

Paris Kasidokostas:
Mogul-superstar or Rock n' roll Poseur?
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According to the Wikipedia on-line Internet encyclopedia, the Latsis/Kasidokostas family is worth, approximately, \$7, 500,000,000. For those of you who are unfamiliar with seeing such an astronomical sum in numbers, let me spell that one out for you: seven billion, five-hundred million bux. Paris Kasidokostas's occupation, according to the same source, is "heir."

"So," you might say, "he's a rich kid, so what? Why should I give a rat's ass one way or the other?" I'll tell you why you should care. You should be concerned because he's a billionaire biz-kiddie wearing the wrong social uniform. That's why.

I don't care that he runs around with an endless stream of vapid, blonde arm-candy or lives like a sultan. That's fine with me. Some people have more stuff than others. That's life. But, for a kid like that, to try and pass himself off as a Brando-esque street-rocker is not allowable. Not even as a joke.

Lately, he's been stroked and praised in the Greek presses and on celeb-tv shows for producing his first feature Hollywood film, *Swing Vote*. It's just another piece of saccharine-vanilla feel-good junk that the major studios throw out to the masses several times a year to keep them fat, stupid and content to be wage-slaves in the economic grinder. How a self-proclaimed "rocker" could have any connection with this antiseptic, empty-calorie dreck is beyond my comprehension.

Paris Kasidokostas producing a sure-thing, demographically-researched Hollywood film is the 21st century equivalent of Zsa-Zsa Gabor buying a Tiffany diamond play-thing toy for her pet chihuahua. It has no significance on any level. It's an artificially-flavored, holographic victory that is merely handed to him.

On the other side of the equation, he's actually doing something with his time. He could easily sit home all day, every day, reading Spider-man comics

and still make piles of loot off of interest accounts and bonds, never lifting a finger to do anything. I'm glad he's got his movie production company and is keeping busy, but should he ever need a side project, there's plenty of things that need to be done in his native land, that he could make a tremendous impact on.

I'm a music critic. I'm nearly fifty years old and have spent many years of my life working in record stores, listening to music, attending concerts and playing in various rock bands, both in Greece and the United States. And I'm here to tell you, with my great experience behind me, that mainstream Greek rock really sucks. Anyone who say Demis Roussos, the former Pix Lax, or the current, insufferable Onirama play exciting shows or really rock are simply out of their minds, deaf, or both. They play flat, featureless, asexual glurp that no one would miss for a minute if it simply disappeared from existence. Why do you see so many young kids on the street wearing Ramones, Nirvana, Motorhead and Iggy Pop T-shirts? Because there's nothing on the airwaves here at home with any fire, fury and balls for them to connect to in the rock market. Nothing at all. Anna Vissi has more balls than Pix Lax ever had. Hell, Kalomira has more balls than they ever had.

However, many fine rock bands do exist in Greece, all underground. Unfortunately, over the years, many groups have been forced to disband because of lack of support. Twenty years ago, before the Bouzoukia phenomenon, Athens was ready to become a place where rock could flourish. Sadly, because of record label and clubland wars and disputes, this did not happen.

If someone like Kasidokostas were to step forward and produce, record and promote decent Greek rock, it could easily start a ripple effect that could bring this musical genre back to life in Greece and elsewhere. He's young, telegenic, educated and apparently ready to do something with his resources and energies. It would cost a fraction of what it takes to make a major Hollywood film and would have the potential to put him at the forefront of a cultural movement and not be just another assembly-line movie mogul in L.A. Making cardboard entertainment to pacify the horde.

Everybody wants the freedom to be a rocker and act defiant, cool and blithely indifferent about every freakin' thing. But with that freedom comes risk. And it appears Paris is not willing to take any risk, yet. He wants the freedom to wear his Ozzy t-shirts and sport his Guns 'n' Roses tattoos, but produces risk-free, family-rated cinematic pablum for a generic audience. It's not unlike a girl who wears a mini-skirt to a singles bar and gets pissed-off when someone feels-up her leg. She wants the freedom to be sexy, but doesn't want the risk of being touched by something she

doesn't like.

Paris is a young man who has, pretty much, the world at his beck and call. He has practically unlimited economic power, and if he wanted , he could effectively be the Lex Luthor of Greece. Who could stop him? All I'm saying in this article is that if you're going to wear the uniform of a rocker, and talk the talk of a rocker, then walk the walk of a rocker. Put your money where your tattoos are, and see what happens. You might be surprised with the results.

Greek rock needs help. Period. This young man can bring the world's best producers, recording engineers and idea men to his feet in droves. He is in a singular position to so help the genre he really appears to want to belong to. The choice is his own to make or ignore.