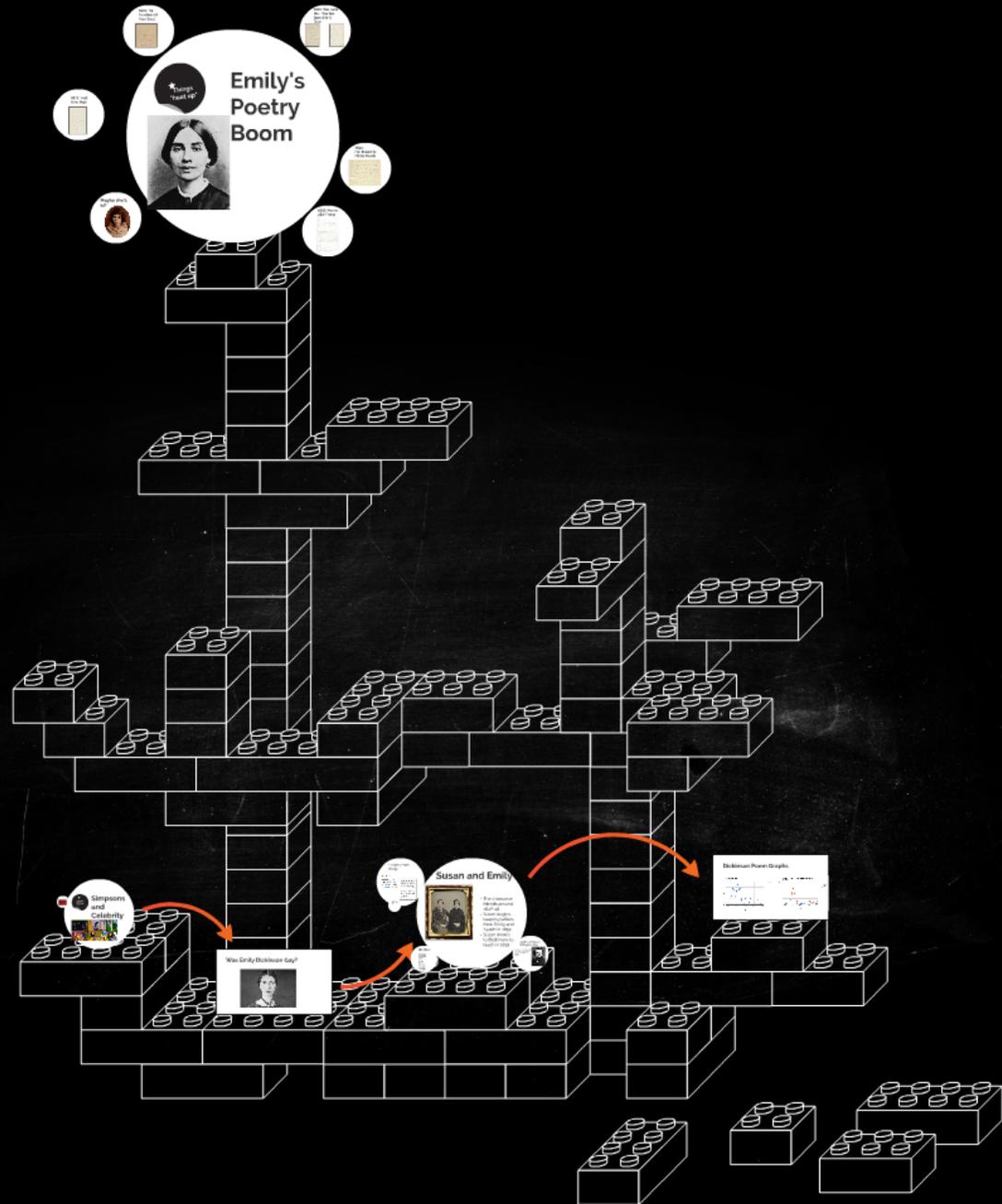


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# Final Project



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# Final Project

# Simpsons and Celebrity

★  
Where I  
started

Emily Dickinson!!



Emily Dickinson!!

