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ORPHEUS

VOLUME 118 ISSUE 1

about Orpheus magazine

Orpheus and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 118 years. Each term, a call for submissions is put forth for University of Dayton students to submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design pieces for consideration. Selection of works is juried by faculty panels called together by the Orpheus art & design and literary staff. Coordination, editing, design, production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student-populated staff.

HEUS

literary + art magazine

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Syne Bold

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COVER

Photograph by Emily Cordonnier

LETTERS

from the editors

Viewer,

Growth is constantly around us, we just might not always see it happening, but the after effects can be astounding. Through the never-ending nightmare that was last year, there was growth—albeit we lost little pieces of us. Even in the sooty ashes of despair green, fresh life can still emerge.

This edition is that green, fresh life.

Creativity is what keeps me sane—thinking of new ways, processes, ideas that can grow. Laying out this edition, I found harmonious connections in the details. I hope you, the viewer, enjoy the creations of the wonderfully talented students.

Enjoy,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Emily Cordonnier". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized 'E' and a long, sweeping tail on the 'n'.

Emily Cordonnier

Dear Reader,

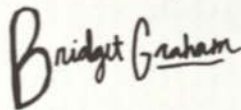
Propagation, propagation, *propagation*. It's the act of creation, it's the world around us recreating itself endlessly with the turning of the seasons, it's seeds growing underground and coming up as roses or trees or a thousand other things. It's happening right now. As I write this, there's a hint of spring in the air, a promise that this long long winter will soon be over. Things are going to start growing out of the ground again, blossoms will cover trees and the sun will show its face again. I just know it.

In the following pages, you'll find the creations of dozens of talented writers, artists, photographers, poets, and more. You'll find the fruits of their labor, the final results of invisible work. I want to thank the writers and the artists who have shared with us their products of hours and hours and hours of work and practice and growth. *Orpheus* is about people creating something beautiful out of nothing, and I am forever grateful to everyone who is a part of it.

Propagation wouldn't be possible without the art and literary staff that work on behind the scenes to create something beautiful—before they graduate, I want to say thank you Claud Jackert for always bringing springtime to *Orpheus* during their time as part of the staff. Claud, you fill every room you enter with growth and light and new possibilities, and the contributions of your voice to *Orpheus* both as a writer and reader have made it all the better.

Many thanks, of course, also to Jack and Emily for putting together this incredible magazine,
To Tess for her guidance, and patience and endless wit,
To our advisors for their support,
And to you, our reader.

Peace and Poetry,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Bridget Graham". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. The first letter "B" is large and loops around the first part of the name. The last name "Graham" is written in a similar cursive style.

