



Change can be a confronting and scary thing. It can turn your whole view of the world upside down. Realising that you aren't always right 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~~<sup>a</sup> maturity, a new appreciation in life.

I used to yell at my parents when they listened to their music. What was that boing noise they called music? With no synthesized sounds, heavy mixing or electronic help/<sup>that</sup> music today has, it held no interest for me. I was so embarrassed when we were in the car taking one of my friends home, and mum put the dial on the oldies station and then started singing along! "Mum!" I hissed, mortified. How could anyone listen to, let alone like, that boing \*blah blah music with usually only vocals, drums, and guitar? The Beatles? forget it - I'd rather 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 learnt the words, bought the cd from the shop, and brought it home triumphantly one day. "Now, this is what you call music, mum", I said, inserting the Fingers album into our stereo.

And then, time ~~stopped~~ <sup>went backwards</sup>. The world stopped turning. I heard blood rushing to my ears, threatening to drown my insides and kill me when - MY MUM STARTED SINGING ALONG!! Flabbergasted? Far too tame a word for what I was feeling at that instant. Surely my mum hadn't come to her senses and started listening 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 ventured to ask her - "how did you know the words, mum?", dreading, but anxious to know the answer. "Oh, it's an old song" she replied nonchalantly, unknowingly throwing me into

mental spins. An old song? Does that mean that all those years I had been wrong about my laggy parents music? Surely not!

This one incident ~~at~~ brought my head down a size or two, I tell you. I had been so arrogant, so sure, in dismissing all my parents music as being. And then to discover that one of my favourite songs was actually an old song! And not only that, but mum and dad told me heaps of today's songs are just remixes of old songs, taken completely from older artists.

For a while, I had to get used to not being right - it was disturbing. Instead of me ruling the Stereo, I asked mum to put on the old version - and I loved it. It was different, but in essence the same song.

And from there 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 BeeGees.



'You Sexy Thing' by Clock? Wrong again - Hot Chocolate. And I found so many others which are originals of today's popular songs. Plus many that weren't that were still great to listen to.

And now it's me who turns the dial to the oldies in my friends cars and listens to 'Saturday Night Jukebox' before I go out. I've really come to appreciate old music. I've learnt that ~~even~~ without all the technological help - you can really gauge the talent of these singers. These days, what the cd sounds like isn't what they can actually sing like - it's all fake and manufactured.

Back then - they had nothing to help them with - their voices had to carry 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 old music that I have come to love. Who knows, maybe one day even I'll make a new edition of an old song!



Even though this change was confronting at first, I'm so glad it happened. If it hadn't, I wouldn't now appreciate originals, the authenticity and innovation of those old artists. 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 today's youth are 'dancing to a different beat', it is the same beat (with a <sup>drum</sup> synthesizer and turntables instead of a drumkit) that our parents danced to - our grandparents too, probably. Now I can now see in today's music strains of older music coming through - styles, rhythms, melodies that I used to believe belonged to my generation.

So, stop writing your parents off, and start listening to and appreciating their music. And let's hope our kids do the same (when we have them) because, as Mr Smith's says - "the original are the best."