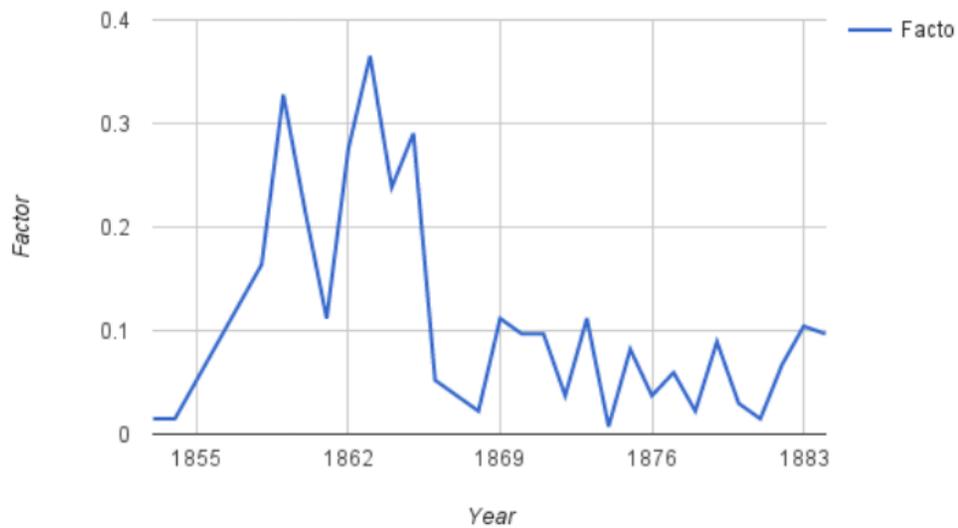


# Was Emily Dickinson Gay?

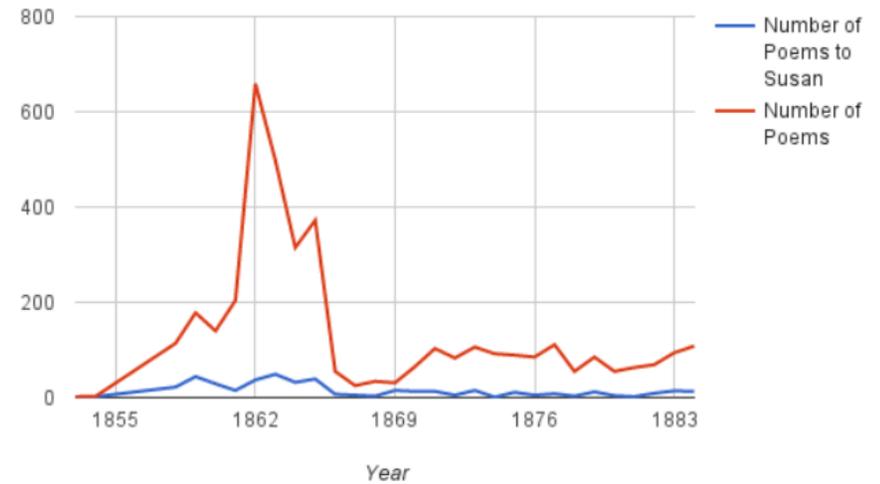


# Dickinson Poem Graphs

Factor vs. Year



Number of Poems to Susan and Number of Poems



# Susan and Emily



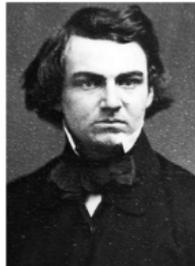
- The 2 become friends around 1847-48
- Susan begins keeping letters from Emily and Austin in 1850
- Susan moves to Baltimore to teach in 1851

## Mid 1850s

- 1855: Austin and Emily's mother falls very ill
- Emily becomes more reclusive
- 1856: Austin and Susan are married

## Austin and Susan Sitting in a Tree

Austin and Susan are engaged in 1853



# Letters From Emily

Early June, 1852

They are cleaning house today, Susie, and I've made a flying retreat to my own little chamber, where with affection, and you, I will spend this my precious hour, most precious of all the hours which dot my flying days, and the one so dear, that for it I barter everything, and as soon as it is gone, I am sighing for it again.

I cannot believe, dear Susie, that I have stayed without you almost a whole year long; sometimes the time seems short, and the thought of you as warm as if you had gone but yesterday, and again if years and years had trod their silent pathway, the time would seem less long. And now how soon shall I have you, shall hold you in my arms; you will forgive the tears, Susie, they are so glad to come that it is not in my heart to reprove them and send them home. I don't know why it is -- both there's something in your name, now you are taken from me, which fills my heart so full, and my eye, too. It is not that the mention grieves me, no, Susie, but I think of each "sunnyside" where we have sat together, and lest there be no more, I guess is what makes the tears come. Mattie was here last evening, and we sat on the front door stone, and talked about life and love, and whispered our childish fancies about such blissful things -- the evening was gone so soon, and I walked home with Mattie beneath the silent moon, and wished for you, and Heaven. You did not come, Darling, but a bit of Heaven did, or so it seemed to us, as we walked side by side and wondered if that great blessedness which may be our's sometime, is granted now, to some. Those unions, my dear Susie, by which two lives are one, this sweet and strange adoption wherein we can but look, and are not yet admitted, how it can fill the heart, and make it gang wildly beating, how it will take us one day, and make us all it's own, and we shall not run away from it, but lie still and be happy!