Bridget Graham

CONTENTS

10 THEME

12 MEDITATIONS
ON A SPUD
Will Bryant

13 TO FOLLOW
Mary Fleiser

14 THE ART OF
VIOLIN MAKING
Anna Gorman

17 GOT MAIL
Evan Kurtz

18 LUCENCE
Domenica Cua

19 AIR FRIED ON A TUESDAY
Claud Jackert

20 CORONAVIRUS 2020
Megan Lewis

22 THE GARDENER
Claire Sullivan

23 WILD BELIEF
Kaitlynn Chapman

24 BALANCE
Mia Gaskey

26 PLAIN SIGHT
Mary Fleiser

27 MEMORIAS
DE LA BRISA
EN EL PATIO
Yamilet Perez Aragon

28 STILL
Joise Forsthoff

29 TOUCHING ME FROM
THE OTHER SIDE
Domenica Cua

30 THAT'S THE SPIRIT
Emily Cordonnier

31 TRAIL TOWN CANS
Jack Kargl

32 CONCUSSED
Caleb Snoddy

35 A COFFEESHOP
LAMINATION I
WROTE FOR MY CAT
Tess Poe-Slade

36 ENNEAGRAM POSTER
Kat Niekamp

38 US-12 PART 1
Caitlin Mahoney

39 ARCADE SEAFOOD
Megan Lewis

40 PRIMARY WONDER
Mia Gaskey

41 DANCE WITH ME
DEAR SISTER
Amariá Jones

42 SALVATION!
Drake Dabblinghaus

43 ILLUMINATE
April Dvorak

44 CONSTRAINED
BY CONFORMITY
Domenica Cua

45 FLORA AND
THE NIGHTSHADE
Grace Gibson

46 HANNAH'S TREASURE CHEST
VISUAL TRANSLATION GUIDE
SAMPLE ILLUSTRATIONS
Design Practicum Fall 2020

48 PERIPETEIA
Marie Pece

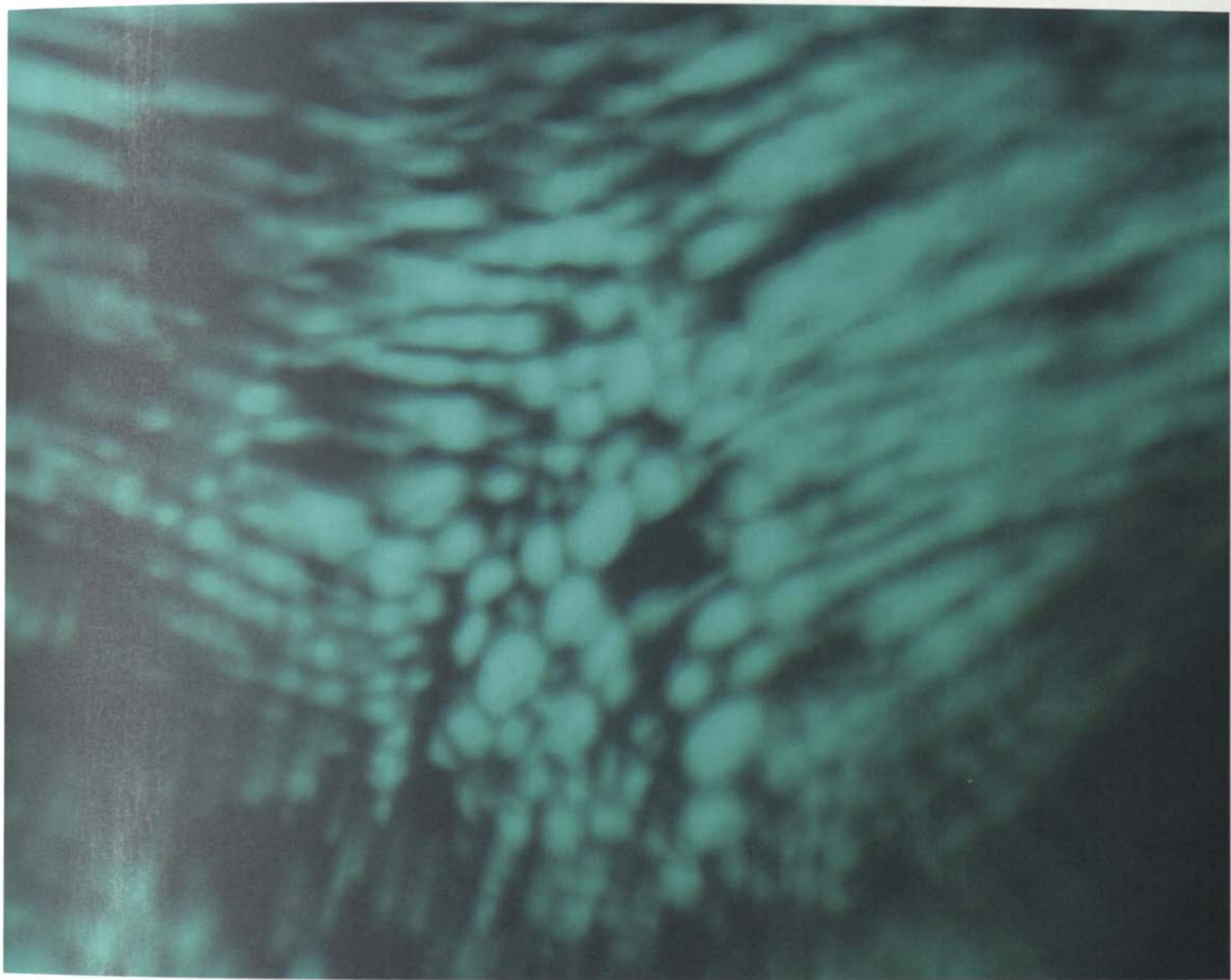
49 SPONTANEOUS
Benj McKenna

50 BIOGRAPHIES

PROPAGATION

What comes loose when you bend the branch from the trunk?
In the cycles of seasons what have you chosen to grow?
Under the dirt
Maybe on the top of the junk drawer
At the heart of your own desires
What's putting off tendrils
and becoming its own?

In propagation we find new meanings
Fresh loves
Potentially a way out
What are you making new
From the old and familiar?



MEDITATIONS ON A SPUD

Will Bryant

Meditations on a Spud
New hands spring forth
From dirt filled pores
Of a waxy
Red-eyed boy
I watch him while the water bubbles
He moves when I'm not looking
Pulling fists filled with
Indistinguished green
From tedious purple
I wonder in this kitchen's stale air:
Is he looking for solid ground?
Or is the white-dimpled ceiling
I picked at from top bunk
Really worth the reach this season?
The dust starts to cling while we're inside
The surface still is frozen
So it's sad to witness
His once swollen week-old
Skin wrinkle in artificial wind
I'll clear dinner and write his name again
In a week he'll do the same again
I'm sorry
This room only feels like three walls
I start painting extra floors beneath the basement
It's very dark so after one I begin
Tracing the tails of earthworms
Remembering him, I turn from the snowscape hell
Dirt gathers in rings on my fingers
And I'm planted or smothered
Closer than ever to the big warm core



TO FOLLOW
Mary Fleisher



THE VARNISH

After the violin body has been made (glued together completely without strings and a bridge), it needs to be exposed to sunlight and air for several days. The rays from the sun help darken and reveal fresh wood. The darkened wood gives off a more pronounced visual depth. Once darked, the violin is coated with a ground coat that is placed to provide life-long protection. The ground coat has proven to help violins last for centuries at a time. Two coats of a final varnish are brushed onto the surface. The varnish is usually made with sun-thickened oils, oxidized resin, and a coloring of choice. Musicians and makers can tell that the varnish has been coated on well if there are at least two colors showing. Finally, many coats of oil are brushed on to give a sleek, shiny look, and the violin is left to dry.

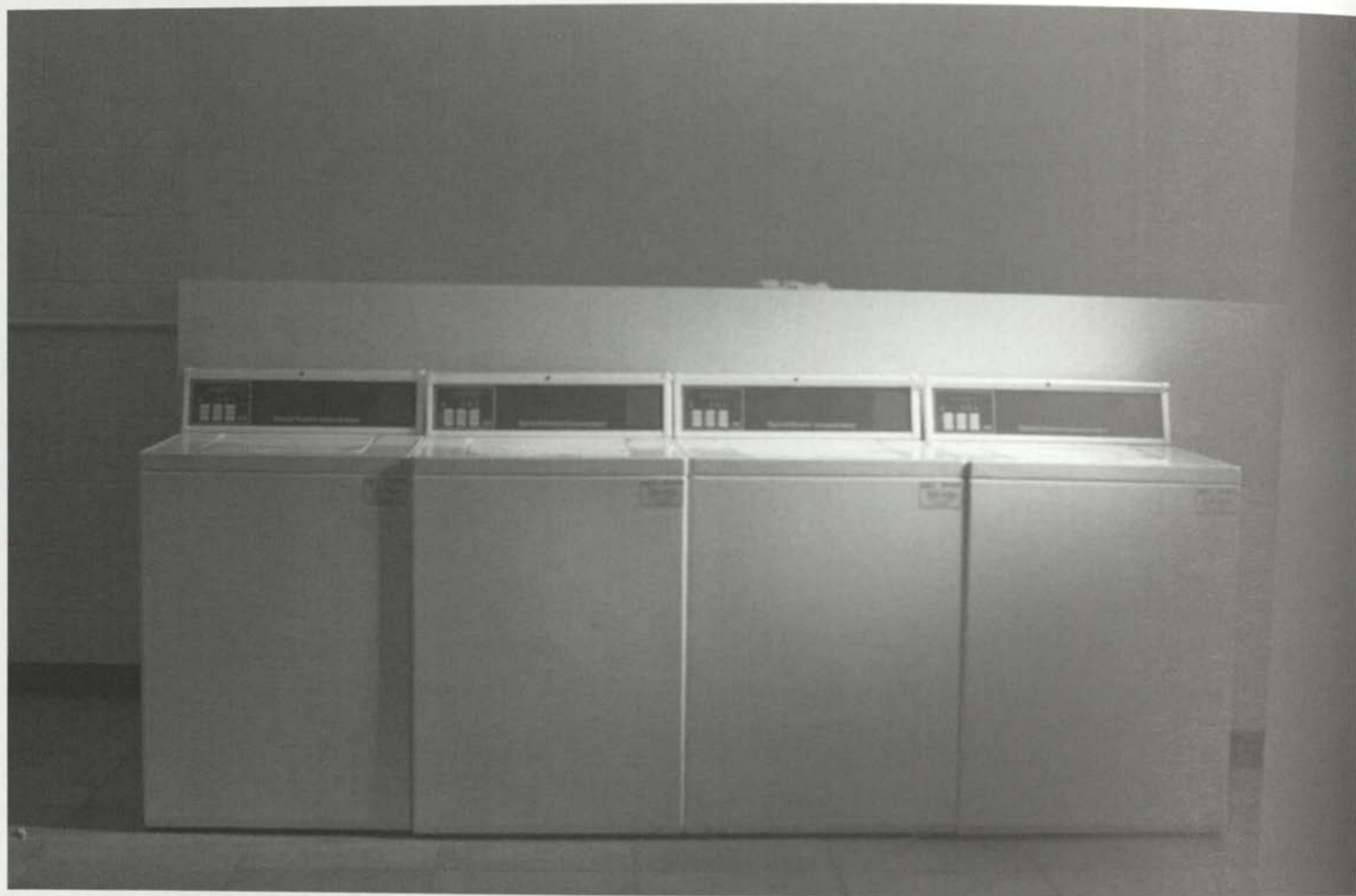
THE ART OF VIOLIN MAKING

Anna Gorman



GOT MAIL
Evan Kurtz





LUCENCE
Domenica Cua

AIR FRIED ON A TUESDAY

Claud Jackert

We don't remember when having skin got so unpleasant
Feeling like foreign objects within our own shells

