Transcript
Dead Ladies Show Podcast Episode 36
Shirley Jackson

(Dead Ladies Show Music - ‘Little Lily Swing’ by Tri-Tachyon)

SUSAN STONE: Welcome to the Dead Ladies Show Podcast. The Dead Ladies Show celebrates women both overlooked and iconic who achieved amazing things against the odds. And we do it through live history storytelling. I'm Susan Stone, and I'm here more or less with Dead Ladies Show co-founder Florian Duijsens. Hey!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Hi Susan! It’s so nice to see you.

SUSAN STONE: Skype-erific! We’re in Berlin, well, I‘m in Berlin. And Florian is in…?

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: I’m in Holland. I’m at my parents. My first time seeing them since March, I think? They’re well. This is the good news.

SUSAN STONE: That is good. That is wonderful. You know, sometimes our worthy Dead Ladies Show also has another home away from home.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: I know! So we have a regular show in Belgium, I mean it was regular in the before times. They’ve done three or four different ones and they still have some scheduled for December, talking about wonderful sociologist Fatema Mernissi for instance, or about a Dutch explorer and photographer that I might talk about at some point in the English version of the podcast, called Alexine Tinné. She seems really cool And they also have live music, singing songs by Marlene Dietrich and Claire Waldoff, so that’s a big bonus for living in Belgium.

SUSAN STONE: That’s lovely! It is, and we had Claire Waldoff as well in live shows, and hopefully someday on the podcast, too. Now, before we get to today’s event, I want to bring our Berlin friends up to date about what we are doing with our live show in Berlin.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Oh, so what we’re doing is, we’re having a little break during the winter months. And then as soon as the weather will allow us to sit outside semi-comfortably and not get wet or snowed on, like late April, we’re planning to do sort of almost monthly shows actually throughout the warmer months of the year. Very much stay tuned for that, and sign up for our newsletter on the website if you want to know more about when we start again.

SUSAN STONE: Yes, excellent. So back to our regularly scheduled info. Yeah, so the show that we’re featuring today comes from…

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: It comes from our friends at the Dead Ladies Show New York, also in the before times. It's hosted there by our friend Molly O'Laughlin Kemper at the KGB Bar Red Room, which is a lovely place to be.

SUSAN STONE: I would love to see it in person someday. Many of you however can right now, because the KGB Bar has recently reopened in a socially distant way, so it's a little bit limited, but if you're in New York, put on a mask, drop by, and show them some love. Speaking of masks, I love a spooky story in October, even though right now, the real world's frankly scary enough. So I've selected a talk about the acclaimed author of some of the most chilling tales in contemporary American literature, Shirley Jackson. Now I did get the feeling that the scariest part of her story might not be the supernatural, but 1950's patriarchy. But, you know, I'm kind of getting ahead of myself. Florian, tell us about our presenter, please.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: I'm very happy to do so. Her name is Krista Ahlberg, she is a copyeditor in New York City, and this is what she told us about herself. She loves grammar and ghosts in equal measure. When not reading young adult novels for fun and profit — wow, that's really nice, by the way — she is probably attempting to sew from vintage patterns or watching competition reality TV from ten years ago.

SUSAN STONE: Ok. Hi it, Krista!

KRISTA AHLBERG: Imagine that you live in a small town in New England, and one day in late June, you gather with your fellow townspeople to draw slips of paper out of a box. If you draw a paper with a black mark on it, you've won the lottery. And your neighbors, family, and friends will throw rocks at you and stone you to death. This is the plot of the short story "The Lottery"—sorry I just spoiled it for all two of you who didn't have to read it in high school. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Most people know the story —its twist ending tends to stick in the mind—and it's one of the most anthologized short stories of all time.

Now imagine that you live in a small town in New England, and one day in late June, you go downtown to pick up a copy of *The New Yorker*, which has one of your stories in it. This is what happened to Shirley Jackson, and as she told it, it was the last time she was ever able to go about her life in anonymity, before the publication of "The Lottery" upended things and made her a household name. These days, if you know Shirley Jackson's name at all, you probably know her for "The Lottery" or for her novel *The Haunting of Hill House*, though I have to say my favorite story is "The Tooth," which I wrote a very earnest essay about in college. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) You may have seen this well-known photo of Shirley, and you might think of her as a bit of a madwoman in the attic, obsessed with the creepy and macabre.

