

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.

TYPOGRAPHY

Grotesque Light Condensed Grotesque Condensed

COVER

Madison Kurlandski

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EFFE BS

Dear Reader,

The theme for this semester's magazine is Fever. As you read it now, our world burns hot with something hurting. This year, the home we share was sickened with hatred, disaster, and violence. Over and over again, I have wrestled with those wounds that have made me wonder if any part of this humanity we share remains inhabitable. Much of the writing in this magazine captures this violence and hurt with reflections about what ails our climate, our city, our families, and ourselves.

But this edition of Orpheus is also a story about the ways we meet our shared pain by choosing to tend to each other. Dear Reader, on these pages, fever rages with what it means to burn, but it breaks with what it takes to heal.

In this issue, thirty-one writers and artists across almost as many majors draw close to their burnings and uncover flashes of grace and flickers of something tender in the places we are often afraid to look. Their pieces remind us that holding together the white-hot-heat of our shared humanity might be enough to melt us down into something softened. Their words are salve. Recovery follows fever's flush.

Thank you for being here, Reader. When you read a poem and give it your attention, you imagine magic into a world that so desperately needs it. Reading these stories has made me feel human, and knowing you are sitting somewhere holding our stories carefully makes me feel hopeful.

Tenderly, Mary McLoughlin

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader.

As the designer, I strive to create a unique experience that embodies the theme: Fever. Fever is not only an illness or a feeling, but it describes the highs and lows of the human experience. While designing this magazine, I found connections between each work of art and arranged them in a way that flows seamlessly between these highs and lows. As you move through this magazine, I hope you feel immersed in the ups and downs of the experiences that this edition offers.

Thank you to the patrons who continuously support our expression of creativity. And thank you to the writers and creators who take pride in telling their stories and sharing their experiences—it is to you that I dedicate this edition of Orpheus Magazine.

Sincerely, Madison Kurlandski



HEAT DIZZIES
YOUR SKIN WITH SWEAT.

YOU SHIVER
SOMETHING SOFT.
YOU SINK
BENEATH SWELTER.

FIRE FLUSHES FLESH FESTERS.

THE FEVER BREAKS.

FOR EACH VERSE, EARTH REVERTS

JAKE NEFF

for each verse, earth reverts

it rises like a shadow to sing throughout the trees her sickness is in silence fated forthcoming

is this your ghost beside us? a spectral summoning or are we in a cycle of misery and grief?

are we just the puppets tied to the strings of old? the future falls upon us the onus is our own

her temperature it rises along with it the sea is the purpose of our progress worth her suffering?

WHERE THE LIGHT MEETS THE DARK

SAMANTHA MONENDO



WARNING

KATHERINE KOHNEN

my city reeks
i can hear it crying

my fingers tremble chaos is brewing

the church bell tolls, warning, "the infection has spread"

51 wounded 31 dead

STEAMED PERSPECTIVE

ANDREA KNUTH

AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT CALLING JAILS AND HOSPITALS TO FIND OUT WHERE YOU WERE

MARY MCLOUGHLIN

I sit beside you as you sleep on the couch, watching to make sure each breath finds its way back into your chest.

Though I have spent my whole life growing up beside you, it's the first time in a long time your body has been still enough for me to really see you, and

I notice your eyelashes, the way they cast shadows over your cheeks like flower petals, and I wonder

if you remember the patch of marigolds you planted in our backyard when we were little, if you remember

how long you spent making sure each flower you picked was just right how much time you took carefully watering each bloom how patiently you watched each drop of water find root.

I remember the day our backyard was paved over how you cried for your flowers how hard it was for me to understand

why you hated change so much why you clung to the softness of grass when there was new asphalt to speed over why you'd walk on curled toes if it meant not outgrowing your favorite shoes.

On our first day of kindergarten you cried because you were afraid the teachers would think you were a big kid and send you up to third grade.

I remember laughing at you because, back then, the idea that you could ever outgrow yourself seemed silly. You'd always been the smallest triplet.

We joke it's because when we were all in the womb, you, as the oldest, were on the bottom holding us up while we grew and became on your shoulders.

By the time we were born you had already carried and shrunk under the weight of your world.

As you curl on the couch now, sleep softens you into something that could once again be small. Too late I begin to understand the future that once made you so afraid.

Suddenly, I am desperate for you to be tiny enough for me to hold so I can cry with the child whom you were once allowed to be afraid of all you stand to lose with your littleness.

EMBER BLOOM

TESSA JATCZAK







WHERE DO WE COME FROM?



WHAT DO WE REMEMBER?

MAIA GEORGE



PRESSURE RELEASE VALVE

NATHAN MANSOUR

I am living with a pipe bomb heart and the pressure is building. I patiently await the explosion. Among Sodom's sinners—right where god intended me to be.

I am living with a levee in my tear ducts and the heavy rains are approaching.
I patiently await the flood.
Underneath the arc—right where god intended me to be.

