

Trials & Tribulations of a **twentysomething**

by S. Livingstone

I

have just discovered that it is actually 5:50pm and not 3:50pm as I thought before entering the English lounge and being corrected. It is Monday evening, and yes, the deadline for X.Press submissions is today -- at noon. I, of course, am way off track as usual. Between ditching classes and hanging out in the pub all morning, hosting a show on CIMN, and staring hopelessly at a growing pile of unfinished assignments, I am also expected to find time to produce a piece of journalistic wizardry each week. Believe me, keeping up with the well publicized slacker image is truly a lot of work.

Beyond the strife mentioned in my introductory lamentations, I seemingly have been blessed with a severe case of writer's block. Then again, I usually am, and after my incessant chatter concerning this horrible illness (excuse) I often find something to say. This is called progressive journalism in that one must proceed through the introductory wasteland in order to discover something worthwhile and meaningful. I apologize in advance for the inferior quality of this article. I have a test in approximately 30 minutes, and if you thought I was prepared, then you must be just getting to know me. That reference to "you" and "me" is as up-close and personal as this writer gets. I hold no secrets.

For all the students of this fine campus community that are not in touch with the surreal world of politics, I should mention that there is a little event of pomp and pageantry on the Canadian horizon. It's called an election. Not the upcoming UPEI Student Union election, but the federal election, with a veritable buffet of card-carrying establishment members (grown ups) all hoping to become the next Prime Minister of Canada. It is the responsibility of every gen x'er to vote in this election. If we do not vote, we cannot complain for the next five years in regards to the federal government's plan to ruin our lives. Imagine, not having the right to whine for five long years. In that time we could all finish our educations and settle into a promising McProfession. Who needs that, though?

If you have been paying homage to that fascinating invention for the living room, your television, and have been able to tear yourself away from the barrage of quality-bankrupt programming pouring in from the US, you may be aware of this election thing and who is grasping for the proverbial control panel of the country. If not, I am here to inform you. Anything for my loyal readership. Kim Campbell is the leader of the Progressive Conservatives and, at present, the Prime Minister. She recently returned from her cross country "Barbeque Tour". She was too busy making home movies with CBC to flip burgers. Jean Charest was given the honours. It is Campbell's larger than life portrait you will see in windows all over town. It's okay, they scare me too. Will I vote for the leader of this country's upper class conservative regime? My parents seem to think so. They may be mistaken. Next we have Jean Chretien, leader of the Liberal Party, and all around annoying guy. Posters around campus tell the public "Jean Chretien: Leadership for the 60's". The message may be true, but he deserves credit for trying to jump into the ninties. He may be stalled in the early eighties, but that denim shirt certainly gives him an edge. I would like to discuss Mr. Chretien's views, but the man cannot be understood in French or English, so his platform was dismantled the minute he opened the left side of his mouth and began to talk.

Moving on to the New Democratic Party and its leader, Audrey McLaughlin. Audrey who? Enough said.

The Reform Dictatorship, I mean party, presents to the country Preston Manning and his exmanination of the country. This man is a true slacker. He wears flannel plaid (grunge wannabe!) and tells Quebec that if they want out to go but not to bother him with the details. He is redefining the word "responsibility" in a leadership context. The truth? The little bespectacled one annoys the hell out of me.

The one man who forces everyone in English Canada to cringe is Lucien Bouchard, leader of the BQ, which stands for the Bloc Quebecois and not a fast food chain, although a colleague of mine from Kelly Bldg. referred to it as Be Quiet. This man hopes to contribute to the ruination of the federation. We can't wait to see him in action, now, can we?

Beyond the likes of Reform and the BQ, Canada has also produced over the last five years enough fringe parties to resemble Italy. The National Party and the Natural Law are two of these. The National Party is too boring to mention, and if you have seen the Natural Law Party's television commercials, you will be too frightened to vote. One suggestion for the Natural Law Party: lose the marketing magician behind that advertising campaign.

There you have it. The Complete Guide to Slacker Politics. Don't be afraid to mark your generational X. It is your right, and if you don't, be prepared to be very apathetic for the next few years.