[appno.com/letters/e\\_dickinsn.html#earlyjune1852](http://appno.com/letters/e_dickinsn.html#earlyjune1852)

I need you more and more, and the great world grows wider, and dear ones fewer and fewer, every day that you stay away -- I miss my biggest heart; my own goes wandering round, and calls for Susie -- Friends are too dear to sunder, Oh they are far too few, and how soon they will go away where you and I cannot find them, *don't* let us forget these things, for their remembrance *now* will save us many an anguish when it is *too late* to love them! Susie, forgive me Darling, for every word I say -- my heart is full of you, none other than you is in my thoughts, yet when I seek to say to you something not for the world, words fail me. If you were here -- and Oh that you were, my Susie, we need not talk at all, our eyes would whisper for us, and your hand fast in mine, we would not ask for language -- I try to bring you nearer, I chase the weeks away till they are quite departed, and fancy you have come, and I am on my way through the green lane to meet you, and my heart goes scampering so, that I have much ado to bring it back again, and learn it to be patient, till that dear Susie comes. Three weeks -- they can't last always, for surely they must go with their little brothers and sisters to their long home in the west!

I shall grow more and more impatient until that dear day comes, for till now, I have only *mournd* for you; now I begin to *hope* for you.

Dear Susie, I have tried hard to think what you would love, of something I might send you -- I at last say my little Violets, they begged me to let *them* go, so here they are -- and with them as Instructor, a bit of knightly grass, who also begged the favor to accompany them -- they are but small, Susie, and I fear not fragrant now, but they will speak to you of warm hearts at home, and of something faithful which "never slumbers nor sleeps" -- Keep them 'neath your pillow, Susie, they will make you dream of blue-skies, and home, and the "blessed contrie"! You and I will have an hour with "Edward" and "Ellen Middleton", sometime when you get home -- we must find out if some things contained therein are true, and if they are, what you and me are coming to!

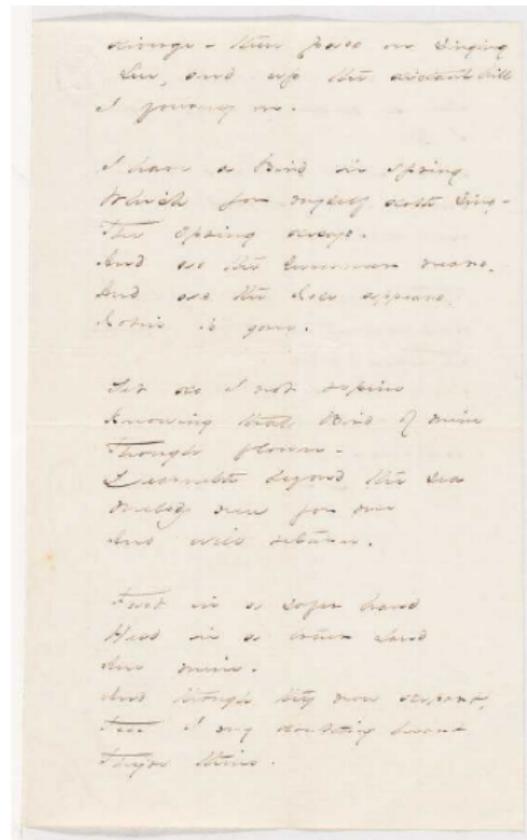
Now, farewell, Susie, and Vinnie sends her love, and mother her's, and I add a kiss, shyly, lest there is somebody there! Don't let them see, *will* you Susie?

