

Rebecca Harding Davis Society Newsletter



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Vol. 3. no. 1. August 2013

PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

Greetings!

With this newsletter, we mark a milestone: our fifth year as an author society. As I was preparing my letter for this issue, I thought about how far we have come in these five years and how grateful I am to all of you who have helped to build interest in Davis and membership in the society. I especially would like to thank Sherry Harris for putting together all five of our newsletters and Mischa Renfroe for consistently putting together stellar panels at various conferences; you are both amazing, and the society is lucky to have such dedicated supporters!

I'd also like to thank Jennifer Harding (no relation) and Linda Troost, both of Washington and Jefferson College, for the Davis Symposium, held in April, to dedicate the state historical marker erected on the college's property. Jennifer worked with the state to get approval for the marker, applied for and received grants to host the symposium, and coordinated everything for that day; Linda dedicated a special issue of the Washington and Jefferson College journal, *Topic*, to Davis studies, resulting in seven new essays in Davis scholarship. Those in attendance at the symposium can attest to its success. To those of you who were able to attend, thank you for sharing in this special event, and I hope those of you who couldn't make it in April will find some time to visit Davis's birthplace and see the marker.



This has been a very busy year for Davis Society members. In addition to the marker dedication in Washington, Pennsylvania, we travelled to Denver, Colorado, and Boston, Massachusetts, where we shared our scholarship through panels at the SSAWW and ALA, and Columbus, Georgia, where we partied with the awesome Woolites—if you weren't there, you'll never know what you missed! Honestly, the joint meeting of the Constance Fenimore Woolson Society and Rebecca Harding Davis Society in Columbus showed us all just how wide Davis's world really was.

As members, this is your newsletter. We want you to be a part of its publication. If you have any items you would like us to include in the newsletter or any publications or new research on Davis you would like us to recognize, please send that information to our newsletter editor Sherry Harris at sharon.harris@uconn.edu any time during the year.

Finally, I am happy to report that our membership continues to grow, and we will continue to offer the special membership deal of a free copy of *Bits of Gossip* with a two-year membership, which is just \$10. Please help us to recruit new members by spreading the word about this great offer.

Warm regards—

Robin L. Cadwallader, President

RHD: HER WORLD

For too long, scholars have thought of Davis as living a quiet, secluded life in Philadelphia. In reality, she traveled a great deal, within the US and abroad. During the years when the Davis children were young, summers were spent at Point Pleasant, New Jersey, or Marion, Massachusetts. From the late 1880s to at least 1903, the family spent summers at the Warm Springs spa in Virginia. The railroad had connected to Warm Springs in the 1880s, making travel from the North to the summer resort much more convenient. And in the first years of the twentieth century, Rebecca and Clarke spent several winters in Ocala, Florida. Davis also traveled as part of her profession; in 1880 and 1887, she traversed regions of the South as research for travel novellas she published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*: "By-Paths in the Mountains" (July-Sep. 1880) and "Here and There in the South" (July-Nov. 1887).



The *City of Paris*, 1892

In late May 1892, Davis and her daughter Nora sailed on the *City of Paris* out of New York City for Liverpool and “European ports.” It was one of at least four European trips Davis took in her lifetime. In 1891, she, her husband Clarke, and daughter Nora had toured Europe, including Italy and Switzerland. Clarke did not enjoy traveling, however, and though he did travel abroad when necessary, it was typical after 1891 for Rebecca and Nora to travel together. In 1894 they returned to Italy to visit Davis’s younger son, Charles Belmont Davis, who was the US consul in Florence at the time. The last European trip Rebecca and Nora took together was in 1906; though Davis was seventy-five, she was still active—the trip was undertaken not for her health but because Nora had been ill. They traveled primarily in England and Italy, spending four weeks in Rome.



Warm Springs, Virginia

The Davises began spending summers at the Warm Springs resort in 1889. Nora, Charles, and Richard participated in all of the gala parties of the season. Their activities were often reported in the Richmond and Philadelphia newspapers. Rebecca attended many of the society events each season at Warm Springs. Always an avid walker, she loved the many paths and hills to explore in the region; it was her favorite summer spot in these years. She relaxed and yet clearly managed to write while staying there as well, as several of her letters to editors are dated from Warm Springs in the last decades of the nineteenth century.



