

Transcript
Dead Ladies Show Podcast Episode 63
Djuna Barnes

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

SUSAN STONE: It's the Dead Ladies Show Podcast!

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... Then, we bring you a delightfully curated selection of those stories here on the podcast.

I'm Susan Stone, and here with me is Dead Ladies Show co-founder Florian Duijsens, hello, nice to see you!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Hello Susan, it's spring!

SUSAN STONE: It's spring, and you are dressed in a remarkably spring-y way, with at least three colors which is [LAUGHS] very fantastic! All the flowers.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: It's not very Berlin I know, but I try to bring some floral color to this famously rather dourly dressed town.

SUSAN STONE: It's giving me joy! And we are giving you... Dead Ladies! So, in this episode, we are going to hear about a challenging and troubled woman. Djuna Barnes was a novelist and journalist, an illustrator and artist, who was at the heart of bohemian life in New York and Paris, though perhaps not quite as much as she would like. She once called herself "the most famous unknown in the world."

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Telling us all about Djuna Barnes will be translator Laura Radosh, who you may remember from a previous episode, when she introduced us to Irish pirate Grace O'Malley (or Gráinne Ní Mháille, if you're pronouncing the original Gaelic). She has a habit of dressing up to coordinate with her Dead Ladies; last time she wore pirate gear and this time to commemorate Djuna Barnes' iconic portrait (by photographer Berenice Abbott, who I talked about a couple of episodes ago) she wore a bold polka dot scarf, just like the Djuna wears in the picture.

On a more serious note, Laura describes Djuna's early years as a "trigger warning life," so please note some aspects of her story, particularly her family life, are disturbing.

<TAPE>

LAURA RADOSH: Djuna Barnes... You see, I dressed to match her! [AUDIENCE LAUGHS] Polka dots and black. 1892-1982, so you know, she's one of those people who you admire later and say "I could have met her!" It turns out not to have been true, you'll see.

This quote is from the *Ladies Almanack*: "[W]as not Sappho herself, though given to singing over the limp Bodies of Girls like any noisy Nightingale, nevertheless held in great Respect by the philosophers of her time?"

Probably Djuna would like to have been thought of as a philosopher, we're going to be looking mostly at her sort of life as fiction, or her fiction as life, something novelists hate! But basically everyone who was a literary anyone between 1920 and 1980 has a Djuna Barnes story. This presentation is littered with Dead Ladies. So even Siri Hustvedt, who I refuse to read because of her choice in husbands... [AUDIENCE LAUGHS] It's the kind of judgmental thing that bonds me with Djuna! ...Has a story.

She was new in New York from some provincial nest and reading *Nightwood*, which is her most famous novel (*Nachtgewächs* in German) on the subway, and some random woman says, "Oh, you're reading Djuna Barnes, would you like her address?" [AUDIENCE LAUGHS] This is kind of strange, anyway, but it's particularly strange because the last 40 years of her life, Djuna lived here on Patchin Place in the West Village, and basically never left her apartment. E.e. cummings lived across the way and used to call out, you know, "Are you alive?" Because he wasn't sure. Carson McCullers really wanted to meet her and would leave whiskey on the doorstep and slept on the doorstep a couple of times to no avail. But some friend thought she would like to have some stranger have her address. So Siri Hustvedt wrote her a postcard, and a year and a half later, as she strangely, proudly, told NPR, she got a shaky handwritten (she suffered from rheumatism) reply saying "Your letter disturbed me." [AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

There she is, that's probably from the '30s. Berenice Abbott, the photographer, took many of the photos that we'll see here today, they're wonderful. They were roommates, at some point, somewhere. Djuna grew up in Cornwall-on-Hudson. It's a dysfunctional family to make your family look really really sane. [INCREDULOUS SOUND FROM AUDIENCE] It's a trigger warning life here. She grew up with the matriarch of the house, Zadel Barnes, her grandmother, her parents Walt and Elizabeth Barnes, her father's mistress Fanny Clark, and seven assorted siblings and half-siblings. She as the oldest daughter, and the second oldest child, took care of all the children. So Zadel was the head of the household. She paid for the family's life through journalism, while her son Walt, dabbled unsuccessfully in the arts, preached free love and had violent fits, which he terrifies the family with.

