Am I the first journalist to recognize a pattern here? The fallen Betty – Red, famous, Infrared, less so – both charged in our collective memory with the significance of potential. Both, with their divergent generational attitudes, put the conditions in place for some “thing” important to occur. Something happened all right but it’s what didn’t happen, what hasn’t happened, that frustrating stigma of the future perfect tense – the will have been – that we feel so damn strongly.

I couldn’t write another elegy for a Betty. I went through all the notes and transcripts of past interviews filed in the B folder looking for any hint of what might be a worthwhile remark. Here, in an archival glut of B’ings, I stumbled on my last interview with the trans-special BetteB. Do y’all remember her ... the rattus caliente with the neon rainbow scar on her furry cheek? So here’s the thing. I bumped into a Buzzfeed post, filtered through a leak from her care team that seemed to indicate her morphological
transformation had slowed. They let an incipient little nugget out. She has grown Stelarcy ear-like formations on her arms that look like peculiar little wings. That’s what the post said. No images, photoshopped or otherwise.

Maybe this isn’t so startling but I began connecting dots, organizing clues not the least of which is the crispy palindromic name and the sheer resonance of BetteB’s experience to just about everything Betty.

So what am I going for here? Dunno yet but I smell something, scents something ... more fruity than a gummy bear, more floral than a Proustian *primula vulgaris*, more putrid than a summer dumpster, more acrid than death.

To be continued ...