But in reality, Shirley Jackson was a whole bunch of contradictions wrapped up in a pretty awesome lady. She was born in California in 1916, though when she got married she listed her birth year as 1919 so as to appear to be younger than her husband), (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) and she loved her home state, even though she spent most of

her life on the East Coast. She didn't like having her picture taken, but she did draw many cartoons of herself, (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) in which her hair is always flying out as if she's being electrocuted.

She was born into a wealthy family, but she did often felt like an outsider. She wasn't as girly as her mother wanted her to be, and she preferred reading books about witchcraft to learning traditional feminine skills. Her mom was a real piece of work; there's really no other term for her. She was critical of Shirley throughout her life, and even when Shirley moved away she constantly sent letters criticizing Shirley's looks, her weight, her housekeeping skills, and her writing. Fun fact: three of Shirley's novels include a main character who kills her own mother. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

According to her diary and letters, Shirley always had a crush on some boy, yet the most impactful relationships of her young life were her friendships with women. She had a best friend, Dorothy, through high school, who features in some of her early stories, and in college became friends with a French exchange student named Jeanou, who she kept in touch with for many years and who was godmother to one of her daughters. Here's a picture of them which I love, how cute and happy they look. Close female friendships tend to invite speculation, and at the time Shirley wrote about people thinking she and Jeanou were lesbians. There have also been numerous critical readings of lesbian themes in her fiction, especially her second novel, *Hangsaman*, about a girl who is assaulted at a party, then goes to college and becomes friends with a girl who may or may not be real. Shirley did push back against this interpretation, saying, "I happen to know what *Hangsaman* is about. I wrote it." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) She also objected to being cited in a book of lesbian critical theory and at one point referred to lesbians as "unholy," which, yikes, but as Ruth Franklin says it in her recent biography of Shirley, which I drew from a lot for this presentation, the reaction was likely more about her fiction being interpreted in a way she didn't intend, a loss of control over what she wrote, and her potentially lesbian characters fall under her preoccupation with writing characters who were outsiders or outcast— she also wrote empathetically about black and Jewish characters. And later, in *The Haunting of Hill House*, she included a character who, at least in an early draft, is overtly identified as a lesbian.

In college Shirley met her husband, Stanley Edgar Hyman — he's a cutie. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) He was very smart and charismatic. Shirley found in him an intellectual equal, and they definitely super loved each other, but he was also kind of terrible to her. They immediately had very strong feelings for each other—Stanley told people that he knew he was going to marry her as soon as he read her story in the college literary magazine, because he thought her writing was so great, which you can choose to believe or not. But some letters they wrote to each other in college are super intense. Shirley once wrote a poem to him that included the line "Your intellect is a half-crazed centaur." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) They also had a bit of a forbidden love thing going on, since Stanley was Jewish and Shirley wasn't, and their parents opposed the relationship. Neither of their parents came to the wedding, and Shirley's parents didn't

even know they were married until several years later. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS AND GROANS)

But even though he loved Shirley, Stanley also was pretty firmly opposed to monogamy. He was open about this with Shirley, and would even write her letters about his exploits with other women. She was not into this. She spent a lot of time throughout their dating life and marriage being jealous of him spending time with other women. He tended to pretty much ignore any complaint she had about it. Once in college she wrote him a breakup letter and he responded by calling her letter-writing style 'marvelous.' (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

In Shirley's nonfiction writing, he's portrayed as a grumpy fixture in an armchair, who would rather read the newspaper or talk to strangers about his coin collection than do anything to help with childcare or housework. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) It's played for laughs in those essays, and it definitely was the norm in the fifties for men not to help with anything, but Shirley was clearly annoyed by it, based on some of her cartoons. In this one, she's carrying a bunch of groceries and Stanley is sitting reading a newspaper and saying, "Dear, you know the doctor said you weren't to carry anything heavy." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) And in the next one she's holding a baby by the ankle, looking perplexed, and he's lying in bed saying, "I thought I'd rest awhile, dear. I did three paragraphs all at once and it tired me out." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

They were both writers, though Stanley wrote literary criticism, not fiction, and they were competitive about it. Shirley writes somewhat jokingly about them having a contest to see who could get a book published first, which Shirley won. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) She was much more successful than him, and for most of their marriage she was the primary wage earner. But he still handled all the money for the family, which Shirley resented. He also acted as something of a combination editor and critic for her —and thought of himself as having "discovered her." At one point he pompously told a friend that she "had no idea what the things she wrote meant." Clearly, he thought it was up to him to explain it to her.

