

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

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Endicott College in Beverly, Mass. <http://endicott.edu>)

The great thing about The Endicott Review (Endicott College in Beverly, MA.) is that there is always something for someone. Pardon the cliché, but it is true. The magazine has several sections entitled College, Nature, Childhood and Family, Love, Self, Death, Artwork, Dream, Miscellaneous. Each section provides writing by, in some cases, young, enthusiastic writers with promising futures and lots of talent. If the magazine has any weakness it is that there are no biographies of the authors and artists, which, of course would probably add another 20 or so pages. I would also like see a larger type, but with limited budgets. But that is all incidental to the terrific poetry, short stories, photographs and artwork contained in the Review's 80 pages.

Richard W. Moyer is back with more nostalgia about Youngstown OH in 1940 and what intrigues me this time is that he went to Youngstown Rayen High School, where I attended the ninth and tenth grades. Sadly, his poems will have to serve as nostalgia because that venerable high school was torn down a year or two ago, an odd parallel to the demise of a once proud city. Personally, I hope he puts out a poetry book on the city.

So let's look at the poetry where Emily Braille's First Apartment takes us all back to those first days on our own, with or without roommates.

First Apartment: the opening lines of which remind me of the day I opened the refrigerator door and found a cold hamburger and beer, nothing else. Ah, what a breakfast, and I still can't stand beer.

Cold beer and a
chicken nugget salad
eaten with chopsticks
by allies.

Or you can laugh with Tim Gager's reminiscence When I'm Drunk I think About Phoenix which starts:

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The time I just drove there
with an American Express
in my pocket but no coin
for a pay phone I found

by accident, a sunny bar
with green velour drapes frosted
with dust, must be dumb luck
Ma Bell's out of order

Among the better poems in the journal is Endicott College Professor Doug Holder's Portrait of My Mother At 85; Mark Pawlak's short reminder of our high school or college courses, Teen Transit Talk; Johnny Clarke's Angry Poetry For Self Loathing Lovers; Larissa Burgess's Shoes; and Abigail Bottome's Observing Couples. Before any other contributors think that not being mention mean their poems are not held in the same esteem, fear not, the all the poems are quality, it's just that these poems were among my favorites.

The short stories are all worth a read as well, though Luke Salisbury's Tell It Not, Paul Stephen Stone's How To Train A Rock (as well as Parts 2 and 3), The Woman In Boston With Pamphlets by Lauren Peterson and Love On A Cold Sunday by Sara Peterson [any relations to Lauren??] were personal favorites, though readers may find others to their preference.

The magazine also contains excellent artwork and photography, the favorites (again, those not mentioned should have no thoughts of being less talented), being Avery Hopkins photo of a tree like a donut (or other thoughts), Melissa Paiva's playing cards (a straight in poker) and Caitlin Cawley's leaf with water drops. Doug Rosenberg had a number of interesting photos of which the black and white of a dog was my personal choice. Finally, Ruth Henderson's photo montage was another favorite.

All that said, The Endicott Review presents a wide array of talent and I highly recommend to readers seeking new and established writers, as well as talented photographers. Take the time to get a copy to read it and enjoy it.

Zvi A. Sesling has published poetry in numerous magazines both in print and online in the United States, Great Britain, New Zealand, Canada and Israel.