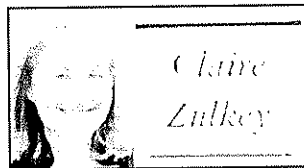


THE HOYA

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Senior Job Hunt is Not as Glamorous As It Seems

FEATURES



Remember that stupid Adam Sandler sketch on "Saturday Night Live" in which he would offer ideas for cheap Halloween costumes? (Adam Sandler stupid? Never.)

"Hey, look at me. I'm crazy, shaky lip guy. My lip can't stop shaking. Have you ever see anything so crazy in your life? Now give me some candy!" Classic. One of those things that is so stupid you just have to laugh.

Sadly enough, I think I am turning into that Adam Sandler character — only instead of wanting candy (well, besides wanting candy) I want a job. "Hey, look at me. I'm crazy English major girl! I can't do arithmetic, but I have a newspaper column! Have you ever seen anything so crazy in your life? Now give me a job!"

Honestly, it's on my resume.

I remember when I was a wide-eyed underclassman, seeing seniors marching through campus in their suits, clutching their portfolios, looking oh-so-professional. I was incredibly jealous. They looked so cool, and I was yearning for the day when I would be one of those kids. I wanted a suit so badly sophomore year, when I got to cover Hillary Clinton's speech here, I convinced myself and my mother that I needed a suit for the occasion and dropped a couple hundred bucks on a black Ann Taylor suit and Kenneth Cole pumps.

Nobody at the speech was wearing a suit, not even the First Lady, I recall. Plus, even though it was early December, it was clearly in the high '70's, so the suit was kind of a bad idea.

But I looked GOOD. And that's all that matters, right?

When I hung up that suit, I was confident it was a good investment for when I would be a senior, confidently and professionally showered with job offers.

I have yet to put on that suit this year, and, besides, just about every girl on campus has the same one.

Oh, well, what's the point? Everyone who wears the professional uniform on campus is job seeking in conjunction with the MBNA Career Center, and the MBNA Center is not going to find me a job. I may be one of the only ones in my class who finds myself in this situation (probably not), or I may be completely ignorant of the cornucopia of resources at the center (well, not completely ignorant), but I think there's more to it than that.

I do not mean to blame the center for anything, but I am honestly just a tad jealous that so many of my friends seem to be able to find what they want to do, at least for a few years. But I feel left out in the cold. The center seems to view people in only a few categories, but I don't fall into any of them. I don't want to go to grad school or law school for now. I don't want a program like Teach for America or the Peace Corps (I'm a self-serving jerk, I know). I don't want a job in politics or the government, which I know comes as the shocker of a lifetime if you know me or read my last column. Last, but not least, I don't want a job in banking, consulting, public relations and the rest of those business things. I really couldn't even define consulting or P.R. that well.

Oh, and I don't really want to do a resume workshop or have my interview analyzed unless I know I'm fairly certain that will be important in the near future. I have a thing against overeager anticipation. The whole suit thing, you know.

What do I like to do? You're reading it right now. Honestly. Next semester, I pre-registered for Intermediate Journalism, Fiction Workshop, Nonfiction Workshop and Gender and Art. Does Merrill Lynch look for somebody whose transcript reflects good grades in these courses? Somehow, I doubt it.

One thing I have found helpful, however, is the MBNA center's alumni listings, where you can find Georgetown alums in various cities that work in the careers you're interested in. Cool. However, the best advice I have so far received is, "Yeah, it's a real bitch to find a job like this from Georgetown. Good luck!" Hmm. At least I know it's possible to get one of those jobs.

I am not going to be high and mighty about people who want to go into the MBNA fields I am not interested in.

You like what you like, and I can't hold that against you. I'm sure you weren't two years old when you decided that you wanted to be in e-commerce, just like I didn't want to be ... well, whatever it is I'm going to be. I wanted to be a vet, just like everybody else in the world back then.

For the very first time, I am starting to feel a little envious of the pre-med students. Sure, they take the hardest classes, study for MCATS, write essays, and dedicate about 80 years of their lives in residency and med school before they even become doctors, but at least they have a plan!

I'm afraid of being an overeducated underachiever. That's basically it. I'm just a little bitter that I am a senior and can take cool classes (not that the Joy of Numbers wasn't cool), but I can't enjoy them because I'm quietly burning inside that this is pretty much only for yuks, but afterwards I have to figure out something else to do.

Anyway, here I'm going to flex my column muscles and do a little self-endorsement. I know some of us out there have very important mommies and daddies. Do any of them know the editor of Vanity Fair or Lorne Michaels or something like that? Even the New York Times would be okay. Anyway, send them my way. Thank you.

Meanwhile, I'll keep looking on my own, just like many of my other friends.
Hopefully, I'll get to use that suit sometime this year.



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