

Memoirs of a Narc  
Week 6 Minutes

Was I in over my head? I guess, if you were the type prone to understatement, you could say that. Here I was, a fast-talking, baby-faced cop from the mean streets of the New Haven area, caught in a professional and interpersonal class-A Quagmire.

I came to this campus, a little over 14 months ago, forsaking all that I knew in New Haven – the brownish water of the Long Island Sound, the chemical fumes blowing upwind from Bridgeport, working the beat with my long-time partner, Nelly, and of course, decent pizza – at the behest of the Administration of an Elite Midwestern University. The Administration, it seems, wanted me to investigate what they believed was a large-scale drug trafficking ring in one of the dorms. “Ok,” I said, “I’ll do it.”

I’m a Narcotics Officer, or a “Narc,” you see. For someone who is twenty-eight, I still look very much like a wild-eyed undergrad. My job was simple: infiltrate the dormitory, befriend the students living within it and gather enough intel until I had a substantial amount of evidence to bring to the DA. Involved parties would be prosecuted, to the fullest extent of the law – bye, bye birdy. I was a foot soldier on the front lines of the War on Drugs. But in war, as Donald Rumsfeld once said, “There are known knowns. These are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns. That is to say, there are things that we know we don’t know. But there are also unknown unknowns. There are things we don’t know we don’t know.” And the unknown unknown I didn’t know would hit me in the face like a Brown line train headed for Andersonville – what I didn’t know was that I’d come to fall in love with the very students I was meant to incriminate and prosecute. Now if that isn’t a conflict of interest, I don’t know what is.

Back up to 9 months ago: having successfully assimilated into the dorm community, I became very close with the person I believed to be their ringleader, Jan Babka. Now Jan didn’t seem like your average drug-cartel boss: on the surface he was a nice guy, with an enthusiasm for bicycling and a keen legal mind. But man, could that guy move shipments of cocaine across the Pacific! I befriended Jan, largely fabricating a background for myself that wouldn’t arouse suspicion (raised by a loving same-sex couple, from the Bay Area, public schooled).

Many moons later, I found myself on the Inner Circle. As such, I was invited to one of their top-secret meetings where they discussed (always in code – goddamn these kids were smart) how they would move shipments across the Pacific over the coming fortnight. Here are some excerpts from the transcript (with my notes, explicating the complicated and often obtuse coded language) of that meeting:

*The room is thick with cigar smoke and the smell of P. Diddy’s latest Eau de Cologne for Men*

**Jan: We have a sturdy ping-pong table now.**

As everyone in the narcotics enforcement world knows, the phrase “a sturdy ping pong table” is not what it would suggest – in drugspeak, when one remarks that he or she is the possessor of “a sturdy ping pong table” this is the equivalent of saying “Our rivals at Northwestern have been infringing on our turf, and it’s time for us to school them, much as a highly-skilled ping-pong player would school a crack-addicted baby in a game of Above-the-Influence-Pong.”

As everyone in the narcotics enforcement world knows, Above-the-Influence-Pong is a high-stakes game where one can only win by outscoring his opponent WHILE not being addicted to any controlled substances. The poor baby (in this case, Northwestern) doesn't stand a chance.

### **Tyler – Community service project, raking leaves Nov. 12**

“Community service” is actually what it sounds like. You can see why I fell in love with these kids: excelling in academic coursework and performing community service by day, while redlighting as drug cartel members at night. I've always been attracted to paradoxes, you know – like “The barber shaves everyone in the village who cannot shave himself. Who shaves the barber?” or that drug-addicted Macarthur Genius Grant recipient from my high school cross country team.

