

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Joseph Campbell and my Single Hawk. For me, one cannot be without the other. "Thou an that."

KS

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CARDINAL SINS
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Cardinal Sins

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all from the tree of knowledge

"Well I looked at the granite markers
Those tributes to finality-to eternity
And then I looked at myself here
Chicken scratching for my mortality"

Joni Mitchell
Hejira

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Cardinal Sims' Recognition of Excellence in the Arts

Hideki Kihata

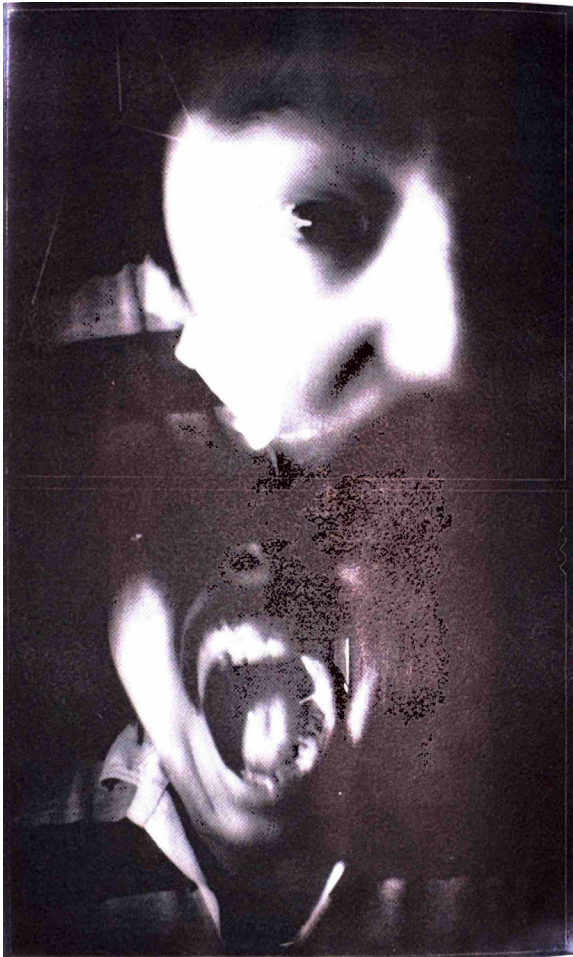
Hideki Kihata has exhibited in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Maryland, Maine, North Carolina and throughout Ohio and Michigan. Most recently his work has been shown at the Midland Center for the Arts where he received the Award of Merit at the 34th annual Mid-Michigan Exhibition; at Photo National I, Traveling Exhibition in Detroit; at the All Area Photo 1992 at the Saginaw Art Museum; Focus 92 at the Art Center of Battle Creek; at the Michigan Fine Arts Competition of the Birmingham Bloomfield Art Association; and the Traveling Exhibition, Photo National I in Detroit (Juried).

He has won several awards for his photography including the Individual Artist Grant awarded by the Michigan Council for the Arts; the Grace and Amedeo O. Hungerford Award, the Jurors Award of Excellence at the Michigan Fine Arts Competition and the Ferguson Award given by the Friends of Photography (San Francisco).

Hideki received his B.F.A from Michigan State University and his M.F.A from the University of Cincinnati. Hideki joined the faculty at SVSU in 1987. Prior to coming to SVSU, he taught at Kenyon College and the University of Cincinnati.

A Series of Self-Portraits
by Hideki Kihata







February

Melissa Seitz

dirt road sounds
of rocks and mud
winding, rolling, rambling past
funeral pearl-gray sides
somber willows, weeping, weary,
embrace names now familiar
again I walk and curse some God

no visitors wait
only I have come
to kneel and trace
your silver name in
hard pink marble
birth and death
four days between
and the name child
is yours and mine
and February's.

