

Money, Money, Money, Money

(If I Say It Enough Times, Perhaps It Will Come True)

Smackeroo, piaster, clam: yes, Roget's has quite a few humorous and possibly made-up synonyms for that repository of dead white males, Masonic symbolism, and In-God-We-Trusts known as the American dollar. Traveling through the euro zone this summer gave me a new appreciation for those greenish slivers of washable paper. Sure, Andrew Jackson looks like a bobblehead doll, but at least our currency isn't a Monopoly-money-hued pastiche of invented bridges and aqueducts. God bless America.

I am aware, gentle reader, that you did not embark on this editorial for my views on foreign currencies or monetary policy (though, if you must know, I support bimetalism, oppose the gold standard, and back pegging the dollar to the South African rand). "If I wanted sound financial advice," you are probably saying out loud (no doubt to the bewilderment of those around you), "I would ask my broker and/or rabbi, not some two-bit humorist whose closest approach to the halls of finance has been sleeping on the steps of the Yale Entrepreneurial Society after being sexiled freshman year and pretending he had a place to spend the night." To that, I would respond: "Touché," before bursting into tears. Why must you always be so mean?

Let me compose myself. High finance may not be my bag of tricks—this is the guy who dropped freshman Econ after the true implications of "working knowledge of basic algebra" became clear—but I can offer a few pearls of street-smart Oriental wisdom

to impecunious college students. And odds are, you read this piece to get a minor chuckle, but barring that will settle for aforementioned pearls. As C. Montgomery Burns, Yale College class of 1914, affirmed: "One dollar or eternal happiness...I'd be happier with the dollar."

So to put it plainly: What you really want to learn is how to transform your wallet from a receptacle for the discount card that saves you twenty cents off Shaw's brand expired shrimp into a hangout spot for crisp hundreds. Everyone's running a little tight: After watching reruns of the World Series of Poker did you try to "pull a Moneymaker" and bet it all in the Trumbull poker game with only a nine high? We've all been there.

As C. Montgomery Burns, Yale College class of 1914, affirmed: "One dollar or eternal happiness...I'd be happier with the dollar."

How about blowing your birthday money on the finest Champagne, chocolate, and roses that College Wine, Gourmet Heaven, and the Flower Lady respectively have to offer only to be rebuffed by that special someone? Testify, brother.

Alright, sagacious Asian guru (you are by now no doubt demanding), tell me these get-rich-quick techniques! Should I kidnap the occupants of the Vanderbilt suite until

Uncle Cornelius ponies up? Or maybe ply my wares with that band of Latino transvestites down on North Frontage Road until I can pay DUH for my insulin? These are both good ideas, but the problem is a) rich people with the last name Vanderbilt don't always live in the Vanderbilt suite (this year I hear it's some nobody named Walton); and b) "Gloria" and crew are quite suspicious of outsiders, so tapping into that market might be tough.

Shall I give you some advice then? I'd love to—but I didn't get to where I am today by dispensing hand-outs, you louse-ridden tatterdemalion! Love and kindness are all well and good, but that and a pocketful of change will land you a ride on the Chinatown bus with naught left over for a roast pork bun. If you want some tricks to cut it in the mercenary meat market known as Yale University, you ain't getting them for free: Send in a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a check or money order for \$19.95, or call my hotline at 1-900-AKS-TIPS. (Not affiliated with the Alan Kennedy-Schaffer reelection campaign hotline, at 1-800-AKS-2005.) You don't like it? Then tell yourself material possessions are fleeting—*vanitas mundi* and so forth—and that your Cadillac Escalade got poor gas mileage anyway. Or call the hotline. Operators are standing by.

KAU

