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Montana Kaimin: Special Section, April 26, 2000

Associated Students of the University of Montana

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Montana

KAIMIN



GET A HAIR CUT AND GET A REAL JOB

The Kaimin takes a hard (albeit fictional) look at what the future holds for graduating seniors

Easy money

Typical job doesn't suit your style? Kaimin correspondent Spiro Polamarkakis looks at the lame stuff people do for money. Just hope your mom doesn't find out.

So you're a graduate/player.com thinking you're going to make mad money right after graduating?

Think again, Jack.

True, some of you might break \$50,000, but the rest of you aren't coming close to that. But hey, you know and I know that there are alternative ways to make money while waiting for a real job in the real world.

Of course there are the obvious things people do for quick money: selling books, selling CDs, donating semen, donating eggs, swinging chronic ganja or dancing at Fred's Lounge, but that won't cut it these days. (After all, even if you are hot enough to show your stuff on the stripper pole, nothing is more embarrassing than paying rent money in \$1 bills.) Today, in our world of "Real-TV" and "Caught on Tape," UM graduates have and hopefully will continue to get paid for doing stupid shit.

Recently a pal of mine rode through downtown Missoula on Rollerblades in a flaming red Speedo for \$100. You might think that is not a lot of money, but if you break it down it turns out to be \$100 for five minutes of humiliation, or \$1,200 an hour. And believe me, people have done worse things for money.

Last week a naked man claiming to be the "Naked Guy Part Deux" stood in the Oval singing "Living La Vida Loca" until he was dragged away by UM police. I caught up with him a few days after the incident, and it turns out the "Naked Man Part Deux" made \$300 from his buddies.

"People were screaming, 'Put that thing

away,' and 'Shave your arse.' I didn't care though because I was getting paid," Part Deux said in a telephone interview.

Sure, this fourth-tier education might not wow potential employers in the job market, but at UM the one comfort is if you're willing to do stupid shit, someone stupider is always willing to pay for it. We have learned about the meager protests and how to improve them, we have seen the Naked Guy come and go only to have someone perfect his craft and get paid for it. We have seen gay bashers in full stupidity mode and white supremacists who haven't realized the Civil War ended a few years back, and we have shut them down. Now in the real world we must represent UM with the skills we have acquired while trying to earn some cheddar.

I personally have paid \$25 to someone for drinking two 40 ounces in two minutes.

That person spent his \$25 on buying more beer, but at least he got two 40s for free and I got to see him vomit.

The point is you can get paid for doing things people want to see. Evil Knievel has even managed to parlay that theory into an entire career. For example, next time you are at a party and you spot the

crazy fellow beating a dog, tape it and send it into "Caught On Tape" and you will get paid. Next time someone offers you money to eat the roach, do it and you will get paid. Or just offer your services for money. You can hardly call this the technological revolution when the behavior of cave men still rules.

"One time I told my friends that for \$100 I would do the running man for 10 consecutive minutes in Sean Kelly's. The funny thing was that they were playing folk music, so I guess I was a little out of place. However, I ended up the big winner," Ross Clot, a graduating UM senior, said.

Hopefully you have learned a thing or



two at UM about being scandalous. Now it is your turn that knowledge into a money making machine. Let's just hope you don't end up doing this stupid shit for life. Unless you're gonna shave your back in the Iron Horse or something. Hell, even I'll pitch in \$5.



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Senior Challenge 2000

Thanks to the following Seniors who, as of April 21, have made a contribution to the Excellence Fund to keep UM at its best.

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THANK YOU to the many volunteers and the planning team members: Leigh Shelle Hunt, Erik Strickland and James Billington for all your hard work!



The following Professors were honored
by graduating Seniors' contributions:

David Jackson
Forest Grieves
Jaki Mohr
Ludmila Prednewa
Carol Van Valkenburg
Gary Porter
Cindy Garthwait
David Emmons
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Erick Greene
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YOU CAN STILL TAKE THE CHALLENGE.

Call Jessie Walrath at the UM Foundation office at 243-2593 or stop by Brantly Hall with your pledge form.

Senior Challenge is a program of The University of Montana Foundation Excellence Fund.

**CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 2000
ON YOUR UPCOMING GRADUATION!**

Avon calling!

