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Area Man Changes Password from “1234” to “password” in Response to “Heartbleed” Internet Security Threat

BY BRIAN CAPELLA

AMES, IA — In response to the Heartbleed security flaw, area man Gill Phenylnsworth has made the sage decision to change the passwords for all of his bank accounts, social networking sites, and FarmersOnly dating profile from “1234” to “password.”

“I was scrolling through the BuzzFeed article ‘23 Ways to Protect Your Stuff from the Heartbleed Hackers,’ and number eleven listed the seven most-used passwords,” commented Phenylnsworth. “I couldn’t believe my eyes when lo-and-behold the most-used-password was the very one that I used to protect all my accounts! I

stopped reading the article then and there and immediately went to work on creating a new password.”

Sources say that Phenylnsworth considered many different passwords—including “(one spacebar), pass word, (two spacebars), 255-63-5203, and 12345”—before settling on “password.”

“I can’t believe that none of my accounts were hacked by people guessing my password. My mind is much more at ease knowing that my FarmVille account is safe again. If I’d lost my virtual pig Wilbur Jr., I just don’t know what I would have done.”

Also, to prepare for the unlikely scenario that he forgets his pass-



word, Phenylnsworth has created an elaborate ten-step safety net that will help him remember his password. This consists of 36 sticky notes with the word “password” written on them placed strategical-

ly in his apartment, changing his ringtone to “my password is password,” telling seven trusted “secret keepers” what his password is, and writing the word “password” in lamb’s blood above his bed.

FDA’s Proposed Changes to Nutritional Labels Include Graphic Images Illustrating the Effects of Overeating

BY BRIAN EARL

WASHINGTON — The FDA has announced changes to the way manufacturers must present nutritional information on food packages in order to “help American consumers understand the health effects of what they eat,” said Margaret Hamburg, Commissioner of Food and Drugs.

These changes include increasing the font size of the number of calories in a serving, changing serving sizes to reflect “what people actually eat and not what they *should* eat,” and placing graphic images on the front of junk food packages displaying the health impact of constant overeating.

“We were inspired by the recent

changes to cigarette health warning labels,” said Hamburg. These labels, introduced in September 2012, include images of diseased lungs, cancerous mouths, and patients wearing oxygen masks. Warnings like “Cigarettes cause strokes and heart disease” accompany the pic-



tures.

Likewise, the FDA’s new food images will include pictures of people testing their blood sugar, photographs of patients undergoing open heart surgery, and close-ups of gelatinous rolls of fat. The new labels will appear on foods like chips, so-

das, fast food, and everything sold at the Wisconsin State Fair.

“We’re confident these changes to nutritional labels will effectively combat the obesity epidemic in this country,” said Hamburg as she lit herself a cigarette.

The FDA is considering similar proposals to help fight other bad habits Americans have: pens may be sold in packages that picture someone holding her ears with the label “Clicking annoys your neighbors,” cellphone cases may picture people making strange faces with the caption “I can do more than Snapchat,” and laptops may be programmed with unchangeable screensavers that show hairy palms and the caption “This is not a magic box of porn.”

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The Flipside Housing Guide

BY JORDAN VILLANUEVA

As a service to incoming freshman and current students debating where to live next year, The Flipside has created Northwestern's most definitive housing guide ever. This guide contains all the information you will need to determine which building you should live in after your top three choices fill up. We're aware your priority number is shit, but just remember: it doesn't matter where you live—you'll still complain about it.

1835 Hinman — You can't have your cake and eat it too. This place is the liveliest joint south of Plex, but it's a total dump. Like, last year sixteen people died during the Polar Vortex. Scary stuff, man. But it's cool, because there's a C-Store downstairs that almost never runs out of Ben & Jerry's, except for that one time when Sarah Mills was having a meltdown.

