

Exam time, kids, caffeine and power naps calling

Well, the fun-fun-fun of finals is waiting just around the corner like a mugger ready to stomp your behind. They're the only obstacle left between you and a summer of scholastic detox.

If you've spent the past few months basking in the glory of your friendly neighborhood bars rather than spending your nights holed up with the *Sanford and Son* furniture in the Davis study lounges, you might be having a little anxiety attack right about now. Here are some handy-dandy survival tips on the Wonderful World of Finals:

Caffeine: I know I've droned on and on about this before, but I really can't stress how important I feel caffeine is to the world of academia. I've spent long hours babbling incoherently to my good friend Mr. Coffee. After I've downed a



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good six cups or so, I've got enough energy to last a loooooong while.

Forget cramming for American Studies. I wanna go flip a car. I mean a big hulking piece of chrome and steel like a 1974 Buick Roadmaster, the kind of car that can comfortably seat a family of 12 as it chokes along the highway getting two miles to the gallon of leaded gasoline. As you can tell, I'm currently a tad

caffinated, courtesy of 100 percent Uh-Huh!, if you catch my meaning.

Anyhoo, the pure adrenaline power of caffeine, while it may make you as calm as Sam Kinison, will definitely help you through your textbooks.

Power Naps: A brief period of slumber is usually important in the pre-exam cram process. A true all-nighter is about as wise a move as gargling Drano or thrusting a fork in the toaster after a jammed piece of Wonder Bread. Without some downtime, your brain will turn to tapioca. In the words of Lloyd from *Say Anything*, "You must chill!"

Find a place to go fetal and have yourself a ten-minute ho-down of sleep. Just enough to rest the eyes, but not so long that your body feels the temptation of your Craftmatic Adjustable Bed.

Scholastic Environment: I'm not saying you need to sequester yourself in

the bowels of academia. However, anyone who thinks that the second floor of Davis or *anywhere* in the Undergrad is "a studious atmosphere" obviously would also classify Charles Manson as "a people person."

Only Helen Keller could lounge in the second floor of Davis without being distracted. The endless chattering sorority mixer floats around the floor with the ease of illegal food and drink. I always feel like I could shout "Hey, Mary Beth!" and get a chorus of "Yes?" from the area. Except for the numerous stacks of books, it's the kind of Aryan Youth fest you'd find at Molly's.

The Undergrad is okay after the weak have been weeded out, around 4 a.m. or so. Until then, it's a little too festive for hitting the books.

Brief and Irrational Periods of Total Goofiness: Coupled with the stress and

the Jolt cola, you're bound to wind up a few tacos short of a combo platter. Don't be scared. Run with it.

Borderline insanity is occasionally good. (Don't quote me on that one, though. I'd hate to feel responsible for some nut picking off students with a high-power rifle from atop the Bell Tower or some crazed loner taking hostages at a Burger King, demanding a personal interview with Dan Cortese. "Always such a nice boy," the neighbors would say to the cops. "Must've been that Kevin Kruse column that pushed him over the edge...")

Go loony, but please keep your hands and legs inside the ride at all times, if you catch my drift.

So, my children, may the Force be with you. Keep the eye of the tiger, fight the power and be all that you can be. Rock out.

Hollywood's new wave of crusading feminists: Hear 'em roar

Have you heard about the "new breed of actress" who "plays by her own rules" and "makes no apologies for taking charge of her life"?

I thought so. You've been reading *People*, too, right?

You saw this cover story. So you probably already know just exactly which crusading feminists of the nineties we're talking about here:

Sharon "Basic Instinct" Stone, Shannen "90201" Doherty, Kim "The Marrying Man" Basinger, Sean Young and Nicollette Sheridan.

