Long Live the New Flesh: A Love Letter to Dead Retail

Written by David Pace Thursday, 11 August 2011 16:35



One cannot talk about the New Flesh without acknowledging the larval sac that birthed it. As much as my eye is turned to the future, I'm of a generation that will always have one foot firmly planted in this idyllic past we all imagine. The place we all started to learn the language of media, the place that captured our imaginations.

The retail video outlet.

As I write this, Blockbuster, once a giant in the retail industry, is barely clinging to life. In Canada, the very brand name may disappear forever any day now, licensing revoked by a struggling head office looking to bankrupt its former sister chains and scoop up their remaining assets for pennies on the dollar. Corporate raiders trying to pick a carcass clean before it disappears beneath the sands of time.

I once said I couldn't wait to dance on the grave of Blockbuster. Part of that was driven by my dislike of the monopoly power the company managed to achieve, part of it by my opinion that we were getting ripped off by a business whose days were numbered the minute broadband adoption in North America climbed above 50 percent.

Most of it, though? It was because of Bandito Video.

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