

CON

by Ambrose Fierce

My favorite plagiarism story — and anyone who says it *isn't* mine, that I *stole* it, is a liar and probably a plagiarist himself to boot — my favorite plagiarism story began when God fashioned the universe; the main action for our purposes, however, gets rolling around ten years ago, when my friend Dr. Ed Narwog (not his real name), at that time plain old Ed Narwog, sat, late one night, panting and sweating and lubricating like mad.

He was writing his very own freshman essay. An earnest man, he was an earnest youth; his essay had been thoroughly, exhaustively, painstakingly thought out, re-thought, researched, outlined, index-carded. It had a pellucid and powerful thesis. His paper was a good, tightly organized, crystalline freshman essay, and when it returned from his instructor, coincidentally called Narwog (not his real name), it bore a big and bold scarlet A+.

Ed beamed, refrained from boasting, filed the thing, and forgot it. Ed filed everything; he never threw anything away — nothing, especially if it had an A+ on it. Six or seven years later Ed moved. He left the parental nest (having by this time saved a fortune in rent), but leaving behind much property, leaving behind many files, in one of which still lay sequestered his early, A+ *parvum opus*, by now forgotten — forgotten, but not gone.

On the right side of the desk, finally, as a sessional, Dr. Ed blossomed, came into his own. He was tough, sharp, well informed, and witty. He was magnetic, hypnotic, charismatic. In his classes, there was never any doubt as to who was in charge. Dr. Ed was a professional to the tips of his perfectly manicured fingers. True, his annual first few batches of freshman essays were bitterly dismal, but this phenomenon is, at most North American universities, an iron tradition, so Dr. Ed did not worry unduly, although marking the things always made him sick.

Late one night Dr. Ed, all his colleagues having gone, sat, panting and sweating and cerebrating like mad. He was marking freshman essays ("What?" "You *can't* mean this." "Frag."), despite the blinding headache this chore induces. Around two a.m. Dr. Ed decided to pack it in after one more paper — turned in, as luck would have it, by his least promising student, a footballer whose fingers — huge, and curved like corrugated bananas — grazed the ground as he walked. Dr. Ed sighed. He began to read listlessly, rubbing his temples but not whimpering; after the first sentence, however, he sat riveted.

He was reading a good freshman paper.

He devoured this essay, cramming the margins with accolades ("Excellent point!" "Brilliant!" "A real contribution to knowledge!"), reading faster and faster. At the conclusion he wrote, "Superb. This paper gets an A+ You get an F-." He had of course just read his own old freshman paper — stolen, shortly after his departure from home, by an entrepreneurial younger sibling; sold, at a fat price, to the Windsor essays broker, who knew a choice bit of merchandise when he saw one; resold, typed and retyped, leased, loaned, sold and sold again, until it became an underground/undergrad classic. Whoring along over the years, it racked up dozens of A+'s, and not a few A++'s.

It was by this time expensive, but for those who could afford it the paper was sure-fire — sure-fire, that is, until it would up on its author's desk, as it was sooner or later bound to do. Dr. Ed, having sent his teaching assistant over to hand back the graded essays, sat, feet on his desk, buffing his nails, chortling, waiting. He had not long to wait; young Lurch Grustle (not his real name), though a linesman, could move like a quarterback when he thought or rather felt the situation warranted such speed, and this despite his titanic bulk.

Really, it seems a shame to break off a story right at the best part, but, because of space constraints, that is what I must do, for I have a few words which I must address to Mrs. Torrance.

Lydia, let us be friends. You cannot, I know, help being Lydious, but you *can* quit being straight-out Lydiotic. It is true, as you say, that I am young, just fourteen, and am consequently still "undeveloped" — still, to put it bluntly, hung like the neck of a balloon. But I am also a physics major with an I.Q. of 185 (a bad "case"), and am thus in a position to help you with your pop quiz. Open the microwave oven door, dump in enough coal for a good fire, then light it, just as you are used to doing, and finally press one of the decorative buttons to the right of the door. Pressing the proper button releases the little microwaves, whose function it is to ionize the smoke particles and thus eliminate the need for chimneys. When the paint on top begins to blister and peel away, then you are ready to cook dinner — on the ideal smokeless griddle. There, that is a friendly tip, freely given; go back to Home-ec-land, now, and never bother me again, or I will be obliged to tell the whole sordid story (you are of course 104, *not* 84, and I can prove it) of your lucrative twenty years as, under an alias, the entire red light district of Dryhump, North Dakota — a double decade which almost certainly qualifies you for the title, "World's Oldest Pro."

Quebec strike supported

QUEBEC CITY (CUP) - Teacher's associations from two provinces and at least one other Quebec campus have added their support to the faculty strike at Laval University, now entering its fifth week.

The council of the Federation of New Brunswick Faculty association (FNBFA) voted unanimously Sept. 25 to support faculty in their efforts to secure academic freedom. They gave \$500 to an already-established loan fund for the strikers, an amount totalling 15 per cent of FNBFA's annual budget.


On Sept. 30, the executive and interested members of McGill Association of University Teachers (MAUT) travelled to Laval to demonstrate solidarity with the strikers.

The strike, based more on academic disputes than financial ones, was endorsed by the Canadian Association of University Teachers executive, The Quebec Teachers Corporation

and the Confederation of National Trade Unions.

The strike began Sept. 7, interrupting fall registration for

Laval's 23,000 students, when faculty voted 83 per cent against the university's latest contract offer.



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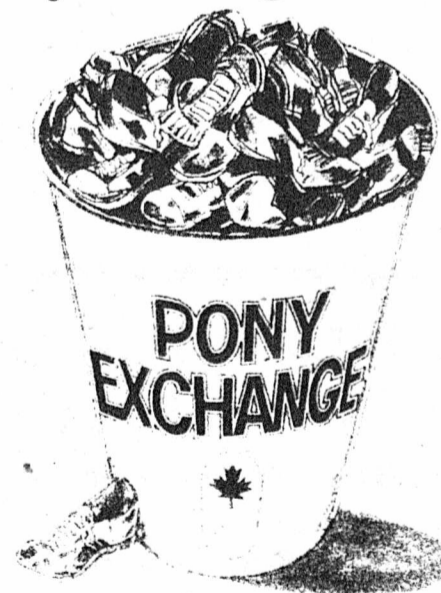


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