Zadel was also a journalist, a suffragist, a spiritualist. She had been the hostess of a literary salon in London. Djuna adored her, she says in some interview, you know, "I thought I was my grandmother." She disciplined the children – they were homeschooled, all of the children – they were disciplined in seances, where famous people would come and express their displeasure at the children's behavior. [AUDIENCE LAUGHS] This is Zadel later in her life when all of her friends in Paris were very into Gurdjieff. Djuna just said: "His dancers were incredible. So are trained seals."

Djuna slept with Zadel in one bed until the age of 16 or 17. This is a letter from her grandmother when she was 17. It says: "Oh, Misriss! When I sees your sweet hands ahuggin you own P.T.'s – I is just crazy & I jumps on oo! Like dis. Wiv dis wesult." (The result is that the little PTs, the Pink Tops, their word for breasts, meets her breasts.) "Kisses your ownest lishous grandmother." [INCREDULOUS AUDIENCE LAUGHTER] Thank you, I heard that!

Her biographers, most of them, strangely say: "Oh, this was just a joke." They like to... It's creepy. Everyone agrees that it was wildly inappropriate at best, their relationship. Whether or not it was sexual, they disagree. Whether or not, if it was sexual, that was a bad thing, her biographers also disagree. What was definitely a bad thing was related to her father. At 16 she had her first boyfriend. Her father then either raped her himself or had her raped by a friend. That wasn't good enough for Walt and Zadel, so they married her off to the 52-year-old brother of Fanny Clark, the mistress. Whether or not it was a legal marriage is unclear, but the couple moved to Connecticut. It was a very short-lived marriage. But Barnes disappears for two years. No one knows what she did, none of her biographers speculate on it. Since I am not writing a biography, I would speculate. She disappeared for at least nine months, and her writing is full of mothers who abandoned, murder, or want to murder their children. I'm hoping she gave it up for adoption.

Anyway, because of this marriage her mother at least managed to get out and with the youngest brothers moved to New York City. In 1912, Djuna moves in with her mother and brothers in New York. She briefly attended art classes at the Pratt Institute, but she had to support the family. So she left again, she walked into the offices of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and told them: "I can write and I can draw and you'd be a fool not to hire me." And they did.

That's *Djuna Barnes' New York*. it's out of print, but you can get it. It's a wonderful... What's more, her most accessible writing. She was a pioneer of experiential journalism. She had herself force-fed, so she could understand what the English suffragists went through. Although she chose a somewhat easier feeding method than they actually went through. She also visited the zoo's first gorilla. She says "when she puts her arms around you, it feels something like a garden hose." And this is my favorite, she let herself be rescued by firemen. She says, "space is a good thing into which to hurl epithets, but it's not so agreeable to swing in." She does not recommend being rescued by a fireman unless you have to.

And she wrote biting descriptions about her own milieu. She also drew – as I said, she can also draw. Here's a description of the 1916 hipster drinking tea in Greenwich Village:

"He is conscious of the tea growing. He perceives it quivering in the sun. He knows when it died, its death pangs are beating like wings upon his palate. He feels it at its most unconscious moment. When it succumbs to the courtship of scalding waters. He thrills ever so lightly to its last, and by far its most glorious pain. When its life blood quickens the liquid with incomparable amber, and passes in high pump down the passage of his throat." Drink to that!

Around this time, she was engaged to "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, who was later close with Hitler. He left her because she wasn't German. She also started working with the Provincetown Players,

and her plays billed with Eugene O'Neill, where she began getting the kind of review that would plague her all her life: "*Three From the Earth* is enormously interesting, and the greatest indoor sport this week is guessing what it means." From 1916-1919, she was in a common law marriage with Courtenay Lemon (there are no pictures of him) who was a critic from that circle, and [Djuna] had fallen in love with Mary Pyne. That's not Mary Pyne, that's Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, we missed her. She had a brief affair with her. Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven was a Dead Lady, presented by Florian, and there's a wonderful podcast you can listen to about her. She also sadly chose Djuna as her literary executor. So all of the papers are still in some archive. Djuna was not able to do anything with them.