Allison — Or Hotel Allison, as we call it. Actually, no one calls it that. Forget we said that. Once, two SoC sophomores turned their room into an arcade and charged people admission. Seriously, they had room for two beds, two desks, a pool table, six Pac-Man machines, an air hockey table, and a pizza kitchen. It was a regular Chuck-E-Cheese. Business was going pretty well until they realized that no one in Allison talks to anyone else in Allison. They eventually got their first customer, but it was just a CA doing rounds who stopped by when he smelled pizza.

Elder — Elder is a maze and you will never find your way out. There's actually a minotaur in there somewhere but it's rarely seen because it can't find its way through the labyrinth. Fun fact, the minotaur is the result of a radiation accident in Slivka that you'll learn about later in this guide. But anyway, back to Elder. This is the well-

kept home to some of Northwestern's best and brightest freshmen. Maturity is like alcohol in Elder. Everyone has some, but they're really good at hiding it.



Jones — It's like the orphanage in Annie except everyone's living there by choice and no one ever cleans. (Seriously. Never.) But there's even more singing and complaining than in the orphanage. Jones is a hormone-fueled rager of extroversion and vanity, so it's perfect for all you theatre majors out there!

Foster-Walker "Plex" Complex — They had a speed dating event here two years ago. It was a wild success because Plex is all singles. Really though. No double rooms. And everyone is single. That's the pun, moron. *(It has recently come to our attention that Plex is not available to freshmen, which appears to be another halfhearted attempt to force socialization and camaraderie among students.)*

Mid-Quads — Are you from New York City? Great, then we have just the place for you! The Mid-Quads (North and South) have all of the worst qualities of the Big Apple and none of the best. You're never going to see a Yankees game or go to a show on Broadway, but you're almost guaranteed to find your room to be infested with cockroaches and the occasional rodent. But don't worry, that's not a homeless man. It's just a prematurely-jaded sophomore.

ISRC — Everyone sort of forgets about this place. It's the bottom-tier sorority of Residential Colleges. You dream about getting into a Res. College, but it doesn't quite work out so you end up with this rather disappointing second-rate consolation prize. But by golly, you stick it out because that's what you were born and raised to do!

Bobb/McCulloch — Ugh, can you say Bo-ring? Francis Willard sure does live on in this place. Bobb is full of the most sober college students you could ever imagine. For a dorm right by the frat quad, you would think they'd know how to go hard, but instead most of the inhabitants spend their Friday and Saturday nights knitting and attending NU Nights events. Which, by the way, are total extravaganzas.

Sargent — No one lives here, it's just where all the science people go for lunch in between their classes in Tech. Located inconveniently far from Sheridan Road, Sargent is a hub for a diverse multitude of people: Physicists, Engineers, Chemists, and even the occasional Biologist.



Slivka — Be afraid. Be very afraid. Rumor has it the place is still radioactive from the Michael Huntington Incident of 2004 (God rest his soul). That's why all the engineers who live there are total freaks. Well, that and the fact that they're engineers.

PARC — Park Evanston is a beautiful apartment building

with convenient proximity to places of interest such as Whole Foods, Flat Top, Kafein, and that comic book shop. The mildly steep rent is easily justified when one considers its short walk from campus, its prime location, and its long list of amenities. These apartments are perfect for both wealthy individuals looking to live alone and wealthy groups of friends looking to live together. *(Editor's note: Reporter Jordan Villanueva mistakenly thought PARC referred to a local apartment building and, as a result, failed to evaluate the Public Affairs Residential College.)*

Willard — There are two good parts about Willard. The first is that it provides countless opportunities to delight friends with a Gary Coleman impression by saying "What you talkin' 'bout, Willard?" The second is that Willard is home to Fran's, a gourmet restaurant that rivals the quality of top-notch eateries such as McDonald's, Burger King, and Wendy's. The hours are its redeeming quality: Fran's stays open until a theater major gets slapped, which is around 2:00 AM every night.

Hobart House — Seventy-seven-time winner of the award for "Most Poorly Named Women's Residential College." Really, everyone calls this place Ho-House. But it's in the sorority quad, so you're practically a sorority girl, right?