My Fordney Hotel

T. S. Werner

Would I to walk old town
on 8 drunkard's bench.
sit in front of Adorn Mitas Antiques
smoke thanatopic cigarettes
Watching.
other side's fruit loops
long greasy-haired junkies
Children of the Fordney Hotel
Radiant then
burning her inward brilliance--
spoke to me
whispered.
Hey baby-I'm cheap and easy now
love me.
I did-deeply.
Decaying,
even as I sat eating lunch
in her scabbed, sensitive womb.
Outside leaded windows,
urban horror and opulence.
My meal ended.
Father progress condemned her.
I walked by her still flirting
wanting looks.

Her insides still breathe of me.
separated by dusty, haunted glass
echoing with her calligraphy

Wash me.

Cleanse me.

I missed her then
she wasn't even gone.

Progress, in the name of
Almighty progress.
Burned their witch at the stake.
Killed her.

My love, heaped and piled.
I stood there
witness to her smoking bones.
My mind still watches over you.
Your roller, hangin' out windows,
beaten wives,
Skinny lookouts with tracks up the arms.
stood your comers
protecting your lost souls--
from my bench now, only memories
Your memories, of me in a smoldered
ashen mind of god.

Good bye Princess

Dancing to Architecture

Matthew Zivich

"Writing about art is like dancing about architecture "

For my class's next assignment I want to present a problem that is closely related to architecture. Being forever vigilant to new trends of expression the method of presentation I will use for the first time will be dynamic and unique: dance.

There is some justification for seeking new communicative means when confronting an earnest but oftentimes listless student body. The complex nuances of the English language, so necessary for love letters and movie reviews, are often illusive in describing the emotive expressiveness of the visual arts. What is needed is a similar medium that, because of its kinship grounded in resthetics, could be much more effective in getting the point across. (Critics, for example, rely heavily upon the written or spoken word to express their viewpoints about the fine arts. The consequences of their vulnerability result in frequent retorts aimed at the critic's shortcomings at probing into the subtleties of form and color with phrases that, though well constructed, rarely capture the essence of the object d'art under scrutiny.) Dance has the advantage of being an aesthetically expressive and visual form of communication that shares kinship with spatial concerns of architecture.

The actual address to my class shall begin with a simultaneous slide presentation and tap dance. Tap dancing too has a certain panache that can lend color to the presentation of a subject that may seem dry to some members of the class. For example, though I admit I must brush up on some steps can and dancing terms, the "Over the Top" sequence of steps can be used effectively, I believe, to enhance the spectre of an ascending movement or the kinetic energy of a grandiose stairway of the type frequently found in many stately Georgian country manors.

Another sequence of steps I know I can preform quite well is called "In the Trenches." Derived from the low, shuffling gait the troops of World War I had to assume to prevent head wounds, these steps can dramatically describe a tour through the narrow confines of the crypts of Amiens or Notre Dame de Paris where overhead space is reduced to a minimum.

For the conclusion of my dancing presentation I would like to use a grand finale with a flying splits as performed most effectively by all of the great tap dancers from Bojangels Robinson to Gregory Hines. A movement that would certainly capture the attention of my class, it would begin with a spectacular leap similar to, say, Nijinsky's in *Le Specter de la Rose*. But my leap would end in a stupendous splits hardly imagined by Diaghilev. (This movement will emphasize the stress placed upon architectural forms such as the cantilevered extensions of Frank Lloyd Wright's overhanging roofs of 1904 or perhaps the flying buttresses of Medieval France, circa 1200.)

I'm hoping that my rhythm will capture the spirit of the topic, and that my display of athleticism in the concluding movement will serve as an inspiration to my class.

untitled

Michelle Kelley

Glass shatters

Around the man who lives there

A rock took flight



Untitled, Chris Sutorik

Reflections at Seventy-five

Hero Singh

When I was young and eager,
To learn, to know;
I went to school to learn
To cure,
The sick in mind,
To ease the troubled soul.
Here I am at seventy-five
A therapist, a psychologist,
Call me what you may; Ripe in age,
To some a sage--
Bald and Grey:
Humbled to find
My patients yet,
My teachers be
open, trusting sharing,
Daring to be!
As they learn to stand
On their own two feet
I, too, by a measure grow
And dare to look
Behind the mask
Of authority;
Or is it sanity
That's me!

