



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Tufts announces no sexile rule, prude roommates rejoice

Tufts University has announced a new rule banning sexual activity in school dormitories when a roommate is present in the room, effective immediately for the remainder of the academic year. According to Tufts administrator Bayard Watkins II, the new rule intends to decrease the number of incidents in which students lose sleep or study time due to the sounds of their roommates taking a friend on the express train to Poundtown.

"We've had a lot of complaints from students for as long as I've been an administrator," said Watkins. "I've had students tell me, 'Dean Watkins, I can't do my homework when my roommate is slaying his girlfriend six feet away from me.' If only I had a nickel for everytime a student's told me that their sleep is frequently interrupted by the sound of their roommate 'doing the old in-out, in-out.' Tufts University cannot let academics take a back door to silly games of 'hide the sausage.'"

Prude roommates all over the campus have been seen in celebratory rallies, hugging one another as tears of joy roll down their virgin cheeks. Many students approve of the university's actions in the battle against roommates who like to take the Beef Bus to Tunatown.

"This rule is the first step towards making Tufts a university where I don't have to listen to my roommate having aggressive sex night after night. I mean, finally I can sleep in peace, but this time without the sounds of my suitemate taking the 'ole one-eye to the optometrist,' if you know what I mean," said Tufts student Nick Polito.

Other students are complaining about the rule, saying that it is impossible to enforce.

"Dude, I'm in a long-distance relationship, and when I see my girlfriend it's straight to the sack for us. I mean, I'm laying pipe like I'm rebuilding New Orleans, and I don't have time to think about my roommate's personal space when I'm about to batter-



A DIRECT VIOLATION OF CONDUCT CODE ARTICLE 69 § 3 X

dip my corn dog like it's the Texas State Fair. Yeah, she's mounting my baloney pony and I'm charging five cents a ride," said freshman Blake Couch as he raised his hand for a high-five.

Sexiling one's roommate has been a tradition in U.S. universities for centuries. Historians believe the act was first brought over by Scottish immigrants in the 1830s, who introduced their ways to the fraternities of West Virginia University. Although women could not attend WVU until 1889, the popularity of the act quickly spread all over the country. Earliest reports of sexiling in Massachusetts universities are dated back to 1932, when Harvard student Quinlan O'Leary plowed his gold bar into his girlfriend's honey pot just after wiring his roommate a telegram stating, "I need the room-STOP."

The rule has not been received without controversy, but only time will tell if its effect on the Tufts campus will be beneficial. Thus far, no one has been reported for violating the rule. Sexually frustrated students all over campus can now feel slightly more secure knowing that now they can tell their RA when their roommate is making the beast with two backs. ■

Obama's mother-in-law still not impressed

Even after he added the Nobel Peace Prize to his list of accolades, President Obama's mother-in-law still thinks her daughter could have done better.

"Michelle used to date this fine young thing in high school. Walter Cunningham. We all liked him. Sells insurance now. Good money," said Marion Robinson, mother of Michelle Obama. Robinson has been living with the Obamas in the White House since January, and when asked about her new

home she said, "He can't even buy his own house. And strangers just come in here, trying to get pictures. All I wanna do is watch my soaps in peace."

When asked to comment on her son-in-law's historic campaign, Robinson said, "Talk. Talk. Talk. You'd think after all his talking he could spend some time and hear about my day, but no. He's all war this, healthcare that. He don't wanna hear how Walter just added an above ground swim-

ming pool, lemme tell ya." She went on to recount a normal family dinner in the West Wing. "He just swoops in, all important. Barely touches his dinner. I say 'Barry, you eat like a bird.' I never trust a man who eats nothing. It just ain't right."

Robinson acknowledges that her son-in-law's new job is impressive but she noted, "Where's the job security? In three years who knows where we'll be? Last I checked all change ever got me was a pack of gum." ■



QUAD SCULPTURE FINALLY SERVES A PURPOSE

Increasing Parkour popularity a nightmare for administration, infirmary

An activity called Parkour has enraptured a large portion of the Boston College student body in recent weeks, but its increasing popularity hasn't been all fun and games for the staff and administration.

