PRIMAL SCENES: SIGMUND FREUD, CONEY ISLAND, AND THE STAGING OF DOMESTIC TRAUMA

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We're all only kids grown tall, and everything is right with us unless we've got tuberculosis of the heart.
—Fred Thompson, creator of Luna Park

The wish manifested in the dream must be an infantile one.... Dreamland will resemble a nursery, the world of the child.
—Albert Grass, Coney Island Amateur Psychoanalytic Society

In the dream life, the child, as it were, continues his existence in the man, with a retention of all his traits and wishes, including those which he was obliged to allow to fall into disuse in his later years. With irresistible might it will be impressed on you by what processes of development, of repression, sublimation and reaction there arises out of the child, with its peculiar gifts and tendencies, the so-called normal man, the bearer and partly the victim of our painfully acquired civilization.
—Sigmund Freud, lectures at Clark University, 1909

Sigmund Freud's 1909 trip to the United States was a momentous one. Freud and Carl Jung were set to deliver a series of influential lectures at Clark University, where they would each receive honorary degrees; their talks would introduce the practice of psychoanalysis for the first time before an American audience. Though delivered in German, Freud's lectures generated a huge amount of controversy, reshaping the field of psychiatry in the U.S. and securing Freud's position on an international stage. While Freud did not reference his visit to Coney Island directly in these lectures, one cannot help but to wonder what points of resonance Freud might have found between his pending talks on infantile sexuality

Opposite: Entrance to the Coney Island Baby Incubators exhibit, undated photograph.

and repressed desire and the spectacles of excess and eternal juvenilia that greeted him within the gates of Dreamland.

Indeed, there are a number of clear and compelling links between the man and the park, as well as some rather pleasurable contradictions. Certainly the image of the stately doctor adrift in a plaster wonderland is difficult to resist, the scholar of repression suddenly confronted with a gaudy display of unrepentant pleasure, burbling with vice and sexuality beneath the surface. Regardless of Freud's personal reactions to the park (as documented in Norman Klein's contribution to this collection), however, it might prove even more productive to compare the larger thrust of his psychoanalytic project with the modus operandi of Coney Island. In what ways might the operational logic of Coney Island cohere or diverge from Freudian theory? Might Coney Island exist, in fact, as a distinctly Freudian space? My project in this essay will be to explore some of the points of connection and dissonance between Freud's theories and the amusements offered for consumption at Coney Island's various attractions and parks. Of particular interest will be the spectacles of domesticity, and of domestic trauma, that have continually resurfaced throughout Coney Island's history.

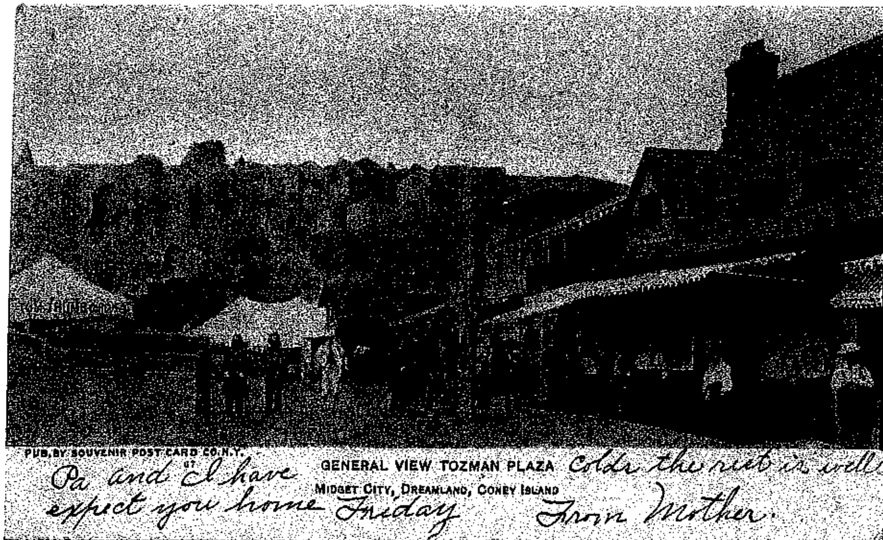
Viewed as a carnival of wish fulfillment, the collective desires and fears on display at Coney Island correlate with those documented in Freud's case files. In both we find evidence of acute anxiety regarding sexuality, shifting gender roles, and the impact of familial relations on the development of the self, particularly as these issues are compounded by the onset of modernity and new technologies. Yet while Coney Island might have served as an extravagant exhibition of the kinds of symptoms and neurosis to which Freud devoted his study, the guiding principles of the park could not be further from the object of Freudian psychoanalysis.

