

Editorial: Commentary

BLOW HIS MIND

One of the most deleterious features of popular culture is its contribution to the decline of sensible language. In our times, we are talking more and meaning less. Most of 1969's clever phrases boggle the mind and any one of them would give Dr. Johnson cardiac trouble. At the risk of being pedantic, let us consider the argot of this year and the impoverished state of language. Words could easily apply for and receive federal aid. We shall now explore favorites of today's verbal gymnasts.

Some of the most frequently used expressions relate to the cerebreal area. Many a man is known to "blow his mind." This has to be entertaining. One huffs and puffs, and a fragment of gray matter is torn asunder. "Where my head is" always gains attention for its shocking effect upon the hearer. We think the position of this part of the anatomy atop the neck is obvious, but apparently there is some form of mysticism connected with the statement. Perhaps the speaker's phrase merely denotes a wish for decapitation or a conspiracy against macrocephalous persons.

A loss of the highest portion of one's structure may show that the fellow talking is willing to lay his head on the chopping block in the name of truth. Again, it could be modern medicine now makes detachable heads that can be cleaned, oiled, or shipped to a needy friend. It is distinctly possible that the migration of one's uppermost feature as delineated in today's speech is a sign of the rising generation's total commitment to candor.

"Tell it like it is" demand a multitude of insitutions and individuals. Yet, this once colorful command is now a cliché. Unfortunately, the southern Presbyterians are currently using it even though the phrase is moribund. Here is a problem of communicating verbally in the twentieth century. Today's clever phrase is tomorrow's dead horse, an animal of verbosity that never wins.

Still, honesty must triumph. As we all know, its only direction is "up." Someone troubled by anxieties about his health, security, or other problems noone should fret about is said to be "up-tight." This position certainly produces discomfort and we abhor the fact that anyone has to be so located when he could be "where it's at," whatever the indefinite pronoun refers to. It, as we note from "tell it" and "where it's," is the panacea for all of our society's ills.

With our mobile heads turned toward the heavens, we are able to free ourselves from a plethora of "hang-ups." Happiness comes to those who find their proper "bags." Ownership of such luggage creates pride in the possessor who is forever saying, "that's my bag." Leading the list of sentences calculated to drive a semanticist to suicide is the simple tribute, "you know."

These two words replace "doncha know" which was previously used by cynics who apparently had no faith in the intellect of one another. Man, the creature gifted with language, is presently exalted, "you know." Or if he's not, one is in the midst of a "bad scene."



DANCE MARCH 22 (SATURDAY NIGHT) 8 P.M. to 12 P.M. ANDERSON AUDITORIUM
TICKETS: \$2/STAG \$3/COUPLE

FEATURING: THE ROBINSON BROTHERS and THE ACCENTS

An all-expense paid trip to Nassau over the Easter holidays will be given away to one lucky ticket holder. This dance is sponsored by the C.U.A.B. Special Events Committee.

CONCERT FRIDAY, MARCH 28 8 P.M. CAROLINA COLISEUM UNIVERSITY OF S. C.
TICKETS: 1.50 per person BUS: 2.00 per person

TICKETS ON SALE IN CAFETERIA

FOUR FREE TICKETS TO CONCERT TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

ONLY 78 BUS SPACES AVAILABLE

This concert is sponsored by the C.U.A.B. Social Committee

Dear Editor:

A tragic realization has occurred to me this past week. There is no such thing as a secret in Montreat. Secrets become rumors, and soon find a place waiting for them on the grapevine. If the rumor is bad news, it usually makes the no. 1 spot on the vine. By the time the 'secret' makes the vine, it's too late to track down the "culprit" who let it out. The words seem to bounce off these mountains as if they were a microphone for all to hear. Gossip helps to pass the time, and it's a lot of fun to tell people the latest news, but it has really hurt some people this year. Not only does gossip tend to degrade a person's reputation, but 90% of the grapevine information is false, and not factually correct. We have one great skill, and that is to add a little of our own "news." The end result is a completely distorted rumor. A certain faculty member was shocked to find out that a cherished, personal secret was already on the grapevine before the secret was to be made known to the public. It is wise to remember that not all people enjoy being talked about! Students and faculty alike should practice what they pledge, and that is "I promise not to tell."

Personally, I'm making a special effort to think before I speak, and to distinguish facts from rumors. Friend and foe, hold me to this! Allow me to quote Psalms 109: -1-2:

"Be not silent, O God of my praise!
For wicked and deceitful mouths
are opened against me,
Speaking against me with lying
tongues."

Meg Grote

Dear Editor,

I attended Montreat- Anderson College last year as a part-time student who lived in a dorm. I had so much to drink, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to study, attend class, and as you might have assumed, attend C-H-A-P-E-L. The administration was really pleased with me.

As a reward for my great contributions to "higher education," I was granted a pardon for one semester. During my leave of absence, I found time to work eight hours a day.

Somehow, working eight hours a day was a lot worse than studying three hours a day. I was not sure what caused my dissatisfaction, perhaps it was the fact that with my job, as with many, I was not allowed any cuts, could not postpone my work for a week, or be excused from duty half the day with a note from the local hospital. Maybe you could find a good reason for working.

Sincerely,

Allen Ross



COMPLETE PRESCRIPTION SERVICE
COSMETICS CARDS CANDIES