“The Only News I know / Is Bulletins all Day / From Immortality.”

Paris could not lay the fold

International Conference 2016
The Emily Dickinson Journal
By James Guthrie

The Poems of Emily Dickinson: Reading Edition
By Thomas H. Johnson

The Poems of Emily Dickinson: Variorum Edition
By Ralph W. Franklin

The Letters of Emily Dickinson
By Martha Dickinson Bianchi

The Assistant Editor for this issue was Elle Enander


France was less keen to adopt Dickinson than some other countries, perhaps because a national penchant for abstraction, for the uncanny; for deep connections among a range of symbolic images gave readers an instinctive recognition that her arrival among them would be important. This issue of the Bulletin, in anticipation of the upcoming EDIS conference in Paris, includes three French responses to Dickinson by a writer of fiction, a critic, and a painter. The first is a short dream-fantasy, a riff on the poet’s “It was not Death” (Fr 355), by Adeline Chevrier-Bosseau. In the next article, “From One Reading to Another,” by Marjorie Micucci, a French scholar interprets images created by New York visual artist Roni Horn, adaptations and interpretations of poems by Dickinson. In the third, in the centerfold of this issue, artist Claire Illoz discusses her own visualizations of Dickinson in Art Books. All of these reflections explore Dickinson in a tone, a quality of thought and expression, quite different from what is usually heard in the Anglophone world. The Bulletin is grateful to the three authors for their contributions.

Finally, special thanks are due to Antoine Cazé, of the University of Paris VII, who coordinated (and in one case translated) the three French pieces, all while organizing this summer’s international conference.

Front Cover: L’Escalier de l’Opéra Garnier, Louis Béroud, 1877

Back Cover: Ruby-Throated Hummingbird, Neil Soderstrom, 2013

The Assistant Editor for this issue was Elle Enander
Experimental Dickinson

EDIS 2016 International Conference, June 24-26, Paris, France

Experience is the Angled Road
Preferred against the Mind
By – Paradox – the Mind itself –  (Fr899)

Take an Angled Road to join the next EDIS International Conference, to be held next month in Paris! There, in the beautiful setting of the Cité Internationale Universitaire, over 100 scholars from all over the world will gather to look, from all angles, at one of Dickinson’s most striking poetic features – her partiality for the experimental.

Dickinson couched her often radical ideas in compressed and highly demanding short lyrical forms, and in doing so placed a premium on experimenting with (in) language, not only breaking new ground, or inventing new forms, but willfully rendering the determinants of her art uncertain, or “precarious.” In her unusual views on broad topics – Nature, life and death, God, love – and in her daring use of speech figures, imagery, and metrics, Dickinson’s experimentations with language are repeatedly on display as she boldly and tirelessly explored “the Undiscovered Continent,” “the Mind.”

Gathered thematically in 23 panels, papers will explore the varied dimensions of this experimentalism: flirting with philosophical issues, experimenting with time, probing the infinite possibilities of manuscript and correspondence, diving into the depths of landscapes, opening up to foreign spaces and imagination, or taking “The Angled Road to Literary Fame,” just to give a sample.

On Friday afternoon, French Dickinson scholar Christine Savinel will deliver a keynote lecture on “Dickinson’s ‘Instincts for Dance,’ or the Gesture Towards Unlikeness.” On Sunday, Claire Malroux, one of the most prominent translators of Dickinson into French, will close the conference in a dialogue with French composer Edith Canat de Chizy, who has created several scores, both vocal and instrumental, inspired by Dickinson’s poetry: together, they will discuss the issue of “Translations,” in all senses of the word.

A rich program of artistic events will allow participants to witness how Dickinson’s oeuvre can stimulate creativity and artistic experimentation today. On Friday evening, the Students’ Drama Workshop of the Department of English and American Studies at Université Paris Diderot will give an original performance based on a selection of poems. Under the guidance of Sophie Vasset, this group of students has worked since last fall to prepare this show just for EDIS! On Saturday afternoon, two sessions will feature a reading of their respective poetry by Tom Gardner and Katherine Hazzard; the performance of “A Dickinson Bestiary: A Choreograph,” by Elisabeth Frost, Cynthia Hogue, and Dianne Kornberg; and the music workshop-cum-performance led by pianist Nicole Panizza, with fellow musicians Sally Bayley, Suzie Hanna, and Hannah Sanders, who will perform Panizza’s “In Other Motes, In Other Myths.” That same evening, the world-acclaimed soprano Linda Mabbs, who teaches voice at the University of Maryland, will grace the conference with a recital of melodies, “The Poet & the Muse: Dickinson in Song.” From over 1,600 songs in her personal library, she has selected for us settings by various composers of the same poems, such as “Will there really be a morning” or “Heart we will forget him,” and a few others.

Throughout the conference, participants will have the possibility to view American artist Clark Lunberry’s window installation of transparent words inspired by Dickinson’s “I heard a fly buzz” (see Lunberry’s article about his work in the Fall 2015 issue of the Bulletin), and visit French painter Isabel Michel’s exhibition of 21 original gouaches for 21 Dickinson poems. The artwork will be on display at the Fondation des Etats-Unis, one of the main venues for the conference. In a daring and truly experimental addition, Clark’s “writing on air” piece will be echoed by a “writing on water” installation on the pond of the Parc Montsouris, a public park just opposite the Cité Internationale – thus allowing Dickinson to be actually “in town”!

On Sunday, the EDIS Members’ Meeting will be followed by the traditional “Dickinson Scholarship Circle” led by Eleanor Heginbotham. After the final keynote, participants who want to will have the opportunity to take a guided tour of the Cité Internationale, with its many architectural buildings and its park (on registration).

Finally, as we publish this, we are still hoping to be able to organize a special showing of Terence Davies’ film, A Quiet Passion, as the final event of the Paris Conference. “Paris could not lay the fold,” Dickinson averred (Fr96); this time, it could well make the cut!

Paris sera toujours Paris! While in the French capital, you will have the opportunity to take part in the vibrant cultural life and experience the no less vibrant cuisine. A long-standing friend of EDIS, LeeAnn Gorthey is also a dedicated Francophile: she has proposed to share her Paris Travel Tips with conference participants, so check her two blogs before leaving: leannshere@blogspot.com and leeannsreturn@blogspot.com. But here is a tip: at the time of the conference, Paris will be in the middle of hosting the Euro 2016 Football Cup, so be prepared for crowds wherever you go!
By Marta Werner

We do not often speak of the sadness of teaching, of teaching as dolor. But I felt it acutely then, and the feeling stayed with me. And so in the fall of 2015, when I had the chance to teach the course again, I knew I had to reimagine it and to wonder how teaching Dickinson online might speak to something in her experience even as it reaches out to something in ours.

My new students came from unlikely places, and I take a moment to identify them here because they are too often among the forgotten or disregarded. Many strayed in from distant programs – IT, Business, Nursing – carrying with them a barely articulate desire for respite from the endless stream of quantitative data they encountered in their required coursework. Especially the Sisters who had been sent to attend the College by their far-flung orders in Tanzania, the Democratic Republic of Congo, Vietnam, and elsewhere, registered images that the course would help them fulfill their directive to bring a knowledge of English back to their home countries. A few chose the course because they had a physical or emotional disability – e.g., a deficit in hearing, an anxiety disorder – made an online class appealing. One student, serving in the military in an unlabeled country in the Middle East, was taking the course to forestall for a few moments the horror of war. And at least one student came from the secret space of the "undocumented," perhaps because the online format provided continued cover. There was not an English major among them.