As a spectacle, Coney Island is perhaps more in line with the showmanship of a practitioner like Freud's early mentor, Jean-Martin Charcot. Charcot was a neurologist who worked with a large number of patients suffering from hysteria at the Salpêtrière hospital in France. Freud was particularly influenced by Charcot's observation that a "nervous shock" or trauma could act as a trigger, unleashing a disproportionately severe series of debilitating symptoms. Charcot remained convinced that hysteria was facilitated by a neurological weakness, however, and set out to observe systematically the physical manifestations of hysteria. He used hypnosis to induce patients to perform

Postcard, Creation Entrance, Dreamland, Coney Island, ca. 1909.

their ailments, including spasms, seizures, and contorted postures for the educational benefit of his students. These sessions proved to be incredibly captivating, theatrical events, and they soon evolved into celebrated weekly public displays for large audiences of scientists, politicians, writers, visiting dignitaries, and artists. Charcot famously photographed the most spectacular of these hysterical performances in an attempt to observe more precisely their physical nuances, in particular the gesticulations of costumed female patients striking "attitudes passionnelles," theatrical and often eroticized poses of extreme emotional states.[1] Similarly Coney Island subscribed to the method of creating elaborate visual icons, surface-level expressions of interior states put on display with little incentive for self-realization.

Freud's 1909 lectures patiently outlined the methodology of psychoanalysis: suggestions presented by analyst act as a catalyst for the analysand, who performs acts of mental work, confronting her own blockages and transforming her mental system into a healthier balance. Coney Island is not about balance or resolution or cure—it appears to prefer reveling in the spectacular pleasures of its base "surrogate symptoms."

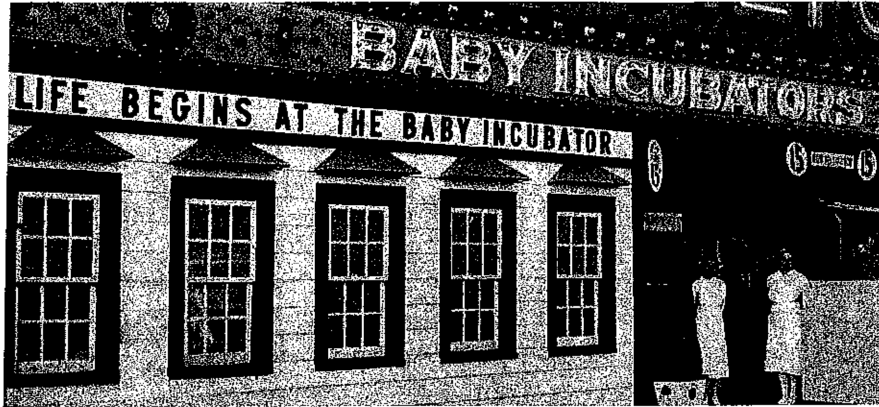


Postcard, undated. A sweeping view of Tozman Plaza in Midget City, which looks identical to any "full-size" town when photographed with only its inhabitants.

Indeed, Coney Island's turn-of-the-century iconography might have been read as both a confirmation and an elaborate mockery of the crisis Freud was to face in the New World. At the time of the Clark lectures, Freud was on the cusp of a series of rifts with Jung and Clark University President G. Stanley Hall over what they saw as his single-minded fixation on sexuality. American psychologists, such as those in the audience for the Clark talks, tended to be resistant to discussions of sexuality, and Freud's frank commentary generated heated discussions in the field. In light of this controversy, it is tempting to read the fecund female thighs and breasts that towered over the entrance to Dreamland in 1909 as both an affirmation of Freud's contention that sexuality is central to human psychology and as a talisman for his own irrepressible and inconvenient obsessions. Coney Island might function, in fact, as a kind of untrained, adolescent, rogue analyst, one who guides the analysand through a series of repetitive revelations that do little more than to feed the flames of his pathological symptoms.

