

The reviews the next morning said “her singing was hopelessly lacking in semblance of pitch,” and that “only Mrs. Jenkins has perfected the art of giving added zest by improving quarter tones, either above or below the original notes.”

On November 26th, just one month after that last public appearance, the distinctive voice of Florence Foster Jenkins was stilled forever.

“She couldn’t carry a tune. Her sense of rhythm was uncertain. In the treacherous upper registers, her voice often vanished into thin air,” one dett critic described. She was the subject of ridicule. People laughed until they cried. They clutched their sides, they even stuffed hankies into their mouths to try and snuff out the hilarity. When wince-inducing deliveries were met with sarcastic cries of “Bravo! Bravo!” Madame Jenkins always smiled and proudly took a bow.

Jenkins is the comic symbol of all those that have ever been loud, confident and wrong.