Ocala House Hotel, c.1900

At the turn of the century, Rebecca and Clarke spent winter months at the Ocala House Hotel in Ocala, Florida. Clarke’s health was declining, and Florida was a popular spot for health sojourns in the late nineteenth

and early twentieth centuries. Sometimes the Davises spent a few weeks in the spring at Ocala as well, as they did in March 1902. When the *Atlanta Constitution* published an excerpt from an article about Florida by Davis in 1904, they noted that she had spent seven winters in Florida by then, which “qualifies her to speak with truth” about the region (Aug. 28, 1904, p. 28). Clarke died in 1904, and there is no record that Rebecca returned to Ocala thereafter. – Sharon M. Harris

FROM THE PEN OF REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

Since the end of the Civil War, *Harper’s New Monthly Magazine* and *Scribner’s Monthly Magazine* had published a prolific body of travel narratives that took the Northern reader throughout the region. Most of these narratives, such as Edward King’s “The Great South,” perpetuated mythologies of the South as a region that was peopled with indolent, backward citizens. If the white Southerners were invested with a certain charm, African Americans were rendered little different in most of these narratives than in the racist stories of the pre-war years. In Davis’s travel story, excerpted below, a critique of the mythology is offered. Yet it also demonstrates that the South remains—in the vision of both Northerners and Southerners—a separate “nation.” The story reflects Davis’s complex North-South alliances: she strongly critiqued the South in many stories (especially in her *Peterson’s* stories published during the war), but she resented uninformed Northerners who thought they “knew” what Southerners were like. – Sharon M. Harris

From “Here and There in the South: I—Old and New”

The train that rushed out of the wide winding suburbs of Washington down into Virginia, in the dawn of a cold February morning, was filled with Northerners going to New Orleans. They had, oddly enough, the alert, expectant air of explorers into an unknown country. The men looked out on the sleepy streets of Alexandria with as critical eyes as if it had been its namesake in Egypt, and the women buttoned their tight ulsters more closely, and slung their alligator satchels to their sides in readiness for any emergency.

They were intelligent people of the class who have leisure; they were familiar with the upper range of States; many of them ran over to Europe or to California every summer. But this three-cornered segment of their country, which had a climate, history, and character of its own, was foreign to them as Arabia Felix.

“I was in the South thirty years ago,” said one fidgety old gentleman. “Visited a college found in eastern Virginia. Queer life! Great scrambling house in a large plantation, crowded with guests; leaky roof, magnificent old family plate, patched carpets, negroes swarming everywhere. Saddled horses hitched always by the door in case you wanted to cross a field. Old families, each with its coat of arms and pride of birth. The most generous, unmethodical, kindly people in the world.”

The old gentleman in his enthusiasm took off his silk travelling cap, letting the cold wind blow over his bald head with its fringe of gray hair. His wife—a pudgy, prim little woman—replaced it with, “You forget, my dear!”

“Yes, yes. I forget I am a broken-down old invalid when I think of those days. It makes me a lad again to get into the South,” turning to his listening neighbors. “I’ve been pastor of a church in western New York for forty years, you see. Never took a holiday. Some chronic trouble set in last fall, and the doctors said—Europe. No Europe for me. Why, gentlemen, in all the drive and struggle of those forty years the remembrance of the leisure and quiet, the laziness if you like, of the South, has come before me like a glimpse of the Isles of the Blest! Life there is not all money-getting. They take it as they go.”

His companions listened to the eager talk of the garrulous old fellow with assenting nods and smiles, he being one of those people to whom the world in all of its humors says yes and smiles. But they did not at all agree with him. Having the usual large careless good-humor of the American, they had no lingering grudge or

bitterness against the South because of the war. But it was alien to them, as it always had been; they were men whose occupations and thoughts ran in fixed and narrow ruts, and like the great mass of average Northerners they knew the South only through long-ago recollections or hear-say traditions. It was in their minds a vague tropical stretch of sugar and cotton and rice fields, peopled by indolent, arrogant men and haughty, languid women, their feet still firmly set on the necks of the negro race.

The names of the stations, too, began to recall the fact that they were in a once hostile country, and among a people who had been their foe. As the conductor shouted "Fairfax," "Manassas," "Culpepper," they looked out eagerly at the snow-covered fields and the unpainted wooden station-houses which replaced the brick Queen Anne villas affected by Northern railways, expecting to find something novel and foreign. A few lean, nervous-looking white men were at work on the platforms, and a crowd of negroes shouldered each other away from the car windows.

"Fried chicken, sah?"

"Col' boil tongue? Nice snack!"