EXHIBITIONISM, DOMESTICITY, AND TRAUMA

Much has been written about Coney Island and the spectacularization of trauma. Particularly during the time of Freud's visit, the various



"Baby Incubators," Coney Island, ca. 1950.

parks at the resort were rife with depictions of Heaven and Hell, disaster spectacles culled from literary and travel texts, and—most dramatic—large-scale reenactments of floods and fires. Exhibitions such as "Fire and Flames" at Luna Park and "The Fall of Pompei" at Dreamland seem clear manifestations of the death instinct, attainable for endless repetition for the mere purchase of a ticket.

A surprisingly large number of attractions at Dreamland and Luna Park, however, took as their objects the banal practices of everyday life. Sandwiched between the bizarre and the exotic were displays of a far more domestic order, albeit in each case with some fantastic twist. The village of Lilliputia presented a miniaturized but fully functional community inhabited by persons with dwarfism and others of short stature. Persons from foreign countries were similarly put on display in "native villages," where visitors could view them as they went about their daily activities. And Dreamland and Luna Park each had long-running exhibitions of live incubator babies, prematurely born children held in mechanically controlled environments, under the supervision of Dr. Martin Couney and a team of wet nurses who fed the babies with tubes and nasal spoons (in a rather un–Coney Islandesque move, Dr. Couney prohibited the wet nurses from eating hot dogs).[2] Babies who otherwise had little chance for survival were offered treatment via incubator through the exhibitions at a time when hospitals were reticent to embrace the new technology. In exchange, the babies' care

was offered for public viewing until the children were viable. In each of these examples, the monotonous tasks of daily existence are rendered strange through difference (physiological, ethnic, medical/technological). Exoticism, exhibitionism, exploitation, and utopian fantasies collide with the realities of living; in each of the exhibitions cited above, the residents of these displays inhabited them full-time, forging real lives and communities that carried on after the last visitors had gone home for the night.

If Coney Island is the playground of eternal childhood, it seems somewhat natural that its adolescent fantasies of strange locales and thrilling adventures would be juxtaposed with attractions rooted in the psychopathology of the everyday. This contradiction provides the most salient point of intersection between the design of Coney Island and the writings of Sigmund Freud. The persistent child, who has been brutally repressed within "adult," civilized society, can nearly always be unleashed with a bit of prodding. Whether for entertainment or for treatment, however, this unleashing invariably poses certain risks and reveals the potential flaws and illnesses wrought by suppression.

Freud defined the "primal scene," in a clinical sense, as the traumatic exposure of the child to his parents engaged in sexual intercourse. Freud himself is not always clear as to whether this scene is actually experienced by the child, or if the scene is in fact the child's fantasy. Contemporary scholars have questioned the universality of this scenario, citing a diverse range of familial relationships, degrees of exposure, and preexisting anxieties as factors that might impact the blow of a primal encounter.[8] I would like to propose a more porous definition of the primal scene, linking it to any formative, irresolvable trauma that serves, for the individual, as a nexus of self-definition and as an image that is continually replayed. Primal images, I would argue, can function on a collective register; one need only look to the endless looping of disaster footage or child-murderers on cable news channels to find ample evidence of collective primal trauma. Yet the parameters of collective primal imagery are relatively fixed: the crimes that captivate us most tend to be those that take place in or around the home. We witness a betrayal of familial roles and responsibilities. And within the collective primal scene, we are often confronted with sadistic, "unnatural" sexual acts.

While domestic or familial-themed amusements might not be the most prominent of Coney Island's offerings, they are among the most surreal

and uncanny sights to be found at the resort, primal displays with a distinctly Freudian legacy.