What did we do – a small band of essentially solitary, disparate, and scattered readers sending out signals to one another at different hours of the days and nights of the 21st century – have to discover in Dickinson’s writings? And could our remoteness – from poetry, from each other, from ourselves – give us an unexpected entryway into the remoteness (distance, estrangement, isolation, vastness) revealed in some of Dickinson’s most powerful works? How might our difficulty contacting her, a hermetic difficulty of the first order, invite a larger meditation on the problem of accessing other minds, or, more broadly, on the challenges of communication in the modern world? And how might we begin to ground an ethics based on our remote connectedness?

It was not information about Dickinson or even poetry my students thirsted after, not the "facts" of Dickinson’s works. Almost all my disparate students who took the course – and letters and offers the following small constellation to my students: I felt a Funeral, in my Brain" (Fr340), “Safe in their Albatross Chambers” – (Fr1248), “I rose – because He sank” – (Fr454), “When I hoped, I recollected” (Fr493), “The Missing All, prevented Me” (Fr958B), “It was a quiet Way –” (“Fr573), “These Strangers, in a foreign World” (Fr1432), and “I have no life to live” (Fr1432) as well as letters to Thomas Higgenson (L280, L554), James Clark (L804), and Benjamín Karlib (L100).

Initially I asked them to explore the poems and letters alone – each one for himself or herself – and to tell me what they see and hear deep down in these works where there is so much strangeness and so much to conjecture. The first reports they send back resemble expedi- tion notes to a new world composed of strange continents, oceans, mountains, and zones of midnight. Their notes, often telegraphic, recount their sense of a poem’s or letter’s proximity to the invisible as well as their uncer- tainty about directions and boundaries in Dickinson’s world. Almost all my disparate students report that the poems and letters serve as an entrance into the inhuman scale of those “Worlds” – motions – “Worlds scoop their Arches – / & Firmaments – now –” (Fr249) and their enormous stillness: “Worlds were lying out to Sun –” (Fr493). And many reports doc- ument a very personal fear of falling – “And in the World, at every plunge, / And Finishing – knowing – then –” (Fr340) – or engulfment.

In Sounds From Dangerous Places, as well as in many of his other works, the avant-garde musician Peter Cusack composes by collect- ing sounds from sites located at the very ends of human habitation. In “Dawn Chorus, Chernobyl Town,” for example, he records birdsong of such intensity that the metallic sounds of Geiger counters measuring levels of radioactivity in the “exclusion zone” are momentarily drowned out, along with their warnings. In “Balkic Ice Flow,” he captures the delicate, unloud sounds of ice particles breaking up during the spring thaw in the densest and oldest lake on the planet. Poetry – Dickinson reminds us – is also a dangerous place. Like the eerie beacon of Cusack’s world that seems connected to the remoteness of the sites of his “soundings,” the beauty of Dickinson’s writings comes partly from their evoca- tion of an equally elemental space.

It was not information about Dickinson or even poetry my students thirsted after, not the data that allegedly increases understanding by decreasing uncertainty. Rather, they seemed to seek in poetry a way to bring wonder into fo- cus without reducing its scope or abbreviating the strangeness it stirred within them. In the end, what they seemed to ask of poetry was that it divest them of the arche on which they had formerly and securely ground their world by revealing another world of origins – an earth, perhaps – permanence is more certain than its vulnerability, whose beauty is linked to its risk. This, then, must be our point of departure:

“I did not deem that Planetary forces annulled / But suffered an Exchangel of Territory, or World –” (L280)
May/June 2016

The Gardens of Judith Farr: Learning Dickinson’s Practicality

Judith Farr is a renowned scholar, teacher, and author. Well-known in Dickinson Circles for The Passion of Emily Dickinson (1992), I Never Came to You in White (1996) and The Gardens of Emily Dickinson (2004), she is Professor Emerita of English at Georgetown University. Her scholarly pursuits have ranged from Dickinson to Elton John to D.H. Lawrence. An accomplished poet herself, she is a sought-after speaker in the Washington, D.C. area.

Q. How did you first meet Emily Dickinson?

It seems almost as though the whole course of my life might be summed up as “Before Emily Dickinson” and “After.” First I “met” her perfect conception when I was about thirteen. My parents really lived for the Arts. My father was a symphony musician and recording artist; my mother was a passionate reader. I wanted to write poetry and Mother encouraged me. I remember her sitting on the porch of our summer home in Woodstock, New York, a volume of Dickinson’s poems on her lap. My father was rehearsing sections of the Mozart Bassoon Concerto in the fields below and Mother suddenly said, “Would you like to hear something beautiful?” She then read Emily’s “I’ll tell you how the Sun rose –.” And she said something like “this is another kind of music.”

I could not get over the line “The Hills united their Bonnets” because it completely puzzled me – “bonnets!” – and I was crazy about it! I began to think about “Emily’s” all the time, mixing her and Mozart up together in my mind, and begged my parents to take me up to Amherst to see the Dickinson house. We went there on my birthday and I put flowers on Emily’s grave. Such a very long time ago!

How does Dickinson’s poem describe the killing of her flowers, an event that always seemed to her like murder? Judith Farr on Fragment 558.

Q. In The Gardens of Emily Dickinson, you say that Dickinson’s garden was in part a studio, “in which artistic as well as practical decisions Dickinson made there.” What are some of the practical decisions Dickinson made there?

First, she would have had to make the (practical) choice of which plants and flowers she wanted to grow. I find it fascinating that, as a most original poet, she was also unusual in her selections for both her garden and her conservatory. She described the outdoor garden as “my puritan garden.” I think because in the two acres she developed she included woodland plants and old-fashioned perennials that were commonplace in New England. But she also grew lemon verbena, sweet clover and “Star of Bethlehem,” which few people could raise.

Q. So her flower choices were not very practical?

Oh yes, many were eminently practical, hardy and easy to grow: for example, the daisy (Samuel Bowles gave her the nickname “Daisy”) or heliotrope or lilac. But she also attempted temperamental flowers like the Daphne odorata in the conservatory or the jasmine, beloved for its perfume. It was said that Miss Emily could grow almost anything. She decided to grow lemon verbena, which everyone knew could not be grown in New England!

She was ahead of her time. She was very clever in knowing how to suppress diseases, which was very surprising to people.
I always think the conservatory was attuned to her deepest heart. She went there to write often.

Q. If there is one big thing you want people to know about Dickinson, what is it?

So many people have said, was she crazy, was she just a madwoman, was she a man? I always think the conservatory was attuned to her deepest heart. She went there to write often.

Q. What impact do you think the Conservatory restoration will have on Dickinson scholarship and enthusiasm?

Emily’s conservatory – its contents & aura – is, I believe, very important. That she chose to grow Eastern flowers & plants there reflects her considerable knowledge of Darwin’s theories, of Von Humboldt’s writings, as well as my own scholarlyship. She has taught me, her fondness for the Hudson River paintings of Cole and Church, rich in Eastern subject mat matter and imagery.

One of her major symbols especially in the love poems is “Eden,” which supposedly had its origin in South America. The Conservatory held flowers that had considerable fragrance. She sometimes associated poetic meter with perfume and poetry with exoticism. The Restoration will draw people closer to an aspect of her nature that was supremely important and yet is sometimes inadequately noted: a respect for passion and the exotic. Her Conservatory spoke of as “the little garden within” and there she was quite unique in growing not only “exotics” like the gardenia or the jasmine (Poet’s Jasmine!) but by attempting to force bulbs there and to include humble flowers like daisies or violets, usually associated with the outdoors. The Conservatory had glass shelving, the plants being arranged according to height and requirements for air, light and temperature.