I am living with a mandolin mind and the strings are tuned a step up.
I patiently await my broken strings.
Pushing through the market square—right where god intended me to be







COPS AND ROBBERS

MAYA SMITH-CUSTER

When we played cops and robbers I thought robbers only stole money And followed the rules of recess. No kissing no hugging no inappropriate touching Who knew cops have salaries to. Only help a girl when they want to. A judge will never believe my statement Because the robber has a promising future. I showed the jury the stitches in my dress Can't speak loud enough to ask for it And if their voices could be heard They'd cry to the seams for a therapist. I sleep with one ear open and an eye listening Because you broke in through the window When the door was wide open The alarm was sounding but screams Don't stop robbers. An assault on my body, my sanctuary's Roof caves in on a Saturday night. You swear on the book not for Sunday service But for a Monday morning Bailiff. You feel the glass shards cutting from my eyes You hear the trembling in my walk You see the mis-steps in my voice When I ask the nurse What good could ever come of this rape kit If the robber Already got away with it?"

Exit at other end

INTERIM BRANDON POA

(UN)ACCOMPANIED

EMILY BATTAGLIA

١.

I am not alone.

I have convinced myself He is standing there with his familiar hand on my shoulder Dark eyes peering into mine

I want to lie next to you.

But I want him to leave me alone again.

and it is in this moment I find myself slipping between dreams Later: realizing he was never there to begin with. Just a hallucinogenic virus in my head A cold sweat, lingering.

Yet when I wake He is gone.

This time It is a new pair of darkness that I crave once, craved.

As I try to sleep with my body curled into itself.
Listening to the rise and fall of his breath
I realize it is identical to every individual who has slept beside me

Remember he is a stranger

Remember he cannot hear the whispers in your mind. Remember how you liked this room better when it was only yours. Remember how cold the bed used to feel.

And now his heat radiates off every angle Occupying all of your corners Suffocating me.

I think you should go home now. and so he does.

III.

When I wake, I know it has returned again. The feeling of

Craving Suffocating Convincing

You are not here. You were never here. Yet somehow you've left unkind reminders of your being.

And now, I climb. A dark and twisted nightmare Too far from reality, too close to a universe I do not wish to see again

Higher: until things start to spin and my throat gets dry and I can no longer distinguish between skewed facts, true fiction

drift away with this feeling take it with you when the door closes exit every un-ending dream

I do not want your warmth Or your strange hallucinations Or your sleepless nights

I want to be alone.

FOG ON THE GLASS

WILL BRYANT

Fog on the glass as you're gazing outside.

Neutral View—cold water (for drinking?) left untouched on the porch.

Cold sky, cold day, Cold.

Hand in the pocket, Hand in the hair.

Neutral View—clean water (for washing?) still wet on the scalp.

Stuffed nose, stuffed mind, Strike.

Moment still stuck there; thoughts hot on the lips.

Your mouth louder now than the words on your mind.

Fog on the glass as you're gazing outside.

Warmer on the inside than out, somehow still—

'You're cold inside! You're cold inside!"

Hands hammer pitiful on your chest. Head still Hot, & head is hot. Fog on the glass— A memory still stuck! It felt like a wish and it was.

OPEN MY HEART IN MY MOUTH

ASHLEY COOPER

with documents, left from the previous day. Upon arriving ose my eyes and see your house ilently, with a complete absence

And when I open my heart in my rything is standing just be

unties his small skiff and pushes off, letting the current to se to Gerberngasse, where he will del nnot tell v e baker arrives at his s he is awake

chair, head down on his desk. For the post the middle of April, he has dreamed many me. His dreams have taken hold of his resea out, exhausted him so that he son er he is awake or asleep. But the drea y possible natures of time, imagine ms compelling. Not that the others

his trousers are too big. In his hand he holds twenty cru pages, his new theory of time, which he will mail today German journal of physics. Tiny sounds from the ci through the room. A milk bottle clinks on a stone. An aw cranked in a shop on Marktgasse. A vegetable cart moves through a street. A man and woman talk in hushed tone apartment nearby. In the dim light that seeps through the desks appear shadowy and soft, like large sleeping a cept for the young man's desk, which is cluttered d books, the twelve oak desks are all neatly o

of the state of th

Jen minus

noment, in this dim has the documents on the desks

telled practical ideas. Outside, the tops of the Al from the sun it is late June. A beatman on the

ck in the corner or the secretary

night exist in other worlds. The you ng for the typist to come, and soft nom Beethoven's Moonlight

AN AMATEUR SEAMSTRESS

ANNABELLE HARSCH

You have a project in mind. Goals, steps, expectations. Fabric, thread, a needle. This project will be incredible, you tell everyone. It'll be exactly as I planned; it won't be different because if it is, it won't look as nice and I would've messed up. You think if you plan each step, each day perfectly there's no way you'll mess up.

So, like an amateur, you begin.

The first step is finding the perfect fabric, the foundation for your plan, the place to begin. Your eyes narrow on a soft, strong, bright fabric with perfect shapes and stripes littering the threads. In its form, you see all you imagine this project to be. Perfection. Perfect. Right.

