



ORPHEUS

Orpheus
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Cover Photography
Mackenzie Barron | Page 19

Form

It is essential to analyze the relationship between form and content in order to find meaning. The form of a story or artwork influences everything. Rhythm, tone, language. Perception, experience, composition. The combinations are diverse and endless — and it is that endlessness that makes art beautiful. Form can be both restricting, liberating, and is used as a means of self expression.

06 **Linda y Libre, Lovely and Free**

ANNA ADAMI

08 **New Marrow**

JOEY FERBER

09 **Male Man**

EILEEN COMERFORD

10 **The Green Notebook**

JENNA GOMES

11 **Thin Crust**

AMANDA DEE

Shower

KATHERINE MCCAFFERY

12 **Soma, Somewhere**

MARA KALINOSKI

13 **Chaos**

EMILY KEANE

14 **Let Them Eat Burgers**

RACHEL CAIN

Content

- 19 **Help Me Lose My Mind**
MACKENZIE BARRON
- 21 **Glow**
HANNAH GORSKI
- 23 **Electricity**
ANNE MARIE CARDILINO
- 25 **Traces No.6**
FLANNERY COHILL
- 27 **Think Again**
ALLISON VASSANELLI
- 29 **Body Book**
ALEXA INDRIOLO
- 31 **Gears**
KELSEY MILLS
- 33 **Blue Sky**
ERIN ELAYNE
- 35 **Little Sally Walker**
EMMA STIVER
- 37 **Finding Balance**
BRIGID CAMPBELL
- 39 **Feathers & Pearls**
ERIN ELAYNE
- 41 **Drained**
ALLISON VASSANELLI
- 43 **Space Light**
KELSEY MILLS
- 45 **Composition I & II**
SARAH KANE
- 47 **GHETTO**
JACOB HANSEN
- 49 **Fresh Brew**
TAYLOR ORR

The background of the page is a light cream color with faint, illegible text scattered across it. On the left side, there is a large, dark teal shape that resembles a stylized letter 'P' or a partial circle. At the bottom of the page, there are two smaller, solid teal rectangular blocks.

Literary

Linda y Libre, Lovely and Free

SHORT FICTION

Anna Adami

is currently studying in Costa Rica, tripping over Spanish words and wandering unmarked roads.

[Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 1

"Usted ha sido una abeja desde su nacimiento," my mother used to tell me. *You have been a bee since your birth.* She would braid gardenias in my hair, kiss my cheek, tell me "You belong among the flowers." Anytime I would complain she would shake her head. "Hija," she'd say. "You must turn your life into honey. It can be so sweet if you let it."

And it is sweet, Mami. It is sweet with the breeze at dusk and the pineapples at the feria and the sunburnt smile Papi wears when he comes home from fishing on Sunday.

But it is also hard. Life cannot always be honey. And bees should not be afraid to sting.

I got a tattoo of a bee three years after your death, two years after Papi stopped working, and one day after I refused Adrian at the altar. A backpacking gringo complimented my tattoo a week after I got it. "Unique," he said.

I laughed. "Would you like to dance?" I asked.

"Now?" he replied. "It's the middle of the day."

I motioned to the dark curtained door of my new home. Smoke flirted with neon lights and pooled onto the sidewalk. The gringo's eyes widened with recognition.

Raúl, my first client, rounded the street corner and sauntered toward me. He eyed the gringo with disdain, then turned his gaze toward me. I held out my hand and Raúl took it. I gave the gringo a wink and pulled Raúl through the doorway.

"Abeja," Raúl growled. "You were the best I've had in months. Do not disappoint me today."

I did not disappoint. I never disappoint. Except maybe you, if you were here. Or Papi, if he knew.

The girls here think I'm loca. They say I should have married Adrian. "Ach," I say. They do not understand. Yes, with Adrian I would not have to worry about money. But he expected the same thing from me as Papi and my brothers: food on the table and a woman to protect.

I used to look at the ground when packs of men called out to me on the streets. Now I look straight into their greedy eyes, lick my lips, and add a bounce to my strut. There is a strange freedom in that. I will give men what they want, but only on my own terms.

"But isn't Adrian handsome?" the girls ask me.

I tell them, "Yes. And life with him was simple."

He would pick me up from my house and walk me home at night. With him by my side, no men called to me on the streets. His steady presence warded off eyes eager to undress me. With him I was secure; without him I was not. When he talked to his friends, he referred to me as his "chica," his girl. They would assess me as if I were an investment, nod to him in reply. I was an accessory, not a person. And it is true, that life was simple.

I felt numb from your death, Mami. I felt weak and lost and afraid.

The house was always loud as I tried to study. Carlos would fight with Luis and Papi would turn up the volume on the TV. The walls sweated with humidity and the air sat stagnant. Carlos would complain about being hungry, and I would tell him I was reading and he would persist until I got up, turned on the fan and made him a plate. Then I would sit back down and Luis would tell me he was hungry. I was not happy at home.

Adrian took me away from home. With him I thought I was happy. I thought, "If I marry this man, I will be free."

On the day before our wedding, he told me, "I will buy us a house for you to cook in. We will have many children, all of them boys. They will be strong and handsome, just like their father. I will pass the business down to them."

"I want a daughter," I told him.

"Yes, yes. We can have one daughter. To help you with the house."

That night I could not sleep. That morning I could not think.

I walked down the aisle. The altar was a blur.

I stared at my bouquet of gardenias. And I cried.

For the first time in three years I cried. And I was not numb.

I was weak and I was lost, and I was afraid. But I was not numb.

The altar came into focus. I knew, then, what I had to do.

Adrian followed me as I ran back down the aisle. He stepped on the tail of my dress, and I fell into my dressing room. He yelled at me, shook me, told me I embar-

assed him. I slapped him in the face. He clenched my arms harder. Papi, Carlos and Luis crashed through the door. Carlos and Luis pulled Adrian away from me. Papi drew me aside. "Do you have any idea what you are doing?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I have to go."

He watched my face carefully. His eyes turned sad. "You know that I love you?" he said, "And that your mother loves you too?"

"I do," I said.

"Then go if you must." And I did.

Now I make my own money. I walk down the street alone with my head held high. My body is my tool. It is my weapon. It is mine.

One day I will move from this city, leave the smoke and lights and the men like Raúl. I will wear dresses that hide my tattoo. I will chase my sueño, catch my dream. I will find a house in the hills of San Ramón where the air tastes like mountain instead of salt. I will cook for myself in a kitchen with a window that lets in the breeze. In front of my house I will plant gardenias.

"Que linda," men will continue to whisper.

"Yes," I will tell them. I am lovely. And I am free.

Weekends I will visit Papi.

Weekdays I will walk to a school on the edge of town. I will teach reading. More importantly, I will teach life. I will tell the little girls "Usted ha sido una abeja desde su nacimiento."

They will say, "But Señora, I want to be a butterfly, not a bee."

And I will tell them, "Mis amores, butterflies are pretty. But they do not have a sting."

my head bobbing
 body ice cold
 numb from the
 neck down
 submerged
 in ocean
 my shadows on
 sun tanned cliffs
 behind me

Your future
 in limbo
 like an airplane
 over sea

Decision departed

Its winter
 impermanence
 is fading
 skin as pink as
 the plus signing you
 to new m a r r o w
 beckons spring's
 sun you call
 listening for

shade

New Marrow

POETRY

Joey Ferber

enjoys spending time reading, futboing, and practicing guitar. When procrastinating any of those, he writes.

[Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 2

"Dancin' with a baby looks more like a hug."

— Darrell Scott

Male Man

POETRY

Eileen Comerford

plans to travel, eat oreos, teach or
become a truck driver after graduation.

[Read more](#) | [Page 50](#) | [Author 3](#)

*"I'm just going to write because I
cannot help it."*

— Charlotte Bronte

I weigh my package for the male man
I'm a guy's guy
a Delta Chi
I wear my letters with pride
I write a letter to my X
girlfriend. I have an ex-girlfriend
I have an ex-girlfriend
I am a male man
cis-het
don't ever forget or let
LGBTQI etcet-
era become my lett-
ers, a repetitive
process of hetero
excess. I yell "tits out for the boys"
but I don't expect them to deliver.
Our enjoyment doesn't rely
on a revealed breast.
It's already signed and sealed "best
wishes" with kisses from us boys
for the boys.
Our satisfaction comes
from each other
from our brothers-
a bond stronger than that induced by
saliva on an envelope
in my ex-girlfriend's male box.

