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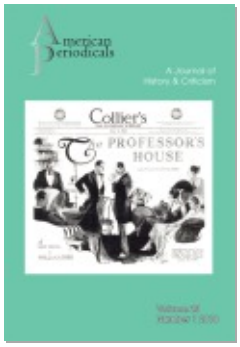

THE COSMOPOLITAN *MIDLAND*[1]

Tom Lutz

Regionalism has had its share of manifestos and champions over the last hundred and a half years, among the most famous being Hamlin Garland and his 1894 *Crumbling Idols*, in which he rails against the Eastern aristocrats who dominated the literary world of the 1890s. "All over America, in towns and cities," he writes, there are readers and writers who possess "a more intimate knowledge of American life than the aristocrat who prides himself on never having been farther west than Buffalo."[2] They will be left behind, Garland predicts, when the literary capital of the country shifts from Boston and New York to Chicago in response to readers' desire for full knowledge of their national life. "From your library, or car-window, you look upon our life," Garland chides the Eastern elite, "that is the extent of your knowledge of our conditions" (133). But it is not just the East that is a villain; he also scorns the academy for its inability to understand the real life of the real people of the real country. Readers "must be approached on the side of life, and not by way of the academic" (10), he counsels, for "[w]hen life is the model and truth the criterion . . . the central academy has small power" (120). Even the Western writer can be "blinded by his instruction" (12), he warns, and if not, academic instruction will not at any rate help him achieve greatness: "universities produce few of the great leaders of American thought" (131).

In the decades that followed, Garland's championing of regional culture and condemnation of the academy would be echoed by many, including the editors and contributors to the regional "little magazines" that began publishing in the 1910s through the 1930s—*The Midland* (1915–1933), *Texas Review* (1915–1924) which became *Southwest Review* (1924–), *The Frontier* (1920–1939), *The Fugitive*

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(1922–1925), *Prairie Schooner* (1927–), *New Mexico Quarterly Review* (1931–1969), and *The Southern Review* (1935–)—all, ironically enough, based at universities. *The Midland*, the first and most important of these regional little magazines, was founded in 1915 by the then 21-year-old University of Iowa undergraduate John T. Frederick under the guidance and with the encouragement of his faculty mentor, Professor C.F. Ansley.[3] These little magazines fostered a number of related regionalist movements, in literary-historical terms perhaps most importantly the Southern Agrarians, publishing regionalist pieces by regional and often regionalist authors, announcing themselves, as Garland had announced himself, the proper alternative to the hegemony of New York and Boston and the tyranny of the urban sensibility, and the authentic voice of the authentic Westerner, Southwesterner, Southerner, and Midwesterner.

Frederick in particular has since been seen as an important literary regionalist and radical, one who "blazed the trail for Midwestern little-magazine editors," who fought to "counterbalance the eastern bias in publishing," and who set about to "correct the stereotyping of the Midwest" with "a new note of social realism."[4] In his first editorial, on the first page of the new journal, Frederick articulated his justification for regionalist little magazines. It reads like an apologetic, tentative recapitulation of Garland's call to arms:

> Possibly the region between the mountains would gain in variety at least if it retained more of its makers of literature, music, pictures, and other expressions of civilization. And possibly civilization might be with us a somewhat swifter process if expression of its spirit were more frequent. Scotland is none the worse for Burns and Scott, none the worse that they did not move to London and interpret London themes for London publishers.[5]

Interestingly, every statement is qualified: possibly a gain, possibly somewhat swifter progress, or at least none the worse. In later issues Frederic would become slightly firmer, claiming that Midwestern writers, forced to deal with Eastern editors and publishers, tended to misrepresent their region: "A result has seemed to be a tendency to false emphasis, distortion, in literary interpretations" (6 [1920] 3). Even here, though, instead of Garland's fiery rhetoric, Frederick still hedges—the result "has seemed to be" rather than is, and has seemed so not in entirety, but as "a tendency," and not a tendency to falsification entirely, but simply a tendency to "false emphasis."

