

**Peripatetic (Un)Panel—TRANSCRIPT FOR THE AUDIO**

**NonfictionNOW**

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**Phoenix, AZ**

**Participants: Francesca Rendel-Short, Ames Hawkins, Mary Cappello, Peta Murray, and Peggy Shinner**

BELL RING

CHORUS

NB: The chorus is a cacophonous audio piece created with every person in the “audience” participating by reading from a different bit of the email exchange that occurred among panel members in the few months prior to the conference. The (nearly) complete transcript of the exchange is available in a different document. These parts were approximately a minute in length live. On the audio they have been cut down to about 30 seconds or so.

BELL RING

FRANCESCA

**2 x**

A reading from Genesis chapter six.

The Lord saw [REDACTED] wickedness [REDACTED] man [REDACTED] great [REDACTED] earth, and that [REDACTED] imagination [REDACTED] thoughts [REDACTED] heart [REDACTED] only [REDACTED] continually. And the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sorry [REDACTED] made [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] earth [REDACTED] grieved [REDACTED] heart. So [REDACTED]  
from [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] creeping [REDACTED] birds [REDACTED] air, for [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] in [REDACTED] of [REDACTED].

Two days ago, I was in Noah's Ark with the animals — the giraffes, the lions, the sloths, mealworms and dinosaurs. The Ark is a big boat. It is the size of two football fields, five stories high. In preparation for visiting this measure-for-measure-the-bible-is-a-science-book replica in the Bible Belt of America in Kentucky, I make my own Noah's Ark. I buy small plastic animals in bulk [REDACTED] in plastic bags. Wombats and numbats and kangaroos, pelicans and zebras, frogs and parrots: my own kind of queer promenade. Not in gendered pairs [REDACTED], more free flowing Mardi Gras.

Dinosaurs are allowed on Noah's Ark – they lived at the same time as humans of course, 6000 years ago – but not homosexuals. Dinosaurs and homosexuals and lesbians and queers have been put on this earth to test the faith of believers. Just my presence on the Ark, the heart of beige is a queering of that place.

Mary\* (not-her-name) was only 17 when she was sent to a psychiatric hospital after she told her parents she'd fallen in love with another woman.

She was forced to sit in an ice bath while Bible verses were read out to her. She was interrogated about her "sinful" attraction and warned that it would separate her from God's love. And then she had electrodes attached to her genitals.

And here we are together in this queer room. Cut up words from newspapers and bibles and Noah's Ark two by two buried [REDACTED] floating. It's a bit like the hold of an ark, us floating here in this boardroom beige – this queer space of the 'seen-yet-unseen'. Queer traces in it and on it as we move through it and onwards.

And all these animals – from home, from the Ark, and from Big Bone Lick down the road, the birthplace of American palaeontology. Totally impractical of course – but hey, just-being-in-spaces-is-sometimes-always-super-enough-to-queer.

**x 2**

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

## AMES

My parents and I were in Boothbay—or perhaps it was Bath or Bristol—Maine, on our way to pick my brother up from a summer camp somewhere outside Damariscotta. We were shopping in that lazy, nearly thoughtless way most tourists do, slowly stepping in and out of retail stores, shuffling around tables full of linens and jams; running fingers around the rims of coffee mugs, reading cocktail napkins and coasters, lifting small objects made of wood to look at prices hidden underneath. In one of these shops, one boasting all items to be made by local artisans, I purchased with my own money—likely earned babysitting—a key fob that I still own.

From among a field of four or five others, similar in size and construction but not the same, my fob called—or rather, I should say—laughed to me, beckoning me to pick it up. Brass on one side, copper on the other, the two-inch by one-inch oval fit physically comfortably, energetically perfectly, in the palm of my hand. Captivated by the open-mouthed smile in the face forged on the brass side, I adopted it as both a symbol of my impending freedom—a fob to hold the keys when I would get my drivers' license that fall—and talisman for a just-becoming-someone who imagined themselves, like the gender-neutral, perhaps masculine-leaning face, to be capable of a deeply embodied joy.

Brass on one side, copper on the other. Freedom and joy. Hardly an unusual pairing for an American teenager on the edge of obtaining their drivers' license. Brass and copper. Hardly an unusual pairing for an artisan looking to create a distinctive ornamental fob.