Jenna Gomes

is heavily involved in the theatre program and loves acting, directing, and singing.

[Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 4

The Green Notebook

SHORT FICTION

When Kennish died, we all grew up. The war wasn't a joke anymore. It wasn't an old photograph or a worn postcard. It was our reality.

Kennish and a handful of others came to join the Company C deployment from Bravo Company. All of them were volunteers, which made us not want to understand them at first. There is something about getting a gun shoved in your hands and being thrown into a warzone that makes you question the kids who ask for it.

Most of the Bravos kept to themselves. Kennish, though. If you hadn't known the kid just started training with Company C, you would've thought he shared the womb with us. There was something about the way Kennish just pretended he was your best friend that made you believe it. Soon enough none of us had to believe it because it was just a fact. Like when I caught Schmidt in the tail end of a conversation with Kennish, and after he walked away Schmidt just kinda stood there, smiling and shaking his head. And I looked at that poor bastard and said, "Schmidt, my friend, you've been Kennish'd."

Training was rough, but knowing it came nowhere close to what we'd see in Iraq was even rougher. I was sitting down one day with Kennish and Cruz after a brutal session of army crawls and obstacle courses and said, "We're all gonna die there, aren't we?" I just kind of let it slip out like a big exhale. There was a couple seconds of silence before Cruz said, "Not all of us." Kennish pulled his little green notebook and a pencil out of God-knows-where and started scribbling. We all knew by now that Kennish had that notebook filled with quotes. Anything he found funny or anything he wanted to remember. I wondered if he was writing down what Cruz said, or what I said.

When we were flying somewhere over the Atlantic, word got around that our purpose in Baghdad would

"The great challenge of adulthood is holding onto your idealism after you lose your innocence."

— Bruce Springsteen

solely be a peace-keeping mission. It had been up in the air for quite some time, but this confirmation gave us that extra kick of hope we needed before we landed.

Once the plane touched down in Kuwait, they let us make phone calls before our long haul to Baghdad. I overheard Kennish on the phone with his mother, telling her that we were going to be safe and not to worry. Kennish had told me that joining Company C broke his promise to his mother that he wouldn't volunteer. Seeing that dumb smile on his face while he told her the good news made my damn eyes water.

An hour after that phone call and a dozen hushed whispers later, we figured out they were lying to us. The whole country was going up in bombs. It was an unspoken worry that this was the second Vietnam. And we just told our families we were gonna be bottle feeding starving infants.

Three days in at the buttcrack of dawn on April 9th, Silva woke us all up and asked us to get on our knees and pray. He was welcomed by a bunch of angry "Fuck you, Silva's and some "Go back to sleep's. But Silva wouldn't shut up about it being Good Friday and Jesus's sacrifices so finally Kennish sat up in his cot and said, "Come on, guys. Jesus fuckin' died for us, the least we could do is get on our knees and say a damn prayer." So we all rolled out of our cots and bowed our heads and said a word or two, because Kennish had that kind of power over us.

It was later that day when the roadside bombs hit our four-vehicle unit. It felt like a sixteen-wheeler truck ran right over me, and soon I was lying in the dirt staring at the blown-out window I went through. I looked to my right and saw Kennish take the gunner position in the Humvee still standing upright. That's when the fire hit. Within four minutes, they were gone. We never saw the enemy, just their ammo. Kennish was slumped over his gun up in the truck. I knew he was dead. Nobody said anything. One by one, we all took off our helmets and put them over our hearts. Then we got on our knees and bowed our heads. From where I was I could see Kennish's green notebook where it must have fallen on the ground. I thought about how later I'd add his quote to it. About Jesus dying for us and the least we could do was get on our knees and say a damn prayer.

*"Run mad as often as you choose,
but do not faint."*

— *Jane Austen*

Shower

POETRY

Steam invades my body,
The water pelts my skin,
Burying itself in myself.
The water collides with metal, tile, flesh,
Only to be abandoned;
A swirling black hole swallows it.
It falls slowly in love with the ground —
It is an unrequited passion.

Thin Crust

POETRY

absent in the eyes
hollow in the (crust)

won't kiss my softspots
but you'll eat me up

(crumbs) in the cushions
(crumbs) on the floor
(crumbs) in my hair —

an invisible existence

shredded (mozzarella)
grinded (parmesan)
please
say (cheese)
and
cut me to triangles

Amanda Dee

experiments with energies, meanings, and perceptions
to express the salty humanity rubbing into the cuts of
life/death. [Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 5

"I love ghosts."

— *Cher*

Katherine McCaffery

comes from the bluesy city of Memphis, Tennessee
and enjoys reading, writing, and listening to music.

[Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 6

"If I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad."

— Lord Byron

Soma, Somewhere

POETRY

Woodwinds; enter soft.

winter at the metroparks
carnal, cerebral, scenic,
Brian wrapped his car around a tree
and it went up in flames.
there were snowflakes in my
eyelashes, and my
heart was numb.

Enter strings, slowly.

veins crumpling,
or waking up to a violent pirouette of
sunlight to blind you,
is it morning already,
have I left you again

now brass, gently.

cigars on the beach made pleasant
mirages, the dark sand
and dark water and
voices sounding syrupy and
appeasing.

Becca was a dancer, she
had leukemia,
it was two days after Christmas.

percussion, as you please

in a hurricane around my ankles,
lost feelings and tomorrow,
more words in black ink.

Mara Kalinoski

likes Hemingway, dinosaurs, Leonard Cohen, and the
idea of alternate universes.

[Read more](#) | [Page 50](#) | [Author 7](#)

Chaos

POETRY

SEE

THIS WORLD

LOVE

All we are is

Twisted
STARS

BATTLING

savage
bones

Love letters
killed

MAPS

to

HEAVEN

The great FAIRY TALE

A HIGH FLYING

first class death

Emily Keane

loves traveling to unknown places, drinking coffee,
and everything Harry Potter.

[Read more](#) | Page 50 | Author 8

*"The earth has made music
for those who listen."*

— William Shakespeare

Let Them Eat Burgers

CREATIVE NON-FICTION

Rachel Cain

cooking Italian food, doing embroidery, and
watching countless videos of adorable animals.

[Read more](#) | [Page 50](#) | [Author 9](#)

Washington, DC. Possibly the most powerful city in the world and capital of one of the wealthiest nations. I grew up in a neighboring suburb and whenever I visited the city I indulged in my favorite pastime of people-watching. During the oppressively humid summer months, a mosaic of tourists of every culture and language imaginable flood the streets to take snapshots of themselves “holding” the Washington Monument, posing outside the White House’s gates, or relaxing on the lawns of the National Mall. The international tourists frequently have another crucial photo-op: outside the United States’ Treasury, the storehouse of the Great American Wealth they see all around them.

But sometimes we see only what we want to.

The summer after my sophomore year of college I interned with a nonprofit street newspaper in DC that advocated for the rights of the homeless. My assignments had me constantly bustling to all corners of the district. While I loved the work, my introvert self dreaded the constant demands for attention I faced on the streets when people asked me to sign their petitions, donate to their charities, take their flyers. Ignoring them became second nature. I treasured my quiet moments, such as the one I was enjoying on the crosswalk at P Street across from the National Coalition for the Homeless’ headquarters, where I had just finished my last interview for the day.

When I spied the man walking up to me out of the corner of my eye I groaned inwardly.

“Can you buy me a burger?” he mumbled.

I considered the man—the stench wafting towards me from over a foot away indicated he likely hadn’t showered in days. He was a head taller than I, but he stooped and kept his bloodshot eyes focused on the ground whenever he wasn’t speaking. Dressed in torn dark blue work jeans, a t-shirt with faded words on the front, and ripped

*“Art washes away from the
soul the dust of everyday life.”*

— *Pablo Picasso*

sneakers, he was African-American, like the majority of the homeless population in DC. The man was probably about thirty, close in age to my oldest brother.