Emilie --

A poem Emily  
sent Susan in  
1854



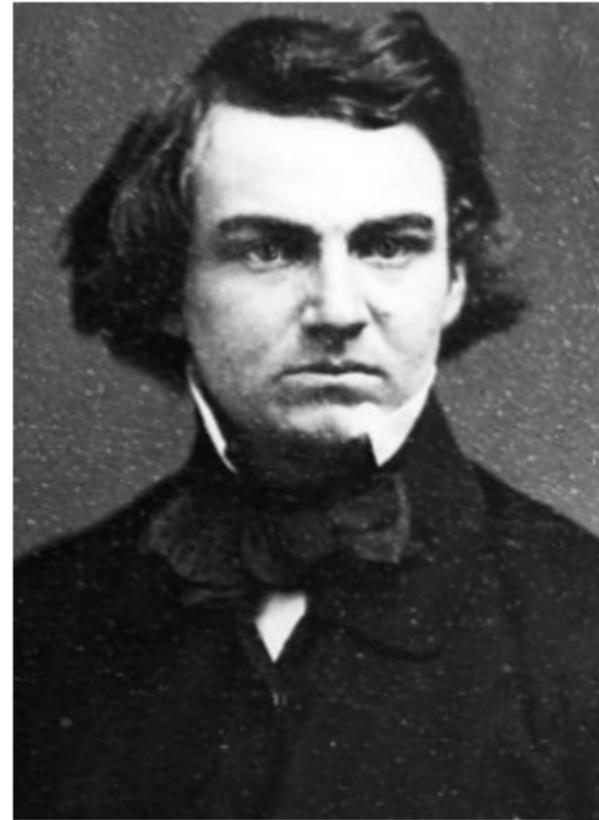
# A poem Emily sent Susan in 1854



es  
e to  
51

## Austin and Susan Sitting in a Tree

Austin and Susan  
are engaged in  
1853



# Mid 1850s

- **1855:** Austin and Emily's mother falls very ill
- **Emily** becomes more reclusive
- **1856:** Austin and Susan are married

# Emily's Poetry Boom

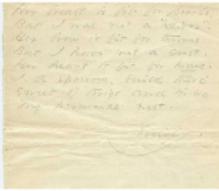
★ Things  
"heat up"



Maybe she's  
bi?



1859:  
Her Breast is  
Fit for Pearls



1858: Morns  
Like These



# 1858: Morns Like These



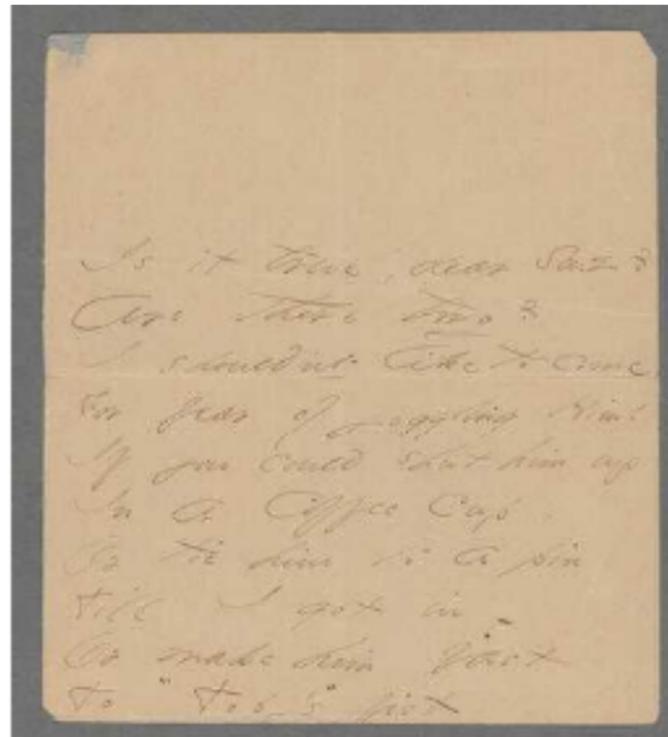
# 1859: Her Breast is Fit for Pearls

Her breast is fit for pearls,  
But I was not a "Silver".  
Her brow is fit for thrones  
But I have not a crest.  
Her heart is fit for home.  
A Sparrow, build there  
Sweet of trigs and bring  
Dry perennial nest.