Rogers House — Picture your high school classmates. Elder is that dick who beat you up every day for being a nerd. Jones is the thespian who shouted Shakespeare in the cafeteria every day. And Rogers is the hipster who was cooler than everyone else. Everything about RoHo just screams "I was cool before anything else was cool." Which makes sense, because it's so old. It's been a long time since it was cool.

Ode on the 10:34 Shuttle

BY CAROLINE PICARD

Thou still 10:34 shuttle,
Thou magic shuttle of sororities and Kellogg students,
Surlly bus driver, who canst thus express
His severe disdain for forgetting your Wildcard.
What drunken tales haunt thy seats
Of poorly conceived mixer themes and awkward
hookups, or of both,
In Allison or the frat house?
What men or frat stars are these? What maidens put out?
What mad pursuit? What to turn down for?
What pregames and shots? What wild sexcapade?

Heard plans are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye freshman, venture on;
Not to the group text, but, more personal,
Door text to the potential hookup of tonight:
Fair youth, on the dance floor, thou canst not leave
Thy moves, nor ever can that twerk be legal;
Bold Hookup, never, never, canst thou give an OTHJ.
Though locking down that biddy yet, do not grieve;
She cannot resist, though thou hast not thy charm,
For ever wilt thou have awkward exchanges, and
she be mortified!

Ah, drunk, drunk, pledges! that cannot clean
Sticky floors, nor ever mix a drink correctly;
And, drunk senior, unwearied,
For ever chugging Natties for ever lukewarm;
More drunk love! More drunk, drunk love!
For ever awkward and still to be enjoy'd
For ever hungover, and for ever young;
All experiencing teenage lust far too strong,
That leaves a heart dysfunctional and bitter,
A burning STD, and a pounding hangover.

Who are these coming to the party?
To what room, O frat star,
Lead'st thou that girl stumbling in her heels,
And all of her cleavage with body glitter drest?
What frat house basement or attic,
Or off-campus apartment with stupid nickname,
Is full of the under-aged, the thirsty sophomores?
And, frat house, thy dance floor for evermore
Will dubstep be; and not a word to be heard
Why thou art crowded, can e'er rage.

O Basement pillars! Wet floors! with Sperrys
Of try-hard men and women overdressed,
With foamy kegs and the scent of weed;
Thou, drunken hookup, dost tease us out of good judgment
As doth fraternity: Tappa Keg!
When old age shall this generation reach,
Though shalt remember, in the midst of other regret
Than ours, a bus driver to a sorority girl, to whom thou say'st
"Foster is the last stop, last stop Foster—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Ode on a Grecian Urn

BY JOHN KEATS

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."



Hillel to Follow Sex Week with "Finding a Nice Jewish Boy" Week



Willie the Wildcat Statue Already Resubmitted to Next Year's 10K Initiative



Man on Paleo Diet Successfully Hunts Down Chicken Cutlet in Refrigerator



UConn Wins Both NCAA Titles; Connecticut Students No Longer Claim to Be from New York

Potential Names for the New Norris Dunkin Donuts

With a new Dunkin Donuts opening recently, many have wondered what the one-word name for the establishment — similar to *Norbucks* — is going to be. The Flipside has compiled a list of potential names.

#NunkinNonuts
#NeitherNorNuts
#Nornkin
#doNuts
#NoNuts
#CrepeBistro2



Letters to the Editor: Morty Says “We Will.” Should We?

Percy the Gay Stoner: I Would Have, But I Forgot

BY ALLISON ORTEGA'S FRIEND PERCY THE GAY STONER

Oh shit you guys, was that campaign thing supposed to start already? Dude, I totally spaced, which sucks because I was actually excited about raising \$3.75 bil for Northwestern. This reminds me of that time I was saving up to buy this killer piece, but then I realized the guy that was selling it moved to Portland. At least I'm pretty sure it was Portland . . . but I'm getting off track.

