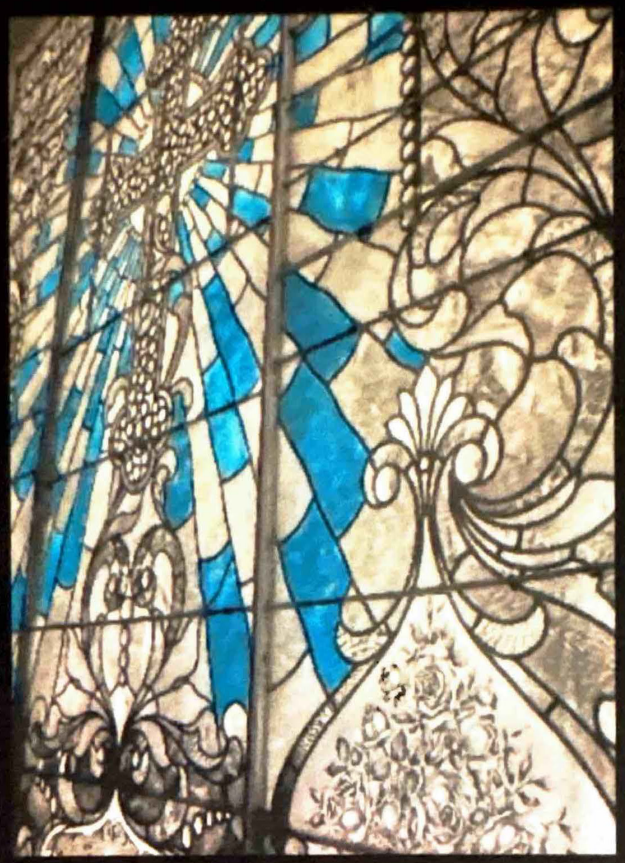
Cardinal Sins



WINTER 2006 COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY WINNER

SVSU SAGINAW VALLEY STATE UNIVERSITY.

Cardinal Sins

Volume 25, Issue 2

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SVSU's literary magazine was titled *Cardinal Sins* in 1981 by its founding members. This title is a literary allusion.

Cardinal Sins is produced by the students and staff of Saginaw Valley State University and is published on campus by the Graphics Center. Works by students, staff, alumni, and faculty members are eligible for submission. All submissions are considered for publication unless otherwise requested, and staff members are excluded from receiving an award in any category. Judging is done by the editorial staff; the identities of our contributors are not revealed until after the final selections are made.

Cardinal Sins uses Times New Roman and Franklin Gothic Book fonts.

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*Congratulations to all of the winners in their respective categories.

**Congratulations to the winner of the Cardinal Sins Winner 2006 Poetry Slam.

Editor's Note

To call my final farewell a "note" seems almost trivial. How does one, in fact, condense an entire year's worth of experience into one tiny page? Looking back I realize they weren't lying when they said, "It's a learning experience." That might as well have been my editorial slogan. I have, however, learned more that I could have imagined. I learned how to create by-laws, prepare a budget, put together a magazine, and run meetings; moreover, I learned how to be patient and how to ask for help when I need it.

I began my run as editor by saying that I have been lucky to meet all of the wonderful people who support this magazine and who are willing to do what it takes to make this process work. That is, I think, still my favorite part of this process. It has taken me six years to understand what it means to have pride for my school and to take part in what makes SVSU a community. I think, in fact, that is the most important thing I have learned in my almost twelve months as editor. The more one gets involved, the more there is to gain. Since I began taking classes at Saginaw Valley, nothing had created an *experience* for me like the people I have met in the past two years. I am deeply grateful for the experience, the opportunity, and the feelings I take with me as I turn over the magazine to the next Editor-in-Chief.



Amanda R. Conner
Editor-in-Chief

Koi

LEVI O'BRIEN

The koi are not coy.
They steal cherry blossoms fresh
from each other's mouths.

The Sharper Edge

JENNIFER FALLON



Silver Gelatin Print

Niche

ERIC MORNINGSTAR

I was sitting on a stool at Joe's drinking a cup of coffee. Joe's supposed to be a friend of mine who runs this little 24/7 diner and doesn't mind talking to folks like me. I'm not sure why I drink so much coffee, but I know it has to do with the night. It's like I don't want to see the morning come and notice how the city has changed. In the morning I have to shave this gray hair off because the people around here don't like it. I think it gives me a rugged look you don't see on men anymore. Men act like women nowadays anyway.

I took another acidic sip from my cup and let it sit on my tongue to enjoy its rich flavor. It was just about to swallow when the diner door creaked open and a young man in a brown suit walked in. He was drenched with rain and looked vaguely familiar. Despite its beaten look, his hat was something Old Blue Eyes would have worn. This man was 1920 dragged through the mud and barbed wire of time's prison—I immediately liked him.

"Have a seat." I didn't realize my throat was so dry, and I ended up coughing some green phlegm into my napkin.

"Looks like you've been crying, old-timer."

I had been, but it wasn't important.

He reached his hand into his suit and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. I noticed they were cheap, but in this city it's hard to imagine anybody who walked into Joe's could afford more.

"What a run-down place this is, huh?"

When I heard him say those words, I felt cold. It wasn't the cold you feel when your coat is too thin. No, it was more like the cold you feel on your annual walk through the cemetery on Christmas Day as you search throught the snow for names that could have meant something once.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" My coffee suddenly didn't taste good anymore. I didn't need to be reminded it was just some bitter brown shit-water that Joe could soak up from the sewer. "You know." I stopped for a cough. "You might think you have it so good and don't need a place like this, but people here like this place."

"Whoa! Didn't mean to offend you, old-timer. It's just that the place looks a lot nicer from outside, you know? All buildings are that way it seems."

I agreed, but I hated him for saying it. I knew that feeling whenever I looked at the old police department and realized I didn't belong there anymore. Instead of walking through the doors and taking a seat at my old desk, I had to learn to keep my legs moving until I was on the smoky side of town where only Joe would take my tears.

I scratched my beard. I knew I would remember the man's words when I looked in the mirror after I shaved the next morning.

I thought people would agree with me by now, stand up and hoot, and grab and tear apart this youth who had walked on our dreams. What followed, however, was just an apathetic silence. To my surprise, there was only one other person even in Joe's, besides the two of us. He had a familiar wrinkled face, but I could tell he wasn't in the mood for conversation.

"Guess I'm alone," I laughed. The young man looked at me with expressionless eyes, as if he thought I knew what I was supposed to say. My sadness scalded my throat as I swallowed another drink of coffee. I wondered hust how many days would go by before I went numb. "I don't really remember the last time I spoke to anyone here. All the old ones have passed away or changed their faces and habits to make the young people happy. You know, they shaved their faces and started wearing new clothes. They moved on to different diners where all they play is pop music."

He swallowed hard.

"Old-timer, I've got a bullet buried in my leg, he hissed, interrupting my rant.

His eyes were filled with tears that shivered in the pale fluorescent light that hung above our heads. His hands were resting on the bar, and I noticed they started to shake. I moved to get up and get the poor fellow some help, but the panic in his eyes told me to keep my bones seated or I would find one of Joe's dirty forks in my throat.

"A cop shot me today as I was leaving a building where I didn't belong. I had a bag with me, and he put this bullet in my leg so I couldn't run away."

All the color in his face had faded. He seemed in so much pain that I thought he would break out in hysterical laughter.

"I don't speak to the people I meet on the streets, old-timer. I dart around corners to hide from their eyes—you don't know how much it scares me to think about what people see. All I know is that every city is the same, and that I can't wait until I don't have anythingleft to bleed."

To be frank, I loved him. I loved him so much I wanted to embrace him and bury his face in my chest until every last pitiful breath was smothered.

"I could have you arrested, you know? That bag didn't belong to you."

His dripping stare fell to the yellowing surface of the bar. A grim smile spread across his lips and for a moment I thought he was going to die. He was going to die or he was going to kill someone. Perhaps he would carve a hole in my head to get revenge on the blue boy who tagged him. Perhaps he'd kill Joe for not redecorating. Or maybe he would just kill the other wrinkled old man for not saying a word. It was the first time in years I remembered being afraid, and I loved it.

"I do know that, sir, I just don't believe anything in life belongs to me. Sometimes people just don't accept you. You have to live somehow. You find your niche wherever you can and try to find someone to call friend. I think the only reason people are happy at all is that they think they were at least happy once."

"Damn it, why tell me this? I just wanna drink my coffee. I gotta get up early tomorrow and shave my face again so people don't put change in my Styrofoam cup and offer to make me a sandwich. Everyone wants to tell their story and make it important."

"I think you're right, old-timer." The friendly look I had admired when he first walked in was blending itself back into his countenance. "To tell you the truth, I don't know why I bothered telling you all that."

He raised his arm to signify his thirst and Joe passed him a cup of his Vienna Roast.

"You like traveling at night?" I asked casually, feeling my heart slow and allowing my mind to drift out one of the dirty windows and into the darkness of the city.

"Oh yes," the man replied with a little enthusiasm "I have to travel at night. In the morning you're always concentrating on the small differences between each town you pass. At night, at least, I don't have to feel lonely about the fact I'll never belong to a city. At night it's all just one, big, ageless city, you know?"

"Yeah, I know."

I knew the man was damned. I knew we were both damned as long as we held fast to our faded dreams. Yet, as I stared into his eyes, I remembered what it meant to belong to a city in the morning. I had forgotten what criminal eyes looked like, and I missed them. Without a badge, I had no right lo judge. Without my badge, I couldn't shave. All I could do was pity this man for being so young and having to live only at night.

We both shut up and drank our coffee, savoring the hours of the darkness, and dreading the dawn in the city where we didn't belong.

Another Ex-Boyfriend Flees the State

SARAH WANGLER

there's psychology in elevators
lifts up, brings down, push
choose...a real kicker:
where to stand?

science has proven the etiquette exists on
spoken,
shift here,
adjust thus,
remain straight, box.

frumpy women and winter hats chatter
men: suits refuse to look
(their fear stinks)—they've cheated on their
diamond wives with you...

did you know that
"you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone"
works both ways?

maybe *love* leaves quiet belief
and not jazzberry-jam teary cheeks.

Dave Matthews

JENNIFER FALLON



Woodcut

To My Defective Muse

CHRISTI GRIFFIS

I sat down to write a poem,
stretch a feeling over stanzas,
purge this sensation,
have some good old catharsis,
because that's what poets do.

What's a metaphor for regret?
Can I personify the need for forgiveness?
What's a more beautiful way to say
"I really screwed up, big time?

Clearly,
I am no poet.

If I were Emily Dickinson or e.e cummings,
or even someone who read their work,
if I wore black and sat in a dark cafe
drinking coffee and brooding,
or if I had ever brooded in my entire life,
could I be a poet,
show what I felt then,
how I never meant for it to happen like that,
how I'm sorrier than my drunken apologies could tell?
Might I write something emotional
and magnificent
and Earth-shattering
out of all the wrong I've done?

Maybe,
but you wouldn't read it.

Jealousy

JENN JOSEPH

A playful screech catches my attention and I
turn toward the lake. The sunlight
reflects brightly off the
waves that caress his shoulders and
his daughter laughs in delight as he
tosses her into deeper water. The breeze
passes gently by, its playful fingers
dance in his hair. He grins,
ducking and dodging, and the warm water
strokes his legs as he stands to
walk to the beach. A
smile tickles his lips and his
hand raises to gesture hello. In his
sunglasses I see my reflection and
delight. I feel a smile begin on my own
lips and my hand raises to
wave back as his
stride carries him to the woman behind me. My
hand stills, then reaches up for my own
sunglasses, moving them to
perch on the end of my nose.

This Title Will Be Standardized (Pt. 2)

HAROLD CORMORANT EMMERSON

Someone had sold me a bum lawnmower and someone had lunch in my office. How do I know? Easy, there's a crumpled up Wendy's bag in the trash. Why should I care? I would've liked Wendy's for lunch. Their Spicy Chicken sandwiches are good. Makes me think of the "Man Eating Chicken" from *Carnivale*.

It was a Tuesday. A Tuesday is like a Monday. However, unlike Tuesday, I'm okay with Mondays. I like the freedom Monday affords, the expectation of frivolous dissidence. The expected post-weekend pseudo-rebellion, accepting everyone, accomplishing nothing.

Speaking of which, last Tuesday, some brazen fucker sent to my boss some such evaluation explaining my incompetence. To have this job you have to have an I.Q. Idiot was probably envisioning some sort of reprimand. Foolish, I know my own incompetence. How could I not? As far as my boss, how do you think I got this job?

A letter to the editor is to a dead letter as Bartleby is to that wall. It's enough to make me smile. What can he do, get the boss to fire me? Then Tuesday'd be just like Monday.

Billy had tried to sell me a lawnmower before. That time I went home and just burned my lawn. Took me three hours to dig a moat around my apartment. I was living in an ancient Victorian upper. My neighbor had just gone to Las Vegas. If she *were* there, I would've had to point out that the sidewalk made a decent firestop.

It cose me 333 bucks to fix the lawn. The lawnmower cose me 150. Have you ever bought anything out of spite? It's how I keep track of my life. Divorce is to a '69 Pontiac G.T.O. Ram Air IV "Judge" as planting seed is to an intrinsic anathema of lawnmower.

"Your own office, eh?" Billy had said not too long after I had gotten my job.

"Yeah, an' the best part about it is that I ain't gotta do shit. I just sit around behind my computer and make cool pictures, then play with my secretary, then get lunch," I said.

"Regular ol' Citty on a Hille, ' eh? Billy snorted with a gagging, snaggling tooth cackle.

Billy sat around in his garage all day drinking beer, while he tinkered on lawnmowers. I bought an express-o machine.

P.E.E.G.S.

STEPHANIE CHALTRAW



Pen & Ink

A Contour of Sorts

HOLLY MORNINGSTAR

Hair
like Nebraska
lies nearly flat
in little wispy tufts of onyx stone.
And pudgy lips
pinch in the mouthy space
beneath her nose.

Face
egg-shaped
so unlike her mother's hollows
and the bottles of cheap liquor
that relentlessly violated so many tongues
every night at Newton's
cries strong.
Cheeks flush a deep
nearly maroon shade of discontent,
emphasizing an already
anger-laced scowl.

Skin
laid fresh like asphalt
will deflect sudden downpours
that avalanche in time
with mysterious biological clocks.
Every inch
glistens with Life and Placenta
with sheer
unscathed newness.