THE WORLD IN WAX

No exhibition devoted itself more fully to the celebration of domestic trauma than Lillie Beatrice Santangelo's World in Wax Musée. First opened in 1926, the Wax Musée featured a parade of celebrities and heads of state immortalized in life-size wax portraits. While these displays remained a mainstay of the museum for more than five decades, a large portion of the institution was dedicated to dioramas of familial violence, serial killers caught in the act, and the participants in famous "freak births." Santangelo's Wax Musée followed in the tradition of waxworks across North America and, like other wax exhibitions at Coney Island, paid considerable attention to the re-creation of criminal acts. A visitor to the Eden Musée at Coney Island (open from 1915–1932) recalled that "people loved to see the chief moment of a crime reenacted."[4] And with the proliferation of photography and other visual media, wax museum operators faced mounting pressure to achieve visual accuracy in the staging of highly publicized crimes. In a "Talk of the Town" entry about a 1931 trip to Coney Island, E. B. White observed the increasing costs incurred by the wax industry: "there was a time when last year's murderess could be turned into this year's murderess with a few deft strokes; but people nowadays are so familiar with the appearance of their favorite criminals that brand-new wax figures have to be made, to insure perfect likenesses."[5]

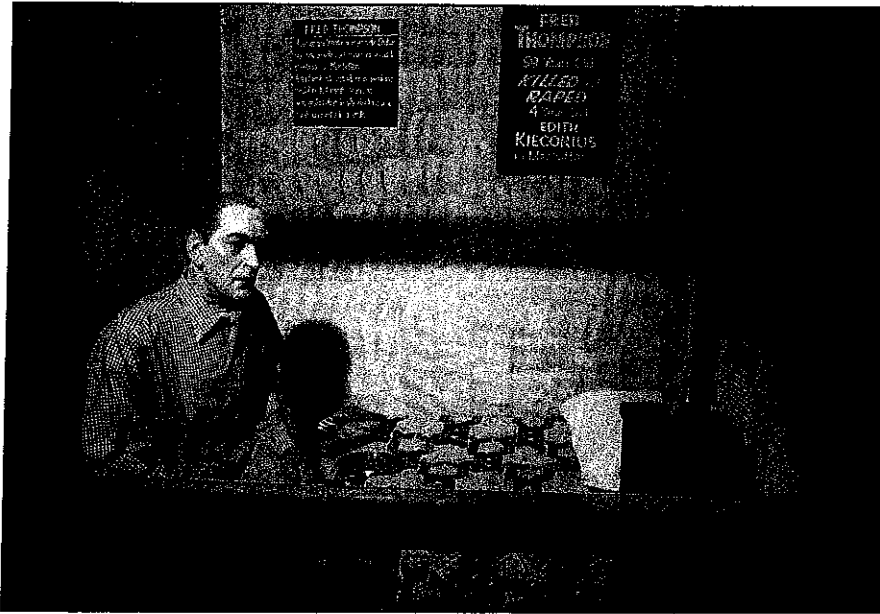
The crime-scene dioramas and freakish corporeal displays of the wax museum are in many ways consistent with Coney Island's fascination with trauma in the public sphere. Yet while the visualization of these incidents was highly sensationalized, a large degree of their affective power arises from their placement within banal domestic settings. One of the most striking aspects of these displays is their continual focus on the occurrence of crime and abnormality in private spaces and at times within the family circle. The thrill of the wax museum diorama may stem from its ability to bring to light events that did, or ought to, take place behind closed doors.

In one display, for example, William Edward Hickman, "The Fox," is depicted at work on his twelve-year-old victim, Marion Parker. In 1927 Hickman kidnapped Parker, the daughter of his former employer. Upon receiving a ransom payment, Hickman sped away from the scene and

William Edward Hickman, "The Fox," at work on his twelve-year-old victim, Marion Parker, Coney Island World in Wax Musée. Photograph by Costa Mantis, 1981.

