**Dani Lioce**

Senior | Fine Arts, Minor: Graphic Design

I am a maker, painter, drawer, collector, lover, explorer, learner, vampire, sloth, and crazy bag lady. I like the color pink, stormy days, comfy sweaters, wasabi peas, things that are very old and creepy, and chocolate milk.