Garland argued that the West was the source of more authentic living and a revitalized literature, but Frederick was always more circumspect, suggesting that someday, soon perhaps but not yet, the Midwest would produce its great literature:

> The traveler in the middle west today is likely to think that we have forgotten how to dream. He is likely to see from his train window, in the hundreds of farms so much alike and the scores of little towns with their huddled laundries, garages, bake-shops, and pool-rooms, no evidence of that vision without which people perish. Even some who have lived among us have made books which deny we have souls. But those who love the middle west know that its people have their dreams, sometimes distorted to be sure by ignorance and untoward circumstance, but often as intelligent and noble as could be desired. Perhaps nowhere else in this crazed and saddened world is the spirit so eager, so wistful, so unafraid. In the end we shall have beauty. We shall have splendor. Give us time. (8 [1922], 40)

According to Frederick, Eastern editors distort, but then so do the untoward circumstances of Midwestern life, even if sometimes things are as good as "could be desired." In the end, he asks not for equality, but for patience. Even his most brazen statements are oddly careful: "The challenge of the diverse literary materials in America is not likely to be heard by those closest to the tinkling teacups of literary New York. It will be answered, if at all, by others" (16 [1930], 375). The tinkling teacups were already a stock image of gentility (Frederick is practically quoting Sinclair Lewis's Nobel Prize speech here), and since no one identified with the teacups, the charge could offend no one. The suggestion in the last sentence ("if at all") is one of doubt rather than insurgency. The obvious question is this: why was Frederick so tentative, so seemingly unsure?

The Midland's place in literary history would suggest he had no reason to be. The magazine burst on the literary scene due primarily to the laudations of two eastern tastemakers: H.L. Mencken and Edward J. O'Brien. O'Brien, the editor of the *Best Short Stories* series from 1914 to 1940, lauded the magazine in its first year, singling it out as the "one new periodical" that "claims unique attention this year." [6] O'Brien classified every one of the ten stories *The Midland* published that year as "distinctive," writing:

> It has been my pleasure and wonder to find in these ten stories the most vital interpretation in fiction of our national life that many years have been able to show. Since the most brilliant days of the New England men of letters, no such white hope has proclaimed itself with such assurance and modesty. (9)

H.L. Mencken wrote to Frederick in 1920 that he thought the journal "full of excellent stuff," and invited Frederick to use the quotation in promotional materials; in 1923 he wrote in the *Smart Set* that *The Midland* "is probably the most influential literary periodical ever set up in

America."[7] By the mid 1920s, O'Brien was ranking the journal as one of the three best in the country, giving it his "100%" rating alongside only the *Dial* and *Arena*. Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn Ulrich, in their 1946 history of the little magazine movement, argue that Pound, Williams, and other little magazine editors in this period were driven by "discontent," and that Frederick's discontent, like Garland's, was with Eastern literary dominance. They give the journal pride of place in the regionalist movement: "literary regionalism was given its first conscious statement in *The Midland* and the little magazines that followed it."[8] And John Tebbel claimed in *The American Magazine* in 1969 that *The Midland* did in fact help the Midwest "break away from eastern dominance."[9] Already in 1930, O'Brien was arguing that literary culture used to be concentrated in Boston, but that "the geographical center today is Iowa City."[10]

One can easily assent to these arguments about regionalist resistance. Taken as a whole, Frederick's writings show that he believed strongly in various aspects of regionalist thought, especially the agrarian strains that become more prominent in his writing after his back-to-the-land experiments in the early 1920s. "Earth has healing for bodies and souls of those who love her," he wrote in the magazine during his return to the farm, and he eventually wrote two farm novels. But his undergraduate years were also suffused with ideas gleaned from the ongoing (and national) debate that pitted the Germanic philological tradition of scholarship against an anti-academicism shared by the general culture, the literary avant-garde, and, increasingly, a sprinkling of professors around the country. Lewis's 1930 Nobel speech, in which he claimed that "Our American professors like their literature clear and cold and pure and very dead," was the temporary culmination of a volley of such statements in the 1910s and 1920s, but gradually a few of the professors jumped ship and agreed. Some of them managed to start small literary magazines like those listed above and began to institutionalize the study of more contemporary literatures, such as American literature, adding courses to their curricula and writing essays for the new journals and some of the more established ones. The leader of this contingent on the Iowa campus in the nineteen-teens was Frederick's mentor Ansley, who in 1911 founded the Athelney Club, where like-minded students and teachers met to discuss literature and literary values, and where the idea for a journal like *The Midland* incubated.[11] Ansley was a vocal proponent of the "Higher Provincialism" of Josiah Royce, who had first presented his ideas on the value of local affiliation and culture in a 1902 Phi Beta Kappa speech at Iowa, which Ansley is assumed to have attended.[12]