Emily

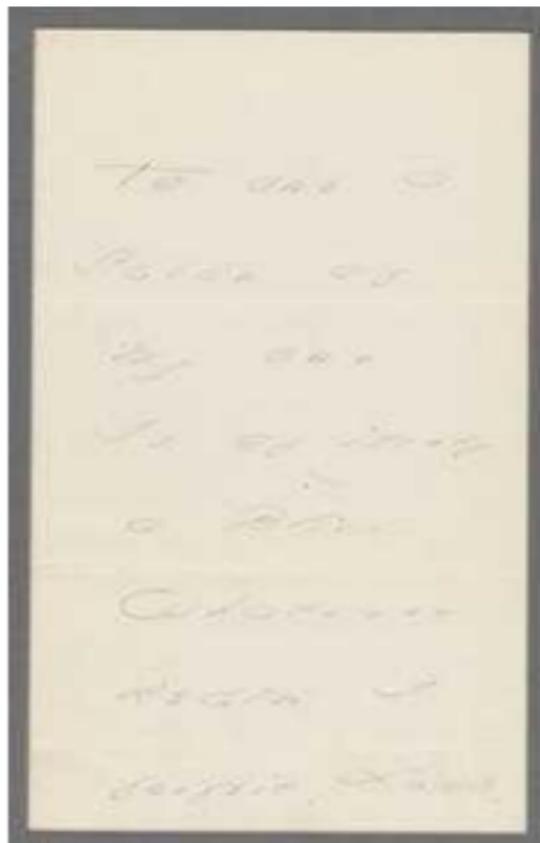


# 1862: He Fumbles at Your Soul



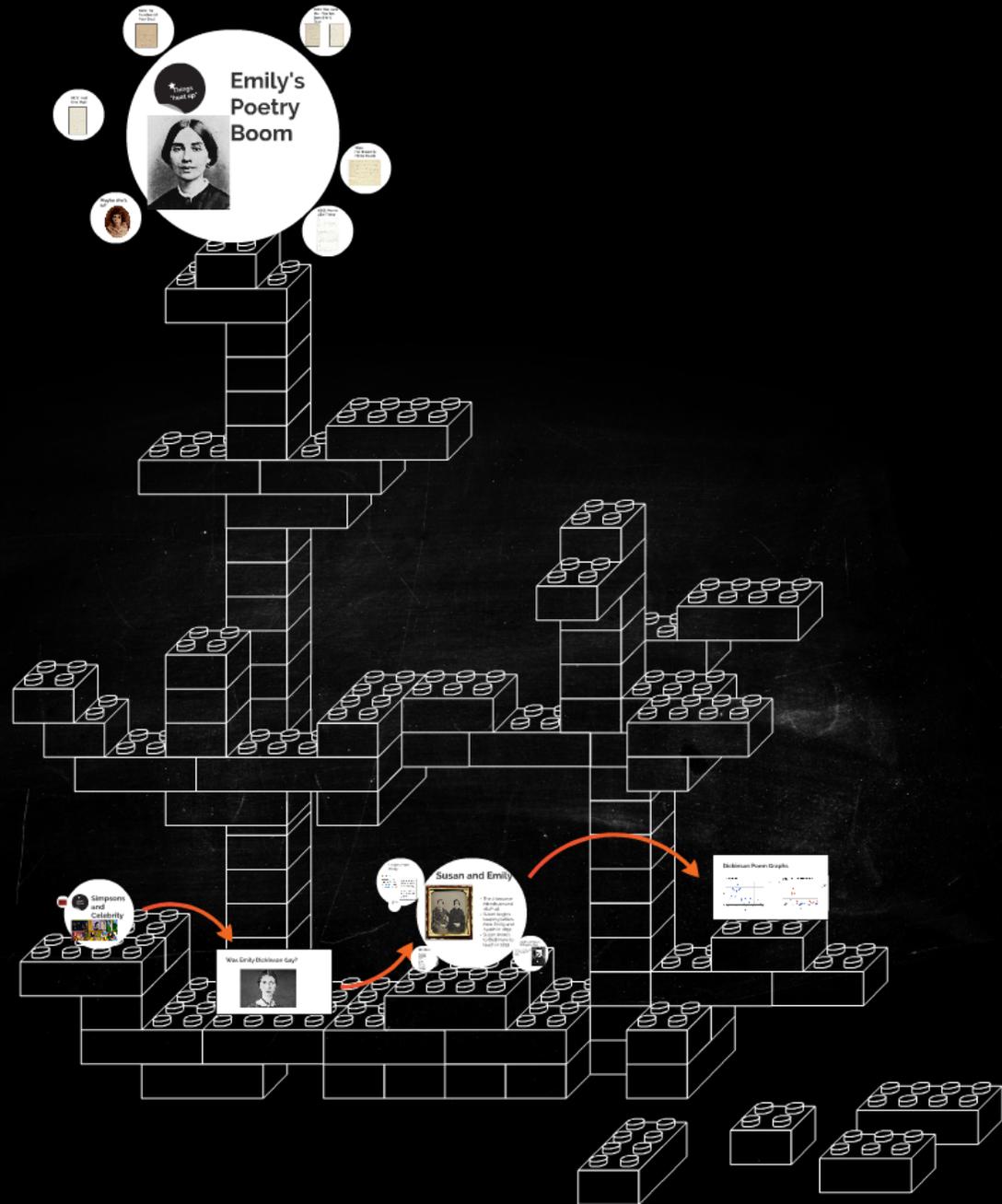
Is it true, dear Sam?  
Care there too?  
I should not like to come  
on feet of eggling  
If you could put him up  
In a Coffee Cup.  
To tie him in a pin  
till I get in.  
Do make them part  
to "The 5" part

# 1877: Last One, Yay!



**Maybe she's  
bi?**





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