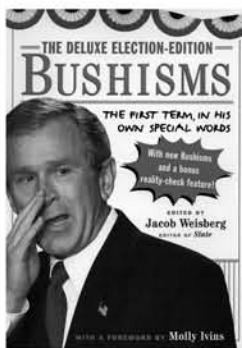
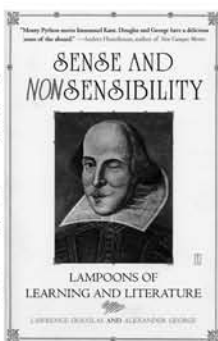


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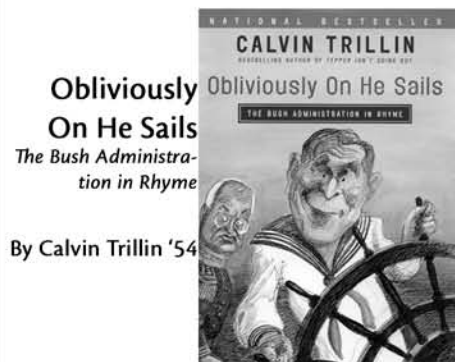
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# The Real Party Is Still Waiting Outside

I'll admit it. When my friend invited me to the line outside Toad's last night, I was skeptical. I've been to some pretty incredible lines. Like the one outside the screening for the new Coen brothers film. Or for Clinton's speech. Or that one for food stamps. But man, was I wrong about Toad's! That line far exceeded my expectations. Who knew there were so many rabid devotees of Darik & the Funbags?

We arrived at the line an hour before the show, as tension and line length grew

that set off the powder-keg came in the form of Max Steinberg, BK '07. He strutted pompously to the front of the line and started talking to a friend, who shall remain nameless until she breaks up with me. Then, the heckling began. The ensuing dialogue crackled with wit and malevolence.

"Hey buddy, there's a line here," invoked an anonymous defender of the public good.

"Relax, I'm just talking to a friend."

"Riiiiiiiiiiiiight."



in geometric proportion. The waitees formed a stunning tableau worthy of the finest stage director, filling in the line-space with eye-catching angles, levels and forms. Some leaned jauntily against the concrete wall, some stood rigidly, some made that crucial commitment and sat down. A faintly sweet aroma, equal parts cigarette smoke and urine, wafted through the air.

As we waited, the rabid Darik fans started getting restless, which I deduced from their subtle movements and their utterances of "I'm getting restless." Soon, the grumbling had grown to a dissonant, menacing, yet oddly beautiful chorus evocative of the most avant-garde noise rock. The stage was set for mayhem, or to mix metaphors, the Molotov cocktail had been concocted. Now all we needed was a (metaphorically) destitute, ideologically driven young rebel to light the bloody rag and hurl the bottle.

To further muddle metaphors: the spark

"Wanna make something of it?"

