

tribals & tribulations of a twentysomething

Welcome back gen x-ers, to another year at UPEI! I will take this opportunity to personally welcome all Frosh/freshmen/freshwomen/freshwomyn/freshpersons (can you say political correctness?) to this fine university. It will get better, fellow global teens. As a senior, I know these things. Now, I do realize that this column has been delayed in finding a publication date, but, as everyone knows, I am a self-respecting slacker, so procrastination was in effect from registration day.

Beyond being a hopeless slacker, I was also the advertising manager for the X-Press for the first three issues of said newsmagazine. I resigned from that position during the second week of production - the pressure of maintaining a sales position for a free weekly was more than I could take, but thanks to my quitting (such a strong word), I am now able to continue with my column that began just less than a year ago with a scathing review of "Mr. Dress-Up". This news should put my burgeoning cult following at ease.

How did I spend my summer? I will put it in print so the masses will know and we can bypass that topic when sharing conversation in the university's cultural cafe and drawing card, the Pit. This past summer I worked at a McJob in Cavendish (Anneland, PEI) which had nothing to do with utilizing my education. After all, how often does the opportunity arise at the Boardwalk to quote Shakespeare? Working at Christopher's Beach Club (free endorsement Mr. Cudmore!) was actually a lot of fun. Being nicknamed Casey, as in the small wooden puppet, really added drama to my foray into retail. We played extremely loud music for which we received more than a few unnecessary complaints. Granted the music was loud, but the staff needed something to maintain sanity when sixty badly dressed tourists were standing at the counter demanding plastic lobsters and directions to the nearest bank machine. And only once did we erroneously play "The Most Wonderful Girl" by the Lords of Acid. Do you really think the opening line, "I'm fucking beautiful..", should not be the first thing a family from Ontario should hear upon piling out of the station wagon after a fun filled day at Rainbow Valley? If you can find meaning in that long run-on sentence, you can decide.

I feel this year that I do not have to go on and on about the illustrious generation X, since every twentysomething and educated yuppie know-it-all did that during the long hot summer. You know who you are, the ones working towards an unattainable job in the real world while setting aside money from each pay cheque to donate to the national debt. If you are still in the dark, simply read *Generation X* or *Shampoo Planet* by Canadian author Douglas Coupland. You are in those novels. Find yourself (ooh, how sixties), and hop on the bandwagon of continuous twentysomething whining. It's easy to do, and as a slacker, that's just the way you'll want it.