

## TV / MUSIC / ENTERTAINMENT

### FEATURE ARTICLE – MUSIC

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CHuNg, CHuNg, ChuNg, KerChunk, KerChunk, BapAta, BapAta, BapAta... you know the song! Rock music... it is undulating, repetitive, guitar-driven brilliance and a delicious dessert for my ears to feast upon. It is sometimes mellifluous melody flowing effortlessly, sometimes cacophonous chords buzzing and angst filled—but it is always music. It's befuddling to me how this, my symphony of rock, could be perceived by others as anything but the pure genius I know it to be. It is my music after all and I have chosen it, so of course it's great; that's a no-brainer. As soothing as a cat's purr, as empowering as a Jesse Jackson speech, it is comfort in uncomfortable times; it is part of me. So how is it possible that this very music I love could be classified as "awful noise" or placed in the category of "not fit to listen to" by my father? For him it's classical, moderate jazz (not that weirdo, experimental Miles Davis stuff), big band, or of course, Leon Redbone. Every set of data has to have an outlier doesn't it? His Redbone would be, say... my Toto, but that's another story.

What makes a great song? Where is the line drawn between music and noise, or is there a line at all? For my father music is the great classical work of Dvorak, Handel, Mozart, or jazz masters like Getz and Fitzgerald; he'll get no argument from me on that, great music indeed! However, to his ears a Jonny Greenwood solo is dreadful noise requiring either earplugs or a quick finger to the power-off button. How is this possible when that same solo is to me, a masterwork that moves my spirit in ways that defy description? Perhaps it's generational, perhaps it's simply about clinging to what you know or what you grow up with, perhaps there is a 72 year old father of 3/grandfather of 3 out there somewhere who loves a truly blistering angst-filled Kurt Cobain solo as much as I do. I don't have the answers, but I've started to gain some perspective as of late.

The other day I had an out of body experience, not the Shirley MacLaine kind but simply a moment when you see something clearly whether you want to or not. I heard myself complaining to a friend about One Direction. Standing high upon my musical soapbox I began a vengeful onslaught on their music, their boy band silliness, and more. What's up with the hair and makeup? I'm just saying. A few minutes later, as I continued the verbal assault, that's when it started—the out of body experience. I saw myself sitting, speaking, and communicating ideas that sounded awfully similar to things I've heard my father say about my music. It was like that scene in the movies where it goes into slow motion as someone is running and screaming to stop something, the scene where they scream, "Nooooo" and it sounds really scary because it's in that lower tone. That was the situation, and just like in the movies, I was powerless to stop it. It was too late; it had already pushed past my tonsils, over my tongue, across my lips, and left my mouth. I had just given my very first generational commentary on music. Stop the presses; I'm officially old.