

Well, followers, this is the very last X.Press article I will write until my Senior year begins in September. I cannot quite grasp an understanding of time in that an entire year has gone by (not to mention hundreds of classes) without my noticing. I could not see my calendar simply because of the endless collection of past due assignments cluttering my desk. The perils of procrastination certainly sent me reeling into the depths of despair on more than one occasion, but seeing as I published my perpetual grievances on a weekly basis, I really do not see the purpose in telling you once again of a situation of which I cannot see the end. Can you say "fail out"? I myself am coming to terms with that forbidden phrase. That, of course, is an exaggerated fear. I am quite certain I will collect the necessary amount of credits this term seeing as I resigned myself to the fact that an economics degree is not in my future.

What began with one untitled article concerning the shameless propaganda delivered by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation under the guise of Mr.Dress-Up became my undaunted effort to become the voice of my generation. I soon realized that Douglas Coupland had this covered, but nonetheless I continued with stories of my daily strife in hopes of creating a better understanding of the generation X. Some found my articles irrelevant, some found them humorous (my ultimate goal), and some found them to be lacking any substance as far as news was concerned. Even the most casual reader of my columns should know by now that I am just a slacker who finds time between procrastination and scheming to hurriedly write down a few paragraphs. I truly hope those unable to find some sort of appreciation for a weekly column discussing the virtues and atrocities of being part of the thirteenth generation can find some better form of entertainment, because as I clearly

demonstrated before, I do not succumb to paltry demands placed on me by others. I obviously missed the Sesame Street episode that dealt with cooperation.

I do plan on returning to the X.Press in September with more lamentations on a weekly basis. The one week each month the X.Press is not published will simply give me more time to come up with material, and as defiant as this may sound, I do feel as though I have filled a void at the X.Press. One of us must try and explain who we are in order to give a counter perspective to the articles being written about our generation by a group of vehement money-hungry yuppies. Generation X, by the previously mentioned generational icon Douglas Coupland should be mandatory reading for twentysomethings abroad. That was also a free and blatant endorsement for the Canadian author.

As always I really do not have much to say, and although I am fully aware of the fact that I have just typed off three paragraphs, I still feel I have left something out. But then again, are we supposed to feel as though something is missing; a slacker's life will always lack something of utmost importance. If every want was realized, then what would we complain about, and what excuse would we give our parents when once again asking for money. I would, at this moment, give anything to have all my papers done, but until I read those textbooks that is an unattainable goal. None of the assignments seemed quite so urgent until I came to the delayed conclusion that April is not in a few weeks but is already here. Frightening. I cannot force myself to reconcile with the fact that exams are closing in on me. I am sure I will survive the

process of staying awake night after night in the student infested Main Bldg. two weeks prior to exams. The memory of "the final 2" live on forever in my mind.

The last paragraph is always the most difficult in a final column for the list of thank you's is infinite. I would have to thank yuppies all over the world for a source of inspiration and ongoing amusement; the UPEI security department for just being there in a time of crisis; the CBC for moulding me during my formative years; Maclean's magazine for demonstrating how not to report the news; popular culture as it presently exists; and my nameless friends (including Alana Duffy - identity revealed) who allowed me to ridicule them in low quality newsprint. I should also thank those who have been scrambling to get a hold on the alternative

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culture of the Generation X (MTV generation, lost generation, twentysomethings, thirteenth generation -the list goes on into oblivion) such as Marc Jacobs of Perry Ellis with his snappy little \$500 grunge ensembles which could be purchased at a thrift shop for \$5, "Rolling Stone" which just doesn't have a handle on pop culture any more (sorry, Jann), and the establishment, which includes our parents who, through disapproval, force our culture to flourish. Was everyone too stoned in the sixties to take notes on subcultural behaviour? Anyway, that is it for 1992-93. I thank you for your readership as I make plans to return next fall, via Lollapooza '93. ●

by S. Livingstone

Trials & Tribulations of a twentysomething