The Emily Dickinson Line

By Adeline Chevrier-Boisseau

...not Death, for I stood up...

I’ve never been able to solve the puzzle of the cat. Dickinson was a self-taught botanist and gardener who created her own small world. She grew her own flowers and plants, and she had a particular fondness for the jasmine, which she considered an anti-inflammatory agent. The oil of the jasmine is used in dermatology, and the conservatory held flowers that had considerable fragrance. She sometimes associated poetic meter with perfume and poetry with exoticism. The Restoration will draw people closer to an aspect of her nature that was supremely important and yet is sometimes inadequately noted: a respect for passion and the exotic. Her Conservatory spoke of as “the little garden within” and there she was quite unique in growing not only “exotics” like the gardenia or the jasmine (Poet’s Jasmine!) but by attempting to force bulbs there and to include humble flowers like daisies or violets, usually associated with the outdoors. The Conservatory had glass shelving, the plants being arranged according to height and requirements for air, light and temperature.

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“I trust your garden was willing to do. I do not think that mine was – it perished with beautiful reluctance.” ED to Katie Sweitzer (L668, 1880)
… and also, of what has the poet of Amherst been the name? The name of a reading, by chance and by surprise, then “by degree.” Of various translations. From the pages of a bound collection of selected poems to the smooth silky grey tones of an aluminum bean inlaid with blank typed letters made of hard plastic. From one name to another – from Dickinson, the poet, to Roni Horn, the contemporary visual artist. From a static and unquiet reading, in French – “Le corps a une gravité simple / Que je ne comprends pas!” (c. 1858) – to a no less unquiet but unstable and mobile reading, in the delineated shapes of English words set in capital letters – “TO MAKE A PRAIRIE IT TAKES A CLOVER AND ONE BEE” (Roni Horn, Key and Cue N°1755, 1994). From one translation to another, one language to another, one form to another, for this same object – a Dickinson poem. In: “I first approached her in this way on the occasion of Horn’s retrospective (Roni Horn aka Roni Horn) at the London Tate Modern in March 2009. The first room in this historical exhibition was what I later called in a critical article a “Dickinsonian room.” There were three works: one “Horn” and two “Dickinsons” – existing even before Roni Horn itself was able to read Dickinson in full only during one of her reclusive stays in Iceland – and in the poet’s language. I first approached her in this way “in the event of presence. She was connecting it to pairs and doubles, the central motifs in Horn’s work; she was connecting it to this relationship between “I” and “you” set up by the artist as a familiar echo of Dickinson’s poetic text, she also lets us read/see the blanks and spaces they inhabit on the page. It’s not unlike the way a language sees, the eye of reading itself. And it’s also how the shape of these words suffuses the witness- ing eye of the reader with recognition. Maybe one reads first in one’s own poetic language – before one attempts any forays into the riddle of the original – in which words are formal echoes of meaning. In French, Dickinson was finding its way into the familiar space of Verlaine and Mallarmé. In Italian, Dickinson was at home next to Leopardi and Giuseppe Ungaretti. For I read her equally in Italian and in Latin, and that reading put me in touch with the “poetic bulk” of Dickinson’s works. Johnson’s Complete Poems was translated in 1995, in the “Grands Classici” pocket book series published by Mondadori, and regularly reprinted since. “Eternity” and “Immortality” merged with Leopardi’s “Infinite” and Ungaretti’s “Immensity” – not with the same meaning, but sharing the same quest. From one translation to another, one form to another, for this same object – a Dickinson poem. From one translation to another, one language to another, one form to another, for this same object – a Dickinson poem. 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When I was little, kids at school used to ask me why I didn’t wear black, if I watched TV, if my parents owned a car. I would explain that lots of Mennonites live in cities, and that not all Mennonites work on collective farms and avoid modern technology. I wore regular clothes; my parents owned a car; I watched TV. But in some ways my classmates’ instinctive questions weren’t wrong, because even city Mennonites tend to live in fairly traditional ways.

When I first encountered Emily Dickinson’s poems, I found myself immediately struck by a strange sense of recognition, and particularly with respect to her bee poems, with their exuberant depictions of the sensuous lifestyle: drinking, kissing, sex. It was like being encountered my own coming-of-age experiences, but in poems by a woman who lived 150 years before me. It was weirdly like encountering depictions of the sensuous life: drink and sex. It was weirdly like encountering a strange sense of recognition, and particularly with respect to her bee poems, with their exuberant depictions of the sensuous lifestyle: drinking, kissing, sex. It was like being encountered my own coming-of-age experiences, but in poems by a woman who lived 150 years before me. It was weirdly like encountering depictions of the sensuous life: drink and sex. It was weirdly like encountering a strange sense of recognition, and particularly with respect to her bee poems, with their exuberant depictions of the sensuous lifestyle: drinking, kissing, sex. It was like being encountered my own coming-of-age experiences, but in poems by a woman who lived 150 years before me.

These poems by someone who lived in a different country, and in a very different time, seem so familiar to me?

Emily Dickinson’s ancestors came to North America as part of the great migration of Separatists in the 1600s fleeing to the New World. But in poems by a woman who lived 150 years before me.

“Look here!” (I could point at the lines) “Exactly how it felt the first time someone kissed me?” “And here! Precisely my reaction when I tasted my first glass of wine.” But I am an Anabaptist who grew up in Canada in the late twentieth century. So, I wondered, why do these poems by someone who lived in a different country, and in a very different time, seem so familiar to me?

Emily Dickinson’s ancestors came to North America as part of the great migration of Separatists in the 1600s fleeing to the New World. But in poems by a woman who lived 150 years before me.

Two years ago, on my first visit to Emily’s home, I bought a copy of Emily Dickinson: Profile of the Poet as Cook, with Selected Recipes. I took this with me to a Vietnamese restaurant and began reading it over a bowl of fragrant lemon-grass-infused vermicelli and barbecue pork. As I ate my noodles, I considered that during Emily’s youth, Amherst experienced a local prohibition movement, which not only sent Emily’s famous poems to the public, but also required her to try drinking while on the trip as part of truly experiencing the Europe we were about to encounter for the first time. In practice, this meant we would go to a village store and buy good bread and cheese and a local bottle of wine and walk off into a garden in the south of France, or to a rose-filled pizza in Spain, or off into the hills of Tuscany, and eat outside. These were the circumstances under which I first tasted wine.

All of this came back to me with great vividness when I encountered Emily’s famous poem about a bee delightfully smashed on nectar and a poet drunk on the beauty of a summer’s day. “Inebriate of air am I,” Emily declares. “And debarque of dew – Reeling through endless summer days. / From inns of molten blue.” “When landlords turn the drunken bee,” she wondrously adds, “Out of Foxglove’s door. / When butterflies renounce their dreams, / I shall but drink the more.” Emily’s inebriated bees veer around in her poems in toxicated by the nectar of wine and sunshine. But they also often react to the nectar of infatuation. I can relate to that situation too.

