

Bath springs back to life. Well, sort of

It is my day to have my eye injection, now once every two months which is a good sign. As last Monday was the date set for business to return to normal, except inside drinking in pubs (we have to outwit the wily virus). We decided to make a day of it and visit Bath.

We sat in the front seat of the Park and Ride bus from Odd Down to the city centre. We committed the crime of sitting site by side. A lady on the adjacent seat huffed and puffed and moved to sit two rows back. I do feel some compassion for these people, completely programmed and fearful.



After so many months it was refreshing to actually see people – released prisoners – being out in public who were talking and enjoying themselves. Bath Council have thoughtfully made this recreational area in the middle of a pedestrian shopping center.

On our way we noticed a cartoon artist sitting waiting for custom stop I decided to have one on impulse. When I do that, good always comes out of it and I discovered why. The cost was 6 pounds I decided to crack on. During the brief drawing, he asked me what I did. I told him I was making a database on covid. He almost jumped up such was his need to speak.

He explained that his family have been split into two, destroyed I think was his term because a relative in his mid 50's had been insulting them, calling them sheep. His wife had had the two vaccinations; he had had his first one. He did not want to have one but yielded to social pressure.

He asked my views and I was able to give him the background back to the Rio Summit in 1992. I hope I dissuaded him from having the second. He took my website details and we left on good terms.

By the way this artist, Christian, is very talented and performs at weddings and social events. **Check out his web site**

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Francoise and myself shopped for necessary items; I then took a bus to the hospital and she took a bus back home. The weather was bright and warm.

This is from a series of art works in the corridors (passim) about the rituals of the pandemic. The narrative reaches all corners of society artists included.



To the hospital. Francoise had made me a white silk mask. When I lay on the operating table the nurse took the mask from me saying that it was the wrong colour. I needed a blue one (the one that has been found to contain asbestos). I was in no mood to argue but next time I will ask why.

Back in town.... I am a great fan of Dr Pimple Popper, who features in a series from the USA. She is otherwise known as Dr Sandra Lee, an American Dermatologist based in Upland Ca. She is one of my role models of how to treat people with disfiguring body features. All her patients go away loving her, and rightly so. This tree reminded me of the pimples.



Back to base. My weekly ZOOM meeting is an opportunity for a dozen or so bright and motivated people to touch base and compare their experiences of standing up to the truth. It is often a lonely task especially when families are involved. Ours is left to run and develop its own life. We started at 6pm and went on until 7.20 pm.

The time 'flew' as it does when you are enjoying yourself.