Dani
Molleen Zanger

Danielle combed her fingers through her hair in a distracted way. It was a characteristic mannerism and she was fully aware that it was not her own, but borrowed. Stolen maybe. Except the person she stole it from still had it too, so it wasn't really stealing.

She shifted forcefully into fourth gear and the shift knob came off and rolled under her seat. Again.

Shit! she thought. Shit! Hell! Damn! Fuck! Piss! Toe Jam!

She knew she was overreacting to an everyday occurrence. It was partly the rum from the Rum and Tonics and partly the confused emotions she always has after a lunch bunch lunch.

She checked the rear view mirror to see if the road was clear enough to permit a one armed grope for the shift knob. But the mirror was twisted out of alignment and instead of someone else's face grille or retreating tarmac, Danielle looked straight into her own eyes, her forehead, the short crop of dark hair. It was still a surprise to her, that dark hair. She didn't know her hair was so dark. She had been coloring it so long, she'd forgotten. She'd been lying though her hair. Hiding behind blond. Hiding behind smart mouthedness. Hiding behind ribald jokes, blatant sexuality. Hiding behind who she wanted people to think she was. Hiding from them. And herself.

Her grandfather, a portly man with a pronounced limp, a bad heart and Sen-Sen breath, has taught her to clean pipes, clip his toenails and to smart mouth. He was afraid for her. Her vulnerability terrified him. He knew the injured get injured. And injured little girls without mothers get injured the most. So he pulled her up on his lap and said hateful things to her love and wouldn't let her cry.

"Hey stupid." He'd say.

If she started to pout, he'd say, "No! Don't do that. Say something back. Say something! Say ... Only stupid people call other people stupid."

And she did. She whispered, "Only stupid people call other people stupid."

And he hugged her to him, smoothing her pale blond hair that would someday be so dark.

"Now." He'd say, "What are you looking at?"

"If a cat can look at a king, I can look at an ugly thing," she'd say.

And he'd beam.

"You are too fat," he'd say.

"You are too rude," she'd respond, not missing a beat.

This was the first power she had learned.

The next was physical power. She learned to fight from her brother.

"When you make a fist, get your thumb on the outside. You'll break your thumb with it tucked inside. Don't swing wide. Keep your arms close to your body. Bend your knees a little. Spread your legs. Duct your bead a little. And when you hit someone, make sure you mean it. Decide where you're going to hit. Aim, and mean it. Don't just slap at them like some damn girl."

"But I am some damned girt." she'd snarled, aiming for his chin. And meaning it.

At sixteen she'd learned another power. Obscenity. Actually, obscenity, blasphemy and vulgarity. She learned how to shock people who were not expecting

obscurities, blasphemies and vulgarities from 18 angel-faced blond. She learned that people noticed her, remembered her, not as the one with the tits, but the one with the mouth.

She liked it that way.

Finally, she'd learn the power of not letting her true feelings show. Dumped by yet another man who'd decided to go back to his wife/girlfriend/mother-I'm-sure-you'll-understand, she'd knock back another Jack Daniels and, poker-faced, go back to work. "Never let the bastards see you cry" was her best friend's advice.

Danielle would have added "or fear, or want. Leave 'em laughing. Let 'em leave laughing."

All it took was a lifetime to learn to protect yourself, but how in God's name do you learn at thirty how to dismantle your arsenal? How do you learn to accept yourself? How do you learn to stop running, stop denying? How do you learn to say the words?

Danielle. Danielle. Danielle. God how she wished someone would call her Dani. Danielle bad reproach built into it Dan Yell. Dan Scold. Dan Correct. Dan Don't Dan Say Dan It.

Don't

Say

It.

She knew.

It felt like she'd always known. All the men, all the husbands, all the king's horses could not save her from what she was.

The L word.

The one even potty-mouth she could not say. To herself. About herself.

How far back?

Flirting with friends.

Almost, almost getting involved, then pretending she didn't know what the other woman was talking about?

