

# Hackney Bar Number 7

by S. J. MacKenzie

I gave the limp-wristed cunt at the door the hard eyeball so he'd know to keep his trap shut. Down the concrete stairs I slinked, past some fur coat wearing tosser and his braying equine girlthing, and pushed my way into the eardrum puncturing furnace of the place. I looked around, not best fucking pleased. Some years back this would have been a proper flesh pit, I thought, a decent slaggy dive, back in the 70s or 80s when humanity was still greased and nasty and hadn't had all the debasement, all the delinquency and deviance—the good bits—scrubbed and plucked out of it by fucking day-spa robots, dead eyed, vice-sphinctered replicants.

Alas for the 21st century.

In our own piss poor, redeveloped, gentrified and financialised decade it's just a facsimile pumped full of cheap pearl delta dry ice and sanitised Tesco-grade techno. The place is heaving with sneering truckfulls of fancy dress private school cockhats taking selfies and going through some kind of Tatler mandated electro-punk woodland carpenter phase. Look at them, the endlessly self regarding, oily play acting gargoyles. This kind of Disney Land slumming it likely somehow part-qualifies them to take over the lease on their daddy's Mayfair property portfolio when he moves to fucking St Kitts & Nevis, the handsy old baby fucker. Well, whatever kind of shitshow it was, let's just say I was not over the moon to be shouldering my way through it to the bar.

No amount of fucking Tuborg is going to make up for this car crash.