I prepared to implement my standard response of stare-forward-and-pretend-this-guy-doesn’t-exist-because-he-might-be-a-murderer-or-rapist-or-drug-addict-and-if-I-look-forward-long-enough-he’ll-give-up-and-walk-away. Instead, I found myself replying, “Sure!”

The man did a double take and looked as astonished as I felt at my response.

“Really?” he said softly in his gravelly voice, looking me up and down. “Kay, I guess, well, come with me.”

My heart began to hammer my chest. What was I doing? I knew very little about the part of the city we were in, and even less about this man who had suddenly become my guide. Suddenly, stories of abductions and shootings in DC flooded my mind. I clenched my fists, stared ahead, and talked myself down. I reminded myself of the reasons I agreed to pay for the meal. Half an hour earlier, I had participated in a discussion about the importance of interacting with panhandlers. The importance of recognizing the humanity of the people who are often overlooked, and giving whatever support you can. And yet—I kept my hand close by my phone.

We walked together down one street, then another, then another. The streets of Dupont Circle snake through the city, and the people there are characters from radically different plays, everyone weaving in and around each other but rarely interacting with those outside their own plotlines. There’s a high-end restaurant with young professionals waiting outside, wearing smart blazers over their wrinkle-free dress shirts, leaning against the brick siding as they text on their smartphones and smoke their e-cigarettes. Next street. A dingy bar across from a boarded-up Rite Aid, the few people scattered

along the road pushing shopping carts in which they keep all their earthly possessions tucked safely under plastic tarps. Next street. It's lively, people hurrying about and sipping their coffees-to-go. Passers-by spare a few minutes to enjoy the street musicians and toss crisp dollar bills into their bucket. They largely ignore the elderly man hunched over, cross-legged, weakly grasping an old McDonald's cup in his hands. He doesn't ask for money; he only sits and shakes the cup.

"Um, so, what's your name?" the man walking beside me asked.

"Rachel," I replied, avoiding his eyes.

He told me his name, but my mind was still too busy racing to register what he told me. My cell phone was nearly dead, so I had limited options for getting help if I needed it. I breathed in, breathed out, wiped the sweat from my palms onto my dress.

"Yeah, I've lived in the city my whole life," he continued.

"My family's up in Northeast DC. That's where my mom, dad, and brothers live. Lived there my whole life."

"You see your family much?" I searched for words to say.

"Yeah, I see them now and again," he ran his palm over his head and then stuffed his hands deep in his pockets. We walked together in silence for several minutes.

Then, suddenly, he couldn't stop talking about his family. As the words tumbled out of his mouth I was overwhelmed by the great trust he held in me, a stranger. He told me about his parents' professions, their family celebrations, his brothers and sisters, and his childhood experiences. His family had all lived together under one roof and he loved DC, could never imagine leaving it. He touched briefly on the alcoholism in his family, but he then trailed off into silence for a few moments before switching the topic to the Easter party his family held every year. As I heard the man's stories, I slowly came to realize I had fewer and fewer reasons to be afraid. He had joy as well as hurt in his life, just like anyone. Now, I deeply regret not listening more carefully to him and being so anxious about speaking to a homeless man. Although I can't recall his words, I remember the animation and excitement with which he spoke of his family and his previous life with them. The memories he spoke of were the days during which he had a home.

We eventually turned the corner to a small deli. The white storefront sign had faded to gray and the red letters, which must once have been vividly bright, now looked like old flaking rust. It's the kind of store I could have hurried by every day of my life without realizing or caring it existed. The deli was like the man, easy to ignore.

The bell on the door gave a feeble ring when we entered the empty restaurant. As our eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room the storeowner marched up from the back, towel in hand. His dark eyes narrowed when he noticed my companion, and he immediately contorted his face into a frown.

"Get out, get out!" he yelled in a thick Eastern European accent, his face reddening. "I already told you, if you don't pay money you don't get food. Leave!"

"But I've got money this time," the man protested. "She's paying for me."

"Is this true?" the storeowner questioned me. I nodded.

The man ordered a full meal of a burger, fries, and a bottle of iced tea. And then, just as he finished ordering, he asked me, "Do you want anything?"

My excuse that I had to be home soon for my brother's play performance was only partly true. Although I was on a time crunch, I certainly had the leeway to spend a half hour downtown eating dinner. But, my reservations about talking further with a stranger and stretching myself outside my comfort zone inhibited me. I wish now I had spared the several minutes to talk to this man, who clearly craved the conversation of others.

"You are a very nice person," the storeowner told me as I handed him my debit card. I doubted the truth of this. I had just refused an invitation to dine with a homeless man who had trusted me with stories of his childhood. I wondered, though, how many other "nice people" are out there, those who help the homeless people they pass by as well as those who simply don't notice (or want to notice) the pain around them.

The food arrived, he thanked me, and I left. That was the first of many Metro rides back home during which I wanted to curl up on my seat and cry. I've always been aware poverty exists, and I actually was working with a homelessness advocacy group. However, this was my first experience—but not my last—of meeting a homeless stranger and having him share such intimate memories of his life. I realized ignoring people on the streets was a coping mechanism—if we can ignore them, perhaps we can also avoid the pain that comes from the recognition that our fellow human beings have to beg for basic life necessities.

But during that Metro ride home, I thought about how for a few minutes my life had been connected with someone else's, someone who came from a vastly different lifestyle than I did. I knew I was on my way home to my family and to a home-cooked meal.



Art & Design

Mackenzie Barron

has always gravitated towards utilizing artistic pursuits to communicate with others.

[Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 1](#)

"I want the whole damn world to come dance with me."

—Edward Sharpe and
The Magnetic Heroes

Help Me Lose My Mind

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



Glow
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Hannah Gorski
got interested in photography as a teenager, but was
never able to seriously pursue it until coming to the
University of Dayton. [Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 2](#)

*"Art is the concrete representation
of our most subtle feelings."*
— *Agnes Martin*



Electricity

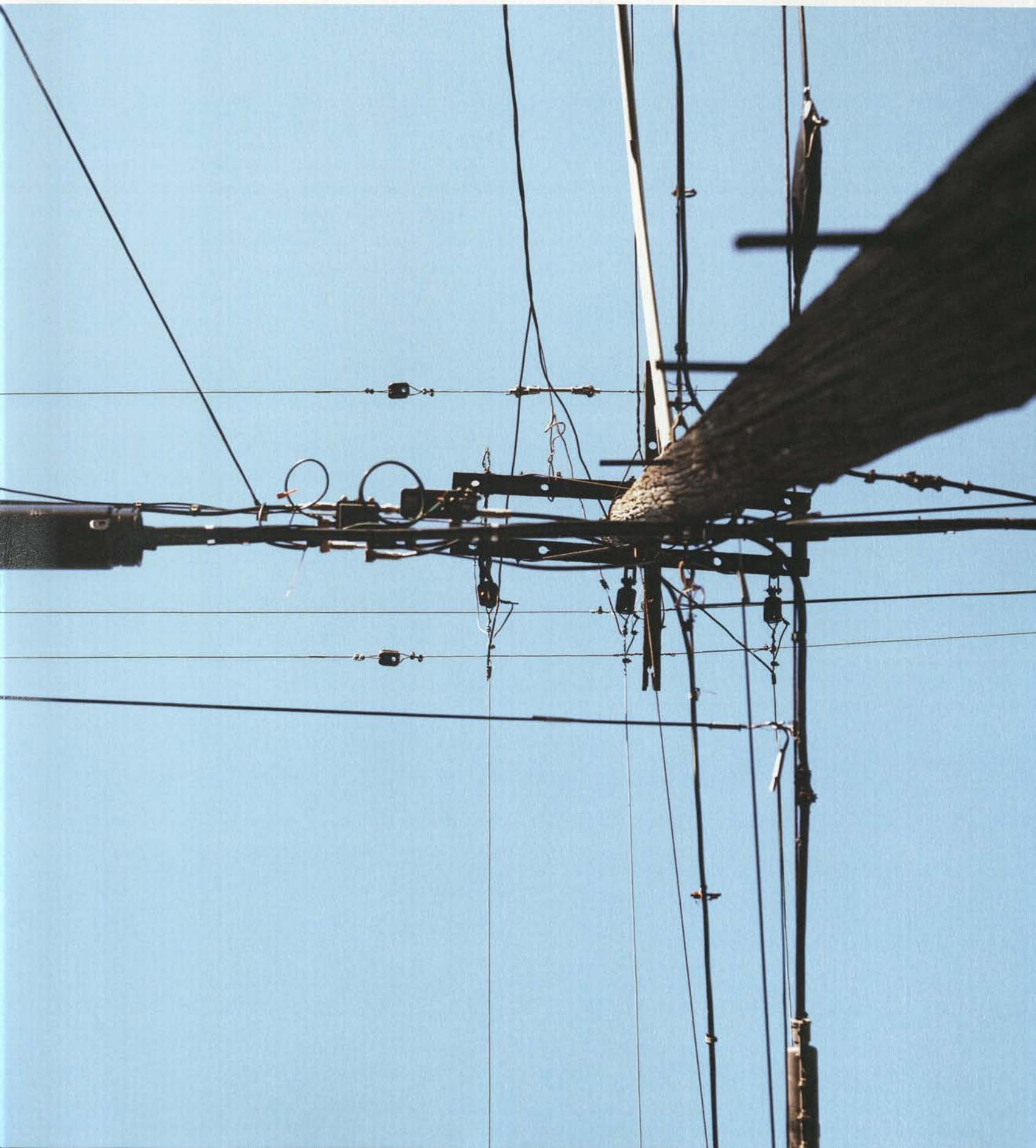
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Anne Marie Cardilino