After Lacy Carmykel graduated, she thought her communications degree would maintain her Kappa Delta Sigma Tri-Gamma lifestyle. Now she's hocking mascara.

I wanted to stay in Missoula after I graduated, mostly because I didn't really feel like I'd experienced its hippie-living, liberal atmosphere from my top bunk at the Kappa Delta Sigma Tri-Gamma House.

I hunted around for a job for awhile, but it turns out that communications degree doesn't have the potential I'd hoped it would.

Geez, I almost had to cancel my cable. I couldn't afford

all the rum and Diet Coke I usually put away on the weekends, so I decided to suck it up, jump onto the bottom rung of the Avon pyramid and start making some house calls right here in the Garden City.

At the house, this was my thing. Me and all my sorority sisters used to sit around in our pajamas and make each other over, and everybody would always ask me to do their hair. They used to tell

me I should have been a cosmetologist.

It didn't take me long to realize that things aren't that way in the real world: There are a lot of ugly people in Missoula. I would show up at their doors with my carefully curled locks, push-up bra and Gap clothes, offering to fix their faces, but it wasn't the same. Being beautiful doesn't make you a lot of friends.

I've got everything I need in my pink briefcase, and I keep plugging along. But nobody seems to have time to have their colors done or wait for a masque to dry. It's tough.

My total bitch coach, who's above me on the pyramid and sucks up 65 percent of my profits, told me if I don't start



selling something soon, my ass will be beggin' for change at some East Missoula truck stop. This really made me mad. I mean, have you seen

those homeless truck stop girls? Their choice of eyeliner is always wrong and they don't have a clue about building a base.

Sometimes I grow weary of clickety-clacking my glossy fingernails on door after door, night after night, interrupting people who are watching "Whose Line is it Anyway?" with that dirty Drew Carey. (Talk about a guy who could use a little blush! He's as white as Elmer's glue!) I plead with people, using the skills I learned in my communication classes, trying to suck them in by offering them free makeovers, trying to overcome them with my knowledge of their eye color.

Oh, the sleepless nights.

see AVON page 5

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The making of a rock legend

Felix Flash reflects on how his days as a UM slack-ass helped him conquer the rock 'n' roll world. Or something.



Looking back from my perch atop the rock 'n' roll world, I sure am glad I went to the University of Montana. In fact, when I win next year's Album-of-the-Year Grammy for my thematic rock tribute to Mephistopheles, I'm gonna thank UM right after my producer, my pub-

licist, my hairdresser, my masseuse, my palm-reader, my shrink, my trial lawyer, my entourage, Buddha, the ghost of Keith Moon, my fans and all the little people who got me where I am today.

So you want the story of my success? Well my dear, just read on and I'll expose everything.

I know it's hard to believe, given my stature, my fame, my glamour and my jungle room lined with platinum records, but I came from very humble beginnings. You see, I used to be a journalism major at UM.

Darling, don't look at me so strangely. It wasn't the first time someone has risen from such a bleak and rat-bastardly major to ultimate glamour. That delicious Brad Pitt was

a journalism major for three years before he dedicated his life to film. I was much the same way.

From my shy, timid retreat behind my reporter's notebook at UM, I learned the elements crucial to being a rock star. I learned the correct way

to shag groupies by watching squirrels fornicate around campus. I learned how to bash out a Bo Diddly beat by attending every session of Dr. Bobby Ledbetter's History of Rock 'n' Roll class. I learned how to dance sexy, felinely and provocatively by studying the Sugar Bears' halftime shows at basketball games. I learned to prostitute myself on the radio by working for KBGA. I learned to elegantly pass out behind a pair of mirrorball sunglasses by taking cattle-herd 100 level classes like biology, government and mass media. I also learned to deal with the downs and little failures of the music biz, like my poorly received double-album of tuba concertos. After I flunked elementary Spanish three semesters in a row, I could even deal with not selling out Shea Stadium.