So now we should have Mary, yes there's Mary Pyne, who contracted tuberculosis, and Barnes nursed her until she died in 1919. She also became friends with Myrna Loy. It looks like she would maybe want to be more than friends, but they weren't. Loy's feminist views were very typical of the time. Loy wrote: "Every woman of superior intelligence should realize her race's responsibility, in producing children in adequate proportion to the unfettered degenerate members of her sex." [AUDIBLE WINCE FROM AUDIENCE] But we're not doing Nazis, so we didn't do Myrna Loy! Barnes did not agree about having children. She said: "Screaming oneself into a mother is no pleasure at all." And in her first novel *Ryder*, which is completely impenetrable, after one sex scene there's a child's hand [that] comes through the door "holding the Indian red fountain of all ladies' hope." Which I wonder what that meant? And I found that Margaret Sanger, who she definitely knew – she was good friends with Berenice Abbott they were all in the same circle – she held the fountain syringe as one of the essential contraception, for all women. Barnes did have at least one, up to three, abortions in her life. The method is unknown, the number is unknown.

Oh there's Myrna again! But Myrna, although she had all the children, she didn't actually take care of her children. She left them with a nurse and followed her husband to Mexico, where they lived a destitute life. But who paid for the nurse you wonder? And this is a problem that will plague Djuna all her life. Her friends are sort of playing the poverty and free love, and she grew up with poverty and free love. She knew very well always that unconventional households perhaps promised freedom, but they weren't all they were necessarily cut out to be.

In 1921, she decided she had enough of caring for her family and she left with everyone else for Paris. There she is. Gertrude Stein's salon was going on for over a decade then. Berenice Abbott was also there. The Baroness, there they are on the beach, was also there. Myrna Loy also appeared again, still not getting anywhere with her. Here's Janet Flanner, *The New Yorker* reporter and her partner Solita Solano, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, who were recovering from the trial for publishing *Ulysses* in *The Little Review*. Barnes was quite taken with Jane Heap, perhaps also taken by Jane Heap. [AUDIENCE LAUGHS] All we know is the first time she met Margaret Anderson in a Paris bar, she just screamed at her. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" So... Barnes managed get to Paris, she was on commission. Peggy Guggenheim had paid for her to write about James Joyce, which she did. James Joyce was one of the few writers that Barnes actually admired. She says: "He turned to quill and paper, for so we could arrange, in the necessary silence, the abundant inadequacies of life, as a laying out of jewels, jewels with a will to decay." But he also loved her work and she was even allowed to call

him Jim. All of these women frequented Natalie Barney's salon. There she is at the top. Natalie Barney was a 19th century aristocrat. She wanted to settle a women's colony in Lesbos, but instead they did little lesbian theater pieces. [AUDIENCE LAUGHTER] In the literary salon in Paris, she was in a very open relationship with Romaine Brooks the painter. This is a self portrait by Romaine Brooks. And Barnes spoofs all of these women in a roman à clef called *Ladies Almanack*. Also out of print, I believe, but easy to get. I'm going to read her description of the Natalie Barney character's funeral. This is a film from 1970 about Natalie Barney and her salon, also you can find it on YouTube.

“And when they came to the ash that was left of her, all had burned but the Tongue, and this flamed, and would not suffer Ash, and it played about upon the handful that had been she indeed. And seeing this, there was a great Commotion, and the sound of Skirts swirled in haste, and the Patter of much running in feet, but Señorita Fly-About came down upon that Urn first, and beatitude played and flickered upon her Face, and from under her Skirts a slow Smoke issued, though no thing burned... And as the day came, some hundred women were seen to bend in prayer, and yet a little later between them and it's Urn on high, they took the ashes and the fire and placed it on the altar in the Temple of Love.”

So this is kind of typical of how Barnes often dealt with her friends. Natalie Barney apparently loved the *Ladies Almanack* and read it continuously throughout her life. But it's clear she turned Barney's Temple of Friendship, which is what she had called that little temple thing in her garden that we saw, into a Temple of Love, and her tongue into an organ best known for not speaking. But the main event of Barnes' life in Paris, was meeting the silverpoint artist Thelma Wood. Don't ask me what silverpoint is, but there's Thelma. And their love, or its failure, was the inspiration for Barnes' great work, which she is most known for, *Nightwood*. In it Djuna is Nora, and Thelma is Robin.