likes puzzles, The Brothers Grimm, horror movies,
and Netflix. [Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 3

*"I've never seen a family album of
screaming people."*

— Richard Avedon



Traces No. 6

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Flannery Cohill

loves hiking, hanging out with friends, and just
being outdoors. [Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 4

*"Art washes away from the soul
the dust of everyday life."*

— *Pablo Picasso*





Think Again

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Allison Vassanelli

often incorporates an aspect of surrealism in her work, but is also frequently inspired by found moments of beauty in her surroundings. [Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 5

"No great artist sees thing as they really are. If he did, he would cease to be an artist"

— Oscar Wilde

Alexa Indriolo

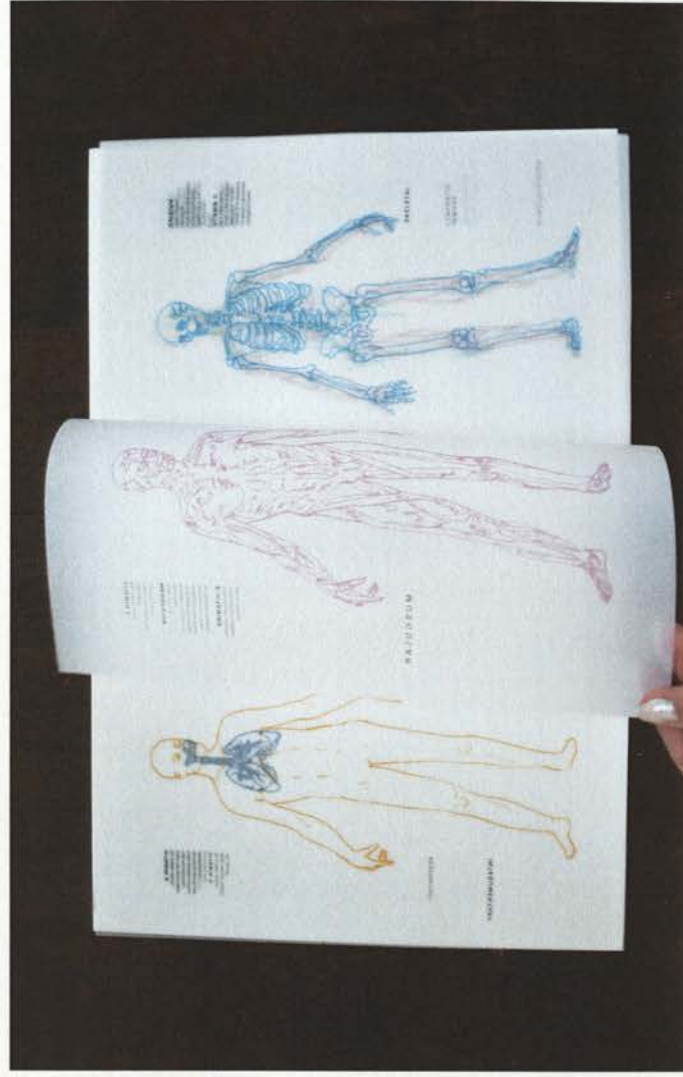
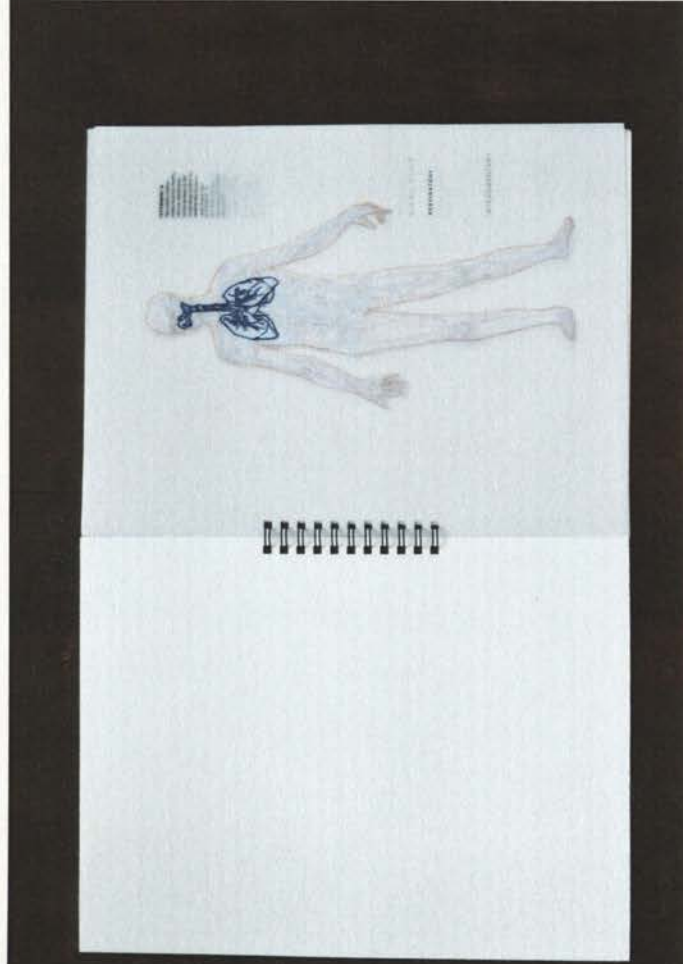
is passionate about all things art & design and gathers her inspiration from everywhere.

[Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 6

"Just because you're a graphic designer doesn't mean you always need to make graphic designs."
—Brian Roettinger

Body Book

BOOK DESIGN



Gears

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Kelsey Mills

spends a good amount of her free time writing and performing her own music.

[Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 7](#)

"Discovery consists of looking at the same thing as everyone else and thinking something different."