NOTES

2. “L’inscription du texte et de la poétique d’Emily Dick-
3. Horne, Les doubles sont-ils permis? Paris : Musée d’art mord-
4. “Les doubles sont-ils permis? Paris : Musée d’art mod-
5. “The Key and Cup is an entrance; but every entrance is also a part of departure. . . . it is a door, a prompt, a signal to something . . .” Events of Relation, p. 20.
6. “Next time, to try? Next time, the things to see? / By Ear unheard, / Unremembered By Eye – / Next time, to try. / While the Ages amble. / Slow trump the Centuries. / And the Cyclone whirl?” The Le Paradis est au choix/Paradise is of option, p. 50.
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The Emily Dickinson International Society is seeking essays for a prize devoted to undergraduate research on Emily Dickinson. We seek critical essays by undergraduates from institutions of all kinds, focusing on Dickinson’s poems or letters. Students at all levels are eligible to submit. Papers should be 15 pages maximum. The winning essay will be published on the EDIS website and the author will receive an award of $100.

To submit an essay for the prize, send copies of articles as anonymous word attachments, plus a cover letter with contact information to the following address by May 25, 2016: epetrino@fairfield.edu. The essays will be distributed electronically to a panel of nationally recognized scholars for judging. All submissions will be acknowledged and receive a response within a month.
The subject was not entirely new to me: in 2013, I had to illustrate the Wind-Borne Harp episode in Michel Tournier’s novel Friday and Robinson. Though this was neither poetry, nor an Artist’s Book, it was my first attempt to make Wind seem “visible.” Dickinson’s verse goes much deeper. She wrote several poems about the Wind, but here the subject is precisely its Sound. The poem deals with the strangely deep testimony this “fleshless chant” leaves in our souls. An irresistible force, Wind has no substance. Dickinson acutely feels the mysterious “charge” of these “waves of air” at work, as being eternally part of us (“inner than the bone”), before and after us. Apart from a clearly visual – and beautiful – sensation at the beginning, where the wind is “working like a hand” – this poem deals with hearing sensations. So for my readers to perceive the right thing, my challenge was more on my side, to cope with Dickinson’s verse could stand this. The challenge was to find my own visual answer to Dickinson’s words about Sound. After many difficult attempts, several sketches were kept. Some became etchings, engravings, or embossed images. – For rendering supernatural sensations, I used embossed shapes: a cut-out of my own hand appears enormous on the page, “combings the Sky”, grains of “the Merry Dust” at play in the “Un” whirl around on the page. These appear white on white, deeply printed into the paper, the way this sound leaves its imprint deep into our own . . . vacuity. – For what I call “real” visions (Birds – Trees) as well as for Sound itself, I used etching and engraving. I searched into scientific imagery for documents. My son, an acoustic engineer, found sonograms of wind sounds. Then started my “translation” work: after engraving these curves in dry point, I combined them with the etchings, making sound move through, or beside, or within the etching: the last sound curve appears entwined within the leaves of a tree: an echo to “In Seamless Company,” the last words of this poem. II – Of all the sounds dispatched abroad is a much longer and more complex poem. The topic struck me for personal reasons: the wind has always bothered, upset, not to say frightened me. When I hear it, I have the mysterious feeling of a very ancient, primary sound, dating from way back when things started to exist in space: Air, at first touch, probably made such a sound. paper, so that each poem comes on a different color, and has an atmosphere of its own. The cover bears an embossing. A solid box protects the Book.

I – Presentiment is the first poem I ever read by Dickinson, and surprisingly enough, there was no “curtain” at all for this one. My first impression was very clear: I just felt that this poem was written for me. Reading it over and over made me observe how Dickinson evokes here how scary the coming of night feels to her; she does this with devilish precision, if you consider how short this poem is. Being a sensation in progress, it seemed to me to need a horizon-

slowly discovers this disturbing feeling, which asserts itself progressively. The “long Shadow” stretches onto one whole double page. The bluish paper (irregularly hand-dyed on purpose) gives the whole poem an uncertain dusky light. We become part of this grass, “stirred” by the coming of night.

II – Of the all the sounds dispatched abroad is a much longer and more complex poem. The problem struck for me personally: the wind has always bothered, upset, not to say frightened me. When I hear it, I have the mysterious feeling of a very ancient, primary sound, dating from way back when things started to exist in space: Air, at first touch, probably made such a sound.

The choice of these 3 poems by Dickinson was not easy: I would have loved to work on many others. While at work, I often wondered: Had Dickinson lived to see this Artist’s Book, would she dismiss it? But this very important question will receive no answer . . . This is why I thank all the Dickinson specialists and librarians who have acquired this book. I hope to make my readers discover, or re-discover, those three great poems of hers, and above all, make them wish to read more.1

1 These can be browsed on http://www.ccilouz.com

2 SUMMER BLOUGHS - 3 poems by Emily DICKSON, 6 etchings and 3 embossings by C.Illouz. Letterpress by M. Roncerel & V. Auger. Edition of 30, on dyed BFK paper (Chérence, 2014)


5 A painter and engraver, Claire Ilouz lives and works in Chérence, France. She has made more than 25 Artist’s Books to this day, now in various private and public collections, in Europe and USA. Her etching and book art were awarded by the French Academy of Fine Arts in 2012 and 2013. Her work can be seen at Gallery Susse Frères in Paris, and on http://www.ccilouz.com.

Below, SB.2 300, “In Seamless Company”
How Garden-Restoration Volunteers Discovered Emily Dickinson

Text and Photos by Neil Soderstrom

As a child, Emily helped Mother in her gardens, later boasting to cousin Louise Norcross, “I was reared in the garden you know” (L206). By age 14, Emily had excelled in botany courses and was collecting and pressing plants into her large-format Herbarium, which eventually contained more than 400 specimens, labeled with scientific precision. Gardening remained a favorite pastime throughout her life.

Each year in June, I’ve been documenting garden restoration at the Emily Dickinson Museum, led by Marta McDowell. In her book Emily Dickinson’s Gardens, Marta writes, “Emily Dickinson was a gardener…. You can host an Emily Dickinson game show with your friends. Say her name, and they’ll know who she is. Ask them what they think of first. It may be a white dress – or poetry, of course – or a well-known image of a sixteen-year-old girl staring boldly out of a daguerreotype. It probably won’t be gardening.”

Marta adds, Emily “shared love of plants with her parents and siblings. To friends, she sent bouquets, and to her numerous correspondents… she often enclosed flowers to… punctuate a message. She collected wildflowers, walking with her dog, Carlo…. In winter she forced hyacinth bulbs and wildflowers, walking with her dog, Carlo, to punctuate a message. She collected wildflowers, walking with her dog, Carlo… In winter she forced hyacinth bulbs and wildflowers, walking with her dog, Carlo…

In the family’s attached conservatory, Emily tended delicate perennials including begonias, carnations, ferns, fuchsias, heliotrope, jasmines, oleander, and primroses. About two years before her death, she wrote Elizabeth Holland, “I would give them both for one look of the gone Eyes, glowing in Paradise.”