She
resembles her father.
His spawn of slightly paler complexion.
Her eyes
show carbon-copy blue.
but I hope she will never
know the difference.
Though her mother will
when tiny sobbing mirrors
present his reflection.

Jacob's Baby

SUZANNAH GASSEL

Jacob's baby died. I'm sorry.

I can't get this off my hands. The water's steaming in the sink and the bleach bums my nose, but I can't get it off. I saw his yellow blanket and found him. The room smelled like diapers. It was painted the right color blue. Too sweet. He was so cold and dry. When did that happen? I left him in the crib. I dropped him when I felt him like that.

Maybe Jacob won't find out. I could put him outside. I'll change into that dress Jacob likes, and I'll do my hair. The baby never happened. He never cried or needed to be fed.

Every day I died to make that person. What's the point of killing one person to make another? What if he's a Buddhist or a nihilist or a cynic or a monk? Will I still feed him macaroni and cheese and give him crayons? What's the point? Why can't we skip this step? I'm wasting time. I'm wasting my life for him. He could be a bum or a murderer. Still, I'm expected to wipe his fat face and rock him when he cries.

That baby spit up on my dress. The one I wore on our anniversary. Jacob was almost ready. I was just going to change the baby. I was wearing red lipstick. The baby cried though. It was sick.

I used to breathe and run and learn and write. I went to school and had ajob and thought my own thoughts. I remember these things, but I don't remember what it was like to be away from the baby. He was always on my hip, always needing something.

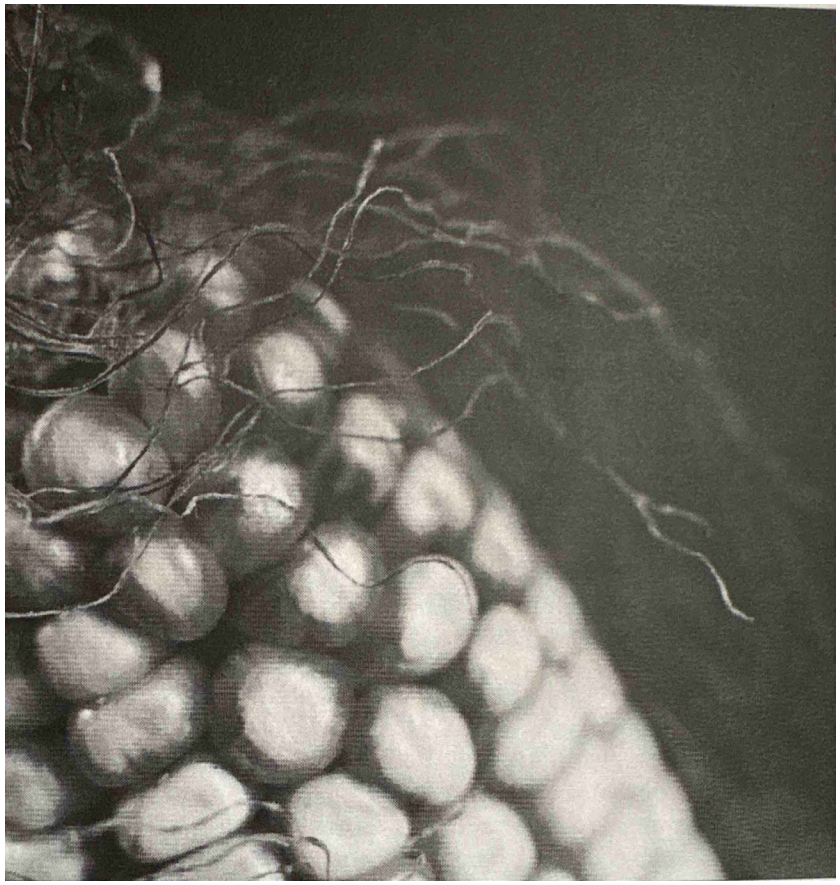
Is this even alive? This house and this man and this baby? These dishes and the pink sundress and PT A meetings? Are there others? Why do they do this? Do they think their children will accomplish anything more than making more children? Even if they do, doesn't the task of raising children negate their own lives?

My mother loved this. She was an idiot. They're all idiots. Why do we do this? Why did Jacob want this? I'll never do anything but tend to the baby.

It was rock-a-bye baby, and goodnight sweet baby, and here's your duck sweet baby. That baby might have been worth nothing. He was killing me. He never existed.

Autumn Corn

SHANNON WRIGHT



Silver Gelatin Black & White Print

Tuesday Afternoon

REBECCA SHANNON

The flowers had just arrived, via courier, at her front door. She accepted them with a smile, a quick inward breath, and then pollen on her nose after she'd smelled them.

The young man in the house across the street had been watching her for some time now, though she didn't know it. In front of a window fan, he stood shirtless in his upper room. The sweltering August heat rolled off him, as he watched tensely though the blade: the world, like a child's flip book, in his view.

Through his fingers, she gently pulled each green leaf, a little sad that in a few days the life in them would be gone. The oppressive August heat would have its way with these blooms, despite the close attention she would pay to their welfare. She turned the fan one notch higher and loosened the top button of her shirt. Her heartbeat thundered in her chest as she opened the gift shop envelope. "Look Outside" was written in black ink.

From her window, she saw his body crumpled on the sidewalk beneath his upper room, someone she recognized but couldn't quite place.

Oda a la Tormenta

HELEN MILLS

Despierta el mundo
mientras la gente duerme.
Un trueno
lluvia que golpea y llama
en los tejados y las ventanas,

Fuerte y
bontia.

El relámpago,
como dedos largos,
baila a través del cielo.

La fuerzaC
Tan impresionante.

El trueno interrumpe los argumentos,
los penamientos,
los inquietudes,
y el silencio.

Simplemente
Maravillosa.

Los rayos iluminan cada cosita
Inmediatamente,
como gran linterna
las lágrimas
las sonrisas
los secretos
los temores.

La tormenta
quiere que recordemos
El Momentito.
Porque cado uno momento pueda ser
un espectáculo.

Increíble e
inolvidable.

Con tanta fanfarria con que empezó—
Ninguna—
Pasa volando de las sueñas de la gente
y se descansa hasta la próxima vez
que la gente necesita un recordatorio
de las cositas importantes y bonitas.

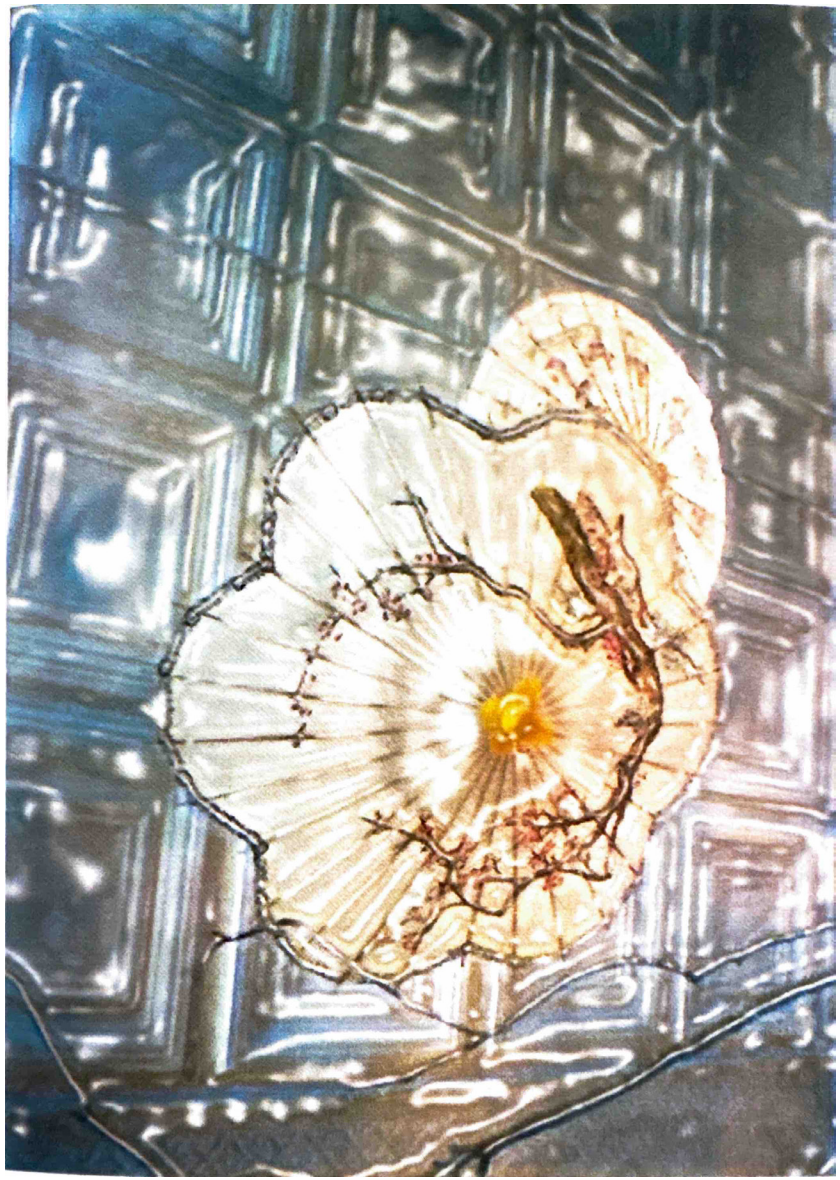
Osmosis

TOM WHEATLEY

There is water in your fingers,
joints arthritic,
tips crumbled,
nails short, plain, and frayed.
I watch you clean the dishes.
That water is in your skin,
in your lungs,
in your eyes,
murky brown with grease,
and the permeating miasma
that fills the house—Old Spice,
and a thousand dreams like light
refracted off bubbles of soap
that slosh among the bits of food
before flushing away into darkness.

Umbrellas Wrapped

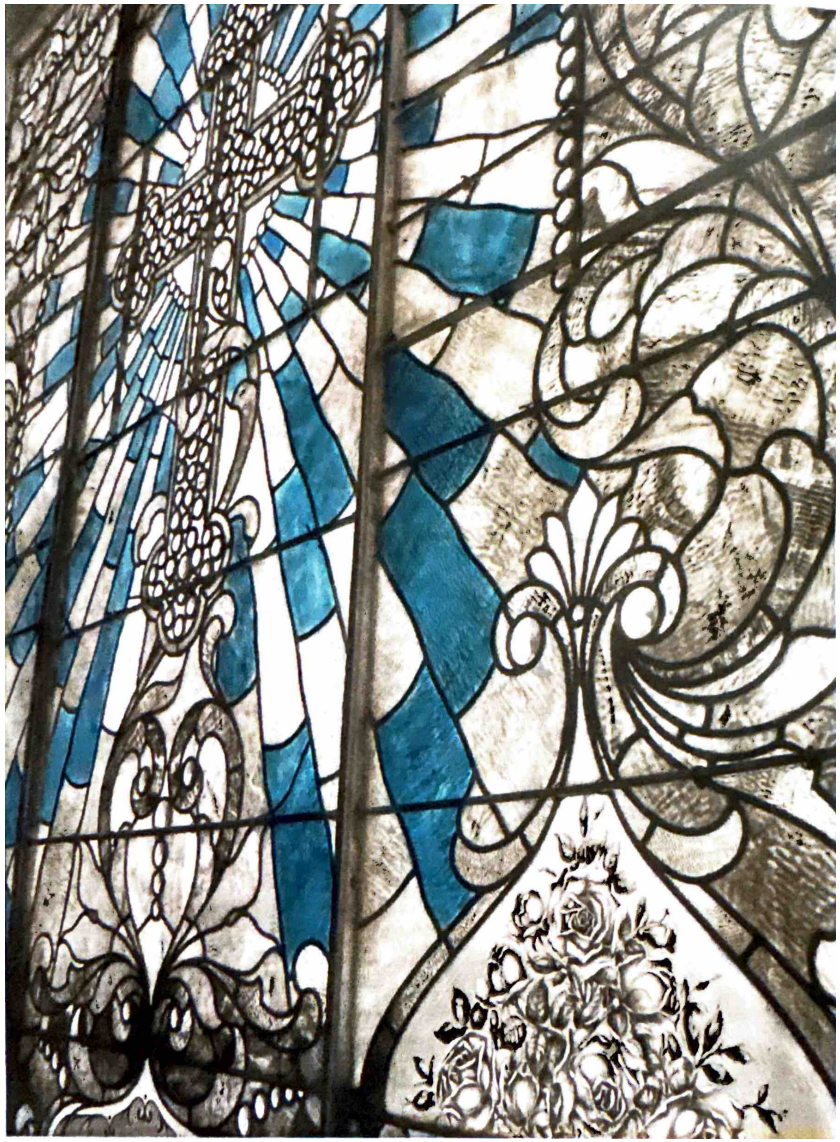
W. ANDERSON BEARDEN



Color Photography

Church Window

ANDREA KILLIAN



Digital/Photoshop Alterations

Gone Fishing

KIMALEE AUGUSTINE

So much unsaid
hinges on a bullet that is not silver
that pierced your brain on an August afternoon.
Metal cold and hollow touching your temple
vacant eyes staring at the lake.

Thoughts wander by in waves
then one last impulse of electricity
commanding your finger
to squeeze ever so gently the steel
giving birth to a single sound that
splits open the day.

Echoing ripples fade into silence and birdsong
puffs of white reflecting in blue lake water
and you slumped waiting gruesome and innocent.

Some fisherman will catch more than he expects today.