I acquired some of the most valuable applicable knowledge for the cutthroat music biz by writing for my school paper. Not only did I learn to decorate my cubicle like the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, I learned to cop an attitude from Chad Dundas and Kevin Van Valkenburg. I learned to party like a rock star and be misogynistic from the infamous Bench. I learned how to promote myself by covering ASUM elections. I learned how to make connections and suck up to gain information. I learned how to write about sex scandals, violence and death — key ingredients for hit records. I had women leave me because I had to work so many late

nights. I turned the grist into my #1 hit ballad, "I May Have To Masturbate Tonight, But I'll Have A Front Page Story Tomorrow." Also, I borrowed fingernail polish from late-night copy editors because I discovered painted nails look pretty when pounding out copy on a keyboard. I also learned that yes, any reporter will write a glowing review of your demo CD if you offer her or him oral sex.

It wasn't until after my junior year, when my collection of newspaper job rejection letters grew to stretch up and down my office wall twice, that I decided to tell this horrendously un-glam journalism gig to piss off. I had to tweak my writing style a tad. Instead of writing things like, "A UM student was devoured by cockroaches Tuesday in a fatal mishap with string cheese and Ebay mail orders," I began to write lyrics like:

"Sing to me and fight The Man/kiss my lips and wear tight pants/together we'll really stick it to this dog-and-pony school."

Ah, the melodies of sweet inspiration that came from my days at UM.

Now that you know the secret of my success, darling, apply it to your own life. Remember, as Sly and the Family Stone sing, "Everybody is a star." If you'll excuse me, my dear, I must be going. After my infomercial and exercise video shoot, VH-1 is taping a "Where Are They Now?" segment on me.

Visualize whirled peas

Carlton T. Palmer thought nothing was quite as cool as being a trustafarian. Except maybe standing up for ridiculous causes he knew very little about! Hey man, see you in Seattle!

Finals week is almost here, and I can only hang around in this dingy apartment for so long, wasting time destroying the upper Rattlesnake on my \$6,000 Cannondale, sporting a neon Lycra bike suit and Oakleys.

My trust fund is draining fast, and sooner or later mom and dad are going to ask exactly what I plan on doing with that 18th century Latin American Studies degree I've worked so hard for.

The problem: Five and a half years of sleeping through classes at UM and swilling beer at Charlie B's has convinced me to avoid the "real world" of business suits and BMW's like the bubonic plague.

Good thing an easy compromise between college and a career exists. Before I go back home to Connecticut to take over Dad's Forbes 500 corporation, I'm gonna sow a few wild oats as an environmental protester.

Missoula may have the worst job market this side of a West Virginia coal mine, but there's one thing the Garden City offers in profusion: the opportunity to join "direct action" environmental fringe groups. Take your pick: the Buffalo Field Campaign, Earth First,

Environmental Action Committee — you get the point. Yeah, I'll ask dad to cut me that one last \$1,000 monthly living allowance and get involved with my own cause of the week.

Next Fall

As a two-month veteran of Collegiate Revolution Against Pork Products (CRAPP), I've become a model of what it takes to succeed as a local demonstrator.

Since I've lived in Missoula for a couple years, I've got the right wheels: a '92 Volkswagen Westphalia. You'll need something similar. Trade in that Acura for a Volvo wagon or a Saab; a Subaru Outback or sport utility vehicle is sweet, too. Score a Thule roof rack for bonus points.

I'm also strapped to the hilt with bumper stickers. The Westphalia sports "Free Tibet," "Blackfoot River — More Precious than Gold," "Love Your Mother," "Visualize World Peace," "Hugs — All the Arms We Need" among other Mother Earth-friendly decals. Don't stop at your car. Cover everything. Your Cannondale, yourself, downtown street signs. Just spread the gospel, bro.

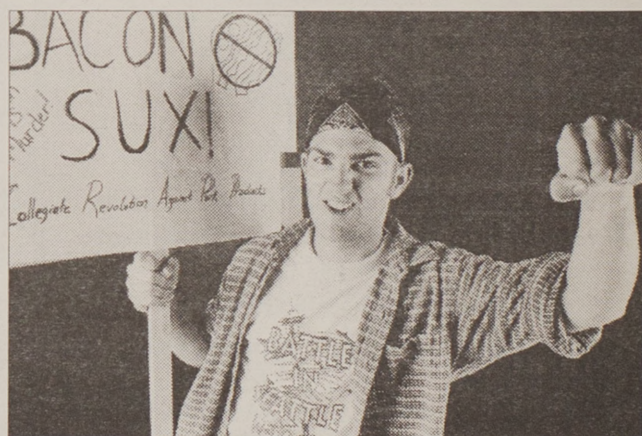
Clothes are next. My personal wardrobe now boasts nearly 30 outfits constructed of multi-colored, homemade patches. My closet is entirely free of "The Man." North Face or Patagonia apparel is acceptable, however. A spritz of patchouli oil in my dreads and I'm breathin' fire. It's a good thing; CRAPP's first big protest of the year is tomorrow.