But as you reach for the beautiful, bright fabric, your hand shakes and jerks and your heart shudders. You find yourself holding up a different fabric. Completely different. With zig-zags and deflated shapes and a duller fabric, but not boring. Colorful, but not bright. Coarse and a little frayed at the edges. You look around for the fabric you initially wanted—needed—but it's gone. Disappeared off the shelf. Your heart shakes and squeezes, cutting off your breath. You panic; you already messed up. You were overwhelmingly focused on your project and you forgot to notice people and talk to people and see the sky and smell the rose-dusted air on your way back to your apartment after class. This isn't what you planned. Glancing at the strange, new fabric, you deflate but move on. Move on still without noticing and talking and seeing and smelling. Without fabric, there's no project. Without a project, there's no success. Without success, there's no happiness. You need fabric and this is all you have.

The next step is choosing the thread. At this point, you can still give up. Give up and live like a hermit in the mountains, surrounded by your mangy cat and your vegetable garden and your massive piles of books and ignore the voice inside your head telling you how wrong you were to begin a project like this. But you don't, because you need to finish this project. If you don't, you're a failure. You reach for a spool of thread, the cheap kind, because, like an amateur, you didn't know you'd need stronger thread.

Thread the needle. Carefully. Cautiously. Wet the tip of the thread with your tears if you need to, to keep all the loose bits of thread together, all the loose bits of paper and tissues and empty ice cream cartons. Look closely at the eye of the blurred needle and watch the cheap, cheap thread slip through. You let out a breath you had been holding in and allow the needle to fall back down the length of thread. Knot the other end. Carefully. Cautiously. It'll take a couple tries to get a good knot.

Then, like an amateur, prepare to stitch. Line the gritty, messy fabric edges together and pierce a hole through the fabric, curve the needle around the backside, and bring it back through. Stitch by stitch, inch by inch.

Just when you see the sides coming together, the thread snaps. You never saw it coming. Another mistake.

In return, you snap. You throw your head back, leap from your seat, and, as your hand hovers over the garbage can, you remember your messy, strange project. What is a snapped thread to the final product, to the mangled fabric? You're learning. Your hand retreats and you sit back down. Your only option: keep going.

This isn't a terrible problem. Sure, the fabric isn't what you wanted but when you tilt the piece of fabric in the light, the colors look less dusty and a little brighter. And the shapes and stripes aren't as disfigured if you really look at the fabric. You decide to keep going but use stronger thread. Now, notice and talk and see and smell. After all, you're only an amateur.

To fix this small mistake knot the two ends of the thread that snapped. Surveying your project so far, you decide that if, in a couple of years, the thread gets weaker you could always go back over it with the stronger thread. Use the stronger thread to forget the weaker thread. Use the current goals to abandon the failed goals. Once you tied those two knots back up. thread your needle with the stronger thread and continue sewing where you left off.

The stitches are stronger. More sturdy and prepared. Less likely to snap. That stitch looks like a lingering glance and that one looks like a lopsided grin. That one looks like a hand running through perfectly messy hair. Those two stitches were stitched too close together. Maybe it was an accident, but you leave those two stitches alone. Two pairs of feet too close to each other, two bodies too close to each other: a mistake, but a distraction from your unplanned/unexpected turnout of your project. You correct yourself and continue stitching stitches a proper, unassuming distance, but you keep looking back at those too-close stitches. A small smile cracks through your face and you remember you're an amateur seamstress and obviously going to make mistakes and obviously going to be distracted by those lopsided grins and glances and white Converse shoeprints. Not a mistake exactly, but another avenue, another option. You smiled. You're happy.

When you reach the end of the fabric, look back over your unbelievable project. At the less-than-perfect-but-still-good fabric, the strange thread combination, the stitches stitched too close to each other. Complete your project by tying off the last stitch you made. Breathe.

You plan a new project.