threw the girl's corpse out of his car; her arms and legs had been cut off, her internal organs had been removed, and her eyes had been wired open so that she would appear alive when viewed through the car window.[6] Rather than displaying the gruesome moment of Parker's return, however, Santangelo's exhibit visualizes a scene that Hickman apparently described during his trial, when he dismembered Parker's body in a hotel bathtub. Memorialized in wax, we see Hickman splayed over the tub, leering at his tiny victim, his bloody arm and knife poised above her limbless, crimson body. Blood pools around Parker's eyes, which remain wide open, confronting the visage of her killer (evidence suggests Parker remained at least semiconscious throughout this mutilation).[7]

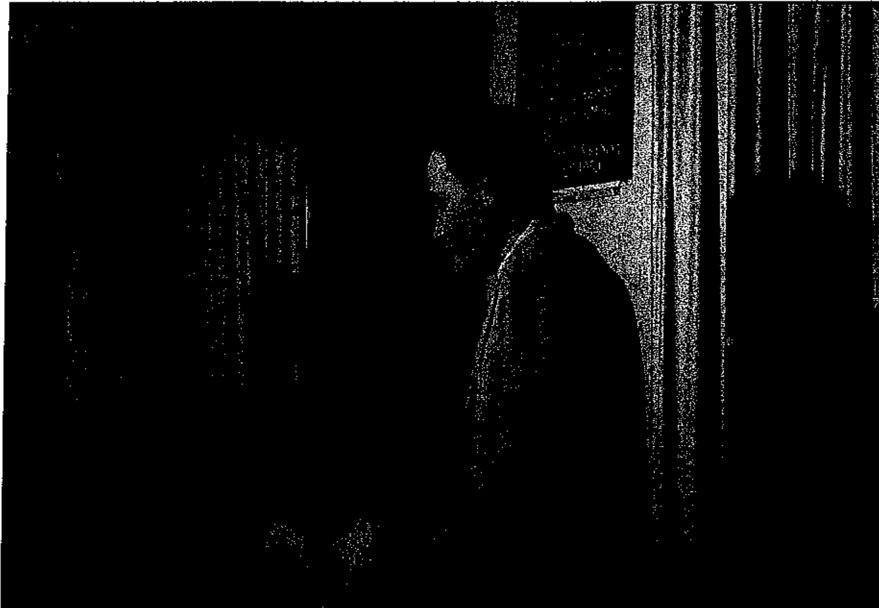
The overall impact of the scene, however, is dictated by its staging. The bathroom is cramped and characterless with white tiles and institutional fixtures. Hickman is dressed innocuously in a tightly buttoned pink-striped shirt with plain black slacks; although young (he was only nineteen at the time of the murder), his hairline is receding and his scalp is visible through the thinning strands. Indeed, this scene could



Fred Thompson, a British dishwasher and alcoholic, contemplating the murder of Edith Kiecorius. Coney Island World in Wax Musée. Photograph by Costa Mantis, 1981.

be mistaken at first glance for the benign image of a father bathing his child—that is, until one sees the spattered blood and the missing limbs. This slippage between the familiar and the horrific might also be read in reverse. Hickman's body, with out-thrust arms, looms too large within the tiny, three-walled room. His pose is stiff and unnatural, hovering at an awkward distance from the tub, his left arm turned at an impossible angle. The blocking alone in this display renders the whole genre of parental bath-time scenes perverse and violent. Even without the blood and the explanatory text, one would almost surely get the sense that things in this room have gone terribly wrong.

Our sense that something is amiss is surely heightened by the screen of chicken wire and wooden slats separating museum patrons from the exhibit. Many of the displays in the Wax Musée were framed in this manner, creating the (presumably inadvertent) impression of a cordoned crime scene. In one ambiguous exhibit, Fred Thompson, a middle-aged man, is seated in a small, spare room, listening intently, it seems, to a Bakelite radio. A women's fashion magazine and an aqua plate (or ashtray)



Julio Ramirez Perez, "the Screwdriver Killer," plunges the instrument into his victim's neck. Coney Island World in Wax Musée. Photograph by Costa Mantis, 1981.

rest next to him on a quilt-covered bed; an orange plastic cup is set on the dresser. The bottom third of the exhibit window is blocked by a wire screen and plywood. A newspaper clipping hangs above this barrier: "Girl's Slayer Ruled Insane, Cheats Chair."

