



Aunt Evelyn's Letters

In this installment of Aunt Evelyn's Letters, Barton Benes combines text from a 1977 letter his aunt sent about killing cockroaches with the image of an infected CD4 cell to comment on going—and staying—undetected.

December 1, 1998 By [Barton Lidice Benes](#)

HIDE AND SEEK

I DO LOOK KINDLY AT EACH ONE BEFORE I SQUASH THEM. I DON'T GO INTO HYSTERICS. ON THAT DRAINBOARD, WHEN I PUT THE LIGHT ON, AND MOVE SOMETHING, THEY SCOOT. THEY FIND ONE THING, AND ALWAYS WITHOUT FAIL, GET BEHIND IT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE FROM WHERE I AM AND STAY PUT. I ALWAYS WOULD GO FOR THE SPRAY OR SWATTER, AND NOT SEE THEM, SO FEEL THEY GOT AWAY, BUT NOT SO. THEY DON'T MOVE AT ALL, THEY JUST WAIT UNTIL I GIVE UP. SO, THE OTHER NIGHT THIS HAPPENED, AND I SAW WHERE IT WAS, I TOOK MY TIME GETTING THE SWATTER, I MOVED EVERYTHING OUT OF THE WAY FOR CLEAR SWATTING, AND THEN I WAS READY. I MOVED THE JAR IT WAS BEHIND AND BLOCKED THE BACK, SO IT HAD TO GO FORWARD TO THE EMPTY SINK, AND I GOT IT ON THE EDGE, STUNNED IT, AND THEN SWEEPED IT TO THE FLOOR, WHERE I REALLY SWATTED IT.