IT'S ALL RELATIVE

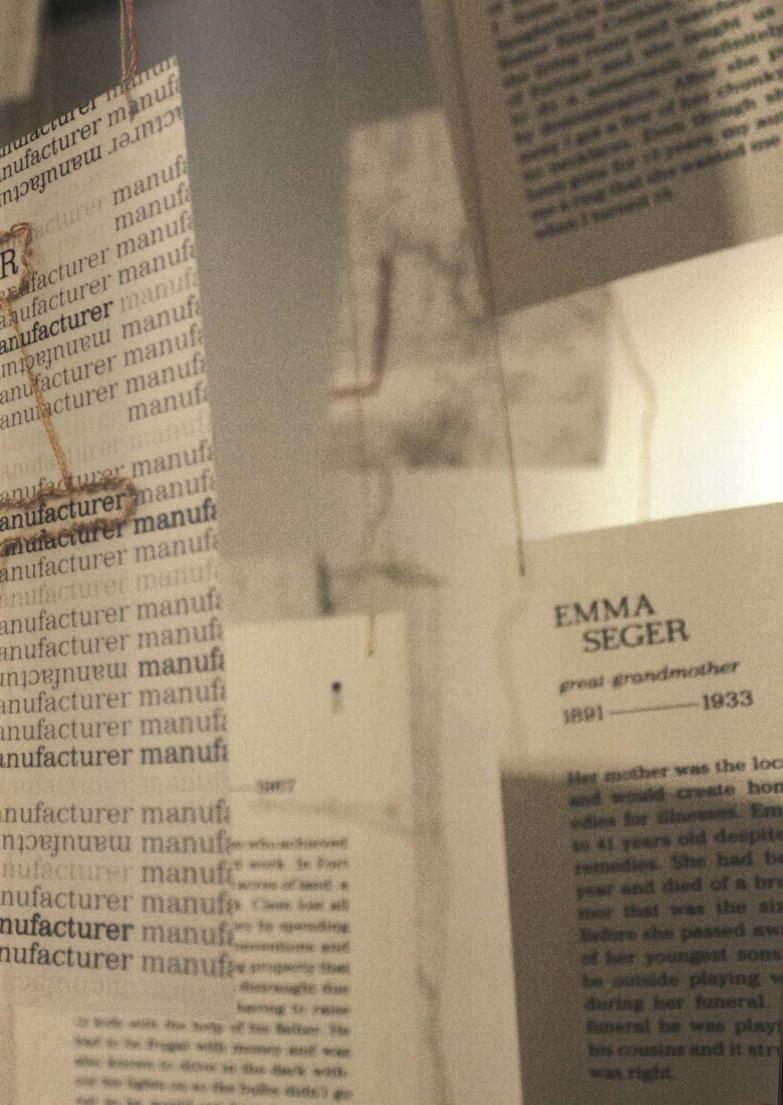
EMILY CORDONNIER

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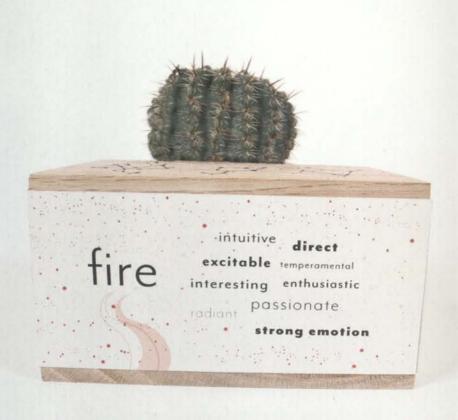
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LUNA GIFTS & BOTANICALS:











TO MY DAUGHTER

SARAH RICHARD

I shed myself of today's armor. Released from the weight, My bare body floats. Or is it sinking? Maybe both.

And through the chaos, I worry.

I worry that the rising waters will sting your scraped knees.

And the leaders of our nation will See their green paper comforts Are not worth Your adolescence.

But I hope you take this life and run. As it is nothing short of a miracle.

Love (v).
The real, boundless, kind.
The kind in which acknowledges difference,
But sees and seeks connection nonetheless.

God is tricky. So wonder. But realize faith, And more so hope, Isn't a weakness.

Learn to grow not perform.

Oh and politics.
There is no pretty way to say this.
Engage.
If not for you,
The woman down the street.

I hope when you are faced with a choice, You find yourself in the direction towards something greater. Greater than whatever this is.

It's a scary thing.

But yours is a fine one.

And if it's not.

Remember apologies.

Choice.

Like all words, Hold weight.

At times you're going to feel heavy, So much so, You may break,

And if you do,
I'll do my best to put the pieces back together.

Because I think it's ok to feel broken.

Oh and anger. Anger is ok, But only for a moment.

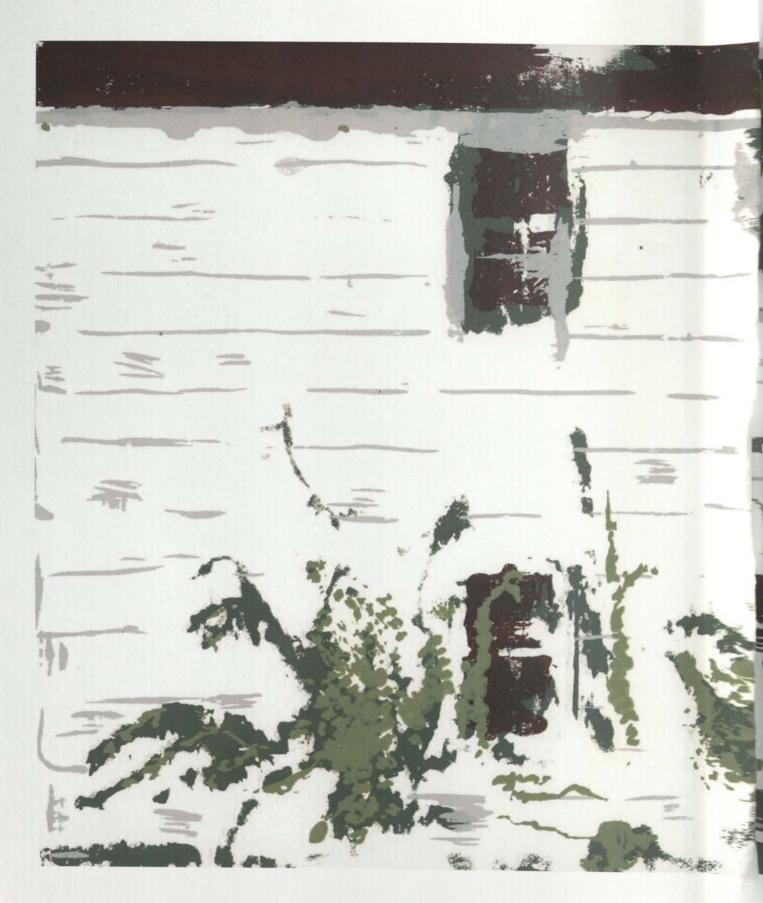
Because it's also ok,
Necessary even,
To feel joy.
The kind of joy that transcends all that stuff before.