According to Royce, the country was in danger of losing its cultural base, which was always local, and varied because local, to the standardizing and leveling effects of industrial culture. It was the job of writers and intellectuals to know and nurture their own local cul-

tures and save society from the despotism of machines: regional affiliation, Royce wrote, gives people "the power to counteract the leveling tendencies of modern civilization" (79). For Ansley, this meant teaching students Iowan culture as well as Anglo-Saxon, and trying to convince university administrators that the English faculty's own creative efforts in fiction, poetry, and the essay were as significant as any scholarship they might produce on classic literary texts. Ansley left the University in 1917 (to move onto a farm on the northern Michigan "frontier") during a battle over whether the English department, in hiring and promotion decisions, could give as much weight to the contemporary literary production of its professors as it did to their historical monographs. Frederick, thirteen years later, would resign his own professorship (for the last time of several) over the same issue.

Like Ansley, Frederick was more devoted to literature than he was to scholarship, and this, finally was the anti-academic professors' justification—they wanted their literature warm and very much alive—for the institutional battles they waged and the magazines they started. It is also fair to say, though, that Frederick was more devoted to literature than he was to the Midwest. As Ruth Suckow, *The Midland's* most illustrious fiction writer, wrote in a letter to Frederick, "Country, after all, is background in human life—I don't believe it should be made to bear too much burden."[13] The history of the magazine under Frederick's direction is one of a movement away from stricter definitions of region and towards national contributors, subscribers and significance. The magazine began its life in Iowa, but moved several times as Frederick attempted to improve the magazine's funding by negotiating with various Midwestern universities. In letters and editorials he makes a point of the fact that he made up the annual shortfall in funds for the magazine from his own pocket (and later the pocket of his co-editor, Frank Luther Mott),[14] but the distinction was somewhat tenuous. In 1917 Frederick took a job at State Normal College in Moorhead, Minnesota, and the following year was back at Iowa; in 1919 he moved to a farm in Glennie, Michigan, at the northern end of the Lower Peninsula, and moved the editorial office of the journal there as well; in 1921 he was once again at Iowa; the 1922–23 year saw a move to Pittsburgh, and then back again to Iowa. Each of these moves was prefaced by negotiations, and Frederick never asked for money for the journal directly, since he was determined, he always said, to have it remain free of "academic" influence. Instead he argued for a higher salary, and a salary for his wife, based on the needs of the journal, and the universities made clear that they were interested in Frederick primarily because he brought the journal with him. When the pot was sweetened enough he moved to his new academic post and the university had bragging rights for the journal. The journal's vaunted freedom from academic support, in other words, was primarily an imaginative act on Frederick's part.

In 1930, after resigning from Iowa for the last time in protest, Frederick moved to Chicago, where the magazine would be published for its last three years. (He continued teaching; he split his time between Northwestern and Notre Dame until 1945 and from then until retiring in 1962 he taught full time at Notre Dame.) The move to urban Chicago was still, Frederick insisted, part of a regionalist project of resisting New York's hegemony: "Chicago seems among American cities most likely to make a challenge to New York's domination immediately effective" (16.370). Nonetheless he did, at the same time, change the name from *The Midland: A Magazine of the Middle West* to *The Midland: A National Literary Magazine*. This change, he wrote, was due to "the somewhat belated recognition of the fact that almost from the beginning the material printed in the magazine has come from all parts of the country" (16.60). Subscribers, too, came from across the country. Already in 1922, when Frederick began a campaign to sign up "sustaining subscribers" who would contribute $25 to help defray the accumulated red ink, he received a total of fourteen checks, eight from Iowa, but the others from Pennsylvania, New York, and California. Regular subscribers were scattered around the country as well, with an increasing number from New York and California over the years. And it is very clear that the success the journal enjoyed, even locally, was due to its national reputation: it was important to the magazine's success nationally that Mencken and O'Brien reviewed it the way they did, and important to its local audience and contributors that it got that kind of prestigious attention. The magazine could "open doors," as one Iowa contributor wrote, because of its national standing.[15]

