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# THE Filthy Lucre

Green things and drooling rings

Issue X 1.2 November 14, 2009



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## Is that Chlorine in Your Eyes, or are You Just Sad to See Us?

### *Lupè Tragedia:*

*Editor, the Filthy Lucre (ret.)*

Once again, some new brouhaha has taken me briefly out of retirement. The Armory Pool has been a favorite topic of dirision for the Lucre for several years now, so we won't bore you with a recap (issue 4.2, available at [lucre.sparkycat.com](http://lucre.sparkycat.com), can bore you instead). The short version; the Capdeville administration shut the pool down three years ago "for repairs," with the intention of ultimately filling it in with sand. The Groseth administration last year claimed that they would reopen the pool, but never got around to it. The Trocki Dynasty has gone back to the Capdeville playbook, and is convinced that filling in the pool and building a fitness center is the best idea since cavemen started cooking their mammoth burgers.

We think that this mythical fitness center is the wave of the future (*and always will be*), but now that administrative momentum seems to be moving forward, the steady drum of opposition and resistance is once again starting to beat. Our illustrious rival, the Havre Daily News, printed a fairly robust article in their November 4th issue, in which a number of students, student senators, and faculty lay out a pretty convincing case that the administration is fudging the numbers, ignoring the majority opinion of the students, flushing a million and a half in previous renovations, and rejecting the potential alternative solutions. Good on 'em, says us! Here's an administration who believes the same thing on Thursday that they do on Tuesday, regardless of what happens on Wednesday. Troublemakers telling you the official cost of maintaining the pool is incorrectly inflated? "We stand by that figure."

Student opinion 89% in favor of reopening the pool? "Sometimes we have to step in and say we can't." Don't let it get you down, just because your job is to serve the student body, it doesn't mean you have to do what they want. If these cretinous ingrates had their way, we'd have nothing but Modern Warfare 2 for class and Dr. Pepper sandwiches for lunch.

Wild eyed mad scientist types claiming that a modern system including solar water heating would cost half as much as the old boiler? Bushwa! It's a water heater from the Korean War era or nothing at all, and nothing at all is looking mighty fine.

And if that weren't bad enough, now there are neon flyers on every campus bulletin board, threatening a hippie sit-in when the bulldozers come and impugning the integrity of this fine institution. Stand strong guys, you shall overcome. Once that pool is filled in and the new fitness center is up and running (*open 2pm to 4pm, Tuesdays through Wednesdays, unless the door's locked*), they'll thank you.

### *Experiencing... the unexpected*

*Delila: Depressed in the Dorms*

*A*n ominous dark cloud envelopes me like a shroud as I trudge through leaves and browning grass. A familiar despair encircles my whole person until it's dank and dreary essence pervades each cell of my ever existing physical form. It presses, presses, presses and drags on my countenance 'till I walk with a slumped shoulder and a shuffling foot. My mind makes a valiant attempt to fight through the fog and find an ephemeral memory of some light, some happiness, something that caused laughter even yesterday. Alas, to no avail, no single happy

*thing bears up; the*

*mind even of brilliance has succumbed into the apparition filled tombs of depression and it fails to drag its conscious up the cliffs of insanity.*

*A constant echo resounds throughout this death chamber that is my own mind: "What's the point? What's the point? What's the point... what's the poi what's the ... What's the POINT?" Then a crushing pain descends upon my chest like a weighted anvil. The pain, the agony, the searing torture of seeing the bigger picture, of knowing what should be done; yet, hands made to build are lashed, drawn, and held motionless.*

*Silently, I scream that I would give even the most intimate possession of my faculties, if only to not see, to not wish to do, to simply wander about absorbed in amused oblivion.*

*Somehow, the ever faithful feet have carried this tormented soul into a building; barely recognizable to my delirious mind. On, up the steps my heavy thoughts and I go, shuffled into a line formed of shapes that appear human to me; but, I do not notice them.*

*By only propeoception, I feel my self moving along with this line, filling a plate, drifting towards a table, heaving my numb carcass into a chair, and shifting some of the plate's contents into my mouth. Expecting nothing, feeling nothing, I vaguely recall something that Emily Dickinson wrote... "First the chill, then the stupor, then the letting go...." The stupor, the stupor, the stupor... Yes, the stupor, and then the letting go-that will be the escape.*

*Abruptly, I am once again aware of my hand holding a fork as the dark colored object on the end of it reaches my taste buds. They identify it as juicy, umami, steak! Suddenly, I smell the hearty aroma of beef rib eye cooking, melded*

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### *Turn the Page over,*

*[Yah, we know this is supposed to be a broadside. The Printer Monkey is currently undergoing a severe flogging --ed]*

