

Transcript
Dead Ladies Show Podcast Episode 27
Margaret Fountaine

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

SUSAN STONE: Welcome to the Dead Ladies Show Podcast, I'm Susan Stone. The Dead Ladies Show celebrates women — both overlooked and iconic — who achieved amazing things against all odds while they were alive. And we do it through women's history storytelling on stage - here in Berlin and beyond. Once again, I'm joined by Dead Ladies Show co-founder Katy Derbyshire. Welcome!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Hello, once again!

SUSAN STONE: Katy, you're busy getting ready for our live show at ACUD next week on November 19th, as well as upcoming publishing adventures in London, so thanks for coming over to record the podcast!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Oh, well, it's all those Dead Ladies on my mind, how could I not?

SUSAN STONE: And our other stalwart Dead Ladies Show co-founder is going to present today's Dead Lady, it's the one and only Florian Duijsens!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: That's right! Florian is a writer, translator, and an educator, and he's going to tell us about an English lady lepidopterist who lived for love, called Margaret Fountaine.

SUSAN STONE: If you're not familiar with that term, a lepidopterist is a butterfly specialist, and Florian's presentation is full of delightful surprises, actually. I really enjoyed it, and I think you will too. By the way Margaret Fountaine is not to be confused with Margot Fonteyn. Yeah - I did that the first time I googled - who was an English ballet dancer. Butterflies, not ballet - another flight of fancy. Though I'm sure Dame Margot would be a great subject for our show as well.

KATY: Oh yes, maybe one day! So here's Florian from the stage at Berlin's ACUD.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS ON TAPE: In the spring of 1978 — um, I was in utero — and only a few local journalists were present at Norwich's Castle Museum for the opening of one japanned box — I imagine that's like a black lacquered box — that'd been donated with the stipulation that it'd only be opened in 1978. Margaret Fountaine had also left the museum her collection of 22,000 butterflies, so the curators were expecting the box to hold her entomological manuscripts. But no. The box held 12 identically-bound volumes the size of phonebooks containing diaries Margaret had started aged 15, almost exactly to the day 100 years before, in 1878.

Never one to do things by the books, Margaret had originally conceived of the diaries as snapshots of April 15th, a day celebrated in her family as her day, it wasn't

her birthday, it wasn't her name day, it was just her special day. After a few years she realized that these required more backstory to be explained, so every year she wrote up the 12 months prior, pasting in mementoes, adding an index of illustrations and a brisk suggested reading time? Like Medium — (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) that soon ballooned from minutes into hours. In a letter, she also added a caveat to her future readers: "I feel it incumbent upon me to offer some sort of apology for much that is recorded herein, especially during the first few years when ... I naturally passed through a rather profitless and foolish period of life such as was, and no doubt is still, prevalent among very young girls, though perhaps more so then, 100 years ago, when the education of women was so shamelessly neglected, leaving the uninitiated female to commence life with all the yearnings of nature quite unexplained to her, and the follies and foibles of youth only too ready to enter the hitherto unoccupied and possibly imaginative brain." She signed off as follows: "To the reader, maybe yet unborn, I leave this record of the wild and fearless life of one ... who never grew up, enjoyed greatly and suffered much." Right? That's setting things up. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

Margaret was born 16 May, 1862 in the Norfolk countryside . Her father was a reverend who was more interested in hunting and sports than religion. Though his family went back to the 1360s, he inherited title nor property. Upon his death, Margaret's mother was left with 8 kids and without a home. Margaret's diary starts with her subsequent move to Norwich. A big benefit of moving to the big city meant she could gawk at men. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) The Fountaine sisters even devised a color-coded card system to mark down who they'd spotted during their shopping trips in town. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Whereas her sisters had the hots for curates, Margaret liked musicians, sometimes spending 100 diary pages gushing over men she barely got to speak to, ever, at all.