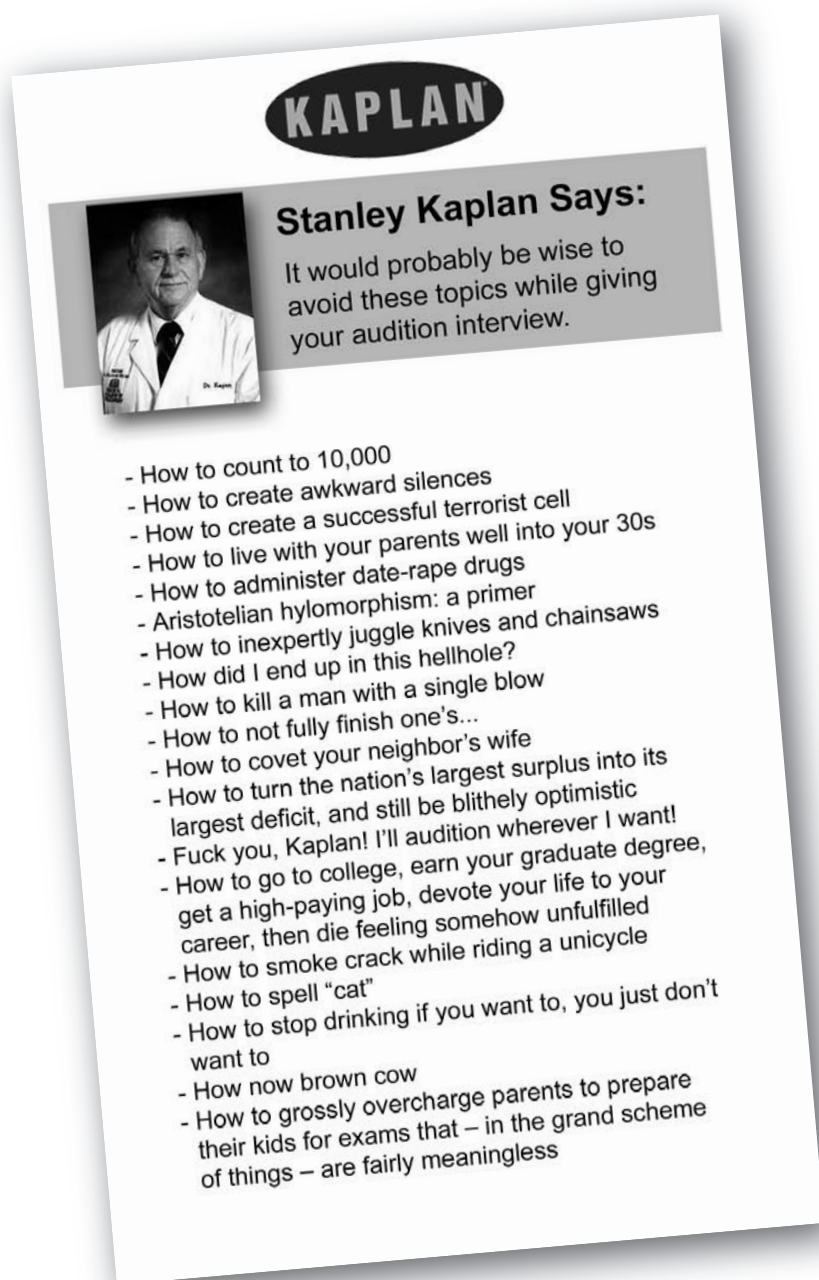
The fight scene that ensued was captivating. Showing disdain for the stunt-double infested, all-strings-attached fighting that has plagued movies of late, the scene was a return to the golden days of bare-fisted, realistic fisticuff action. As Steinberg's numerous enemies joined the brawl, the melee intensified, swelling to a glorious climax. And no one was more surprised and delighted than me when that hobo, emerging from an alley, took a switchblade from his shopping cart.

Frankly, the ending, though exciting, was a disappointing case of *deus ex machina*. Sure, leave it to a professional SWAT team to come in and clean everything up. But overall, the line outside Toad's receives high marks for its originality, its character development and its overwhelming brutality.

Oh, and the concert was pretty good too. Darik 4ever! ☺

# Boning up for the BSATs

I recently interviewed to be an SAT tutor with Kaplan. No, wait, that isn't the proper terminology. Kaplan required that I "audition" for the job, giving a five-minute "how to" presentation on any subject that interested me. As part of the application material, Kaplan provided me with the following list of previous unsuccessful audition topics.



**KAPLAN**

**Stanley Kaplan Says:**  
It would probably be wise to avoid these topics while giving your audition interview.

- How to count to 10,000
- How to create awkward silences
- How to create a successful terrorist cell
- How to live with your parents well into your 30s
- How to administer date-rape drugs
- Aristotelian hylomorphism: a primer
- How to inexpertly juggle knives and chainsaws
- How did I end up in this hellhole?
- How to kill a man with a single blow
- How to not fully finish one's...
- How to covet your neighbor's wife
- How to turn the nation's largest surplus into its largest deficit, and still be blithely optimistic
- Fuck you, Kaplan! I'll audition wherever I want!
- How to go to college, earn your graduate degree, get a high-paying job, devote your life to your career, then die feeling somehow unfulfilled
- How to smoke crack while riding a unicycle
- How to spell "cat"
- How to stop drinking if you want to, you just don't want to
- How now brown cow
- How to grossly overcharge parents to prepare their kids for exams that – in the grand scheme of things – are fairly meaningless



