

Lockdown's End

by Theodore Dalrymple



The day before a significant loosening of the lockdown restrictions in England, my neighbor told me that he would miss lockdown life. In fact, he preferred it to the normal variety. He reminded me of those inmates who, in the days when I worked as a doctor in prison, confided that they preferred life inside. It was more predictable and had many fewer complications. His view is no doubt shared by a substantial minority of people, if news stories about “re-entry anxiety” are any indication. This reminds us that, even amid calamity—and the lockdowns have certainly been such—people are able to find solace.

My neighbor said that the town was much quieter now, with no drunks or screaming young slatterns in the High Street on weekend nights. It was also much clearer of litter: not only was less dropped of it in the first place, but citizens had

taken to clearing it up as a pastime ([City Journal](#)).