

The Northwestern Flipside: Special Edition

The Denial Issue

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Gone Greek Night Provides Wholesome, Greek Family Fun

BY CAROLINE PICARD

EVANSTON — Once every calendar year, pledge daughters and sons alike share a night of old-fashioned, wholesome family fun where members of the Greek community come together to celebrate the common values that unite our chapters.

Gone Greek Night is a hallowed Northwestern Greek life tradition. It first welcomes new members with artfully orchestrated renditions of pop songs, which don't degrade female sexuality in the slightest. (We're going down; we're yelling QuadDelt!)

Then two chapters partnered with only the best intentions embark on an educational field trip to a family

establishment somewhere in the culturally rich environment of Chicago.

Gone Greek Night offers a low-pressure environment in which no one will engage in any illegal or immoral activities, as well as an opportunity to discourage the misconceived stereotypes of Greek life.



When PHA trolls the halls of the sorority houses, they won't find any bottles of cheap

white wine hidden in Urban Outfitters bags and when IFC checks . . . well, IFC doesn't need to check anything. Flasks won't be passed around school buses, and no one will hand off Long Island iced teas in a Ford-esque assembly line. There won't be anyone in the bathroom scrubbing the Xs

a complete violation of basic restaurant health codes. No one will sneak out of the venue to hit up the McDonalds down the street. There will be no dance floor make-outs, or at least no awkward ones, and definitely no hooking up on the ride home. People will not fall down the bus steps, except maybe that one girl who's just really clumsy.

Most importantly, no one will get called into standards; the entire chapter will merely enjoy an opportunity to learn about risk management and basic human decorum.

It's a night without any regrettable decisions and all will look fondly back on their Gone Greek Night experience as one of youthful innocence, chastity and complete sobriety.

off his or her hands. Girls won't cast off their shoes (their oh-so-comfortable heels) in

Weinberg Freshman: "It's Not Alcoholism, I Swear!"

BY ANDREW SCHNEIDER

Guys, c'mon. I don't know why we have to do this here. Or at all. I'm not an alcoholic! I mean . . . c'mon, I'm a freshman! Freshmen can't be alcoholics—alcoholics are sad old men! I had my first-ever drink six months ago! And there's no way that persistent binge drinking at an early age is indicative of an addictive personality and poor self-control!

James, please. You don't have to remind me that I've puked in the hallway twice since October. I'm terribly ashamed of my

actions last night. Just as terribly ashamed as I'll be the next time it happens. But why are you guys dwelling on the bad aspects? We're having fun! That's what you're supposed to do in college! It's not *my* fault that you guys can't keep up. I made out with *five* different girls last night! Who cares if they all tasted like bile? I'm making *precious college memories* here. And I woke up in my own bed too.

How? Well, I . . .

Oh, Carl carried me? Well, thank you, Carl. You know I'd

do the same for you, right? If I were ever sober enough to see that one of my buddies had had a bit too much to drink, I would *absolutely* take care of them. Right after I encouraged them to shotgun another three beers.

Even *if*, and that's a *big* if, my drinking has grown slightly out of control, it's not like it affects any of you. Really, it's none of your business. Yes, yes, you don't need to remind me that I hit on David's girlfriend and ruined Carl's night by making him babysit a 6'2", puking, petulant toddler. I already apologized.

Oh, come on! That's the *second* time I've said I'm sorry! What, are you all going to lord my mistakes over me just because I commit them on a weekly basis? 'Cause that don't sound like friendship to *me*, and I don't need these burdens in my life!

Look, I'm sorry I lost my temper there. I appreciate your concern. I really do. Let's just put this ugly business behind us and go grab a drink. It's been a long day.

GODDAMMIT, JAMES, YES, I KNOW IT'S MONDAY.

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The Best Ways to Get Toned and Tan for Spring Break

BY RACHEL BEAL

EVANSTON — The sun is shining (watch out for albedo-burn), birds are chirping (in the movie your film major roommate is “analyzing” while you live out the real-life horror story that is second quarter orgo), and springtime is right around the corner (worst joke ever, Punxsutawney Phil)!

That means it’s time for new clothes, actual workouts, and a flood of sun-soaked selfies of besties/bros laying out/bro-ing out at Keystone-fueled bacchanals from Daytona to the Dominican Republic on your Facebook newsfeed.

While your high school friends flee frigid 40°F temperatures at their respective institutions of higher learning, you can rest easy knowing that you made the right decision: there’s nothing quite like springtime in Chicago to

warm the body and soul. That doesn’t mean that the shift from winter to spring won’t be a shock, but don’t worry Wildcats, *The Flipside* is here to talk you out of hibernation.

The first thing you need to worry about is your spring break body. Skip the elliptical and dig into that Ben and Jerry’s Core, because you’ll need a solid layer of blubber to sport spring’s latest trends before it breaks 45°F in June. Tried and true techniques for developing a shapely layer of

insulation include incorporating Cheesie’s into your diet at least four times a week in addition to six small meals of truffle fries from newly opened DMK Burger and Fish on Noyes Street throughout the day. In extreme cases, supplemental Nutella shakes from Edzo’s can be used under careful supervision from your roommate, who promises you don’t look fat.

And don’t forget about sun protection! Wind and albedo-burn may look sad

and uncomfortable now, but just wait ten years until your weather-hardened flesh is crisscrossed with premature wrinkles and direct sunlight causes you physical pain.

Ski goggles, balaclavas, and wool scarves wrapped up to your eyes provide great coverage and can act as adorable accessories alongside springtime favorites like hair ribbons and sundresses. For protection from the full UV-spectrum, however, dermatologists recommend either staying in a windowless study room in Mudd Library (or, if you’re a senior, under the covers in your apartment) until June.

So happy spring, Wildcats! Either love or the quasi-concerning odor of Kresge Hall as it slowly decays is in the air. Go ahead, break out your mid-weight sweater, and get ready to take your skin tone from alabaster to porcelain.



We Tried Really Hard to Deny It, But ASG Still Sucks

BY BRIAN LEE

EVANSTON — In a week where all of Northwestern’s flaws were glossed over, *Flipside* reporters were baffled to realize that nothing, absolutely nothing, can smooth over the abyss of Associate Student Government.

There’s simply no denying it: ASG outright sucks.

“I wanted to try the utilitarian approach and see if they managed to accomplish something useful for the community as a whole,” said *Flipside* reporter Anna Flintoff. Flintoff

noted that the university administration did increase the number of frostbite express shuttles after a stern letter to the editor written by ASG leaders, only to be reminded that the bus drivers were never instructed to actually stop for students to be picked up. “I guess they meant well, but it was still a pretty bad blunder on their part.”

“We considered the role of ASG as a way to introduce students to civic life in a democratic society, but none of the representatives are elected,” Flintoff added after dis-

covering that even the dorm representatives must make it through an interview before taking office. “Seriously, how are Northwestern graduates supposed to prepare for real local elections where we have to vote for school board members, water district leaders, state and county officials and each individual judge, just to name a few?”

The editorial staff of *The Flipside*, who were instrumental in proposing the “Denial” theme as practice for their university tour guide applications, eventually conceded that glo-

rifying ASG based on factual aspects was impossible.

“I mean, they fund us,” said an anonymous member of *The Flipside’s* editorial board. “But even *I’m* not sure whether that’s a wise use of university funds.”



THIS IS SATIRE! All names and stories are fictional, unless public figures are mentioned.

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