

Petzel

“Consumer Reports: Seth Price,”
Art News, November 16th, 2018.

ARTNEWS

ARTISTS — CONSUMER REPORTS

Consumer Reports: Seth Price

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Seth Price dressed as the Marciano Museum for Halloween.
COURTESY THE ARTIST

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Seth Price is a New York-based multi-disciplinary artist whose work was included in the 2002 and 2008 editions of the Whitney Biennial, the 2011 Venice Biennale, and DOCUMENTA (13) in 2012. He has been the subject of survey exhibitions at Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, and the Museum Brandhorst in Munich. In 2015, the artist published the novel, Fuck Seth Price; the same year, he created Organic Software, a website that uses data-mining techniques to present information on notable art collectors and their political donation history. Price's first show in six years at Petzel Gallery's Chelsea space, "Hell Has Everything," is on view until January 5.

For Price's comprehensive Report, we follow the artist as he prepares for the opening of Hell Has Everything. A bit of a "Consumer Reports" traditionalist, Price attempts to keep things focused on the reason that we all came here in the first place: straight up, hardcore media consumption. That means Power 105 (bucking a long trend of Hot 97 shoutouts), the French animated children's series LoliRock (care of his daughter), plenty of books (Knausgaard, Xenofeminism) and a few podcasts. Plus some creative eBaying, The Great British Bake Off, and a bunch more—even stuff that doesn't have to do with media at all. —John Chiaverina

Tuesday, October 30

6:50 a.m.

Buried somewhere deep inside the domicile, awaken to the new age “chimes” ringtone. I love this alarm, been years now I’m on it, uncanny when it rings next to me on someone’s phone. I once had a home-made meowing kitten ringtone, it made for many odd moments, most memorably when my pocket meowed in an airport bathroom, lined up in the stalls between fellow urinators, heads jerked but immediately snapped back: must... stay... inhuman.

Bettina’s still sleeping, I feed the cats, try to wake Lou by switching on Power 105’s *The Breakfast Club* at high volume, she typically sleeps til 7:30 but hopefully can be subliminally socialized at a young age to as much Drake as possible. Yesterday Dr. Phil was on talking about a girl who is black who insists she’s white, at least I think that was it, I was listening from the kitchen. Today is newish Drake, then something that sounds like Juice WRLD or another sing-songy emo rapper—when I was little, teen rap was Fat Boys, Newcleus, and the Roxanne wars, now it’s more angsty—then there’s a track with Snoop on what sounds like Midnight Starr “Curious,” something about half-listening from the next room suggests that Midnight Starr was laboring under the spell of “Sexual Healing.”

At the studio mulling over this Consumer Reports thing. Research online, it seems like gradually the series has morphed from the original concept of a strict record of media consumption to a kind of ‘relatable’ diary of food, travel, friends, politics, drinks. Stress on that, ultimately decide to go with straight media consumption. No more “I feed the cats.” Feel good about this direction. “Hey Seth saw your consumer reports I loved how O.G. it was, someone finally had the nerve to bring the series back to its

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media diet roots.” “What? Oh that thing, yah I never saw any other episodes & didn’t consider my approach, but glad you liked it.”

At the studio we work on getting a video encoded for the install tomorrow, then spend some time establishing deep background on extratone, this genre with BPMs up to 10,000, a nerdy commentary ensues, ‘what’s a beat really, I mean when does it become just an oscillator?’

Check my Yik Yak account, for some reason it’s not working today. AGAIN. I haven’t had any luck for over a year. Log off, figure I’ll try again tomorrow.

Studio lunch: Caviar, Kat gets pozole, I should have ordered that for learning purposes since there’s a container of my first-time home-made pozole in our fridge from the weekend that no one’s ever going back to. Hmmm, beginning to grasp how hard it is to stick to a strict record of media consumption, and how difficult it is negotiating overshares. Brief feeling of camaraderie with every other artist who ever did a ‘Consumer Reports.’ Maybe look into planning a family reunion-style get-together?

After lunch, research Bolsonaro, Brazilian fascist who just won election. My sister spent the weekend in Newark in a Brazilian neighborhood trying to convince immigrants not to vote for him, her Portuguese is passable, his record is scary. Electronically get in touch with sis and express horror, too little too late. Extractive industries even now rolling up their sleeves to eradicate the as-yet undiscovered Amazonian vine that can cure death.