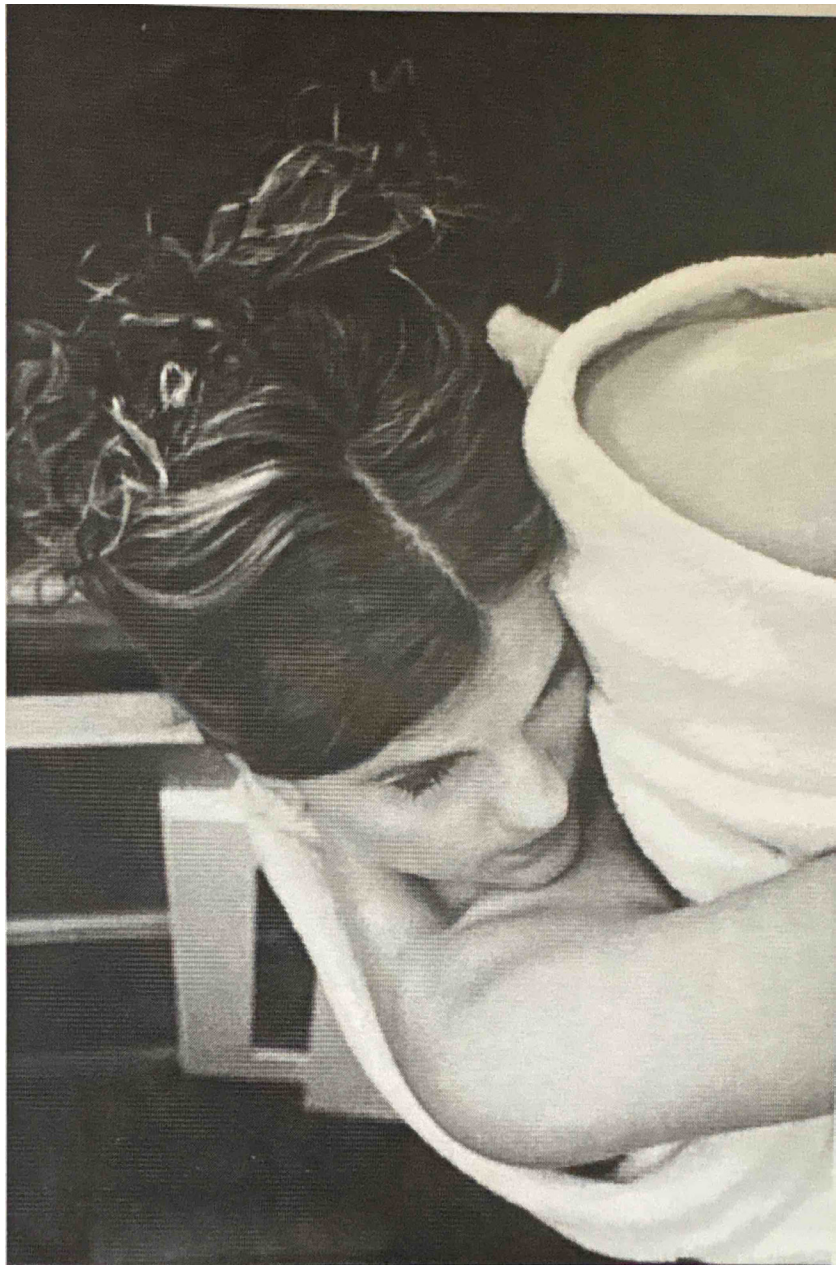
Prayin’

TOM WHEATLEY

She laughs like sugar
and speaks like a priest,
a metered melody in her voice,
Father Son Holy Spirit
Amen.
Sex with her is like water,
cold, rough,
regularly rhythmic,
dull.
Her litany of emphatic affirmatives
stack like waves
and crash on my ears.
Her voice fills the room,
operatic.
And all at once she cries out to God
and fakes it.
She could have been a priest.

Self-Portrait

STEPHANIE CHALTRAW



Black & White Photography

If You Live on a Piece of Land for Seven Years You Own It

SARAH WANGLER

1.
$100,000 to sell a house trailer on a lot of
less than an acre.
My grandparents refused.

2.
A Bangladeshi man croons coffeehouse love in Emily's ear,
she begs me to save her, but

I can't read her lips; *Bejeweled*
video game demo intrigues me:
she tells him it's my birthday
so he'll sing to me.

3.
The no-smoking sign on the wall says,
"Don't tell your lover he forgot your birthday:
your horoscope said *timing is everything*."

4.
If you bulldozed our boxes off your land after six-and-a-half years,
where would they go?
In any case, would it be right to do so?

Dragulias

HAROLD CORMORANT EMMERSON



Digital

Bottle House Detail

S. TEISMAN GIROUX

Color Photography



Five More Days

REBECCA SHANNON

I'm glad she likes eggs. They smell good, but
I've been hungry for so long
I don't feel it anymore.

We're down to three left in the carton, which
is one less than I need
until the check gets here.

My stomach grumbles and
she giggles at the lion I've told her
is caged between my ribs.

She offers me a bit, but
I tell her I am too full of the ice cream I ate in my dreams
to have room for a single taste of egg.

We're down to three left in the carton, which
is one less than I need
until the check gets here.

Peaches

JASON WOLVERTON

Ben stared at the dead dog.

He was digging for fifteen minutes and the hole wasn't even big enough to bury an over-inflated football.

An hour before, Joey had walked into the living room screaming. His dog, Peaches, had sat down in front of the dryer and died.

Good riddance, Ben had thought. His time of scrubbing piss out of the downstairs couch was over.

Connie didn't share his satisfaction. His wife had come into the room—a damp dish towel hung over her shoulder—and had scooped the boy into her arms. She rocked back and forth, trying to soothe him as the tiny boy clung to her breast. All the while, Ben looked under couch cushions and tried to find the TV remote.

Joey continued to wail. Ben gave up his search and walked over to the television. While Connie heard Peter Jennings' voice grow louder, she shot Ben a disgusted look and carried her son out of the room.

A short time later, Connie had come back in. Ben watched her approach out of the corner of his eye. Joey trailed close behind, his face still flushed and snot dried to his upper lip.

"I think you should take Joey to bury Peaches."

Fuck that, he had thought. It was almost 6:30 and he could hear the Minnesota wind moaning outside. It was probably about three degrees.

Before he responded, Ben studied Connie's thin face. Her eyes told him that he had no alternatives. By 7:00, Ben and Joey were in the truck headed north.

He forgot to bring a second shovel. He cursed himself for forgetting, before realizing it was probably too cold for Joey to be outside anyway. The boy just sat in the truck and looked out through a frosty window.

As he suspected, digging a grave at this time of year was like trying to spoon a hole into a marble countertop. The frozen earth gave little and seemed to give even less the deeper he dug. He longed for a smoke.

Ben leaned against the side of the truck and pulled a cigarette out of his shirt pocket. He cupped his hands around his cheap, plastic lighter and used his body to shield it. His frozen fingers brought the occasional spark, but the stiff wind extinguished any hope he had of tasting a freshly lit cigarette.

Ben leaned back, looked into the truck and sighed. Joey's tiny head was pressed against the door. He was sleeping.

Ben hopped off the tailgate and pulled his glove back on. He worked his fingers under the dog's collar. He took two steps forward and threw Peaches as far as he could. His eyes followed as the frozen dog spun like a boomerang. Peaches stopped when she smacked a tree and fell into a thicket. A puff of white snow exploded into the air like smoke.

The Sea is Foamy

MATT SHAW

Black & White Photography



Paradigm Shift

JEANNE M. LESINSKI

Unformed hips hugged

by a black rubber seat,

she grasped chains, complaining

in rhythm to the swing's pitch,

at arc's end tilted back,

stepped on the clouds,

swept the ground with her hair.

Knobby knees, bruised shins hidden

under knee-socks, feed saddled in shoes

propelled her upward with each breath,

as if she could have vaulted the bars

holding her (s)wings to earth—

merged with her lighter self.

When the gears of motion ratcheted,

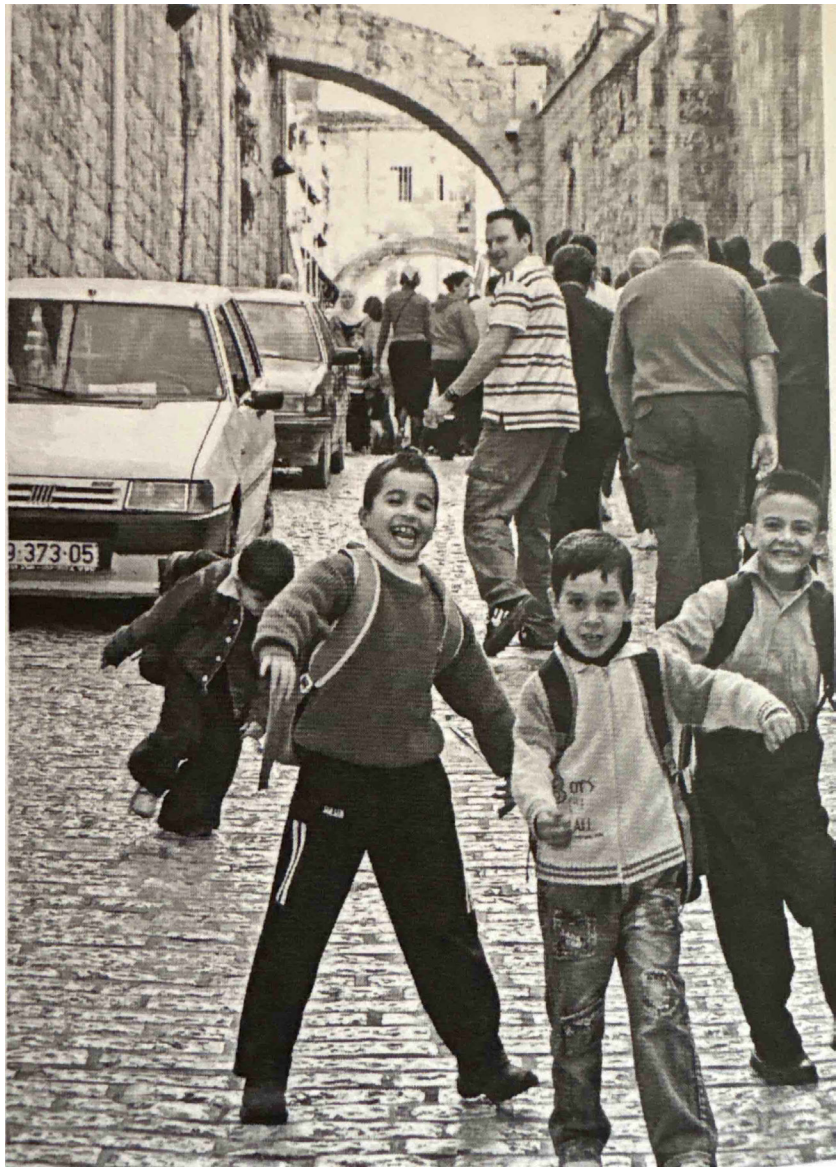
the world lost its center,

shifted from the nest of surety

into the fear fall of doubt.

Jerusalem

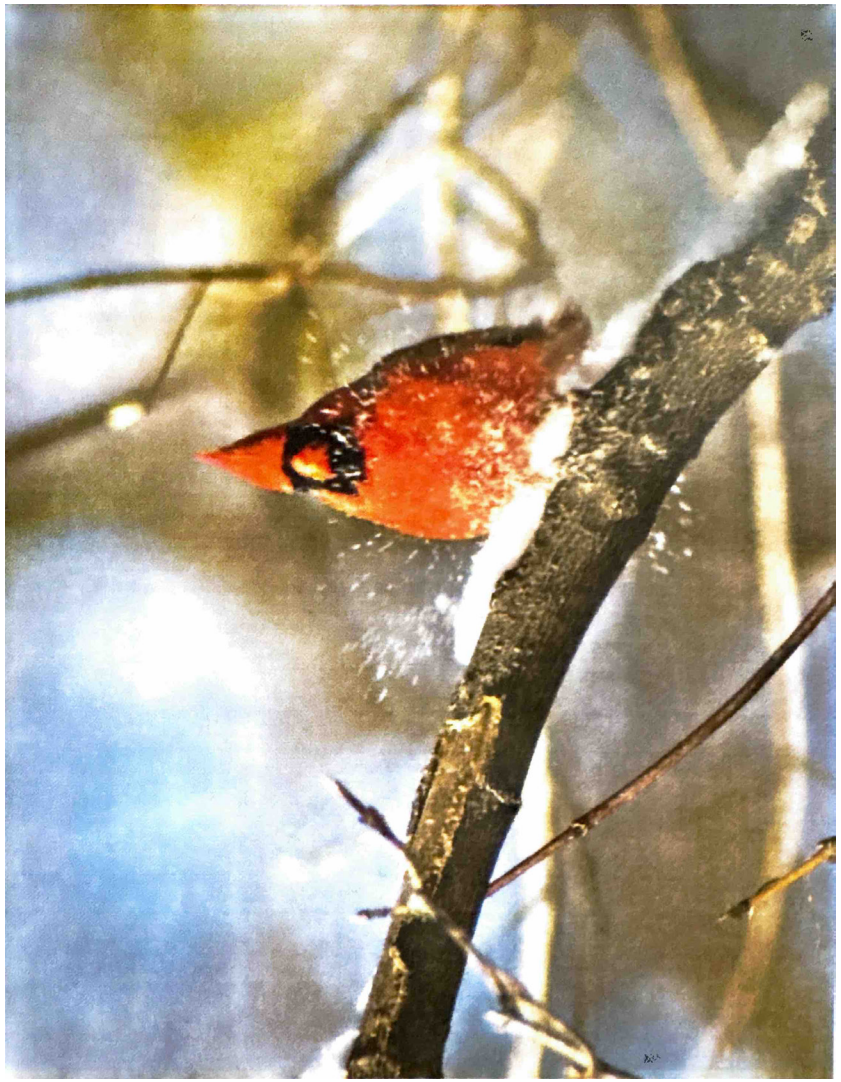
CHRISTINA DILLBECK



Black & White Photography

Sinful Cardinal

DOUGLAS JACKSON



Color Photography

Through the Looking Glass

CHRISTINA DILLBECK



Color Pencil

Quantum Bunny

K. FRITHJOF PETERSON

Isn't it funny?
Prettily-poppin' -bouncin' bunny

yellow backpack smacking my intentions from the herd
a bodied courtyard
with shoulders just a little
too
forward
for feet to ever get there

What happens when it's all happenstance?
A penniless prance for a dime-dipped dance
that grants circumference with a center that lost its splendor
its radii
begging me to try ...pancaked brown eyes
where I can slip beneath their gaze swimming there for days
in the syrupy circles beneath full of flour am speak and bedtime stories
Failed! Unmailed! Written in Braille!
for fingers gloved too cold to trace and bulbs unreplaced in night lights
that never chased
the shadows out of view
and isn't there something more than tickets still shared and costumes we'll
wear on evenings
ill paired
grandfathered in
to pets and houses and sibling spouses all doused in the drapery of an
orphaned home