"I've seen some weird sport fads come and go in my time here, but none as strange or destructive as this Parkour business," said Father Healy. "These kids are knowingly hurting themselves and damaging BC property in the process. First tight-rope walking, now this, what the hell is wrong with kids these days?"

Parkour is actually not considered a sport due to its non-competitive nature, but rather a physical discipline in which participants run along a route containing various obstacles and try to negotiate these obstacles as efficiently as possible. Originating in France, it is usually practiced in urban areas due to the plethora of obstacles like rails, benches, buildings and baguettes.

"Parkour has really changed my life for the better," said Brian Francese, a senior who began practicing Parkour this year. "You get a few cuts, break a few limbs, and it's a great way to stay in shape."

The Boston College Parkour group, BCPG, was founded in 2008 by juniors Greg and Matt Milano and now boasts over 150 regular members. They welcome people of all ranges of experience, including those with none at all, which has led to some unfortunate incidents on campus this past week. Various benches, fences, and several students' arms have all been snapped in

half as a result of new members practicing without proper training. The infirmary staff has been overwhelmed by the amount of Parkour-related injuries (PRIs) they have had to deal with recently.

"We've had kids come in here with broken bones, missing teeth, severe scrapes, and they all say its from this thing called Parkour. It's great that students are being active, but we'd probably see fewer injuries if they just smoked pot by the Reservoir like they used to," said nurse practitioner Betty Zimmer.

"We are just hoping that Parkour is another passing fad here on campus," said Healy, scowling as a "traceur" kong vaulted over a ledge outside O'Neill. "But then again, it's not as absurd as that Quidditch match in the Dust Bowl." ■

Football to cut Special Teams in 2010

In an attempt to save money in a still struggling economy, athletics announced that the football team would be cutting special teams from its roster indefinitely starting in 2010. Athletic Director Tony Perkis made the decision public yesterday and explained the situation to the press.

"We were looking at various ways to save some cash in the program and we finally came to the realization that about 15 percent of our football scholarships go to players who are only in the game for maybe two or three minutes out of a full 60. Financially it just doesn't make sense for us to keep funding special teams players if they aren't going to contribute on the same level as all the starters."

When approached for comments about how this change will affect the team's strategy on the field, head coach Hank Sparriano seemed surprisingly unfazed.

"I honestly don't think we'll end up having a lot of problems playing without special teams," said Sparriano before pausing to quickly comb his mustache. "We'll just end up going for it every fourth down and trying for two after each touchdown. If we end up having to kick off at any point, we'll just have a Flutie toe it out of bounds. Problem solved."

Even as the interview ended, Sparriano continued to talk to himself, saying, "Players have been ignoring special teams in Madden for years, so who's to say that policy wouldn't work at the college level? Who knows, maybe if we succeed with that kind of game plan it might catch on at other schools or in the pros. We may have inadvertently discovered the system that's going to change the game of football forever."

Shockingly, the mood in the BC locker room at practice today was completely unaffected by yesterday's announcement, mainly because none of the players understood what the purpose of special teams was to begin with. "You mean that skinny white kid over there is actually on the team?" asked a slightly confused Thomas Jones, referring to sophomore punter Philip Feinstein. "I thought he was just a towel boy."

On a possibly-related note, dozens of soccer players were reported missing when they were not found trying to kick soccer balls through the uprights in Alumni Stadium just prior to the football team's daily practice. They were later discovered by BCPD crying on Newton Campus. ■

Did you know?

On average, Parkour traceurs save an extra 1.5 minutes getting to class, if they make it there at all.

Freshman “totally could have hit that”

Freshman Brian Feinster totally could have hooked up with Katie O’Hara on Friday night. O’Hara reportedly entered Feinster’s room in the Keyes basement “pretty wasted” sometime between 11:30 and 11:45 pm. Feinster was finishing his Calc II homework with his door open and his speakers pointed into the hallway. Feinster believes O’Hara was drawn to his mix of late-70s glam-rock. O’Hara stumbled into his room, at which time she asked Feinster for the bathroom code.