—Albert Szent-Györgyi



Blue Sky

OIL ON CANVAS

Erin Elayne

reconstructs original elements, re-contextualizing them into new found artifacts. [Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 8

*"If I could say it in words there
would be no reason to paint."*

— Edward Hopper



Little Sally Walker
FILM PHOTOGRAPHY

Emma Stiver

works to create images that tell a story about the people she has met. [Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 9](#)

*"Photography remembers little things,
long after you've forgotten everything."*

— **Aaron Siskind**

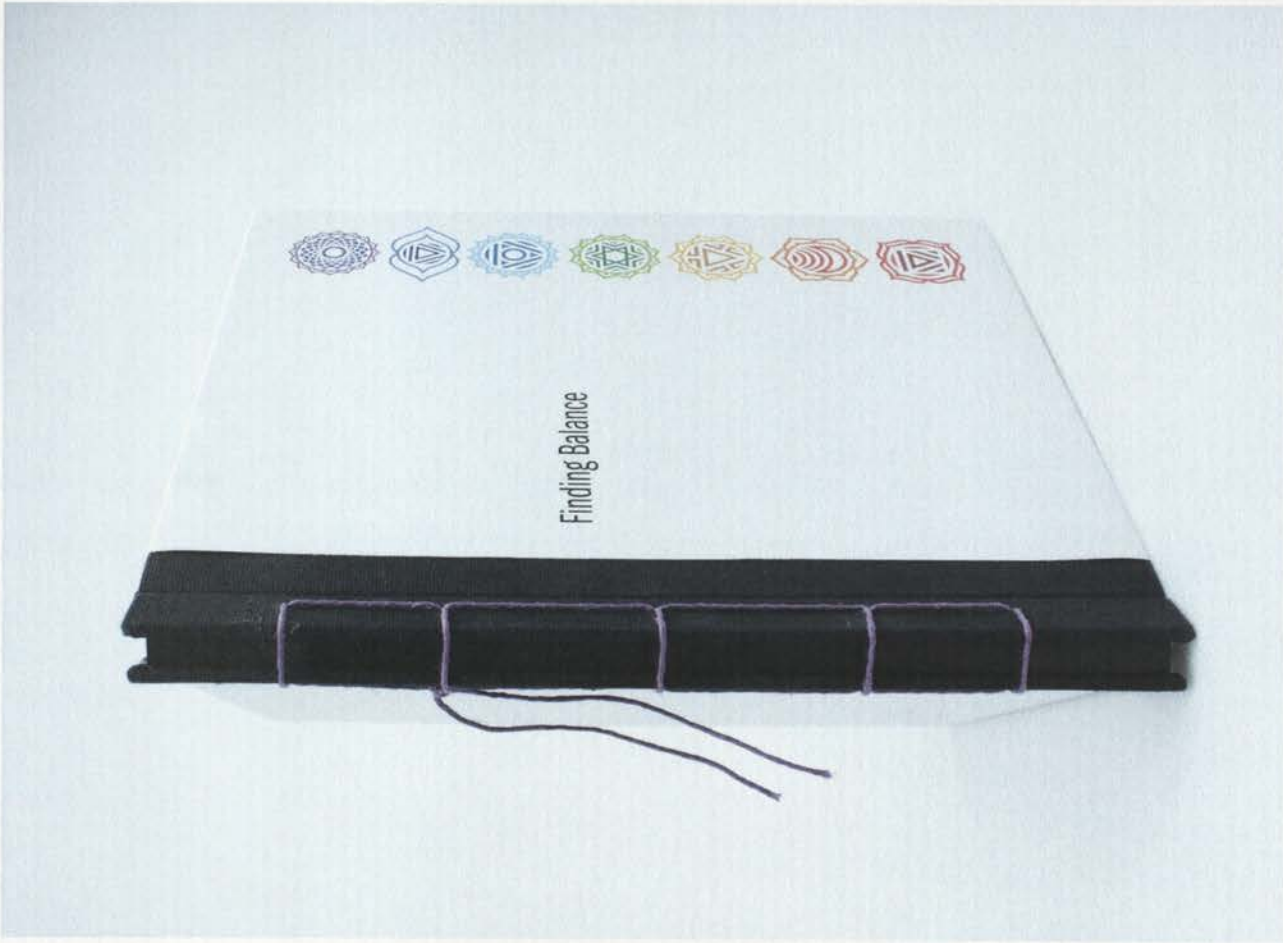
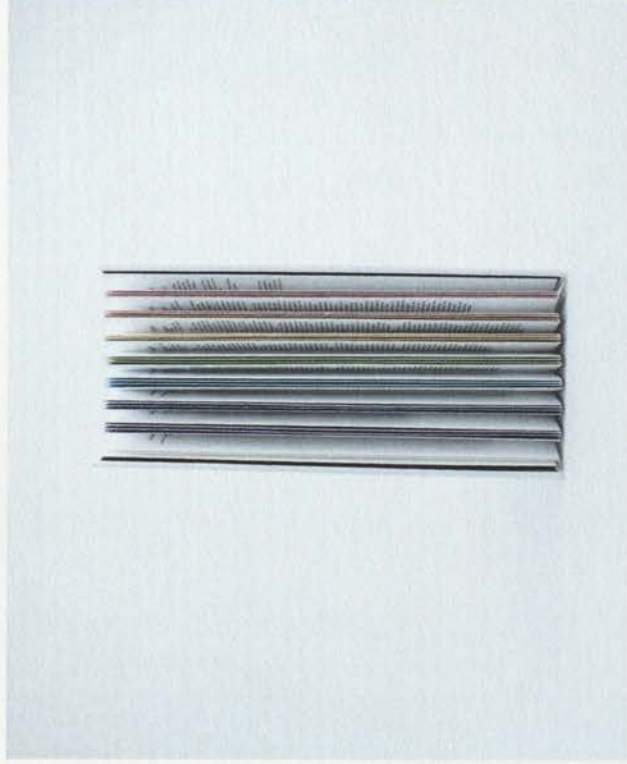


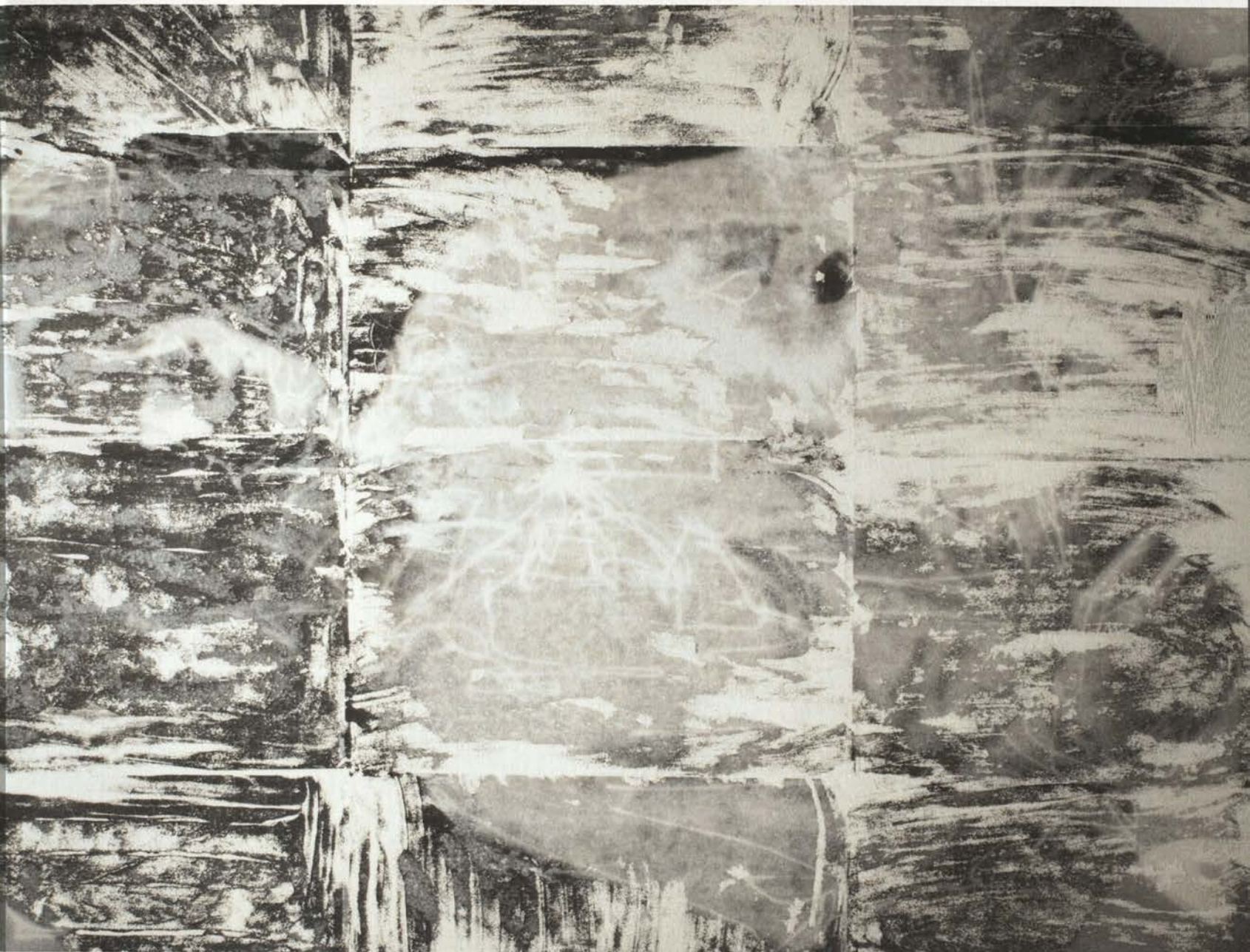
**Finding Balance: How Yoga
Slays the Seven Deadly Sins**
BOOK DESIGN

Brigid Campbell

enjoys going against the grain and reminding people to
be their crazy selves. [Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 10](#)

*"In a world where everyone is
exposed, the coolest thing you can
do is maintain your mystery"*
— *Unknown*





Feathers & Pearls
MIXED MEDIA PAINTING

Erin Elayne

intrigues diverse photographs of the past to
bring new life and expression to these images.

[Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 8](#)

*"Inspiration is for amateurs. I just
get to work."*

— *Chuck Close*

Drained

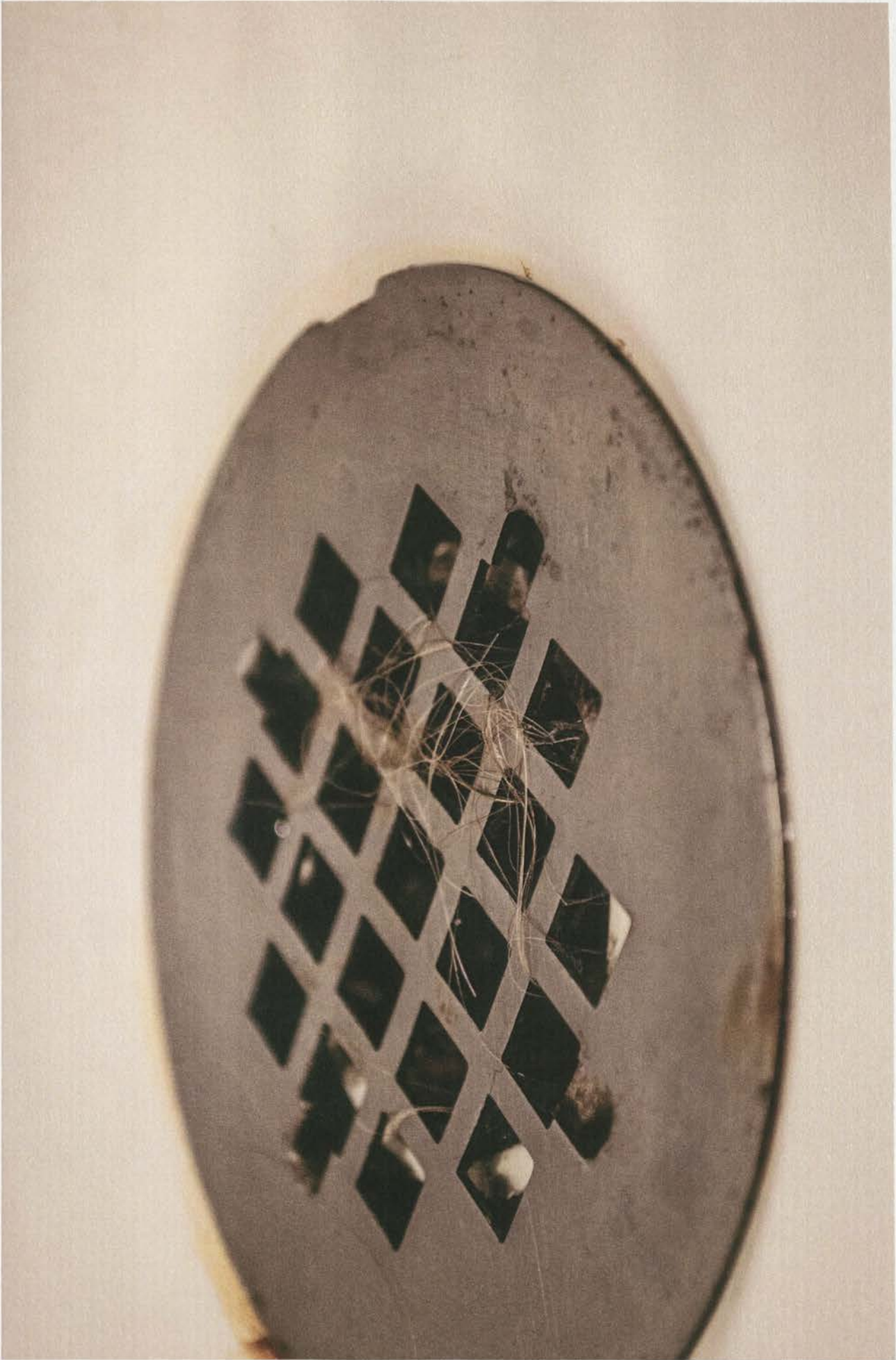
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Allison Vassanelli

is ultimately motivated by the desire to explore and create. [Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 5

"Every picture shows a spot with which the artist has fallen in love."