This is the worst offender — with a jaunty mustache, and a bit of a cowlick there. This is the Irish chorister Septimus Hewson, who is a distant relation of...Bono. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Who she spotted singing in Norwich Cathedral when she was 21. For the next 7 years, she would walk 45 minutes each way every day to go sketching in the often freezing cathedral, despite not being able to talk to him. As she writes: "The dark barrier of rank and position has placed him far, far beneath my reach, and so I may not even go to him even if he calls me." Not that he did. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Theoretically. Eventually she dared send him a letter, likely stunning him with her passionate declarations, though he was enough of a dick not to reply. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Her crush was doomed, as Septimus was an alcoholic, skipping town on his debts. Her only comforts in these fraught years were long walks along the coast with her pet goats. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

Then, a deus ex machina: a beloved uncle died, leaving a sizable amount to the Fountaine sisters — not to the one surviving brother who had been hustled to America, likely because he was gay. Now suddenly sort of independently wealthy, Margaret felt she could totally marry Septimus, (AUDIENCE LAUGHS), so she traveled to Limerick — also called stab city — to find him. He was her first kiss; Margaret was 28. Though he played along with her fantasy of marriage, his uncle stepped in, writing a stern letter to her: "He is in no way worthy of you, and I scarcely think him capable of caring much for anyone but himself."

So with her dream shattered, she felt stuck, spinsterhood seemed like slow death, but marriage didn't seem much better: "to spend a lifetime in one little spot of the great world is to render the mind feeble and contracted, the intellect crippled and deformed," she wrote. Margaret decided she would escape, first to Switzerland, where she rediscovered her childhood game of catching butterflies: "I was a born naturalist," she wrote, "though all these years for want of anything to excite it, it had lain dormant within me."

At first she traveled with a sister or cousin, but soon the rise of the tourism industry — RIP Thomas Cook — made it possible to book trains and hotels from afar. This also had its downsides, as she likened Rome's many tourists to "swarms of flies feeding upon the dead carcass of some wild beast," so her passion for lepidoptery proved a perfect excuse to seek out the solitary wilderness, so free to traipse around in practical or like, more practical attire. She would still encounter men, though on these walks. Men who wanted to carry her basket (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) and offer to show her how butterflies mate, illustrating what they meant "in a manner that was quite unmistakable."

She writes: "A new epoch was beginning in my life which I attributed almost entirely to my having discovered a new and very becoming way of doing my hair." (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) With her "sea of undefined, unuttered desires" as she described it, always astir, no surprise she was almost convinced by one man's plea for "free love" - sex without marriage. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) She wrote: "free love was better than that hallowed by the sanctity of marriage, that those bound in wedlock soon wearied and satiated of one another and then awoke to find themselves for ever bound together, to shiver for a lifetime over the dead embers of an extinct passion, or to break their vows and bring shame and disgrace upon each other, and upon their children." She brushed this free love guy off: "You see that red light so far away? Imagine that little light ten thousand times farther off than we see it now and that is not so far as is the possibility of my allowing *you* to come and see me in my room tonight!" (AUDIENCE CHEERS)

She'd meet all kinds of people, Corsican bandits, Italian barons, and though she remained aware of the class differences between her and these people, she would always name her assistants in her articles, unlike many of her male colleagues. She published the first of these articles in 1897, also the year London's Natural History Museum took the first 44 butterfly specimens from her, starting a fruitful relationship that would last more than 40 years.

On her returns from all these trips to the UK, to Bath where her mom was living, she felt like an alien, so on she traveled, to Holland, which she hated, Germany, not much better. Loved Vienna. She caught some of the last purple emperors there. Which are butterflies. She was rapturous about Hungary, Romania. She even convinced her sister to go on an epic bike tour from Cannes to Venice over 600 kilometers, often riding 80 kilometers per day on a bike with no gears. (AUDIENCE GASPS) Right? In 1898, she became a fellow of the Royal Entomological Society and she felt great, writing: "The life of a spinster, odious as some may figure it in ideal, is as far as my experience of it has gone at present very delightful, and

infinitely preferable to any other.” Besides, she felt fated to be unlucky in love: “The love of a true, good man is forever denied to me. It’s no use for me to try and imagine anything else, therefore I will just get all the pleasure in life, from intercourse with the *bad* men that I meet — by intercourse, she does not mean *that* (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) — that is to say going to the very edge of the precipice, but without falling over it!” She was 33.

Margaret got into breeding butterflies from eggs and caterpillars, both to get sort of perfect specimens — she would kill them, snap their little thoraxes. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) She didn’t like that part, but she would do it. So she would get perfect specimens but she would also learn more about their feeding plants and larval/pupal stages. In Greece, she wrote: “I went back to Athens for two nights, but longed to be back in the wild, free to lead my own unsophisticated life, away from the conventionalities of civilization. Freedom is the crowning joy of life.”