And what does it mean?
Prettily-poppin'-bouncin' bunny
except that it's funny we still spend money on checks
that already bounced
without an ounce left for those that could've cleared
fearing what may appear in the absent centers we drew our circles around
training our ears for
sounds of preludes that never played and memories we'd gladly trade if
we hadn't frayed
all the clothes we wore before

So what's in store?
Prettily-poppin'-bouncin' bunny
with our noses still runny from days we thought were sunny 'cause we only knew the rain
and what was in the frame of a camera that never made, the films we thought we wrote

Give me a ride 'cause my feet have tried but the pavement fried all direction from my toes
but somebody knows the columns from the rows and where to go
and why to hip and how to hop and where to drop and when to flop a hand that just can't win

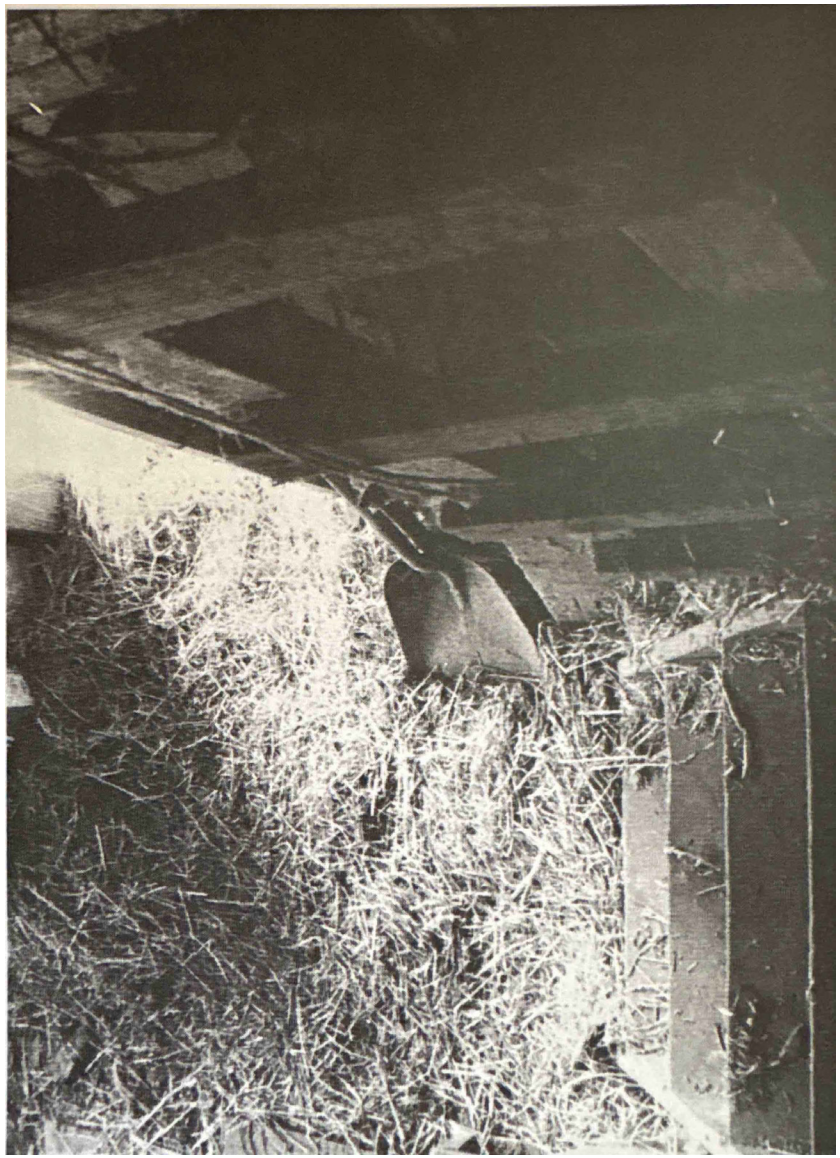
so let me in

on the secret of your bound and flight on the ground and tell me there's something there more than air passing through a gapped smile something to sway the trial more in our favor just a hint of flavor to pair the whiskey on my breath and past the test of one night's rest where I didn't beg something more than a life that swore promises it never understood.

'Cause then
It could be funny
Prettily-poppin'-bouncin' bunny
and I could pop just outta view
with hinted whispers
of something new

Up in the Hay Loft

MELONY BLASIUS



Black & White Photography

Holding Space

HOLLY CASE

In your unsuspecting sleep
I encircled your narrow
mistreating body
with my small arms
and watched you.
I searched for love
in the hollow of your breath
and came up empty.

I left quietly after a kiss
while you slept,
not strong enough to watch
the pain I would cause.
I wanted to leave you
with a promise to remember.
But instead of all I had to offer
was the frayed thread
of deception
that once held us together.

I took nothing with me
but a mental photograph
of your smooth face
and your paper body
crushing beneath the weight
of my discontent/

In my clean solitude
I can no longer see
that photograph at all.
I only have the memory
of desperately trying
to fold myself into
the hollow of your breath,
wanting nothing more than
to feel as though
I fit perfectly
into the emptiness.

This Title Will Be Standardized (Pt. 1)

HAROLD CORMORANT EMMERSON

"Marvell before the Citty on a Hille."
with a gagging, snaggle-tooth cough, he cackled, and then proceeded
down the hall and into his wife's room.

She paid him no mind,
reading *Moby-Dick* in intervals with "Enquirer."
He read nothing into it as he lay down.

She paid no mind about the houseful of people outside.
Is this room cold?

I was in the kitchen earlier playing "Up and Down the River"
to the tune of six *Miller High Lifes*, three snakebites, and an excellent
vinyl copy of *Sabbath Bloody Sabbath*.

"Hey, you know what the Sabbath record makes me think of?" Jack said.

"Man, ther'ss noowaay your gonna git that record," I replied.

"Makes me think of *Beavis and Butthead*, when they play the Sabbath video, and Beavis says that they're from Seattle, and Paul Shaffer is in the psychedelic background," Jack said.

"Man, you jus' watch and see, this river card is gonna keep tha' recor' where it's s'posed to be," I said, as I felt cold.

The "Paul Shaffer" bit was funny, and I'll miss that record. I'll have to put it back on my list.

Her friends had been there since 9:33. Everybody was good. Good and drunk and doing what we were good at. I had to make my donation to the poker game. Didn't want to lose the record though. Oh well, shit happens. I got a cool signed giclee print called "Monkey with a Hammer Smashes Rock." I got it from Chris a week ago in a game.

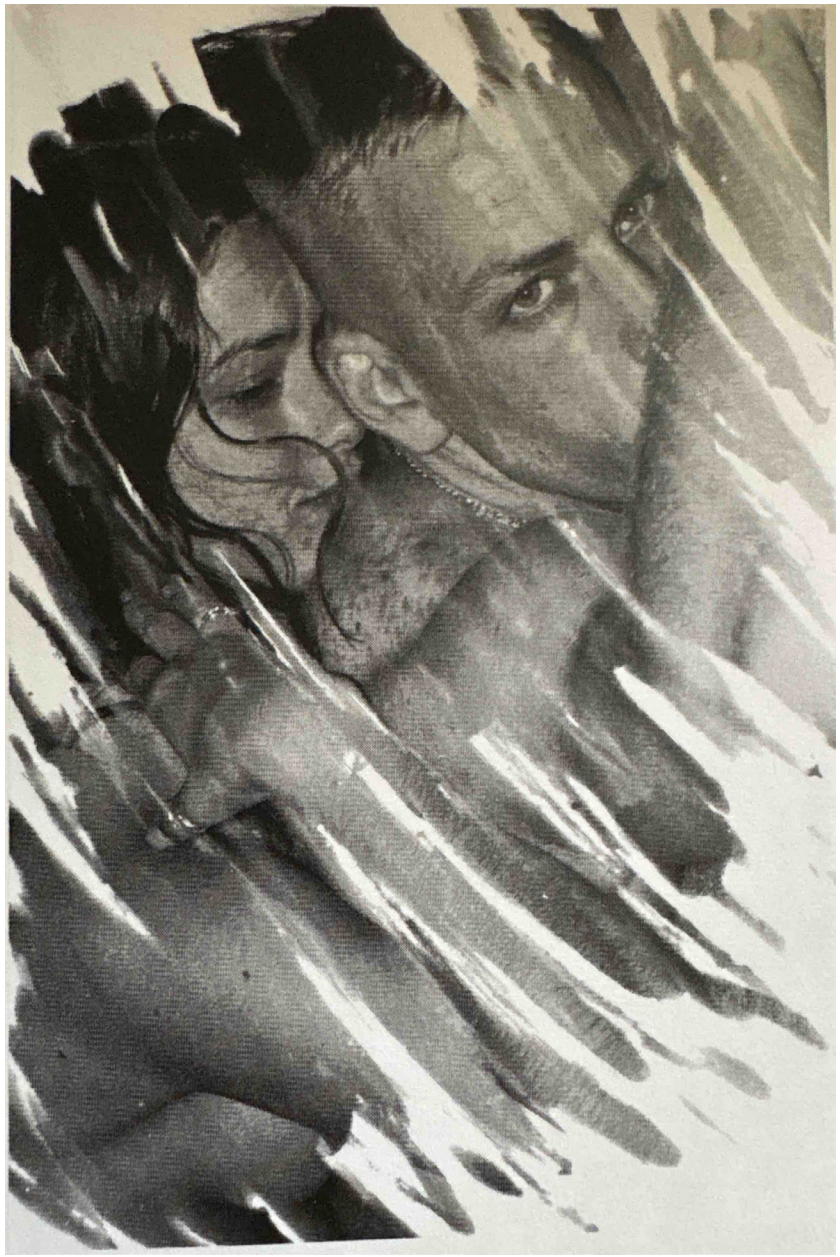
Chris was here, then he left. He said he had to go back up north. Chris was already gone when Billy started ranting about the "Citty on a Hille."

The conversation started earlier.

She was talking about how she learned in school about the fact that America is the "Citty on a Hille" like Babylon is a city on a hill (Nietzsche says that the clown is forevermore the caw of the mockingbird, cry, and thus they "shale" share the salient moment). [*I am less the whiteness, never even an Ishmael, Bartleby standing in crushed eggshells, porcelain diadem shards*]. That's why she was reading Melville, she said. I remember saying something to the effect that "I'd prefer not."

Shredded Happiness

MELONY BLASIUS



Black & White Photography

M. Bernard

JOHN W. FURNESS

I remember the
shaky legs of
a crayon-ed desk
that steadied mine,
while in front of
a restless group of children,
you read a
terse report,
wrote your answers
on the chalk board,
then took your seat.
Still, there is
something winsome
about the way
you misspelled
equal.

Purple Sea

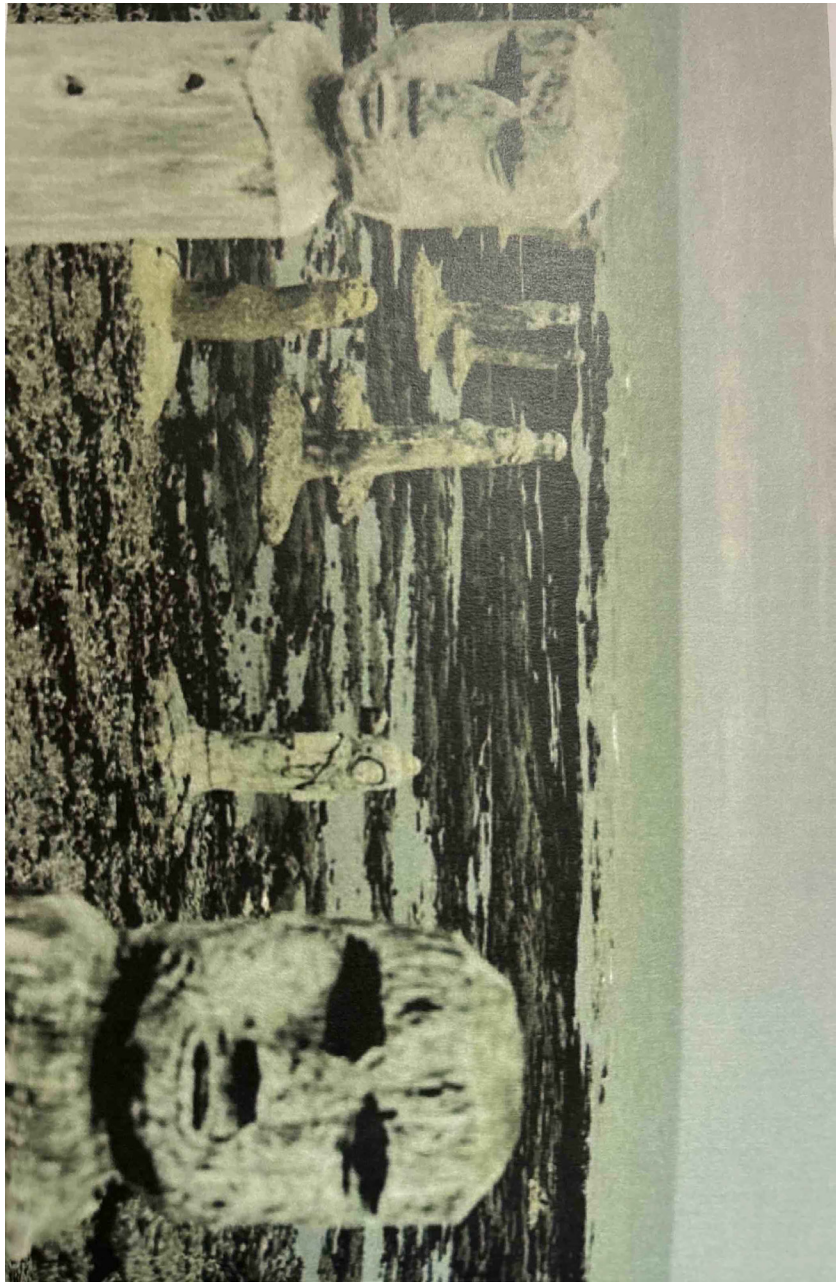
JON KUBACKI



Color Photography

Ste. Flavie II

S. TEISMAN GIROUX



Color Photography

Bassoon Dreams

JEANNE M. LESINSKI

I am a tenor only,
when playing you.

Haunting *Firebird* or
comical *Apprentice*,
I speak through you,
my wooden ventriloquist.

You're not sexy,
like a cello straddled,
caressed, and bowed.

