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Winter 1966

## In Defense of the Yale Review

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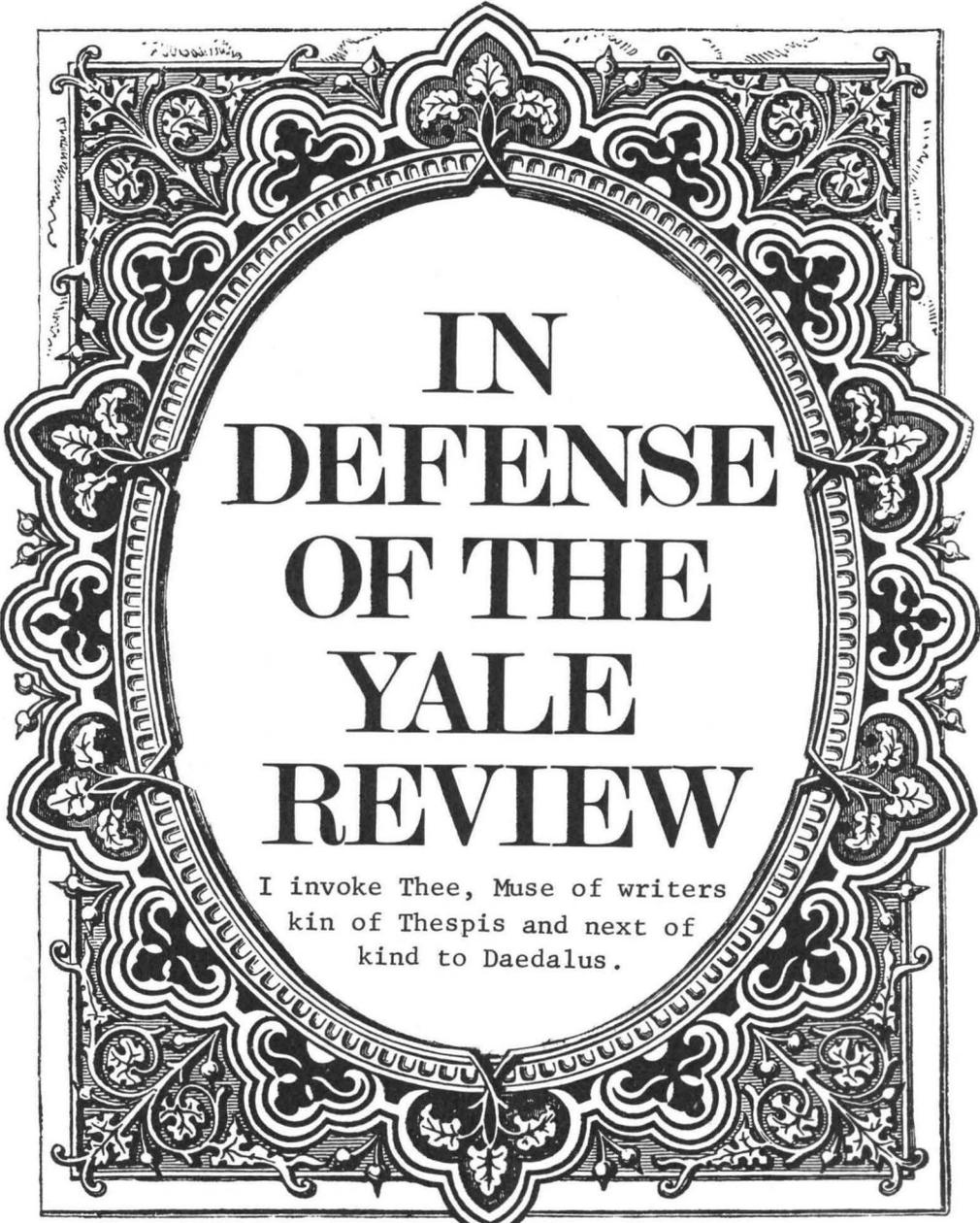
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IN  
DEFENSE  
OF THE  
YALE  
REVIEW

I invoke Thee, Muse of writers  
kin of Thespis and next of  
kind to Daedalus.

Sherry Baughman

Conceived in my mind, child of vision and rebellion, The Yale Review was born. Repressed and depressed, suppressed, confined, and taking weekly culturmins, New Yorker size, to the Union I had trudged. Each week, every week. I turned page after page of Orrefors' crystal (the crystal of kings) from six thousand dollars. Neglirolls, Sara Lee diamond pins, London gins, fiskey tang, hours and hours. Cadillac Business Week, Altman Co., on I go. On and on and on and on. Gigantic-word profiles on Strasinski Culture von Musical Man. Mart Haffner and Shark suits I buy for the classroom. Allusions in class I use. Two years, and four thousand two hundred fifty odd pages. Thirty two fifty and one ton of ads.

And to whom does The New Yorker address itself? Why of course, The New Yorker is for New Yorkers, the elite. Not of Harlem, nor of the Village, nor of their own universities. Not to the elite of mind, but of purse.

I was tired, bogged down with a need for pure thought, suited to our time, our needs, and our minds. So after much talking, and thinking, and balking, I shunned culture, prestige, and my place with the elite for meat: pure unkosher, unblessed by fanciful ads, but healthful. Mind-food for mindful people.

My proposition, a bold one indeed: to impart an interest in current events to the nation, awareness of art, writers, their art, and time. In reviews and poems, essays and comments, contemporaries record what they see, what they find. Some academic, some straight from the heart, this National Quarterly lubricates, nourishes, chal-

lenges mind. Books (records of minds and times) and their houses are our only ads. We don't wish to muddle, befuse, disconcert our literate readers with pictures. Thus we remain black and white.

In the essays one can tell who the author is without turning twenty-three pages. Title smacks of theme, theme of art. Exorbitant taste lies in our readers' minds. True patriots of clear English (in concisely calculated, carefully written prose and poetry) communicate. Facts being given and philosophy proposed, our writers leave our readers to decide. Draw your own conclusions. Stretch your minds. Reach above. Why settle for the mundane, inane, candy stick conservative conclusions The New Yorker gives? Search the confines of the Winter '65 Yale Review. Quietly question civil rights and the fame of Robert Frost and all the oh-so-hot-dog-American theories of thought. Jimmy Thurber did. Edouard Leclerc, a grocer in France, did. He made a fortune and started a grocery chain. He did! Modern architecture and modern people are the same. "Simplicity, economy, efficiency." Are the buildings like the people or the people like to them? And so it continues, the reviews at the end.

So, like a giant T.V. Guide, The New Yorker stands opposed, deposed, juxtaposed, stood up -- by me. Though our quantity is small, the quality is great. New minds exposed. Fresh. Young. Not names! Louise Bogan, go play with your colorful pictures. You, Marianne Moore, with your make-believe toads. Poems are not make-believe toads. I'll play with live toads, fresh and dynamic, sarcastic if need be, but living and thinking.