

Brian Mary/Diversions

Buenos Aires y Adios, Dude By Craig Anton

Yes, it's that wunerful time of the semester again when everything comes down to the dreaded "last minute." Sacrifices are made, timing is of the utmost importance, and speed — "Can't afford to sleep now, man, ain't got no time."

Some students resort to high intakes of sugars found in junk foods, some keep it up with narcotics — white crosses, black beauties, robin's eggs, dexi-trims, midols. Some are lucky enough to be endowed with that natural energy found in the body's metabolism. As for myself, I've managed fine by reading back-issue editorials by Todd von Kampen and Jim Rogers; these guys kept me wired for the past three weeks.

Getting through the last two weeks of the semester can be a lot like batting practice in a pinata factory. Some take it much too seriously. Take the professors, for example. How many professors do you know who assign a major-league project for presentation in dead week, and then a paper or two due on the same day of the multi-lingual, fill-in-theguess, true-false, multiple-wound, essay practical? Who do they think we are? Who do we think we are? Who do they think they are?

Who do they think they are?

After a short time, pressures begin to mount, stress levels are pushed into the red, and cheek bones scream out from beneath the thin film of skin left on the face. "Zombie" is often used to describe students who have worked to that extreme semicomatose state. Other words or names associated with this time of the school season and symptoms which you may be experiencing include:

Burnout, brain fry, brain freeze, brain drain, brain drought, brain dead...etc., refers to those lacking control of their mental faculties. Drooling, outbursts of hysterical laughter and an unwarranted crav-

ing for Gerber's apple sauce may also accompany this week's battle with fatigue.

The trick to survival during this tense testing-out period is simply to relax. Take a few deep breaths, clear your mind of all life-threatening forces, slap a Sinatra album on and kick back and watch some "Gilligan's Island." The problem with most students is that they tend to take this whole school thing too seriously. There's no need to cram or to expound on rhetorical questions that won't earn you money. Be honest with yourself - does your Accounting Principles 355 really have anything to do with your photosynthesis major?

So when the lead breaks on the pencil and your contact lens breaks in your eye, when the new phone bill arrives, when the absent-minded professor asks you for that research paper you swore you already handed in, and when the only answer you

The first of the second of the

can come up with on an essay question is "see artists rendering," just throw your head back, close your eyes and blow it off. It's not worth the ulcer or the tumor or the heartbreak of psoriasis. You're probably asking yourself, "What kind of lame advice is this cheeseweenie giving me?"

True, it's wacky advice, but it's also practical, healthy and well-proven advice. Through this credo, I've managed to live a normal, healthy college existence, keeping my brain and body parts fully intact. Sure, it's taken me close to nine years to graduate, but what the hell, I've had more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

I encourage you do the same. Remember, you're only in college once and then it's off to the work farm for the rest of your life.

In the words of the immortal Holden Caulfield, "So long, suckers!"