

# Vinyl dinosaurs' faithful fans fight the call of the CD

I listened to a CD as I wrote the rough draft for this column. Now, for most people - especially young, technology-oriented college students such as we are - that would not be a significant event. But for me, it marks the end of an era.

You see, I like albums. Vinyl, that is. I've never like pre-recorded cassettes because they have too short a lifespan and they tend to die painful deaths. But a record is special. For those of you who have forgotten, they're large and black, for the most part, but picture discs make life

**Julia Coon**  
News Editor

interesting. And then there's my white vinyl Beatles' white album. Besides, I like old music - stuff that came out long before CDs were invented.

I used to play my albums on the same stereo my mother had in college. It was an old Magnavox transistor system with four speed

settings; in addition to the usual 33 and 45 settings there were 78 and 16. I even went to the Wax Museum in Charlotte to get 78s to play just because I could. I never found out what a 16 was, though.

When I was a kid I thought the "adult record player" was so neat because you just put a record on, slid the holding arm over and turned a knob. Then the needle arm lifted itself up and made the record drop down, and the needle set itself on the record to play.

My parents gave me the stereo

when my father started buying components for a "real stereo system," but by that time he was teaching me how to start records manually so they could be cleaned first. So much for totally automated.

My stereo served me well through high school and three years of college. It had character and was a conversation piece. And it made my oldies sound like they were *supposed* to sound. It's just not the same to put *Meet the Beatles* on a turntable with a diamond needle.

Then technology started running amok and CDs began to take over our world. For years I wondered what was so wonderful about small silver grooveless discs that you didn't even have to clean before you played them. Granted, the sound is perfect, but it's *too* perfect. I like to know that a flaw in a record is *my* fault for scratching it. Besides, CDs don't have the same

characteristic smell that an old album has - rotting paper jacket and all.

But I didn't actually know very many people who had CDs. CD players were for the rich and famous yuppie track, not everyday people. Until the fad exploded and vinyl was suddenly in danger of extinction. At that point I took up a vehement defense stance for vinyl, my oldest and dearest friend. I don't like change in general, so I can be very stubborn and loyal when I'm up against new technology.

Then this summer when I went home my father pointed out that perhaps my old stereo was actually injuring my beloved albums because the needle arm was too heavy. So I conceded that maybe a new stereo with a radio tuner and double cassette deck wouldn't be too painful to acquire. But a CD player? Forget it. I wasn't about to help kill off vinyl. However, I was beginning - just

beginning, mind you - to see the inevitability of a world devoid of vinyl, so I grudgingly agreed to look at stereo systems with CD hookups. For later, of course.

Needless to say, I sold out. But the CD player *did* come packed in a separate box from the stereo - presumably so as not to contaminate the rest of the system. And it sits on the bottom of the rack, far away from the turntable. I must reluctantly admit I do actually own two CDs, but I'd never admit to liking them, no matter how much easier they are or how neat it is to program your own song order or how perfect they sound. I can't help but feel I've sold my soul to the technological wizards of our time. I think I'll go play a record.

*Julia Coon is a senior political science major from Charlotte whose parents still own a Beta VCR and like it.*

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## Taggart

45 was the theme from the movie "Convoy," or maybe Barry Manilow's "Copacabana."

Here is the ultimate 70s music trivia question: Who sang "My Sharona"? See below for the answer. If you got it right, you qualify for the bonus grand prizes, a Ronco record cleaner and a home rhinestone stud kit for decorating your jeans.

Speaking of rhinestone jeans, these 80s kids don't recognize the great fashions of the 70s, either. Freshmen, just look at your professors. A lot of the things they are wearing were once

in style. Hush Puppies, butterfly collars and wide ties used to be chic. I saved my bell bottoms, waiting for the day I can wear them again. Well, tie-dyes came back, didn't they?

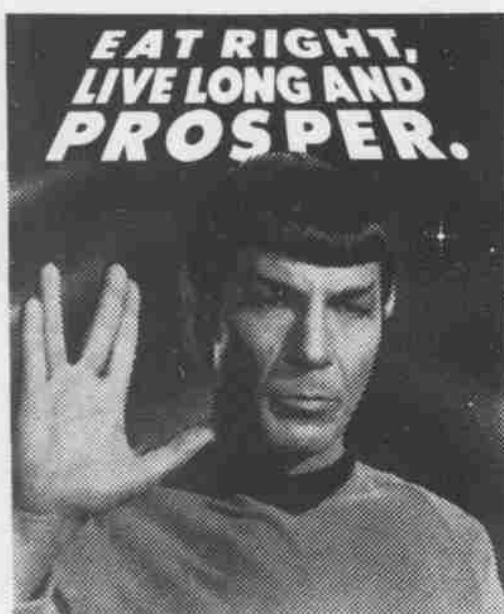
Enough reminiscing. The freshmen make me feel old, but so do my friends who have already graduated. I attended the wedding of a friend on Saturday. This was a girl who went to college with me, who went to Key West with me on spring break. She was a regular at the bars and quite the socialite in the downtown scene. I can remember her at Springfest, dancing to "Brown Eyed Girl." Now

she's doing cross-stitch and keeping house.