Brass on one side, copper on the other, this metal fob has been with me for nearly thirty-five years, though I have never before thought much about its composition. Brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, is fairly malleable, durable, with variable conductivity, depending upon the metal ratio. Brass, as in ring, tacks, knuckles, monkey, not worth a farthing. As in military. Brass doesn't spark when struck, seals the chamber in a weapon nicely, making sure the lead bullet, powder and discharge move forward from the barrel and don't end up kicking back at the shooter. Brass metal casings are evidence of bullets having been discharged.

Brass on one side, copper on the other, this metal fob long ago purchased by a privileged white teenager anticipating the freedom of a driver's license. Copper is not an alloy, but a chemical

element. With high thermal and electrical conductivity, it is commonly used to make electrical wire and water pipes. Copper is found naturally in the body, is believed to treat arthritis, though no scientific proof exists. Copper as in copper. As in cop. As in police officer, a person legally and culturally sanctioned to carry and discharge bullets.

Brass and copper fused together laying in my pocket and backpack, hanging from the door and ignition of my car, sitting on my shelf and counter at home.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

MARY

*"This shuttling between bewilderment and lucidity, discovery and loss . . . is the rhythm of study."* –

Giorgio Agamben

Let this be an object of veneration, denigration, and inspiration; of restitution, derogation, and echolocation; of instigation, degeneration, and elevation. Of contemplation, reputation, and corroboration. Of meditation, collocation, and desire.

I.

All writing is an act of bringing something dead to life.

All queer writing is about writing beyond the page and into the realm of invisible presences.

This palpable labyrinth of desire begins at the margin and works outward to another margin that "acts as if there is no use in a center."

Where the paint by number is concerned, you begin at the beginning with the number "one," applying hues in sequence, building up to an image not worthy of anything that could pass for soulfulness. And, yet, what I love about my mother's paint by number is how *irresolute* it is. It's like a blurred photograph that doesn't quite vibrate but blots. Its wobble is what makes it both sacred to me, and queer; its spillage bespeaks a strangeness no ironing could un-wrinkle, no cleaning could tame.

My mother actually really IS an artist, and so for her to have agreed to perform the paint-by-number ritual—which was popular at a certain period in the States, from the 50s through the 60s, is

hard for me to figure. Paint by numbers are the karaoke of oil painting, yes; cousin, too, to those god awful hooked rugs; but we could also recall that it was DaVinci who devised the system as a means of helping apprentices to fill in the unfinished corners whose patterns he did not have time to paint. My mother IS an artist, but she was only ever, terrible phrase, "self-taught."

II.

Two "scenes" in a set of two each of Swans and their Chicks, and A Boy Fisherman with his Dog hung on the walls of our working class living room for at least half a century: during the twenty five years that my parents were unhappily married, and the twenty five that my father continued to live in the house with my brother and his children following my parents' divorce. When my father died, I asked for them along with the birdhouse made of sheet metal that my father had crafted but that failed to attract any birds, and a pair of his psychedelic cufflinks (vintage 1972). The paintings are sacred to me, I suppose, for what I imagined them "containing" as both silent witness to a household that was marked periodically by domestic violence, and as compact mirrors into which I poured my own gaze, not knowing what they could possibly reflect back. I believe in them still as silent accompanists, if not accomplices, to something otherwise unrecorded.

III.

I don't ever recall seeing a swan or a fisherman in Darby, PA, to say nothing of swans and ther, well, the correct word is their "cygnets," and as for the happy idyll of fisherboy and dog, well, my father did not allow us to have pets. I have to imagine my parents choosing these themes, so neatly gendered, from the no doubt paltry supply of whatever craft store they found these at. The images could be companionate in their two by two relation in ways *they* were not and never would be. For a spell, these paintings required their shared attention: having arrived at a point of being finished with one another, here was something they must together, complete.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

PETA

Notes for a boomerang essay: Part 1: On Sacred Texts

### 1. ENTER, WITH QANTAS BAG

Conferences are a great opportunity for cultural exchange. Our peripatetic panel gives me the chance to share with you something special.

I've made a new word for this occasion. That word is QANTASY. Today, I'm going to qantasise for you and demonstrate how to make a boomerang essay.

### 2. INTRODUCE THE WORD: BOOMERANG

You're all familiar with the word? The instrument or weapon was first described in 1822... that's not accurate...let's say was written of in English by a coloniser. Described in detail and recorded as a *bou-mer-ang* in the language of the Turuwal People, a sub-group of the Darug people of the Georges River (it wouldn't have been called that) near Port Jackson (it wouldn't have been called that.) The Turuwal used other words for their hunting sticks but used BOOMERANG to refer to a returning throw stick.