After her favorite sister died, Margaret had no one she loved left in England, so she booked passage to Beirut. Here is when she met the guide and interpreter who would become her partner in life and lepidoptery. At first, she thought little of him, noting his “crushed, almost cowed look.” Khalil Neimy, for that was his name, was from the Christian part of Damascus, having learned English from American missionaries, even spending 4 years in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) This presentation will take you all over the world, ladies and gentlemen! He brought her fresh flowers everyday, but his obsequiousness brought out the worst in her. Still he persisted, kissing her hand, and complementing her legs, and she’d be like, “No!” (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) Still, she softened: “Never had I seen any human face with a look more intensely of joy and gladness depicted upon it...his cheeks were glowing and his eyes were bright with happiness and excitement, and it was little more than the face of a boy.” He was 24, she 39.

Though the very idea of sex disgusted her, or at least the way men had pitched it to her so far, Khalil seemed content to kiss and hold her, and Margaret was swooning: “And then — out there beneath the shadows of those great rocks near Baalbek, on that glorious summer morning I solemnly vowed to him that I would be his wife; and then I said, ‘I have never kissed you once, but now I will give you one kiss for the first time’, and I kissed him on the cheek, which was smooth and pink, and then we held each other’s hands and swore to be true. And all the time the big, brown butterflies flitted unmolested to and fro among the rock.”

Getting married, however, seemed impossible, and since she didn’t want to conform to his rather traditional ideas of how a wife should behave, nor did she like how marrying him would automatically make her an Ottoman subject, losing her rights as a British citizen. She wrote: “I will come under no laws but the laws of my own country, and goodness knows they are bad enough on women, especially married ones.” Yet more than laws and borders would stand in their way, as Margaret received a letter from Khalil’s wife! (AUDIENCE GASPS) I know! (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) So this begins a whole thing. Traveling back and forth to Syria to get to the bottom of this, she learned that he even had two children. Khalil — he explained, he said their marriage had been arranged, and that his wife was a — sex worker, is what we’d say now. He said he would try to get a divorce. While this all

sounds sups sketch to us, (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) it was enough for her, and from reading her diaries it's clear he certainly treated her with love, care, and respect, becoming a true partner in her work, not to mention always, always, always doing her dishes. She wrote: "We worked very hard and we were always underfed, but the days were not long enough to contain all the happiness which was ours in this wonderland in which we found ourselves."

While they had sex, I'm sorry to report Margaret was profoundly disappointed: (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) "all the pleasure is for the man, for the woman remains only a heritage of pain," and Khalil agreed they needn't try again, he would sleep on the couch, or on the floor thereafter. She wrote: "we were both satisfied as it was, and after all we escaped the cares and worries of matrimony, and maybe that satiety which is so often the unwelcome guest to the soft downy pillow of the marriage bed. Ours was a flinty couch, maybe a cavern among the rocks, or some tangled thicket."

Her mother had died when she returned to the UK next, so she got an apartment. While she was in the UK in 1907 she found herself horrified at the violence the suffragettes faced at the time: "It is curious how all over the world the strong feeling there is in men to trample down and crush the weaker sex, not only in the East... but in Europe too, and now in England."

So off she went to Yugoslavia, then Tanzania, Zanzibar, South Africa. They went South Africa for Khalil's health. He had some kind of very embarrassing ailment that isn't described in the diary. She absolutely loved Durban, South Africa. Finally she had the time and the climate to not just breed butterflies — just to give you an idea, for breeding butterflies, so you have this cage, and you have to move the caterpillars to fresh leaves, and you have to clean out the droppings, and there'd be 100 caterpillars in each cage - it's a lot of work. And so she bred these butterflies to study and sketch them. She was a very good watercolor artist, and she would sketch their lifecycles. This meant months scouring the undergrowth for specific kinds of tiny eggs. I'll show you a picture of how tiny: and so some of the butterflies drop these eggs mid-flight. So, good luck finding those! She did her most important entomological work there, identifying the foodplants and lifecycles of 8 different butterflies.

To contextualize this: scientists have not yet been able to determine the foodplants of at least 200 butterflies that are common in Europe and North America alone, not to mention the ones on the other continents, so entire species are going extinct before we even know which plants could actually save them.