Fighting with her ex-husband about his girlie mag because they weren't decent, they dehumanized women, they desensitized men to the subtle sensualities of real life, but actually, actually she could not bear to have them in the house because she wanted to spend her whole days with them. She wanted to see them, touch them, taste them. They scared her so.

Further back.

High school Gym class. Dreading it. Dreading her own nudity, dreading others'. Dreading looking, being caught looking. Being called

Further.

At twelve, playing games in the woods with Suzy. God yes, Suzy's mouth. Suzy's Juicy Fruit mouth.

Further.

Four. Hold me.

Further.

Hold me.

Further.

Hold me.

Always, then. Always.

Danielle pulled the car over. Tears of shame and fear blurred her vision. She

sobbed into unringed hands. Hold me, she sobbed into the empty car, the empty country road, the empty rooms of her life.

Hold me, Dammit!

Hold me.

Diane.

Let me hold you.

Danielle sat with her face in her hands long after she ran out of tears. She was startled then by the scrunch of tires as someone braked beside her. A middle-aged-hell, SHE was middle aged, okay a postmiddle-aged couple wearing concerned expressions peered at her.

"You okay, honey?"

Danielle nodded, wiping at her face. "Sure, sure. Just ... um ... lost my contact lens," she lied.

"Well, okay if you're sure. Young gal out in the middle of nowhere, all alone, thought we'd better stop.

"Well, thanks anyway," she said waving them on, "I'm fine. Just fine. Here it is," she held up her empty forefinger. She didn't even wear glasses.

"And thanks for the young gal stuff, too," she said, but they didn't hear her. They'd already pulled away in their dark green, low slung, ancient, rusted, Bonneville. Their peeling bumper sticker read, "I Brake For No Apparent Reason." Yeah, she thought, like hysterical females undergoing mid-life crises of gender identification complicated by premenstrual syndrome, low blood sugar, falling barometric pressure and, for all she knew, buttbiting schizophrenia. Manic Depression, at least.

She checked her rear view mirror again, relieved that although she was blotched and her eyeshadow was completely gone, her eternalash mascara was intact.

"Takes sandblasting to get this goop off," she said to no one.

She groped under her seat, then the passenger's seat for the disappearing shift knob. She found the knob, three pennies, an unused straw still in its paper sheath, and a Hershey's Miniature Special Dark wrapper. The pennies she put in the ashless tray with two nickels and a Canadian quarter, the straw joined seventeen others in the glove compartment which never held gloves. The candy wrapper she wrapped around the shift stick, jamming the knob on top of it.

She shifted into first and rolled back on to the road, adjusting the mirror between gears. At fourth the knob came off in her hand. She threw it out the window and beaded home.

What would they say, wondered Danielle, what would the ladies lunch bunch say if, one Thursday she strolled in a little late (to be sure they were all there), and just yanked back Diane's head and planted one right on her mouth? Or maybe she'd sit there, discuss the menu (as if it had changed in seven years), order the tossed salad with avocado dressing and add off-handedly, "By the way, ladies, I'm really tired of all this badgirl bullshit I just do it to cover up being gay, and would you mind calling me Dani?"

What would they do?

Martha would probably look at her like she'd said she'd named her cat Jesus. Sort of confused and shocked and disapproving. "Surely you are mistaken, Dear; she might say. "Have you prayed about this? Or maybe she'd choke on her straight

shot of orange juice, cross herself and back out of the bar-it was a bar, guys, that happen to serve food, not the other way around--she'd back out mumbling Hailmaryfullofgracebewithusnowandatthetimeofourcomingout.

Karen. Karen worked so hard to show that her higher education had not been wasted. Had, in fact, produced an honest to God intelligent, right-thinking liberal. No. LIBERAL, all caps. Karen would say, "Well, for heaven's sake, Danielle (note: not Dani), a lot, several, some of my friends at college were (sidesteps the L word) Gay. No one here is going to judge you by your sexual preference." Then she would scoot her chair away just a tad.

Preference.