Yet, I hold you gently,
long and slender, shiny,
semi-erect in my hands.

I wrap my pursed lips
around your moist reed,
tonguing, breathe out,
in throbbing vibrato.

I am a tenor,
only when playing you.

On Angel's Landing

SHANNON WRIGHT



Magazine Paper Collage

F A T

REBECCA SHANNON

Clothes That Don't Fit, Why
Can't You Change, Percent
Body
Fat,
Chub Rub, Work
Outm Huge Tits,
People
Stare,
Kids
Moo.
Play
Gro-
Und
Cow.

Always
Picked Last,
Other Kids Laugh,
Hateful Words,
Un-Con- Trolled
Binges. Stretch
Marks, Diabetes, Obese,
Heart Disease C h e e s e
Burgers, Weight Watcher,
Will Power, Shame.
Snickers, Reeses,
Almond J O Y.
Late Nite Snacking
Packing Pounds,
Throw it Up And
S t a r t A g a i n

Can't Share Clothes With Girls
Your Age. The Cool Junior
Sizes Just
Won't Fit.
Suck it in.
Shopping
In The
Women's
Section A
Little Like
D e a t h
Each Time.

We'll Meet Again

JAMIE LEWIS

Elise had stayed at work late, too late considering the threat of inclement weather. She could have taken a cab, but it wasn't that far to her building, and she hadn't been to the gym in a few days. So, she buttoned her Burberry—a recent extravagance—and stood the collar up. She was relieved to have the Clareston's account out of the way. That would open her calendar for the weekend, and hopefully allow her to sneak away with Ian.

The streets were quieter than usual, but with the weather it was no surprise. It didn't feel all that cold, but the wind was moving in a strange way. She glanced over her shoulder and took note of the only other pedestrian: a tall, ruggedly handsome man. There was a time he would have kept her attention, but ever since Ian she looking right through other men. She wondered if Ian's wife felt the same way. Probably.

The man behind her seemed to be getting closer. Elise tucked a stray blonde hair behind her ear and picked up the pace. She heard his steps quicken.

Frank had been following her for three blocks, but she hadn't seemed to notice. He loved the way her feet glided along the sidewalk. She seemed to be skating in stilettos. The tan pants hugged her hips in a way that made his blood race around its venous track. He had to have her; her knew that for sure. She had turned to look at him and smiled; he knew she was thinking about him with nervous anticipation as she headed toward Ash Street.

Shit, she thought, as she looked around for a shop to duck into. All of the signs read "closed." She was certain he was following her. She was all but running, and he matched her, stride for stride. She was breathing quickly and started to reaach in her pocket for her inhaler when she first felt it.

The gun was icy cold against her skin. Oh, Ian, why am I alone out here? If you would have left her already, I would be home with you right now.

Frank wouldn't hurt her. He'd never hurt anyone. He just wanted her to know he could take control. Women went crazy for that kind of thing. Her breath was coming faster now, and that almost drove him out of his mind. She wanted him, too.

Elise prayed, to Ian of course, that this man only wanted money. She only had twenty bucks or so—he could take it. The credit cards, the watch, the coat, anything. But he directed her down the next alley, behind a dumpster marked "Waste Management." They weren't managing it very well, because trash carpeted the alley.

She apologized that there wasn't more money in the wallet. It was a sweet sentiment, but Frank definitely didn't need money. He told Elise that he wanted her driver's license. He had to be able to find her again. She was even more beautiful than he first thought, and the flickering street lights from across Jefferson were enough to illuminate the gold flecks in her brown eyes.

Elise couldn't believe this was happening. Under different circumstances, this man would have been a dream. Instead, his manicured nails and mysterious gun-metal were a nightmare. He laid her down, almost gently, to the ground.

She was paralyzed, but her mind raced. She couldn't scream, couldn't cry. She was thinking of the strangest things as he brought himself down on her. She smelled rotten eggs, or something vile, and she was repulsed by the thought of the garbage on her Burberry.

Frank tried to memorize the lines of her face. He still held the gun loosely in his left hand, but his other hand traced her cheekbones, her lips. He knew he didn't have long, this time. He didn't want anyone to happen by and interrupt his first night with Elise.

The next time she opened her eyes, she looked up at the snow cascading to the ground. He had called her an angel, and she laughed aloud at the thought of waving her arms and legs back and forth in the freshly fallen flakes. He was gone, but his cologne lingered. She pulled the Burberry tighter around her trembling body, and wondered when she'd see him again.

Legacy

JAMIE LEWIS

The canon is full of loose cannons—
tortured souls

whose ability to express themselves in writing
could pleasure the stable mind
but never pacify their own.

Slaves to their demons—
marked by melancholy and madness—

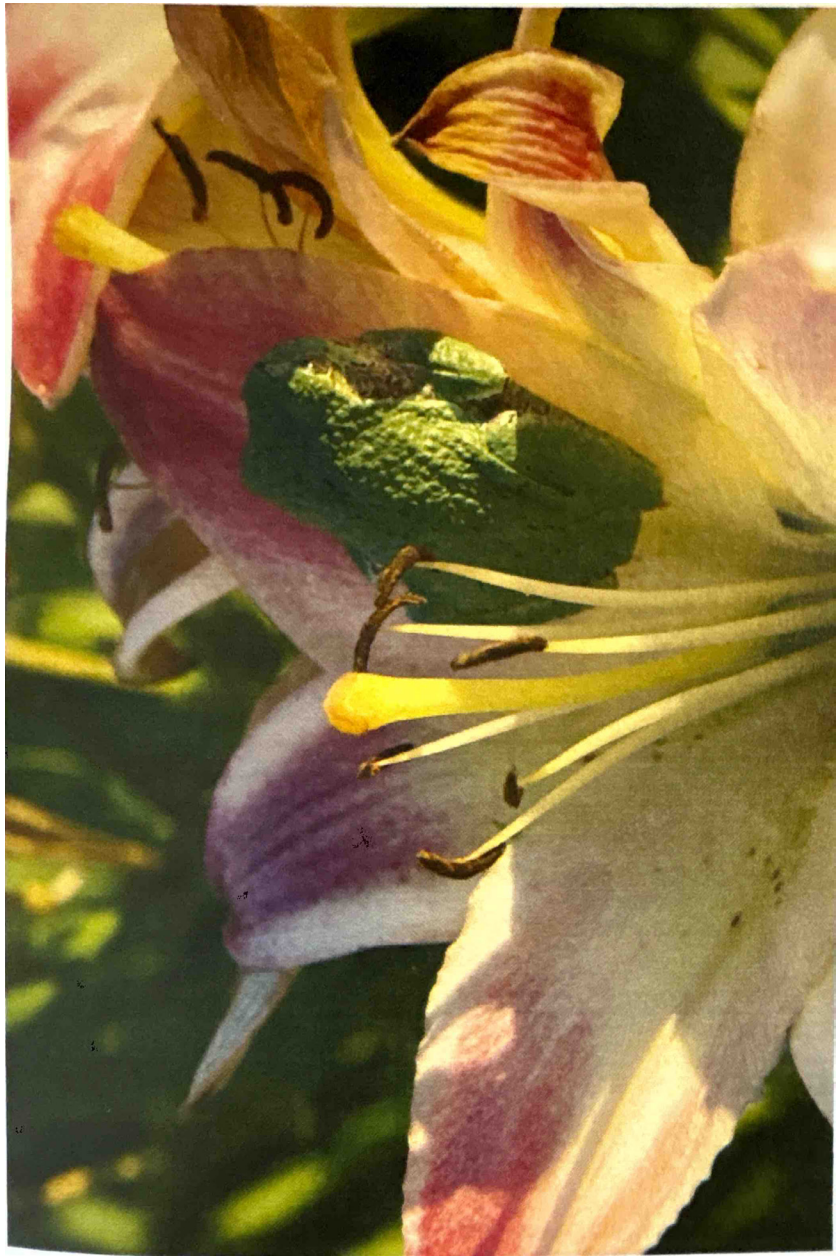
Annabel Lee haunted Eddy
until he found rest
facedown in a gutter

and Sylvia chased perfection—
headfirst into the range.

And me?
You'll just have to wait and see.

Unexpected Visitor

JON KUBACKI



Color Photography

Hungry

DOUGLAS JACKSON

Color Photography



Heat on High for Five Minutes, Remove Cover, Stir

MATTHEW C. EASTERWOOD

the game flickers to

a man kissing an attractive woman on a beach in
a commerical for microwavable dinners.
clearly,
maltodextrin + hydrogenated soybean oil + artifical coloring +
20 other chemical additives + high concentrations of sodium +
6-week-old frozen beef =
making out with hot women on beaches

flick

55-year-old-looking-73-year-old-man—
gleaming teeth, hair, face reflect falsehoods—
his matter-of-fact-but-I-really-do-care voice tells us what
the owners of the company that owns the company that owns the company
that owns
the microwavable dinner company
want us to hear

flick

bodies of men and women and girls and boys in Baghdad—
bloody, bludgeoned, breathless

flick
black

Don’t Call Him Crazy on the Fourth of July

CHRISTI GRIFFIS

Robert Lansberry stood on a corner in Pittsburgh
sandwiched between handmade carboard signs,
yelling that we’re being controlled,
and demanding a lifetime’s worth of stolen mail.
He looked out into a crowd of pedestrians
with the solid blue-eyed gaze of a man with a mission.
The once successful business man and former naval office
wouldn’t give up the message despite all opposition.
The public he fought for passed him by,
questioning his sanity rather than question the authority,
Milgram’s test subjects flipping the switches.
The powers wanted to silence him
with phony accusations and false arrests,
and holding all the mail he knew he had coming.
Mr. Lansberry couldn’t receive letters sent by
a veteran given LSD in boot camp,
a man in Idaho with radio-wired fillings,
or the family who’d given up on him years ago.
But the voices, they never left him alone.
He knew what his fellow citizens called a shabby man living under the bridge
and the pamphlets he handed them as they crossed Market Square.
Those murmurs don’t bother a man who knows he’s right.
“Just don’t call me crazy on the Fourth of July.”

Oda a mi Abuela

REBECCA DELGADO

Mi abuela
mi segunda madre
mujer sabía
mujer justa.

Intransigente
en sus valores,
en sus crencias,
firme.

La piedra
el apoyo para todos
que Crucen
su camino.

La consejera
siempre con
los oídos, el corazón
abiertos.

De pocas
palabras pero
que dicen
mucho

Noble
generosa
amable
graciosa

Amor infinito
cariño
fe total
digna, confianza.

The Table of the Venus That Gave Her Her

Creativity, It Is Know-Wonder That She Would Rather Make Us All Become the Nothing, Or, Perhaps, She Is Just Actualizing Herself against You, a You That Couldn't Exist. Therefore, She Expresses Herself As Follows:

HAROLD CORMORANT EMMERSON

When She looked down it was broken china.
Blue Buddha (Farmer tilling before crick, beneath a tree at noon)
looks for his arm.
Tao.
The white bones of this place (of land
a broom sweeps as it has never _____

Victorian curlicue, asinine rug against the floor, She cuts
threads to warm herself in the eventual, pause

then She _____.
Shards of earthenware spun fine
Her threads cradling.
I
hesitate. Why? Ask no recourse.
Her course deposits me in alluvium.
Dissipation and maybe, I shall lie
down and ossify in _____.

I wish I could remember the broken plate (spinning "Black Math?"
Echoing of hardwood sheen.
My blue-eyed bone (reflection? from Her?
Captured in the sediment of matted fur.
Layer cakes and _____

Drink of Her Greatly

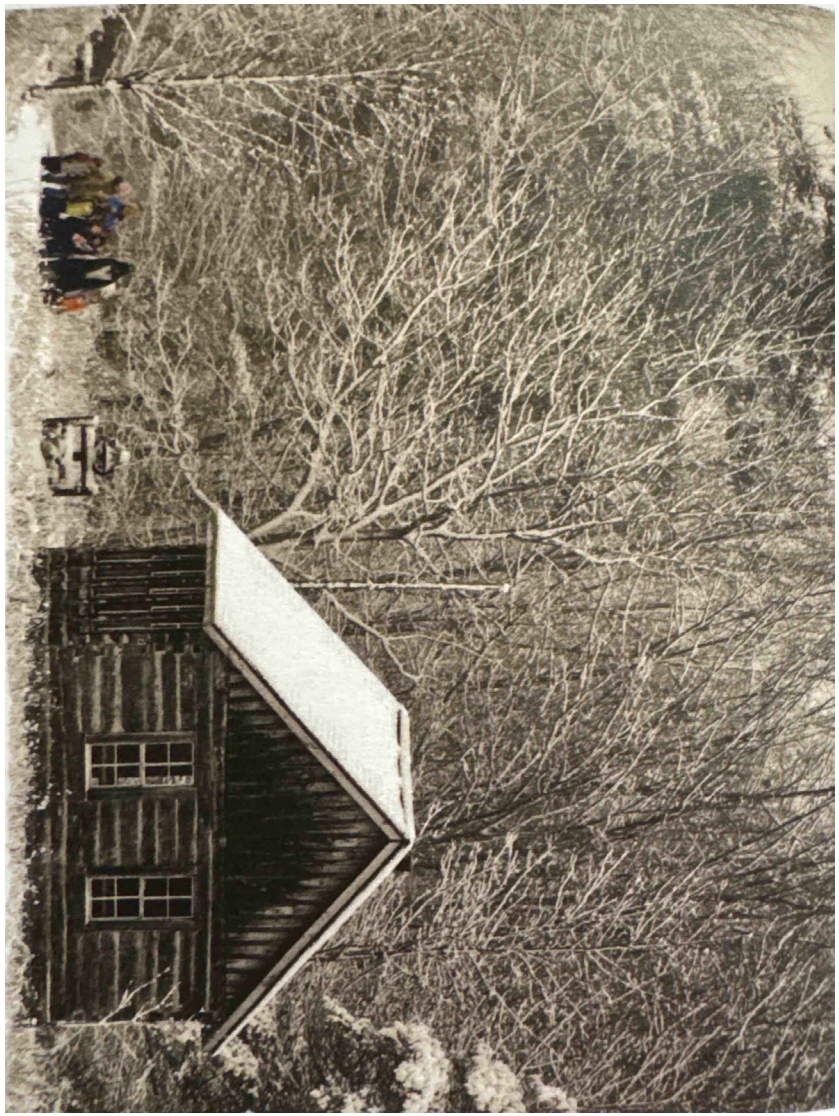
HOLLY MORNINGSTAR



Oil Pastel

School House

DOUGLAS JACKSON



Color Photography/Photoshop Manipulation

The Snuff Box

ERIC MORNINGSTAR

His irritation grew unbearable. Sweat dripped. He couldn't sit there anymore.

