



The Final Countdown: Blurring The Line Between Idolatry And Idiocy by Ginny DeFrank

FLYMF July 2005, The Appoint Ito Issue, Volume 2 Issue 7

I recently caught myself not only knowing the words to a Kelly Clarkson song, but singing along. Not just a little bit singing along, but really belting it out with her. Initially I wasn't overly concerned, but then I realized it was the second Kelly Clarkson song I knew and liked. That's right, liked, not tolerated.

It would seem Kelly and I had the same pathos to shout to the world's biggest, most sophisticated pop audiences. I was surprised that my first mental processing of this fact didn't result in me wrecking my car as I sang along while driving. Luckily, I laughed. No big deal. What a lark! Clarkson's getting to me. Ha! It's not like it's Studdard....

But then I listened to the lyrics. "Buildings with a hundred floors/ swinging around revolving doors/maybe I don't know where they'll take me" Wait a minute, that was total shit. Kelly Clarkson was spreading her wings to end up lost in an office building. I didn't even have wings! Sharing pathos with an *American Idol*? I'd have more self-respect sharing heroin needles with Kenny G. At least then I'd have guaranteed staying power.

As I thought fondly of "Songbird" and contemplated why John Tesh and Kenny G never united their easy listening superpowers to the delight of audiences old and older, I realized that I might be losing my grip. My mind raced again as I considered the high probability that the combined sex and sax appeal of the Tesh and Kenny G could make a run at Celine Dion's following.

Was I reasonably considering a duo challenging Celine? My God, I was undone. No one can break a Canadian in Vegas. This box of Crackerjack was all nuts, and the prize packs were full of yo-yos.

I spent hours in quiet contemplation, examining my thoughts and activities, to determine how precipitous my decline had been. When I was done, all that lay before me was an empty bag of Doritos (as hollow as my soul and covered in the same layer of nacho cheese dust), a list of brainstorming ideas for the Tesh and Kenny G combo, and a list of reasons why I was crazy, which somehow seems excessive now that I just wrote that part about the first list.

Top 13 Signs I'm in Big Mental Trouble (*And occasional great ideas for the best soft rock act EVER)

1. Now when I "behold the power of cheese", I'm so in awe that I'm mildly afraid.
2. Actually interested in why Paris Hilton & Nicole Richie are no longer friends.
3. Sexual fantasies involving Garrison Keillor.

* Kenny G & Tesh are on stage together, and then the guy in Color Me Badd that looks just like Kenny G comes onstage, and Mary Hart comes on stage, and everyone is reunited with their long lost twin, and then a moving instrumental rendition of "I Wanna Sex You Up" is performed. Mary Hart gets topless.
4. Miss Sonny Bono a lot.
5. Hate all children, even the cute ones.
6. Think daily about what Ben Franklin would invent if he were alive today. Always come back to the answer: toaster oven.

* Tesh challenges Coldplay to a composition competition. Neither party can repeat the same piano riff over and over again. The stakes? Kenny G. Winner take all.
7. Made violent by tofu and people who love the movie *Aladdin*.

* Name ideas: Kenny G & Ivory, Blowin' & Fingerin', KenTesh Kunte, Teshla, Kenny G-Unit featuring John Tesh, GTesh Mode, The Beatles
9. Forgetful.
10. Dream that I wake up feeling I've done it all before-the waking up, the feeling I've done it all before.
11. Delusions of diminution.

12. Started believing Tupac is dead.

* Kenny G & Tesh star in a new version of Miami Vice. Same blazers, more sex and violence. Both have pet alligators. Cher lives next door. Edward James Olmos is still Castillo.

13. Moved to tears by greeting cards with dogs on the front.

* Kenny G & Tesh- Unplugged

14. Listen to excessive amounts of soft rock. Can't wait for grandkids.