She also discovered that some caterpillars are smart enough to — once they've eaten off all the leaves, they actually chew off the branch, so they know not to come back to it. Or that before pupation, some caterpillars fortify the leaf's stalk with silk thread so that it is less likely to break from the weight of the chrysalis hanging from the leaf. Smart! The "Sagacity of Caterpillars" was the talk she gave about this. Very cool.

So with this professional confidence came a personal confidence, and finally she was brave enough to bring Khalil over to England— he would stay in a bedroom off of her studio, not in her actual apartment — and even visit her exiled brother in Virginia. Though he proved an alcoholic, when she finally met him, Margaret worked hard to interest a local girl in marrying him. The girl, and possibly Margaret's brother, were much more interested in Khalil, but he sternly redirected their intentions.

Off the two went to Florida and Havana, before heading to Jamaica, at which point I have to tell you she was a typical Victorian in one horrible racist respect, writing about how shocked she was at the amount of miscegenation, blaming the English for importing slaves in the first place and then fathering children with them. That was hard to read. She does get better when she ages. In terms of her racism, she gets less racist. But I figured I should tell you this, so that we're not exclusively fangirl-ing.

Though Margaret and Khalil — y'know, her interracial partner, whatever, it's complicated — were warmly welcomed at the Congress of Entomology in Paris, his naturalization — so the process of him turning into a Brit so they could marry without her becoming an Ottoman - not the seat, but a subject — (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) was very tricky, his divorce wasn't coming through. It was also because the Balkan Wars were happening — they weren't in the Balkans but in the Middle East — and all the priests who could confirm the divorce had fled. It was complicated. Time for a new plan. As a girl, Margaret had always wanted to become a "loose adventurer" who broke in wild horses in Australia, so they decided to move to Queensland to become ranchers! They'd be able to live together, Khalil becoming Charles, plus there'd be butterflies aplenty. They found a gorgeous piece of wilderness outside of Kuranda, cockatoos all around. She splurged on some land and commissioned a house on stilts so snakes would be less likely to come in, and she could have a shady workshop underneath. But it turns out — and people told them, they didn't listen — the jungle was not a good place to breed horses. World War I broke out, this also mean that her money dried up, Khalil started to drink, and Margaret was convinced the new house was haunted. Worse, someone was spreading vicious rumors about her cheating on Khalil — which she would never — and he believed them.

The three years they spent in Australia — the longest she would spend anywhere in her adult life — were to be the low point of their life together. She had to put the ranch up for rent — no one would buy it — Margaret found Khalil a job in Sydney. He still had a year to go before his naturalization would be official. While she headed to America, as Europe was still in the throes of World War I.

Arriving in sunny California and the butterfly-rich canyons around Los Angeles and Hollywood, Margaret slowly came back to life. Though she'd always supplemented her trust income with butterfly work, for the first time in her life, now at age 56, she needed to make money. And she became a professional collector for various American institutions and collectors, catching, breeding, stuffing, and mounting not just thousands of butterflies — a collector paid her a lot of money to catch 5,000 of these tiny butterflies just half the size of a fingernail, and when she caught them, he was like "Can you get me 5,000 more?" and she was like, "Nooo, that was a

mistake.” But she also started to catch scorpions and spiders. By the time the war and subsequent influenza epidemic were over, Margaret could sail back to the UK, where she was horrified at the way veterans were being treated, writing: “what would the men say if it were possible for a lot of old women to bring about conditions which would mean the wholesale slaughter and mutilation of all the youngest and most perfect of girls and women?” Her faith in the Empire began to waver at this point.

In 1923, Margaret convinced Khalil, who was caring for his endlessly ailing mother in Syria, to travel to Asia, where they explored what is now Myanmar, Thailand, and the butterfly mecca of the Philippines. They collected 114 different species, becoming the first to breed this rare and gorgeous black and red butterfly, but no one could replicate their work today, as Polillo Island has lost most of its forest, and 71% of butterflies in the Philippines no longer have a stable habitat. Conservationists use Margaret’s work to protect remaining habitats and grow the right plants, naming this stunning midnight-colored species for her in tribute: the *euploea phaenareta margaretae*.

A lifelong smoker, Margaret was proud to smuggle 60 cigars from Manila back to the UK. She was like “Here are these boxes of butterflies. Would you like to look at them, customs officers?” (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) She felt very cool. She was 60, you know. She secured a large studio in Hampstead to set the butterflies she sold to museums and collectors, some of whom would pay up to £7 which was a lot of money, for a single prize specimen.