"Hyah's yoh wine-saps! Albermarle apples!"

Mr. Ely, the old clergyman, bought apples and tongue from half a dozen, looking out laughing from the window as the train rolled on, leaving them squabbling and joking over the money.

A puffy young man from Chicago was superciliously calling attention to the worm-fences, the lean fields, the forlorn houses, as—

"Wretchedly poor, sir! Now there is really no excuse for such poverty. Even grant that the State was laid waste by the war. All that was twenty years ago. Twenty years is enough for any man to get upon his legs again."

"It is all due to lack of energy!" decisively said a close-shaven, trig little iron-master from Pennsylvania. "We all know the South. Some of the best books in American literature are descriptions of these people. Did you ever read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *A Fool's Errand*? They show you that a more indolent, incapable, pig-headed race never breathed. The men spend their time in idling, duelling, and drinking. The women are merely lovely, helpless babies."

Mr. Ely, with an indignant snort, girded himself to make battle; but at that moment the train stopped in the suburbs of Charlottesville. Steep streets ran up into the picturesque town, back of whose peaked roofs rose the snowy hills. A crowd of students from the University filled the platform. An elderly man, after much hand-shaking with them, entered the car.

"Hello!" said Mr. Ely; "surely I know that face, Sarah? Except for the bald head—" He bristled up. "I beg pardon. It is a long time ago. But are you not Wollaston Pogue? I am James Ely. Don't you remember? I visited the Medills in Accomac in '55, and you—"

"Bless my soul, of course I remember! Why, my dear sir, I *am* glad to see you back in Virginia. And how has the world used you in all these years?"

"Well, well! roughly enough," said Ely, with a sigh. He had, in fact, a comfortable home, and until lately sound health, yet, as the two men sat side by side, it was the anxious, lean Northerner who most looked like the victim of a destructive war. The Virginian was a stout, ruddy, overgrown boy. Prosperity apparently oozed out of every pore, from the red fringe of hair about his shining pate to his beaming spectacled eyes, and the gurgling laugh of pure enjoyment that bubbled out every minute.

"Changes?" he said, rubbing his knees meditatively, as Ely plied him with questions. "Oh, great changes. Necessarily. The houses in which you visited have all passed from the old families. Except the Grange. That is a place of summer resort, kept by Mrs. Leigh."

"Not that lovely Anna Page who married Joe Leigh?"

“The very same. Beautiful as a dream, wasn’t she? But she is making money fast, keeping borders. The house was torn out by the Yan—by one of the armies. After the surrender, that woman put up partitions, hung doors, glazed windows, papered, painted—with her own hands. She’s equal to a whole troop of mechanics.”

“And John Medill?”

“Killed at Manassas. His son lost a leg, and was invalided for life. His daughters carry on the plantation. Virginia is in the saddle every morning before dawn. She herself ploughed and dug until she was able to hire hands. She had the banner crop of tobacco in that county last year.”

Mr. Ely made a clucking sound of amazement and dismay. “And what became of the Allaires?”

“They lost everything. The boys as they grew up went to work. Fred in an iron-mill in Richmond, and St. Clair as brakesman on this road. They have both risen steadily.”

“No lack of energy there!” said the old clergyman, with a sharp glance toward the scoffing iron man. But he fell into a depressed silence as his friend continued his history. Breakesmen and boarding-house keepers! He had cherished for so many years his picture of the stately Southern homes and their indolent landlords, and now it was crumbling to pieces. If he had found a decayed, mouldering aristocracy, passively wasting away in their ruined homes, it would have been in mournful keeping with his recollection. But this busy, commonplace stir, this sudden plunge of the defeated South into the world’s market-place, bewildered and annoyed him.

“I hope the troubles did not injure you, Mr. Pogue?” he said at last.

“Major Pogue,” quietly amended the Virginian. I had that rank in our army. Yes—” nodding good-humoredly—“I was left without a dollar. Fortune of war, eh? But I was young, and could accept the situation. It went harder with the old men. Our Southern women, I will say, were the first to stagger to their feet. In every household it was invariably the woman who first faced the inevitable and tried to make the best of it. The old men never have quite recovered from the blow. Some of them even fancy that the old issues are still alive. But it is the men who were children in ’65 that have their hands on the lever now; they make no mistake about issues. Where their fathers dreamed of re-opening the slave-trade and of conquering Mexico and annexing Cuba, to form a great empire, they talk of new cotton-gins, and Bessemer steel works, and coal-mines, and a thousand other ways of developing our resources. It is the young men who are the New South. I fancy you Northern people know little about the New South.”