First we have to plan. Bars and coffee shops are natural locations for pre-protest meetings. Try Bernice's Bakery or The Ritz. CRAPP always opts to meet at a drinking establishment, but we are careful to avoid the ever-popular pitcher of Pabst Blue Ribbon. We're all trying to save a buck, but hey, bro — don't sell out to corporate greed. Better off with that pitcher of trendy Moose Drool.

After a full night trippin' out to phat new Phish bootlegs, painting signs, guzzling pint glasses of Slow Elk, and writing press releases to the Kaimin, Friday's protest looks solid.

Big Bacon Protest — D-Day Plus One

Sitting here in the new County Jail, it's clear what's



wrong.

In all the excitement leading up to the demonstration, CRAPP demonstrators overlooked one major detail of the protest: getting a UM-sanctioned permit to assemble. Not even UM Police Lt. Charles "Chuck" Gatewood and his car-bound police force could miss the sidewalk chalk we spread all over campus.

As we attempted to use our protest signs as shields from the daily Frisbee assault on the Oval, Lt. Gatewood descended on CRAPP to inform us that while on the UM campus, activists are "guests of President Dennison" and as such, all constitutional rights are forfeited.

We had no choice but to face Judge Loudon in Municipal Court. Not kind.

In one last powerful sign of civil disobedience, I went limp as UM cops cuffed me and hauled us off to the waiting paddy wagon (hey, they haven't had this much fun since they put 'the boot' on Kevin Van Valkenburg's car).

Last night in County I had plenty of time to reflect on this whole demonstration scene. While it's pretty bunk that I missed both Cold Mountain Rhythm Band's last show and my friend Rainbow's vegan potluck, I won't give up. Whether chained to a tree or wearing a sea turtle costume, I'll be back again. Plum Creek — your ass is MINE.

Avon

I guess my own beauty begins to fade. I'm already dreading the Kappa Delta Sigma Tri-Gamma 8-month reunion. My complexion, once so rosy when I roamed campus in my tank top and Calvin Kleins, is starting to look ashen.

Even when people let me in and allow me to start

applying things to their faces, it doesn't get easier. People are so naive. I've spent hours explaining to them what astringent is and why they need waterproof mascara. I've tried to convince them that the hour they are devoting to their face every morning is no longer enough. And they get sooooo pissed off

when I tell them they need to double it. Mostly, I just give out free samples.

It's tough being a saleswoman. Each night I pore over my old Psychology 101 book to learn about people's fears. I promise them their ex won't even recognize them and they will never, ever, look like their mom. As long as

they make an appointment with me every week.

I wish all my friends and sorority sisters could just be my possible customers. The word "party" will no longer conjure up images of cute Sig Eps and cheap beer. Now it means contacts, customers, colors.

I'm breaking out. I call my

mom every day, sobbing.

My diploma stares at me from the bare wall of my studio apartment and I think back to the nights I spent watching "The Real World" in the house, painting my toe nails and imagining myself as a career woman.

I've still got a great ass, but for how much longer?

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Substitute teachers are substitute heroes

After bumbling through several semesters of mediocrity, Bosephus J. Ripley thought he would never make it in the big time. Then he found a reason to live: substitute teaching.

I was kicked out of half a dozen schools in the Midwest for getting bad grades, drinking and selling dope out of my dorm room. After those bastards, like Arizona State or Colorado, wouldn't accept my 15 credits in sports terminology and racquetball, I was really hard up to find a place to go. For a few days I thought I'd have to go work for my neighbor's lawn service business. You have to get up at six, and that's just not cool.

Then I found out about the University of Montana.

Ah yes, the sixth-best party school in the country. Kids don't study. Fourth-tier school. No admission standards. This was the place for me.