More significantly, Frederick himself never stopped courting New York publishers for his own work. He sent his own fiction to New York magazines (and to Mencken's Baltimore ones) rather than to the other regional magazines, and his novels were published by Knopf rather than by his own Midland Press (which he began as an adjunct to the magazine.) Even his textbook on the short story and his anthologies of Midwestern writing, much of it culled from *The Midland,* were published by Knopf and other New York publishers instead of Midland Press. He also regularly attempted to land an East Coast editing position. His most sought-after job was with the *Nation,* to which he sent several letters over the years offering his services as an editor. While arguing for the necessity of regional outlets, against the "barrier of commercial standardization" (18:1) and against the Eastern cultural monopoly, in other words, Frederick was busily scheming to join forces with the bad guys in New York.

There is, in the current scholarship on regionalism, a very easy explanation for this double vision of Frederick's. For Richard Brodhead, Amy Kaplan, and others, regionalist literature in America has always been an urban elite consumable, a collective pandering of quaint rural caricature by former provincials to readers in the urban social groups

to which they sought entrée. Regional literature thus has little to do with the actual concerns of the region except inasmuch as they figure urban concerns. Brodhead sees regional authors trading on their accidental cultural capital by producing literary tourist brochures; Kaplan sees them producing "allegories of [urban] desire."[16] According to Stephanie Foote, to take a more recent example, regional fiction is not interested in its region; instead it tries "to transform . . . the meaning of the social and economic developments of late-nineteenth-century urban life."[17] Regionalism constructs a fantasy national past, an image of "an earlier, generative community" (6) against the backdrop of increased immigration and great anxiety about the strangers in our urban midst. The "self-estrangement" Foote attributes to non-immigrant, urban Americans in the face of immigration is what she assumes motivates regional fiction: "The solidity of the simple 'primitive' folk of the region is . . . an alibi for alienation and self-estrangement" (15).

This might seem to explain Frederick's uneasiness with his own localist pronouncements. It is simply the bubbling up of his own bad faith. He is in league with the enemy, strip-mining his region's culture, selling a mythic vision of rural and marginal cultures to jaded city folk interested in buying quaint, nostalgic, or degraded images. But such a symptomatic reading is a bit too easy, it seems to me, or at least too quick to deny regionalist writers' and readers' conscious and conscientious understandings and commitments over the last hundred and fifty years. The fact that Frederick wants a job in New York does not mean that he is always really writing about New York and New Yorkers' self-estrangement when he thinks he is writing about Iowa. We have in the scholarship, after all, another way of understanding regional fictions, as 'voices from the margins,' as anti-hegemonic resistance to the cultural center, just like Garland and Frederick and later the feminist critics of the 1970s and 1980s suggested; they saw regionalism giving voice to the voiceless, access to the margins, not as urban fantasy but with fully empathetic, committed, politicized, empowering gusto. Josephine Donovan, Judith Fetterley, Marjorie Pryse, and others put regionalism back on the critical map with this argument, and according to Kate McCullough, this is precisely why it was taken off the critical map in the middle of the twentieth century.[18] Couldn't Frederick's hesitancy, therefore, his seeming timidity, simply be a case of insufficiently buried fears of provincial inadequacy, lingering doubts in what is otherwise truly insurgent localism?

What I argue in *Cosmopolitan Vistas* is that these opposed and yet parallel histories of regionalist literature are both right. The hegemonic reading and the counter-hegemonic reading can both be supported by textual evidence, because a regionalist text, a good literary regionalist text, is constructed from oscillations between these two perspectives. The reading that says that local color is motivated fantasy and the reading that finds in it harsh realism are both support-

able because literary regionalism constructs itself through precisely those two representational poles. Some critics find nation building to be regionalism's project, while others argue regionalism's erasure from the canon is the result of a later nation-building project. Where some find surveillance others find resistance, some empathy and others irony, some populism and others elitism, and so on. These opposed readings, which date from the earliest talk about the genre and continue to sprout new oppositions, find ample textual evidence precisely because literary texts are constructed through oscillating attention to both sides of these fundamental cultural divides.

