

# Too Many Meanings Cause 'Breakdown'

by Gary Thornbloom

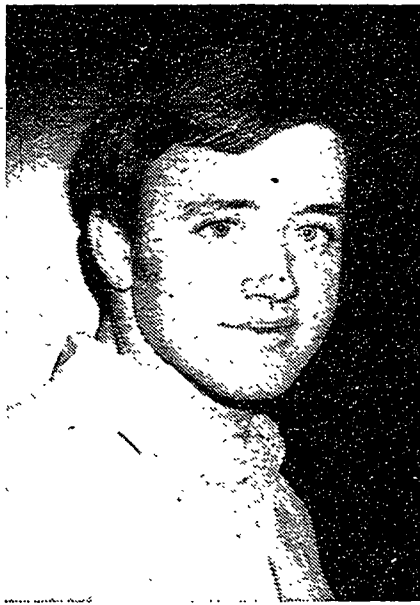
The words we use to communicate in our everyday lives have reached a point where they are approaching uselessness. No longer may we be certain of what is meant when many words are spoken. We have allowed our language to expand a single word to contain many meanings. Very often these meanings differ by only fine shades of meaning, while at other times the possible ways of taking what has been said may border on the extremes of what could have been meant. Think of the many times you have wondered what was meant by something someone has said to you and of the times you have been misunderstood or misunderstood what someone else has said. These words which contain more than one meaning are aiding in what can only be described as a "communication breakdown."

This "breakdown" is evident in the generation gap, the growing number of broken marriages, the wars of the world, and in the state of the world in general. If the people on the opposing sides of the generation gap could only be made aware of the fact that many of the things they are saying are really very similar, they could then be brought together to communicate with each other. Most parents do not understand exactly what their sons and daughters are trying to say to them. The larger portion of their ignorance is due to the attitudes they have and to their narrow-minded ways of looking at things, but the basis for their attitudes is that they simply don't know what their kids are talking about. Parents have different connotations for words than we have, in fact our everyday use of language is in many ways very different than theirs.

The number of unhappy marriages outnumber the number of divorces in this country and taken together they would probably outnumber the number of happily married couples. There are any number of reasons for these ill-matched couples. Perhaps if they had better understood each other, verbally, they would have realized before they were married that they were not suited for each other.

Concerning the differences of opinion involving the nations of the world we find an even larger breakdown in the ability to communicate sensibly. The differences involved in translating thoughts from one language to another is a difference which does exist. Even if the obstacle of translation could be overcome we would still be confronted with the remaining problem of the ambiguity of the allusion contained within the words.

If you would stop and take the time to think seriously about the condition which we have allowed our language to degenerate to, you might not think the examples mentioned are so ridiculous. The problems encountered while our language system remains as fouled up as it is are our own fault. As thinking beings we do possess the capability to communicate with each other clearly. One answer may be to speak as the Ents of Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" spoke. Their tongue was one which so explicitly and intricately spoke of things that in its clear complexity it was impossible to understand. On the other extreme is the laconic way of speaking which was how the Spartans of ancient Greece spoke. The Spartans used few words and when they spoke they were concise and to the point. Either extreme is an improvement over the way we speak. We could best improve our language by aiming towards either extreme and hopefully by attempting to attain the extreme we will find the mean.



Star CUB reporter Charly Lee

## Charly Lee Super-star

Where's Charly? Why, he's rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing! Not only does he have a number of roles in Behrend's presentation of "Feiffer's People" . . . he's also playing Rolf in The Erie Civic Theatre's "The Sound of Music."

Of course, we mean Charly Lee! You know Charly. He's that sophomore that changed his major from meteorology to theatre. You've got to admit, that's some change!

Charly is minoring in broadcasting and plans to go to University Park next year. He played in Jim Dandy and "J.B." and would you believe he is the president of Delta Psi Omega?

"The Sound of Music" will be presented at the Erie Playhouse from January 30 through February 8, with the exception of Monday and Tuesday. Student tickets, at \$3.25, are available for the Wednesday and Thursday performances. The box office is open daily from 10 to 5.

**FEIFFER'S PEOPLE ARE COMING!**

# Christ You Know It Ain't Easy

by Charles Peter Eschweiler

B. B. KING, COMPLETELY WELL . . . BLUESWAY 6037

Everyone knows by now that BB King is THE guitar player, even teeny-boppers have heard of him, and his TV appearances draw a bit of a crowd to most middle class tubes, unfortunately if all the people who acknowledged his importance were out there BUYING his albums he might be able to relax a bit more. Admittedly I'm guilty, I haven't bought one of Bs albums in close to a year, and now I honestly think I've been missing too much, because if his past few releases have been as good as Completely well some of the best music anyone made has been going unnoticed.

One of the reasons for people ignoring B is that he is simply always there, every guitar player in rock (and a decent amount of jazzmen too) is influenced at least twenty percent by Bs technique, and besides, Bs imitators have supposedly honed off the rough edges of his sound and made it palatable.

That of course is not true at all, Mike Bloomfield, the most easily recognized B.B. King imitator hasn't created anything worthwhile since he left the Butterfield band, the reason being, that he lost that "rough edge."

That rough edge, you know, is a euphemism for BALLS! which is my own euphemism for that over used term, soul.

The great thing about B is that he's not a living relic, that you push out on stage, push a button that says ON, and it suddenly begins to sing blues. B has been able to adapt himself to most of the changes that have happened in music (I once heard that he was studying some Ravi Shankar stuff, that's not entirely unbelievable, as he does listen to flamenco guitarists), this album, Completely Well is a modern album in every sense of the word.

The band on this album is a traditional blues band, two guitars, a keyboard, bass, and drummer (I wish there was a harp somewhere though, I've never heard B record with a harp, maybe it would sound too old, but then again, maybe it wouldn't.)

The drummer, Herb Lovelle,

any Keyboard man, Paul Harris are two of the oldest young session men around (Harris was probably about ten when he first sat in on someones recording) second guitarist Hugh McCracken is fine, as is bassist Gerald Jemmot.

The communication B sets up here is unbelievably good, considering he is used to playing live with his own band, Harris, Lovelle and company have a bit wider musical background though, and give B the courage to get into unknown things, such as double tracking, overdubbing, wah wah pedals, and using feedback. That's really weird, I never thought B would do those things, and what's weirder is that being a blues purist I never thought I could enjoy such antics. Bs use of the wah wah pedal on So Excited is the best use of that somewhat useless piece of equipment I've yet heard. I don't think I would want to hear more than one or two wah wah tracks by B though. (B uses a horn technique with the wah wah and regulates his phrasing in a manner not unlike Cootie Williams, Clark Terry, or any of the Duke Ellington horn players, who used plunger mutes in their trumpets for a wah wah effect.)

The longest track on this album, You're Mean, (about ten minutes) features everyone in the band doing a little something, then B comes charging in, overdubbing his original track, the overdub ends, and he suddenly starts tearing the strings apart and completely flipping out, playing faster than Alvin Lee or Bloomfield, yet hitting every note as clearly as you'd want until the whole thing stops and he says to Harris "Damn, what you all trying to do, kill me?" After such a workout I'm sure Johnny Winter, Bloomfield, Jimmy Page, or Jeff Beck would be pretty much killed, but Bs hardly out of breath.

The communication here is al- (Continued on Page 4)

## PRINCE VULGAR



by charly

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