Montana is beautiful. I really dig the mountains, and if you like to ski or backpack, this is the place for you. It really wasn't my deal, though. I heard a lot of talk about grizzly bears, and who wants to be out in the woods with one of those?

Coming to Montana for college from the Midwest taught me a lot of things: Native Americans don't live in tepees, hippies do; people in Missoula drink more Pabst

Blue Ribbon than anyone in the world; and you need to stay away from the girls from Eastern Montana.

So after five years of scheduling classes that didn't meet before noon so I could hit the bars every night, I was a college graduate. I look at the classes I took and can't remember nuthin' about none of them', 'cept in anthropology when Gary Kerr was talkin' about circumcision. Man, my nuts hurt for weeks.

The closest thing I have to a major is my 40 credits in HHP classes, and thank God for all those coaching upper-division credits. It's amazing a school will let you graduate without ever learning how to balance a chemical equation or read a play by Shakespeare. And when you write your senior thesis, it can be on Homer Simpson. But hey, it's cool. If I wanted an education I would go to Harvard or sumthin'.

I can't do much. I don't know how to write complete sentences, use a computer or read Faulkner or Joyce. I can drink a pitcher of beer in under 30 seconds, name every starting lineup in the Major Leagues and recite the

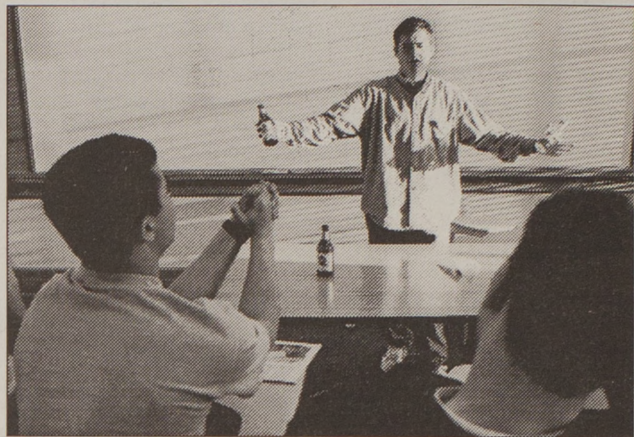
name, hometown and size of every Playboy centerfold since 1973.

The only thing I can sho' for my college career is the 40 pounds of beer I drank into my belly and the medal I won at the hairiest chest contest at the Testicle Festival sophomore year. Yeah.

That's cool because even though I couldn't find a job that paid more than minimum wage in Montana, I lucked out and went back to the Midwest and got a job as a substitute teacher and jayvee football coach in the Elkhart, Ind., school system.

Substitute teaching is pretty sweet. You don't need a degree in anything, you get the summers off and there's high school chicks. Yeah. There's really no expectations from your students, and they think you're cool because you don't give a shit. Everyone loves the sub. They laugh at your stories and are impressed by how much beer you can drink and your vast sports knowledge.

Like my college days, I can get by without doing any work. I can be out late at the bars every night and be home



early to catch my Dukes of Hazzard reruns. There's no homework to grade, no material to learn and no lasting impact on your students' lives.

Here's what my students have said about me:

"He's a real tool," said Rodney Harshberger. "He always talks about his college days, but with his lack of knowledge, it's obvious he never went to college."

"It really bugged me when he farted the alphabet," said Shenanaa Rogers. "He just proved to me that white people are stupid."

"How lame is it to pick up on high school girls," said

Lou Ann Petercocker. "And his pick up lines, are like, really lame. I was sooo embarrassed to see him at Ft. Lauderdale over spring break. I would never want to go to college at a place where he went. It would be sooo uncool."

I'm really looking forward to going back to Montana to see some of my boys. It's a shame my alma mater went bankrupt. I may not be a smart man, dumber than most, but my dope dealing days taught me that when the demand is down (students) you don't raise the price (tuition).

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Some of UM's finest were late bloomers

Worried because you don't have the perfect life plan? Never fear, Young Slacker, you're not the only one. As it turns out, at least a few of the most recognizable faces on campus took their time when it came to choosing a career. Some still haven't quite figured it out.