“Very little indeed,” replied Mr. Ely, smiling uneasily. “In fact, I did not know until five minutes ago that there was such a nation.”

“You will see—” laughing significantly.

“But what did you do after the surrender? Start afresh, like your New South?”

“Precisely. Got a position as a clerk in Atlanta. I have an interest in two or three concerns there now, and have my home near the town. I have just been up to see my boy at the University. You’ll stop and make us a visit?” he added, anxiously. “Oh, I’ll take no denial! Mrs. Ely will plead for me. I intend to take my daughter down to New Orleans to the Exposition, and we can form a pleasant party. Come now, old friend; it is all arranged.”

Mr. Ely fidgeted and protested. He would have fallen again easily into those lax, hospitable ways. But his wife settled the matter in her slightly nasal, decisive tones.

“Of course we shall stop and wait for you and Miss Pogue, Major. But you must allow us to stay at a hotel. We really should prefer it.” Mrs. Ely, away from home, usually was only a dumb, smiling adjunct to her enthusiastic husband. But there were times when she felt it necessary to put down the brakes. Yet she was secretly excited at the thought of studying one of the dark-eyed, languid Georgian women in her own home. During the afternoon, as they passed down through the close, shouldering hills of central Virginia, she tried to picture to herself the indolent grace and flower-like beauty of these Southern women, as she had read of them in their songs and novels. For herself, she was quite willing to be taken in the South as a fair specimen of

the cultured Northern women, though, after all, the culture amounted only to a nice taste in Kensington art work, and a mania about drainage. But she pleased herself by thinking that she would open new worlds of thought to the Major's daughter, who doubtless knew nothing of literature, or society, or plumbing, or any of those great social questions which Mrs. Ely, like a brown sparrow in big grain fields, had picked at in turn. "The mind of any woman," she said to her husband, "in these lifeless villages must be limited, and their talk *kleinstädtisch* beyond bearing."

They stopped for a day in Lynchburg, which recalled Pittsburgh to Mr. Ely. "It is almost as busy and as black," he said, as they sauntered past the towering factories, "and the business men look as if, like ours, they were challenging life at the point of the bayonet. We wear out brain and body in our haste to be rich, at the North, and you are following us, I'm afraid."

The Major laughed good-humoredly. "We were forced into the race. The Southerner, when he goes into business, throws the same ardor into it that forty years ago he did into his fun, or courting, or fighting. A steam-engine will pull, you know, Mr. Ely, no matter what kind of load you put behind it." He pointed out the solid blocks of business houses and tasteful dwellings, "built since the war."

The next day, in Charlotte, the same story was told and retold. Instead of descanting, as he would have done ten years ago, on the ancient glories of the old South lost in the struggle, the Major was eager to show every sight of the solid foundation which the New South was laying for an enduring, stable prosperity. Spartanburg, Greenville, and other pretty towns followed, each with its wide shaded streets, its new mills in the suburbs, its "cheap stores," its imposing new hotel, its stir of freshly wakened life.

"But who has done all this?" asked Mr. Ely, half annoyed. "Northern men?"

"At first, yes. They were the first to see that money was to be made here. They usually met a cold welcome, as you know. Our old men wanted to run the South in the old tracks—cotton, politics, fighting. But our own young men, as I told you, are getting the reins now in their own hands. Our leading manufacturers, brokers, newspaper men, and even city officials, everywhere, are as a rule Southerners, and under fifty."

"Atlanta!" shouted the conductor.

"But this is a northern city!" exclaimed Mr. Ely, as they stepped out into a large station, grimy with bituminous smoke, and walled in by blocks of huge warehouses that opened into crowded conventional banks, hotels, and shops, solidly built, and offering an odd contrast to the irregular, straggling, green-bowered thoroughfares of Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah.

"Atlanta is the capital of our new nation," said the Major as he handed Mrs. Ely from the car. "It is the head-quarters for shrewd, pushing men from all the Gulf States. Outsiders call us Georgian Yankees."

Two motherly negro women, turbaned and white-aproned, boarded the train instead of porters, took Mrs. Ely's wraps, and led her to the waiting-room. A lady, very little and very young, was standing in the centre of the dingy room, watching the door. The alert, intent figure caught Mrs. Ely's eye.