While Khalil was stuck in Syria, Margaret explored Nigeria, Cameroon, and Sierra Leone, she really went everywhere, returning sick with malaria and dysentery, and having lost all her teeth, aged 65. Finally, however Khalil had gotten his divorce, and he was waiting for her with a really big smile—because he’d gotten all gold teeth! In this picture behind me you can see that he’s smiling really brightly, and she’s just opening her box of butterflies to distract from the fact that she has no teeth, I guess. (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

Soon Margaret had to be off to the West Indies, she had to make money, she had to catch butterflies for a collector, but he had to still, still, still stay in Britain to get his passport finally. He was not prepared for the terrible, terrible winter of 1927, so he accepted a job as a guide in Egypt, thereby forfeiting again his years for his citizenship requirement. Margaret would never see him again, he died of malaria in Damascus.

Afterwards, Margaret got letters from people claiming to be his wife or relations, saying he’d left behind 5 children, some where like toddlers, which made not a lot of sense, but maybe? But she didn’t believe them. Even to her biographers, Khalil would remain a mystery, as it’s unknown how many children he had and why he struggled to get naturalization when he had American citizenship all along! Maybe he forgot, or perhaps he was great big liar, but he does not seem to have stolen her money or abused his position in any other way, so we don’t know.

Margaret fled her grief for South America. It was hard for her not to have anyone to help her out, harder yet to pass the evenings alone, she found. But Brazil being Brazil, she soon was enraptured. She discovered several “new” butterflies, naming two after Khalil: the *ceratinia ninonia neimyi*, and the *chiomara khalili*. The next years, she traveled to Guyana, Venezuela, finding the Orinoco rainforest already then under threat of destruction, along with its butterflies.

At age 70, off she went, to Madagascar, where she admitted to herself that the locals were not just wonderfully polite, but maybe also smart? (AUDIENCE LAUGHS) To the equator in Kenya, where she drank one half of her sherry in the northern hemisphere, and the other in the southern, to Uganda, Vietnam, Cambodia. The 1930s were to be her most productive period, breeding butterflies that had never been studied or documented before, and this in her 70s. She wrote: “Sometimes I dream that I am young again, but never feel any regret when waking comes and I know I am an old woman.”

Margaret died in her element: hunting butterflies in a Trinidad rainforest, collapsing of a stroke or a heart attack while wearing a men’s shirt with big pockets sewn on all over, filled with jars and little boxes for her specimens. She was found by a monk from the aptly named Our Lady of Exile ,and buried the next day in an unmarked grave outside Port of Spain. Later a plaque was added outside the abbey.

Sadly, her scientific journals are all lost, and her butterfly collections, which she named for both her and Khalil, which is very sweet, and her beautiful watercolor artwork are only viewable on request in museums in London and Norwich. But if you want to know more about Margaret’s life, you can snap up her diaries, which I have right here. They were edited by W.F. Cater, published in 2 short volumes, *Love Among the Butterflies* and *Butterflies & Late Loves*. They’re fairly skinny but were distilled from 3203 pages. You can also pick up the more recent, excellent biography by Natascha Scott-Stokes, called *Wild and Fearless: The Life of Margaret Fountaine*. That picture behind me and the badge on my shirt is of Margaret’s unofficial blue plaque, which was created by theatre troupe the Common Lot earlier this year, when they learned that of the 300 plaques in Norfolk, only 25 were dedicated to women. The plaque says: “Margaret Fountaine: 1862-1940. I’m a bloody lepidopterist and I loved love.” Awww! (AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

So, I’ll close with a quote from her 1897 diary entry: “I suppose some day I may be rather a distinguished person in the Entomological World, and though perhaps the distinction may not be the greatest I could have aspired to, every rung of the ladder of fame will have been pleasant, without one arduous or difficult step...For the way will have led me through flower-strewn meadows, over glorious mountains and sunny hillsides, through the heart of dense forests, by the side of mountain streams, and on the shores of sunlit lakes. Does life present such varied sense to everybody? I think not!” Thank you! (AUDIENCE APPLAUDS)

SUSAN STONE: Florian Duisjens on Margaret Fountaine, recorded live with help from Hyui Ines Rmi. We’ll have some photos of Margaret and also Khalil, and some stunning butterflies on Instagram @deadladiesshow, and at our website, deadladiesshow.com/podcast. Margaret’s diaries were giving me a little déjà vu -

they're kind of secret though not coded like those of a certain Anne Lister who we covered in our first season, and who is now all the rage of course, via Gentleman Jack. How important do you think diaries or other private writings are in terms of learning about the lives of women from the past?