"I've got a craving," he mumbled. "I'm going out to visit the old snuffbox."

It was 10:00 pm. His wife looked at him with sad eyes and a withered smile. His cravings came earlier now.

As long as he said he loved her, she would not turn him away.

"Hurry back," she managed to whisper. She placed cold lips on his cheek and shivered.

He was out the door and leaving her voice a fading echo behind him. He hated this feeling. She had appeared uglier sitting there—her face was something a drunk could carve with a buck knife, and her hair looked like a mop of brown thread. She was growing plainer every day! How could a man stand it?

He imagined the snuffbox, and the night air refreshed him.

He passed through the trees on the path he had made. He felt the itch beneath his skin subside. He was still sweating, but now from anticipation.

The box was just where he left it in the small circular clearing in the forest, with pine needles and rich soil for a floor and a sound-proof wall of fir.

His hands carefully reached for the lid and pried it off, revealing the blonde toy inside. Her skin wasn't too dirty from the night in the box, and her blue skirt and pink blouse still turned him on. The butterful tattoo on her shoulder, seen so many times before, seemed so beautiful now. She was vulnerable. She was still alive. He was so glad he had waited!

No more waiting.

He lifted the weak body like a hollow mannequin. Her eyes opened for him then, and he smiled as his hands tore open as if they were wrapping paper. She moaned beneath the duct tape.

The soft and muffled noise wasn't enough. He tore it away, tearing the skin on her young face as her screams filled his eyes like a Siren's mating call. Her voice was rich and pure. It was innocent, filled with inexperience and fear.

With practiced timing, his body moved against hers, pinning her pale legs to the needle-covered ground. She can't struggle much, but just enough, he thought. He stared into her wide, panicking eyes—they reminded him of a doe's eyes—as her dried lips tried to form a plea.

He let his hands grip her tiny neck, crushing every vein and artery with the pressure of desire. Make the eyes dance for me, baby, he thought.

Within a minute, she was fading fast. What a weak bitch, he thought, unsatisfied. Her breasts barely moved. Her chest could no longer gasp. Let me get my work's worth, he thought. At least let me feel you shiver as you go!

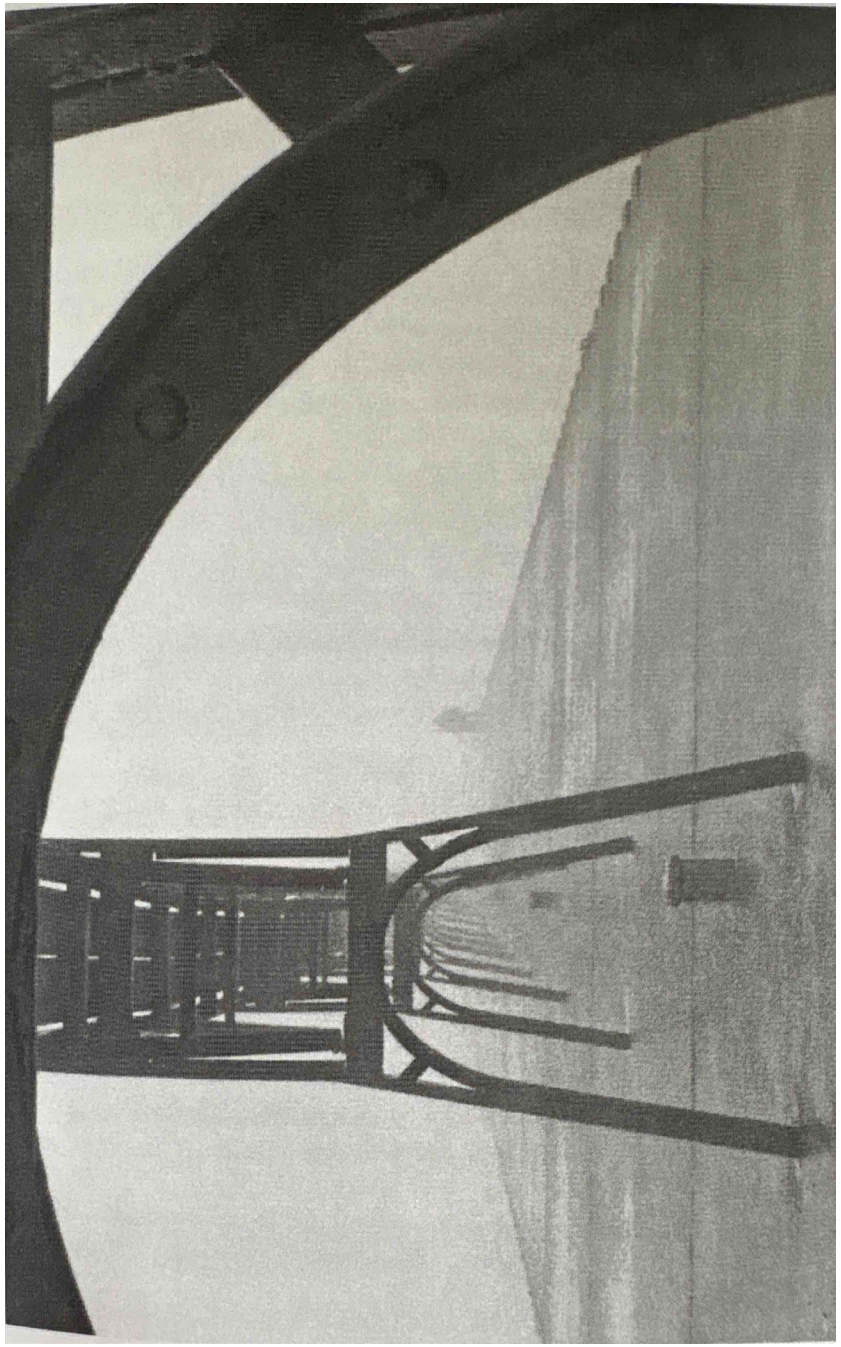
His desire was denied. Her eyes rolled into her head as if searching for the moon, and he couldn't even feel death's cold fingers race through her body and squeeze out the last beat of her little heart.

Had she shivered?

Just then, he thought lovingly of his wife. She seemed prettier now, but as he started quickly for home, he knew it wouldn't last long.

Foggy Pier

ANDREA KILLIAN



Black & White Photography

A Nice Stiff Drink

JASON SCHNEIDER

They just went to the store to get some bread, a gallon of milk, cereal, and some dish soap. Jake and his girlfriend, Sara, were only gone for twenty minutes, at the most. When they parked the car and started walking to the front door of their apartment building, Sara screamed. It wasn't a loud scream, or even a long scream. It was the kind of scream you would hear when a drink is spilled and someone desperately tries to avoid getting wet.

Jake looked first at Sara and then up toward their apartment. On their balcony, sitting in their plastic lawn chair with his feet on the railing, was a man who looked to be in his forties.

"Who are you?" Jake called up to the man.

The man leaned forward a little, his feet still up on the railing, and peered down at the couple.

"I fixed myself a drink," he replied. "I hope you don't mind."

"How did you get on our balcony?" Jake asked, holding the gallon of milk like a football.

"I came out the patio door," the man said. "I hope you picked up more orange juice because I'm afraid I finished it off."

Jake didn't know what to say to him. Instead, he turned to Sara and told her to call the cops.

"There's no need to call the authorities," the man said. "I'm not here to rob you or hurt you in any way."

He was dressed well enough, with a yellow button-up shirt tucked into a nice pair of slacks, but he hadn't shaved in a while, and grayish black stubble dotted his face.

"If you don't want to rob us, or kill us..."

"Whoa," the man interrupted. "I'm certainly no murderer. I'm a little offended you would even bring that up."

"I'm sorry," Jake called up to him. "But what do you want?"

"I wanted a drink, so I made myself one. Come on up and join me. The weather is right for a nice cold drink. But you're out of orange juice, so I hope you can make do without."

Jake told Sara to get in the car and lock the doors while he went upstairs. Sara tried to stop him from going, but he told her there was no harm in having just one drink.

When Jake got into the apartment, he found the door unlocked. He opened it and went inside. Everything was just as they had left it, except a cupboard door was open in the kitchen.

"Could you bring some more ice when you come out?" the man called over his shoulder.

Jake took down a glass and poured some sweet red vermouth into the bottom of it, followed by a generous amount of bourbon. He pulled out a tray of ice from the freezer and twisted it until several cubes popped up, which he dumped onto the counter. He picked up two and dropped them into his glass. The rest he placed into an empty glass, which he carried outside with him to give to the stranger on the balcony.

"Thank you sir," the man said as he accepted the glass of ice. Rather than transfer the ice to his drink, he simply poured his drink into this new glass.

Jake sat his drink onto the plastic table next to the man and sat down int the other chair across from him.

"So what are you doing here?"

"He picked up your letter."

Jake shook his head. "What?"

"The mailman came while you were gone, and he picked up the letter you left on top of the mailbox. Funny how these apartments don't have anywhere for you to outgoing mail. I wouldn't trust leaving my mail on top of the mailbox like that. But just so you know, it was the mailman who picked it up."

"Right, thanks for telling me." Jake picked up his drink, held it in his hands, then set it back down.

"You know, you forgot the cherry," the man said, motioning toward Jake's drink with his own.

"I don't have any cherries."

"And you also forgot to stir it. You're not a bartender, I hope."

"No, I'm a substitute teacher."

"A teacher! What do you teach, if I might ask?"

"Well I'm going to school to be a math teacher, but when I sub for a class, I don't really teach anything in particular."

The man studied Jake's face for a moment. "I never had any teachers that looked like you. You can't be more than 22 years old."

"I'm 24, actually."

The man finished his drink and sat the empty glass on the table next to his old glass. He put his feet down and took out a cigarette.

"Do you mind?"

"I don't mind," Jake responded. "But the lady at the main office told me that these are non-smoking apartments."

"Well that's why we're on the balcony, of course."

"Of course."

The man lit the cigarette and shook out the match between his fingers. "You know, you don't have to leave your girlfriend out in the car like that. Why don't you wave her inside?"

"She wouldn't come in anyway."

"She looks kind of silly sitting out there."

Jake looked down at Sara, and when their eyes met, she shrugged as though asking what was going on.

"Maybe I should go down and talk to here."

"On your way out, make sure you pick up the milk."

Jake peered over the railing and saw the gallons of milk in the middle of the sidewalk.

"She said she's just going to wait in the car," Jake called out as he put the milk in the refrigerator.

"How long have you two been together?"

"Three years," Jake answered, sitting back down across from the man on the balcony.

"I bet it feels like a lifetime, though."

"Sometimes it does."

"Oh, I finished your drink for you while you were gone, I hope you don't mind. It was terrible, by the way."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to be sorry. Not everyone can mix drinks the way it should be done."

Jake watched a man jogging across the parking lot. The man passed Jake's car and stared at Sara, turning his head more the further he jogged. Sara paid him no attention. She appeared to be painting her fingernails.

"Are you familiar with Plato?"

"I think I read *The Republic* a long time ago. Or at least part of it."

"Plato," the man said staring off in the distance, but at what, Jake couldn't tell, "believed that the soul is everlasting. He said that life and death form a process that involves a passage into and out of one another. When someone dies, the soul remains. It always comes back to earth in some form—reincarnation if you want to call it that. So we have to lead lives of virtue unless we want to come back and suffer misfortune in another life."

Jake continued to search for what the man was looking at. "Do you believe that?"

"Of course, I believe it. I'm no fool." He brought his gaze back from the distance and looked at his watch. "It looks like it's time for me to head out."

The man stood up, and Jake followed, sliding his chair back as he rose.

"Nice talking to you. Sorry again about the orange juice."

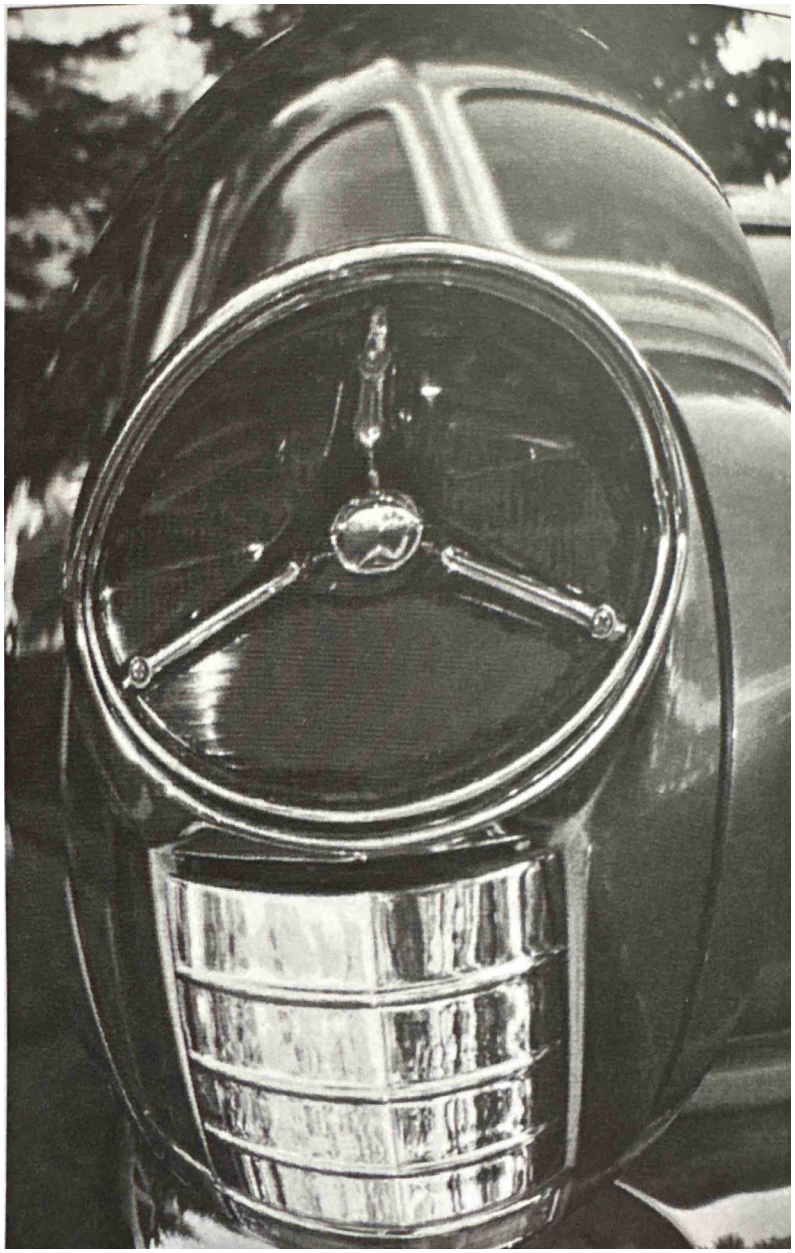
He nodded to Jake as he stepped past him and into the apartment. Then he opened up the apartment door and paused.