But the curl of skin at your heel
A quarter size callous at the thumb
Tug at our displeasures and displace them with ease

While you try to untether yourself
From the nervous young thing your mother made
You serve senselessness
You serve a nagging sense of dread
You serve fear of the future
And all the anxious acolytes
Eat it right up

Play your games all you want
A charade without bidders
My pockets are empty
I'm not buying it
Even if I wanted to.

Coronavirus disease 2019 pandemic

total deaths 157,970
confirmed cases 2,319,066

china 84,239

united kingdom 120,071

141,672 germany

178,972 italy

723,605 united states

disease.
coronavirus
disorder
coronavirus
severe acute
respiratory
syndrome
coronavirus
SARS-CoV-2
195,944 spain

World Health
Organization
(WHO)
announced
"COVID-19"
as the name
of this new
disease on
11 February 2020.

COVID-19
coronavirus
disease
2019
SARS-CoV-2

CORONAVIRUS 2020

Megan Lewis

THE GARDENER

Claire Sullivan

I am planting a garden.

It is nestled in my spirit where earth and body align,
woven together by the synapses of my mind.

With sanitized shears, I snip the dead ends
Letting them fall to the Earth, where they become life again.

The invasive species which have taken up my mind,
I pull from the roots, leaving nothing behind.

The thoughts in my head that I love the most,
I snip at the node to propagate those.

I fill it with natives, the thoughts of my own
Sowed from contemplation, I give each a home.

My garden will falter and droop. Not all species will survive
But with some water and sun, it will once again thrive.



WILD BELIEF

Kaitlynne Chapman



BALANCE
Mia Gaskey



PLAIN SIGHT
Mary Fleisher

MEMORIAS DE LA BRISA EN EL PATIO

Yamilet Perez Aragon

Looking for someone—anyone
Curtains over doorways sway
reminding me of the emptiness
Is it inside me or is nobody home?
How do I describe the things
that my country understands without words
The air tells the adobe walls of my grandmother's house
winter is coming and it will not be kind
Look up

Brick by brick

Night soon
Look down

Stone to stone

Don't step on the cracks
Lejos se oye
El circo ambulante a llegado al rancho

STILL

Josie Forsthoff

It's Sunday again, and I Love You Still.
Love hasn't worn off overnight nor
has it been snuffed out by your snores.
It isn't diluted by my morning coffee - as I sip it,
I can imagine how you would describe this phenomenon.
how would you, still gently rising and falling in sleep,
explain that I love you more today than yesterday?
I'm an unnecessarily wordy person,
You think more measuredly, more mathematically,
using the language of wave theory
where the ripples on the pond propagate radially
outwards from the point of disturbance -
light waves emitted from the sun propagate through space.
You may tuck my hair tenderly behind my ear,
supposing that love is propagating between us, within us.
It makes sense to me that you would be space itself -
a dark, light, bright, and beautiful mystery with luminous waves
of tenderness always in motion at incomprehensible speed.
Space has always terrified me,
but it doesn't sound so bad like that,
If you recite an Arabic love poem
between kisses on the back of my hand
to narrate what is seemingly infinite
as we gaze into each others' eyes.
You could - mid physics lab calculation
point out that the graphic representation
of the my elevated heart rate in your presence is
a propagation of my love for you.
I swear I saw it jump the first time you asked
can I kiss you? even though I said no.
maybe I don't have to say it another way, only to remind
You that in an old english usage of "Still,"
it meant always.
It's Sunday again, and I Love You Still.



TOUCHING ME FROM THE
OTHER SIDE

Domenica Cua

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

Emily Cordonnier

that's the

SPIRIT

the anatomy of the perfect cocktail

VODKA



SEA BREEZE
garnish with lime wedge



MOSCOW MULE
garnish with lime wedge



COSMOPOLITAN
garnish with lime wedge

WHISKEY



OLD FASHIONED
garnish with orange slice & cherry



MANHATTAN
garnish with cherry



WHISKEY SOUR
garnish with orange slice & cherry

GIN



MARTINI
garnish with olive or lemon twist



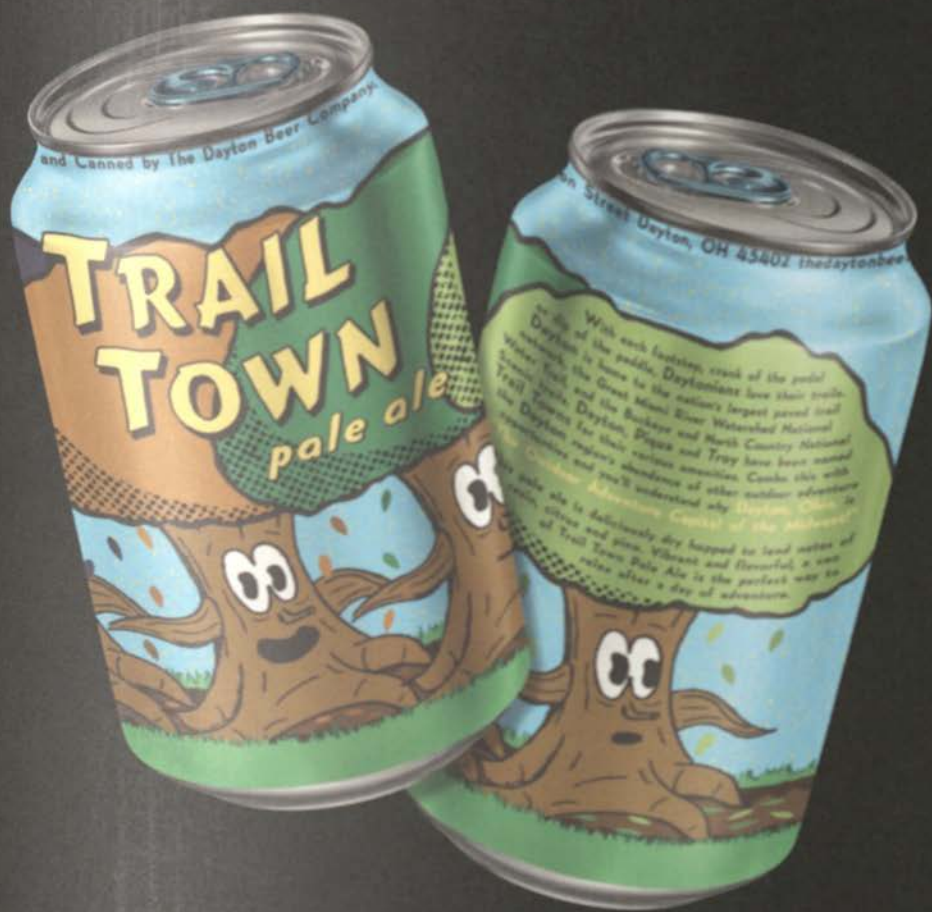
JOHN COLLINS
garnish with lime wedge & cherry

