

Change can be a conflorting and scary thing.

If can turn your whole new of the world upords

down. Realising that you aren't always inght

is a shock to the system for some of us know
it - all's in our school. But - through my

experience, I have come to appreciate change,

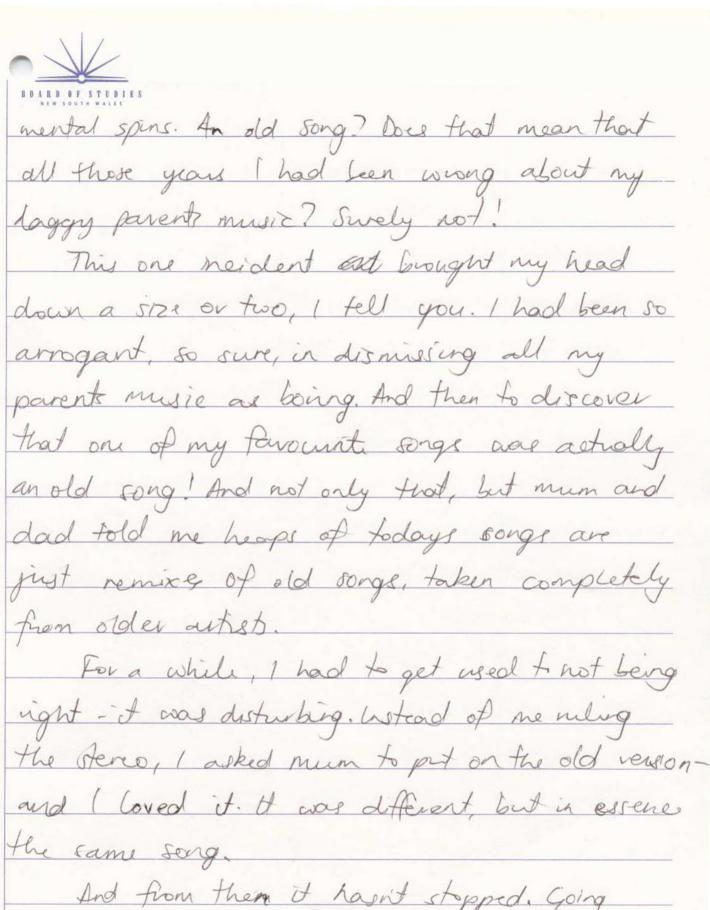
as it has consequently led to me maturity,

a new appreciation in life.

I used to yell at my parents when they astened to their music. What was that boing noise they called music? With no synthesized sounds, heavy vixing or electronic help/misic today has, it held no interest for me. I was so embarrassed when we were in the car taking one of my firends home, and mun put the dial on the oldies station and then started singing along! "Mum!" I hissed, mortifled. How could anyone listen to, let alone like, that boing black black music with ownally only vocals, drums, and gritar? The Beatles? forget it - I'd vather eat one than listen to them.



Or so I used to think. This all changed when I heard a great song-"Killing Me Softly" I learn't the words, bought the cd from the shop, and brought it home from phantly one day. "Now, this is what you call music, hum", I said, inserting the Figes album into our stereo. And then, time Stappath. The world stopped turning. I heard blood ushing to my eas, threatening & drown my insides and kill me when - My MUM STARTED SINGINA ACONG! Malbergasted? For too town a word for what I was feeling at that instant. Surely my mun hadn't come to her senses and started intering to normal music, had she? But what other reason could there be for her knowing the words! When I recovered from my initial shock, I sentured to ask her - how did you know the words, Mun?, dreading, but amous I know the answer. "Oh, it's an old song she replies and dolantly, unknowingly thing me into



And from them it hasn't stopped. Going
through my parents old records has been
a real eye-opening experience for me.
'Tragedy' by Steps? Nope, sorry, the Beegers,



'You ferry Thing' by Clock? Woong again - Hot Chocolate. And I found so many ofhers which are originals of todays popular rongs. Plus many that wevert that were still great of lister to.

And now its me who trung the dial to the oldies in my firends cans and when to Saturday Night Sukebox before 190 out. The really come to appreciate old newsic. I've Cearn't Heat exam without all the technological help-you can really gauge the talent of these psingers. These days, what the col sounds like ign't what they can actually sing the tis all fake and manufactured.

Book then they had nothing to help them with their voices had to corry them and there was no fixing it up at the studio . There is even a quality of sound that old style, scratchy noises that are characteristic of cld music that I have come to love. Who knows, maybe one day even Ul make a new edition of an old sorg!



tren though this change was confloring at first, I'm so glad it happened. If it hadn't, I wouldn't awa appreciate orginals, the authenticity and innovation of those old autists. And I would still be arrogant about dismissing my parents and their views. So it's also been a change in my attitude, not only a change in my music habits. Although todays youth are 'Lancing to a different beat', it is the same beat (with a synthesizer and turntables instead of a drunkit) that our parents danced too - our grandparents too, probably. Your I can now see in todays music Strains of older music coming throughstyles, rhythms, nelodies that I arsed to believe belonged to my generation. So, stop writing your parents off, and start listening to and appreciating their music. And lets hope our kids do the same (when we have them) because as my snith's says - "the original are the best."