

Me Agape
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Caption: With Love: Honey Bunny Deluxe!

Photo Caption: "If I were any sweeter I'd be forced to live in Utah"

Nikki Sixx, the infamous bass guitarist of the Los Angeles heavy metal band Motley Crue was clinically dead for eight minutes in 1987 after a massive heroin overdose ceased all his cardiac activity. He was miraculously brought back to life by a double injection of adrenaline directly into the heart muscle, a la the famous scene in the film *Pulp Fiction*, where John Travolta resurrects Uma Thurman by the same procedure. If Nikki and Uma had been watching the weekday program *Me Agape* or *With Love* on the Antenna channel, they would both have needed direct infusions of insulin instead of adrenaline to counteract the valve-blocking, super-saturated sugar-shock of witnessing this broadcast.

The daily telecast, which airs at 6:50 in the afternoon, lasts a mere five minutes between standard programming shows at Antenna. But in that five minute span, more feelgood, nice-nice, schmaltzy, utopian propaganda gets shoved down the throats of the viewers than during an entire episode of the Saturday morning *Smurfs* cartoons.

Hostess Mary Kyriakou is an angelic, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, human-hologram programmed to simply ooze universal understanding, wonderfulness, maternity and proper personal hygiene. But make no mistake, she's cute as hell to look at, too. On her program, we are spoonfed information nuggets on appropriate nutrition programs for kids, tips on how to keep the neighborhood tidy, pleas to take good care fo the earth, recommended recycling procedures, etc. She's a visual and vocal hybrid of a kindly pre-school teacher and a taut, titillating nanny who grabs and holds the watchers attention of every age, and bombards us with glucose-intensive news, designed to put a smiley-face on almost any human situation. Perhaps it is a reflection of these current, difficult economic times, that such programs as *With Love* are presented to us. I worked in a bookstore in the Reaganomic 80s when feelgood authors like Leo Buscaglia were making money hand-over-fist with sugar-coated pop-psych glurp, designed to keep working class boobs pacified and grovelling while the upper 10% of the country were making skrillions. These crafty writers' doctrines of love and goodness and happiness uber alles is very similar in nature to the thematic content of Kyriakou's program.

And, perhaps, in the larger sense of things, it's not such a bad thing for us in the end. A five-minute, intensive bitch-slap of holistic, sentimental-molasses in a world full of televised terrorist craziness, economic collapse and strange diseases might just be the mental re-boot we all need each day to help us keep walking up the road, no matter how overtly honey-dripping and corny it might be.

The only real problem with the show is that it comes on at the same time as the medical/fantasy program *House* on the Star channel. *House* is currently the best show on television and it's a drag to channel-surf back and forth between the blonde cupcake and the crusty crippled MD who nails everybody with the best toxic one-liners I've every heard. But hey, if I can do it, you can do it, too.

If you like television shows like *The Waltons*, *Seventh Heaven*, *My Little Pony* and the *Barbie*cartoons, you'll adore *With Love*. But be warned, you'll have an unnatural urge to clean things around the house and smile automatically for a few minutes every evening around 7:00, whether you like it or not.