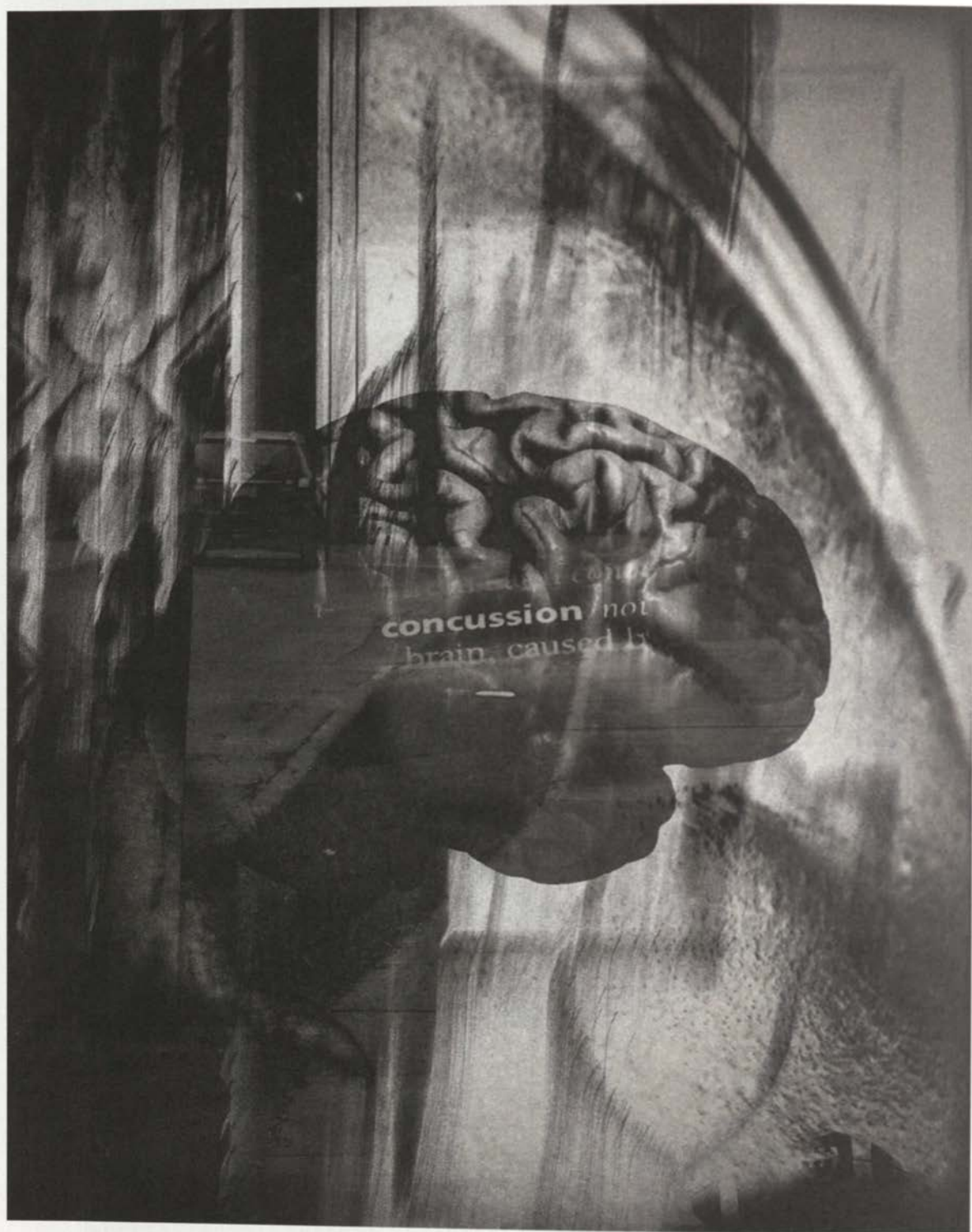


FRENCH 75
top with champagne

TRAIL TOWN CANS

Jack Kargl





CONCUSSED
Caleb Snoddy

A COFFEESHOP LAMENTATION
I WROTE FOR MY CAT

Tess Poe-Slade

We walked to the coffeeshop. We met the sort of chaos felt when smooth jazz, runs into clinking ceramic, frantic typing, first dates, and friendly reunions. The friendly reunions are my favorite. Two women sit down next to me, trying to balance a respectful volume with their excited gossip. Their cappuccino flavored conversations filled the space around me.

I walked here with my boyfriend. We ordered coffee and laughed about cramped tables, and the awkward shuffles we took to sit down. As I sat down with my journal, I felt my fingers tighten and peel. I wish this was some metaphor for an impassioned urge to document my every thought and profound revelation. But I'm neither metaphorical, nor profound, I burned my hand the day before, and I could feel my skin pulling, peeling, and tingling. I wish I had been impassioned, but actually, I was anxious. I armed myself with only a thin layer of mascara, and the mess of my journal seemed to want to consume me. But truthfully, it was no hungrier than the South Park Cats, or the other anxious students, with their own anxious journals, notebooks, and laptops.

The anxiety of a coffeeshop refuses to swallow you, it's too busy with its Americano. Every sip of coffee becomes another second closer to productivity and a caffeinated efficiency. Everyone works in a coffeeshop. It's filled with students, and midterms. The business associates and their briefcases begging baristas for whatever drip coffee or espresso their anxiety craves.

I prefer to focus on the women next to me. Their reunion seems outside of time, a slow moment in chaos. There's no work, or job, or goal, just friends with stories of grandkids. I don't want grandkids, but maybe I'll join a book club that will reunite bi-monthly in a similarly anxious coffeeshop, creating our own warmth while working through Oprah's list of must reads.

We go to walk home, and now try to find a new warmth in the sun, and every South Park Cat. I keep coming back to the damn cats. It seems like they're always around. I grew up in South Park, with its cats. There were boxes of kittens dropped in the neighborhood gazebo. They often ended up in our kitchen where they stayed till someone else found room in their own kitchen. The ones that never made it in our house were fed by friends and neighbors. Each house has their favorite cat, growing up I always preferred the orange ones. When I was thirteen, I would've told you it was the black ones. I would've told you that 'black cats are always the last to be adopted' in that uniquely condescending tone that only teenagers possess. I was so concerned with being edgy and right, but really, I was always just scared. I would've been mortified if someone found out I preferred orange cats and hated black coffee.