UNTITLED

JUSTINE LIPTAK

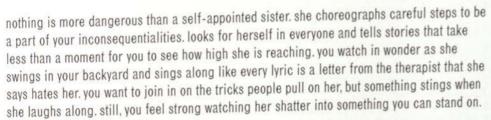
WRIGHT-DUNBAR

ABBY SHEAHAN



WHEN YOU WANT A MIRROR BUT NOT THE TRUTH

SARAH CRITCHFIELD

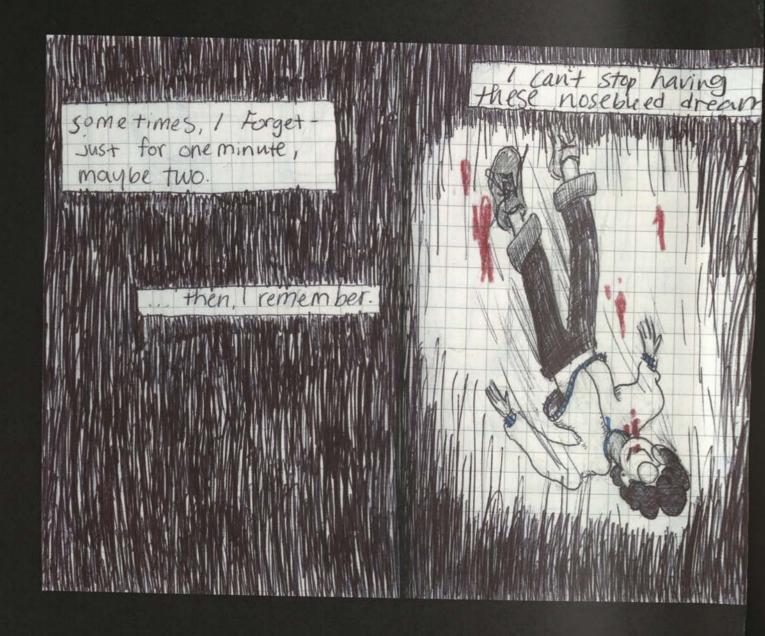


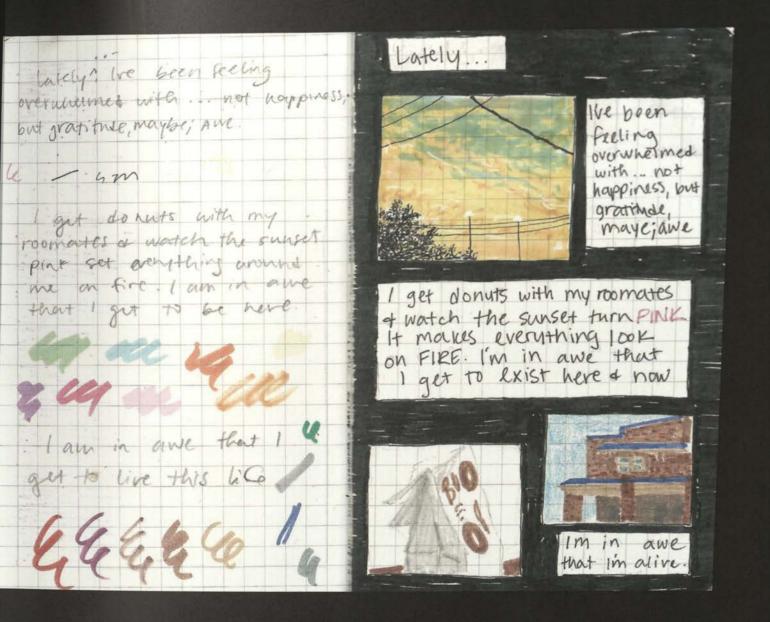
yearbooks close and you want to forget the color of her eyes, memory says they're the same shade as the frame around the mirror you broke after one of the fights, you don't hug her when she drives back to school, the summer singes with shouts and college is supposed to be good for the both of you, weeks pass and you fall asleep to diary entries you aren't supposed to read or even know about, diaries filled with pages where she calls herself a mother and fills her womb with rusted binder clips, she just needs to say sorry and she can be all the good parts again, she can be sleepovers stuck between confessions, sneaking out and driving your parents' cars to places to far to tell them, and sharing snickers bars after smoking a joint in the park you take the kids you babysit together, she already knows she's invited.