The programmers report: no luck fixing organic.software. Embarrassingly the site went down just as I’m gearing up for a major show, image links broken, many replaced by ads. Suspect someone hacked it, only question: who? Consensus is there’s only one international villain with the brains, resources, and motive to disable my site dedicated to exposing campaign donations of major art collectors: Andrea Fraser.

Eric in touch reminding about Bernadette’s book launch Monday, he designed the book. Texts with him and Heji, who recently joined me and Eric’s nascent magazine, she’s back from shooting photographs for Kanye in Africa, leading me to research right-wing nut job Candace Owens, who was on the trip and had to store her baggage in Heji’s closet. Find pix of the logo tees Kanye helpfully designed for Owens’s ‘Blexit’ campaign to helpfully persuade black people to leave the Democratic party. This naturally segues into collections of logo fails, never fails to amuse, like the one from the Olympics where Lisa’s giving Bart a blowjob, I am grinning even as I type this.

Browse recent NPC memes, it’s simply one of the best recent memes, so dark and yet so light. I make some screenshots of particularly confounding examples, drop them in the relevant folder.

Rachel comes over for dinner, the food has lotus root which reminds me of Trypophobia, Rachel’s unfamiliar so I google it, my hair-crawling reaction makes her refuse to view the results. She mentions a video called ‘it has only just begun’ or something, possibly co-authored by John with Julien Coupat; she knows Coupat personally as does her husband who translates the whole Invisible Committee/Tiqqun axis,

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or something. Watch it on vimeo, it's sort of Debordy, simultaneously old left and next left. “Julien Coupat stars in... Last House On The Left.”

Wednesday, October 31

New age chimes, Juice WRLD, etc. I'll start installing today. Realize there will probably be less media consumption this week since normally at the studio it's just wading through cultural tide pools all day long.

Trying to get Lou out the door for school, she's resisting and starts dancing, mounts a defense about not being able to stop moving. I put on “Keep on Moving” by Soul II Soul, we harmoniously exit before it finishes. Later in the day it's on my mind that my high school friend Rishi loaned me that actual Soul II Soul disc, when I went to return it he was like “keep it I'm no longer into possessions” or some shit, impressing me greatly. While I'm supposed to be installing I stand in a corner of the gallery and do some googling. Ever since I killed my facebook instagram and twitter I humiliatingly must resort to the actual internet to stalk people. It's humiliating enough to even say “the internet.” Turns out Rishi now teaches math at CUNY. Skim an interview on a blog called angryasianman where he's discussing music he's into, take note of a genre called coup d'écale to check out later. Discomfited to see he interviewed a DJ I once knew because she started dating a girlfriend of mine right after we split (or, might as well face it—it's been long enough—before we split).

Ask the installers if they ever listen to music while installing, they seemed relieved and immediately produce a rig with a Fender mini-amp, Sean puts on something, kind of bumping, sounds good. Friedrich comes in and says what's the music, Sean says ‘Playlist,’ everyone nods. Apparently that's now an acceptable answer to the question.

Mental note to get back to work on my Soundcloud when the show is up. Been making mixes all year & posting to a playlist called ‘Soundtracks for Painters,’ roughly one a month. New one's called *Hell Has Everything*. I feel I upped my game by mixing an old Eddie Van Halen chopsathon into a recent RP Boo track: verified when I send the track to Cory, who first turned me on to footwork and also is a guitar-god person who uses Eddie Van Halen's deodorant (his actual deodorant): “HOLY FUCK,” excellent prognosis, thanks doctor. Cory starts a group message to me and Stefan and Emily: a Distracted Boyfriend meme from Dolly Parton's feed in which “My man” scopes out “Jolene.” Years ago, me and Cory and Stefan and Emily had a band called The Economist, our only recorded track was a “Jolene” cover. Me: “Let's get the band back together” Stefan: “I'm in!” No response from Emily. It's OK, we'll get Sammy Hagar.

Take a break from installing, go for lunch with Kat and Alex, Chelsea brunch spot playing “Freaks Come Out at Night.” I got this on cassette when it came out, my Jewish best friend at the time was triggered because he interpreted ‘freaks’ as ‘Nazis,’ took years to realize it actually meant white downtown artists.

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Brad texts about the new Soundcloud mix, which has the same name as my upcoming show, asks is it part of the show. Deny it vehemently. Bettina thinks it's a good idea. Hmmm. Maybe pop all the mixes, uncompressed, on flash drives, 20 hours of music, have them available in the gallery bookshop. Maybe add the 8-hour single-track mix from 2007 which at the time I burned to data CDRs, these days no one can enjoy it because discs are dead and the file's too hefty for my Bandcamp or my Soundcloud.