"A teacher from Boston," she decided, as she scanned the thin, eager features, the vigilant eyes, the mass of yellow hair. "I wonder if she ever takes time to sit down or draw a long breath?"

But the Major hurried to meet the little lady, kissed her, and presented her as "my daughter Lola." In her dismay the clergyman's wife was awkward, and posed self-consciously. But the Major's daughter welcomed her with a quiet simplicity to which Mrs. Ely paid instant homage.

"*She* has never had any doubt of her breeding or social position," she thought. "She would be just as sure of it in rags as in that velvet." The little girl stood waiting for her guests, polite but utterly incurious. "She does not even observe how I am dressed," thought Mrs. Ely. "These Southerners all act as if they 'had that within which passeth show'—of money or clothes."

In many ways their old ideas were demolished that day....

RECENT EVENTS SPONSORED BY THE DAVIS SOCIETY – Mischa Renfroe

To encourage new scholarship on Davis and her contemporaries, the Society for the Study of Rebecca Harding Davis and Her World sponsored sessions at three conferences.

For the first time in the history of the society, **we met jointly with the Constance Fenimore Woolson Society** for its tenth biennial conference, “Witnessing and Remembering Civil War(s): Woolson, Davis, and Their Contemporaries” held in Columbus, Georgia, on February 21-24, 2013. This conference featured a single-session format to encourage sustained conversations among participants. The conference also offered a unique opportunity to situate Davis and Woolson in the context of the Civil War with excursions to the Confederate Naval Museum and the National Historic Site at Andersonville (the Confederate prison and setting of Woolson’s “Rodman the Keeper.”).

Members of the Davis Society contributed papers to several sessions on a variety of topics. In addition to chairing a session on “Class, Death, and Taxes,” Robin Cadwallader (Saint Francis University) presented “Rebecca Harding Davis: Putting the Civility in Civil War” for an important session on “Empathy, Civility, and Reconciliation in Woolson, Davis, and Bonner” that contextualized a key focus of the conference. A session titled “Imagining the Civil War and its Boundaries” (chaired by Mischa Renfroe) included papers from two members of the society: Jennifer Ditlevson Haglund (Baylor University) “‘David Gaunt’: A ‘modern story’ of Pacifism from the Borderlines of the American Civil War” and LeAnne Davis Henderson (Georgia State University) “North, South, and In-Between: The Role of Civil War Boundary Lines in Rebecca Harding Davis’s *Waiting for the Verdict*.” Aaron Rovin (Independent Scholar) presented “North and South Meet in Harmony: Davis’s ‘The Harmonists’” for a session on “Imagining Reconciliations,” Daniel Graham (University of Connecticut, Storrs) presented “Henry Timrod or: Ousting the Confederacy from the Poet Laureate” for a session on “Problems of Memory and Reconciliation,” and Mischa Renfroe (Middle Tennessee State University) presented “Davis’s Detective Fiction and the Civil War” for a session on “Mysteries of War and Identity.”

The Society organized two sessions at the annual meeting of the **American Literature Association** in Boston, Massachusetts, held on May 23-26, 2013:

Davis’s “Life in the Iron-Mills,” Biography, and Authorship (Chair: Mischa Renfroe)

1. “Classifying Biography: Tillie Olsen’s Feminist Interpretation of Davis’s “Life in the Iron-Mills,” Sarah Perkins, Stanford University
2. “Performative Authorship and Fictional Biography: Reconsidering the Life of Rebecca Harding Davis,” Nicole Keller Day, Northeastern University
3. “Gothic Realism: Davis’s ‘Life in the Iron-Mills’ and the Haunted House of Realism,” Benjamin Breault, Trinity College
4. “Davis’s ‘Life in the Iron-Mills’ in the Age of Occupy,” Paul Baggett, South Dakota State University

Authorship, Gender, and Print Culture: New Readings of Rebecca Harding Davis (Chair: Mischa Renfroe)

1. “Davis’s ‘Dr. Pajot,’ Periodical Literature, and the Insanity of ‘Genius,’” Sharon M. Harris, University of Connecticut at Storrs

2. "Local Color and Middle-Class Aestheticization in Davis's 'Walhalla' and 'The Yares of Black Mountain,'" Rachel Wise, University of Texas at Austin
3. "Post-Civil War Survival: Crossing Gender Lines to Win Love in Davis's 'Two Women,'" Jane E. Rose, Purdue University North Central
4. "Labor, Lust, and the Female Body in Davis's *Frances Waldreaux*," Brianne Jaquette, University of Missouri

The Society also organized one session at the triennial meeting of the **Society for the Study of American Women Writers** held in Denver, Colorado on October 10-13, 2012.

