

Withdrawal Symptoms

Scott Puryear wanted to get out of his tiny apartment but what were the options during this third wave of the COVID-19 epidemic.

Well, the weather was spring pleasant but where to go for a walk. If he walked south he would no longer have the option of the Lakeshore Gallery to spend an afternoon in. Of course he could walk in that direction anyway but what was the point.

Going nowhere for the sake of going nowhere?

He could walk east but his favourite bookstore had closed well before the pandemic's onset. He could walk west or north but why?

What was open? Nothing...except for grocery stores, big box stores, and takeout restaurants.

He wouldn't be hungry for a couple of hours. Then he could order in a basic stir-fry and a can of IPA.

Scott wanted to paint for a moment but then realized he had neither canvas nor any paints for that matter. He had not made a painting for over a year, since the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic. He had made very few paintings since he had severed with his former dealer. He still had a tiny studio in his apartment but what was the point of making art that nobody was ever going to see.

This damn COVID pandemic just had to coincide with additional factors in his life, such as ageing. Three years earlier he had been diagnosed with expanded prostate. The doctor had informed him that one byproduct of his medication would be an inability to get hard. The doctor was right.

Well, at least he didn't have cancer.

He entered his password into Facebook, on which his name was not Scott Puryear. His FB name was Terry Starkley. He liked the fact that nobody seemed to know who Terry Starkley was, as he did not provide Facebook with a photograph.

But social media was dominated by either the final passing of the stupid Duke of Edinburgh, or the passing of a rapper named DMX, or by ancient former Toronto musicians posting their heyday photos and bragging about their former importance.

Terry reverted to Scott and then decided to cue up a Harold Budd album on YouTube for his ambient listening. He primarily listened to music either intended to be ambient or suitably adapted to ambient listening. Harold Budd and his soft piano was exactly right...shut-in music for shut-ins.

Forty-seven minutes later the album ended. What to do now?

Scott decided that he could walk south and then east and see what businesses or watering holes had recently bitten the dust. Then he would order food from the nearest roti place to his apartment.

He made sure he had his key and then he left the building.