The hallmark of local color and later regionalist writing (and, I argue, to those texts deemed literary in general) is attention to both local and more global concerns, a careful balancing of different groups' perspectives. When Frederick taught Cather's *My Ántonia*, he praised it because its characters were "representative of socially important groups of the time and place," but he was also always interested in what regionalism, as a literary form, said beyond the particular.[19] Reviewing Master's *Spoon River Anthology,* Frederick praised not just the localized representation, but the fact that Masters had "produced a *Comédie Humaine* in miniature, an inclusive, detailed picture of humanity" (1:7 [July 1915], 243). And if there was a critical standard at *The Midland,* this combination was it: a literary text, to be printed in or reviewed well by the magazine, needed to balance the particular and the general, the provincial and the cosmopolitan, the local and the global. As I argue in the larger project, this was the central critical test in American literary circles for decades before Frederick's time, and it has continued to be the central ethos of American literary culture up through the present.

This insistence on the relation of the local to the global can be seen in the trope, extremely common in regionalist fiction, of the visitor who frames, interprets, or invades the scene (or all three), as in Jewett's narrators, Garland's returning wanderers, Chesnutt's Northerners, the narrators of *Ethan Frome* and *My Antonia*, and in the stories that *The Midland* published, as in the case of Suckow's landlords, part-timers, and prodigal sons. In Suckow's "Uprooted," for instance, originally published in *The Midland*, the outsider, urban perspective is provided by a brother who has moved to a city and become successful; the city is only Omaha, but it gives him the authoritative cultural edge. In these texts the urban perspective, when it is first introduced, has its obvious superiorities to the rural ones; but in all of these texts that perspective is far from stable and rarely reliable. The elite urban visitor or returnee doesn't, in the end, determine our reading, but helps give these texts their cosmopolitan flavor, since the competing cultural views voiced by visitors and visitees mirror each other. Even when the distance between visitor and implied author is slight, I argue, as it is in the case of the siblings in "Uprooted," the implied au-

thor and the implied reader meet in an understanding broader than that of the characters or the narrator. The rural people and the urban people in these texts have what James Clifford has called discrepant cosmopolitanisms, but we, the implied readers and the implied author, who meet in a cosmopolitan compact of literary vision, have an even wider vista: we comprehend them all.[20]

These texts abound with images of failed cosmopolitanisms, partial, incomplete, all prompting us to larger and larger overviews. Jewett's visiting writer's cosmopolitan vista is figured when she needs to leave Mrs. Todd's house, where she has been boarding, and move into a schoolhouse on the hill, which gives her the commanding overview she feels she needs as a writer. The narrator takes readers up to "Pontiac's Lookout" in the Mary Catherwood story of the same name for the same reason. The Suckow anti-heroine in "A Start in Life" sees her farm from a broader perspective only as she is driven away from it to start a life in service. Over and over again these texts provide images of broad perspectives, but our vista as readers is always wider still. The Southwestern regionalist Mary Austin would call this (in 1932) regionalism's "proverbial bird's-eye view of the American scene."[21]

Frederick, writing in the context of a good deal of regionalist fervor on the part of politicians, folklorists, and others besides literary folk, adopted some of their language, sometimes arguing a preservationist line, for instance, but he never was willing to forget the second half of this literary equation. "Regionalism is an incident and a condition, not a purpose or motive," Frederick wrote in 1944; the regionalist's work "has literary importance only in so far as it meets the standard of good writing at all times and in all places."[22] Midwestern authors have something important to say about the Midwest, Frederick suggested, but they have something to say about the rest of the world as well. Frederick believed, in Phillip Joseph's phrase, in the "region as redeemer of the nation," just as Royce had and just as did Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, and John Crowe Ransom, the literary wing of the Twelve Southerners, seeing themselves not just as champions of the South but as part of national agrarian, anti-industrial movement.[23] The rural communities are different than the urban ones, and the difference is significant, worthwhile, and worth representing. Mott, Frederick's co-editor after 1925, reviewing Iowa author Roger L. Sergel's new novel *Arlie Gelson*, writes that Sergel uses Iowa as a background because he knows it, and this is meant to be high praise. But Mott's review is titled "On the Importance of Belonging to the Human Race." In an early editorial, Frederick argued that when we teach literature, it should not be "aesthetic appeal" that is important, because "the world today is laying the emphasis upon other values and points of view" (1:3 [March 1915], 7). To read Keats, he wrote, it is better to have a background in economics than in metrical forms. When Frederick reviewed Edgar Lee Masters' *New Spoon River* in 1925, he was disap-

pointed: "The world has changed since 1915," he wrote. "And Masters has changed less than the world." Not Masters has changed less than Spoon River, Illinois, but less than the world. The world, not simply the local, is a necessary frame.