Mick Dennehy

The Lost Years: Before becoming one of the winningest coaches in the history of Grizzly Football, our man Mick had a humble beginning as a speechwriter for one John F. Kennedy.
What he says now: "Hell, those were the damn days. Sticking it to Nixon, getting high off the fame and sippin' Bombay and O.J. by the Camelot pool. You know ... ah hell, we were all brothers then. Till Jack ripped off that 'Ask not what your country can do' business from me. That son of a bitch."



Willis the Lab Monkey

The Lost Years: No, Willis hasn't always been a Lab Monkey. In his youth he worked as a police officer.
What he says now: "Yeah, I spent a few years on the night beat. Ya know, mostly just busting squirrely punks that hang outside the 7-Eleven on Thursday nights. One night I shot a kid. Hell, it was dark, he had a ray gun, looked real enough to me. After that they sent me to a lab. Now I spend most of my time with a needle stuck in my ass. God, I miss those old days."



Tom Mullen

The Lost Years: Tom Mullen, former Kaimin Editor, actually worked as a Ferris Wheel operator on Coney Island.
What he says now: "You know, I don't miss the drugs, the sex, the greasy funnel cake. I guess I just miss those strong, tan sailors who would come into the port with their neatly pressed uniforms. Sometimes we'd hold hands and watch the sunset. It's the only time in my life I've ever felt at peace."



Robin Selvig

The Lost Years: Big Rob is the godfather of Lady Griz basketball, but back in the day he was known as "Selv the Silk," the proprietor of a hoppin' cowboy disco in Dallas called "Gilleys." (Featured in the movie "Urban Cowboy.")
What he says now: "Yeah well, it was a nice club. Nice people. There was a lot of sweat, lot of wranglers. Even a few loose women. A lot like the Boardroom, except of course, with a big-ass mechanical bull."



Monte

The Lost Years: He might be UM's favorite sports mammal, but underneath that sly grin is a darker side. Monte spent two years in the shit of Vietnam.
What he says now: "Ahhh, I remember it like it was last week. LBJ and Uncle Ho, the steamy jungle ... Charlie was everywhere. We were just kids, killing for the fun of it. When I came home I didn't get no damn parade. Everywhere I went they spat on me, told me a fuzzy bear could never be a war hero. Two years I went into hibernation, dealing with the pain. I thank Jesus every day for this mascot job."

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The root of all evil

Think your sorry-ass business degree means crap? Think again. UM graduate Gordon Gekko lays it all on the table for you capitalist pigs.

Leave your Carharts at home, business majors.

You've spent four years studying GAAP, financial accounting, marketing theories and cutting-edge investment policies. All of which will do you absolutely no good in Montana. It is now time for you to go get a job. And since you chose to major in business, money is probably important to you. And, as everyone knows, there is no money in Montana.

It's truly a sad day, this day of graduation. Long gone are the open spaces of Montana. Say hello to cubicle life. Save diligently and soon that nice rambler in the suburbs will be yours. Along with two kids, a 45-minute commute, two minivans and a golden retriever.

The future is bright, and here is little bit of an idea of what to expect.

Sharpen your pencils, get your adding machine, press your white shirt and dark jacket, it's time to go to Chicago and book that interview with a high-powered recruiter from PriceWaterhouseCoopersMoneyPoopers & Lybrand.

"Son, the question is, what kind of position can I put you in? How can we make you happy?"

What does this question really mean? Nobody knows. It's best to be elusive, talk about how stupid the IRS is and how "Wall Street" was always your favorite movie. Buy time. Tell him about your favorite tax loophole. Hell, talk about martinis. Do anything but answer his damned questions.

He's going to get agitated as you weasel for the upper hand in the face of his shrewd negotiating skills. For God's sake, you're an accounting major who didn't get laid until your junior year, and then only after you joined a frat like the marketing majors did. You're intrapersonal skills suck. He, on the other hand, used to eat lunch with Lee Iacocca (before a fit of alcoholism and two double-bypass surgeries led to three demotions and this sick-ass job tricking college students into believing the cog runs the machine). It's time to duck and recover.