The cats are never anxious, I think they drink decaf.

UNDERSTANDING ENNEAGRAM TYPES

UNDERSTANDING ENNEAGRAM TYPES

UNDERSTANDING ENNEAGRAM TYPES

BODY

- 1 the perfectionist
- 8 the protector
- 9 the mediator

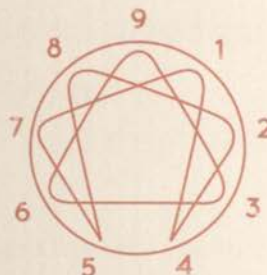
HEART

- 2 the giver
- 3 the performer
- 4 the romantic

HEAD

- 5 the observer
- 6 the loyal skeptic
- 7 the epicure

The Enneagram personality system aims to reveal how emotions drive our lives and how we engage with others in an effort to get what we want and need. It defines nine personality types, each with their own set of strengths, weaknesses, and opportunities for personal growth.



1

 ONE
ONE
ONE

Type one can be thought of as the **PERFECTIONIST**. Ones place a lot of emphases on following the rules and doing things correctly.

2

 TWO
TWO
TWO

Type two can be described as the **GIVER**. Twos want to be liked and find ways that they can be helpful to others so that they can be loved and belong.

3

 THREE
THREE
THREE

Type three is also known as the **ACHIEVER**. Threes want to be successful and admired by other people and are very conscious of their public image.

4

 FOUR
FOUR
FOUR

Type four is known as the **INDIVIDUALIST**. Fours want to be unique and to live life authentically and are highly attuned to their emotional experience.

5

 FIVE
FIVE
FIVE

Type five is described as the **INVESTIGATOR**. Fives seek understanding and knowledge and are more comfortable with data than people.

6

 SIX
SIX
SIX

Type six is also known as the **SKEPTIC**. Sixes are preoccupied with security, seek safety, and like to be prepared for problems.

7

 SEVEN
SEVEN
SEVEN

Type seven is described as the **ENTHUSIAST**. Sevens want to have as much fun and adventure as possible and are easily bored.

8

 EIGHT
EIGHT
EIGHT

Type eight is also known as the **CHALLENGER**. Eights see themselves as strong and powerful and seek to stand up for what they believe in.

9

 NINE
NINE
NINE

Type nine is also called the **PEACEMAKER**. Nines like to keep a low profile and let people around them set the agenda.

Each of the nine Enneagram types has its own driving force, which is centered around a particular emotion. Some types experience strong emotions, while other types aim to avoid emotions in one form or another. However, whether running from emotions or diving into them, each type describes some aspect of emotional experience.