In February 1961 fifty-nine-year-old Fred Thompson lured Edith Kiecorius, four, into his rented room in a Chelsea tenement, where he raped and killed her. He was tracked down several days later, living in a trailer on a chicken farm where he had been hired as a laborer. Thompson, a U.K.-born dishwasher and alcoholic, was declared insane and was institutionalized for the rest of his life. It is unclear in photos of the display which moment in Thompson's life we are witnessing: The man at rest within his rented room, contemplating a future crime? His tense hideout on the farm, awaiting capture? The eternal drudgery of self-reflection that Thompson would face in the asylum? The drama that exists here rests in what we know happened rather than in what we see. We are forced to confront the rapist and killer at rest, embalmed in his utter ordinariness. The blankness of Thompson's stare resists

Ruth Snyder and her lover Judd Gray, poised to strike her husband. Coney Island World in Wax Musée. Photograph by Costa Mantis, 1981.

interpretation, yet the framing invites us inside to imagine the goings-on within his troubled, psychic interior, enclosed in his room/cage.

Other displays similarly counterpose the banal with the extreme in a reflective manner. Perhaps it is the requisite stillness of the wax display, but the frozen actions of the figures suggest that we might similarly halt the hands of time and enter into the mind-sets of the participants. Julio Ramirez Perez is caught with a screwdriver plunged into the neck of his victim, Mrs. Vera Lotito, in her apartment. In 1948 Lotito had the misfortune of surprising Perez as he burgled her home, but in the display case of the Wax Musée, it is Perez who seems surprised by the image of his own face reflected in a vanity mirror.

Ruth Snyder, in a blue robe, stands in a corner while her lover, Judd Gray, delivers the first murderous blow to the head of her sleeping husband, Albert, in 1927 (Ruth would later finish the job). The immense physical distance between the lovers, both of whom gaze straightforward rather than at the victim, may presage the emotional distance that would follow when the couple turned on each another in court. The scene is framed by

a waist-high wooden banister, not unlike that of a witness or jury box, over which Albert Snyder gazes beseechingly at the museum visitors.

Richard Speck is shown with his hands outstretched above the neck of a bound-and-gagged nurse in uniform, one of the eight that Speck would brutalize in a 1966 dormitory killing spree. In the Musée, Speck appears lean and clean-cut, light reflecting off his smooth, hairless hands. Invisible is the "Born to Raise Hell" tattoo on his sweater-covered arm. Speck's gaze is placid, directed into the empty space above the nurse, his head eerily framed by the reflection of a metallic picture frame on the wall.

Vacated of the violent movements and passions that define primal acts, the figures in the Wax Musée seem battle weary and burdened by their psychic demons. John Christie, "The Full Moon Strangler" from Nottinghill, London (page 101), stands over a woman in a negligee, a rope taut around her neck. Christie, who killed at least seven women in the 1940s and '50s, apparently gassed and strangled his victims while sexually assaulting them. In this scene, however, he appears tired and distracted, seemingly unaware that he is missing his right hand. In another exhibit, an unidentified women in saddle shoes looks impassively at her fingernails while being bludgeoned over the head by a young man (John Roche, "The Rape Killer"), a trompe l'oeil cement-block hallway stretching into the distance behind them (page 100). The Wax Musée offers us a chamber of criminal horrors culled from across the decades, but in their static, timeworn banality, these primal scenes become at once approachable and discomforting.

