

Trials & Tribulations of a

twenty something

by S. Livingstone

To begin, I feel rather compelled to apologize to my burgeoning cult following for creating such unintentional feelings of overwhelming angst. I am sorry you had to suffer at the hands of an irresponsible brat, and believe me when I tell you that I did not intend to allow last week's edition of the X.Press to be published without a page of my personal conflict aimed at the generation x-ers of the nation (am I overestimating my readership?), but because of my ongoing stint as a hopeless slacker, I was unable to come up with one worthy article for this fine magazine. I cannot use the time factor excuse for last week's paper was the first post-reading week issue. I am incapable of describing to you in words what happened to my determination and motivation during that dreary February week of independent study. A week, to be honest, quite undeserving of its name as it would be a struggle to name anyone for whom this week lived up to its title. Reading Week is a well deserved break by any other name.

The lack of motivation I mentioned above, though, continues to plague my journalism career as I seemingly cannot come up with a subject on which to write. Because of this absence of provocation I am simply putting words on paper in hopes of filling an entire page. I am not one who revels in the idea of sharing a page with another writer's work. This of course may sound shallow, but I am a product of the eighties so a blatant display of selfishness should be not only tolerated but overlooked. Moving on.

I suppose I could search for earth shattering news here on campus, but in doing that I would be succumbing to the irrelevant demands of overzealous letter writers who seem to be more concerned with pointing out the faults of others when a considerable amount of attention should be given to their own shortcomings. One must also consider the actual possibility of finding newsworthy stories on campus. In regards to one letter writer, I am not denying the fact that the field house probably contains within its brick walls some very interesting stories such as those concerning nutrition (please contain your excitement), I am simply dismissing the idea on the grounds that I am not a sports writer nor am I qualified to tell people how to live a healthy lifestyle. Go to Subway? Maybe this letter writer has some nutrition tips of her own. She too could become famous for fifteen minutes by "volunteering" (how can I stress that word more) at the X.Press. Yes, we all know people are busy working seven part time jobs, taking six courses, studying every waking moment. The writers at the X.Press do have lives. It might also be mentioned that most University news evolves out of the student body, and with a majority of that student body living off campus it makes for a lacklustre campus in the hard news department. Maybe the X.Press needs a correspondent in Marysfield.

Well, as I review what I have just typed it seems rather obvious that what began as a desperate attempt to create filler has developed into an outlet from which I can openly proclaim my grievances. Interesting outcome indeed. I suppose I am just an example of embittered youth lashing out a world that does not always give me what I want. Let's just go with that and hope future letter writing campaigns can be avoided. After all, letters do little in the way of stopping me. If anything I am further provoked to respond, and I usually reciprocate criticism with sarcasm and cynicism. If I am at present preaching to the converted, I am sure you understand. If not, begin to do so.