### 3. REPEAT THE WORD BOOMERANG

It's a satisfying word to say.

### 4. CALL & RESPONSE

Say it after me? \_\_\_\_\_ See how it comes back?

### 5. DISTRIBUTE SMALL KOALAS MADE IN CHINA

This is called cultural exchange. Koala, by the way, is another Darug word. The creature itself – not a bear at all – is likely to be extinct by 2050. But that's another story.

### 6. SET UP A CULTURAL DIORAMA

This is my childhood diary. I first make mention of the word *boomerang* in writing at the age of 12, when, on 10 January 1970, while away at camp I write:

*Food here is beautiful. Especially the custard. The swimming pool is chucky. All the seaweed clings to your legs. I only went in twice. We went canoeing. Gee it was fun. At camp I learnt to throw a boomerang.*

## 7. CULTURAL ICONOGRAPHY

Custard of course is not unique to Australia, but we do have traditional costumes and traditional foods and I'd like to share some with you.

## 8. POINT OUT ASPECTS OF ONE'S COSTUME

This is what we call a Rip Curl shirt.

## 9. APPLY HEAD PROTECTION INCLUDING FLY NET

Of course, with a boomerang essay there is always some danger. Head protection is advised.

## 10. ENSURE ADEQUATE ACCESS TO FOOD & WATER

Share cultural artefacts including traditional foods. This is VEGEMITE.

It should be served on toast but for reasons of hygiene and expanded cultural exchange I have chosen Arnott's crackers.

## 11. DISCOURSE ON FLORA & FAUNA

FLORA here is YEAST EXTRACT. Vegemite is made from yeast grown on Barley and Wheat), salt, malt extract from barley, flavour enhancer (potassium chloride), colour (E 150c), spice extract (contains Celery), niacin, thiamin, riboflavin, folic acid. Try it. It's great.

FAUNA here is the iconic image of this bird. Arnotts founded in 1865 on or near Newcastle (nb lands of the Turuwal People, subgroup of the Darug people.) Parrot on front looks to me like a rainbow lorikeet, closely related to the BUDGERIGAR. Budgerigar. Apparently a mispronunciation of a Gamilaraay word: gidgirrigaaa or gidgarragaaa from the Yuwularaay people. First described by George Shaw in 1805.

## 12. DECIDE WHO GETS TO TELL THE STORY.

Introduce Jenny and Sue and produce the first copy This is how I learnt to make a boomerang essay. I got my first copy of this in about 1962. I was four years old.

## 13. STORYTIME

Read from THE MAGIC BOOMERANG pp 1 - 6

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

PEGGY

When she died she owned no property, personal or real; no goods, durable or consumable. Personal property is also called movable property, personalty, movables, chattels (chattels first meant goods and money, and later came to be associated with a *beast held in possession*, livestock, cattle; chattel, as slaves, came into use in the 17<sup>th</sup> century) and can be further divided into tangibles and intangibles. Tangible property *can be felt or touched* and intangible property is *immaterial*. Personal effects are tangibles; debt and goodwill intangibles. Real property, with its echoes of real estate, realty, royalty, realm, kingdom, is immovable property: land and the structures on it. Durable goods, also known as hard goods, have a useful life of three or more years, and consumable goods, also known as soft goods, get used up or discarded; a further subset is known as perishables, goods prone to disintegration or decay. Personal or real, tangible or intangible, durable, hard, soft, consumable, or perishable, it's all the same. Goldyne Alter died with no possessions.

We shared a bedroom for six years and my grandmother complained of the cold. Her bed was by the window. Nightly, I moved it away. She was afraid of drafts. She wrapped herself up in cardigan sweaters and wore hose rolled at the knees. Her breasts were massive, a geological formation. Years later she had to have one of them removed. Once there was a peeping Tom in the window, his face a dark outline against the glass. I was equal parts frightened and flattered. Be careful, she used to say, about almost everything.

*Dereliction*, from the Latin *relinquere*, to leave behind.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

FRANCESCA

Mary\* (not-her-name) is one of 15 survivors whose stories form part of the first major academic study into the nature and extent of gay "conversion" practices in Australia.

