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a warning. Ergo: no tent, no wacky outfits, no gawping at plastic surgery, no labyrinth of samey-samey art, no gibbering art blindness.

Weirdly, despite my annual whinge that it's a terrible way to see art (it is), I miss Frieze. For collectors there are online viewing rooms, but I'm nostalgic for the smell of paint and hyperbole. London's galleries are open. Might the Frieze experience be reproduced freestyle?

Yes-ish, but it takes military-grade planning. Unlike Tesco, you can't just walk into a gallery these days, you need a timed appointment. Before I could step out with mask, hand gel and thermos, my route through London's art world needed to be tightly choreographed.



▲ Doors of perception ... Lubaina Himid's Five Conversations, 2019. Photograph: Stephen White/Frieze

Regent's Park was eerily denuded, though [Frieze sculpture](#) carries on. Kalliopi Lemos's severed plait stands tall as a tree: a symbol of girlhood abandoned or perhaps taken. Fabio Lattanzi Antinori's LED screens reel off local rates for Google ad words: unsurprisingly this is a hot market for property and art.

When is a door not a door? When it's art by Gavin Turk and Lubaina Himid. Himid's five reclaimed doors carry portraits of stylish women engaged in conversation - the brass knocker on one becoming a large hoop earring. Turk's painted bronze, *L'Age d'Or* (Green & Red), is tantalisingly ajar, and monumental - a literal large door, as per the title.

In South Kensington, Cromwell Place is a swanky new rental complex for visiting galleries. [Lehmann Maupin](#) have installed the real, live Billy Childish on the top floor with his paint and brushes like a skilled zoo animal, surrounded by photographs and paintings reminding him of his natural habitat. Edinburgh's [Ingleby](#) are showing recent Scottish paintings, including Caroline Walker's series of her mother tending home.