

# ALL-CONSUMING PASSION



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## The products of our generation

IT'S TAKEN TWENTY-SOME YEARS of social programming and millions of hours of television saturation, but it has finally been accomplished. The advertising industry has created the perfect consumer generation.

I realized this last week when I saw a TV commercial for Red Wolf beer. I was about six hours into an afternoon of sports programming, so I was already susceptible to subtext, when I started thinking...

"Red Wolf — yeah, man. I'm like a red wolf. I'm mysterious and solitary, stalking moonlit forest glades. Totally. I'm a red wolf, dude. I hunt alone because I'm like, you know, a lone hunter and shit."

So I bought a six-pack of Red Wolf. As I sat down with my first beer, I noticed I did feel a little more ferocious. By the fifth beer, I was downright savage.

Anyway, I've decided to stop fighting and be the consumer I was born to be. Most of my opinions and values have been provided by TV as it is. So I figure, what the hey — for a few measly dollars I can have a brand new self-image laboriously crafted by the nation's finest advertising thinkers!

First things first. I went out yesterday and bought a Gillette twin razor. I figured, those guys that use Gillette razors on TV are real manly like and sexy. (Now don't get me wrong, I'm plenty manly like. After all, I wear Patagonia outdoor wear. You can tell just by looking at that label that I'm

rugged, man. I'm probably out climbing some breathtaking vista right now.)

Armed with my close, comfortable shave, I went out to get some more products — the kind of products that say, "Hey, I'm young and hip and free. I'm the kind of guy who goes clubbing, reads *Details* and has a lot of sex."

I got some cologne because Kate Moss digs guys that smell somewhere between love and madness. Then I bought a pair of Doc Martens because I'm the type of blue-collar fellow that can afford really expensive impostor work boots.

Also, because I'm thrill-seeking and dangerous, I got me a top-of-the-line 15-speed mountain bike that hangs upside down in my apartment, right next to my cross-country skis and snowboard.

I felt pretty good, but something was missing. So I replaced all my furniture with cool post-modern wood-finish stuff that looks like it came off a Caribbean cargo boat. Then I bought some matte black electronic devices and wired them all together into a central remote system with stereo surround sound. Finally, I just put a down payment on a Land Rover — a mighty juggernaut of a vehicle that can handle all terrains and go for 8,000



miles on a single tank of gas. Unfortunately, I dinged the bumper on a

telephone pole so now it's in the shop.

Granted, all these changes have been a bit expensive, but that's OK. Because Commerce, in her infinite wisdom, has provided me with a wallet full of credit cards. It's a warm feeling, actually, having merged into this grand, all-encompassing entity that is consumer America. Nor unlike, say, the way a massive gelatinous space blob incorporates the local townfolk into itself, dissolving them slowly and painfully until their boiling flesh is literally melted from their —

Whoa! Sorry, getting a little off track there. But you see my point.

## Double Take



## Burn, Baby, Burn

Fed up with years of self-indulgent generational irony, national fraternity Gamma Zeta Chi recently announced a ban on kitschy '70s references in all fraternity-owned houses. "We're particularly strict about referencing a certain 1970s family that is 'much more than a hunch,' if you know what I'm talking about," said president Kip Kaplan at a press conference.

Any fraternity member caught singing Schoolhouse Rock songs or publicly displaying Cheryl Tiegs posters will be immediately deactivated.

"We're serious," Kaplan said. "No girls in those clingy iron-on shirts, no novelty lunch boxes and no late-night drunken choruses of a certain soundtrack that rhymes with Hatter Gay Fight Beaver. Oh, yeah — and no playing ball in the house!"

Kaplan was immediately impeached.

## Seth Lives Sebastian Conley, Harvard U.

Strip Tease

