

THE Filthy Lucre

Gold Star of Excellence

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“A for effort, Northern!”

Accreditation Team Leaves Firey Wreck in Wake

Lupé Tragedia: Editor-in-Chief

Last week, Filthy Lucre reporters Skeletor and Rico covered the visit of the Northwest Commission on Colleges and Universities. The most immediate effects of their decennial accreditation visit were a distinct improvement in the dress and personal hygiene of the faculty, a surge in old white men walking around the campus, and a three day stretch where the espresso machine in the library was in working order.

The NCCU team held private interviews with selected individuals, but a significant part of the visit was a series of three “open forums”, each restricted to campus

staff, students, and professorial faculty, respectively. We sent field reporters Rico Tenzin and Skeletor Rodriguez to cover these forums, but ran into some resistance.

At the Staff forum, one of the accreditation agents said they couldn’t technically kick our reporters out, but did strongly encourage them to wait for the Student Open Forum. Rico and Skeletor hung around long enough to keep up appearances (*and make poor Mr. Lanier terribly nervous, sorry Bill! -S.R.*) but it was clear that the Lucre’s presence was having a chilling effect on the staff.

In retrospect, we appreciate the need for the three wings of Northern’s ecosystem to have their own opportunities to vent their

concerns in a semi-anonymous environment, and no ill feelings are held.

The student forum was encouraging, and all nine students in attendance had thoughtful opinions to bring to the table. Concerns were raised about the closing of so many student services during the Capdeville Administration, the lack of Meal Plan choices, credit transfer issues, and other problems plaguing the student body.

The NCCU’s report should be released early next year, and we look forward to seeing all of our concerns roundly ignored or downplayed for another ten years. We’ll keep you updated as the situation matures.

A FILTHY LUCRE GUIDE TO WHISTLEBLOWING

Skeletor Rodriguez: Field Reporter

Let’s say you’re a staff member, professor, or just a student with better-than-average powers of observation. You see something here at Northern that seems unjust, stupid, or straight up illegal. You’d like to speak out, but you know how things are; you make somebody in mad, and they’ll make you regret it. Teachers could skew your grades (maybe not even consciously), or administrators might “misplace” one of your files. Here are some tips on doing the right thing safely.

1 Cover your tracks. Use anonymous email accounts like hotmail, and send your messages from a public computer with a guest login, so that activity logs can’t be traced to your user account.

2 Keep your head down. Don’t accidentally leak identifying information, like specific conversations you may have been a part of. Concrete evidence (like an email) is good, but can lead back to you.

3 Use the right channels. The Lucre is discrete and widely read, but it may not always be the best source. You may have to contact someone higher up the chain

of command, or even law enforcement in extreme cases. Information is useless if you don’t know what to do with it.

4 Make Friends. If you’re not the only one who knows about the issue, it can be safer to come forward. It’s easier to squelch one voice than it is to silence ten.

5 It’s up to you. Ultimately, you have to decide how important an issue is. Some things are worth risking your grade or your job over, and some things aren’t. You have to make the call; keep quiet and know your place, or take a chance and cause a change. Be brave, but be smart.

IN THE MISTS OF MORNING: PART II

Alice Raven: Writer

Death walks on the Northern campus. True, he is slow, but he moves with constancy—like a train starting out from the station. All those who chance to see him quickly avert their eyes; truly, no human could maintain that gaze for long.

He ventures unnoticed into the library—his tread on the tiles as silent as a mere whisper of wind. Each computer entertains an ignorant student, and he knows in an instant that none of these patrons is his responsibility yet. He moves downstairs and begins working his way through the innumerable shelves of books—sniffing with whatever nose is his in search of his prey. In and out of the shelves of meticulously arranged books, moving rapidly now, his robes shuffling anxiously behind him. Finally, he spots his mark: a

girl sitting at a table—inclined towards her studies.

Death moves slowly now, preparing himself for his duties. He’s been around for eons now, and still every end is new. Every flame of life he snuffs out is different and quintessentially unique.

Directly behind her, he takes a moment to admire her gracefully angled—and beautifully exposed—neck. He raises his scythe, light as ever, above his head. The blade gleams in the air as it rises to the apex of its arc; a small inclination back down and gravity will finish his purpose here.

The scythe flashes down through the air, descending from what might be the heights of Heaven towards its intended destination. This blade, which has summarily ended so

many, has rent flesh from bone, and has toppled even the most prestigious men and women, stops... and it hovers over the bared neck of this girl.

Destiny has changed, fate has intervened, the great cosmos has shrieked for Death to desist, if he would please. And he must, for he is only a tool of the Universe—comparable in our lives to a knife or a pencil. The infinite universe tells him that this girl is no longer his for the taking. His moment has passed.

However, the universe, in its unparalleled generosity, promises him many more moments. Yes, as many as he would like... and more.

This concludes In the Mists of Morning, thanks to Alice for her contribution!

Know Your Place.

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