This doubleness can be found in the other regional magazines as well. Harold G. Merriam, editor of *The Frontier*, for instance, wrote in 1934:

> I should like to have writers understand regionalism not as an ultimate in literature, but as a first step . . . The 'universal,' when healthy, alive, pregnant with values, springs inevitably from the specific fact. This conception of the interpretation of life I would oppose to the idea of cosmic-minded people that understanding springs from abstract ideas and images in the mind – in the soul. To such an extent regionalism[,] in my judgment, is earth-minded.[24]

Hoffman, Allen, and Ulrich use this passage to condemn the "grave fault" of "pedantic and self-conscious preoccupation with the region" (134) in some regional writing, and to praise those magazines, like *Frontier* and *Midland,* that did not fall into the trap, but instead showed "a broad streak of cosmopolitan, eclectic interest" (139).

In espousing this cosmopolitanism, little-magazine regionalism was in the main stream of American literary culture. "The besetting weakness of regionalism," wrote another iconoclast at the center of literary culture, looking back at the regionalism of the 1920s, "lies in the fact that it is an attempt to find refuge in an old shell against the turbulent invasions of the outside world, armed with its new engines: in short, an aversion to what is, rather than an impulse toward what may be."[25] Lewis Mumford goes on about the "sentimental regionalist" and his "neurotic retreat" from the present for several other pages, but his simple point is one that Frederick, Merriam, Mott, and the others working in regional literary production, including the Twelve Southerners, were well aware of—that literary regionalism is necessarily cosmopolitan. Mott, in fact, quotes much of this passage by Mumford in his own history of the magazine in 1968 (139).

And this is why, even at the end of the magazine's run, Frederick could say, "I believe that New York's literary despotism is bad: bad for criticism … bad for writing," and still send his next manuscript there. What is bad about the despotism is that it is a kind of provincialism, the Lower Provincialism—New Yorkers do not know enough about the world, as Frederick makes clear in his review of Fannie Hurst's attempt to describe a Midwestern farm, which led him to "immoderate, irreverent, vulgar mirth" (14 [1929], 157) at its string of inaccuracies. In reviewing McKinlay Kantor's novel *Jaybird,* on the other hand, what he praises is not its fidelity, but the fact that it is providing another

perspective on Midwestern life, highlighting the "bright threads": "Some of us have been unjust to our material. We have seen only dull threads in a pattern which is really of exuberant variety and intensity of contrasts" (19 [1933], 55). A commitment to exuberant variety made for Frederick's qualified embrace of the local, just as the intensity of contrasts in regional fiction is that which makes it literary, that which makes it available to such radically opposed critical readings, that which makes it, for better and worse, cosmopolitan.

And this is why the streak of anti-academicism is so strong in literary culture. To the extent that scholarship is interested in definition, in pinning down the facts, in making summary judgments, in producing hierarchies of value, in deciding meaning, it is at war with the literary spirit; this was clear to Ansley and Frederick in the 1910s and one can find recapitulations of it with the slightest prompting in any contemporary creative writing program. Still, literary studies has been, throughout the last hundred years, the academic discipline most hostile to disciplines, most ready to attack its own institutions, most gleeful in tearing down its crumbling idols. And, of course, despite all of the quarrels, it is still the most congenial place for literary ventures like little magazines, even the anti-academic little magazines that, like *The Midland*, espouse a literary cosmopolitanism at war with scholarly particularism. Frederick qualifies his editorial comments because, more than anything, he was concerned that they be literary, that he be part not just of a faculty or a regional movement, but of the literary world.

NOTES

[1] Much of what follows also appears, in different form, in Tom Lutz, *Cosmopolitan Vistas: American Regionalism and Literary Value* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2004).