ENNEAGRAM POSTER

Kat Niekamp

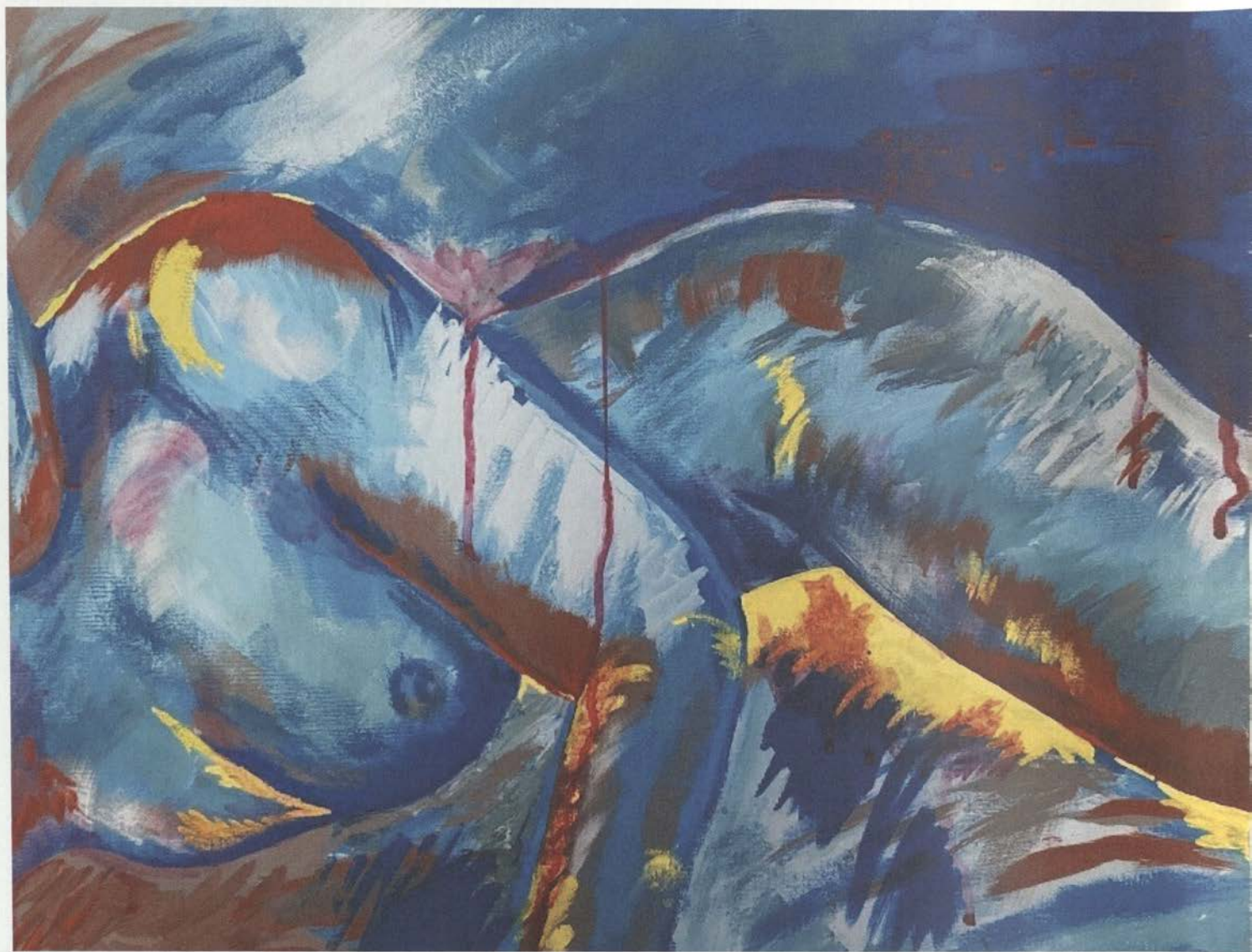
US-12 PART 1

Caitlin Mahoney





ARCADE SEAFOOD
Megan Lewis



PRIMARY WONDER
Mia Gaskey

DANCE WITH ME DEAR SISTER

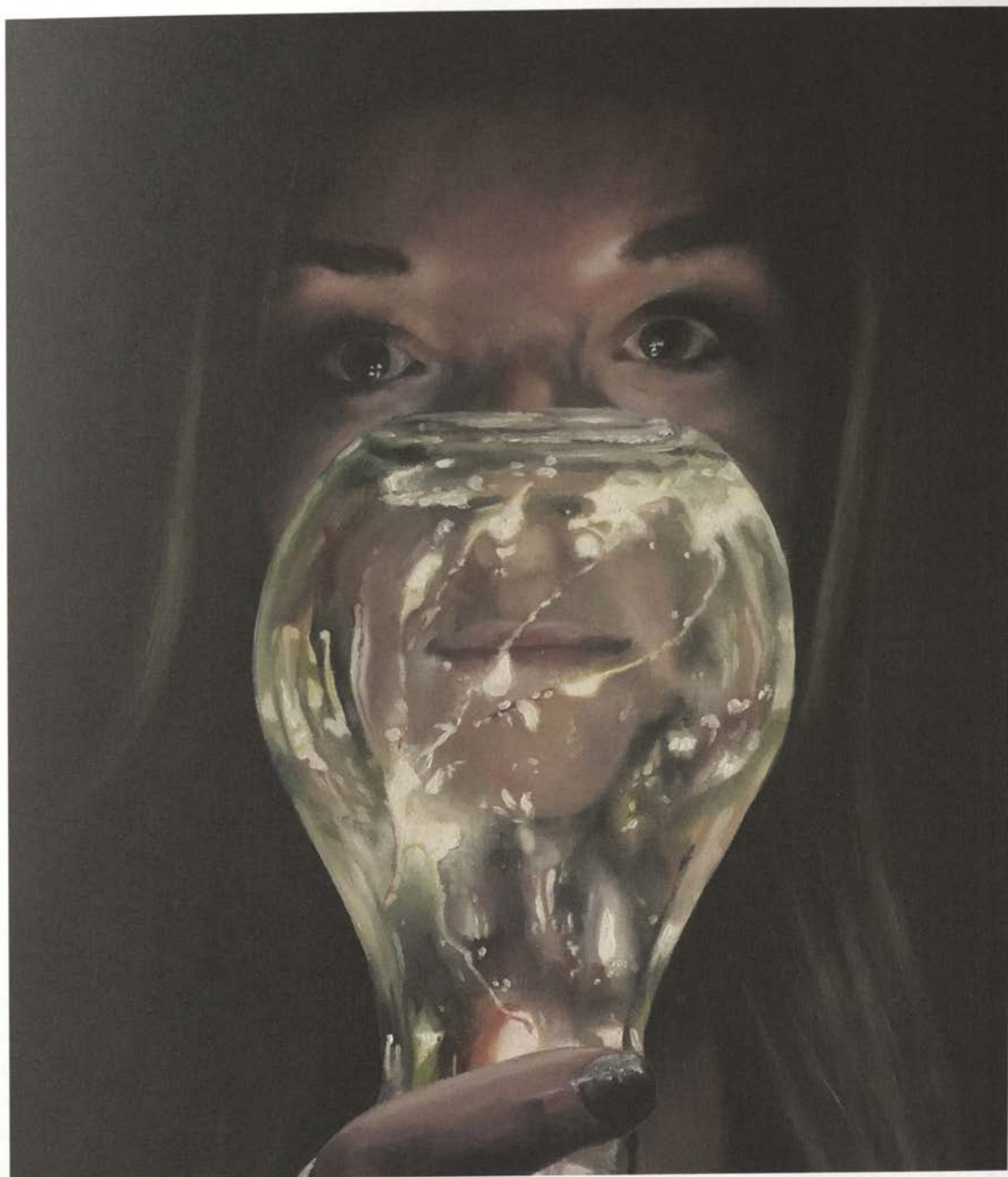
Amariá Jones

My ankles are swollen and my thighs
are sore, but dance with me dear sister.
My feet burn from standing, my knees
ache with pain, but dance with me dear friend.
Let your hair down, wipe off the world's
dust from your feet. Unclasp your bra and relax.
Dance with me dear sister, turn on the music
again!
Dance with me dear sister, let us listen to the song
that tells the story of our sorrowful lives.
Dear sister, why won't you dance?
There are no men here to watch you be free,
so therefore, you can be free.
Remove your shoes in my home dear sister.
Let down your hair and unclasp your bra,
be free with me dear sister.
I will turn on the music that tells
the story of our sorrowful lives.
I will turn on the blues!
I will play jazz for you dear sister!
Dance with me dear sister to the music
made just for me and you.
Let's dance.

SALVATION!