Citizenship and Belonging in the Work of Rebecca Harding Davis (Chair: Robin Cadwallader)

1. "Into What Kind of Wild?: Rebecca Harding Davis and 'The Yares of Black Mountain,'" Evelyn Navarre, University of Massachusetts at Boston
2. "Anomalies in the Borderlands: Rebecca Harding Davis Constructing Citizenship," Nancy Strow Sheley, University of California at Long Beach
3. "*Waiting for the Verdict*: Identity Trials in Women's Novels of the Civil War Era," Karen Tracey, University of Northern Iowa

CALLS FOR PAPERS

Call for Papers - HAUNTING REALITIES: The Naturalist Gothic in American Literature

By looking at the ghostly machinations of capitalism's "Invisible Hand," we seek in this edited collection to examine literary confrontations with the horrors produced by social class fluctuations and a growing consumer culture. Essays might focus on the Gothic plot's phobic responses to capitalistic ventures and materialist ambitions as well as the excess and scarcity that typify Naturalism. As Charles Crow has recently noted, "Gothicism and naturalism are both devoted to shaking bourgeois complacency, revealing unsettling truths that society tries to conceal from itself" confronting us with "a universe of vast forces that can overwhelm and terrify the individual" (*American Gothic*, U of Wales P, 2009). Our book seeks to look at the underside of late nineteenth-century Realism, by viewing the Naturalistic school as a Gothic mode emerging out of the vacuous sentimentality or excessive feeling of the Romantic Gothic.

Topics and authors might include, but aren't limited, to the following key terms:

The horrors of urban life (Davis, Phelps, Gilman)

Civil War Gothic (Bierce, Crane)

Edith Wharton's sense of a ghostly presence in Old New York (or in Old New England)

Gothic Narratives of Race or Passing (Chesnutt, Frances Harper, Pauline Hopkins, James Weldon Johnson)

Gothic greed (Norris, *McTeague*)

Race as monstrosity (e.g., Crane's *The Monster*)

Horrors of the monied classes (James, Wharton, Howells)

Sexuality on display, for sale/barter, as commercial commodity (Spofford, Gilman, Chopin, Wharton)

Bad genes, degeneration, fears of venereal disease (Gilman, Phelps, Wharton, Norris)

Creole Gothic (Chopin, George Washington Cable)

Drugs, alcohol as panacea (Alcott's Gothic thrillers, Norris, Bierce)

Economic downfall, deterioration of natural landscapes (Freeman, Jewett, Wharton)

Images of prison, enclosures, claustrophobia (Gilman, Spofford)

The animal within (Davis, Spofford, Jack London, Crane, Bierce, Wharton)

New Woman nightmares (Alcott, Phelps, Gilman, Harper)

Homelessness, Haunted hotels, strange mobility, stasis, inertia
 Medicine gone wrong, bad doctors, disability, disease (Spofford, Gilman, Phelps)
 Mechanization, violence (Sinclair)
 Spiritualism (Howells, Phelps)
 Gothic food fasts and feasts (starvation, gluttony) (Freeman, Gilman, Wharton)
 The “Iddy” bitty self (sexual depravation vs. sexual deprivation)
 False displays of happiness—the darker side of Twain; parodies of the Gothic (Twain)
 Carpe diem, carpe mortem

Send two-page proposals and one-paragraph bios to Monika Elbert, English Dept., Montclair State University, elbertm@mail.montclair.edu and Wendy Ryden, English Dept., LIU Post, wendy.ryden@liu.edu by August 30, 2013. Queries are welcome.

About the Newsletter

The Society thanks Michael Sell for maintaining the website. Past issues of the *Newsletter* are posted on the website at <http://scotus.francis.edu/rebeccahardingdavis/>.

If you wish to contribute items to the newsletter, please contact its editor:
Sharon.Harris@uconn.edu

For membership, please complete the membership form below and mail it along with your membership dues to:

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Membership Form

Name:

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This information may ____ / may not ____ be included in the Society's secure online Members' Directory.

Membership dues are \$5.00 annually. With a two-year membership or a gift of \$10 or more to the Society, you will receive a free copy of *Writing Cultural Autobiography*, a reprint of Davis's *Bits of Gossip* with additional material, edited by Janice Milner Lasseter and Sharon M. Harris.