Of course, a very important relationship in her life, in some ways even more so than with her husband and children, was with writing. Shirley had been writing all her life, and she had been published in high school and college literary journals, but her first professional publication was in 1941, when she was twenty-five, just about a year before her first child was born. The story is called "My Life with R.H. Macy," and it's a very relatable story about the mundane horrors of working in retail. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) The majority of Shirley's fiction can be characterized as gothic—stories about creepy old houses, uncanny, possibly supernatural characters who upset the balance of the protagonist's life, and the darkness present inside the human mind.

She sold a handful of stories a year to literary magazines through the 40s, and her first novel came out in 1948, though it was a bit of a disappointment both critically and financially. But then came "The Lottery," which was immediately a sensation—*The New Yorker* got more letters about it than they had ever gotten for a story before. In these

letters, the story got such varied responses as “Do such tribunal rituals exist and if so where?”, (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) “I expect a personal apology from the author,” and “It certainly is modern.”

In “Biography of a Story,” her essay about the process of writing “The Lottery,” Shirley says over and over that it’s “just a story” and that she didn’t have any particular interpretation in mind when she wrote it. Is this true? Who knows? She certainly wasn’t opposed to exaggerating the truth in nonfiction if it made a better story. “Biography of a Story” paints a very romantic picture of the writing of “The Lottery,” but it certainly isn’t true in the strictest sense—she says that it was published weeks after she wrote it and with only one revision—which we know from her correspondence with *The New Yorker* wasn’t the case. But it is a great story about a story, and certainly played into the public’s fascination with “The Lottery” and its creator.

A few years after it was published, Shirley recorded herself reading “The Lottery” allegedly with a glass of bourbon in hand for her nerves, and it’s one of the only recordings of her voice that exists, so let’s listen to that now. Possibly. Yeah, in addition to not liking having her picture taken or being recorded, she also was really opposed to any sort of publicity, so they had to do the recording locally, and let her bring her alcohol in with her (AUDIENCE LAUGHS). I think also at least one of her kids was there for moral support.

SHIRLEY JACKSON ON TAPE READING “THE LOTTERY”: The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o’clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took only about two hours, so it could begin at ten o’clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

KRISTA AHLBERG: After its success, Shirley did admit some fear that she would thereafter be known for “The Lottery” and nothing else. But at least during her lifetime, Shirley was as much if not more well-known for her humorous essays about her family and home life, and those stories also tended to pay better. She started writing short pieces for women’s magazines in the late forties, and in 1953 her book *Life Among the Savages* came out. The savages in question are her very adorable children. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS Here they are on the back of the book jacket. They apparently didn’t always enjoy being written about, though. Her daughter Sarah later complained, “Every month, our family was exposed again in *Ladies’ Home Journal*.”

These essays have the same quality of sardonic understatement as her fiction, but without too much horror. And they’re very funny, so if you don’t like scary stuff but do enjoy hijinks with children, I highly recommend them.

In *The Feminine Mystique*, which came out about ten years after the publication of *Life Among the Savages*, Betty Friedan criticized Shirley for being a woman writer who wrote about herself as though she was "just a housewife." Shirley didn't identify as a feminist, but she was clearly aware of the dual roles that women were asked to play at the time, the push-pull between having a family and having a career: there's an oft-quoted story about her going to the hospital to have her third child, and when they ask her what her job is, she says, "Writer," and they say, "I'll just put down 'housewife'." (AUDIENCE BOOS) And it's worth noting that all of her writing, whether fiction or essay, is focused on women—their thoughts, their feelings, their struggles and their triumphs.