Mary\* says: I remember going into another room with a surgical table, and being restrained ... having an electrode attached to my labia, and images projected onto a ceiling and a lot of pain from the electrodes ... and being left there for quite a long time afterwards, exposed and alone.

x

A reading from Noah's Ark, chapter one.

The [redacted] [redacted] corrupt the [redacted] [redacted] filled with [redacted] earth [redacted] corrupt for [redacted] flesh [redacted] corrupted [redacted] upon [redacted] earth [redacted] earth [redacted] filled with [redacted] them with [redacted] earth [redacted] bring [redacted] flood [redacted] waters upon [redacted] earth to [redacted] [redacted] flesh [redacted] breath of [redacted] everything [redacted] from [redacted] face of [redacted] creeping [redacted] birds [redacted] air. [redacted] ARK-tistic license. [redacted] [redacted] extremely [redacted]

x

When I think America, I think two things apart from the one thing I think of which is Trump: Noah's Ark and Orlando.

I haven't been back to America since Orlando. Since those 49 people were gunned down in a nightclub hosting Latin Night, doing their own thing, being beautiful and free and themselves in their own sparkleshit birds air way.

x

The names of victims killed are confirmed by the City of Orlando after their next of kin have been notified. Let's heart them. Sing them. Let's grieve together:

- |           |             |          |          |
|-----------|-------------|----------|----------|
| Akyra     | Christopher | Enrique  | Javier   |
| Alejandro | Christopher | Eric     | Jean     |
| Amanda    | Cory        | Frank    | Jean     |
| Angel     | Darryl      | Franky   | Jerald   |
| Anthony   | Deonka      | Geraldo  | Joel     |
| Antonio   | Eddie       | Gilberto | Jonathan |
| Brenda    | Edward      | Jason    | Juan     |

Juan  
Juan  
Kimberly  
Leroy  
Luis  
Luis  
Luis  
Luis  
Martin  
Mercedez  
Miguel  
Oscar  
Paul  
Peter  
Rodolfo  
Shane  
Simon  
Stanley  
Tevin  
Xavier  
Yilmary

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

You make me think. Make me desire.

x

Every night when it's dark the creationists light up Noah's Ark with rainbow lights: purple and blue and green and yellow and orange and red. They say they are reclaiming what they say homosexuals and lesbians and queers took away. They say. It's their promise from God they say. Every night the heart of beige dazzles rainbow. Every night. How. Queer. Is. That? Every night love makes habitats of the heart. To nest there. Love. Allowing what is disallowed. Stitching the unstitched. Knitting the unknitted unknotted. Reinstating the unstated. Love. Love. Making proud the shames.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

AMES

Earlier this year, largely because of advances in *in vivo* microscopy—a process of visualizing tissue in live patients without the need for excision—scientists discovered a new structure in the human body. In *Scientific Reports*, the first publication to break the news, the interstitium is described as a “complex lattice of thick collagen bundles” filled with fluid that is hypothesized to work in concert with our lymphatic system. The interstitium has been discovered as a layer existing beneath the skin, as well as completely surrounding the gastrointestinal tract, bladder,

bronchioles of the lungs, fascial planes of muscles and bones. The interstitium exists in concert with all our other major organs. It is liminal space redoubled, a structure holding interstitial fluid functioning like an organ, but not quite yet able to be categorized as an organ without a great deal more research.

The interstitium evaded detection not because it is too small to see without a high-powered microscope, but because of the method scientists use to prepare tissue samples. In slicing tissue into super-thin sheets in order to fix them to a slide, the pockets collapsed and the fluid drained, making the structure appear to look more like a line than a honeycomb. Is it merely interesting, or predictable that methods developed by Western medicine made this third—dare I say queer—space impossible to see?

I wonder: Does my fob have a third space? Is there a collapsed structure just waiting to be rediscovered in order to help me to better understand how it is our American culture militarized freedom and weaponized joy?

Maybe there is more value than I ever realized in the embodied practice I had in high school and college, in the days before cell phones, when I was waiting in some line and was without a book (which wasn't often), my hand jammed into my pants or coat pocket, my thumb methodically sliding back and forth across the bridge of the nose on my fob, the brass face doubling as worry stone.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

MARY

IV.

Movement:

My father's hands could not be stilled—especially when, in fits of rage, he struck us. Then his hand shook, and my mother's, her hands also shook, but differently, when she caressed us, and also if she found herself before stairways, still or moving, and in the marketplace.