Emily’s niece, Martha (Mattie) Dickinson Bianchi, recalled the gardens of her paternal aunts this way in her 1932 book Emily Dickinson Face to Face (p303): “In pleasant weather both aunts used to sit on the retired little side piazza, where we joined them…. The giant Daphne odora, moved out from the conservatory, stood at one end with the Cape jasmine. Two tall oleanders were blossoming in their green tubs, and a pomegranate whose flowering was an event to us all. The flagged path to the garden began here, leading down through the grass to a meandering mass of bloom. It was against Aunt Lavinia’s will that anything there was ever uprooted or pruned. She adored perfection. The roses clipped their hands high over two old-fashioned arbors; the honeysuckle furred the humming-birds all day; nasturtiums pranked like unruly schoolboys; self-sown flowers of humbler origin elbowed and crowded their more aristocratic neighbors. There were carpets of lily-of-the-valley and pansies, platoons of sweet peas, hyacinths enough in May to give all the bees of a summer dyspepsia. There were ribbons of pokey hedges, and rifts of daf-foldi in season, margiolds to distraction – a butterfly Utopia.”

Top right, heliotrope; middle right, cardinal flower; bottom right, bee on red clover (Trifolium pratense).

“Two things I have lost with Childhood – the rapture of losing my shoe in the Mud and going Home barefoot, wading for Cardinal flowers and the summer توف which was more for my sake than her weary own for she frowned with a smile…” [L. Poore Fragment 117]

This Year’s Garden Volunteer Days: June 3 – 5

First Encounters:

• Educator Clare Green recalls, “I first learned an Emily Dickinson poem by default. When I was about 7, my older sister was memorizing ‘I’m nobody. Who are you?’ (F260) out loud for a school assignment, prancing around the house. I thought it a silly poem but was too young to fully grasp its meaning.

“For my birthday, many years later my son, Ned, mailed an anthology of Emily’s poetry. He inscribed it, ‘Dearest Mother, May this book keep you 44 years young. Happy Birthday to a Wonderful Mother!’ That book became a friend. Over time I memorized a few poems and read more about Emily’s life, visited the Homestead, and brought friends there.

“The book is a treasured gift with profound meaning now that my son has excised life from an ice-climbing accident on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, and like Emily was called back. A simple gift has deep roots and continues to nourish the heart.”

• Artist Victoria Dickson explains, “When I attended the first poetry discussion group in the old parlor at the Homestead in 1997, I was just recovering from a very serious illness. I entered, tentatively, into an amazing world of word images written by a mysterious and gifted poet. I was awestruck! That marked the beginning of my enduring passion for Dickinson’s poetry. Participation in poetry discussion groups and volunteering in the gardens have greatly contributed to my work as a literary painter.

“I have been working on a uniquely ambitious project, painting more than 80 flowers and plants that E.D. refers to in her poems and letters. Often the beauty of a poem strikes me, so I go in search of the flower or plant to match it. Sometimes instead, the flower leads me to a poem. Dickinson’s words are always with me when I paint.”

“I enjoy pairing poems with paintings and applying just the right watercolors to paper to record the beautiful hues and forms in Dickinson’s floral world. The poet’s use of dozens of color words from amber and amethyst toumber and vermilion demonstrates that she often took a painterly approach in her writing. I hope she would be pleased with my efforts to paint her poetry.”

• Retired Latin teacher Judith Averill recalls, “I grew up in New Jersey and had never heard of Emily Dickinson, even though I attended what was considered an excellent high school. I first became aware of Emily and the growing appre-
Once I decided to see how far I could take 'The Yellow Wallflower' (Fr23), ‘Butterfly – / And of the Breeze – Amen!’ (Fr374), ‘The Grass so little has to do’ (Fr1194), ‘A sepal – petal – and a thorn’ (Fr598). The stanza ‘Lilacs – bending many a year – / Will sway with purple load…’ (Fr25), the stanza ‘Lilacs – bending many a year – / Will sway with purple load…’ (Fr374), ‘The Grass so little has to do’ from ‘I wish I were a Hay’ (Fr379), and ‘In the name of the Bee – / And of the Butterfly – / And of the Breeze – Amen!’ (Fr23).

The Poetry of Flowers."

"Like Emily as a child I loved exploring local woods and fields, and started my first garden (vegetables). After college, living in magnificent rural Scotland widened my perspective literally and historically. I came to recognize that my own sensibilities were more in tune with some earlier poetry because they enabled me to experience her life in those times and places. Thereafter, living in NJ for 31 years, my gardening had many aspects, including historic preservation.

"Having now moved back to the Amherst region, thanks to my daughter’s professorship at Amherst College, I want to participate in the restoration of Emily’s garden and see the conservatory reconstructed. Here I’ve been delighted to again work with Marta McDowell, whom I knew from my Rock Garden Society in New York. I’d enjoyed Marta’s Gardens of Emily Dickinson, as well as the New York Botanical Garden’s 2010 six-week celebration: ‘Emily Dickinson’s Garden: The Poetry of Flowers.’"

"I first read Emily’s work in eighth grade English class. When I was a teen, I liked her letters more than her poems because they enabled me to experience her life in those days, as if we were sharing her innermost thoughts and feelings with me. Discussing her eccentricities helps to keep her interesting."

"I thank Emily for her heritage and her honest, articulate writing that will be enjoyed for generations to come."

"During garden-restoration days, I learned a lot from the garden plan. And this inspired me to plant iris, snapdragons, tomatoes, and herbs, including oregano, thyme and basil in my yard."

"When we were planning the creation of the Emily Dickinson International Society, I chose ‘Finite – to fail, but infinite – to ventures’ (Fr952) as our slogan."

On Introducing Emily’s Poems to Teens:

"Ask teens to read some poems – perhaps her nature poems to start with, and there are dozens to choose from. I don’t mean just read, but read aloud in a group of other teens. That’s how one begins to claim E.D. for themselves. That’s how one begins to claim E.D. for oneself – by saying her words aloud. There’s always something to discover in one of her poems, and many of the nature poems take the form of riddles that have to be figured out. After the teenagers practically the first thing I did was visit her house, feeling almost compelled to make a pilgrimage. The house was very different then, occupied by a faculty person, only open to the public a few hours per week – quite a change today."

"I can’t recall my introduction to Dickinson, and quite prefer it this way. It’s as if her poems are an elemental fact I’ve always been aware of. My favorite poems include ‘A Route of Evasion’ (Fr1489) and ‘The Brain is wider than the Sky’ (Fr258)."

A retailer who at UMass majored in French, Andrea Goguen enjoyed this early introduction: “I first read Emily’s work in eighth grade English class. When I was a teen, I liked her letters more than her poetry because they enabled me to experience her life in those days, as if we were sharing her innermost thoughts and feelings with me. Discussing her eccentricities helps to keep her interesting."

"I thank Emily for her heritage and her honest, articulate writing that will be enjoyed for generations to come."

Continued on page 26
Emily & Me: An Accidental Friendship

By Jeannetta Calhoun Mish

My fidelity –                       (Fr1717)
Other bonds decay
Why to cordiality so averse to come
Light my northern room
Guest am I to have
or her entire life, my mother was a
serendipitously, when I have
arrived as good friends do, serendipitously, when I have needed her.

While I don’t remember which anthologies we used in junior high, I definitely remember reading “I’m Nobody! Who are you?”(Fr 60) – it seemed a perfect poem for a girl like me who wrote poems, was smart but definitely not popular, and from the wrong (kind of) family. A middle child like Emily, I, too, felt like nobody and thought I had found a kindred spirit. When I was 16, our high school held its first poetry contest, judged by Rudolph N. Hill, a local man who served as Oklahoma state poet laureate in 1966. The poem I entered, entitled “My First Time” was chosen as the winner. The poem was oblique and completely metaphorical, since it concerned my first sexual experience. The series of metaphors could have represented a myriad of “first” experiences; they also allowed plausible deniability. I punctuated the six-line poem with dashes, in an attempt to make it look like a poem by the only female poet I was familiar with at the time.