— Alfred Sisley



Space Light
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

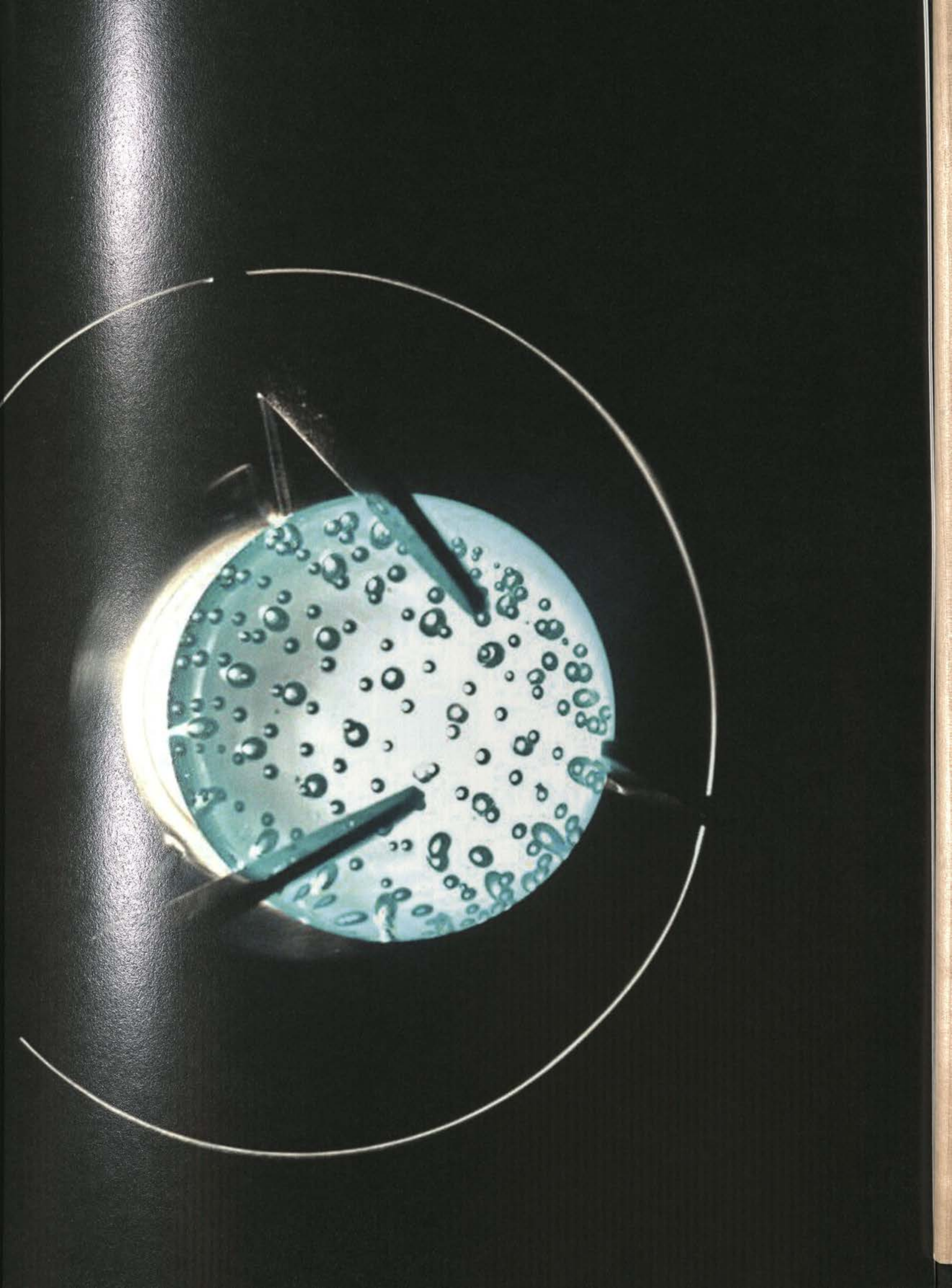
Kelsey Mills

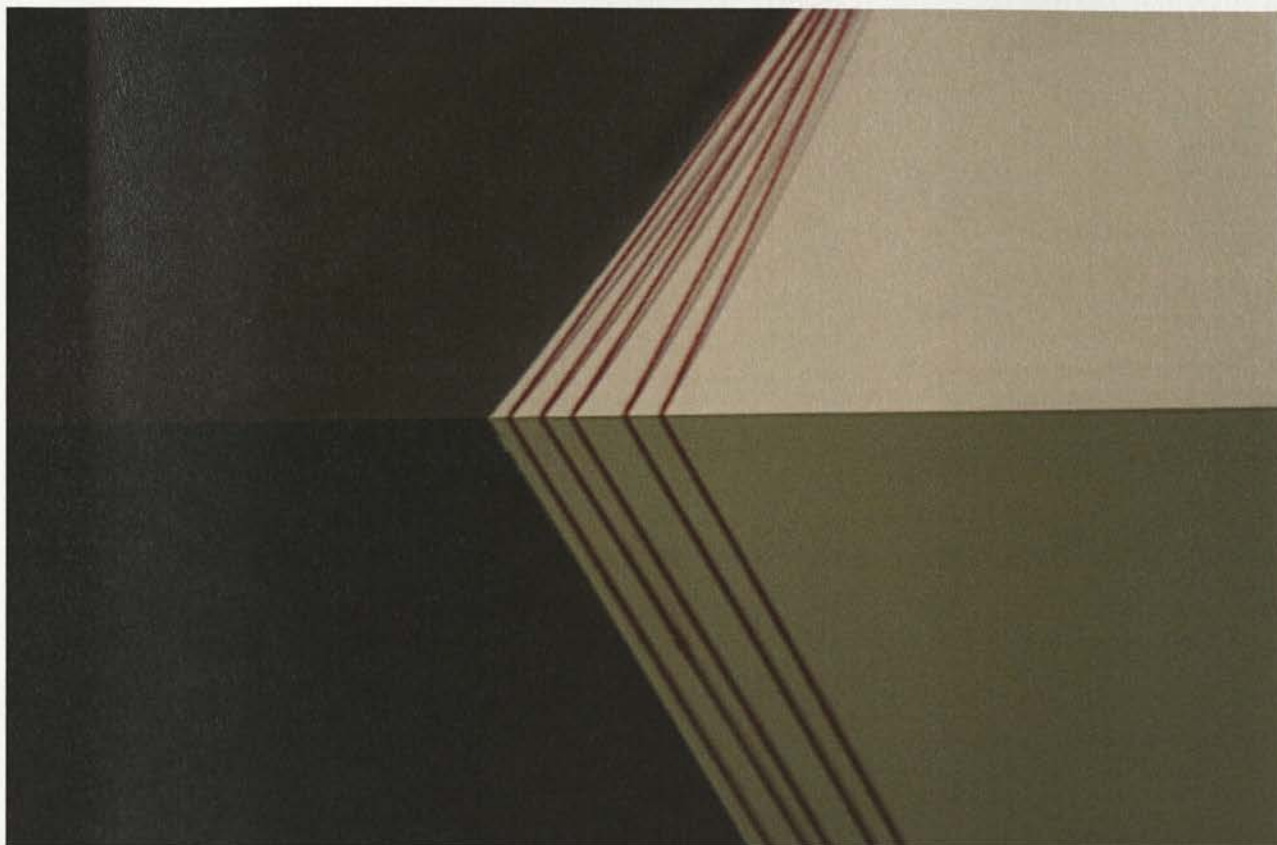
has a giant passion for creativity, especially when it comes to graphic design and photography.

[Read more](#) | [Page 51](#) | [Artist 7](#)

"Passion is one great force that unleashes creativity, because if you're passionate about something, then you're more willing to take risks."

— Yo Yo Ma





Composition I & II

INSTALLATION

Sarah Kane

is a researcher, story teller, maker. Her body of work is cohesive in its spontaneity.

[Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 11

"The medium is as unimportant as I myself. Essential is only the forming."

— Kurt Schwitters

Jacob Hansen

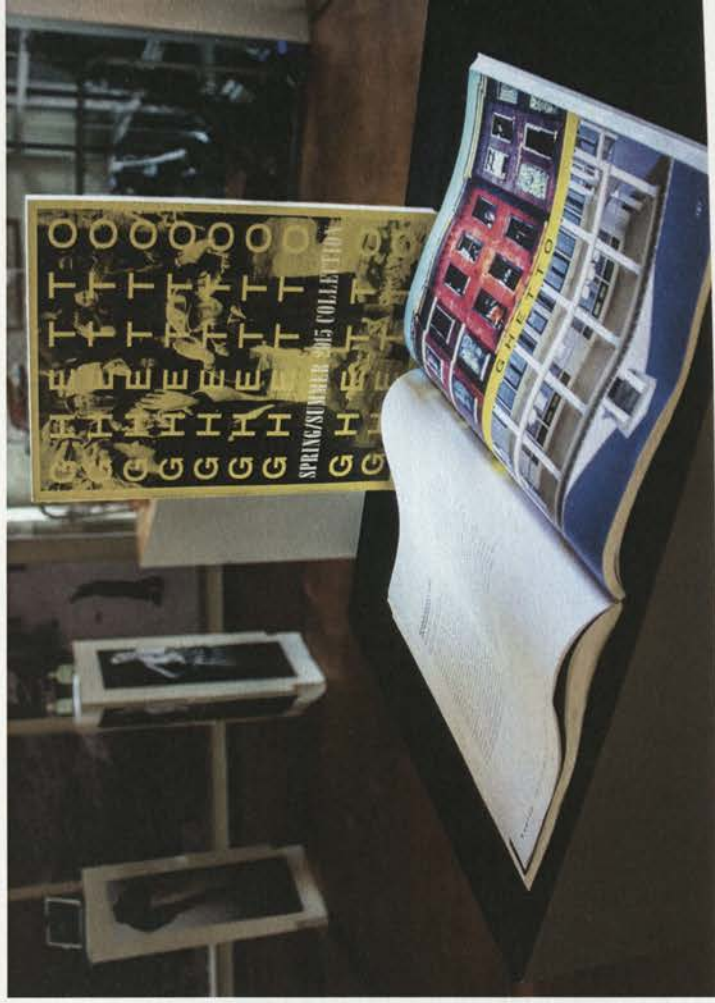
is inspired by illustration, music, and running, and often finds himself inspired by exciting, new advancements in technology.

[Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 12

"Why bother trying to confine yourself to one specific tool? You'll only hobble yourself with limitations."
— Olly Moss

GHETTO: A Retail Art Installation

INSTALLATION



Fresh Brew
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Taylor Orr
is constantly inspired by the world around her.
[Read more](#) | Page 51 | Artist 13

*"There is no beauty without
some strangeness."*
— Edgar Allan Poe



Author | Artist Biographies

1. Anna Adami | JUNIOR | ENGLISH

I am from Denton, Texas. Currently I am studying in Costa Rica, tripping over Spanish words, and wandering over unmarked roads. I like wide skies, golden suns, and shoes with good soles.

