



**DRINK HARD, ROCK HARDER**  
ALL AGES ALL THE TIME UNLESS NOTED

# inhalexhale



Joshua Samuel Brown/2012

Standing in line outside the DMV makes for a bunch of proud Americans.



## JULY '03 EVENTS

**FRIDAY 18**  
**POUDRE RIVER IRREGULARS**  
(DIXIELAND JAZZ)  
4:00 TO 7:00PM \$5  
**FATTY JENKINS**  
(ROCK)  
9:00 PM \$3 211D

## SATURDAY 19

**GHOSTS & GODDESSES**  
FEATURES: JUDITH AVERS, TARA LEE, MYSTIC V, MELISSA IVEY, HELEN BETH AND SHARON DOCHERTY. ALONG WITH ARTISTIC DISPLAYS  
7:00 PM \$5

## SUNDAY 20

**FREE PEOPLES**  
7:30 PM \$5

## CELTIC JAM

2ND & 4TH MONDAY NIGHTS  
8:30 PM

## BLUEGRASS JAM

EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT  
8:30 PM

## OPEN MIC NIGHT

EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT  
8:30 PM



605 SOUTH MASON ST.  
493-5555

**THURSDAY JULY 17** Das High Rollers  
Daffection  
Tom Sawyer & Plan B  
\$1.50 bud & ptr draft

**FRIDAY JULY 18** Core of the Earth  
and Immortal Dominion Half of Zero and True Romance  
\$2 wells

**SATURDAY JULY 19** Savoy Brown w/Banda Thieves  
bartender's choice

**SUNDAY JULY 20** KARAOKE  
\$20 Song Lottery Bar Tab 8pm-2am 21+ no cover

**MONDAY JULY 21** Wise Guys & Evening Tide  
Respira, Crash Engine, New Age Dropouts  
\$3.50 long islands

**TUESDAY JULY 22** Techno Tuesday  
All Ages Ladies 21+ FREE \$2 Wells

**WEDNESDAY JULY 23** Hobnail Stompers  
\$3 bud/bud lt. tall boys

**DRINK SPECIALS**

**HAPPY HOUR**  
4-9 PM DAILY  
\$2 WELLS/MICROS ★ \$1.50 DOMESTICS

# Please Take a Number

## Waiting for Godot at the DMV.

JOSHUA SAMUEL BROWN

We are all born marked for death. This is a certainty. Our time on this spinning ball of water, dirt, flora, fauna and asphalt is short, and much of this limited time is wasted involved in that word which sardonically passes itself as a verb: 'waiting.' This is another certainty.

It was with this in mind that I awoke earlier than usual last Wednesday morning and pedaled my bicycle to the Department of Motor Vehicles. I'd hoped that by arriving before they opened, I could avoid the lengthy imprisonment that any trip to Larimer County's only remaining DMV inevitably entails.

I wasn't the only one with that flawed idea. At 7:40 a.m., the line stretched clear across the parking lot, its constituents fidgeting under the blistering high-plain morning sun. We stood there together, fingering various documents as if this might somehow make time move more quickly. I staked my place in line behind a newly married woman who told me she was "paying the marriage penalty," forced to wait in line to have her license changed to reflect her new surname. She held my place for me while I surreptitiously moved to the head of the line to learn from those who had secured the coveted first places pressed nose-up against the glass doors.

First in line, Ron had been waiting since 7:10. Behind him was a young couple from China. The woman told me that she is used to waiting. There is, after all, much bureaucracy in Communist China. The man confided that he had expected a somewhat higher level of efficiency in this, the land of the free.

But perhaps the DMV is a microcosm of the egalitarian society that America is supposed to be. It is here that the sports-car-driving executive stands shoulder to shoulder with the wage slave spending half of his salary making payments on his Harley Sportster. And if not here, where else can the soccer mom meet her welfare counterpart? In the aisles of Wild Oats? Not likely. Only at the DMV are these divergent groups laid equally low, all bowing together in obeisance towards the great and intractable god of continuing motoring legality.

So too is the DMV the last truly secular office in an America, where the bounds between church and state are rapidly crumbling. At the DMV, Christian takes a number next to Jew, and Hindu waits in line with Muslim. And together they wait, endlessly. Regardless of race or creed, all will have equally bad photographs taken by a camera that knows no bigotry.

Eight a.m. arrives, the magic hour. The doors are unlocked and people slowly file in to meet the first official, who—were this story set in a fantastical realm of dragon and fable—might bear the title Issuer of Numbers. It is her job to determine that those entering the interior have the proper documents, lest they wait in vain and take their frustration out on already heavily stressed employees. I am handed a number, 832. The sign behind the counter reads 16. Before this registers, the person behind me tells me to ignore the first digit. I am a mere sixteen people away from my date with the all important counter where my right to drive (and thus, to be a citizen) will be renewed.

But sixteen people do not like grains of sand through an hourglass flow—not at this DMV. At 8:20, Ron, the first to arrive, becomes the first to exit, and the number advances by exactly *one*. My own number in hand, I walk over to the only window in the building that requires no waiting: the county lottery office. Deb, the woman behind the glass, tells me that the lottery business is good, and that hers is among the more stress-free jobs in the building. "Sometimes people try to cheat the information line and ask me DMV questions," she tells me. Taped to her window is a sign warning people of the futility of doing just that.

The minutes pass slowly. I pass the time playing solitaire on my cell phone. Just before 10 a.m., my number is called. After an eye test that I pass by a hairsbreadth, I am relieved of \$16 and told to take my place in another line to wait for the camera. At 10:10, I walked out, one newly minted driver's license heavier, two hours and thirty minutes of precious existence lighter. My right to drive reaffirmed, I am once again an American. 🐾

v.i.p. passes available soon. call for info.

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