"I almost forgot," he said, turning back toward Jake. "This bottle opener was out on the balcony. I don't know if it's yours, but you can keep it regardless." He tossed it to Jake and disappeared out the door.

Jake opened his hands and examined the bottle opener. It was metal and fairly heavy, and it didn't resemble a bottle opener at all. Jake turned it over in his hands, his fingers gently following the curves of the metal, and when he looked at it he didn't see a bottle opene; he saw the shiny buckle of his dad's belt as it hung over the back of a weathered kitchen chair.

Tail-Light

SAUN STROBEL



Computer Manipulation & Photography

Art: A Continuum

According to Japanese/American Sculptor Isamu Noguchi, “The essence of sculpture is for me the perception of space, the continuum of our existence.” A continuum relies on a collection of works, a progression through time to reflect the artist’s existence, but to also reflect the existence of a community. Artists use sculpture, photography, pen and ink, murals, and many other means of expression, to engage us, to challenge us, and re-think ways in which we consider and reflect upon our existence. The work artists create remains with us as long as we give it a home, a space to exist. At Saginaw Valley State University, such a space exists. David Torrez’s mural, Mike Mosher’s artwork, the Marshall Fredericks Museum, the ongoing project being created by SVSU students and Saginaw High students, and the artwork presented within this magazine are all parts of this continuum. Poet Theodore Roethke once said that “art is the means we have of undoing the damage of haste. It’s what everything else isn’t.” Indeed.

The Dawn of Education

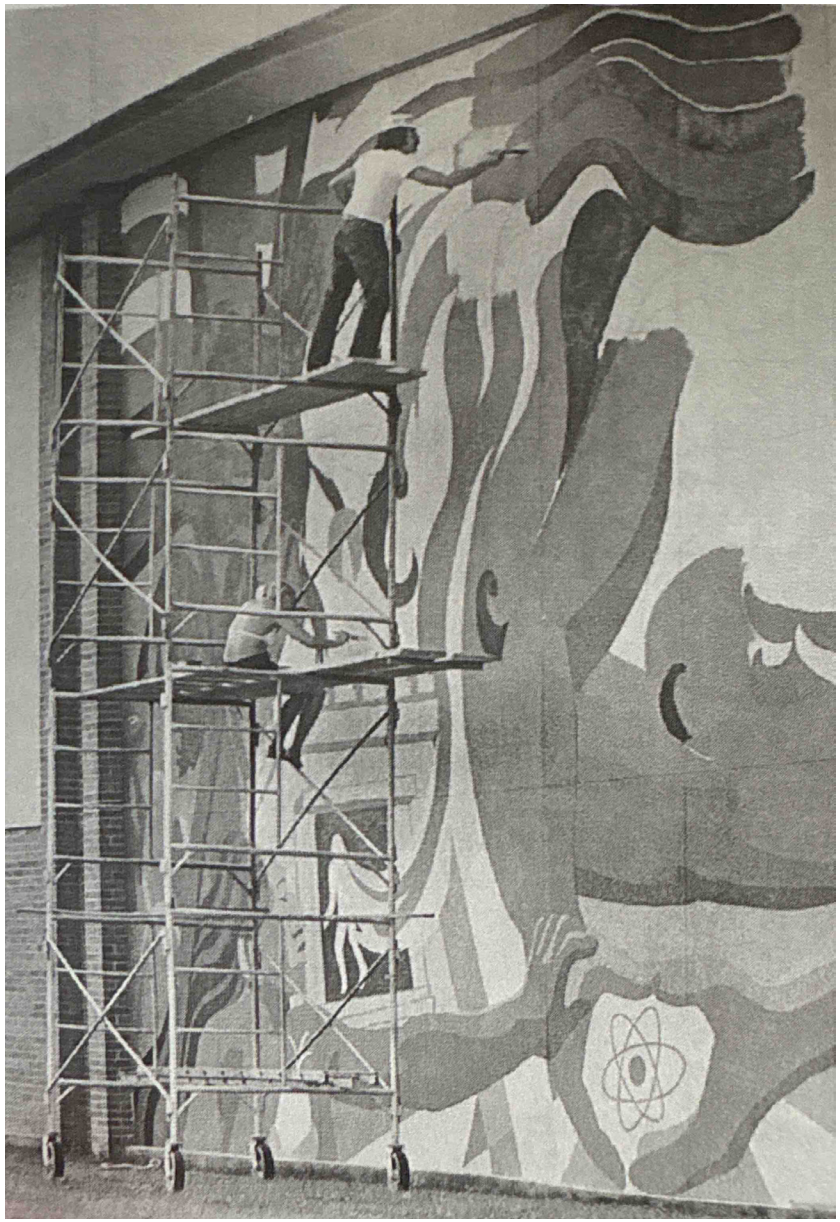
DOUG MCGAW

In 1975, artist David Torrez, a former SVSU (SVSU's previous incarnation) art teacher and student, created an original sketch and organized a student project for the north wall of the Ryder Center. The mural was painted in the summer of that year by thirty students in thirty days.

In Torrez's personal notes that he shared with Ann Ransford, an SVSU adjunct, "This mural, 'Dawn of Education,' graphically portrays education as an endless process... symbolism is the language of this muralist." In Ransford's story for the Valley Vanguard in 1980, Ransford noted that the collaborative effort consisted of students organized into three teams, and each can of paint was numbered to correspond to a number on the wall. She wrote that "This system made it possible for the students to drop by and paint in their free time making the mural the world' s largest paint-by-number."

During an 1980 phone interview with Ransford, Torrez stated: "The mural began to take shape in my mind when I was commissioned to produce an Aztec calendar. Studies of the Mexican culture for this project made me aware of my Chicano identity. I was studying anthropology at this time which further fed my interest in the history of mankind." According to Ransford, "it was important that the mural was titled 'Dawn of Education' because the college was in its infancy." Ransford's only regret today is "that it has been relegated to an obscure canvas in a small hallway in Curtiss when it should be outside shouting a statement about education."

According to Angie Torrez, Assistant Director in the Academic Advisement Center, her brother David, "wanted to express Hispanic culture with the mural and to contribute something to the community." David Torrez passed away three years ago, but his legacy continues for all of us at SVSU, and his contribution to SVSU and to education will never be forgotten.



SVSU File Photo

Mary D. 1973

MICHAEL R. MOSHER



Demonstration (Against Amadou Diallo Shooting), NY 2000

MICHAEL R. MOSHER



Marshall Fredericks Sculpture Museum

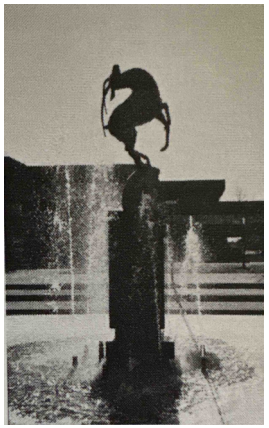
HOWARD JAMES MILLER III

Perhaps the most ubiquitous element of SVSU artistic heritage is the Leaping Gazelle fountain that is the architectural centerpiece of the campus. This sculpture has a presence that reminds the students that they are a part of a community that is more than just the usual streets and places of Michigan. It reminds them that they exist in a place where art is part and parcel of life, a continuous chain of learning and expression. This campus centerpiece is, of course, parat of The Marshall M. Frederick's museum and sculpture garden. Housed in the Arbury Fine Arts Center, the museum proper is a magnificent place where one can literally get dizzy by looking up at the monumental creations that Fredericks made. I often go there to clear my head, to find a space where I can step back from the hustle of term papers and tests. No matter how many times I have been there, I can slip in and still find some element of his work that gives me a true sense of wonder.



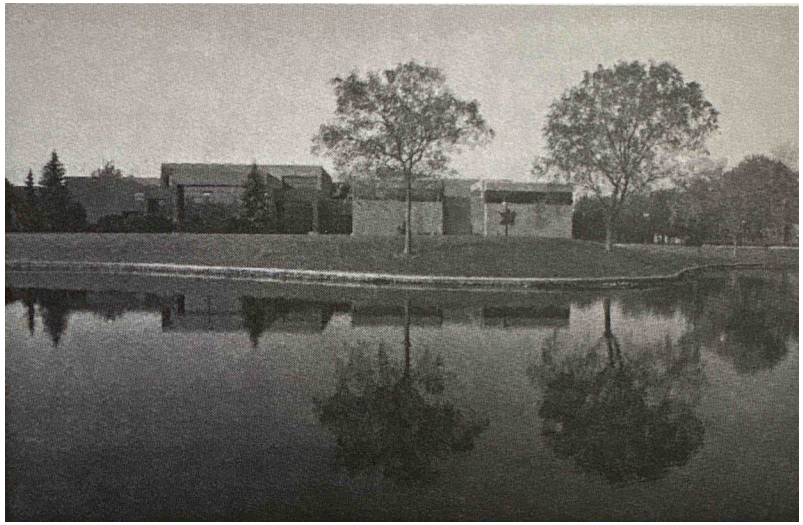
Marshall M. Fredericks (1908-1998) was an internationally renowned artist, best known for his monumental sculptures and memorials. His ties to the state of Michigan run deep. In 1932 he joined the staff of the Cranbrook Academy of Art and Cranbrook and Kingswood Schools in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, teaching there until he joined the service from 1942 to 1945. After WWII, he focused on his numerous commissions and settled into his Royal Oak and Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, studios where he created art until just days before his death. The museum was founded by Fredericks himself at the request of Ned and Honey Arbury, whom had been students of his.





To fully appreciate the implications of such an important artist being a part of the SVSU community, one only has to look at the work he has done. His sculpture The Spirit of Detroit haas become such an icon that it truly embodies the identity of the city. His gigantic sculpture Christ on the Cross has made its location at Indian River, Michigan, a vertiable pilgrimage site for both religious and artistic reasons. Cleveland War Memorial: Fountain of Eternal Life is another monumental work that has shaped the identity of the city in which it resides. He also has many works in Europe, for example, Emigrants Fountain in Stavanger, Norway.

What makes this museum so special is that it is the proverbial reliquary for the actual models of many of his greatest works. These are the designs that Fredericks himself worked on, where there great monuments and sculptures were transformed from ideas into three dimensional forms. It is this aspect that makes this museum such an important piece of the artistic heritage of SVSU, and makes SVSU's artistic heritage part of the artistic heritage of the entire world.



SVSU File Photos

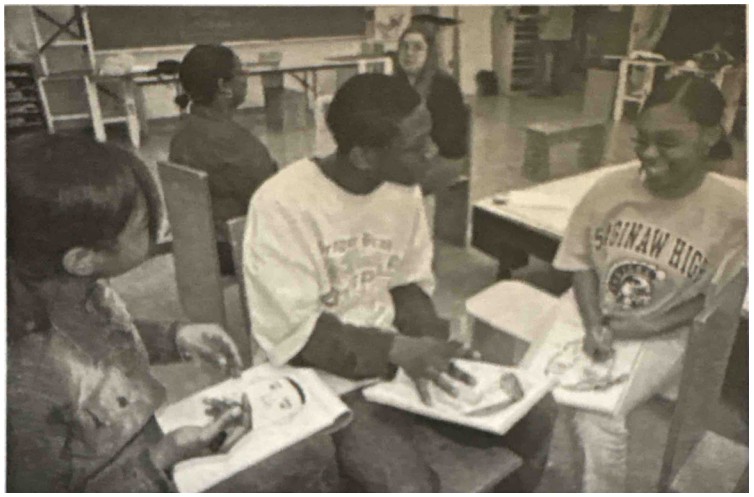
Art and Writing Workshop with Saginaw High

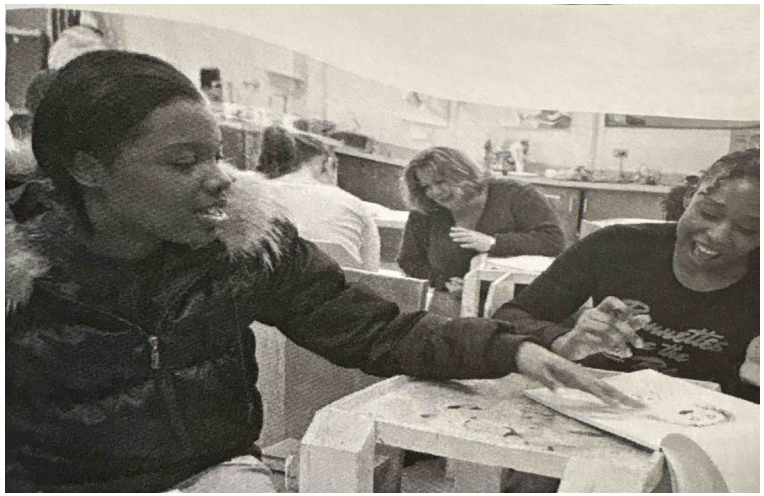
AMEE SCHMIDT

Beginning in 2005, the Art Department and the Writing Center joined efforts to reach out to the community to promote the art experience. Students from Saginaw High School were invited to SVSU to compose college applications essays and to create art for a mural. The students first worked on their writing skills with SVSU student tutors. Later that afternoon, the Saginaw High students and tutors worked with students from the art department on cartoons and watercolor. All of the students participating turned in their work to be incorporated into a mural that is to hang at the Writing Center and at Saginaw High School.

The mural has been an ongoing project, headed up by Mike Mosher, a professor of multimedia at SVSU. One of the art students, Erica Kowal, involved with the project was very pleased at the turnout and the enthusiasm at the workshop. She said that the students involved gave great ideas for the compilation of the mural. She was thankful for all their help. She commented on the students' involvement, saying, "The creativity and drive that the students from both Saginaw High and SVSU gave to us gave me a second wind with this mural, and I am eager and excited to see the response once it is finished and in its locations!"