# Hobo Power: A Post-Graduate Education

As an executive at comically evil conglomerate Magnacorp, I liked to tell orphans, “Hey, get your own parents!” Being in charge of strip-mall deployment, it was my duty to find a suitable locale to place a new hive of commerce for hoi polloi to have instantaneous access to basic life staples, like Big Mouth Billy Bass. But one day during my quest for a suitable spot, I found a glowing magical dumpster. Letting my curiosity get the better of me, I opened the lid and found a bin full of garbage and quickly realized that it was not magical in the least. Two hours later in an old abandoned rail yard I encountered a commune not unlike that of a Smurf village, except instead of living in mushrooms, the inhabitants lived in boxes, and instead of a cat being the villain, they were eating the cat. Nevertheless, I entered through the gates of sandbags and trout skeletons and was confronted by a grizzled man who reminded me of a love child between a female version of Ted Kazinsky and Ted Kazinsky.

“Greetings stranger what can we hobos do fer ya!”

“Hobos—I’ve heard of the folk but I thought they were mythical legends, like unicorns or Native Americans.”

“No siree, we hobos live a pleasant existence...but you’re a nobo (someone who is not a hobo) so we’re gonna have to suit you up.”

Before I knew it my Armani suit was torn off and tossed into the hungry nearby flames. My executively gelled hair was capped with a destroyed top hat, and my tie was replaced with the same tie, but with grease stains on it. As I sat there rubbing my palms in front of the flickering flames (a god which the hobos call Shakakahn), I sure wished one of my buds from account-ing were there to share that tire fire with me.

I quickly became acquainted with my



vagrant colleagues. First there was the Prospector, the de facto leader and elder chief of the group, who talked in gibberish and frequently wet himself. Then came Sparky, who could do anything with machines, ranging from eating the batteries of your AM radio to eating the batteries of a discarded flashlight. The third and final relevant hobo of the homeless triumvirate went under the moniker of Fred Savage, because he was the 1980s washed-up television star Fred Savage. Fred Savage politely offered me some of what he called “dinner” but what I chose to call “a box of used Band-aids.” I elegantly declined in my best stately hobo manner.

Scanning the ramshackle landscape, I suddenly had an epiphany: this hobo shantytown was a primo location for new strip malls to blossom. I inquired to Fred Savage about the real estate.

“Do you like living in this real estate?” I inquired.

Fred Savage retorted, “Does the Pope shit in the woods?”

I assumed his remark roughly translated to mean “I love you.” I became uncomfortable. Was I opening up to these lovable mongers of muck? Would my heart grow three times its size like in that Christmas

book Dr. Seuss wrote about Hitler? I expressed my desire to leave. The Prospector regained his lucidity and ceased his urination and began to give some parting advice. Sparky briefly paused from engorging himself with batteries from an old Furby™ to deliver a moving monologue on the lure of riding the rails:

“The hobo life is truly a drug, a greasy steely drug that once it gets in your blood it’s there for good, and no matter how you’ve retired, no matter how much you deny it, you’ll never be free of it. Whenever you see a moving train, or train cars, or even train tracks, or just a rectangular piece of wood, that longing in your heart will tug at you so tight you’ll realize that you’re addicted for life!”

That night, I came home a changed man, with fascinating life lessons tucked along with a used hypodermic needle under my belt. I finally made my decision about the strip-mall: returning the next morning, I had the entire hobo village bulldozed and slathered in the ineluctable industrial machine we call progress, or perhaps cement. And I was promoted to senior vice president, because I discovered that concrete does not dry nearly as fast as the blood of the innocent. ☹