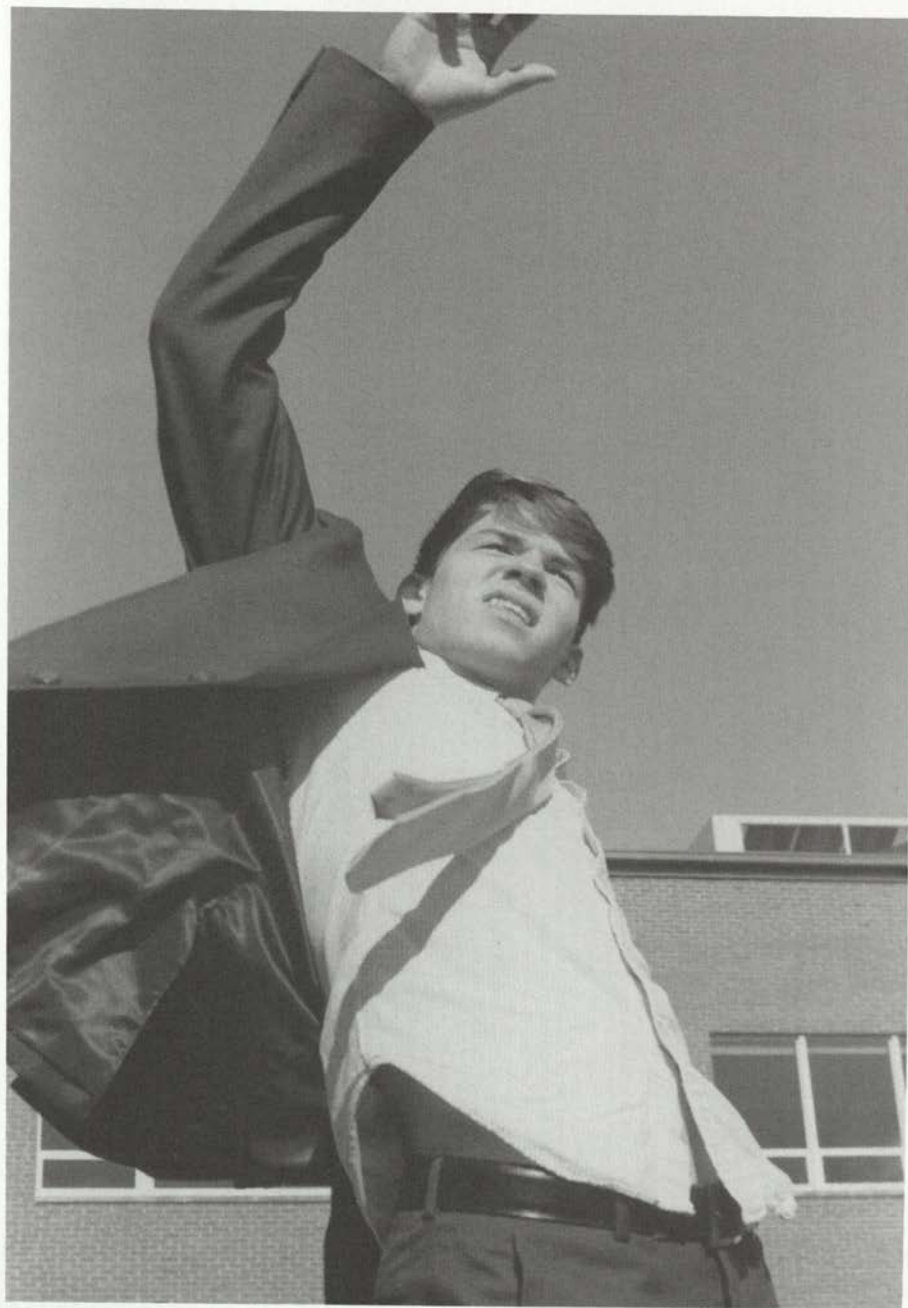
Drake Dahlinghaus





ILLUMINATE

April Dvorak



CONSTRAINED BY CONFORMITY

Domenica Cua

FLORA AND THE NIGHTSHADE

Grace Gibson

Red roses, yellow tulips, and the sprinkling of white lilies flourished in my mother's garden, picked and preened and cultivated to blend seamlessly into one another like a Van Gogh painting. The fuchsia azalea bushes neatly lined the back side of the house near the glass sliding door with bushes of flowers hanging from the white-paned windowsill, contrasting against the house's dark blue exterior. Mother liked it that way.

Among the beautiful reds and yellows of the flower garden was a deep purple plant that stood out from the rest of its brothers and sisters. The violet bell-shaped petals hung low in comparison to the lively flowers surrounding it as if it were an outcast, unworthy of mingling with the other residents of the garden. Perhaps that's why it was my favorite. This flower grew berries along its stem unlike any of the other flowers, and I often imagined their sweet taste. But all I could do was imagine, as my mother forbade going near the untouched petals.

"Flora," she pleaded, "that flower is a precious flower. It cannot be touched by you or your brother. I want you to keep it safe. I want you to keep your brother safe. Promise me, okay?"

My younger brother Joey seldom entered the garden in fear of our father spewing expletives at him for working with the women. My father thought my mother's obsession with gardening to be a frivolous diversion from household chores. To him, a woman's worth only amounted to what she did to please him. Every day she'd wake up far earlier than the rest of us and prepared breakfast. Each morning we sat waiting until my father had eaten to get our fill. Some day when I was 12 or 13, I protested at this unfair arrangement.

"Why does he get all the berries?" My voice grew louder. "Joey and I just get regular old oatmeal!"

Joey, just a year younger than me, stood at my side frozen. My father paused as he was raising his spoonful of oats and berries to his mouth and looked at me, puzzled. He gently placed the spoon back into his bowl and continued to pierce me with his gaze. I glanced to my mother in search of some refuge from his wrath, but as I looked into her eyes, I found the same terror looking back at me. My father stood up, a smirk across his purple-stained lips, and walked softly across the linoleum kitchen floor. If I didn't know better, I'd say he was about to hug me.

Instead, I was met with the brute force of his fist against my temple. My vision became blurred and my hearing was inhibited by the rushing sound of my own blood. The pounding in my skull made it difficult to think, let alone move. I could hear the echo of my mother's scream in my ear. I could hear Joey crying, unsure of what had just happened to his big sister. I laid on the floor with my head pounding unable to do anything.

When my father died, Joey was inconsolable. He and my mother screamed at the funeral, but only Joey's cheeks were wet. I felt sadder for him than I did for the death of my father. I found my comfort in the garden. It was my own paradise as it was my mother's. Here, things were cared for and nurtured. Life grew instead of shriveled. In the flowing colors of reds and yellows and whites, I searched for the violet bells of my friend. I scanned the area once, twice, three times, but no glimmer of purple showed itself. A lone patch of displaced soil was all that remained where my friend once sulked. I stood there looking at the void, and felt the tears run down my cheeks.



**HANNAH'S TREASURE CHEST
VISUAL TRANSLATION GUIDE
SAMPLE ILLUSTRATIONS**

Design Practicum Fall 2020

PERIPETEIA

Marie Pece

I keep finding knots.
Untying them leaves
My fingertips blistered.
Once taught pristine lines,
Now kinked and frayed.

We were constants.
Fixed points in the universe.
Unwavering sources
Of light and comfort.

I hardly recognize
The kids that entered
The tapestry together.
An incredible chemistry
Of moment and location
Produced something
Damn near perfect.

Hope painted potential
In high definition.
But indisputable strain
Across inevitable distance
Threatened disaster
As one naturally
Outpaced the other.

Reverting to how we were
Permits the same mistakes.
Risks the formation of patterns,
Trapped in our precarious loops.

As much as we wove together,
Time compels us forward
As much as it repels us apart.

And while I fear
Setting expectations,
I sense our lines
Will intersect again
Following a period
Of redefinition,
With fates twisting
new designs for new roles.

Some days will be lost
Confronting the tangles.
Pulling strands of each other
Out of fissures
We never knew the depths of.

Though pain might
indicate meaning,
It is pain nonetheless
And requires proper healing.

But this is not the end of me.

Though I tread the edge
Of a ravenous void,
I am now aware
Of the space I fill.

And tears may sting my ducts,
But every memory
Serves a lesson
For each succeeding step.

Not a reset.
That would mean denying
Everything we laced
Between our hearts.

I carry no regrets.
No resentments.
I am a better person
For knowing you.

Supplied with everything
We intimately exchanged
Forever intertwined
Into my narrative,
I face the next phase
Of my transformation
With anxiety and anticipation.

A reversal of fortune
Still drives the plot onward.



SPONTANEOUS
Benj McKenna

BIOGRAPHIES

Will Bryant

SOPHOMORE | ENGLISH

Will is a sophomore English major from Dayton who is troubled by the lack of good Wikipedia articles on food. He can play "Silent Night" and "Amazing Grace" on the handsaw, but not very well.

Kaitlynn Chapman

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

My name is Kaitlynn Chapman and by the time this edition comes out, as long as nothing unforeseen happens in the next couple months, I graduated as a Photography major with a Fine Arts and Women and Gender Studies minor. Hopefully, at the very moment you're reading this, I am looking out the window of my new apartment, in a new place with a new job, drinking sangria and rewatching one of the same ten episodes of Criminal Minds that I always watch. My passion lies in using photography to capture human emotions and experiences through self-portraiture, and I plan to continue exploring such topics for as long as I am allowed a camera.