Photos by Carly Toyzan

Dr. King's Unfulfilled Dream

W. ANDERSON BEARDEN

O, yes.
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!
-Langston Hughes, *Let America Be America Again*

Like Langston Hughes, Dr. King was a visionary. After all, his most famous speech announced his dream to the world. But he was not only an optimist; he was a man of persistence and a man of action. Dr. King did not give up his vision when he was arrested for demonstrating in Birmingham, and it was he who wrote *Why We Can't Wait*, which denounced a gradual movement toward racial equality. If Dr. King were standing next to me today, I think he would put his arm around me and say, "C'mon, we have work to do," ever an optimist, ever the catalyst.

The reality is that Dr. King would not be satisfied with the plight of minorities in modern-day America. The education system is still largely segregated and African American children are at risk. American prisons are packed with blacks, because justice is not yet color-blind. Dr. King would be angered and appalled at continued attempts by dishonest politicans to disenfranchise black voters.

Fifty years after Brown vs. the Board of Education, black males are still attending schools that are, in reality, still segregated, and this puts their futures at risk. These young men have high expulsion, dropout, incarceration, and unemployment rates combined with a low graduation rate. In this country we continue to allot the best teachers and schools to the wealthy and the elite. Dr. King would not ask Americans to take away resources from these children, but he would implore us to devote more resources and the most talented teachers to those children who have long been left behind.

In 2003, Human Rights Watch issued a report condemning the American legal system for what is called "unnecessary and excessive incarceration" of African American males. According to Department of Justice statistics, black make up only fourteen percent of all drug users, yet they comprise sixty-three percent of all drug offenders who wind up in jail. Dr. King would not call for us to lower our legal standards or let criminals go free, but the man who wrote to us from a Birmingham prison would not hold silent while these injustices destroy families and diminish communities. "C'mon we have work to do."

Just after the 1965 Voting Rights Act was passed, President Lyndon Johnson told Dr. King, "There is not going to be anything though, Doctor, as effective as all of them [blacks] voting." Yet, some forty years later, politicans in the state of Georgia tried to disenfranchise black voters by requiring official voting cards. The cards cost twenty dollars and weren't avaliable anywhere in Atlanta, where the majority of the state's African Americans live. Dr. King knew the value of political participation and guaranteeing the right to vote to every citizen, both rich and poor. It was he who said, "We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote."

Tomorrow morning in South Carolina, the confederate flag, long a symbol of hate and violence toward blacks, will be raised in front of the State Capitol, beside a monument honoring Confederate soldiers. In Mississippi, the state flag itself still features the rebel flag, and Georgia only removed the emblem from its flag in 2003. Dr. King said, "Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our modern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed," and certainly would not acquiesce to this brazen and explicit racism today.

As disheartening as this shameless racism is, de facto racism may be even more destructive. President Bush has been criticized for his handling of the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. Some have said that the reaction would have been different if the people stranded on rooftops were mostly white. I believe that Dr. King, while deeply concerned with the safety and well-being of the victims, would point out that the underlying problem is that our government continues to shun its role in education, health care, and small "s" social security. He would tell us that Katrina did not create the problems in the African American communities in New Orleans; it merely made them worse.

Holocaust victim Elie Wiesel once said, "The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference" (68). Dr. King stood in front of the statue of the great liberator one hundred years to the day after the Emancipation Proclamation and said, "We have come to this hallowed

spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is not the time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drugs of gradualism." America has made progress; there are no longer signs over water fountains, restrooms, and restaurants that say "Colored Only," but Dr. King would not—could not be satisfied. If he were here beside me today, I believe he would put his arm around me and say, "C'mon, we have work to do," ever the optimist, ever the catalyst.

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Biographies

Kimalee Augustine holds a bachelor's degree in psychology from Oakland University. Her nonfiction work has appeared in several national publications. In the winter of 2005, she decided to pursue a degree in English. Currently Kim is a senior at SVSU, working on degrees in literature and creative writing. She also works in the Writing Center. In her other life, she is a professional dog trainer.

W. Anderson Bearden is a senior from Chattanooga, Tennessee. He is grateful to Melissa Seitz for giving him an opportunity that opened up so many others. He encourages all who read this to ask a teacher what can be done to help educate our children, who are, indeed, being left behind.

Melony Blasius is an occupational therapy student at SVSU. Photograohy is her favorite hobby. This is her first time being published, but hopefully not the last.

Holly Case is a junior majoring in creative writing and minoring in sociology. That means she likes watching freaky people and writing about them. She lives a very normal-appearing life in Auburn with her husband, three young sons, and two very combative cats. She currently works as a freelance nonfiction editor and writer, but this is only her second published poem.

Stephanie Chaltraw is orginally from Saginaw and comes from a large family. In 2003, she had the privilege of being awarded the Fine Arts Scholarship from SVSU. Currently, she is applying to the BFA Program at SVSU. Stephanie's intent is to graduate in the Winter semester of 2007 with a BFA and a concentration in photography.

Amanda R. Conner has decided that even though her reign over *Cardinal Sins* has come to an end, she will continue to call herself "The Editor" because it makes her feel powerful.

Christina Dillbeck is currently a freshman at SVSU. She is working toward a dual major in journalism and photography. She is developing an internship in photojournalism. This is her first published work.

Matthew C. Easterwood, like most things in the world, was sung into existence.

Harold Cormorant Emmerson is an experiment in perception. He exists in a mottled tower with the Holy Grail and a grant vista of the beautiful Saginaw River. The aforementioned tower is located in the teeming industrial metropolis of Bay City. If you believe that you see him, be cautious—he is fairly temperamental—and offer him a gift before approaching or consulting.

Thomas Falkner is a spiritual experience. He awes all who come into his presence. (This bio was submitted by the Thomas Falkner Fan Club).

Jennifer Fallon is a junior at SVSU intending to graduate with a bachelor of fine arts. Although she enjoys all aspects of the arts, photography (mainly portrait photography) is her greatest passion.

John W. Furness too often vocalizes others' intimate secrets; embraces kitchy, b-grade humor; and suffers from a severe case of narcolep-q;kfnwioe.

Suzannah Gassel is a senior psychology/creative writing major who really does hate babies.

Stacie Gatza is just finishing up her student teaching during her last semester at SVSU. She would like to thank everyone for a great time working on Cardinal Sins and wishes everyone good luck in the future.

S. Teisman Giroux is a graduate of Calvin College. Although she is a graphic designer by training, she considers her true calling that of a fiber artist/photographer. She is currently studying art education at SVSU.

Christi Griffis is a fourth-year professional and technical writing major. She hopes to graduate next spring, but believes life's about the journey, not the destination.

Nick Hildenbrand is a sophomore at SVSU and has done the web design for *Sins* for two years. He would like to thank the staff and his girlfriend for putting up with his crap and hopes to be able to continue helping make *Sins* a great magazine.

Douglas Jackson has had 25+ years in cable television and information technology careers. He is currently in his junior year at SVSU and is majoring in art and graphic design. Douglas is considering pursuing a bachelor of fine arts degree with photography as his main area of study.

Jenn Joseph loves to write, act, and boss people around. She will miss the staff of Sins, the Theatre Department, and arguing with Buck when she graduates in May, after which she plans to pursue a career as a sky-diving/bungee jumping instructor, or else just play with her grandkids.

Andrea Killian is currently a junior at SVSU and is pursuing a graphic design degree. This is her first published artwork. She loves photography, going to concerts, and finding new music. She is from Manistee and enjoys going home to be with family and friends, especially her boyfriend, Adam.

Jon Kubacki is currently majoring in CIS; as for his minor, he's not completely decided on one. This is John's third year at SVSU. He is currently working as a CS/CIS work study. Photography is a hobby of his, especially after spending $500 on a digital camera.

Jeanne M. Lesinski is a former swinger and bassoonist. She is afraid of heights.

Jamie Lewis is a senior majoring in professional and technical writing with a minor in general business. She would like to thank her husband, Alan, for being so incredibly understanding and supportive through her eight-year college career and writer's mania, and her two sons for sharing their mommy.

Doug McGaw is not experiment in identity. In fact, he is an avid writer and coach of idealistic young distance runners, and he pursues libertine affairs far and wide.

Howard James Miller III would like to extend a gratuitous golfer's clap to Benji, a shout back up the stairs to Buck Mulligan, and an unrelenting orchestration of praise to K.F. Peterson, C. Vincent Samarco, Melissa Seitz, Wolvertine's Emmerson, and most importantly Amanda, who rocks his world. He has art work forthcoming in the next issue of *Cardinalis*.

Eric Morningstar thanks God for every blessing he has known. He wishes to expose the light and dark sides of human nature. He is a mad idealist and wishes we could all be better people. His heroes are Jesus, Kafka, Dante, and Johnathan Edwards. He sends his love to his family and friends!

Holly Morningstar was raised in Hart, Michigan, with her two brothers by her grandmother, Fern Huizenga. She owes everything in her life to God. Aside from being a student at SVSU, she is also an artist and a music critic for a roots/alternative ezine, RootsHighway.com.

Michael R. Mosher is an associate professor of art/communication multimedia.

Levi O'Brien is an SVSU alumnus currently living in Linwood with his wife and two children. He is an amateur stand-up comedian still relegated to the amateur ranks because his musings are usually controversial, not funny, inappropriate, or in poor taste. He enjoys poetry and chastising newspaper reporters for outsourcing their journalistic integrity.

K. Frithjof Peterson would like to thank everything important in his life for the unwavering support of all his fictional endeavors: The Quantum Bunny, Larry the Slurpee Man, The Shiny Horse Motel, Jasper, Khomas Stillworth, his parents (all combinations), The Holy Grail, church sign messages, the tower, HCE, wOVALTINE, Gypsees, flowers, lottery tickets, pigeons, yodelers, everyone who works with pigeons, his instructors, his bookie, and Emily Ayres.

Amee Schmidt has no excuse for her frivolous flirtation with near-death experiences, except that she wishes to actually enjoy her life—and the threat to her existence provides this indulgence.

Jason Schneider is a professional student at SVSU with one year left until he gets tenure. He only writes stories and submits them because he likes preventing other people's work from getting into *Cardinal Sins*. He prefers soft serve ice cream over hand-dipped.

Melissa Seitz plays electric guitar, runs half-marathons, and writes poetry and fiction. She would rather be on a beach near an ocean or a very deep, springfed lake in Michigan at any given moment. She has been the advisor for *Sins* for the past six years and still claims to be a sane person. She intensely dislikes liars.

Matt Shaw is still studying accounting and is in his third year at SVSU. He keeps busy with school, working on his family's farm at home, and doing what a college student does. In his spare time, Matt likes to be outdoors and take a few pictures here and there. Matt would like to thank *Cardinal Sins* for publishing his work for the second time; he finds it an honor to be part of the publication.

Saun Strobel is in her thirteen year at SVSU pursuing a professional and technical writing degree. She hopes to graduate before she retires.

Megan Strohkirch is a fifth-year student at SVSU. She is an elementary education major with math and social studies minors. She enjoys running and Topher.

Tracy Ulch is in her second year at SVSU, studying business management and French. She enjoys reading, sewing, and anything to do with business. She hopes to eventually own her own store and travel to France frequently.

Sarah Wangler is a junior who hopes to pursue a career in creative writing at a small university or community college. She is 20 years old, and her majors are creative writing and Spanish. This is her second year at SVSU.

Tom Wheatley is in his sophomore year and is a creative writing major. He is a Gemini who enjoys sunsets, warm autumn nights, and hot cocoa. His turnons include humor and intellectualism. His turn-offs include cigarettes and beer.

Acknowledgements

I would like to extend my deepest gratitude to all who have been instrumental in my success as editor of Cardinal Sins this semester. Thank you to Melissa Seitz, who has given so much of herself over the past six years to help create a better magazine, and who has taught me so much in the past year; Saun Strobel, who has diligently given her time and work experience to better organize the submission and benefactor process, and for her incredible support this semester; Ann García, for her experience working with the magazine; Chris Giroux, for giving so much of his time to help create our new summer program and for pushing me to get involved in *Cardinal Sins* to begin with; Stacie Gatze for her dedication to the *Cardinals' Creativity Camp*; President Gilbertson, for his support of the magazine as an artistic staple at Saginaw Valley; Lucille Beuthin and Alana Rabedioux from the Foundation Office, for their advice and help in our benefactor process; Student Association; Dick Thompson, J.J. Boehm, for their overwhelming support of our 25th anniversary issues; Diane Boehm, for her support of our new summer program; Andy Hoag, Brian Abbott, and the staff of the *Valley Vanguard*, for covering *Cardinal Sins* events and advertising; Linda Farynk, for helping to organize the publication release party; the library staff, for their help in gathering information for the 25th anniversary issues; Michael Mosher for his advice and support this semester; Don Bachand and the College of Arts and Behavioral Sciences for their long-term support and overwhelming willingness to help; Jill Allardyce for creating a wonderful cover for the magazine in the very short amount of time I had been able to give her; all of the wonderful people who have been judges, readers, and audience at our poetry slams; Perry Toyzan and everyone who works on printing *Cardinal Sins*, who gave so much to make sure the magazine comes out on time; Tim Inman and Carly Toyzan for their photography which we used in the magazine; Vince Samarco for being a wonderful listener and for helping gather information, Kelly Keen for her editing assistance at the midnight hour; I want to extend a special thanks to Howard James Miller III, for helping me with layout and for putting up with my craziness for the past year; and the entire staff of *Cardinal Sins*, for their enthusiasm and hard work in putting together this issue.

Jason Wolverton is a creative writing major, a communications minor, and employee of the *Valley Vanguard* and SVSU Writing Center. Besides writing, he enjoys watching and playing sports, juggling, and dropping classes. He thanks his parents for supporting him throughout his seven-year collegiate journey and for always keeping the porch light on.

Shannon Wright is a fifth-year student who will be graduating this May with her bachelor of fine arts degree. She mostly does photography, but has also been known to spend an ungodly amount of time in the ceramics room. She has been accepted into numerous juried shows and has had her work published locally as well as nationally. She lives in Frankenmuth with her husband and children and is looking forward to progressing into her master's degree.

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