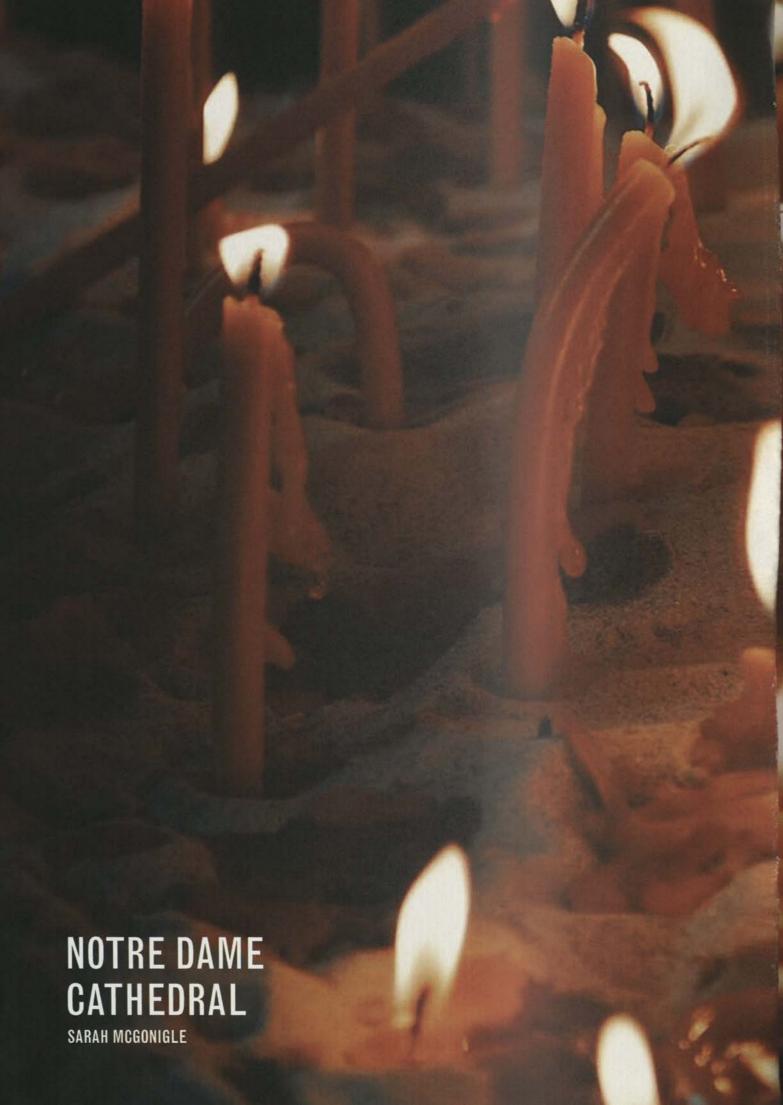


COMICS: PART 1 AND AWE

MARIA GORDON









BOTH, AND ALL, THE SAME

SIERRA KOCHERSPERGER

Leonotis leonurus
Wild how that works
I started off thinking of lion's tail
Red hair, golden flames
Ferocity unlike any others
And end up with
Mildly psychoactive
Euphoric effects
Insightful, peaceful

This is you

A phoenix

A lion

A man

And a human

Insignificantly significant but alas

You believe yourself to be more a dandelion

Whispy and wild

But still a lion

Still vital

Significantly insignificant

A human

A man

Not a lion

Never a phoenix

Walk across this Sahara and search for mirages, you will find them

Rearrange my mind and search for wildflowers, you will find them

Prevent me from invading your mind, as high doses can be dangerous: we wouldn't want you to find that

