

Tales of the pandemic (2)

The Bethlehem Gadfly coronavirus, Local Color May 28, 2020

 The Gadfly invites “**local color**” photos of this sort 

Every house needs one!



In *Walden*, Thoreau describes a ritual purification and renewal ceremony of the Mucclasse Indians called a “busk” in which annually “they collect all their worn out clothes and other despicable things,” burn them, and start fresh.

In other words, instead of cramming them in closets, jamming them in cellars, insulating attics with them, carving out special rooms for them, assigning them to ungrateful and unsuspecting relatives.

Thoreau wonders whether the “customs of some savage nations might, perchance, be profitably imitated by us.”

Gadfly thinks something like that may be happening in his neighborhood.

Huge dumpsters appearing to the east and the west of him. And he envious.

Look at the size of those things! You could put the car in the one on the right! Wouldn't you like a peek into that house!

Ten weeks in to this damn stay-at-home shut-down merry-go-round, and our stuff is getting on our nerves.

(Do you know the classic George Carlin “**stuff**” routine?)

You don't realize how much stuff you have till you have to sit and look at it all day.

If we don't get out of this domestic virus yoke soon, Gadfly predicts a run on these dumpsters.

No mixing, no sharing allowed. You must socially distance your stuff from your neighbor's.

Better reserve early.