Others were also disappointed that she'd turned from literary horror to "housewife stories," and some were confused as to how the same person could write both. I don't really see them as being all that different, personally. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) There is plenty uncanny and weird in her essays and many anecdotes seem like they'd only need a slight push to turn super gothic. You might know the one about her son Laurence, who comes home every day and complains about a boy in his kindergarten class named Charles who's a troublemaker. At the end of the story, it's revealed that there is no Charles and that Laurence is the one wreaking havoc. The doppelganger basically writes itself.

Shirley did continue to publish literary novels as well as another book of essays, and people continued to wonder how one person could write in both genres. But maybe it's not that complicated. Asked how she could write such different styles, Laurence later said, "The answer is abundantly simple. That's what fiction is. She was a writer, and a good one can use a variety of styles."

And to be honest, people were kind of always confused by Shirley's writing—there are so many reviews of her novels that are basically like, "What does this even mean? I don't understand it — this is a bad." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) It seems like they wanted her to be easily definable, wanted to be able to put her in a box one way or another. Some critics were harsh about *Life Among the Savages* and wished she'd go back to horror, while her editor at *Good Housekeeping* rejected any stories that he found to be "too depressing." Perhaps not surprisingly, most reviewers who didn't like her work were men, and most of the few women reviewers at the time found a lot to like in it.

Critics didn't always take her seriously—writing her off as a housewife, or a *bad* housewife, or a witch— but she also really cultivated these different personas for herself depending on who she was talking to. She played up her knowledge of witchcraft, which was extensive — to alarm or entice interviewers, like when she joked about breaking her husband's publisher Alfred A. Knopf's leg by magic during a contract dispute, (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) but there were also interviews where she acted like stories were something she just dashed off between her real work of putting dinner on the table. Sometimes this switching of identities seemed to grate on her; other times she was amused by it.

There are also a lot of people, then and now, who want to draw connections between Shirley's real life and her fiction, who want to figure out what the "real" story is. It's clear that many of her stories do have a root in things she saw or experienced. She talked openly about getting inspiration from real-life things, but she said in a lecture that an "accurate account of an incident is not a story"—she could start with something that actually happened, but would generally change almost every detail before it became a story to her. I want to steer away from making a lot of comparisons between her life and work, because in my opinion it's usually women writers who people are trying to play this game of where-did-the-idea-come-from with, as though they suspect that women aren't inventive enough to come up with things on their own. I don't think there's any doubt that Shirley was creative enough.

With her final two novels, *The Haunting of Hill House*, about a research team investigating a haunted house, and *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*, about two sisters who live alone and may have murdered the rest of their family, Shirley saw a lot more critical and commercial success. One review said, "Shirley Jackson looks at the world as practically nobody ever does and describes it in a way almost anybody would like to emulate." More people finally seemed to get what she was going for, though some still saw only the surface-level qualities of each novel—a ghost story and a whodunit—as opposed to their exploration of human emotions. *Hill House* was also the only book of hers that her husband didn't read, because he found it too frightening, which I think is the only time I have ever related to him. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

But her last two books also coincided with a decline in Shirley's mental and physical health. Shirley suffered from depression to various degrees throughout her life. Her childhood diary describes dramatic mood swings (she had names for her moods as if they were characters), and when she went away to college, she had long episodes of sadness and lethargy, which she described as a "deadening shock." She stopped going to classes or doing homework, and dropped out at the end of her sophomore year, taking a year off before going back.

In a segment I like to call "the fifties, *yikes*," when Shirley went to a doctor about chronic headaches she was having in 1950, he diagnosed her with "nervous tension" and then asked if she wanted to lose weight, because that would help her headaches. He prescribed Dexamyl, which was a mix of amphetamines and barbiturates.And this is an ad for Dexamyl. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) The text says, "to help the depressed and anxiety-ridden housewife who is surrounded by a monotonous routine of daily problems, disappointments, and responsibilities." (AUDIENCE GASPS) Later, she also started taking Valium and "mother's little helper" Miltown, and later the antipsychotic Thorazine, which may have actually increased her anxiety. Here's another horrifying ad I found, though as far as I know, Shirley never took Mornidine. The text reads, "Now she can cook breakfast again…when you prescribe new Mornidine." Which I think accurately describes the daily horror Shirley was living with as a woman in the 1950s.

