

# The Trials and Tribulations of a twentysomething

by STAN LIVINGSTONE

There I am, listening to Charlatans UK and reading something I had been long neglecting thanks to countless pitathons I had involved myself in when suddenly I am inspired to define our generation. This may seem to be an overwhelming undertaking and that's simply because it is, but I do have almost two months of journalistic experience (overqualified may be the word that you were grasping for) and I feel the challenge will be exhilarating.

Now, don't put out your thumb to hitch a ride on that judgemental band wagon just yet, you may actually get something worthwhile out of this. Please, read on.

I, myself, for one brief moment felt as though I should apologize to you my reader for being somewhat hasty in judging your character, but I have decided that it will be my policy not to be apologetic for anything I say. It would then lack conviction. If all this policy talk sounds a bit "Guardian-Patriot-"esque, too bad. Anyhow, back to the topic at hand --defining our generation.

I truly believe that a definition is necessary. After all, would you rather have some thirty-eight year old from a yuppie magazine tackle this issue or one of your own? And yes, I realize that I may seem bitter to every person outside the spectrum of my own age group, but I feel no obligation to give an explanation, and if I did I would just say that it is for effect. I don't need any yuppie death threats. Oh yes, the definition.

If you have yet to make that previously suggested subscription to "Rolling Stone" I should inform you that we, the resented twentysomethings, are known to much of the outside world as "slackers". Now, we could become dysfunctional towards the world around us because of this term that has recklessly infected our vocabulary, but why bother with the effort. We have more important things to do like going to pubs and movies, going to the mall to push that credit limit to new and expensive boundaries, and so on. You know the story of your lives so I need not tell it. Slackers -- really, where did they come up with this stuff.

One on the other side of the generational fence might venture to say when being kind that we are just casual and laid back -- a J. Crew catalogue then is quite representational of our entire age group. Oh yes, we just stand around flaunting our radiance in complete relaxation. We are so carefree and devoid of all worries concerning those five exams in the coming week and

four papers due yesterday. To tell you the truth, I don't think we need a definition. Definitions are to explain the misunderstood, and those in the dark about us will have to find the light switch themselves. It is rather novel, this idea of being the group targeted by the establishment to explain our lifestyle, our clothes, our music,

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not to mention our morals and beliefs. Enjoy this centre stage position while you can for someday we'll be in the questioning position.

Drawing this to a close (I have a paper due I have left to the last minute) I realize that I did not achieve the goal I set out to, but I guess that's just the "slacker" coming out in me. Until the next time, I will give you something to do as a mechanism for procrastination. Write hate mail to the editor of "Goal's" in an attempt to stand up in defense of this fine institution of higher learning. Long Live UPEI! ■