

# Trials & Tribulations of a twentysomething

**T**he decisions I make are never done so with great contemplation as I know all too well that my mere lack of responsibility will eventually allow for many of my resolutions to simply fall by the wayside. It is not as though I have some sort of conviction deficiency, but sometimes I cannot adhere to the restrictions I place on myself. One previously made decision of mine about to be shattered is the decision to leave the thirty/fortysomethings alone. I felt their age no longer afforded them the energy to stay on the front lines of the generational battlefield, and anyway, Douglas Copeland has graciously asked for the return of the borrowed spotlight.

My reasoning behind this sudden change of mind seems rather obvious to me - Pres. Clinton was recently sworn in as the new and improved President of the United States. Now, for those of you tuning out to the oblivious din of Muchmusic for fear this is becoming a political commentary, do not worry. I just want to take this time to discuss the virtues and dread of having a yuppie presiding over the most powerful police force - I mean country - in the world. Frightening? Maybe.

Actually, if the truth is to be published, I would have voted for Clinton in the election. Canadians, sadly enough, cannot vote in the American presidential election. Then again, we cannot buy those attractive and tasteful Elvis stamps in this country either, but that is another sad story for another time. Clinton and his liberal Democrats may possess the abilities to end the problems of the world without creating the turmoil other U.S. presidents have in the past. They may also possess the intelligence to spell common vegetable names. We can only adopt a wait and see attitude.

It should also be noted that Vice-President Gore has not yet created a media circus in a demonstration of grotesque stupidity. Clinton can rest for the moment. It is not politically possible that two consecutive Presidents would both chose puppet-like simpletons for their Vice-President. We will all be watching Gore though just in case my imagined political theory fails adding more fun to the nightly news than viewers could bear. A discussion of Vice President Gore cannot end without mentioning his lovely wife Tipper, the maniacal and censor-happy grim reaper of rock and roll. The woman clearly has too much time on her hands. If Tipper (charming name) had her choice, Seattle would have been barricaded off months ago in attempts to stop the onslaught of morally depraved music from forcing its way into society without first being branded with parental warning labels. All that can be said on this subject is one best be prepared for four years of Fleetwood Mac. The fun never ends!

I guess that I could not end this discussion without mentioning first daughter, Chelsea Clinton, and the flurry of media activity taking place around her adolescent existence. The poor girl has been attacked from all sides, including Saturday Night Live. Few would argue that the world has come to realize she does lacks the radiance of a majority of her peers, but to be at an age when one insignificant zit is life threatening, imagine the complex she has acquired already.

I do not suppose that having a privately schooled, draft dodging, sax playing yuppie as a world leader will be all that bad. We can simply look at it as a generational last hurrah and hope the Americans can believe their eyes when reading this president's lips. ●