Spend a lot of time staring at my video installation with someone from “the company” making adjustments to the projector. Worry about being aloof asshole because everyone from the gallery comes in all excited and welcoming, hesitates when me and Alex are unresponsive, cautiously melts away. Can't they see we're neurotically focused on tiny things no one else can even perceive that don't even matter?

Back home. Books in the mail. *Xenofeminism*. I followed Laboria Cuboniks when I was on twitter, read the PDF, they've beefed it up into a book, hmmm seems like they rushed it. I tried to find it in town but it's too small-press or British so I went crawling back to Amazon. Also Amazon: *Masterpieces in Detail*, a shame-buy, Cecily was shocked I hadn't been to her favorite museums, they weren't exactly obscure, it included the Louvre, London's National Gallery, and anywhere in Italy.

Halloween. After trick or treating Hillary comes to our place for beer and pizza, shares an Insta clip of a tiny girl holding her own head in her hands, incredible costume, something about kids is inherently terrifying, like clowns, the girl's straight out of elena ferrante world.

Waaay past Lou's bedtime, no reading to her tonight. I put on a CD of Renaissance lute music played by “Hopkinson Smith,” he looks maniacal in the photo, probably because the CD spells it ‘Luth.’ Trying to lull her into a more contemplative mood. Montaigne claimed that as a boy he woke each morning to some lad strumming a lute, what a fucking little prince. I mention to Lou that this exact music we're hearing was once being taken in by solemn people in rugged natural fabrics sitting in a stone-paved room lit by candles. Leaving her room I reflect on this: not accurate, probably scary, plus I'm basing it on a composite image from *Excalibur* and *Game of Thrones*. Still feel pretty good about it, throw a smirk at the camera like John Krasinski in *The Office*. It doesn't matter, she can't sleep til 11.

Bedtime. Slogging through book 6 of Knausgaard's edda, spent the last 300 pages knee-deep in Hitler and *Mein Kampf*, spurring web searches. Try to find a ‘lavish’ coffee table book of Hitler's paintings without framing or moralizing: no dice. Eventually chasing ‘most offensive album,’ a *Guardian* article on that topic offers Ice Cube and David Allan Coe. I have some of Coe's ‘secret’ racist material plus classic jams like “Fuckin in the butt,” but I'm fascinated to discover his recording “Fuck Aneta Briant”—in this work the artist willfully misspells the name of the anti-gay activist. Misspellings are actual magick, should be used more in daily life.

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Thursday, November 1

Breakfast Club, Juice WRLD, etc. Get texts about how was Halloween, send a pic of last night's last-minute costume. 'Are U Squi?' 'No, The Marciano Museum.' I prefer costumes that are straight psycho as opposed to dressing "as" something, my street clothes plus mask had a dastardly effect on passers-by, then again most were parents with little ones. Have a "Blowup" moment when enlarging the pic for this article: spy a kid from Lou's daycare I haven't seen in years, plus his mom, who I did see at the recent District Council Diversity meeting, she self-identified as "she/her/hers."

Check Yahoo Messenger account: something's off, I'll try later.

Go by 192 Books on a break from installing. Buy a Harry Who catalogue and a new Alexander Kluge book called *Drilling in Wood*, predictably cool, but provokes feelings. I now will exploit this opportunity to 'score-settlingly' confess to petty vexation at Kluge's recent art world lovefest, he rocked my world in college & I talked him up in *Dispersion* yet subsequently felt no one picked up on how crazy he was. Crissakes, Rachel even just told me she did some convo with him! In the late '90s I actually emailed him to collaborate, his deflating reply: 'dear Seth I am no longer interested in fiction and filmmaking, now I'm into quantum physics,' it took a while to realize it was a different Alexander Kluge, some wisenheimer CERN lab-rat. ANYWAY ha ha kidding, of course I know how small and petty those feelings are, obviously it's overshadowed by my happiness for him and the spread of cool shit in the world in general.

Message from Spencer who is actually listening to *Soundtracks for Painters* while he paints—we both have shows opening next week so there was bonding—he employs the word "awesome." Psyched because he happens to be a real painter and a real DJ. Recall that he once wrote a week-long 'eating diary' for some foodie site with a similar vibe to this, make a mental note to invite him to the Consumer Reports survivor group. Maybe open doors a little wider?