The melding of the dandelion and the wild dagga

The melding of the man and the lion

The melding of the significant and the insignificant

Into a psychedelic wildflower

The melding

Into something more groovy,

Man

Wild how that works

As the poem goes on

You become both dandelion and a lion's tail

You become both

Phoenix and human

Lion and Man

Man and human

Lion and Phoenix

You will find that

You become what you aren't

Through a different persons perspective

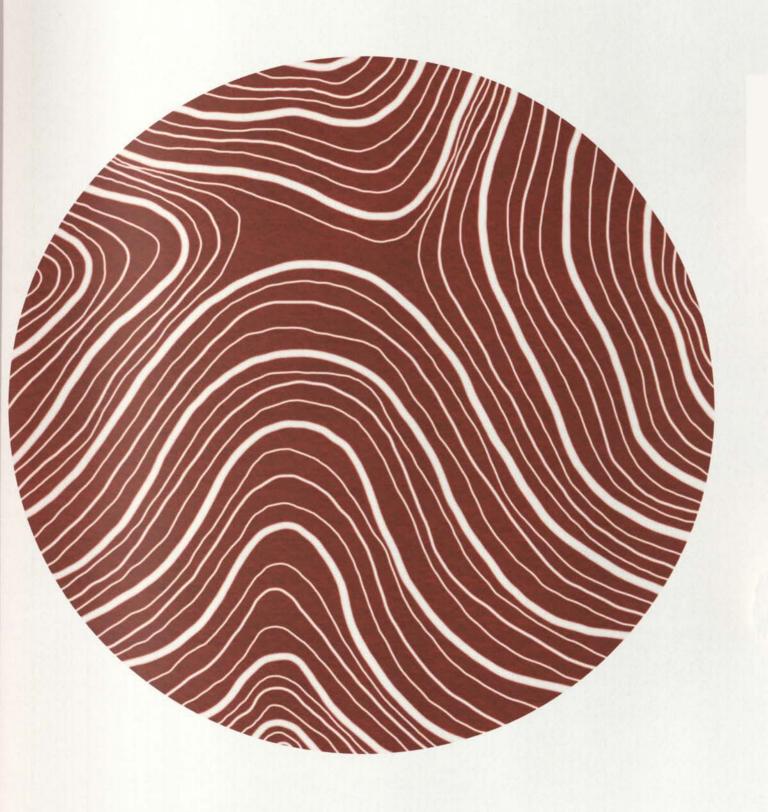
Red flags look white

Through rose-colored lenses

I am trying to resist the high of wild dagga

But it is not my fault that dandelions are invasive

TENSION DANIELLE VILLHARD





THE SURFACE IS JUST AS DARK AS THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE

DRAKE DAHLINGHAUS

The surface is just as dark as the bottom of the lake. At night when the clouds are out, the center of the water is absolutely terrifying.

The silence of it and the mystery of what is below. Jason? I'm paralyzed by the sight. Not at an arm's length away from the shore, where I can see the ground below the water; in the middle of it, and worse still beneath that medial place, far below the face. Down there you don't know if the water is colder than at the top or if it's warm like piss. There may be no distinction between lake and land down there—maybe the water and the earth are graduated between the face and the bed, and halfway between the two is half of each.

Surface tension and the thought of flying. Water is like air in that, given the opportunity, our bodies will eventually fall through it. Lying on my back in the center of the lake, it is like flying in the sky-it's not what's potentially above that concerns me, it's about the proximity to what is below. A big part of me doesn't care about the above because I know it can't affect me. I'm tired of it all it's all anyone talks about as if the bottom of the lake isn't there or worse yet as if we weren't flying on water above below. They talk about lightning like static electricity regards the above not the below. There's no such thing as coldness only lack of heat and no such thing as falling only lack of water and the water is the scariest part to me like it could burn me but so much worse at least burning is positive it's the presence of something. Flying on the surface of the lake is inexplicably negative it's the lacking it's the draining it's the void-like and you can feel it in your lungs like your lungs too are full of water or empty of air, and they share the line with the outside of your body where the water's face meets your ribs meets the air. If you flew there long enough you'd get a ring of black mold on that line, and you'd have to take a toilet brush and scrape it off, moving in a line down from the top of your head under your arm across those ribs down your leg and up your leg again, catching every scab and ingrown hair yet you don't bleed. Do you understand? You don't bleed so don't make this about you? Yet it is still the act of being alive because it makes you fear and to fear is to be alive.

You let the mold grow there. You claim to be out of it and you're so drunk and you don't even care but these are all lies. You lie all the time. Even when you're flying high on a thousand ounces and you move with turbulence how you think a person flying high on a thousand ounces would experience turbulence, aware of your consciousness and wondering how much more it would take to truly lose yourself. Wouldn't truly experiencing turbulence require that you not actually want to experience turbulence? Kink shame Captain.

Teetotal you are still performing. Just like when you're on the ground. You are letting the mold grow on you because you want the attention it will bring. What you want is a lifeguard to notice you're having a bad trip and care in any way. Maybe he will give you mouth to mouth and realize you're the prettiest person he's ever seen. Maybe he'll tow you back to the rocky Ohio shore and walk away. Maybe he is sitting in his stand on that shore blowing his whistle at you, not because he's in love with you but because you're inconveniencing him. Get out of the lake it's closed after dusk.

There are no tides in a fucking lake.





BIOGRAPHIES

ABBY SHEAHAN

SENIOR | ART EDUCATION

Senior Art Education major from Chicago's Southside. I find myself relating most to Jan Brady in any situation. Self-described Sad Clown. Just here to make you look or laugh!

ANDREA KNUTH

SENIOR | FRENCH EDUCATION

Searching for beauty within the unknown and for freedom among the confined, my art allows me to express the wild human struggles and celebrations that make us who we are. You'll probably find me anywhere that has dark roast coffee, open minds, and fresh air.

ANNABELLE HARSCH

JUNIOR | ENGLISH

I've written about rose petals, the god of wine and revelry, candied orange slices, too-bright sunlight, Italy, holly hedges, broken glass, paint splatters, lace handkerchiefs, Greece, iron doors, and muffins and I still find myself thinking of my old friends. You can find me in the clouds, behind a book, or drowning in chait ea lattes.

ASHLEY COOPER

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

Senior graphic design major with a minor in marketing. I traveled to Asia to study anthropology and human linguistics. Interested in the psychology of design and universal design. If I were a typeface, I would be Filosofia.

BRANDON POA

SENIOR | MECHANICAL ENGINEER I'm a cowboy.

