



"FACES"

BY BETTY JO CARROLL

Reagan Talks About S.A. Review

BY SAM REAGAN

One of the significant developments in publishing in North Carolina in recent years has been the growing number of quality literary magazines on our college campuses. Not too many years ago the number of such magazines published in this state could be counted on the fingers of one hand. But in a list compiled last year by the North Carolina Arts Council there are more than 40 such publications, any of them exceptionally good, now being issued in the state.

One of the best of these magazines in North Carolina—and, indeed, in the entire United States—is the St. Andrews Review, published twice a year at St. Andrews

College in Laurinburg. Ronald H. Bayes, writer-in-residence at St. Andrews is the magazine's executive editor, and Malcolm C. Doubles is managing editor. The two, however, get assistance from other faculty and staff members of the college.

The editors have the facility of getting first-rate contributions not only from its own community and state but from the country as a whole, contributions of considerable value to the scholarly and artistic community. Articles, stories and poems are not pedestrian and pedantic but often highly entertaining.

We have been reading the new Fall and Winter issue and the content is extraordinarily good. Beginning with Charles

W. Joyner's "Degradation and Yankee Imperialism," and ending 136 pages later with a poem by Grace Gibson of Laurinburg, we found this St. Andrews Review an enjoyable reading experience. "Beautiful Wreckage," an essay on the poetry of Bob Kaufman by Pete Winslow, is especially good. Of particular interest is the long poem, "King's Mountain" by Charles Olson, which is one of the finest poetic works ever written about the American Revolutionary War. This is especially timely now when the country is moving toward its celebration of its Bicentennial.

There are several other good essays and poems, with

poets represented such as Charles Edward Eaton, C. P. Cavafy, Jon-Stephen Fink, Frederick Candelaria and Martin Robbins. There are also four short stories, including one by Blair P. Turner of Southern Pines.

Among many fine poems in the Review which we liked is the following, "Reporting," by Grace Loving Gibson:

Can you believe me . . .
Well, I will tell you all I know
But then I know so little
And usually learn that I've misunderstood.

The accounts I read or hear
or overhear or am told
Contradict or complicate,
always confuse

What is with what could or

should or might be so.

But, you say, not second-hand reports.

Tell me what you know firsthand.

Weren't you an eye-witness . . .

Perhaps. But long ago,
And I did not know what I was witnessing
Out of the corner of my eye
While trying to think of something else
Hoping that what I saw was only some distortion
Or reflection in a broken glass.

What difference . . .
It happened.
My scream still hurts my throat.