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Hi guys-

Here's the TV Eye column for 4-17. Good stuff, yam-yam.  
Talk soon, yr pal, Perri

Revenge of the Blondes: Lion's Den Party-raid!

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I tend to like goofy, cheaply-made TV shows, just as I tend to like to watch bar bands more than stadium super-groups. As David Lee Roth of LA metal icons Van Halen once said, "Van Halen is just a bar band, blown out of every logical proportion." The difference between a good local band and a global-phenomenon group is practically nil. Public exposure, radio/TV airplay and label support is the difference between Aerosmith and your local neighborhood guitar heroes.

The Saturday night Mega channel program, *Ekdikisi Stis Ksanthias*, or *Revenge of the Blondes*, is the televised equivalent of a bar band trapped in the body of a super-group. It's a big-production, elephantine, truckload of eye-candy and hormones wrapped around a spoonful of general knowledge information and Q&A format gameplay. But make no mistake, it's fun as hell to watch 50 striking blondes shake, dance, jump around and verbally haze one guy contestant, who usually looks like someone who sells memory upgrades at the corner computer store.

Program host George Liangas is a very pleasant but utterly neutral automaton who is as handsome as a dandy. He always looks and speaks as though he's trying to remember some event which took place several days ago. His smiling, there-and-not-there, between personalities personality fits nicely with the quasi-burlesque, academic vacuity going on all around him.

The 50 blonde honeys are lined-up before the one male opponent in stadium bleacher-style rows. The competition takes place in two rounds. In the first heat, the women are pivoted against the one man, six at a time. They attempt to answer questions chosen from 10 different categories such as sports, music, literature, etc. Women who miss the correct answer are eliminated from play. Those with correct answers proceed to round two. The highest amount of cash one can win in this show is a whopping 300,000 Euros! The motivation is high to give correct answers.

In the second round, questions are given to the blonde-ones and solo-guy. He then chooses which of the fair-haired players he believes have given incorrect question responses. This ad hominem, questioning of personal ability segment, is where the good-natured lingual hazing really heats up.

All the female participants are dressed in their party finery: mini-skirts, boots, piles of make-up and teased-up hair are standard issue wear for the girls. To behold all this gyno-stuff going into verbal attack mode against one thin guy is really something compelling to watch. If the guy chokes from the pressure and gives too many wrong answers he loses all his previously-earned loot from the first heat and the remaining babes get 1000 Euros each.

Of course all this hoo-haw could be done at a fraction of the cost. Producers could place one super-intelligent peroxidized bombshell against a nerdy smart-guy in an Einstein vs. Monroe type competition

and let them go at each other on different topics. But that just wouldn't be as much fun as watching a school of platinum piranhas try to chew-up a sacrificial brainy-guy without support from anybody.

*Revenge of the Blondes* is a guilty pleasure that doesn't actually damage anybody and is a reminder of just how playfully dark the human psyche can be. In ancient Rome they used to place unarmed Christians in the arena against a pride of ravenous lions to entertain the masses. Now we've got 50 jovially bloodthirsty, seductive cuties trying to chop-up a smart guy for some money and sadistic, feel-good kicks. Watch it once. You'll be hooked. No doubt about it.