He's too fast, though. The

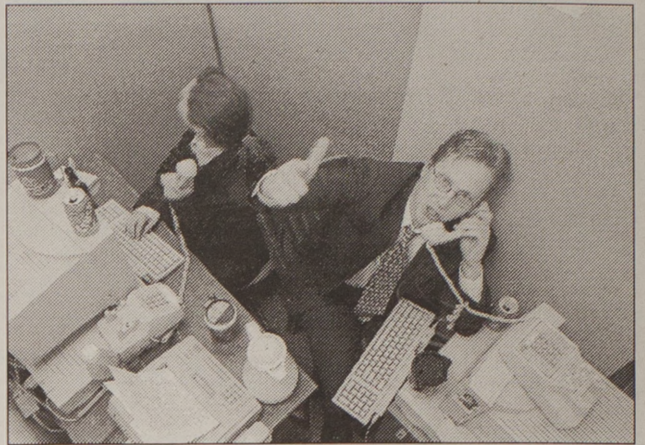
bastard.

"Son, when do you want to make your first million? 25? 30? Hell, I made a mil and lost it before I was out of college. You're going to have to show me you want it!"

This really means he needs someone to work 13 hours a day in hopes that Poopers' stock will quadruple in the face of a bear market, even though everyone knows financial service stocks suck ass. C'mon, if he really wanted to recruit potential millionaires, he'd be talking to Harvard grads. You went to the University of Montana. He's looking for slave labor.

In the end, you take the job. What choice do you have? You can't go back to being a barkeep in Missoula after four years of case studies filled your head with capitalist dreams.

Now it's time to go back to the bars in search of that rapid trophy wife that will be a nice accessory for company Christmas parties. Chicago bars are a different scene. The pretentiousness runs thick and deep. Fortunately for you, though, workin' hos is the



same in Chicago as it is in the Iron Horse.

You quickly land a suitable bombshell. A \$35,000 wedding in the Hamptons later and you're off to your new life.

But then you find out she doesn't like golden retrievers. She wants a tea cup poodle instead. You buy it for her, but the weekly visits to the dog groomer are costing you a fortune, and this is before you find out you're going to need to buy her breast implants and \$3,000 a month in cosmetics.

Meanwhile, your clients at

Poopers needs you to work weekends so that you can properly shield some shady earnings from the IRS with tricky financial accounting maneuvers you picked up on the job.

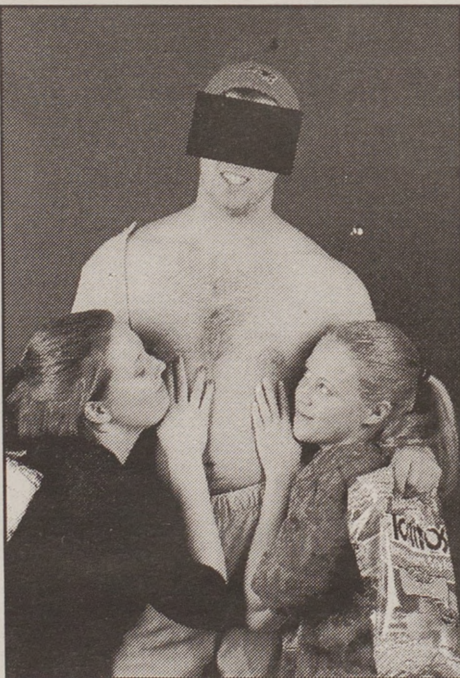
Of course, you went to Montana, so you're not very good at the finer points of this skulduggery. After 18 months in federal prison, you end up back in Missoula, bellied up to the bar in Charlie B's.

Don't worry, though, the beer will still be cheap and your Carharts will still be in a box at your parents house.

It's a fact, Jack — The Bench is back!

Did you think you was free of The Bench forever? Think again, you foolish little man.

The Bench is still touching more people than AT&T. And he ain't using no phone.



Whassup y'all? This is the Bench.

That's right, fool, The Bench has returned for one last hurrah. Somehow — despite his unpaid parking tickets, numerous outstanding warrants in this county and the fact that when last he left, The Bench done stole \$600 in communications software from the newsroom — the dumb-ass Kaimin editor invited The Bench back. He didn't hear nothing about how stupid-ass Kevin Van Valkenburg was behind things until too late. So wipe that lame ass, 'I-thought-you-was-dead'

limitations never bothered The Bench before, so why stop now? You wanna hear about The Bench's life in the Real World? You think you man enough, sucka?

