

After slaving all day at an unrewarding McJob, the last place I feel like being is in this computer lab at Main Building during this, the last sacred weekend of reading week. The majority of UPEI students prefer to call reading week Spring Break while others, who have yet to detach themselves from high school notions, continue to call it March Break. I have decided to take on the responsibility to point out the fact that it is only February. The week, though, is now over, and we must throw ourselves back into our studies with absolute intensity. During this past week of continual delirium, meetings, and late papers, I found time to take refuge in the cineplex to view *Reality Bites*. The movie poster has tried to market this movie as one concerning "love in

the nineties", and this tag is true, to an extent. Those falling in and out of love, however, are fresh out of college and clearly members of our beloved generation x. If you find yourself to be a card-carrying member of this loved-to-be-hated group, then I strongly suggest you see the movie. If you are presently not in the aforementioned group, maybe you should stay home and cocoon, or bond with the family, because *Reality Bites* will have little relevance to your life or to your experience.

I did not plan on giving a movie review this week, but this one movie in particular is very clever, and I could not continue with the regular lamentations without first suggesting some pop culture. It is rather fascinating that our generation actually has its very own culture--be it music, magazines, or a big budget Hollywood production. It should be noted that this movie is not entirely the brainchild of a group of bored fortysomething executives looking to exploit us on the big screen. The screenwriter is just 23 years old, and seemingly very in touch with her generation.

I found certain interest in *Reality Bites* simply because this is my senior year, which means that I could be facing the real world of grown-ups and collection agencies in a few short months. This is all depending on whether or not I can overcome the writings of Chaucer. The truth is that I will not have to face full-blown reality upon graduation for I plan on furthering my education in attempts to become even more overqualified to flip burgers or fold t-shirts. Then again, why should I be apprehensive of the depressed job market? I have four years of comprehensive liberal arts studies with which to find a high-paying job.

I have heard the all-too-familiar accounts of the state of our generation being broadcast by those who do not understand the perils of being twentysomething. Many of the commentaries to which I have listened somewhat attentively include bits and pieces of pity aimed at the myth that we will not be able to better our parents in the area of annual income. Have we ever said we needed or wanted to? I cannot recall. In high school, when I was naive and hopelessly idealistic, I expected that I would grow up to become a character from "thirtysomething" and drive a BMW. Things have certainly changed. Now I drive a VW and wear thrift shop clothes, even if the Gap remains a beacon. I could not have predicted such a drastic change.

I do often wonder what we will be like at forty. Will we remain the generation x, or will that have faded by then? By the time we are approaching middle age, the boomers will be tucked away in nursing homes and seniors villages. Who will then misunderstand and resent our supposed apathetic and uncommitted group? Maybe our own children. The vicious cycle will not stop with us. Too many compromises would have to be made by those unwilling to do so.

It is now time to bring this week's type-written complaints to a close. I had not planned to write on this subject, but I felt compelled, and I have not harassed the yuppie crowd in quite some time. I felt they should once again be put in their place. My original intentions for this space were the history of my pet ownership and all the surrounding trauma--the mysterious death of my little turtle Bip; the sad demise of my suicidal mice, Twist and Shout, refugees from a grade seven science project; the unexplainable disappearance of the frog I raised from a tad pole; and the death of Ginger, the stray cat, adopted by my neighbourhood, and killed sadistically by our bus driver as he

drove over poor Ginger, ignoring our screams from the back of the school bus. There are other stories, but I shall save those for another time when I can delve into this topic at length. Now, go home and love your pets.

trials & tribulations of a twentysomething

by S. Livingstone