Emily Dickinson disappeared from my life after she helped me win the high school poetry contest, and I didn’t meet with her again until I was a thirty-seven-year-old college freshman. My first class was American Literature, I taught by American Romanticism scholar Michael Kearns, and it centered on Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Poe, and Dickinson. Learning from a scholar how to read Emily was enlightening – there was so much more in those poems than I had intuited on my own.

Later, in a master’s degree course on poetics, one of the assigned texts was Susan Howe’s Singularities. The collection challenged and intrigued me – Howe’s combination of history and radical poetics made me want to read everything she’d ever written, a desire that reintroduced me to Emily, through My Emily Dickinson. A year after I took the poetry class, I wrote a poem for Walt Whitman. Emily showed up, unbidden; I didn’t realize she had visited until I was revising the poem.

I am thinking of Walt Whitman because there is a certain slant of sorrow in my heart that has transformed everything –

I rarely communed with Emily in the years between my master’s degree and the completion of my dissertation, except for bumping into our mutual friend, Genevieve Taggard, while researching leftist 1930s poetry. However, in 2003, a poet-friend, retiring from university teaching, sent me a large box of his office books which included Emily Dickinson, Woman of Letters (Turco, et al, 1993), 14 by Emily Dickinson (Thomas M. Davis, ed., 1964) and Cynthia Griffin Wolff’s critical literary biography (1986), all of which I made use of when teaching, as a grad student, American Literature to 1865. Of the extensive selection of poems in the Heath anthology’s fifth edition, I chose for my students, among others, “Wild nights – Wild nights!” (Fr269), “I, Nobody! Who are you?”(Fr260) “They shut me up in Prose ...” (Fr445), and “My Life had stood a Loaded Gun ...”(Fr764). My selections were made based on three questions: Which poems did I love, so I could model that passion for my students? Which poems did I understand well enough to teach? Which poems might speak to a class consisting primarily of 18-20 year-olds, many of whom were first-generation college students? Of course, I chose “I’m Nobody,” since the poem had appealed to a younger me; I chose “They shut me up in Prose,” because, as a poet, I could think of few worse punishments, and “Wild Nights,” to compare with Van Morrison’s “Wild Night.” I was surprised when it was “My Life had stood a...
Christine Gerhardt


Christine Gerhardt is correct that “Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman are widely acknowledged as two of America’s foremost nature poets.” Since this is true, she argues, it is strange that there is little sustained engagement with Dickinson among ecocritics and environmentalist literary critics. It is even stranger that Dickinson critics tend to neglect ecocriticism and environmentalist reading. The reluctance to read Dickinson environmentally or ecocritically is particularly puzzling, since, as Gerhardt reminds us, “Dickinson’s poems about the natural environment have long played a major role in Dickinson scholarship.”

From the point of view of Dickinson studies, then, Gerhardt’s book is long overdue. Her work fills a significant gap in the scholarship. But the book is not addressed to Dickinson scholars alone. It is a carefully balanced comparative study that devotes equal time to Whitman and Dickinson, each of whom gets his own chapter in every section of the book. The book is divided into four parts that focus on four different geographic scales, starting with a section on the very small, followed by sections on the local, the regional, and finally the planetary. In her explanation of the book’s structure, Gerhardt points out that “the notion of scale – especially if one uses the metaphor of concentric circles – links Whitman and Dickinson’s ‘shared concern for particular places to key concepts of their poetic projects at large.’”

“Scale Framing” is also central to current critical debates within ecocriticism. Tim Morton and Timothy Clark argue that problems of scale vex environmentalism. Whitman and Dickinson, each of whom gets his own chapter in every section of the book. The book is divided into four parts that focus on four different geographic scales, starting with a section on the very small, followed by sections on the local, the regional, and finally the planetary. In her explanation of the book’s structure, Gerhardt points out that “the notion of scale – especially if one uses the metaphor of concentric circles – links Whitman and Dickinson’s ‘shared concern for particular places to key concepts of their poetic projects at large.’”

Review of Publications

Renée Bergland, Book Review Editor

Christine Gerhardt draws on Whitman and Dickinson to propose her intelligent, pragmatic, and ethical response to Morton’s dark ontology and Clark’s despairing view toward nihilism. It is no accident that Whitman and Dickinson are cornerstones for her, since they significantly revise the British Romantic poets who Morton and Clark build their arguments upon. Yet although Gerhardt reads through theopoiesis, her voice does not ring out as strongly here for me as Dickinson’s does. The final Dickinson chapter concludes with “The Fact that Earth is Heaven.” Gerhardt argues that Dickinson “links a religiously motivated humility to a more profound reluctance to assume control over the earth, both in epistemological terms and as a local-global ‘dwelling’ place.” Therefore, Gerhardt asserts, “Whether the primary ‘place’ of this poem is heaven or earth, it advocates a position with respect to both that precludes the common assumption that we are able to grasp our environment, or even fully dwell in it.” Dickinson’s “multilayered humility, as Gerhardt uncovers it, pushes environmentalist criticism to a new dimension.

Although it argues persuasively for the central importance of humility, the fact is that this unassuming book is a big one. Don’t let the modest green cover deceive you: this is significant and important work, and it makes real contributions to Dickinson and Whitman scholarship as well as to environmental criticism. – R. B.
James R. Guthrie

A Kiss from Thermopylae: Emily Dickinson and Law

The Harvard University Press, 2015. 272 pp. Paper -

A Kiss from Thermopylae: Emily Dickinson and Law.

In this compelling study, Guthrie reflects words for those having more general knowledge of the law and an interest in Dickinson at the legal idiom in her poetry, the relationship of law to Dickinson personally, who was eventually expelled for plagiarism for a married man, and dealing with the aforementioned stressed-out students, who drink Starbuck’s, wear Abercombie & Fitch, and don’t care about Emily Dickinson. Told through interwoven flashbacks, the crux of the story involves Jane and her friends’ investigation into the murder of a scrupulous headmaster. All the clues are Emily Dickinson poems, and the fallout from the investigation shapes the fate of the characters.

The best use of Dickinson in the book is in the continual return to Fr307: A solemn thing – it was – I said – A Woman – white – to be – And wear – if God should count me fit – Her blameless mystery –

Carroll uses this fragment to allude to the inherent difficulty of being a woman with intellectual ambitions in a callous, indifferent, and patriarchal world. Though nei ther Carroll, nor her protagonist Jane come across as particularly solemn or isolated, the point is well taken. I do not mean to suggest that we should write off this book as frivolous because it concerns itself with the point is well taken. I do not mean to suggest that we should write off this book as frivolous because it concerns itself with

Ultimately, Guthrie’s choice of central legal terms proves judicious, as their range allows him to address a host of legal and cultural issues without losing sight of Dickinson’s poetry. The only dissatisfaction I feel with A Kiss from Thermopylae is that I want more: there are a number of major areas that offer themselves for consideration as relevant to both the 19th-century legal landscape and Dickinson’s works, including citizen law and enfranchisement, to name just two. This fresh-piqued interest testifies to the significant contribution that Guthrie’s book will make to ongoing studies of Dickinson, literature and law, and 19th-century of American literature.

Daniel Schweitzer is a graduate student at SUNY Buffalo, where he is working on Dickinson and other 19th-Century US authors.

