

The reasons I can't sleep:

Because I might end up in Section 1 or Section 5 someday.

Because everyone here thinks they are Good Will Hunting.

Because making lots of money is what most people say is the main purpose of an education.

Because so many of those who say otherwise are hypocritical and over-privileged brats who have lived in a bubble in some major American city, protected like the young Buddha from having to think about all of those around them with real problems.

Because, whether or not we like it, we will all turn into our parents someday.

Because people in the Midwest don't understand sarcasm.

Because "How much work do you have?" is considered an icebreaker in conversations.

Because first year guys believe joining a frat will help them get chicks.

Because some guys believe this even after they meet Fish.

Because the girls at frat parties enjoy drinking something named "Hooch."

Because the out-of-control sexual tension between George and Kyle took some Cinemax kind of turn as Kyle came running up the steps in Section 3 exclaiming that "George is trying to lube up his entire body."

Because there is Physics for Poets but no Poetry for Physicists.

Because ORCSA's main purpose seems to be to provide us with an endless supply of a cappella.

Because when I think back on all the crap I learned in high school, it's a wonder I can think at all.

Because we all are the nerds we used to laugh at on TV.

Because every reason I can't sleep is true.

Because I tried writing "The Reasons that I Sleep Well" and I couldn't.

Because this college can support 16 coffee shops but it can't support the liquor store in Walgreen's.

Because students here refer to other students, without a hint of irony, as nerds.

Because our school borrows its anti-plagiarism guidelines from Dartmouth.

Because the brothers in ΑΔΦ act like they have ΑΔΔ.

Because more people here learn the Greek alphabet in language and science classes than at frat parties.

Because I read and fantasize about classes in the course catalog the way most guys read porn.

Because when I wrote about “the hypocritical and over-privileged brat who has lived in a bubble in some major American city, protected like the young Buddha from having to think about all of those around them with real problems” I was talking about myself.

Because I am caught on that trip from “Where do you want to go to college?” to “What are you majoring in?” to “What do you going to do for a living?”

Because the next stop on that trip will be paying the rent, filling out our taxes, taking orders from our boss and waiting for the plumber to show up.

Because when after the trip is over it won't be long before I will be smiling politely at some nurse who is carefully checking my blood pressure, while I am listening passively as my children quietly bicker over which one has to look after me.

Because I am not thankful enough for being on that trip.

Because every time I tell people I am a math major they say “What do you want to do with that?”

Because if that pisses me off, I cannot even begin to imagine how I would feel if I majored in Classics.

Because too many here think they are like Good Will Hunting and too few are Finding Forrester.

Because one of James Seward's fondest memories of High School is playing Tevye in Fiddler on the Roof.

Because being a social drinker doesn't mean that someone really is social.

Because, if you do not judge by one's desire to be sober or attend class, George and Jeremy are among the most intellectual people in this dorm.

Because, if what I am told is correct, wearing nothing but a g-string in front of a large auditorium of people and pretending to masturbate to pictures of a little girl playing with her father while, for no particular reason, Moonlight Sonata is playing counts as a B.A. paper.

Because of how pretentious my response to learning this was (“Jesus Christ, we might as well go to Oberlin”).

Because these are our glory days and we are letting them pass us by.

Because our campus is the only place on earth that looks better in gray, depressing weather.

Because on a campus with a particle accelerator and a world renowned geophysics department, the sprinklers still go off when it is raining.

Because this place is made up of hedonists whose guilty pleasure is school.

Because our school’s benefactors, from Pick to Palevsky, are brilliant enough to make millions, but too stupid to realize how ugly their buildings make the campus look.

Because of how much Norval knows.

Because every time I hear “Sexual Healing” I think of Will Connors.

Because the University welcomes first years to campus with a 9:00 wake-up, a calculus placement test and a two hour meeting on how to avoid getting mugged, raped or killed.

Because the night sky is the only thing here that is proud to be maroon.

Because this school is made up of smart people who aren’t that hardworking and hardworking people who aren’t that smart.

Because, in the university as a whole, every incoming class is smarter, better looking, more outgoing and less intellectual than the one who came in before them.

Because the guys here can be divided into the shy, the lecherous, the stalkerish and the gay.

Because the girls can be divided into those who are waiting to exhale and those who are hyperventilating.

Because the most popular books in Section 3 are The Iliad, the Physics 141 textbook and a handbook on “Getting It On.”

Because U. of C. students get their hair cut by a guy with a mullet at the 57th street barber shop.

Because we are not men and women, regardless of what the sports teams are called.

Because those who complain about how ugly the students here are don't look in the mirror often enough.

Because all too often a degree in economics is little more than a consolation prize bestowed upon those who the University failed to provide with a real liberal arts education.

Because girls will complain about how the guys here have a Madonna-whore complex after dancing the night before with those very same guys to "Who's a Ho" and "Big Pimpin'."

Because of how desperately campus activists want it to be the sixties.

Because any University funded gathering seems to rest its appeal on little other than free food.

Because we are 105 lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year.

Because chocolate chip is the most popular variety of bagel at the Hafens' on Monday mornings.

Because Adam Schiffenbauer, to celebrate his 21st birthday, wanted to take Sam Friedman to a strip club.

Because sometimes it seems as if there is only one place in the world where a Christian can coexist peacefully with Islam. And that place is Rm. 147, the horseshoe double on the fourth floor of section 1.

Because I am one of the happiest people that you know.