“I couldn’t give her the bathroom code,” says Feinster. “This is an all-guys hall. What if my RA was in there and this girl just walked in? Like, he’s chill, but I don’t want to push his boundaries.”

After being denied the bathroom code, O’Hara reportedly sat on Feinster’s bed. “That’s when I knew things could have gone places. I mean, what if I had, like, sat on the bed with her? Dude I could have done it.”

After she sent a text message, Feinster recalls that O’Hara left the room for the remainder of the evening. “I mean, like, she was pretty wasted. And she definitely was digging my David Bowie poster. If I wanted to I totally could have gotten with her, it would have been so easy. I even have a condom in my pillowcase. I totally would have been able to do it.”

Feinster says that his roommate was “down with some guys on Upper, I think. He’s not in here a lot.”

His roommate’s absenteeism gives Feinster hope for future near-hookup encounters. “We’re going to have to work out a signal or something, just in case he comes back. I could put my Livestrong band on the door handle. Or a hat or something.”

Feinster has yet to speak to O’Hara outside of his room. “I’m not going to push it. We don’t really need to talk about it. We both know I totally could have hit that.”

On a related note, Feinster was voted “Most Likely to Stalk a B-List Celebrity” by his senior class at Menlo-Atherton High School. ■

Police Beat

5:14 p.m. - A report was filed by Boston Police regarding a party of three students smoking a “fat-ass blunt.” They were given a pat on the back and told to continue smoking, since it’s mother-fucking decriminalized in Massachusetts, bitch.

6:12 p.m. - A report was filed regarding a fire alarm activation in the Mods. The alarm was determined to be the result of a kitty cat stuck in a dryer.

10:17 p.m. - A report was filed regarding two BC students who were injured while playing basketball at the Plex. The two students were taken to a medical facility and told to stop being such pussies.

1:45 a.m. - A report was filed regarding a BC student who was arrested at McElroy Commons for assault and battery. The student later refuted having any saline substances or Energizers on his person.

5:19 a.m. - A report was filed regarding human defecation on the door of the Resident Director of Fitzshawga. The phantom pooper remains at large.

4:30 p.m. - A report was filed by Jeeves Stopfunnery, community liason, regarding an incident where the windshield of his red Ford Explorer was shattered by an empty keg of Natural Light and his driver’s side door was spray painted with the word “chickenfaggot.”

7:12 p.m. - A report was filed regarding a sophomore in Walsh who allegedly had taken the biggest dump in the building’s history. Three officers reported to the scene and confirmed that it was indeed the biggest turd they had ever seen on campus. The toilet was rushed to St. Elizabeth’s Hospital in a BCPD patrol car and remains in critical condition.

EDITOR’S NOTE

In order to emulate a certain established publication on campus, the NEC has decided to commission its own freshman to comment on race issues at BC. Not having been here long enough to take in the whole situation or draw any valuable conclusions, our newest staff writer, Ronnie Sanders, is another living example of why BC had no business canceling the original ‘History and Development of Racism’ class last year and dismissing the incredible instructor who had been involved with the class for over two decades. Sanders’ article, and others like it, are a cry for help to the BC administration to step up and institute programs that address race issues, rather than letting that responsibility rest on the shoulders of student clubs and organizations.

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A new web show at BC

THE HILLSIDES

“As elegant as a granite statue of two people doing it.”

www.thehillsides.com

Bapst to be renamed Pabst Library

The Board of Trustees just signed an 85-year deal with Pabst Brewing Company to change the name of Bapst Library to Pabst Library with a donation of ten thousand dollars from the beer company.