Nora Carroll


Emily Dickinson relevant to the readers of today? Given the number of Dick in son-related novels that have sprung up in 2015, the answer seems to be yes – but with a catch. There’s something about Emily Dickinson that reminds these authors of a genteel, upper crust New England of days gone by. As an inveterate New Englander myself, with a fondness for the pears, clam chowder, and worn L.L. Bean flannels that define the world and to poetry that simultaneously gave her a model of language “replete with words and expressions conveying a sense of enactment not present” in other discourses, suffusing her poetry with the same potential as performative legal language to alter “the very fabric of reality . . . not just for the adjudicated, but for the rest of society” (14). Guthrie argues that Dickinson’s letters and poetry intimate a familial and mental life suffused by legal concerns and the changing nature of the law through the debates of the nineteenth century. The book shows how her poetry indicates “transmissions” proposing legal issues of the time in a way that illuminates her thinking on “authoritarianism and individuality, social responsibility and the rights of citizens, religion and reason, fairness and obedience” (17).

Each chapter balances between examining the legal terms, Dickinson’s knowledge of the debates raging around them, and the implications they have for readings of her poetry. Thus, even subj ects that seem from this vantage point desp erate, and fictional, are revealed as clues to the murder in this book, but the point is well taken. I do not mean to suggest that we should write off this book as frivolous because it concerns itself with issues. Guthrie’s notion of contract law illustrates) her notion of contract law becomes intertwined with the legal dis empowers of women, and her ideas of “property ownership” become inextricable from the attendant gendered concerns over rights.

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Emily Dickinson and the Law

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By Annelise Brinck-Johnsen

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Roger Lundin (1949-2015)

By Jane Donahue Eberwein

Roger Lundin’s death last November 13 suddenly took us from an insightful, energetic scholar whose work Dickensianly wove together literary and religious threads, from a gentle, reflective person who relished the intellectual provocations of a hot pursuit, to a convivial, alluring companion whose wit and wisdom appealed to students and colleagues alike.

Lundin was born in 1949 in Maryland and grew up in the Alleghenies. He received a B.A. from Bucknell, and a Ph.D. from Columbia, where he studied under Denis Donoghue. Lundin joined the faculty at the University of Connecticut, and in 1978 and was Professor of English and Arthur F. Holmes Professor of Faith and Learning at the time of his death. He held visiting appointments at other colleges, most recently at the Duke Divinity School, and was president of the Conference on Christianity and Literature. Another affiliation central to Lundin’s work was his role as Director of the American Literature and Religion Seminar, affiliated with the Erasmus Institute at the University of Notre Dame. Two essay collections edited by Lundin emerged from that collaboration. There Before Us: Religion, Literature, and Culture from Emerson to Wendell Berry (Eerdmans, 2007) presented the work of some of the foremost scholars engaged in the intellectual upheavals of the later 19th and early 20th centuries. In Invisible Conversations: Religion in the Literature of America (Baylor, 2009) featured an essay on Dickinson by Elisa New with a response by Barbara Packer.

Lundin’s most lasting professional affiliation was with Wheaton College, from which he graduated in 1971. After earning a Master’s degree in Theological Studies from Gordon-Conwell Seminary and master’s and doctoral degrees from the University of Connecticut, he joined the Wheaton faculty in 1978 and was Professor of English and Arthur F. Holmes Professor of Faith and Learning at the time of his death. He held visiting appointments at other colleges, most recently at the Duke Divinity School, and was president of the Conference on Christianity and Literature. Another affiliation central to Lundin’s work was his role as Director of the American Literature and Religion Seminar, affiliated with the Erasmus Institute at the University of Notre Dame. Two essay collections edited by Lundin emerged from that collaboration. There Before Us: Religion, Literature, and Culture from Emerson to Wendell Berry (Eerdmans, 2007) presented the work of some of the foremost scholars engaged in the intellectual upheavals of the later 19th and early 20th centuries. In Invisible Conversations: Religion in the Literature of America (Baylor, 2009) featured an essay on Dickinson by Elisa New with a response by Barbara Packer.

As an avowedly Christian scholar-teacher, Lundin ranged widely in his explorations of literary theory, hermeneutics, science, art, theology, and approaches to teaching. His books and essays drew upon Shakespeare, Blake, Wordsworth, Emerson, Paul Ricoeur, Kenneth Burke, Hans Urr von Balthasar, Karl Barth, and Marilynne Robinson among many others, and memorial tributes by his students on the Wheaton College website reveal how brilliantly he linked all these thinker-aureamplied up to his intellectual standing. Later that year, he gave a paper, “Viscerally from Vesuvius: Dickinson Meets the World,” at the Maryland conference — his first attendance at an EDIS event, though he mentioned several times how he had wanted to attend the Trondheim meeting. We talked then about possibly collaborating for another panel this summer in Paris, and it was when I tried to recruit Roger for that project that I discovered the notice of his death on the Wheaton College, Illinois website.

Emily Dickinson was a central figure in Roger Lundin’s ambitious project of studying American religion and literature with emphasis on the nineteenth century, when science undermined the natural theology that had supported Christian thought and for the first time raised the possibility of unbelief as a tenable and perhaps even necessary response to advancing knowledge. He linked Dickinson to other writers who recognized and responded to such challenges. In Believing Again: Doubt and Faith in a Secular Age (Eerdmans, 2009), Lundin likened him to Herman Melville as one who “found the idea of ‘signing off’ appealing, but also . . . dreaded the thought of being forsaken by God and robbed of divine promises,” who experienced an internal struggle “between the desire to be free of God’s judgment and the fear of being orphaned by his death” (113). That book develops more fully the argument in Emily Dickinson and the Art of Belief where he linked her with Melville, Dostoevsky and Nietzsche, each of whom “took the full measure of the loss of God and bravely tried to calculate the cost” (148).

The biography gave Lundin opportunity to correct misperceptions of Dickinson’s religious history. It was not Puritanism against which she rebelled but the Whiggish piety of the antebellum Massachusetts Valley. Nor was her adult perspective so much one of defiance as disenchantment along with a restless pursuit of “perenni- al questions about language, consciousness, and God” that advocates of an emerging secular positivism dismissed (216). While admiring her courage in confronting the intellectual upheavals of her time, he also delighted in her metaphoric brilliance and tonal range.

Rogers Lundin’s death last November 13 suddenly took us from an insightful, energetic scholar whose work Dickensianly wove together literary and religious threads, from a gentle, reflective person who relished the intellectual provocations of a hot pursuit, to a convivial, alluring companion whose wit and wisdom appealed to students and colleagues alike. We regret losing his kindly manner, depth of knowledge, scrupu- lous editing skills, and graceful prose. And we may wish for him the blessing he himself evoked with respect to confronting critical camps: “If there is a place for the poor, the dispos- sessed, and even the virtuous on the rumbling lope to heaven, and if the antelope and the lion may both take their place upon the ark, it is too much to hope that in these places and processes, there might be room even for some Constantinians, an Amherst recluse or two, and even a few branch-climbing Cal- vinists!” (Invisible Conversations, 194).

Note

1 Other contributors include Denis Donoghue, Lawrence Buell, Mark A. Noll, Albert J. Raboteau, Katherine Clay Bassard, John Stauffer, Alan Wolfe, Andrew Delbanco, Stanley Hauerwas, and Ralph C. Wood.

Long-time EDIS member Jane Donahue Eberwein is Distinguished Professor of English, emerita, at Oakland University, in Rochester, Michigan. Most recently she co-edited, with Stephanie Farrar and Cuan- nisse Miller, Dickinson in Her Own Time (Iowa, 2015).