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*with something sweet. I look down at my plate and realize that the sweet smell must be coconut frying. Eyes that now see reveal to me that I am seated in the cafeteria at MSU-N. I am staring down at a plate filled with: rib eye steak, coconut shrimp, twice baked potato, vegetable tortellini, and orange sherbet cheese cake.*

*My Favorite Meal!*

*Now fully alert, I am awake and feeling fine. Every sense in my no longer depressed person is totally engrossed in enjoying the riot of taste sensations held in my mouth at this moment. I realize, maybe the human experience is just that, a series of experiences. I find myself humbled and speculate that "the point" may be as simple as finding engagement in the present moment.*

(These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA –ed)

## Northern Peace

**K. Beso:** Editor, the Filthy Lucre

**W**hile all of you exceptionally physically attractive students have been preoccupied with your various studies and sports (*Go Hooligans! We hear Butte is burning as we speak!*), your Student Senate has been busily entertaining proposals for a viable business opportunity.

They're making plans to invest upwards of \$10,000 into business ventures aimed at increasing the student-controlled coffers. There were some boring ideas, like reopening a snack bar in the SUB, or redeveloping the Northern Grill. One idea though, caught even *our* misdirected attention: create a Student-run affiliate of the Montana Caregivers Network, and start growing medicinal marijuana.

Really, who wants to eat nachos and popcorn (and drink Dr. Pepper) after hours at the SUB, when they could just be hanging out in a lice-infested dorm room, smoking a joint. If every Senator was required to receive his or her Care Giver's license, they could each carry up to seven ounces of cannabis on their most respectable persons.

The life giving, pain relieving angelic presence of the new, improved, and more Care-full Senate could no longer be ignored. In fact, our editors feel that the pot packing Senators would be the most popular people on campus. All problems would be easily resolved by sitting around a bowl and "chillin', man." Senate could roll a real bundle of dough, completely free from legal ramifications from any higher authorities.

This shield of protection comes straight from the Obama administration; via its recently issued hand slapping to federal prosecutors who are wasting valuable government time persecuting people who ~~abuse~~ use medical marijuana in compliance with federal guidelines. We say: "All hail the Chief!" Students don't need brain cells to learn. Those annoying faculty members will be much more exciting if they are stoned (or more tolerable if those around them are stoned).

Everyone will love one another. No one will care if they can't feel their frozen toes during class, they will be all warm and fuzzy inside. Parking issues will simply evaporate in a cloud of smoke, since hanging out in the parking lot will become just as much fun as attending class. In fact, there will always be a perfectly excusable medical reason for missing class. Any student with his or her Green card can simply tell his or her Care-Giving professor: "I just had to get high," flash the Green card, and all will be well in

paradise.

Intellectual ranting will cease and meld into a melodious hummmmm of satiated bliss. Our beloved halls of academia could once again be filled to overflowing with the padding footsteps of insecure freshmen and misguided (6<sup>th</sup> year) seniors.

Northern would surely spend less money on recruitment, yet be more successful than ever. Moreover, students could attend college for fifteen to twenty years enraptured in an oblivious haze. Upon [eventually] graduating with a Liberal Studies Degree (Marijuana Care Giving Major, Spreading the Love Minor), students could move straight into the seething horde of unemployables being supported by our fearless and benevolent government.

In short, with this plan all of our problems would disappear, as if by the wave of a magic wand. Northern would be the recruiting star of Montana, the students would have lots and lots of filthy lucre to spend on Olympic sized swimming pools, junk food vending machines, racket-ball, laptops for all, hacky sacs, and male strippers. All faculty, students, and administration would magically begin to love each other. Senseless whining and dissent would cease for all time and we would be the Greenest Campus in the Country. Share the Love, Man!

Email student senate your thoughts at [studentsenate@msun.edu](mailto:studentsenate@msun.edu): let them know if you really want a snack bar in the sub, or if you just want to get high, Dude!

*{The Filthy Lucre does not officially endorse the use of illegal substances; we much prefer binge drinking and chain smoking, which is entirely legal (so long as you're 25 feet from any building) – ed.}*

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The opinions expressed here do not represent the views of anyone, including the writers.

We are always open for new written pieces, photos, artwork, and financial patronage.

**Tune in Thursdays at 6 pm to 90.1 for Filthy Lucre Fun Hour on KNMC Radio.**

Send hate mail, love notes, and creative contributions to [filthy.lucre.flucre@gmail.com](mailto:filthy.lucre.flucre@gmail.com)

Can't stand to wait for the next issue to come out, just need your daily dose of

Lucre Lunacy? See [www.lucre.sparkycat.com](http://www.lucre.sparkycat.com) for all the Filthy Lucre back issues.

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## Know Your Place.