

The Trials and Tribulations of a twentysomething

by S. LIVINGSTONE

After a fine late evening dinner at a downtown "eatery", one of my friends and I sat around and talked incessantly about a wide range of topics. This continuous conversation is certainly not foreign to us, as the only time we stopped talking was to determine what we were going to talk about next. Needless to say, a quiet crowd we are not.

As we talked about various subjects, concerning everything from Madonna's newest hype infested creation *Sex*, to the fact that the carrels in Robertson's Reference Section are formed into Swastikas (read now, observe later) we came across something so fitting for this column. Before you prepare yourself to be overwhelmed by some creative piece of writing I should tell you that I cannot remember what enlightened subject we considered.

Because I am beyond forgetful of most things of grave importance, I have had to just face the grim reality that I am often completely unaware of my own existence and must search for another topic. I have chosen this week to refrain from my usual escapades of Yuppie-bashing (I'll return to that later) and instead do a short critique on the state of Pop culture within the boundaries of our generation without running into the Brady Bunch and Disco Inferno and plus I choose to be a voice for our generation and no one else's.

I have recently read an article in The Globe and Mail, written by someone in her late twenties. She discussed the Hell of living in the shadow of the boomers and dealing with recycled pop culture rather than newly defined material and although we can all relate to this as we too have seen the Rolling Stones drift into the oblivion of senility, we are far enough removed from this group to forge our own place in the world thanks to the invention of Muchmusic and the emergence of Seattle as the Rock Capital of North America.

You see, many of us have parents who are categorized as boomers, so in a successful attempt at rebellion against each and every ideal that they instilled in us as children we have begun to reject the 1960s as the epitome of perfection. This is certainly not to say that the sixties were not fascinating -- I would not object to travelling back in time for a few rain-drenched days at Woodstock -- I am just asking people to view that era as *history* rather than losing themselves in it like it's the coolest thing going.

Being a product of the eighties, we are expected to be shallow, money-hungry brats caring little about the world and more about our wardrobe, but this is a complete fallacy. It isn't easy living in a society which ignores its youth and constantly predicts bleakness as its future. Pessimism is quickly becoming our generational buzzword (yuppie term -- bad).

I am not in despair when it comes to searching out pop culture icons that are somewhat exclusive to our generation. Just

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because we do not have the likes of Jack Karouac does not give a reason to declare those born in the late sixties/early seventies as being culturally bankrupt. For the time being, we have the best of all worlds. When we want to we may delve into the sixties or the seventies or any other period in history, but we also have the nineties to become completely involved in with wanton abandon.

Let go of the past. Listen to Pearl Jam. Watch Kids in the Hall. Go to the Gap. You will soon let go of the past and reap the endless bounties of the present. Now that I have presented you with one more vomit inducing cliché, I will end this. ■