### **Leah – “We will be having a Snitchcock SHomecoming as well as a Ping Pong tournament”**

In this instance, Snitchcock SHomecoming is not what it sounds like. What it sounds like is a nicely-alliterated chance for awkward college kids at a notoriously awkward university to reenact the awkward tableaux of middle-school dances past, as part of some novel form of therapy in which psychodrama serves to Erase Past Traumas. But again what it is is not what it sounds like: “Snitchcock SHomecoming” is actually code for when the dorm's chemistry majors (all 3 of them, because lord knows kids don't go into STEM fields, not in the US, at least) get together to “cut” the purity of the cocaine with pieces of lint from the communal dryers. Doing so increases the profit margin for the drug cartel and also gives them an incentive to clean the lint out of the dryer. Drugs are serious business, kids – you never know what you're getting.

### *Break from character*

For the ease of your feeble-bodied narrator you can find the rest of my notes from the meeting at the end of this message, after I write some made-up stuff about being a narc, because I'm not really a narc guys...haha...it would be funny if I were though, right? It would have been taken me a lot of time to think of more absurd drug-situations so I decided not to try and do that with the whole meeting. I mean, I'm from Connecticut. The closest I ever got to getting high was being in a drum circle at Brown University.

### *Resume character*

So I had infiltrated the Central High Command of their Drug-Pushing Op. I had downright damning evidence of their illicit activities – ping pong tables and dormitory homecomings? All my life I've fought to uphold the Law – even the dumb ones, like the one against jaywalking, but in this case I found myself ambivalent. These kids, if I were to report my findings, were in for life without parole. They were mixed up in some bad things and I knew they were on track to become some bad, bad people. But in the same way you can help but sympathize with the pedophile in Nabokov's Lolita, I couldn't bring myself to hate these kids. So therein lies my issue: I'm a narc with a heart. I came to know these bicycle-riding, banjo-playing, snow-b-q-ing ruffians. I'm in a bind, and not the kind I can get out of by use of a previously agreed-upon safe word like “periwinkle.” What's a narc to do?

Remainder of notes from Meeting:

IM Sportz – we have our last regular season football game against Stony Island this Sunday. Dodgeball, Monday nights. This is at 10:40a on Monday

IHC – Jamba Juice in Ratner or whatever – STUPID

Lukeman got a rubberband in his pizza. Noah wants the bold blend, but interestingly, bold coffees usually have less caffeine than medium-blend coffees which is why you should not drink them.

Kevin Baker – Bartlett has not had a meeting yet. Puls improve the water:coffee ratio so that the coffee tastes like coffee and not brown water. Also Noah would like to see the Bold blend of coffee in Bartlett

Jack – condom czar. successful safer sex presentation. Bryce got poked in the ear by a protected pool cue. Good and safe time was had by all. Dental dams are for oral sex with not-penises

Sxn 3 – leader in crossword attempts, CJ, followed by G-Spot aka Graham, Anna, Hernando. 20.

I will be impressed when they start doing the Times Crossword. Until then, No Moral Approbation

Sxn 5 – is alive and lovely “Still alive”

Article 3 Sxn 1 – Should any council member miss 3 or more meetings or be negligent in his or her duties the house may vote, with a 2/3 majority to remove that person from office. Person does not need to be present

Jonathan – House Business – got pool cues for pool table. no triangles, can we use house funds to buy a triangle? get a quote and we’ll vote

Leah – asks for money for Hitchcock Homecoming. “Where are the cloths of yesteryear?” – Luke. Will open the Snitch cabinet

Tom – will make an announcement during general announcements

Tom is offended that we don’t get his poisson equation thing.

Maggie – Bartlett is closing at 2:30p on next Wednesday

Bryce – ZardoZ this Saturday

Adam – 31<sup>st</sup> and Canal – the Depot. “It’s good.” House Trip. It’s food.

Tom – if in House during Thanksgiving, everyone cooks, and it’s a potluck and it’s like, a tedious exercise in everyone pretending to enjoy everyone else’s food.

basketball for the house. oyeaaa

sxn 3 with the highest positive residual number of resident votes

Nathan Bartley- y’all should see the Physicists. Which is cool. It’s about these guys in a nut house who think they’re physicists but by the end of the play you’re left thinking, “Are they really the crazy ones?”

Cheesycake tiemz