[CLIP FROM DOCUMENTARY *PARIS WAS A WOMAN*]

RECORDED WOMAN'S VOICE: The relationship of Djuna Barnes and Thelma Wood is a very complicated one, and it's a major part of the story that is told in *Nightwood*. But for the first time in Djuna Barnes' life, in that relationship she lived in a family situation that made her happy.

A SECOND FEMALE RECORDED VOICE READS: “She stayed with Nora until midwinter. Two spirits were working in her; love and anonymity. Yet they were so haunted by each other, that separation was impossible. Nora bought an apartment in the rue du Cherche-Midi. Robin had chosen it. In the passage of their lives together, every object in the garden, every item in the house, every word they spoke, attested to their mutual love, the combining of their humors.”

LAURA RADOSH: But they didn't stay that way. Thelma drank continuously and slept around just as much. And their relationship eventually goes sour.

[RECORDING RESUMES, A WOMAN SPEAKS IN FRENCH FOR A FEW SECONDS]

LAURA RADOSH: Can I translate for the pod? It says that she was always drinking and Berthe Cleyrergue who was Natalie Barney's housekeeper – Djuna got her the job, and she worked for

Natalie Barney until Barney's death – had to take care of Djuna who was just drinking because she was so unhappy about the relationship Thelma. And this is a recurring theme in her friendships. Anyone who was a friend of Djuna's – Janet Flanner, Margaret Anderson, Charles Henri Ford, Peggy Guggenheim – they end up taking care of her. It's what they do.

Anyway, Thelma left for the States in 1927. Djuna followed her, that was not a good idea. She went back to Paris in 1930. And she spent most of '31 and '32 in Peggy Guggenheim's estate. This is perhaps, there we are, Peggy! This is Hayford Hall, known as Hangover Hall. [LAUGHTER] Guggenheim paid for everyone. And Djuna in '31 and '32, when she wasn't trying to seduce Peggy's lover John Holmes, or spanking Emily Coleman to orgasms (another failed writer) she finished what was to become *Nightwood*.

After finishing the manuscript, she followed her lover Charles Henri Ford – there he is photographed by Henri Bresson, because we all have photos of our lovers, photographed by Henri Bresson! – to Tangier. He was a gay writer 19 years younger than her, they lived in Paul Bowles' house, where he wrote an impossible to understand novel about gay life in New York. Unless you're really good at gay 1920s and '30s slang, then you'll understand it. And he typed the manuscript of *Nightwood* for her.

But by 1933, she was very depressed. She had returned to Paris for an abortion, *Nightwood* was finished, she had nothing to work on, the relationship with Charles was over, Thelma was in the States, there was no work, Hitler had come to power. And so in a letter to a friend, she wrote, "What are we going to have dears? Snow or war? Everyone expecting bombs and fury or communism, which is worse. Imagine living in a house with everyone you don't like, making tin cans for the country or something." [LAUGHTER] So she was not very political, but she did get a publisher for *Nightwood*, due to Emily Coleman's efforts, who somehow convinced TS Eliot to edit it and write an introduction for it. And critics at least, loved *Nightwood*.

[CLIP FROM BBC ONE RADIO SHOW]

MALE ANNOUNCER VOICE: And now, live from Manchester!

SECOND POSH BRITISH MALE VOICE: Hello to you all from the North! [SLINKY TANGO STYLE MUSIC PLAYS]

VOICE OF BRITISH AUTHOR WILL SELF: *Nightwood* by Djuna Barnes. This is the sort of book that when you were at college, and you went back with that very, very nervous girl and she had a sort of nervous breakdown in the toilet, while you sat on her bed, you leafed through, you know, you plucked out from behind the sort of bowl of stale potpourri, and sort of sat reading while she was sobbing into the toilet bowl. But be that as it may, it is a very, very great book indeed. [SOUND OF LAUGHTER ON RECORDING]

LAURA RADOSH: I don't know who I identify with more than that! [AUDIENCE LAUGHTER] I'm sure. I also discovered *Nightwood* in college, and I'm sure I would have also written some disturbing letter to her had I been given the chance. Helen Fletcher said this about this cover: "it's not really a chocolate, kindly place beyond children's reach." Faber & Faber kind of did

everything not to... They made it over 10 shilling, the equivalent of €35 today. So no one really read it, it wasn't a popular success. But it did get dream reviews.