During dinner the whole family is treated to a brief trailer announcing the release date of *LoliRock* season 3, bad news, it's going to be a while. Lou loves this show, I admit the theme music is strangely compelling.

After dinner Lou plays Bebe Rexha "I'm A Mess," one of her faves, while doing an interpretive dance with the carpeted cat-tree. Been hearing this song a lot in recent weeks, "kind of hate it."

Nico drops off his new book *Cinema/Politics/Philosophy*, hot off the presses, because Bettina's going to do some Light Industry thing with him about it. We talk about how no one seems to read whole actual books of theory now thanks to #longreads, and no one seems to watch whole movies courtesy of TV Golden Age, & philosophers like Agamben & Badiou are dried-up white guys stuck in the 20th century BUT: when I read the intro while waiting for Lou to pass out, the fact is the "should-art-be-political" question is gripping, book seems cool.

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Curious to see in the *Guardian* that Bhaskar Sunkara is endorsing Apu. Wrote that sentence and realized a problem with focusing on media consumption is this whole thing would sound like Twitter, and there's a reason I ditched Twitter.

There's another Seth Price out there, I consistently crush him in the Google rankings, which must hurt seeing as how he's a marketing guru focused on personal branding. Occasionally I like to think I ditched social media 'to let Seth Price have it all to himself.' We both lived in Providence at the same time, which obviously confused the robots because credit/identity services keep sharing his address with me mistakenly (criminally?) Figure I'll just drive up to his place for a sit-down, we can Yalta this shit out. Strong suspicion we could be best friends. Could even share a checkbook, just leave off the address.

Friday, November 2

New age chimes, *Breakfast Club*, Juice WRLD. Local politician is on about how nuts Trump is, “he said he could shoot someone in the middle of Times Square,” sigh, really people? point of fact the man specified middle of Fifth Avenue. Wonder about inflicting fake news on Lou in her receptive half-sleep state.

Bettina and Lou finishing breakfast, I go to the bathroom to visit al Jazeera, admirably sober platform, feels like they took an American newspaper, added focus on countries that never even get named here, and pruned the catnip like articles on CBD and op-eds about The Simpsons by socialist celebrities.

Speaking of catnip, see an NYT article about a 5,000-year-old Roman instrument, leading me to investigate this band Synaulia, some Italian ancient-music project, but not in an uptight way like early-music ensembles usually are. Synaulia obviously threw, or possesses the capability to throw, mead-fueled parties in fields of wild catnip on the outskirts of Rome.

In the brief moments before I have to quality-check at a fabricator, I hit Soulseek, search term ‘prehistoric,’ start grabbing shit randomly with an eye on the clock. When Tower Records was still open in the village, they'd close at midnight, we used to get drunk nearby and dash over to Tower at five to 12, spend 300 seconds tearing thru, snatching random CDs based only on cover art. I got gems like that first Club Nouveau LP, sampled it on a bunch of tracks I made at the time.

Soulseek user Scramoutcha has every rare track I've ever sought, in lossless, but it's locked up for trade only, and Scramoutcha's list of trades is wild, it'll be a link to a YouTube mix with a muddy scrap of the anonymous desired song playing at minute 17:49. Damn you & praise be.

On the way to the fabricator I receive a text containing a QR code that I must display on my phone and hold under a reader in order to enter the complex. Two visits ago they put a sticker on my phone camera, last time they didn't, presumably they upgraded to a concealed walk-through biometric scanner with phone-disruption like everyone else.

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Momentary insecurity about my drug consumption thanks to texts from an old friend, who I swear recently resolved to smoke less weed:

-Look I just made this/4 cups of Psilocybe in red bush T/ the tea lights up the shrooms/call me in 2 1/2 hours I'll tell your future

-Aren't u all CBD now?

-I have 15 pounds of grade a kolas bricked into my cabinets all over the fucking building my bongos are like chimneys nowadays I think there's enough CBD oil in the air of this building/T sent me a trapper keeper of shatter and I have a jar of fucking keef that would last a normal person 19 lives

Lyft back to the gallery, West African driver playing generic 90s country music, start talking, he loves Alan Jones, George Strait, etc. Possible style-wormhole connecting Bamako and Nashville? “What's this, a radio station?” “Playlist.”