Perhaps I am being a little melodramatic. I'm only 19 and still have two years of college ahead of me. But considering how fast the past two years went by, real life is just a blink away. So freshmen, use your Carolina Week by Week planner religiously and enjoy this time while you can. You're getting old.

P.S. The Knack sang "My Sharona."

*Bill Taggart is a junior journalism major from Chatham Township, N.J.*



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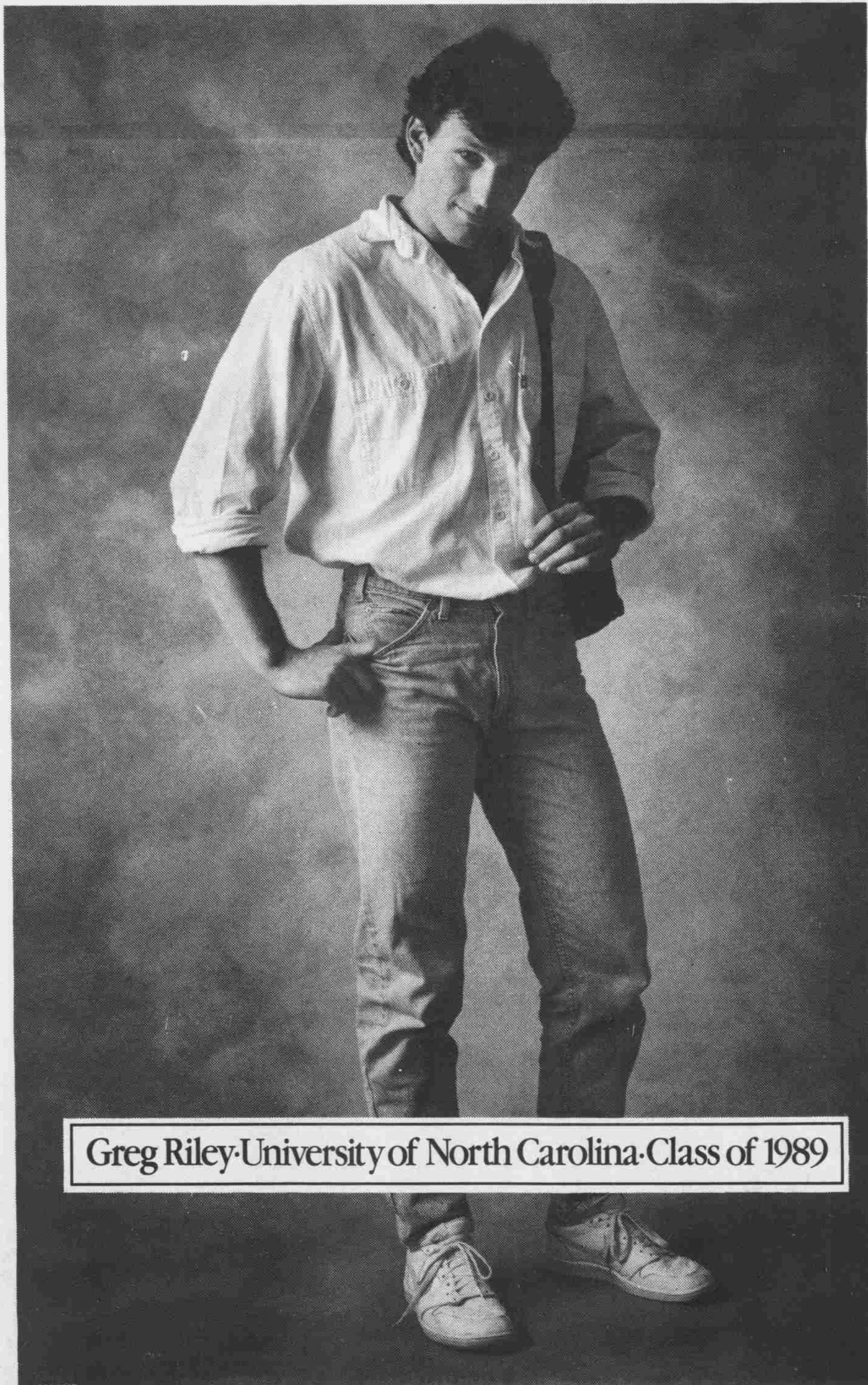
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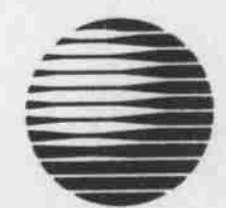


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