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English 104
Ratcliffe
Fall 2008
“Shouts and Murmurs”

Txt me pls

Oh no its fine I didnt mind that u brokeup w/ me via text is what I should have texted back. I didn't want to spend the extra ten cents to make a last stand or argue so I chose to send nothing back. That was nice of her, though, to spend a little money on me, reach out and share some honesty all at once, a text in form, but still a gesture with respectable intentions. It's the thought that counts. Right?

Sure—or how about nope. I would like to lump her decision to use texting as a means to adequately communicate in with smoke-signals, cheerleading, and ding-dong ditching. All dispense with any form of authentic personal expression or genuine interaction.

Unlike the other common and less preferred methods of communicating, texting's practicality, universalism, expediency, and accessibility make it so good it must be shunned, or frowned upon, by someone, anyone, at least senior citizens. No? You guys text too? How? Your fingers are so rheumatic and delicate. What? Oh, they accommodated for that. O.k. Big buttons on select models? Yeah, I bet you were excited. No, I'm not. And no, good guess, but my name's not Sonny.

Something so good at avoiding human contact must be blacklisted as blasphemy. I suggest an inquisition on the grounds that texting makes heretics of perfectly good souls capable of receiving and sharing the English word in grace of face-to-face conversation. Don't pick me, I would make a perfectly hypocritical inquisitor. I'm a non-believer, it's a guilty pleasure so

incredibly useful I'll just text everyone that I'm at the stake waiting for a good burn and that I'll be late to dinner.

But I'll chide before I burn. The issue begins with the mutiny of true conversation. Gone is the eye contact, the feeling of tone, the emission and absorption of expression, the beautiful awkwardness, and the futile attempts at soul inflection and mind bending. Pixeled screens consolidate us into dry script. I don't want to be syntax anymore. I have a face and it's smiling. Now it's gone. They didn't even know.

It goes to text we aren't even worthy of being represented by thoughtful language, instead, we find it necessary to butcher *languag asmuchas posibl to get out whut we hav to b/c*. I don't even need to finish that sentence. The gist is there. Figure it out. It's a text.

Phone conversations spare the reality of our voice and letters require time, patience, and sincerity, even if it's blackmail, unlike the completely detached quick fix of texting. Multi-tasking is taken to an entirely new level and we don't look good doing it. That woman in the car next to me texting and changing her sweater at 65-m.p.h. was the woman in the grocery store texting and browsing magazines in front of me slowing the line and probably the same woman some cell phone carrier sends Christmas cards to thanking her for her exceptional business. She's probably driving 65 in a 35 to get home so she can text her family that she just parked her car in the garage and she'll be in right after she makes a couple texts. What happened to showing up at someone's door and knocking to speak with someone? Making a schedule and sticking to it? Telling whatever it is you have to say to the people immediately around you? I'll text you the answer.