Odd word, preference. Connotes a conscious decision.

Preference.

I prefer. I prefer chocolate to vanilla, but vanilla is okay if you put chocolate on it. I prefer greenbeans to beets, unless they are pickled, the beets I mean. I prefer sunsets to sunrises, midnight to noon, the country to the city, except for neat stuff like art galleries and museums. I prefer small cars unless the large one is paid for. If you could not abide, say radishes, no, green peppers. If you thought they tasted nasty, and could not digest them, and if you picked them out of your salads and off pizzas, but could still appreciate their importance, their function, in the world, say in chili, well, how could you possibly say you preferred, say, peaches to green peppers?

Prefer. Hell, I would prefer fitting in, belonging. I would prefer making a normal (read heterosexual) relationship work. But, finally, I end up despising the essential maleness of men. The demanding, controlling, unfeeling, insensitive, down-trodding maleness of men. All twenty-two, no, twenty-three of the men I've been with.

Prefer, thought Danielle, I would prefer fantasizing about, say, Diane's husband instead of Diane. But I don't.

Now, Vivian, dear Vivian would probably give her other-worldly stare, that seeing-beyond stare and say, "Yes, yes. I sensed that about you." Then she would nod and go off into one of her bruised trances. Yes, Viv, I've seen the bruises, and I've noticed that you go off into the other dimension oftener when there are fresh ones. Danielle wanted to smack Vivian's husband around some. She wanted to hold ice to her bruises, tell her to dump the bastard. She loved her women friends, Vivian, Karen, even Martha, who she worked hardest to scandalize, although not enough to tell the truth to. But Diane, she loved Diane differently, entirely differently.

Diane, how would Diane react? Sometimes Danielle believed that Diane knew. Knew everything. She would look at Danielle thought clouded vision with something like acknowledgement. As if she knew that Danielle kept one of her cigarette butts in a little pewter box with an engraving of Lincoln's Tomb on it, a souvenir of somebody else's DC vacation holding a souvenir of nothing. As if she knew that after hearing Diane lament that on her 35th birthday her husband bought her a toaster, a four slicer, when all she wanted was a nightie, "not a trip to Europe, for God's sake," Danielle bought her one. A what color? Darker than turquoise, spaghetti straps, deep lace, long nightie. She kept it in her own nightgown drawer, still in its tissue and flowered bag. Still waiting. Waiting for an unimaginable occasion to be given to Diane.

She imagined giving it to her. Imagined Diane hugging her, her arms slipping around Diane's slenderness, her lovely long-boned slenderness. She imagined starting to let go, allowable time limits for socially acceptable hugs over, and having Diane resist her release. She would look up in surprise and find Diane's face close to hers. She knew her kiss would be cherry juice and bourbon sweet, tinged with nicotine. A combination deplorable in anyone, anyone but Diane. She imagined saying to her friend as she traced facial features with hungry fingers. "We can go slowly. Stop me, we can stop whenever you say." Diane. Oh God. Diane. And she would drink her whole person like the distillation of a lifetime of hope.



Metallic Menagerie, *Michele Leigh Shelton*

Sunset Bay

Tom Meehan

Hot black griddle highway
propped above
redwing guarded channels,
cattails and poppies
tap the deep ditch stream,
muskrat scurry,
weary of bicycle clatter.
Woodchuck peer,
startled
from secure burrows.

Beyond
the ditch bank community
lies a dark,
rich furrowed desert.
Soon
brown fields
spout carpet green
reaching to the edge
of the deer infested
emerald woodland.

Warblers,
Killdeer
proclaim the coming sunset.
Tractors,
like giant steel dinosaurs,
sleep,
wait for an early dawn,
a chance again
to paw the soil.

Highway hugging ditch bank
wanders
closer to the bay.
Wide water,
deep water.

