PURE COMMODITY (FETISH)... SIXTY-FOUR BASTARDS

Own it, whilst saying it: “bastard”. Sometimes you say it out loud. More often, you say it with a smile, as if you didn’t mean it. But usually, you just think it. “You bastard – you useless fucking bastard”. This unspoken “bastard” is the voice of your wavering confidence. It is the voice of incredulity (“are you for real?”) mixed with panicked hesitation (“shit, I must be missing what others see in you”). It is this, the insecurity you feel, that makes you want to say “bastard”. More so because you don’t know if you can risk it.

Brands, labels, corporations feel no such hesitation. They turn to authority and the law – copyright law – to call out the bastard and protect the real thing from what is fake to the core. Bastard Pop, which mixes together “original” tracks, is not allowed to be aired on the radio. Why? Because making Bastard Pop makes you a parasite (right, Lord-Soft?) You feed of the work of real artists, cash in on someone else’s originality and fame (useless bastard). And so, it all comes down to this: status, ownership and belonging – the same labels have no problem when their own copy and imitate – that’s called creativity, originality, being influenced (thieving bastards).

So the insecurity you feel cuts deeper. It has to do with this whole hype, love and fame thing. It has to do with fashion – something I was not supposed to talk about. – He: “write quickly now, there is almost no time, but don’t mention fashion, don’t mention fashion design”. Me (thinking): you bastard. – Fashion imitates and copies. It satisfies the desire to belong, lets you signal that you get it, but reflects a desire to stand out, be recognised as unique. Fashion used to be just for kings and queens – the rest were too poor and insignificant. Then came the factories, then the ads, and then... shopping. Since then, fashion ads itself to function to make things sell; it takes from those who are cooler, richer, more noble, genuine and singular to make you buy into being a bastard – fashion tells you: “buy this shit, disown the cool, revenge yourself on the creative, mix and match and make them have to change” (and so by copying you ensure that they stay ahead). So yeah... these endless pop remixes, this singular look of yours bought in shops, this ready-made beat that makes you glow within as if it touched your soul, this wave of anger at their disrespect, this fear of losing out because some other bastard is messing around... this bastardisation making you follow the very trend you set – all this bastard stuff is the heart-beat of your life, is that small voice inside, your own little bastard. Sixty-four shoes, sixty-four soles hitting you from the depths of your commodified soul... so say it, own it: “sixty-four utter useless bastards”.