The Times Literary Supplement said: "A wealth of imagery and illusion. This seems far more spontaneous than that of Mr. James Joyce. A kind of dark and dithyrambic fecundity, as alarming and irrepressible as an angry sea."

Or *The New Statement* said about it... *The New Statesman* sorry: "Lesbos has never been a happy island. Well, the suburbs of a certain Mesopotamian city, during biblical days reputed to have been destroyed by fire from heaven, but since rebuilt on an even more magnificent scale, enclosed many pleasantly endowed retreats, where one time lovers, now the best of friends continued to pluck their eyebrows, paint pictures, or cultivate their herbaceous borders and perfect amity. The airs of Lesbos are sharp with sighs."

Be that as it may, it did not make it into the modernist canon for being a lesbian love story. It's most revered really for its monologue by the Night Watchman, sort of a Song of Solomon figure, reimagined as a cross-dressing abortionist. Here, in part read by Dylan Thomas.

[RECORDING PLAYS]

BOOMING RECORDED VOICE OF DYLAN THOMAS: "Well, I, Dr. Matthew-Mighty-grain-of-salt-Dante-O'Connor, will tell you how the day and the night are related by their division. The very constitution of twilight is a fabulous reconstruction of fear, fear bottom-out and wrong side up. Every day is thought upon and calculated, but the night is not premeditated. The Bible lies one way, but the night-gown the other. The night, "Beware of that dark door!"

LAURA RADOSH: Despite getting her work read by Dylan Thomas, she was not doing well. Moved between Paris and London, was in and out of clinics trying to get off the wagon. When the war started, Peggy Guggenheim got Berthe Cleyrergue, who we met, to find her and get her on to one of the very last passenger ships out of Europe.

So at 47, with nowhere to go, she lands in the States and moves in with Thelma Wood. That was a predictable disaster. Then she moves in with Emily Coleman who had been with her at Hangover Hall, but Coleman's become Catholic and married a cowboy [LAUGHTER], that didn't work out well. And then she moved in with her mother, that was the worst decision of all, and her mother had her committed to an asylum. When she got out of that she found that little place in the Village and that's basically where she lived out the rest of her days. She had very little money, *Nightwood* was a critical success, but it did not make her any money. She lived from \$115 welfare and a small stipend that Peggy Guggenheim not only paid during her lifetime, but continued to pay after she died. It was in her will that she continued to support Djuna Barnes. After Peggy died! After Djuna died she didn't get any more money! She did write one more play *The Antiphon* which again no one understood. But even though it's inscrutable, we will listen, because it's one of the very few recordings of Djuna's voice. So here she is reading it in what *The Paris Review* calls "that long extinct citizen of the world inflection".

[RECORDING PLAYS]

DJUNA'S VOICE, CRISP ENUNCIATION, SLIGHTLY MUFFLED: "Where the martyr'd wild fowl fly the portal High in the honey of cathedral walls, There is the purchase, governance and mercy. Where careful sorrow and observed compline Sweat their gums and mastics to the hive Of whatsoever stall the head's heaved in— There is the amber. As the high plucked banks Of the viola rend out the unplucked strings below— There is the antiphon."

LAURA RADOSH: Don't ask me what it means but... [LAUGHTER] So there she was in her apartment. She was in pain, drinking ginger ale and ice cream. She wrote many poems that she revised up to 500 times. She did stay in touch with her old friends by letter and phone, although she refused to see anyone. There's a letter from '69 from Thelma, who wrote to her: "Anything to do with us bothers me. The pain is so unequal, I just naturally avoid it when possible. It's been so long a time, it's too much." And she answered the letter with a cheery: "Spring is here. But as Rachel Carson said, it is silent. The people have taken everything. I love you as always." [LAUGHTER]

Still, I did enjoy re-reading *Nightwood*. And her work reminds us that we're messy creatures, and that under the cover of night, we often impose our desires on others, and in a way do violence to ourselves and the ones we love. Djuna says love is always a form of violence, because it's your will, and you don't know what the other person's will is. And although we have better things to do, for centuries, we've been asking the watchman: "Have you seen the one my heart loves?" Djuna Barnes. [APPLAUSE]

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: That was Laura Radosh on Djuna Barnes, recorded live from the stage in Berlin's ACUD, with assistance from Thomas Beckmann and the wonderful Johannes Braun.

