



## Rockstar

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Interview with a rock-star, a celebrity icon. The mischievous and bashful expression of someone who seems like a fun guy who all the same distrusts

strangers, other people, the ager publicus, someone who lives enclosed in his own world of references and connections, his own clichés. He showed up to the televised interview in pajamas. A sample of what I heard:

- What are you dressed up as today?
- I'm dressed up as myself (he held a revolver next to the microphone. In fact he was aiming at it).
- A hobby?
- Logomachy (also, he was barefoot).
- Another hobby?
- Exclusive whoring.
- A color?
- Cyan.
- A food?
- Sushi.
- A drink?
- Absinthe.
- A number?
- The last one.
- An obscenity?
- Damn.
- Do you play any sports?
- I prefer screwing.
- A short term objective?
- Getting out of here.
- A paradise lost?
- Summer of '98, some place in Ireland, once in a lifetime, I was barely sixteen years old: cubic sin.
- Something you hate?
- Alabama, palindromes... Yeah, that's it, definitely... Palindromes ... Alabama and palindromes... I also hate the cárcel catódica... Right, and casinos, monarchies and acts of faith.
- Something you're afraid of?
- I'm afraid of ostracism by instalments. I'm afraid getting to some point in my life where I look down on my own life goals, my principals. I'm afraid of starting to wish

for times gone by, sweating for years. I'm afraid of the exponential desensitization of the masses. I'm afraid of the bang at the end of the world.

— A word that makes you anxious?

— Nuance.

— Do you consider yourself a revolutionary?

— No, not at all, I'm not a revolutionary.

— Really? That's a bit odd, coming from you.

— No, I'm not, and it's very logical: in a revolution, women are always tired, and there aren't any good restaurants.

— Any words for your fans?

— Hang them all.

— What is your secret dream?

— To do it, in handcuffs, in front of a black and white television playing movies in slow motion, with really disturbing images. To do it in handcuffs, yeah. Also to meet the ghost of Kurt Cobain.

— You've never met him in person?

— In person no, which is, to say the least, a bit strange.

— You would like to meet him?

— Yes.

— What would you talk about if you were introduced?

— Oh, um, I have no idea. About furniture, maybe?

(Silence. Now another phone call, about the building for sale, which I didn't answer either.)

— What have been your main influences?

— I am made of many people.

— A synonym for your work?

— Amalgamation, or eclectic field.

— A poet?

— Kavafis.

— A key saying?

— Best is just to come.

— A brand of clothing?

— Paul Smith.

— What happened to your bullfighting career?

— I had an excess of guts, and a lack of talent... I didn't get out of the bull's way, but the bull got me out of the way on his own.

— Is there anything more transgressive than your music?

— Bahaus.

— Life has taught you that...

— An eyeful of tits makes the medicine go down.

— How much would you like to earn?

— Enough to spend it all.

— Have you ever felt like a traitor?

— As soon as it gets dark.

— What do you think of the copla\*? Many intellectuals are reclaiming it these days.

— Let them reclaim it, I don't give a shit about it.

— What is the last book you have read?

— Well, now that you ask... this very one, that grants both of us this ephemeral and circumstantial existence.

— The capital of Mali?

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- Bamako.
  - Do you know how to pilot a desert?
  - I could try.
  - A psychotropic drug?
  - Pills for your faith.
  - What are you going to do with your Grammys?
  - I don't know.
  - What is left of punk today?
  - Nothing will be left of punk.
  - (Silence.)
  - Who is your idol?
  - I aspire to be my own idol.
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\*the translation of 'copla' to English could be 'couplet'