Santangelo positioned her museum with an educational mission: "a wax show teaches the good things in life and also teaches that crime doesn't pay. What makes a person bad? What makes a clock tick, bad or good?"[8] That said, the lessons to be learned here are as complex and ambiguous as the questions posed. "Good" within the wax museum is often equally tainted by anxiety and horror. Beside the celebrities and murderers, the Musée featured the products of famous births. Some of these births were the subject of much celebration and publicity, such as the Dionne Quintuplets born in Ontario, Canada, in 1934. Yet much as the lives of the real Dionne sisters were marred by exploitation and tragedy, the wax quints seem to have suffered from separation and neglect. Three of the wax infants are pictured, stacked in hermetic glass cubes, their missing sisters unaccounted for.[9] A two-headed baby struggles beneath the piercing stare of its doctor, its precious few

moments of life forever suspended and put on display. Most unsettling is the large display devoted to Lina Medina, the five-year-old Peruvian mother (pages 102–103). Medina became an international sensation in 1939 when her mother brought her to a hospital with a suspected tumor and doctors found that the child was eight months pregnant. The father of the infant was never identified, although Medina and her child were brought to the U.S. for study.[10] In her wax incarnation, Medina lies dwarfed within a hospital bed, her arms pinned at her sides, staring at the ceiling. A nurse holding Medina's infant keeps a watchful eye, yet the overall mood of the setting is of isolation and unspoken trauma.

I am not certain that Freud would have found the lessons of the Wax Musée to have been particularly clear or effective. What we find here are primal scenes that are immobilized, cleansed of the action, rage, and sound that would give them their tremendous power to wreak devastation within the "real" world. But in the process, this freezing process creates room for uncertainty and ambivalence. Our point of identification shifts and loses focus as it reflects off the surface of the static wax faces. Much as with a live primal encounter, our own position, and our moral clarity, is shattered when confronted with a scene that defies comprehension. Unlike a true primal scene, however, Santangelo's museum allows us to revisit, again and again, enshrined icons to those events that haunt us. The continued popularity of displays that have outlived the real-life interest in the events they depict serves as a testament to Coney Island's compulsion to repeat. "Only God makes the man," Santangelo once stated, "but man makes copies."[11] The wax museum is a site for eternal return, the continual replaying of trauma, much like the child that ceaselessly reenacts the departure of her mother, soothing herself by making a game out of that which she finds most terrifying.

AFTERIMAGES

Perhaps even more haunting than the commercial exhibits at Coney Island are the afterimages that "regular folk" left behind, those pictorial traces of their own idiosyncrasies, perversions, and tics. These traces are particularly prevalent among the staged studio photographs that surface within the archives of the Coney Island Museum or appear for sale in flea markets and online auctions. The relations between those pictured in these images, orphaned and displaced from their original settings, come unhinged. Most of the photographs are of couples and families, but the

clichéd settings and standardized props do little to universalize or even to normalize the relationships they depict. While some of the awkwardness can be attributed to historical shifts in portraiture styles, in many of the images there is an excess of tension and affect that remains palpable, if not amplified by temporal distance.

Some images have become inscrutable with the passage of time. In a 1942 image, two women are photographed with their heads poking through a painted cutout. The bodies depicted are of nude women posing for the camera beneath suggestive lines of text: "I'm so little but so dependable"; "You must come up and see me sometime." The famous Mae West line suggests that these figures might reference famous actresses or burlesque stars. There is little evidence in the rendering of the bodies or hairstyles, however, to suggest individual characters. Moreover, the image is rife with visual contradictions that thwart interpretation. The nude female bodies combine ample breasts, bellies, and thighs with muscular shoulders, buttocks, and necks, implying more than a hint of masculinity (an effect that is heightened by the countenances of the particular women captured here).

The settings for most studio photographs at Coney Island were far less titillating. Backdrops would often consist of popular modes of transportation (cars, trains, or boats), festooned with Coney Island flags, in which visitors would pose with their friends and family. Some patrons posed informally, while many others approached the studio shots with the utmost gravity, standing stony faced before the camera. A few of the backdrops expanded into even more loaded generic territory. A large number of recovered studio photographs position patrons around an imaginary bar, complete with glasses and painted liquor bottles. As visitors feign drunkenness, sit awkwardly beside their parents or spouses, or stare with sullen, expressionless faces before faux cocktails, one gets the uncanny sense that these simulated scenarios have been played out before.

Other shots innocently proffer a psychoanalytic, visual feast. The unconscious here is on full display, as in one studio photograph of a four-year-old boy and his mother. The child stands at the wheel of an open car, while his mother sits outside the vehicle, at some distance behind him,

Opposite: Souvenir photograph. "Ruth (me) and Louise Templeton (Mrs.), July 25th, 1942 (Saturday Night), Coney Island, N.Y."

