

July 15, 2009

Hi guys-

Here's the Svetlana article I'll be submitting to the editors. I can't thank you enough for all the fun, friendship and kindness you showed me in Kiev. I'll be sending you all contact information about greek clubs and promotion agencies to talk to when you decide to come to Athens. Please feel free to contact me for any reason. Again, thanks for everything and we'll be in touch soon.
Your friend, Perri Pagonis

Also, if you would have 1-2 hi-resolution publicity photos to send me, that would be great.

Svetlana Loboda: Pure sex, no waiting
Perri Pagonis
perripagonis@yahoo.com
July 14, 2009

I believe that if anyone is familiar with my magazine and newspaper articles, and chooses to read my stuff again, it is pretty much for one reason alone. The reason is a simple one: I spit on objective journalism. Balanced, non-judgmental writing is for weenies, dorkos and spineless yobs. Beavis and Butthead, the classic 1990s MTV cartoon characters actually had the right idea when it came to music and social criticism. It is sad but true, but most things in life either are really cool, or suck really bad. And believe me kids, I'm here to tell you, Ukrainian synth-rock singer Svetlana Loboda, does not, in any way suck when it comes to her ultra-slick product and skull-busting live show.

She is a stick of pure post-Soviet dynamite who could blow-out half the light bulbs in Kiev with her personal energy, intelligence and drop-dead sex-bomb style and attitude. Listen to these words I'm telling you: This thin, vampy, screeching little minx is the complete, ass-kicking future of everything. She is a fifty-billion degree centigrade amalgam of Little Richard, Kate Moss, Motley Crue, The Tubes, Gwar, Republica Antonio Vargas, Helmut Newton, Vivienne Westwood, Busby Berkley and piles of other flamboyant savants packed into a vinyl-glam-punk package that kicks contemporary pop culture in its swollen derriere and defies it to fight back. Her 2009 Eurovision performance fried the corneas and mentally unsettled the good-kid youth of Europe, earning her and her band a 12th place result. But make no mistake, Eurovision was her show alone. She obliterated the light pop and chintzy ballad competition around her with her

performance and placed low in the rating simply because, a la such ground-breaking rock icons as Alice Cooper, The Stooges and New York Dolls, she was simply too much too soon. Her songs, both in the Russian and English language, are post-contemporary cyber-haikus, with infectious synthesizer and guitar drive, that literally force the audience to scream their brains out along with her during her performance. All songs are hard-rock/pop gems with rock bottom foundations, shifting melody lines, raw power drive and squeaky clean, high-gloss production a la the work of legendary studio men Bob Rock and Ted Templeman.

Her live show, outside of Kiev, on July 11th, was a smoking, 45-minute set of estrogen-based micro-chip trash rock that slapped the viewer, hard, in the kisser and made us love her for it. Set highlights were the white hot “Anti-crisis Girl” and pelvis lacerating anthem “Not a Macho.” Svetlana, while garbed in Fiorucci-era fuchsia boudoir wear, silver glitter heels and Billie Holiday feathered headdress, was the visual epicenter of a wildly theatrical stage production. Her “return to the Empire” theme was augmented by Roman gladiatorial-clad big-boy dancers, with an enormous backdrop of the Acropolis behind the drum kit. Other archetypal power-dancer performers included futuristic space-girls, soviet era foot soldiers and sexy policewomen. It was visually stir-frying stuff to be sure. The band, with Marshall amps set on 13 played like 70s-style, big-balled, arena guitar heroes, which fit perfectly with the power-age setting of the program.

In my speed-chat with Svetlana before the gig, I learned a few nuggets of information worth passing on to you: She writes most of the songs herself, with English lyrics provided by Eugene Matyushenko and music by Tim Reshetko. As a kid she listened to Sting, Michael Jackson and the Beatles. Her personal clothing line “F*ck the Macho” which features some unbelievably sexy T-shirt micro-mini dresses, is going gang-busters in Ukraine, and pays for her high production videos. And she’s going to compete again in 2010 for the Ukraine Eurovision event to prove she’s not only number one with the people, but an artistically credible performer as well.

Svetlana Loboda is here to stay, baby, and we should thank the Maker that she’s here. Finally, in the beginning of the 21st century, we have a singer and a band that can really kick-ass a la Keith Richards meets Bruce Lee, and is smart enough to eat Peter Gabriel’s liver at the same time. Not since the glory days of KISS and Aerosmith have we had such a pure-power singer and personality with which to measure ourselves and our times. Check out her latest CD, “Not a Macho” and tell me I’m wrong. In a world full of angry noise metal and wimp-ass Eurovision glurp, she adds sex to the violence and pimp-slaps the limp-wristed music-video youth who grew-up without an iota off dirt, confusion or curiosity in their lives. Hang on to your nose rings, kids. Svetlana Loboda is here to save us from ourselves, grim-reality and anything that is even remotely boring in this life. Stay tuned amigos, I swear more is coming soon.