KATY DERBYSHIRE: You know, I've just been thinking about that because the woman I'm going to talk about next week, the Chevalière D'Éon, also wrote a lot about her life and use her private writings to work out her ideas about being a woman and virtue and philosophy in the 1790s. And I think writing is a way that women can contemplate their lives. Of course, we don't know how truthful they are on the page; this particular woman is an extremely unreliable narrator and Anne Lister was as well. She kind of wrote down her ideal self in her diaries. But we get a unique insight into how they want us to think they were. Which is also interesting

SUSAN STONE: I like the idea of an unreliable narrator in a way, even though that makes things tough for historians. Also, there's the fact that these were meant to be private, at least we think they in most cases. Are we infringing on their memories or their privacy by reading them?

KATY DERBYSHIRE: That may even be a religious question. I am an atheist, I don't think we are. I think they're dead, and we can learn so much from them. We're not really crossing any boundaries in my worldview. Maybe other people would see that differently, it's an interesting thought.

SUSAN STONE: That certainly was the case with the family of Anne Lister, not that they had the right idea about it, but there was some sense of "Oh dear, let's not let this get out."

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Yeah, but then why do they have more right to keep her writing a secret than we have to read it? That's not quite clear to me. Anyway. We did, we do have access to a lot of Anne Listers' writings. A lot of her diaries still haven't been decoded, so we have very little idea about what she did in the second half of her life, but they're plodding away. One day we may know more.

SUSAN STONE: So keep writing those diaries, listeners! It's a really important way to learn about women's' lives. And that's what we do on the Dead Ladies Show. And we're going to be doing that with Katy's talk and others next Tuesday, on the 19th of November. And there's more on tap for Dead Lady lovers, right, Katy?)

KATY DERBYSHIRE: There is! So, the next show from our friends at the New York Dead Ladies Show will be at the KGB Bar's Red Room on December the 10. A few days before that, on December 5, we — you and I and Florian — are hitting the road, and heading to Muenster.

SUSAN STONE: Yay! It's very exciting to be invited. There's going to be a Dead Lady translator-themed show at the Burg Huelshoff Center for Literature - is that how you say it? Very difficult to say — which is actually named for a Dead Lady, and we'll be bringing you some talks from that event later in this season of the podcast.

KATY: Yes! So If you're in Berlin or Muenster, or anywhere near those two places, come and see us!

SUSAN STONE: You can also support us if you like —we have a Patreon that's allowing us to transcribe the show which brings it to more people. And we'd like to say thank you to our patreon supporters out there, including the fabulous Kate Joannu. Yay! For a one-time donation, head over to [paypal.me/deadladiesshowpodcast](https://www.paypal.me/deadladiesshowpodcast). If you are short on cash but long on love, you know, we always appreciate it when you share our show with friends, or even enemies, why not — and rate, review and subscribe - that really helps us.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: And all it costs is your time, and love, which we love!

SUSAN STONE: Yes, and you can do it in any language you like, on any platform that accepts reviews, and we'll just be so happy.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Yeah, we'll have to automatically translate it if you write it in Serbo-Croat, but hey.

SUSAN STONE: But you're a translator.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: (LAUGHS) I don't do all the languages in the world. Someday. Maybe when I get a computer implanted in my brain. That day.

SUSAN STONE: Well, we don't have that, but we do have a jaunty theme song — it's 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. Thanks to all of you for joining us!...I'm Susan Stone.

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

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Support for this episode of the Dead Ladies Show Podcast comes from the Berliner Senate.

Thank you to our Patreon Supporters for helping us fund transcripts of the Dead Ladies Show Podcast. If you'd also like to support us, go to [patreon.com/deadladiesshowpodcast](https://www.patreon.com/deadladiesshowpodcast) for details.

The Dead Ladies Show Podcast is a feminist women's history podcast based on our live history storytelling event in Berlin and beyond. Because women's history is everyone's history. For more visit [deadladiesshow.com](https://www.deadladiesshow.com)