

# Live college life to the fullest

## Real world grows boring for those who cherished college life

Long about this time every year, it begins sinking into certain heads around this campus that this is the last time for everything: the last college party, the last of the midnight runs to fast-food joints, the last time to get screwed selling back books and (mercifully) the last of the finals.

The initial reaction is one of euphoria. Take it from someone who's gone through it twice — it'll wear off and inside of a year you'll be begging to come back.

My senior year in college was a bittersweet experience. As I began that year, back in the fall of '85, an air of magic hung over the campus. Anything could happen, I told myself. Plenty did, too. I lost my father to cancer, saw my grades go to hell and destroyed more than a few brain cells from an unbelievable amount of alcohol consumption. I think there are also a few women who go catatonic at the mention of my name.

So it wasn't what I planned. Life never is — which is a lesson you have to learn before you graduate. That aside, I don't think I ever had a better time in my life, though I believed I wanted to curl up and die sometimes.

Trying to talk with a friend about quantum physics at midnight with a 12-pack under my belt — that was fun. Or just sitting out by the lake on a warm April evening at sunset, in the back seat of my new Jeep with the top off — mention "senior year" and these images pop into mind.

Let a song by Heart, David and David, Nu Shooz, Bob Seger, Scritti Politti or the Go-Gos come over the radio and it's a time machine.

It was a bit different for my senior year in law school. I was 70 pounds

*(My senior year of college) wasn't what I planned. Life never is — which is a lesson you have to learn before you graduate. That aside, I don't think I ever had a better time in my life, though I believed I wanted to curl up and die sometimes.*

lighter and sober. This time, though, it was the real thing — after I graduated, no more school. It was the real world now, waiting for me and all that wonderful legal training I'd had hammered into me.

Somewhere along the line, though, the fun went out of it all. The music started sounding worse. Weekends got duller. It may be that the body releases some hormone when you're 25 that tells you to grow up. You suddenly have no urge to drink yourself blind at every turn.

Or it may have been that my best friend got married the first week of my third year in law school. It told my little band of brothers that we weren't kids any longer. One of us had be-

come a responsible adult. It didn't stop us from acting like drunken fools at the reception, though.

The sense of joy was gone when graduation rolled around. There was not happiness — only a grim, weary satisfaction that I had survived. I imagine people who survived Buchenwald and Auschwitz felt the same — all passion spent, staring out at the world with blank, haunted eyes. Perhaps seven years straight is beyond the permissible limits of human tolerance

for higher education.

Once I got out and began working at a dreary job in a dreary western Kansas law office, it wasn't long before I wanted back in. It was maddening. I couldn't believe it. I'd spent three years trying to get out of that damned place, and now I wanted back in? No one ever told me about this — not that I would have believed them at the time.

It's probably too late to give any advice to those graduating in a couple of weeks, so this might be more apropos to the class of '94 (of which I will be one). Enjoy every minute as if it were your last, because come May it will be. Do absolutely everything you wanted to, like see Matt "Guitar" Murphy at the Zoo, or make out on top of one of the sculptures by Sheldon at 3 a.m. Indulge — hell, overindulge if you want.

Live by my motto — "No regrets." Don't look back in 10 years and say, "If I had. . ." Live it now. It sounds trite, and hardly original, but it serves well.

Sam Kepfield is not a professional student, even though he has been through two graduation ceremonies and can look forward to at least two more.

# Studying Students!

## 1/2 Price Pizzas

### 13th & Q only April 27 - May 8



Or get our **LATE NIGHT SPECIAL** available for delivery

\$ **5**<sup>95</sup>  
Medium Pepperoni

Call after 9:00 p.m. and ask for the LATE NIGHT SPECIAL. We'll pile the pepperoni onto a 12" medium pizza. You'll get the same quality pizza you always enjoy for a special low price. Available at all locations.

**daVinci's**  
The Italian Masterpiece Place

13th & Q 434-7065 44th & Q 434-7060 11th & Q 434-7090 14th & Superior 434-7050 4129th & 48th 434-7080 120th & 68th 434-7070

## The Watering Hole

Start celebrating graduation now with the Hole.

Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>Paul Phillips</b>	1/2 price <b>BUFFALO WINGS</b> 4-7pm	<b>10¢</b> Buffalo Wings 9pm-Midnight

1321 O Street

## NO OMAHA APPEARANCE!

# LOLLAPALOOZA '93

Primus  
Alice In Chains  
Dinosaur Jr.  
Fishbone  
Arrested Development  
Front 242  
Babes In Toyland  
Rage Against The Machine

on the 2nd stage  
★ Tool + Unrest + A Lighter Shade of Brown and the wicked & strange of The Village

### ON SALE SATURDAY, MAY 1

## JUNE 28 - GATES OPEN AT NOON

# IOWA STATE FAIRGROUNDS

Des Moines

Tickets at all Ticket Centers

**CHARGE-BY-PHONE:**  
515-243-1888 Des Moines  
515-233-1888 Ames  
319-363-1888 Cedar Rapids  
319-326-1111 Quad Cities  
712-252-3434 Sioux City

JAM PRODUCTION