

Let me begin by declaring in print that I cannot be held responsible for the well-being of electronic mail junkies. If you too find yourself using the mouse as a deadly weapon, I will not be surprised. Nothing has changed in the computer-lined trenches of Robertson Memorial. We must revolt. Now, I don't usually utter threats of such a serious nature, but I am coming closer and closer to the edge, and from the anger I witnessed in the halls of Robertson this past week, I am not alone. This is the last time this subject will be discussed in this column. I am trying my hardest to move on.

The subject for this week had been evading me until earlier this afternoon when I found myself at a city bookstore. I find it bizarre to think that I suddenly found myself at a bookstore. Where did I think I was before this awareness of my being? A question for next week, I suppose. The purpose of this discussion is not to inform you of some life-altering realization I had in a small, congested bookstore, but to discuss the idea that we, as a generation, are slowly being engulfed by a consumer-based culture whose media is forever manipulating the truth.

Before leaving the bookstore, I purchased the latest issue of *Spin* magazine. I am sure you are wondering why I am wasting precious words to advertise for *Spin*, the music mag that claims to be the voice of our generation. I believe the discussion should focus less on *Spin*, and more on why I chose to buy it. I will tell you why. The current darling of the alternative music scene, Juliana Hatfield, is staring pensively from the cover wearing a bright green shirt and the lettering on the cover is the same vibrant colour. I do like Juliana Hatfield, but I have seen other

magazines with her face on the cover, and none were quite as eye-catching. What I am trying to say is that I bought this magazine because I liked the presentation. It was the green lettering that made me spend \$3.50 plus taxes. Style over substance. I bought it without even looking through it (pure madness), and this can be a mistake with *Spin*, because, just when you least expect it, it sucks. I have yet to read this issue to find out.

You may say that I have yet to be swallowed whole by our consumer-based society, but I have further proof to demonstrate that I am a victim. My proof - *Ray Gun*. Yes, I buy and read (or try to read) this magazine which has only been available for about one year. *Ray Gun* is outrageously based on style and its editors must have a very loose definition of

substance, for often some of the substance runs off the page, and one must guess what words have been purposely cropped off. Why, then, do I continue to buy this perfect confusion? Because I love it! I have just declared my devotion to, of all things, a magazine, in a widely read weekly that is always full of substance. I once thought I was alone in this body-snatching exercise that the older generation has been leading. They produce these magazines, and we, in turn, support the pathetic yuppie lifestyle by buying into it. If you were of the naive understanding that a motley crew of slackers (all under twenty five) were

running the show, then you need a reality check. You too are a victim, and the grown-ups are still clinging to the reigns of power.

I do realize that two magazines alone cannot act as proof of my claims that a cultural

conspiracy is upon our so-called hostile and conformity-bound generation. This is why I am always prepared to do battle. Have you ever perused a *J.Crew* catalogue? If you have, you will notice that

the people are all New England beautiful with very white teeth, that the clothes advertised need to be in your possession, and that *J.Crew* has invented hundreds of new names for the colours blue, red, and yellow. The layout of this magazine (catalogue

seems beneath it) is simplistic and fresh. It really will make you think you need to order everything. With fellow *J.Crew* worshippers in agreement, we shall move on.

A very disturbing moment of my past is about to be revealed. It happened at Club Monaco - the Canadian Gap wannabe. I was just an innocent browser at the Park Lane outlet when suddenly I found myself partially naked in a mirrorless fitting room with a pair of jeans in my hand. Before I knew it, I was giving my maxed-out Visa card to a sugar-saturated,

Stepford clerk for the regularly priced item without even receiving a discount for the gaping hole in the pocket. I don't even like the jeans, and I still lose change to this day. I know many of you can relate to this scenario. You may reject the possibility, if not the validity, of the above tale, but that is just because you have blocked out similar experiences because of the pain and anger. Sixty-nine dollars for a pair of bad jeans with an open-ended pocket is reason enough for psychological instability.

The world is a bandwagon and I want off. With that said, I will let you dwell on these thoughts for a time, and allow you to consider the idea that we are always facing the media and society in general and their unbridled attempts to reinvent "us" into the flavour of the week. As you do this, I will track down the production editor and demand a *Ray Gun*-esque look for this week's column. After all, I have to have a device to attract the readers.