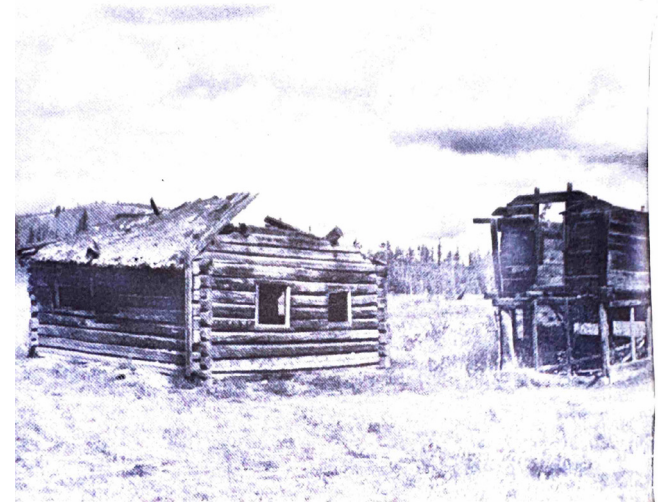
Miniature shark fins
pierce
the upstream atmosphere
carp rehearse
their evening splash-dance.

Along the bay
duck glide
to the near shore landing,
fish leap
for an airborne meal,
fisherman seek port
with a day's catch,
sunburned,
tired,
hungry.

Orange ball melts
the Bay City shoreline.
Puffy white clouds scatter,
absorb
the vanishing blue sky.

Gray curtain
closes
across the glimmering sweet water sea.
Deep throated bullfrog
summons his nighttime companion.
Thirsty mosquitoes
swarm to attack.

Dusk
encloses
daylight.
Lake breeze rolls gently southward,
cools
sun-drenched earth.
The ancient lakebed
falls
lazily
to sleep.



Untitled, Chris Sutorik

Trip Across the Room

Bryan Konieczka

"And if you imagine she's being watched "

Norman Duby

And if I imagine she's being watched,
I'll miss her.
Lying on a crumpled bed,
my stomach knotted,
listening to the trusting bass of Enigma,
I push a pillow
under my bristled chin,
squeeze it,
think of her light hair,
the color of Oak leaves in fall,
her rosey face grinning
through wire-rimmed glasses.
I squeeze the pillow tighter
and smile
as Gregorian Chant echoes
across the grainy ceiling,
vibrating through the mattress.

The pulsating chants continue.
I close my eyes,
picture us
at Glen Arbor
on the shore of lake Michigan
walking barefoot,
squishing through
wet sand.
I hold her close to me
and we watch our
toes turn purple
when white capped waves
stomp across them.

Drawing a blanket of
dark liquid sand
over our numb feet,
the dead wave
swirls back to the lake,
plotting its next attack.

The chants and Glen Arbor fade.
I open my eyes to the
Super Pickle she gave me last May
hanging on my closet door,
smiling back at me
with a stuffed grin.
Rolling on my back,
I sigh,
push a hand
through my thin hair,
and breathe her name
across cracked lips.
I close my eyes
and feel my head
spinning like a Slinky
falling down a spiral staircase.

In the blue light of country darkness,
the clock on the desk
grinds along,
the second hand
scraping across the face
to the rhythm of crickets.
I fall asleep to
the mechanical lullaby,
imagine she's being watched,
and miss her.

Spiders

Kelly S. Sams

My mother said if you killed
a spider it would rain.

One day my brother trapped
a half-oollar spider he named Itsy
in an empty jelly jar that had been shelved
for screws and nails.
My brother kept his booty, with a twig and
dampened sponge, on his night table, but by
morning Itsy has escaped. My uncle guessed
the air holes in the lid were too generous.

Once my sister tormented
a small, blond spider that hung
from her sewing lamp like a droplet of water
at the end of a thread.
My sister pinched the tread with her fingers;
one hand passed under the other, again and again,
as though climbing down a tiny, private rope-
while the spider spun, suspended.

One spider, too large
and conspicuous to simply squish
(it would have made a dreadful mess!)
awakened from its cornered sleep
to hear the careful pounding of my father's
pointed boots against its bruised body.
It quickly shrivelled and surrendered
and was thrown in the trash.

The day it rained
and rained.