2. Joey Ferber | JUNIOR | ENGLISH

As of late, I've been considering introducing myself to people as Joseph, a change from the first name I've used for the past twenty-one years. If I go through with this, people may take me too seriously which means I'll have to start telling more jokes. I come to Dayton from University City, Missouri, home to my dog and both of my parents. Then I go back monthly for musical performances and long weekends—what some may call “spring breaks.”

3. Eileen Comerford | SENIOR | ENGLISH & JOURNALISM

Along with studying English and Journalism, I'm minoring in Women's and Gender Studies. Reigning from the St. Louis area (Belleville, Illinois), I'm an avid supporter of cheese and collector of chin pimples. I'm inspired by puns, bigotry, and words with the hard 'k' sound in the middle of them. After graduation I plan to travel, eat oreos, teach, or become a truck driver.

4. Rachel Cain | JUNIOR | ENGLISH

I am from Gaithersburg, Maryland. I enjoy baking desserts, cooking Italian food, doing embroidery, and watching countless videos of adorable animals. I typically write journalism pieces and book reviews. My work has previously appeared in Street Sense, Deafandhoh.com, the Washington Independent Review of Books, and Huffington Post.

5. Jenna Gomes | SENIOR | ENGLISH & THEATRE

I'm from Farmington, Connecticut. If I could do one thing for the rest of my life, it would be writing, but I'm also heavily involved in the theatre program at UD and love acting, directing, and singing. People and relationships inspire me. Much of what I write, I draw from a moment in time or a quote. Every day is a new opportunity.

6. Amanda Dee | JUNIOR | ENGLISH

Amanda Jean Dee, 20, died by fiery inferno in deep space May 20, 1994. Ever since her passing, her spirit has lingered on Earth, seeking any modicum of meaning in life and death. The words she wrote in life, as well as the ones she's writing in the other realm, were/are her attempt to accomplish that. She experiments with energies, meanings, and perceptions to express the salty humanity rubbing (proverbially, for she is bodiless) into the cuts of life/death.

7. Katherine McCaffery | FRESHMAN | ENGLISH

I come from the bluesy city of Memphis, Tennessee and enjoy reading, writing, and listening to music. Some guilty pleasures of mine include watching Spanish soap operas and listening to public radio. Breakfast gets me out of bed in the morning, and Netflix is what keeps me up at night. I love Asian food, cold weather, and snuggling with my dog.

8. Mara Kalinoski | SOPHOMORE | ENGLISH & PSYCHOLOGY

I'm from Toledo, Ohio. After graduating, I plan to move to Colorado and work as an editor. I like Hemingway, dinosaurs, Leonard Cohen, and the idea of alternate universes, and I'm a firm believer that dancing is all in the elbows.

9. Emily Keane | JUNIOR | ENGLISH

I'm aspiring to become a professional in the legal field and work to change public policy in the government sector. I am from a small town in Tennessee called Signal Mountain. Currently, I am residing in the lovely city of London where I am studying abroad, learning about British culture, working on my English thesis, and seeing the world. I love traveling to unknown places, drinking coffee, everything Harry Potter, hanging out in bookshops, and all things literature.

1. Mackenzie Barron | SENIOR | COMMUNICATION

I'm a female rebel at the age of twenty-two, planning to graduate this coming May. For as long as I can remember, I've gravitated towards utilizing artistic pursuits to communicate with others. What I give to the world is what it keeps of me, and I always keep this in mind as I continue my adventure. Life has led me towards some pretty incredible places and countless wondrous faces thus far, but I feel that I'm just getting started...

2. Hannah Gorski | SOPHOMORE | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I grew up in Canton, Ohio, about three hours north of Dayton. I have loved being creative and artistic for as long as I can remember, and even as a little kid, I was drawing constantly. I got interested in photography as a teenager, but was never able to seriously pursue it until coming to Dayton and getting involved in the Department of Art + Design. The classes I've taken here have helped me to gain an even greater love and passion for photography, as well as the other mediums I've been able to explore.

3. Anne Marie Cardilino | SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

I'm from Dayton. I like puzzles, The Brothers Grimm, horror movies, and Netflix. I find ugly, dark, old and broken things beautiful. I'm a weirdo.

4. Flannery Cohill | JUNIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

I'm from Blacksburg, Virginia. I love to go hiking, be with friends, and just be outdoors. My *Traces* series comes from a place of sentiment; my own interaction with unknown sentiments from others with people, places, objects, and moments. I don't always know what those interactions are or who they are from, but these spaces have been changed as a direct result from those who have been there before me.

5. Allison Vassanelli | JUNIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

I am from Strongsville, Ohio. Photography is a mean of self-expression I create images to first help better understand the world around me, then devise a new one. Aiming to explore more abstract forms, I often incorporate an aspect of surrealism in my work, but am also frequently inspired by found moments of beauty in my surroundings. My work is ultimately motivated by the desire to explore and create.

6. Alexa Indriolo | JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I was raised in a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio and love the outdoors. In my spare time I enjoy hiking, painting, practicing yoga, and cooking. I am passionate about all things art & design and gather inspiration from everywhere. My style is clean, simple, and abstractly playful.

7. Kelsey Mills | JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I was born and raised in Cincinnati and have a giant passion for creativity. Music is an obsession of mine — I've played violin for 12 years along with piano, guitar, and singing. I spend a good amount of my free time writing/performing my own music; music serves as one of my primary sources of inspiration. I am also strongly motivated by seeing other people's passion, by nature and lighting, and by knowing that the things I create have the ability to make an impact on people's lives.

8. Erin Elayne | JUNIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

Alteration. Intrigued to diverse photographs of the past I seek to bring new life and expression to these images. By working into and disassembling the content of these photographs, I reconstruct the original elements, re-contextualizing them into new found artifacts.

9. Emma Stiver | SENIOR | VISUAL ARTS & HUMAN RIGHTS STUDIES

I'm a photographer from Cincinnati who works to create images that tell a story about the people I've met. Getting out of bed usually takes some coaxing, but if there is an omelet involved in the morning I am all in. In my free time, I'm normally drinking large amounts of coffee, practicing yoga, playing volleyball, quoting old movies, attempting to be witty, giving hugs, and refusing to take my chacos off my feet because they make me feel like I'm always on an adventure.

10. Brigid Campbell | SENIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I am a 21 year old artist/designer trying to soak up as much knowledge as I can. My goal has always been to light an unexpected spark in the people around me, to make someone stop on the street or pause while turning a page; to bring mindfulness and presence to a visual moment. I enjoy going against the grain and reminding people to be their crazy selves. Stay Rad.

11. Sarah Kane | SENIOR | PHOTOGRAPHY

I am from Dubuque, Iowa. My work is a result of organizing the many directions my mind and hands travel. I do not identify with the terms designer, sculptor, or photographer; my body of work is cohesive in its spontaneity. I am a researcher, storyteller, maker.

12. Jacob Hansen | JUNIOR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

I'm from Toledo, Ohio. My love for design stems from my need for organization in everyday life. Every design project is a unique challenge in arranging information that successfully reaches an audience. My interests include illustration, music, running, and I often find that I am inspired by exciting new advancements in technology. I love seeing my designs take on different forms other than the usual ink and paper.

13. Taylor Orr | FRESHMAN | FINE ARTS

I am from the small, adequate town of Tecumseh, Michigan. Everything inspires me, not one specific thing: from everyday people, to famous works of art, to something as simple as an artifact I found on the side of the road. I am constantly being inspired by the world around me. It is such a privilege to be able to do what I love every day of my life. That is truly what gets me out of bed in the morning.

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Orpheus began life as The Exponent, a publication edited by 'The Literary Circle' of St. Mary's Institute in Dayton, Ohio. While The Exponent was initially a vehicle for written work, art, in the form of illustration, photography, etc., evolved from a supportive to integral role in the mid 20th century. In the Spring of 1969, the publication was renamed Orpheus. Today Orpheus serves as a display for the best of art, design, prose, and poetry from University of Dayton students.