This will mark the first time in BC history that the school has allowed an academic building to be sponsored by a corporation. When contacted about the agreement, Pabst Brewing Company spokesman Paul Rodriguez said "Due to the overwhelming student and administrative support we have received through the past century from BC, we felt like giving something back. For years, we were always losing out to cheaper, less refined beers. We were all very excited

when we got a call from Father Healy at 4am and a text message an hour later that just said 'Let's get this PBR shit off the ground.'"

According to the earlier announcement about the change, free samples of PBR will be available with every book checked out. Also, campus tours will include a brewery walk-through in the basement of Pabst and the printer stations will include beer taps. There is no doubt that this will make Pabst the most popular library on campus, but it is yet to be seen whether this policy will disrupt those students in the library who study. According to a source who wished to remain anonymous, the school has already begun ordering replacement stained-glass windows in case of the inevitable. ■



LIBRARY WILL ONCE AGAIN BE OPEN 24 HOURS

Guy at bong factory actually believes bongos are meant for tobacco

Garth Kuykendall of Waltham, Massachusetts has worked at the Murray-Juana Water Pipes factory in Natick for the past twenty years. He prides himself on his impeccable service record, and finds his work creating glass products designed for smoking tobacco most fulfilling. "Designing glass tobacco pipes has been the trade of the Kuykendall family since we immigrated from the sewers of Amsterdam in 1679. I mean, who doesn't want to ignite tobacco, have the fumes filtered through water, and then forced deep into the respiratory organs?"

This fantasy world was shattered a few weeks ago, when Kuykendall claimed to have been traumatized by a recently viewed TV show. "I saw a documentary on snowboarders in New Hampshire where some men were ripping illegal narcotics out of our 1969 MJ-1000 Reissue. Needless to say, I vomited immediately. Oh, God, someone help me. I haven't slept for three weeks. Our high-quality water pipes are NOT meant for drugs of any kind, especially the devil's weed."

Frisco von Schleedenberg, the factory manager, when pressed for a quote about the matter, said, "Yeah, Garth's pretty stupid. Who the fuck smokes tobacco out of a bong?" ■

Fear and Loathing in Chestnut Hill

We were somewhere around Brighton at the edge of the city when the booze started to kick in. I remember saying something like, "I feel dizzy, maybe you should pay for Late Night." Suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us, and the street was full of what looked like huge bros, all swooping and screeching and diving off the T, which was going about five miles an hour with the wheels whining to Chestnut Hill. And a voice was screaming: "Holy Jesus! What are these goddamn animals?"

Then it was quiet again. My roommate had taken his shirt off and was pouring beer on his chest to facilitate the mating process. "What the hell are you yelling about," he muttered, staring up at the moon with his eyes closed and covered with Aviator sunglasses. "Never mind," I said. "It's your turn to pay for late night." I grabbed him and took him to the stone wall of the cemetery. No point mentioning those bros, I thought. The poor bastard will see them soon enough.

It was almost midnight, and we still had more than 100 feet to go. They would be tough feet. Very soon, I knew, we would both be completely hammered. But there was no going back, and no time to rest. We would have to ride it out. Pregaming for the fabulous Walsh 7th floor was already under way, and we had to get there by one to claim our soundproof 8-man. A fashionable sports player in College Road had taken care of the reservations, along with this bright red Polo I'd just grabbed off his closet, and I was, after all, a professional student; so I had an obligation to find the party for good or ill...

The athlete had also given me 300 dollars in cash, most of which was already spent on extremely dangerous substances. My backpack looked like the trunk of a BCPD patrol car. We had two bags of weed, 75 cans of natty light, five sheets of Statistics homework, a grinder, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored polos, ties, khakis...also a handle of tequila, a handle of rum, redbulls and a nip of 5-hour energy.

All this had been rounded up the night before, in a frenzy of high-speed backpacking all over campus--from Upper to the Mods, we picked up everything we could get our hands on. Not that we needed all that for the party, but once you get locked into a serious substance collection, the tendency is to push it as far as you can... ■

Like what you see?

(absolutely you do...)

Join the Classic--

We are looking for anyone who is funny/creative/interesting/good looking ... no experience necessary

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