[2] Hamlin Garland, *Crumbling Idols: Twelve Essays on Art Dealing Chiefly With Literature Painting and the Drama* [1894], ed. Jane Johnson (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1960), 129.

[3] *The Midland* was published monthly except in the case of double issues, and in one case a quadruple issue; the first issue was published January 1915 and the last was March-April-May-June 1933. The magazine was printed in Iowa City even when the editorial offices moved elsewhere as Frederick moved. Circulation ranged from 200–500 until the move to Chicago, when the subscription list swelled to 1200 and as many as 2000 copies were printed. The price was $1.50/year, raised to $2 in 1920, $3 in 1924.

[4] Douglas Wixson, *Worker-Writer in America: Jack Conroy and the Tradition of Midwestern Literary Radicalism, 1898–1990* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 220.

[5] *The Midland* 1:1 (January 1915), 1.

[6] *The Best Short Stories of 1915 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story*, ed. Edward J. O'Brien (Boston: Small, Maynard, 1916), 9.

[7] Frederick papers, University of Iowa Special Collections; *Smart Set*, July 1923, 141.

[8] Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich *The Little Magazine: A History and a Bibliography* (Princeton University Press, 1946), 133; they dismiss the entire local color movement as pre-regionalist: "One seeks reality, the other a conscious distortion of reality" (136).

[9] John Tebbel, *The American Magazine: A Compact History* (New York: Hawthorne Books, 1969), 9.

[10] *The Best Short Stories of 1930 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story*, ed. Edward J. O'Brien (Dodd, Mead, 1930), 9.

[11] Milton M. Reigelman, *The Midland: A Venture in Literary Regionalism* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1976), 4.

[12] Hoffman, et al., 140; Royce's talk was published as a pamphlet by the University and in Royce's *Race Questions, Provincialism, and Other American Problems* in 1908.

[13] Ruth Suckow to John T. Frederick, September 29, 1925, Frederick Papers.

[14] Frank Luther Mott, who would later achieve academic fame as a chronicler of American journalism, was an early contributor to the magazine, and moved from his job as editor of the Grand Junction, Iowa, newspaper to the Iowa faculty at Frederick's urging, becoming co-editor of *The Midland* in 1925; Reigelman, 22. The magazine had a debt of $263 the first year, and ran $100–200 dollars short each year through the 1920s; in the 1930s, although circulation increased, red ink climbed to around $1000 a year. See Mott, *Sketches of 21 Magazines 1905–1930,* Vol. 5 of *A History of American Magazines* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1968), 142.

[15] Marquis Childs, in Reigelman, 26.

[16] Richard H. Brodhead, *Cultures of Letters: Scenes of Reading and Writing in Nineteenth-Century America* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993); Amy Kaplan, "Nation, Region, Empire," in *Columbia History of the American Novel*, edited by Emory Elliott et al. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991).

[17] Stephanie Foote, *Regional Fictions: Culture and Identity in Nineteenth-Century American Literature* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2001), 3.

[18] Cf. Josephine Donovan, *New England Local Color Literature: A Women's Tradition* (New York: Frederick Ungar,1983); Judith Fetterley and Marjorie Pryse, "Introduction," *American Women Regionalists, 1850–1910: A Norton Anthology* (New York: Norton, 1992); Kate McCullough, *Regions of Identity: The Construction of America in Women's Fiction, 1885–1914* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999).

[19] The typescript pages titled "Regionalism—notes" is in Box 37 of the John T. Frederick Papers at the University of Iowa Special Collections, MsC 513.

[20] For a discussion of this use of the term "cosmopolitan," see Lutz, *Cosmopolitan Vistas*; James Clifford, *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1997); Pheng Cheah and Bruce Robbins, *Cosmopolitics: Thinking and Feeling beyond the Nation* (Minneapolis: Minnesota University Press, 1998).

[21] Mary Austin, "Regionalism in American Fiction," *English Journal* 25 (1932), 97–107.

[22] "Introduction," in *Out of the Midwest*, ed. John T. Frederick (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1944), xv.

[23] Philip Joseph, "Landed and Literary: Hamlin Garland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and the Production of Regional Literatures," *Studies in American Fiction* 26 (1998), 147–70.

[24] Quoted in Hoffman et al., 130.

[25] Lewis Mumford, *Technics and Civilization* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1934), 292.