At lunch I mention Bebe Rexha to some people from the gallery, first pronouncing it ‘Baby Recks-a,’ when they say ‘Sorry?’ switch to ‘Beh-BEH Rake-szha,’ Anna Maria makes a note to investigate this eminent Basque troubadour. Consider investigating how to pronounce “Bebe Rexha” but ‘confidently’ decide to stay ignorant. Abstractly thinking of new playlist for Lou: Bebe Rexha into ‘Rotten to the Core’ from Descendants, it's the genuinely weirdest music, actually forget Lou, this is one for the ages.

Get a text from an artist friend I ran into last night who's curious if I give my studio manager health care, I explain the package we have, sense their anxiety about being a Bad Manager/Person, I'm able to give useful and non-judgy suggestions, clearly all that couples therapy is paying off.

Installing a lightbox. Dorian examines all the long threads hanging out of the embroidered bit that says ‘New York City,’ mentions Hood By Air once did a jacket with letters fringed with suede — we go on his phone but can't find it, obviously. We do take note that HBA is now available at Century 21 at greatly reduced prices.

Home. The last six months we've been trying to do Family Movie Night on Friday, recently working our way thru The Great British Bake Off, I love this shit, helpful friends keep saying “Yeah you know there's an American one equally good if not better” but the point is I need the twee Britishness, it appeals to my mixed-up Ex/Re-Imperial American self. Tonight I am going out to some art stuff but I watch the first challenge with Bettina and Lou: baklava, this lights me up, my grandmother was ethnically greek from turkey so that side of the family always made baklava. Try to interest Lou in the heritage, get shushed. Exit premises after submitting written permission to conclude episode in my absence.

Watch a video by Adam Pendleton and a video by Liam Gillick. Use Google Maps to walk downtown to a cocktail thing with Jamie and Alex, works OK though probably takes longer than if we just used our brains.

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Receive email from Black Lives Matter: “Introducing #BlackLivesMatter Official Store” – whaa? This must be why Candace Owens feels she has to merchandize “Blexit.”

Email from Bosko, “Have you ever wrestled an animal?” Good question. We’ve been doing an email interview for ten years, initial interview concept: “longest ever,” a decade later: “what ever.” Insecure that he’s got the transcript, not sure I want it leaked.

Get home late, Lou’s still up with a stomach ache, turns out they completed the whole season without me: WHAT? and reveal who won: NANCY? Bettina crashes, I try to calm Lou’s stomach while we browse her Smithsonian “Picturepedia” an ‘internet on paper,’ we play a game where we flip to random spreads (Cars, Earthquakes, Bread) and try to guess each other’s favorite pic. The Fashion spread lays everything out by decade, claims the 80s and 90s were about “Individuality” while everything since then is “Anything Goes.”

Before bed I drowsily attempt to access my Apple iChat, must be too exhausted to hack the unresponsive interface.

Saturday, November 3

Road tripping to an upstate wedding we suffer complete tech fail. The bride messaged that Google Maps was unreliable for the last miles to the venue, then we lose all reception, make a mid-course switch from GMaps to emailed directions, overshoot the exit and get lost, dissolve in rage, tears, screaming, people jumping out of a slow-rolling car at a runty toll plaza near Woodstock and huffing off, to be found hiding behind an idling gas tanker by a concerned Lou, final result: miss the luncheon.

On this trip Lou gets even heavier into *LoliRock*, we try to temper that by working our way deeper into this podcast ‘Seeing White’ about the construction of whiteness, it’s good, to my taste the vibe’s a little too NPR-listening-New-Yorker-reading, but then again who am I kidding, that’s probably the hot breath of my own destiny. In light of Lou’s ‘unit’ on Peoples of the Eastern Woodlands it’s interesting to hear a whole episode about the massacre at Mankato and how the state fucked over the Dakota people, all of which was part of that brouhaha over Sam Durant’s sculpture a while back. In the rearview mirror I can’t tell if any of this is penetrating the solid wall of *LoliRock*, but it’s all good, it’s subliminal, like *The Breakfast Club*. The podcast was a recommendation, we started going to these local School District Council Diversity meetings: twinklings of ultra-local activist feelings tying in to general theoretical interest in anarchist ground-up, etc., anyway, slowly getting more active in Lou’s school, so I initiated shallow google researches on ‘Porn Literacy,’ a pilot program for teaching kids using actual porn, seems like an obviously good idea, on the right side of history, maybe prod the DoE about Porn ‘units’? Oops more share-y than advisable, back to media.