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members News

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New EDIS Board Member-At-Large

George Boziwick

George Boziwick is a composer and music librarian with an MA in music composition from Hunter College, and an MLS in Library Service from Columbia University. His compositions, which include a number of Dickinson settings, have been recorded and performed by a variety of ensembles and organizations including Composers Concordance, the Goliard Ensemble, and the Dorothian Wind Quintet. Since 1986 he has been on the staff of The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, first as a music librarian, and Curator of American Music, and most recently since 2006, as Chief of the Music Division.

EDIS members know him best as the co-founder, with Emily Williams, of The Red Skies Music Ensemble, whose mission is to present programs that make archives and special collections come alive through research and performance. They have co-created and presented four different programs on Dickinson and music, most recently at Harvard University and at the 2015 EDIS Annual Meeting, in Amherst.

George’s area of Dickinson research is a musicological one, focusing on music as an important part of Dickinson’s life and cultural times. He has published blogs on Dickinson and music for both the New York Public Library and the Houghton Library at Harvard University. His article “My Business is to Sing,” Emily Dickinson’s Musical Borrowings was published in the May 2014 Special Issue of the Journal of the Society for American Music, and his forthcoming essay, “Emily Dickinson’s Music Book: A Performatory Exploration,” the source of Red Skies Music Ensemble’s performance at last year’s meeting, is scheduled for publication in the Emily Dickinson Journal in 2016.

He is thrilled and honored to have been elected to the Board of the EDIS, and he looks forward to working with the Board and to bringing his network of composers, performers, presenters, music scholars, and information professionals into the sphere of the Emily Dickinson International Society.

Polly Longsworth Receives 2016 Sammy Award

Polly Longsworth at the Emily Dickinson Exhibition at the New York Botanical Garden in 2010

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As chair of the Martha Dickinson Bianchi Trust, Polly Longsworth helped to establish the Emily Dickinson International Society. The other 2016 Sammy has been awarded to Aaron Lansky, founder of the Yiddish Book Center at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

Longsworth affirmed the honor of receiving a Sammy: “I’m grateful that the Jones Library, an enterprise at the spiritual heart of the Amherst community, will present me one of its awards. I’ve also delighted to be in the company of Aaron Lansky, who has rescued a language from extinction. The ceremony provides me an eight-minute chance to thank the world for inventing libraries, the Jones among them, as places that keep alive and nourish the lifelong joys of reading, research, and writing, without which we’d all be barbarians.”

2016 Emily Dickinson International Society Graduate Student Fellowship

Justin Tackett

The 2016 EDIS Graduate Student Fellowship has been awarded to Justin Tackett. Justin is a PhD candidate in English at Stanford University. He is researching sound technology and poetry from 1850 to 1930 in Britain and America. His dissertation comprises chapters on stethoscopy, phonography, microphony, radiophony, and telegraphy, the last of these focusing on Emily Dickinson. In this chapter, telegraphy represents immediacy and compression of language, elements that also figure prominently in Dickinson’s poetry. He plans to use this generous EDIS fellowship to travel to Amherst for the first time to visit the Houghton, Evergreens, and Dickinson archive, as well as to research the impact of the telegraph (and telephone, initially called the “speaking telegraph”) on the town and Dickinson family. Most recently, he has published articles on Victorian periodicals and Gerard Manley Hopkins, with an article on inklings member Charles Williams forthcoming this summer.

2017 EDIS Fellowship Prizes

The EDIS announces a Graduate Student Fellowship award of $1,000 in support of graduate student scholarship on Emily Dickinson. The project need not be devoted solely to Dickinson, but her work should be a substantial focus. The award may be used for any expense incurred to advance the project. Preference will be given to applicants in the dissertation stage or writing a work aimed at publication. To apply, please send a cv, a cover letter, a 600-800 word project description, a brief bibliography, and contact information for two references to Eliza Richards at ecr@email.unc.edu. Applications are due by January 15, 2017. Applicants will be notified of final decisions by March 1.

The Emily Dickinson International Society invites applications for the 2017 Dickinson Scholar Award, which supports new research on Dickinson. The project need not be devoted solely to Dickinson, but her work should be a substantial focus. The award of $2,000 may be used for any expense incurred to advance the project. Preference will be given to applicants with completed PhDs who are in the early stages of their careers. To apply for the award, please submit: a cv, a cover letter, a 600-800 word project proposal, a brief bibliography, and a preliminary budget to ecr@email.unc.edu. Deadline for applications is January 15, 2017. Applicants will be notified of final decisions by March 1.

2016 Emily Dickinson International Society Scholar in Amherst Award

Gillian Osborne

The 2016 EDIS Scholar in Amherst Award has been granted to Gillian Osborne. Gillian is a postdoctoral fellow in English at Harvard University’s Center for the Environment, where her research and writing interests include American literature, poetry and poetics, and environmental history. She holds degrees from Columbia University (in comparative literature) and the University of California at Berkeley (in creative writing and English) and has taught at UC-Berkeley, Bard College, and San Quentin Correctional Facility. Her work on Dickinson has appeared in the Emily Dickinson Journal and The Boston Review, and she has published poems in such journals as The Threepenny Review and Volt.

Her current book project investigates how nineteenth-century American writers, desiring a closer communion with the natural world, could long for both an end to literature and the intensification of literary faculties. Focusing her investigations through Dickinson and Thoreau, she considers authors and naturalists on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite their differences, these authors focalize a common sensibility of the period – a faith in fundamental literary practices of thought, reading, writing, and figuration as a means of connecting humans to the earth. For more information, see www.emilydickinsoninternational.org
**Residue of Adz**

**Dickens in Dickinson**

**By Alex Duvall**

A llusions to the works of writers Emily Dickinson admired in her youth do appear in her poetry. “So bashful when I spied her!” (391) contains a direct reference to the character Alfred Jingle, and his exploitative actions in Charles Dickens’ first novel, *The Pickwick Papers*. Dickinson regularly quoted Dickens in letters, sometimes even as if his characters are living in Amherst (e.g., “J.30”.

In Pickwick, Mr. Jingle has won the friendship of the Pickwick Club, and has been invited to stay at Dingley Dell with the Wardle family. Mr. Wardle, an aged country gentleman, has a sister of a similar age who has never married. Mr. Jingle reveals his true colors to the club and takes advantage of the situation: “It was a remarkable coincidence perhaps, but it was nevertheless a fact that Mr. Jingle within five minutes of his arrival at Manor Farm on the preceding night, had inwardly resolved to lay siege to the heart of the Spinster Aunt, without delay.” Here, Mr. Jingle makes his move to flatter the old woman, stealing the opportunity to woo the spinster sister of Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell, in order to run off with her and marry her for her money.

The poem takes on a narrative perspective of Dingley Dell, in order to run off with her and marry her for her money. The poem takes on a narrative perspective of Dickens’ novel about the Spinster Aunt, without delay.” Here, Mr. Jingle makes his move to flatter the old woman, stealing the opportunity to woo the spinster sister of Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell, in order to run off with her and marry her for her money.

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A Route of Evanesce
With a revolving Wheel;
A Resonance of Emerald,
A Rush of Cochineal;
And every Blossom on the Bush
Adjusts it’s tumbled head, –
The Mail from Tunis – probably,
An easy Morning’s Ride. (Fr1489)