Even though I missed the deadline for the campaign launch, I'm still really stoked about what all this mad cash can bring to Northwestern. I like how the campaign uses words like “creative” and “vibrant” to show that they are going to spend the money in really visible ways. Much like magic mushrooms, the “We Will” campaign should bring everyone together and show us the beauty of our campus, and it'll also last a super long time.

The fundraising technique sounds really cooperative, incorporating a ton of different donors. In the same way that my favorite local co-op, The Village Carrot, fosters a vibrant local community while providing delicious locally sourced

products, which in turn promotes a more sustainable world, the “We Will” campaign will do that stuff too. Well, minus the food part probably. And I don't think many of the donors are local, so there goes that too. Plus, I'm not sure if there's anything in their plan about sustainability, but I'm sure they've thought about it. Anyway, yeah, cooperation.

Basically, even though I'm not exactly an expert on large-scale fundraising, I have a lot of opinions based loosely on kind-of related facts, which make me think the “We Will” campaign is going to be a really transformative experience.

As an alumnus myself, I . . . wait, you want HOW MUCH from me?! What, the handcrafted artisanal pot-holder I mailed to Morty in 2009 isn't enough for you? I WEAVED IT MYSELF. People just don't appreciate individuality anymore.

I move that we officially rename the campaign “We Would Have, But We Forget, And Then We Realized It Sucked, So Now We Won't.” Your move, Morty.

Also I want my potholder back.

My Angry Feminist Roommate: Who Is “We”?

BY RACHEL BEAL'S ANGRY FEMINIST ROOMMATE

GUYS. I'm not sure if you've all felt as PERSONALLY ASSAULTED by the oppressive array of purple banners on every lamp post on Sheridan as I've been, but I'm sure you're aware that the Northwestern administration has unveiled its new “We Will” campaign to raise \$3.75 billion. And I know I'm not alone in the community when I say that, NOTHING IS OKAY.

The FIRST thing I'd like to ask is who is the “WE”? The Northwestern community? Morty and Coach Fitz? Willie and the mouse he just caught? NO. It's the PATRIARCHY. Where is your and my freedom to choose? Where is my liberty to say “I might”? Swallowed up by heteronormativity, THAT'S WHERE.

I don't even know what “we” are going to do, and I already feel oppressed. So unless Morty means that “we will” begin farming our own kale on Deering Meadow and work together to reinstate “History 286: How Everyone Has Privilege Except You” for Fall 2014, I'd like to call on all Wildcats with a tumblr to take a stand.

President Schapiro, are you aware how much good the feminist community could do with \$3.75 billion? How much coconut water we could purchase for underprivileged communities in need of a sustainable low-calorie beverage with the added benefits of additional electrolytes? How dra-

matically those funds could reshape the future landscape of the global quinoa supply and seaweed reforestation efforts? (Such a tasty snack!) I THINK NOT.

BY ALL MEANS, purchase iPads for the football team. IGNORE the injustice in the fact that I have to wait on average fifty to eighty minutes between checking the comments section on my blog when their access is constant. I'll just continue to take notes in my green and yellow Moleskine notebooks (pink and blue reinforce gender norms and if you continue to use notebooks in these hues YOU are a part of the problem) and pretend that I'm not being disadvantaged due to my inability to play a revenue sport at a national level.

And on top of EVERYTHING ELSE, progressive Wildcats who are committed to eating only locally sourced plants and legumes must now endure the glazed terror that is NorNuts every time they stop by Norris for a midday break. What if I LIKED the sense of possibility in the vacant counter space where Crepe Bistro used to be? And WHERE is the Icelandic skyr station in Willie's food court? WHEN will the administration hear our cries and add a seeded spelt bread option at Subway? Until every Wildcat has equal access to the blogosphere, high-calcium/low-sugar dairy options, and live grains, I WILL NOT.

WE WILL?
THE CAMPAIGN FOR NORTHWESTERN
. . . AND THE LAKEFILL SWINGSET

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

Have a comment, suggestion, or question? Email contact@northwesternflipside.com. See more content at NUFLIPSIDE.COM.