In 1953 her headaches increased, and she started having nightmares, sleepwalking, memory loss, and crying jags—which she connected to the writing of her novel *The*

Bird's Nest, about a women with four distinct personalities. This continued into 1954, when she couldn't sleep without sleeping pills. In the late fifties, another doctor again told her to lose weight, since she had high blood pressure, and even though Shirley at least at one point had rejected the idea that she should be thin as "claptrap," she started dieting. Her doctor told her to only eat 1,000 calories a day. Unsurprisingly, this extreme dieting did not help her health.

In the early sixties, Shirley became agoraphobic and rarely left her house, experiencing feelings of fear of the outside world, and finding the thought of her usual tasks paralyzing. She also developed colitis in 1961, and broke her ankle the next year, which added more complications to going outside. In 1963, she started seeing a therapist, who helped her get back to her old routine, but didn't do as much to address the underlying issues. As her daughter-in-law put it, "You give her a bunch of pills and if she can go to [the] market that means she's getting better." But he did seem to help her in some ways, and in 1964 she went on a lecture tour of colleges and began writing again. She was excited about the new novel she was working on, which she would never finish. In August 1965, when she was 48-years-old, she took an afternoon nap and never woke up—she'd died of a coronary occlusion.

The attempt to try to categorize Shirley's life and her writing continued after her death. In 1966, only a year after she died, her husband wrote an introduction to a posthumously published collection of short stories in which he tried to steer the conversation away from interpretations of her work as relating to any darkness in her own self. Interestingly, he was already married again by the time this collection came out, to one of his former students, and obviously his introduction does not go into any of the complications she had either with her writing or with her family.

In 1989, a biography of Shirley Jackson called *Private Demons* came out. I wasn't able to find a copy of it, but the summary given online is "A portrait of Shirley Jackson reveals her less-public life, including her horrifying descent into madness," (AUDIENCE GASPS) and from what I can tell via reviews it spends a significant portion gathering evidence that Shirley was molested as a young person. Whether or not this is true, I don't know. But to me this shows an icky tendency to insinuate that elements of Shirley's fiction must spring from events in her own life.

Ruth Franklin's biography, *A Rather Haunted Life*, came out in 2016 and shows a much more balanced picture, though perhaps because she had unprecedented access to Shirley's notes and letters. I did not, so to me sometimes it does seem to assume Shirley's feelings on various subjects. I don't want to make Shirley sound like an enigma—like, ooh, we can never be sure what she's thinking, she's shrouded in layers of deception. Because she was a person—she was a very smart and talented woman who was good at saying what she meant to say, whether that happened to be the whole truth or not. It's hard to separate writers from their work—and it seems especially hard for women, who must always be categorized instead of seen as universal, the way male writers can be—but I hope I've been able to do that a bit for Shirley, to show the person behind the writer.

There's been an increased interest in Shirley Jackson lately. Every year on June 27th there are "Lottery Day" celebrations of her work. But she is certainly being recognized for more than just "The Lottery." In 2007, the annual Shirley Jackson Awards were created to honor "outstanding achievement in the literature of horror, the dark fantastic, and psychological suspense." Netflix released a TV show of *The Haunting of Hill House* last year, which I'm assured is very good, and they also just released a movie of *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*. The world feels dark right now, and maybe that's why we're turning to the gothic for comfort, looking for ghosts we can banish and safe houses we can lock ourselves up in. Or maybe they're just good stories. I kind of think it's always both. When she was working on *Castle*, Shirley said, "My most basic beliefs in writing are that the identity is all-important and the word is all-powerful." Shirley wrote some all-powerful words, and we're still listening. (AUDIENCE CHEERS AND APPLAUDS)

