



# Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

## Down With Disco

After seeing (and hearing) five children into their teens, I have been exposed to every imaginable type of music.

Our house is filled with radios, tape decks, stereo sets and other listening devices. In one corner of the living room is a huge stack of records. It's mine. Nobody hardly ever listens to that stack because they don't like ragtime piano and can't understand Chopin, Beethoven and Rachmaninov.

My wife, on the other hand, is an "easy listening" fan, while our two college girls are Broadway musical types. Home on vacation, they'll spend half their time at Musicana listening to "Oklahoma" and "Fiddler on the Roof."

Our son Tim is tuned different. He thinks the sun rises in Johnny Cash and sets in Chet Atkins. In fact, he's even got me tapping my foot when it comes to good blue grass and Smoky Mountain cloggin' music.

The scene shifts when it comes to our oldest son and our youngest

daughter — one of whom listens to rock and the other to disco. As a result, I've set a basic rule in the house. If I can't understand the words or whistle the tune, we don't listen. As I told them the other day, I'm not at war with them — just with that gang of people who would starve to death if the word "Baaaaaaaaby" were eliminated from the vocabulary.

Plus the fact, I don't want to listen to music (?) played (?) by people of doubtful gender. Nor do I want to be victimized by freaks who dress like dragons, wear bones in their ears, smash guitars on stage and stick electric wires up their noses — all in the good name of music. We have enough trouble with demon spirits in our house without inviting them in through Alice Cooper, The Rolling Stones, or a group of devil worshipers like Kiss.

Coming through Boston recently, I stopped and stared at a disco parlor where everyone on the dance floor gave the impression they had either just eaten something which was now

eating them. I realize musical styles change and the new generation may not like my style or get a charge out of John Phillip Sousa or a good violinist playing "Intermetezzo." But there is no way to equate most of what is coming over our air waves with music. It is sheer noise — and not even good noise at that.

The other evening we got in the car and my daughter had left the radio on at the local rock and rattle station. When I turned the key, the radio began screeching at me.

"Sounds like someone being attacked by a troop of baboons" I commented.

"Hey, Dad," our 16-year-old said. "That's the big disco hit. 'Shake Your Goovie Thing.'"

I decided it was time for a fatherly lecture — which is still not finished. In the meantime, I'm supporting an organization in Atlanta called SUD (Shut Up Disco). They have a motto. "Shake your groovie thing at me, Hustle Head, and I'll break your nose."

Now that I can whistle.