CAMDON IVES, ZACH JORDON, TROY LAMPENFEL, CARTER SPIRES, & JILL PARKER

JUNIOR | HUMAN RIGHTS STUDIES

Tomfoolery as a lifestyle supports our stroke of brilliance.

DANIELLE VILLHARD

SENIOR | EDUCATION AND VISUAL ARTS

An aspiring educator and artist with a passion for color and creating. Inspired by Anni Albers, Morgan Harper Nichols, and whoever makes those tiny food videos. Currently hooked on British TV shows and mint chocolate chip ice cream.

DRAKE DAHLINGHAUS

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I've traveled the world and Dayton, Ohio is my favorite place in it. As a graphic design major at a small liberal arts school called the University of Dayton, I get to study math, science, sociology, politics, business, you name it—every day. What I have learned is that there is going to be a tech utopia.

Cyberpunk is alive and steampunk is dead—I killed it!

EMILY BATTAGLIA

SENIOR | ENGLISH

Emily's hobbies include: short-lived attempts at birdwatching, drinking too much coffee, and staring dramatically out windows. She someday hopes to add "performing sub-par, stand-up comedy" to this list, but only time will tell. Emily also enjoys writing in third person, just as she did for this bio.

EMILY CORDONNIER

JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I'm not here at the moment, please leave a message at the beep...

GRACE ELLIOT

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

Grace is a senior photography major. Her dream is to own a tree farm in Vermont and strives to one day be able to turn into a bat as a mode of transportation.

JAKE NEFF

JUNIOR | POLITICAL SCIENCE

Heavily inspired, perpetually tired, often admired. I write songs that turn into poems when I don't have my guitar.

JUSTINE LIPTAK

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

Justine Liptak is a Senior Photography Major who hopes to continue her career as a fashion photographer.

KATHERINE KOHNEN

SOPHOMORE | PRE-MED & PSYCHOLOGY

Katherine Kohnen is a sophomore premedicine and psychology double major who fell in love with reading and writing at a young age. In her free time, she plays a lot of intramural volleyball, participates in campus ministry, volunteers at the hospital, does genetics research, and writes poetry. Katie aspires to go to medical school after graduating from the University of Dayton.

MAIA GEORGE

SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

I grew up and currently live in Cleveland, Ohio. I am a senior photography major. My work is currently focusing on the themes of memory, loss, and family.

MARIA GORDON

SENIOR | ART EDUCATION

Maria Gordon is a pre-service art educator and artist that makes comics about things that happen and some things that may happen. More of these comics can be found on Instagram at @themgordon.

MAYA SMITH-CUSTER

JUNIOR | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Maya Smith-Custer is from Dayton, Ohio. She graduated from Stivers School for the Arts where she had an arts magnet concentration in Creative Writing. Maya is a junior majoring International Studies with a concentration in International Business and minors in Spanish and Economics. She was inspired by the People v. Turner case to write this piece in this issue of Orpheus Magazine.

MARY MCLOUGHLIN

SENIOR | ENGLISH & HUMAN RIGHTS

I'm trying to remember how to hold something gently.

NATALIE MARTIN

SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I am from Bloomington-Normal Illinois. I am a senior graphic design student with a minor in marketing.

NATHAN MANSOUR

FIFTH YEAR | ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

A lot of my friends are suddenly in different states. Navigating time zones is cumbersome. Making phone calls is more difficult than anticipated. I'm trying my hardest not to be a stranger.

SAMANTHA MONENDO

SENIOR | PRE-MEDICINE

I am a senior pre-med major with a passion for photography and everything artistic. I have been creating since the day I was born with any medium I could get my hands on, whether it be a camera, journal, or a paint brush. I want to pursue PA school after I graduate and while photographing the world.

SARAH CRITCHFIELD

SENIOR | ENGLISH

lil freak

SARAH MCGONIGLE

JUNIOR | ART EDUCATION

I am an Art Education major with a passion for photography, travel, people, and food. I like to communicate real life experiences through art so that people might be a little more compassionate and understanding.

SIERRA KOCHERSPERGER

SOPHOMORE | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

When not wistfully looking out a rainy window or writing, I spend my time with my head in the clouds and stars in my eyes. Can you tell I'm a poet?

TESSA JATCZAK

SENIOR | PSYCHOLOGY AND VISUAL ARTS

Tessa Jatczak is a senior, double majoring in Psychology and Visual Arts. Tessa loves that the programs at UD give her the freedom to explore different mediums and styles. Over the last four years she has particularly enjoyed studios for drawing, painting, ceramics, and alternative photography. In addition to her studies in the Department of Art and Design, she also works as a student stage technician for the Theatre, Dance, and Performance Technology Program and is one of the student scenic artists. Tessa is extremely grateful to have so many opportunities to incorporate art into her studies and her life, and she's excited to see what new areas she can explore in her remaining semesters here.

WILL BRYANT

FIRST YEAR | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES
Will Bryant is a freshman from Dayton, Ohio. He
graduated from Stivers School for the Arts
where he studied creative writing for six years.
Besides writing, his biggest interests are
writing and playing music and going grocery
shopping. On weekends you can find him
napping in the supply closet of ABP.