My father's hands only ceased to shake when, sitting on a makeshift stool in his garage, he counted out seeds of all shapes and sizes from tiny packets like a pharmacist his pills. The result of his fastidiousness was the creation in the neighborhood of its most beautiful garden. My father's hands were still before those paint-by-number beveled boards as well.

My mother's hands did not cease to shake until she left my father. Then they only shook when overwhelmed by art, especially music.

My father died of the shaking disease, of Parkinson's.

Color:

Remember that moment when people dripped candles onto wine bottles? My mother went wild with the idea: I'd never seen so much cheap wine fill our rooms, each bottle purchased so that a multi-colored lava could be set to flow like the porridge in the fairytale till she ran out of room in the house—then her rage/her sex/her queer nature merged with the grass her paint-by-number anticipated but could not picture, and everything, every surface teemed with them, even the windows reflected the colors of her mad obsession. The air in Pennsylvania was orange-autumn white-winter blue-spring yellow-summer: it was that simple, and climate-wise, numerical: Vivaldi was at home here, it was neat and mathematical, but what I took away from it was change, and un-barren winters, and each season's color begging to be filled in like an open gaping space or else forgotten. Factory green might be the easiest color to stamp out and yet I want a language for the paint by number pallet and its consolatory work. For my mother's supple subtle sullen green that holds me in its mute embrace.

V.

Still Lives

Consider using the words, "right now I am moved by..." as a leading phrase; "right now what captivates me is"...right now, create a new verb that conjoins movement and stillness; an absence folded inside a presence. Right now, I am moved by the deliberateness of the early American painter, Raphaelle Peale's concentration and "that particular fruit upon which he came to concentrate"—in a letter dating to 1816, when he wrote that he had meant to "have devoted all my time, Principally to Painting of fine Peaches." A particular still life has intrigued me for decades—Raphaelle Peale's (illusionistic) "A Covered Painting" (or "Fruit Piece with Peaches Covered with a Handkerchief," circa 1819). Might I ever learn, following his profligate spirit, to produce my own adjacencies, or my own still lives: to locate the peach in my life or in my day? To reside in the corners no paint by number could fulfill?

I moved the paint by numbers to my and Jean's summer cabin. I hung them in our bedroom since the application of a generic paintbrush says you too can and will vacate the drudgery for a spell, you too may lean and loaf observing nothing but the predetermined numbers on a paint pot. I've hung them now where quiet things lie. Harbingers of another time and place.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

PETA

PART TWO: IMPROV?

1. PRODUCE A SECOND COPY OF THE BOOK & TELL THIS STORY OR SOMETHING LIKE IT  
Start life in a leafy part of Sydney. Breathe in pungent air, eucalyptus oiled, wattle scented. Explore beyond the back door, freerange past the sandpit and the bbq your father bricks into the landscape. Totter into the bush. Pass rocks and anthills, blue grey leaves. Mind the bull ants. Push past grass trees, scramble over logs and leaves, graze your faulty knees, let your skin be

scored as the bush writes itself into you. Listen to the screech that we call birdsong in Turrumurra.

49 Yeramba Street, Turrumurra. Learn these words before you learn anything of the displacement, the dispossession, the massacres, the wars. Live in Yeramba street without knowing that *yeramba* is an aboriginal word for sugar ants. Live in Turrumurra without knowing that Turrumurra an aboriginal word for high hill, big hill, high place near small watercourse. Live on the lands of the Gadigal people without knowing anything of the Gadigal people.

Be bookish. Read the writing on the Vegemite jar, the story of Anthony Arrowroot – an Arnott's biscuit with legs and a face. Ask for books for your birthday. Get this one. Others. Come back to this one, this one, again and again, treasure it, travel with it once your family is on the move, peripatetic people, down south, to the lands of the Kulin nation, up to PNG where real black people are, back to Gadigal country, to Kuringai Shire. Learn, 58 years later that Kuringai is an ethnonym.

Realise that you do not know what an *ethnonym* is. Look it up. Learn that an ethnonym is an ethnic name ascribed to a people, a tribe or group; the proper name by which a people or ethnic group is called or known. Wonder how you can have lived six decades and not learnt this word.

Flush with the shame of not knowing this, and other things. Lies and more lies. Flush with the shame of writing about not knowing.

