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Article on the October Midland

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Iowa Writers

Whenver the work of an Iowa writer is published in a good mag-
azine, we are sure to mention the fact in this column. If we
are sure to do this from time to time, we
are equally sure to watch the result as proofs return.

But please do not send us proofs of your own work.

We print only such things as have already appeared elsewhere

The October Midland

Are you reading the Midland, published at Iowa City and
edited by two writing Iowans, John T. Frederick and Frank
Luth er Peer? If not, better begin
with the October number, which
seems to us at least, particularly
good.

We have often tried to figure
out just why it is that the Mid-
land poems, reviews and critical
articles please us so much and
the short stories so little. Possibly
our question could be answered
only by an answer to the more
general one, "What is the
modern, American, modern type
story, modern type? Why are
most of these stories so vague,
somewhat deadly, and worst of
all, so utterly dull?" In getting
away from plot, from definite
plots, from our writers offer us
something better, perhaps some-
thing worse. Of the yarn best and
most interesting the rhythm
wedded to modernism seems to
have a share, and that we are
sure, is not the fault of the editors
who undoubtedly accept the best
that is offered them.

But the October number does
not have to depend on its short
stories. Of which we are glad to
state, there is only one. It of-
fers some slight but delightful
verses—at least there isn't a dull
line in any of it—by Helen Hender-
son, Henia Schlesinger, James
Hearst and Nora B. Cunn-
ingham. Of Sherwood Anderson's "A
New Testament" by Nelson Antrim
Crawford, a pungeent little ar-
ticle on "Writers and Roamers" by
Evlyn Jones, and a number of
shorter book-reviews by Mears,
Frederick and Mott. Of course
this would be a perfect setting for
a strong, vivid, unforgettable
short story. Somewhere, read
the interesting little story, unfor-
tunate short stories don't offer
themselves, which, I suppose, de-
cidentally we wish those particular
editors would try selecting a few
though it is contrary to the Midland
policy, to improve the stuff, to
real complaint. This poem by James
Hearst is worth the whole price of
admission, and the happy event
is, we have a lovely month of Octo-
ber, the time of the harvest, the
time of the first cool rains, the
time of the first frost. A bit
about the work if it isn't done?
For we are two neighbors who
like to sit quietly and converse.

And we should talk swiftly, as
neighbors who have much to
say, as stone we spend,

As stone we spend