I'm So Little
But
So Dependable
You Must
Come Up
and
SEE ME
SOMETIME

Real Photo Postcard, 1928.

before a painted backdrop of a country road. The child's head is unusually large for his body. His slicked-down hair, collared shirt, and belt suggest a preternatural maturity, as does his stance, leaning authoritatively on the steering wheel. The flattened perspective of the photograph makes the mother appear smaller than her child; she smiles demurely with her hand in her lap beneath his towering figure. Mother and child, however, share a certain warmth of expression, a roundness of feature, and a symmetry in their matching, glistening, parted hair. The fantasy suggested by the photo-studio scenario, one of modernity, freedom, and technology, obscures a far older, and darker, wish—a souvenir of the Oedipal complex fulfilled.

Coney Island promises visitors a return to childhood, a reinvigoration of the desires and pleasures deeply buried within the adult. In many ways, it makes good on this pledge. Freud would perhaps caution us, however, to the presence of deeper, more insidious fantasies residing within the submerged dream life of the inner child. At the very least, we would do well to remain attuned to the symptoms and anxieties continually manifested in Coney Island's shifting displays. Alongside the exotic and the sensational, we may find that our interest in even the most outlandish of enticements is rooted uncomfortably close to home.

Notes

1. See Georges Didi-Huberman, *Invention of Hysteria: Charcot and the Photographic Iconography of the Salpêtrière*, trans. Alisa Hartz (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2004).
2. Scott Webel, "*Kinderbrutanstalt*: Leisure Space and the Coney Island Baby Incubators," *Text, Practice, Performance* 5 (2003): 9. According to Geoffrey T. Hellman, the location of the exhibits in Coney Island might have had additional unforeseen benefits: "one lady, expectant, took a ride on a roller-coaster, had her baby prematurely, and was not more than a block away from an incubator. Pretty handy!" From "Dr. Couney's Babies," *The New Yorker* (July 6, 1929): 10.
3. See Danielle Knafo and Kenneth Feiner, *Unconscious Fantasies and the Relational World* (New York: Routledge, 2005), 31–56.
4. As quoted in Roberta Leviton, "Cardboard Paradise: The Story of Coney Island," unpublished manuscript, Archives and Special Collections Division, Brooklyn College, CUNY, p. 28. Some reports cite the demise of the Eden Musée in a 1928 fire, although references to the attraction continue into the early 1930s. See Michael Immerso, *Coney Island: The People's Playground* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers, 2002), 135.
5. E. B. White, "Coney," *The New Yorker* (July 11, 1931): 13. White visited the Eden Musée on this trip.
6. Cecilia Rasmussen, "Girl's Grisly Killing Had City Residents Up in Arms," *Los Angeles Times* (February 4, 2001): B3.
7. "'This Is Going to Get Interesting Before It's Over': Notes on W. E. Hickman's Trial and 'Confessions,'" unpublished manuscript and scrapbook, Archives of the Coney Island Amateur Psychoanalytic Society. Philosopher and novelist Ayn Rand was apparently intrigued by Hickman's case, favorably adopting one of his defense statements, "What is good for me is right." See Scott Ryan, *Objectivism and the Corruption of Rationality: A Critique of Ayn Rand's Epistemology* (Lincoln, NE: Writers Club Press, 2003), 337.
8. From an unpublished interview with Santangelo conducted by Dick Zigun, ca. 1981. Notes held in the archives of the Coney Island Museum.
9. Handwritten notes in the Coney Island Museum archive indicate that the head of a Dionne quint was located in storage in 1981 (along with Abraham Lincoln, Mussolini, Hitler, Frank Sinatra, two James Deans, and Martha Beck, "lesbian killer").
10. "Mother, 5, to Visit Here: Peruvian Child and Her Son to Be Guests of Chicago Doctors," *New York Times*, August 8, 1940.
11. Dick Zigun interview, Coney Island Museum.