Move on. Put away childish things. Get on with your life. Long for somewhere, something underfoot, that lodges. Country. Dirt. Ground, the geometry of great trees, bark, and boulders. Settle down with a woman who had a childhood like yours in a backyard like yours reading books like this. Wax lyrical when you can no longer remember the title. Only the colours. Only the dolls! In the desert! In the desert, in the outback, giant girl dolls.

Now, on your birthday – 52 or so - be surprised by a vintage copy of the book itself, in bubble wrap, its pages flecked with time, held together with yellowing sticky tape. Be delighted. Be bemused. Be horrified. Laugh at the size of the thing, so huge in your memory. Turn its pages with care, marvel at the trickery, photoshop before Photoshop, giant dolls in the outback, at the rock, on a quest. Helpful, ever helpful, on their kneeless legs, in their white socks, sandshoes, pink girl, blue girl, ribbons, hairband, Jenny, Sue. Jenny. Sue.

Look up the name Kinjiwa. Find that it is, as you surmised, more Japanese than anything else. Find that the aboriginal doll was made by a woman called Merla Ratcliff whose knitted creations feature in other books in the series. The Jolly Swagman. The Lost Koala. The Sea Urchin. The Blue Opal. The White Wallaby.

Deconstruct the book. Every page. Every word. Find the “sad” tale of the theft, of a boomerang stolen... Write: “Later in my life, this sorrow, these words theft and stolen will come back to me to tell a Truer Australian Story....”

Such is the way of a boomerang essay

CODA: While writing this, find yourself in charge of resetting an open fire. Adjust the position of a large log that is resting on what you have already told the others in the room are *firedogs*. Wonder how you know this word, how you know it is even a thing. Google it just to be sure, and find that you are right, firedogs or are metal supports for logs in the fireplace, usually with two feet at the front and one at the back. They hold the wood above the hearth level allowing the air to pass around it to facilitate burning.

Think about how it is that you know the words for some things without knowing how you know them.

Think about all the things you do not know there are words for.

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING

PEGGY

It was galling to me that when I arrived at the nursing home, they gave me a plastic bag, empty except for her release papers. Isn't the only living relative supposed to keep track of such things? Write her grandmother's name on the inside of all her clothing with a water-resistant sharpie; buy garish new housecoats when the old ones wear thin; replace the soiled underwear; restock the AA batteries for the tv remote; cut the chicken breast into pieces so her grandmother can spear them with a fork; lubricate her lips; bring treats of chocolate-covered strawberries; monitor the medications; sort the family photos and slip them into cheap decorative frames near her grandmother's bed? *Don't we carry photographs of...those...who have died? Don't we frame their heads and keep them on the mantle as a reminder of all that is precious and binds us to this life?* Isn't she supposed to keep track, so in the end there's an accounting, a ledger of the incoming and the outgoing? At the desk I had to introduce myself, I had to say I'm Goldie Alter's granddaughter. They didn't know me otherwise. I offered my name up as if it were an apology. I simultaneously wanted to escape and be recognized. A nurse looked up, a flash of contempt in her eyes, which burned through me, before we got down to the final paperwork.

A Jewel bag, or Walgreens, Home Depot, 7-Eleven, CVS, Target.

Goldie Alter died in Chicago, Illinois on August 3, 1995, mid-nineties, her exact age indeterminate, with no possessions. In my absence, she'd been whittled down to nothing.

The bare facts remain, but some of those are in question. She's buried in Westlawn Cemetery, next to her husband, Leo, and near their daughter, Harriet. According to the US Census Bureau, she was once a clerk and, once married, she had no occupation and no income. She could read and write. Her social security number was XXX-XX-5760. Her maiden name was Zaslavsky or Zaslawsky. She was born in 1897 or 1899 or 1900, on December 5 or 12, in Chicago, the second child of Sarah and Joseph. She was preceded in death by her older sister Sadie and younger brother Sidney and survived by her younger sister Etta and two grandchildren. Her showy name, Goldie, Scottish in origin and Yiddish in usage and a variant of Golda, was often included with jewel and gemstone names like Ruby and Pearl. Ranked 126<sup>th</sup> in popularity by the Social Security Administration in the 1890s, it fell into disfavor in the decades that followed but has, in recent years, made a modest resurgence.

Are all goods perishable? *Perishables like fish and flowers...*

BELL RING

CHORUS

BELL RING