Emily Cordonnier

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I need a drink.

Domenica Cua

SOPHOMORE | ART EDUCATION

Creating is a way of expressing. It's a way of connection through communication as a form of art. I am a sophomore studying art education and minoring in theatre, and as an artist, I strive to create what will make one feel a pull or connection within my work. I want to give the viewer a sensation, for them to generate their emotions and make interpretations brought from their own life experiences. I feel it is through the eye of the artist as well as of the medium that will make that difference and get you halfway there, the rest is from the own creative mind.

Drake Dahlinghaus

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I live in a quiet town, on a quiet street. Nothing bad could ever happen to me!

Design Practicum

FALL 2020 | GRAPHIC DESIGN

The Fall 2020 Design Practicum team worked with Hannah's Treasure Chest in the creation of a resource that social service partners could use to communicate with non-native English-speaking families in need across the Dayton region. The Visual Translation Guide offers illustrated items a child needs, uses, or wears and translations of commonly used phrases into Arabic, French, Spanish, Kinyarwanda, Mandarin Chinese, Swahili, and Russian. It is available as a downloadable PDF or a pandemic-aware 48-page spiral-bound book that can be viewed from a distance and sanitized after use.

April Dvorak

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

April Dvorak is a senior from Chicago, Illinois. She is a graphic design major and fine art minor, and painting is one of her favorite things to do.

Mary Fleisher

SOPHOMORE | GRAPHIC DESIGN

My name is Mary Kate Fleisher and I'm a sophomore from Dayton, Ohio. Although my major is graphic design, I have always had a passion for photography and am looking to add a photography minor. While I do love photography and design, I also love baking, listening to music, playing volleyball, napping, watching really corny movies, and spending time with my family and friends. Special thanks to my mom for letting me take her camera, it really came in handy.

Josie Forsthooff

SOPHOMORE | AYA EDUCATION + ENGLISH

Josie Forsthooff is a second year English and education major who believes that literature has the power to transform the world. Poetry, novels, essays, and memoirs have given her solace in this unrelenting year while providing a template for self-expression. Love poems have always been some of her favorites, be they about love of self, love of nature, or even love of a STEM major.

Mia Gaskey

SOPHOMORE | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Mia Gaskey is from Barrington, IL. She is a visionary thinker with an out of the box, creative mind. She is a driven, motivated worker that thrives on expressing herself through her artwork. Her art journey began when she was in elementary school where she won Artist of the Month, every month. Receiving various art awards for her art accomplishments continued throughout her high school experience. Her discovery led to her current position as a Graphic Design major at the University of Dayton where she found her perfect fit.

Grace Gibson

JUNIOR | HUMAN RIGHTS STUDIES

Grace Gibson is a junior Human Rights Studies major and President of the Human Rights Week Committee. When not bound by collegiate responsibilities, Grace enjoys writing creatively, whether it be non-fictional accounts, or fictional representations of real issues. As a transgender woman, Grace uses her voice to educate others on trans-related subjects. Grace lives in her hometown of Vandalia, Ohio with her fiancé, Darien, her two cats, Brita and Zelda, and her black chihuahua, Rosie.

Anna Gorman

JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Hi! My name is Anna Gorman, and I am a junior Graphic Design major with a minor in Marketing. This piece was completed for my Graphic Design for the Three Dimensions class with John Clarke. It focuses around the beautiful inner workings of the violin and the craftsmanship it takes to build a violin. I have played the fiddle and violin since the age of four, so this piece reflects an important part of my life.

Claud Jackert

SENIOR | POLITICAL SCIENCE

A longtime listener, secondtime contributor. Spending my last semester at UD pondering the little universes in the Miami River, the humble Orbee, and the way yearning feels when it turns one. Efforting day in & day out to build something kinder/more resilient.

Amariá Jones

SOPHOMORE | ENGLISH

Amariá Jones is a native Washingtonian and rising Junior at the University of Dayton. She enjoys a plethora of the fine arts and is a published writer with the Black Data Processing Associates (BDPA), and podcast feature on the Smithsonian's Sidedoor podcast. She is an English major with a focus on Creative Writing, who hopes to publish books of her own in the future.

Jack Kargl

JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN+
SUSTAINABILITY

Jack Kargl is a junior Graphic Design major, Sustainability minor, and the Assistant Designer for Orpheus Magazine.

Evan Kurtz

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Howdy! My name's Evan Kurtz and I'm a senior Graphic Design major. My passion is 3D art and I'm so excited to be able to share that with you by being a part of the Orpheus Magazine! I modeled this work after an old USPS lockbox that my grandfather gifted to me. Modeled in Blender and textured in Substance Painter.

Megan Lewis

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Apparently the impossible is indeed possible—I have finally submitted design work. Let's keep that "anything is possible" vibe after graduation too, yeah?

Caitlin Mahoney

JUNIOR | PSYCHOLOGY

Caitlin is from Ann Arbor, MI with an identity crisis between the social science world and the art world. When she isn't being a horse girl or waiting in the McDonald's drive-thru, she enjoys embroidery and taking pictures of lonely places. She is most at home in a dark movie theater during a weekday matinee.

Benj McKenna

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Benj McKenna is a senior Graphic Design major with a minor in Photography. He is a native of the Dayton area who finds inspiration in the local landscapes and environments. His work often focuses on the order found in nature and spaces.

Kat Nickamp

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

My name is Kat Nickamp. I'm a graphic design major with a minor in photography who loves tacos. Oh, and I'm an enneagram 3 who sometimes thinks she's a 1 if you were wondering.

Marie Pece

JUNIOR | ENGLISH

Sometimes the most meaningful thing I can do is create what I need right now and hope that someone else needs it, too.

Yamilet Perez Aragon

SOPHOMORE | SUSTAINABILITY +
GRAPHIC DESIGN

Yamilet Perez Aragon is a first-generation student at the University of Dayton. She grew up back and forth between the central states of Mexico and Austin, Texas. She is in her second year pursuing a Graphic Design major alongside Sustainability, which she hopes to combine to work with development initiatives for sustainable communities.

Tess Poe-Slade

JUNIOR | ENGLISH

I'm just an English major who lost her wallet and wants the world to give it back.

Caleb Snoddy

FRESHMAN | GRAPHIC DESIGN

My name Caleb Snoddy and I am a freshman at the University of Dayton. I am currently enrolled as a graphic design major and I have over 2 years of experience using Adobe Photoshop.

Claire Sullivan

SENIOR | BIOLOGY

I am currently rebuilding my relationship with the Earth. I once saw a baby alligator sunbathing on top of a small turtle. Thinking about it triggers a dopamine release stronger than a bite into a fresh, home-baked, NYC-style everything bagel slathered with cream cheese—which I also love. If you haven't been outside today, get to it...you never know what you'll stumble upon!



