

The New York Browning Society, Inc. Newsletter

Founded in 1907

Date Wednesday, February 26th 2025

Time 6:00– 7:45pm

Place Jefferson Market Library 3rd Floor

425 Avenue of the Americas

Jane LeCroy

Victorian Browning
Tea Party & Séance



Our Annual Browning Poem surprise! Step into the Browning Victorian vocabulary and work a path through the woods of language in this activity based meeting that has a puzzle quality that you will have fun solving.

Wear your Victorian best! Or not. You can simply bring a Victorian prop to add to the atmosphere. We'll have tea and poems in a Victorian parlor game vibe in the Mae West Room.

More action than lecture, this meeting will have us diving poems in an automatic séance of original Browning works and the results will be thrilling. A playful way to access the classics and wear another's skin.

Diary by E.B.B – A Look Inside.

Diary by E.B.B is a book edited and introduced by former President Philip Kelley & Ronald Hudson. It is an invaluable and fascinating document of her found papers from 1831 to 1832. She asks in it "... how can I write a diary without throwing down upon paper my thoughts, all my thoughts—the thoughts of the heart as well as of my head?" Let us share an entry that only her sister Arabella would have been privileged of seeing, and as Ba put it, "let behind the scenes."



Jane LeCroy is a featured character in the Poetry Brothel NYC, and has a few bands to get her poetry out in the world, her records are streaming everywhere. She teaches poetry to kids and publishes their work at UptownStories.org Three Rooms Press published her multimedia book of lyrical poems, "Signature Play." Pink Tree press JUST published a new collection of her poetry this year, "[Spellbook of Ordinary Mistakes](#)."





EBB Diary Entry Hope End 1831

Poetical Thought is a venerable old lady with all the fire of youth about her,—& boasts of having led Homer about in leading strings, & whipped many a poet with his own bay. She is still a great dresser, & flirts away most vigorously with the Words, who continue her humble servants tho' at variance with the rest of the family. Indeed in order to pay her attention they sacrifice their own dignity & decorum, & submit to all her caprices, even to allowing themselves to be *cut & slurred over*,—and HER reputation has in some degree suffered by her intimacy with them. I except from these observations one branch of the Words, yclepped Technical Terms, who are a stiff necked set of people, & never approached her in their lives without giving her reason to be sorry for it,—and now they are upon no kind of *terms* with her. They are intimate with Philosophical Thought. Philosophical Thought & Poetical Thought used to be good friends,—but lately whenever they meet in Paternoster Row where they both like walking, Poetical Thought looks another way. From the beginning there have been temporary coldnesses between them,—and they had one serious quarrel about Plato, whom Poetical Thought never names without shaking her head & letting the tears come into her eyes.

But the other members of our family must not be so long dwelt upon. I will mention them briefly. There are Thoughts of the present, who will make you both smile & sigh,—and Thoughts of the future, who are far too flighty,—& Thoughts of the past, who are very bad company. There are merry Thoughts, who will almost kill you with laughing,—and sad Thoughts, who will go to your heart,—& provoking Thoughts, who are sure to come in with your most frequent morning visitors. There are hacknied Thoughts, who have patronized Murray since L^d Byron's death,—and new Thoughts, who take a great deal upon themselves, and will introduce you into a very mixed society. There are witty Thoughts, who are very amusing but hard to be met with,—and foolish Thoughts, who are more sociable, & according to the general opinion, quite as agreeable. There are aspiring Thoughts, who wear their beavers up,—and humble Thoughts, who are quite out of fashion. They associate with Religious Thoughts: and *they*—oh nobody thinks of *them!*— There are besides free Thoughts, who go to a Unitarian Chapel; and vain Thoughts, who often talk of human goodness & happiness,—and idle Thought, who is — —myself.

Now with regard to myself, the Words abuse me cruelly,—but Lord Byron says “All words are *idle*”,—so that they should keep their abuse to *themselves*. Does anyone enquire about my capabilities,—I will answer him thus. I can make time pass as pleasantly as most of my relatives. I will sit with you while you are fishing, for hours together,—and watch the clouds for you, out of the window,—& draw portraits for you, in the fire,—and build castles for you, in the air,—and write dissertations for you, like *these presents*. You will commend me I am sure,—but if you do or do not, you will make use of me.

Before I conclude, let me entreat you to consider the wrongs of our family. Are we to be chained & imprisoned by that branch of the Words, called epithets? Are we to be thrown into the shade by the vile conduct of Words who appear incognito? Are we to be absolutely knocked down by Words of six syllables? Are we to be subject to the aspersions of the world,—such as “A Thought strikes me”—and to its contempt—such as, “A penny for your Thoughts”? Let me entreat you to assist us: and I am ready to assure you, in behalf of all our illustrious house, that as we have ever been so we shall ever be

Yours to command.



EBB at Case Guidi in Florence with Flush by Vanessa Bell

“Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round and pluck blackberries.”
— Elizabeth Barrett Browning

What's the earth With all its art,
verse, music, worth – Compared
with love, found, gained, and kept?

Robert Browning

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Join Us and bring a friend!
The Mae West Room
3rd Floor – Jefferson Market
Library – THIS Wednesday
2/26/25 6pm! Victorians
Unite! Dress to impress!
www.nybrowning.org