The Bench has taken the liberty to jot down a few of his favorite stops along the way. If you like The Bench, and you know you do — even though you say you don't when you all trying to impress the snooty bitches down at the Davidson Honors College — The Bench knows you'll want to stop by these quaint locales and sample the regional flavor.

grin off yo ugly mug and look at The Bench when he's talking to you. The Bench is trying to educate your illiterate ass.

But The Bench digresses. They say kids will be interested in what The Bench been up to since he graduated. Funny, so is the FBI. There's a gang of stuff The Bench should keep on the down-low, but the statues of

Seattle, Wash.

Well, truth be tizold, The Bench done picked up and left this town as soon as Dennison put the diploma in The Bench's sweaty hand. The Bench fill his 1975 Plymouth Valiant wit all the beef jerky, Sam Adams beer and Met-rx Protein Bars he could steal from Albertson's. The Bench had one thing on his mind: love. The Bench done heard his old high school flame had gotten herself a job at Microsoft. Their loins had once burned so red hot, The Bench was certain he could recapture the magic.

And oh, was The Bench right. After a weekend of shacking up, it was like all those sweaty nights in the yearbook office back at Buckhorn High. Soon, The Bench had even convinced that nerdy, sandy-haired dude who runs M-soft to hire The Bench as a "consultant." Baby, it was all gravy 'til The Bench got busted for wearing a big foam alligator suit and kickin' in the windows at Niketown during some hippie-ass rally. Those Seattle cops was smart and found out The Bench was already wanted in Washington so The Bench had to think fast and cut a deal. The Bench gave the cops all the "special files" he'd been holding at Microsoft and they cut him loose. The Bench left town and never did hear if the cops indicted the sandy-haired dude. Last he checked, The Bench still had full medical, so he figures it's cool.

Sioux Fall, S.D.

After things cooled down The Bench went east, bumping into David Stern at the baggage claim at JFK.

"Get you goddamn hands off The Bench's personal items!" The Bench said.

"Oh dear," Stern replied. "My bad."

After that Stern and The Bench got to talking, and The Bench told Dave all about his skills back in high school when he started three games for the Buckhorn Bucks JV squad. Stern was impressed, but said The Bench would have to hone his skills in the CBA before the NBA could offer him his \$100 million. It sounded cool to The Bench, but after he arrived in Sioux Falls and took one look at sorry-ass Master P running lines while P.J. Carlisimo carried on like he was Mussolini, The Bench took off.

Parrumph, Nevada

After the rainy Northwest, The Bench need some sun, so he headed for the desert, planning to make his life as one of them bad-assed, Obi Wan Kenobi hermit motherfuckers. The Bench had Jackpot, Nevada, on his mind, remembering all the good times he had over spring break with that retired lady from the DMV. But as luck would have it, The Bench got sidetracked when a fireball done fell out the sky and damn near knocked The Bench off his Schwinn Cruiser bicycle during a late-night ride through the sand dunes. Now The Bench knows dis sound crazy, but he

swears it's true. Out of the inferno and across the scorched earth came walking the hottest green chick The Bench even done seen. Actually it was the only green chick The Bench had ever seen, but The Bench swears she was hot, even though he'd polished off at least three 12-packs of Heidelberg before his midnight ride.

Now The Bench is no fool. He all remembered when Capt. Kirk scored with that green princess on Star Trek back in the '70s. Now you may not know this, but Vince Lombardi, Eazy-E and Fredrich Engels are the only people in the world The Bench puts on the same level as Capt. Kirk. Immediately The Bench was in love. Content to have half-green babies in the desert, this truly was The Bench's utopia.

But some dudes in black helicopters and funny looking berets came and snatched away The Bench's space wife. Now all The Bench can do is sit up late listening to Art Bell and wonder what might have been.

Providence, Rhode Island

The Bench knows from reading his Shakespeare that all's well that ends well. Turns out a call from Don Holst done got The Bench a job teaching freshman English at Brown University to all-girl classes. The Bench may live out his days here, but one never can be sure. Someday, when you wake up and hear a man tipping over garbage cans outside your house at 3 a.m., you and him just might share a few UM memories.