

[REDACTED]

a humiliating blow-by-blow of 15 min in social hell.

i really didnt want to go. making a dick of myself in mayfair by being blanked by [REDACTED] then falling off my bike on rushed and awkward exit by riding into a moving car. what a cliché. everyone gasps. i laugh and ride on. ride the fuck on.

a similar situation now. but no one is watching. everyone is indifferent. i chained up my bike really slowly outside. smoked a cogarette that i rolled really slowly walked to the door walking really slowly. im still smoking , slowly, outside while a guy in a weathered leather jacket talks to the bouncer of the hashtag neoliberal haus- post fordist haus party hashtag fuckfrieze., (parody?/performance?/just normal party?/critique?) all of the above.? something. the bouncer seems at once titillated & amused as freaks check their names off the guest list and a person w long blonde hair gets angry be some of her friends arent on the list and he wont let them inside . someone who i think is the neighbour comes over to invite everyone to her party next week. the guy in the jacket tells the bouncer his name is [REDACTED] and that his band is playing the lounge room (i dont think he said lounge room) tonight. i've been loitering outside too long. i suppress my anxiety branded on my wrist with an entry stamp, in black maybe, that might say 'neoliberal' or just the date idk.

i don't know anyone and i dont know what im doing here. this is actual torture (for someone who doesnt actually know what real torture feels like). the house is surprisingly nice. really narrow w three storeys if you count the bottom one. i know bc i drank lots of ~~courage~~<sup>beer</sup> at home before and subsequently headed straight to the toilet. no relief on the first floor. the door is being held open by a couch and there's a sign on the mirror (?) that says 'please fuck hashtag \_// #/- frieze'. somehow this makes me more uncomfortable, like fucking in the toilet while ppl watch from the couch is the mandate. abject self-exposure the norm. please god let there be another toilet.

someone tells me there's another one a floor up but i open the door to someone's bear room. sorry. the other toilet has a big window w no blinds and there's a polaroid camera with instructions to take a toilet selfie<sup>selfie</sup> written on the mirror.

PLEASE

FUCK

FRIEZE

fuck this.

there's a box under the sink with loads of tampons in it and i dont know why this is a detail worth mentioning. i guess it isnt. ~~the-walk~~

the walk back downstairs is also slow and painful. everyone is in the sunken kitchen where the 'bad video art' is apparently not working. the other video art is in the living room in a stack of old screens and headphones in the corner next to a vinyl deck. i do not recall a person behind them. i dont remember if there was an exhibition sheet or not but for some reason i imagine there was probably be i would have stared at it as blankly as i did the screens curated by [REDACTED] and featuring that video clips from the iannucci (spelling?) show about twats and the sexy one with the businessmen and cigars. there might have been a nam jun paik maybe. maybe not.

the only thing more depressing than this is the actual frieze fair as i stand awkwardly in the hallway and ~~ppl push-past-and-rub~~ bodies rub past to get into the kitchen where everything is happening. except instead of rich people it's art ppl. id dont know what's worse. JD appears w a drink-mumbling and a light between his boobs mumbling something about the punch being an aphrodisiac and disappears again. lead pipe hasnt started playing yet and i recognise [REDACTED] so i say something pointless to him to which he makes a face that is like eyes rolling. ~~there's~~ there's my cue to leave.

?-JK (just kidding)