They are Woman, hear them roar. Here's what it evidently takes to be a Strong Woman in Hollywood:

1. Dump a boyfriend or husband every three months and then call him a whiny, sexless, boring wimp.
2. Talk about everybody you work for like they're losers.
3. Use the F-word a lot.
4. Go to night clubs where you can get involved in brawls photographed by paparazzi.
5. Never wear a bra, and when you walk past photographers, lean in that direction.
6. When people ask you why you get involved in brawls and fall out of your clothes whenever a photographer is around, say, "I'm my own person. I live my life the way I want to live my life, and I make apologies to no one."
7. Then suggest where everybody can go who doesn't like it. Use the F-word when you say this.
8. Agree to be on TV shows, then back out at the last minute.
9. This will demonstrate your artistic integrity.
10. Agree to be in a movie. Wait until the producers spent millions of dollars and make dozens of overseas sales of the rights.

Then decide you don't want to be in the movie after all. Act "shocked" when a court decides this is not fair in business.

9. Pose for a lot of pictures where you use obscene gestures and wear slutty, yet fashionable, clothes.

10. Hire a personal psychic.

11. When you become a millionaire, don't be like everyone else, who talks about how "fortunate" they are. Talk about how much you deserve it and

at the drive-in

JOE BOB BRIGGS

how hard you've worked for it and how nobody understands you.

12. Never use the word "selfish."
13. Always use the word "true," as in "I've got to be true to myself," "I've got to be true to what I know is best for me," and "I've got to be true to what my personal manager tells me."

14. Fire everybody who didn't make you richer or more famous this year.

15. Refuse to rehearse.
16. Demand rewrites.

17. Reject co-stars in such a way that they never know it was you who fired them.

18. Spend four hours a day on your body.
19. Make everybody else pay for every thing you do.

20. When you get fired, act stunned when nobody helps you get a new job. I love the weaker sex, don't you?

Speaking of women who always get their way, we now continue our exhaustive coverage of the career of Traci Lords with the amazing news that ...

She actually *did* take acting lessons! In her latest movie, *Intent to Kill*, she successfully delivers every single line without once doing the corpse-like Traci Pout.

She also kicks off the spiked heels for some stunning kung fu work, squeezes off a few semi-automatic rounds, drives like a bat out of Hong Kong, and roams around El Lay, throwing rapists off balconies to make herself feel better.

I think Traci has arrived. She's just minding her own business, trolling Hollywood Boulevard as an undercover hooker, when she gets lured into the limo of a Colombian drug dealer, threatened with a knife, flung out on the pavement, led on a high-speed chase with multiple crashes and burns, and then blamed by her captain, the toupeed Yaphet Kotto, for killing too many people.

To make matters worse, her live-in boyfriend and partner is picking up two-bit floozies in the middle of the afternoon and bringing them home to make the sign of the four-legged couch monster, and South American terrorists are

bursting into restaurants where she's trying to digest her arugula. How can she possibly have time to counsel abused women and teach a martial arts self-defense class when she needs to be over at the prison interviewing sleazoid informants and staking out hotels where cokehead call girls might lead her to Mr. Big?

In other words, we've got drugs, we've got sex, we've got automobiles flying through the air, we've got some really big guns that shoot really fast.

And, of course, we've got Traci Lords in her underwear. What more could you ask for?

This is the best movie ever released by PM Entertainment, the new leader in topless-ball kung-fu action melodramas.

Forty-three dead bodies. Two motor vehicle crashes, with six explosions. Six gunfights. Sexist-pig beating. Mul-

tiple Kung Fu, some of it extremely brutal.

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Scott Patterson, as Traci's sleazeball boyfriend, for saying "We live together, we work together — we gotta die together!"; Yaphet Kotto, as the hard-drinking captain, who screams all his lines, like "And what was your intent? To kill!"

Also, Traci Lords, for catching her boyfriend in *flagrante aarvarkus* and blowing up his car; Angelo Tiffe, as one of the nastiest bad guys I've ever seen in recent years, a deranged coke-sniffing killer who shoots his own woman in the back, for saying "Kings don't die"

And Elena Sahagun, as the hooker with a heart of lead, who dances around nekkid to amuse herself, works Hollywood Boulevard for the fun of it, pours three pounds of cocaine down her throat, and says "I'm gonna tell him

how you treat me!" right before "he" shoots her.

Finally, Charles Kanganis, the writer and director, for doing it the drive-in way.

Four stars.
Joe Bob says check it out.



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