

# I have been grading finals, and I must scream...



A one-shooter from the electronic pen of John Purcell

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It is finals week here in College Station, Texas, and the two doctoral classes I have been taking this fall are now part of my scholastic past. Interesting classes, too. One of them, Sociology 624, Qualitative Methods, gave me the opportunity to use past and present experience in fandom as fodder for study. In my e-zine, *In A Prior Lifetime #5*, I ran one of my papers, a coding exercise using Minn-stf as a guinea pig of sorts, and already I have received some interesting replies from fen. The other class, EDCI 662, Philosophy of Education, was really different. The professor, Dr. Slattery, is one of those hyperkinetic people who can function without sleep and never drinks coffee. For that class I wrote a paper about Jacques Derrida, entitled "Derrida and the finitude of Self Within Ourselves." There were times while writing my final paper that I had no friggin' idea what I was saying.

So I got an A+ on that paper. Which just goes to prove that all you have to do to write philosophically is profoundly obfuscate on a topic, make it sound suitably pretentious, and *voila!*, you get a great grade.

In the meantime, I have to finish grading two more classes worth of papers. See, I teach Composition and Rhetoric at two community colleges in the area, which means I have a total of 87 papers to grade. Only 34 to go, now....

**AIEEEEEEEEEEE.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**