SUSAN STONE: Krista Ahlberg on Shirley Jackson at the Dead Ladies Show New York, recorded last year at the KGB Bar Red Room. As Krista mentioned, there are a number of recent filmed adaptations of Shirley Jackson stories, and there's also a fairly new one that's not quite a biopic. It's called *Shirley*, and it's directed by, Josephine Decker, a very cool director, and it stars Elizabeth Moss, who is pretty shattering in the title role. It's based actually on a novel about Shirley Jackson from a writer called Susan Scarf Merrell which is a fantastic imagining of Shirley's life with some Jackson-esque elements thrown in. There has been some critique of the film as there was of the book — Jackson's children, which as we've heard were a big part of her life and domestic responsibilities — don't appear in the film; they are actually in the book. And the timeline has also been manipulated to allow for some of the dramatic elements. Still, it's a dreamy, intoxicating film — great for October, great for any month — and I recommend it. Florian, what are your favorite Shirley Jackson stories? And, as Krista said, if you were a high school student in the US, which I was, you read "The Lottery," for sure. When did you first read or encounter Shirley Jackson?

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: So, we didn't read "The Lottery," in high school we read Dutch stuff. I first became aware of Shirley Jackson in high school because there was a remake of the early 60s version of "The Haunting." The remake starred Lili Taylor, who is this sort of big-eyed perennial ingenue-looking turned character actress who I loved. And that movie kind of sucked, so I went back to the original. And then I fell into the wonderful sea of Shirley Jackson books out there, including *Hangsaman* and *The Sundial* which are some weirder books if you can even say that of Shirley Jackson stories; but they're a bit weirder but I love them very much. Not as quite much as I love *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* which is my absolute favorite book of hers. Which is just a perfect novella - perfectly terrifying, perfectly funny. It also boasts the very best first paragraph of any book I've ever read. And I'd love to read it to you. It was published in 1962 for the first time. And here's the first paragraph:

My name is Mary Katherine Blackwood. I am eighteen years old, and I live with my sister Constance. I have often thought that with any luck at all I could have been born a

werewolf, because the two middle fingers on both my hands are the same length, but I have had to be content with what I had. I dislike washing myself, and dogs, and noise. I like my sister Constance, and Richard Plantagenet, and *Amanita phalloides*, the death-cup mushroom. Everyone else in my family is dead.

SUSAN STONE: Phew. Mushroom.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Yeah, the placement of the dead family and the poison mushroom thing, that's foreshadowing right there.

SUSAN STONE: Yeah. There's a film of that, that came out I think last year, it looks very dramatic. I don't know if it was made for Netflix, but it's on Netflix I think at least in the US. Like *The Haunting of Hill House*, as Krista mentioned, I think it's going to be a little too scary for me. Have you seen it?

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: I watched a couple episodes. It's interesting and sort of lavish. They've extended everyone's stories. The crooked neck lady is I guess the scary element. But the second season just launched last week.

SUSAN STONE: Yeah, and that, *The Haunting of Bly Manor*, I guess that has nothing to do with Shirley Jackson, correct?

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: No. I guess it's the Shirley Jackson extended universe.

SUSAN STONE: Yes! Could be worse. Well, I guess we can put some links to trailers and ways that people can watch and read some of Shirley's stuff.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Yes, for sure. We'll have some links to all things Shirley including her cartoons, her reading of "The Lottery" in full, and some of those vintage pharmaceutical ads, at our website, deadladiesshow.com, and we'll also be featuring Shirley on our social media channels, which you can find via @deadladiesshow.

SUSAN STONE: If you know someone who prefers to read their podcasts, well, we have transcripts! They're all thanks to our supporters, including the newest addition, Robyn Miller. Thank you, Robyn.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Thank you Robyn! Our talk this episode comes from the New York Dead Ladies Show, which is hosted and curated, as I said earlier, by the lovely Molly O'Laughlin Kemper with support from Nicholas Kemper and Christopher Neil, as well as Lori Schwartz, general manager of the KGB Bar Red Room.

SUSAN STONE: That kicky music you're hearing behind us is our theme song, Little Lily Swing by Tri-Tachyon. The Dead Ladies Show was founded by Florian Duijsens and Katy Derbyshire. The podcast is created, produced and edited by me, Susan Stone. Thanks Florian!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Thank you, Susan!

SUSAN STONE: And thanks to everybody out there listening! See you next time!

(Dead Ladies Show Music - ‘Little Lily Swing’ by Tri-Tachyon)

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