The wedding party goes late, it’s all people in their late twenties and early thirties including the DJ yet the music is entirely 80s, I can’t understand it, aren’t there stacks of wretched ‘oos tunes to wed to? Please stay in designated lane.

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Lots of googling “Jack Handy” since the couple are improv comedy writers who met on OKCupid over a mutual love of Jack Handy, whom we are asked to believe has actually emailed them a small but nice pep talk, which someone reads off a phone.

Before bed I attempt to log in to my Google Talk account but the page goes nowhere. Wonder if my electromagnetic irony field is disrupting my messaging services.

Sunday, November 5

On the way back from the wedding we stop by an old friend, a poet who lives in the middle of nowhere near Phoenicia, there’s no reception so we can’t call or text, we just show up, luckily he’s in. Staticky NPR so loud it’s hard to talk, on the other hand no digital media, so it’s psychically quiet. He mentions Groucho Marx, Lou doesn’t know the reference and he leaps up to locate a plastic portable TV, hauls it out and hooks it up, finds a VCR, shit crashing down everywhere, hunts an old VHS, 20 minutes later we’re with Groucho. VHS feels nice and soft, ‘psychically quiet.’

Home. Now would be my chance to do that *New York Times* ‘Sunday Routine’ thing, “after Ashtanga I’ll make johnnycakes,” but I won’t. I do check today’s Sunday Routine, it’s YouTube personality Randy Rainbow’s turn to take the measure of his inner being: “Their mac and cheese is legendary and their Cafeteria Cosmo is my jam.” He’d benefit from the burgeoning online-diary recovery group, text Kat to bring him in. I do realize I should get with the program and mention food more in this thing. Holy shit, just noticed there’s a new NYT diary series, “My Workout.” Chef Ignacio Mattos is claiming “the way you season in a restaurant is not how you eat at home.” Text Kat: the group’s going to need a bigger venue.

Bettina shows me layouts from the book she’s editing for MoMA on the history of PS1, trillions of images, amazing. As museums achieve maximum Deathstar these images look cooler and cooler, even shit from fifteen years ago looks utopian.

-Moms answering machine message is annoying

-better than dads

-true

-Im doing a media consumption report for some website im supposed to include this text string he he

-Nooooooooo seth please don’t

-ok

-im going to phone bank for Beto then a Julius Eastman concert

-you should be doing this media thing you’re so woke

-im also jogging now as we text so just kill me for my own annoyingness

-will do why don’t u jog over

-gotta coordinate too much on way to sonya’s phone banking

-I meant so I can kill u

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Bettina: bed, Intercept podcast on the doctrine of American mythology. Lou: couch, *Bunk'd* episode on Netflix. Me: kitchen, prepping an heirloom grinder to force-hydrate sprouted loam, just kidding all I’m prepping is this sentence, in Notes, later I’ll pop it into MS Word for a sear.

Ebay drive-by, search terms ‘homemade + bad.’ With clothing it’s usually all Christmas sweaters, plus occasional diamonds you could roll into Eckhaus Latta, but a general search can yield all manner of crazy. Nothing today that’s either bad enough or good enough. I do have a notification about a fan-made Zero Kama shirt, her album made with human bones keeps popping in my work, I used it in the *Redistribution* video, the soundtrack for the Documenta fashion show, and the *Donna Haraway in Heaven* mix: clearly it’s time to gear up and represent. I bid on the shirt even though it’s too small, can always give it to Bettina.

Receive the Sunday newsletter from 2 Bridges Music Arts. “Mysterious Russian artist ca. 1992?” I’m sold. Simon always pours from the top shelf.

Monday, November 6

Breakfast Club: discussion about Nike’s cynicism in using Kaepernick, then Juice WRLD. Oh dip, that reminds me... Text Kat to make sure Juice WRLD got the note about the venue change.

My Microsoft Messenger Service won’t boot, I just don’t understand why nothing’s working any more. Definitely going to circle back.

At the gallery. Check the Soundcloud. Psyched to see the number of listens climbing on the new mix, it’s probably because of New Models giving it love on Twitter, thanks Lil Internet and Carly! I decide to plug their aggregator New Models by going out of my way to gratuitously mention New Models in a piece I’m writing on my media consumption for New Models. Getting the hang of this whole social media landscape after all. I do feel I’m a better partner and father after the past week’s self-reflection and forced display of humor. Text Kat to warn Seth Price I’m coming for his socials, also please disinvite everyone from the Oversharing Support Group. Going to go ahead and assume Randy Rainbow will be okay with that.

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