

Forget the partridge, grab a holiday keg

By **CATHY McHUGH**
Omnibus Editor

"The Twelve Days of Christmas" is a nice, traditional tune, but, let's face it, it's just another happy holiday song to taunt us while we're going through hell. Namely, the "The 12 Days of Exams." (I'm including this weekend, Reading Day and next Sunday.) Sing along if you wish.

On the first day of exams my true love (friend, enemy, significant other, whatever) gave to me — a KEG in a tree. That's right, we're in college, so let's be serious. One beer? I think not.

On the second day of exams, my true love gave to me — two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the third day of exams, my true love gave to me: three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the fourth day of exams, my true love gave to me, four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the fifth day of exams, my true love gave to me *five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue

books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the sixth day of exams, those SCUMBAGS gave to me, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the seventh day of exams, my true love gave to me, seventh floor of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the eighth day of exams, my true love gave to me, eight pots of coffee, seventh floor of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the ninth day of exams, my true love gave to me, nine Excedrin bottles, eight pots of coffee, seventh floor of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the 10th day of exams, my true love gave to me, 10 tons of Vivarin, nine Excedrin bottles, eight pots of coffee, seventh floor



Too bad 12-ounce kegs don't grow on trees, but they're better than partridges

of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

On the 11th day of exams, my true love gave to me, 11 delivered pizzas, 10 tons of Vivarin, nine Excedrin bottles, eight pots of

coffee, seventh floor of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, and a KEG in a tree.

Finally, on the 12th day of exams, my true love gave to me — 12 nervous breakdowns, 11

delivered pizzas, 10 tons of Vivarin, nine Excedrin bottles, eight pots of coffee, seventh floor of Davis, *six parking tickets, five sleepless nights!* — four fits of rage, three blue books, two sharpened pencils, AND A KEG IN A TREE.

And may God bless us, everyone.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Random relief from exam stress

By **ELIZABETH ELLEN**
Staff Columnist

About this time of year, stress and burnout vie for the souls of all who even pretend to be engaged in academic pursuits. "This time of year" is defined by the fact that one no longer expects to be able to leave the house without a jacket and is ecstatic if the possibility of doing just this presents itself as a pleasant option.

Wonder about this "April is the cruellest month" business. April seems pretty good to me, and days which are reminiscent of the shameless naivete of April sunshine and the endlessly deepening blue of a spring sky are too seductive to resist, especially at this time of year.

But December, too, has its charms, diversions from the neo-monastic existence a student adopts during this period of aca-

demical evaluation. There are the manifestations of Christmas to deal with and consider.

In a nutshell, the answer is Handel's "Messiah," a work that makes all other Christmas music obsolete. Beyond the finale of this definitive oratorio lies the vast wasteland of such ditties as "Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer," "Jingle Bell Rock" and similar fluff.

"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" is a fascinating study not only in childhood psychology, but also in capitalist values, sexism expressed as paternalism, the group dynamics of persecuting nonconformists and redistribution of goods. Plus it provides the basis for yet another drinking game in the style of "Hi, Bob." The cue this time is, naturally, the glowing nose.

Question these manifestations of the season, and you just may

have substantial food for thought. Christmas customs as critical theory have a certain appeal.

Question the state of modern journalism when The New York Times runs a photo of a Bush-Quayle double date on the front page. Yes, it seems that after eight years of being led by a man who thinks he lives in a movie, we will be led by a man who watches movies and his sidekick who ponders the complexities of how to smuggle popcorn and candy into a theater. And you thought Quayle was no strategist!

Simply putting George, Babs, Danny and Marilyn on page one is not so important in itself. Only by following the logical implications of this prioritizing do you get bogged down. The medium is the message. Reverse this, and you come up with the message is the medium. One could argue that a publication as prestigious as the Times represents contemporary American print journalism. That this particular message is defined as news leads us to a disturbing picture of what the medium is today.

December is not the cruellest month, but it can push one to examine one's own intellectual, spiritual, sexual, cultural and gastronomic limits. Suppressing random thoughts is the aim of conventional exams and research papers. Redefine "self-discipline" and rebel against constriction before it rubs blisters on your soul. After all, some of the most original thought goes on when Bob Newhart spends an entire episode entering rooms.

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