SUSAN STONE: You might have noticed some of our previous Dead Ladies were mentioned — including [Berenice Abbott](#) and [Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven](#) — Florian, both your Dead Ladies, so to speak. And if you haven't heard their episodes, do go have a listen, they're both delightful. I'll put some links in the show notes to make it easy, and go over to our website at deadladiesshow.com/podcast to see photos and find more info about Djuna Barnes.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: We heard clips during Laura's talk from the wonderful documentary *Paris Was a Woman* made by Greta Schiller who, I was delighted to find out when I looked her up on IMDb, also directed the documentary about Tiny Davis, the lesbian trumpet player, that I briefly mentioned during my also quite lovely talk on [Memphis Minnie](#), that you can check out on this very pod! If you can find a copy of the film, I think it's on Kanopy, it's on some channels, on prime, your library may have it, your lesbian mom may have it, like my mom had it growing up. I watched it a lot which may explain why I've been talking about all these ladies, including [Josephine Baker](#), Janet Flanner, Sylvia Beach, Alice B. Toklas. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful stuff. Go see it.

SUSAN STONE: It really does seem like a greatest hits of Dead Ladies!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: It really is!

SUSAN STONE: And now I understand a little bit more about Florian. [BOTH LAUGH] You know, we also heard a jaunty radio clip, and that was writer Will Self with his Cult Book Corner segment on Mark Radcliffe's BBC One evening show in 1995. If you like Will Self, do have a [listen to the whole thing](#). I too heard about Djuna Barnes in college, although I can't admit to reading all of *Nightwood*, not yet anyway.

There are so many anecdotes about her but my favorite bit of trivia might just be that her last work, the play *The Antiphon*, which we heard her read a bit of — was admired so much by none other than Dag Hammarskjöld, the Secretary General of the United Nations, that he translated it into Swedish.

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: That's mad impressive!

SUSAN STONE: Friends in high places, fans of Djuna, it's great!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: If you'd like to see a live Dead Ladies Show, we have a couple of events coming up. If you're in New York, you can see Dead Ladies Show NYC at the KGB Bar Red Room on May 24th, and here in Berlin, we'll be back at ACUD on May 29th, just a week later, when Katy will be talking about [Sister Mary Ignatius Davies](#), a Jamaican nun sometimes called the Mother Theresa of Reggae. I cannot wait, I am so excited. Our returning presenter, the beloved Agata Lisiak will be speaking about her beloved geographer [Doreen Massey](#), and I will be presenting writer [Paula Fox](#). Who you may not know, but is Jonathan Franzen's favorite writer! And if that's not a recommendation enough, she is also mine! She's great. Her life story is pretty crazy, she was once mailed a crocodile in the mail! We'll put links for both of those events in the show notes.

SUSAN STONE: Don't send us any crocodiles! But you can find out what we're up to by following us over on social media [@deadladiesshow](#). You can also share the love, or the crocodiles, with your support over at [patreon.com/deadladiesshowpodcast](#) where we have a special Dead Lady Book Club for subscribers. The latest edition features a chat with writer Leon Craig about Dead Lady author Tezer Özlü.

Thank you to Laura for sharing the story of Djuna Barnes, and thanks to you Florian, for sharing the sofa and the microphone with me today!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Thank you Susan! And also thanks to all of you listeners, fans and friends out there. We love it when you share our show with others! We'll be back next month with another fabulous Dead Lady!

SUSAN STONE: The Dead Ladies Show co-founders are Florian Duijsens and Katy Derbyshire. The podcast is created, produced, and edited by me, Susan Stone. Our theme song is 'Little Lily Swing' by Tri-Tachyon. See you next time!

FLORIAN DUIJSENS: Bye!

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