



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

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Sexual Chocolate Bar one step closer to making profits climax

In a move that's being called "the corporate merger heard 'round The Heights," The Chocolate Bar, Boston College Students for Sexual Health, and Sexual Chocolate are merging to form The Sexual Chocolate Bar.

The Sexual Chocolate Bar will reportedly operate where The Chocolate Bar used to be in the first floor of Stokes Hall. However, all previous employees of The Chocolate Bar have been laid off and replaced with assorted members of Sexual Chocolate and Boston College Students for Sexual Health.

"The beauty of this merger," said ex-Sexual Chocolate member and current Sexual Chocolate Bar barista Demetrius Washington, "is the unique talents that each organization brought to the table. We over at Sexual Chocolate bring a new energy to The Sexual Chocolate Bar, as we plan on incorporating our edgy and impressive step routines into each and every facet of the coffee-making process.

"So when you get in line to order your nonfat cappuccino, you're going to sit back and relax as the baristas of



I'LL TAKE AN AB-UCCINO WITH A SHOT OF PECS-SPRESSO!

The Sexual Chocolate Bar simultaneously prepare your drink and perform an interpretive step routine, inspired by your order. We've talked to some of the smartest minds at Boston College, and we know the perfect balance of six-pack abs and Sumatran dark blend that it takes to make each and every drink on our menu.

"Speaking of the menu, we'll be making a few changes. All drinks are now only chocolate-flavored. Well, we have one vanilla one. But he's -- I mean -- that's, an anomaly."

Members of Boston College Students for Sexual Health (BCSSH) will also be play-

ing a prominent role at The Sexual Chocolate Bar: Every drink or food item purchased will include a free condom awkwardly shoved into your hand when you're handed your beverage.

"Yeah, we don't care if you don't want that condom," said Molly Steck of BCSHH, "you're going to take it, and you're going to shove it in your pocket right after you get it and pretend no one noticed. Because we all know who you've been sleeping with, and so does everyone else on your floor. We're not going to judge you for it, we just want you to be safe."

"As our motto states," continued Steck, "enjoy the sex, and enjoy the coffee!" ■

D-Bag Keeps Complaining About His Condom Expenses

"My wallet is always empty these days," utters Dick Fredo, CSOM '15, "it's like the price of latex keeps rising or something, I almost want to buy stock in Trojan and get some return on my investment."

Originally planning writing a piece about Boston College and their complete ignorance regarding safe sex on their campus, I stumbled across this douche bag in my interviews. "Seriously, I am just having so much sex that I don't know what my dick feels like without a condom on it, its almost like I've been synthetically uncircumcised," proclaims

Fredo, reinforcing his image.

"It has become relentlessly annoying," complains his roommate, and likely virgin, Kyle Gnoth, A&S '15, "here I am having zero sex, and this guy is asking me to buy him a drink at City Side because he had to run across the street and buy some rubbers, which apparently had exhausted all his funds." Gnoth commented on how the "bed squeaking like a parakeet" and the "muddled wildebeest moans" were grating enough, but the incessant talk about how his direct roommate needs "dick donations" really put him over the edge. "The kid hasn't worked a day in his life, has sex all the time, and still has

the audacity to complain about a minor inconvenience that I don't even understand," states Gnoth, "I seriously hope he runs out of money and gets the clap."

Fredo mused the idea of getting free condoms from the oft-criticized Students for Sexual Health, but came to the conclusion that receiving free protection didn't line up with moral values, "I grew up an American, so receiving free handouts is not in the cards for me, but man buying three boxes of Ribbed Magnums a week really is pushing my debt limit!" ■

CAMPUS HAPPENINGS

VALENTINE'S DAY LIST-TACULAR

NEC's belated tips and ideas

1. Buy a ton of cheap gifts; play law of averages to make sure significant other enjoys at least one of them.
2. Cover your entire body with Chobani, lay prostrate on the floor of Addies' and carefully select your mate as throngs of beautiful women appear.
3. Gentlemen, always follow the Golden Rule: "Masturbate before the date."
4. Purchase our promiscuous annual calendar, the Nude England Classic (\$17.99 USD, \$21.99 CAN).
5. Lunch in bed.
6. Love your significant other more than anyone or anything else in the entire world, because he or she deserves it. Remember: your grandparents probably got married when they were around your age. No rush or anything.
7. Buy a panini press and proceed to use that shit for everything.
8. Less names, more Rubinoff.
9. Heart-shaped birthmarks are sure to set the mood. If you don't have one, heart-shaped bloodblisters are a quick and easy fix.
10. Late night texts like "where r u?" are a surefire way to his/her heart. He/She will melt with love immediately!!!
11. Dust up your vinyl collection with romantic classics like "Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water" by Limp Bizkit and "Playing with Fire" by Kevin Federline.



God: Foam Rolling the New Masturbation



IMAGE BROUGHT TO YOU BY XXXFOAMROLLERFETISH.COM

God, Father of all creation and master of all that is seen and unseen in the known and unknown universe, has deemed foam rolling as the "new masturbation."

Foam rolling, which is literally rolling on a dense cylinder of foam to stretch and alleviate tension in the muscles, has gained popularity in the Plex recently and is showing no signs of slowing down. Therefore, God felt he needed to smite down the new cool-down activity that "hurts so good."

"Yeah, yeah. I used to be worried about masturbation a hell of a lot -- pun intended. However, beating your meat is so commonplace nowadays," said God, the Alpha and the Omega. "I mean, have you been on the Internet? Wow. That's all I've got to say. Sodom and Gomorrah look like Heaven compared to some of those dirty websites out there."

"Sorry, I'm getting off topic," said God, brother of Allah and cousin of Buddha. "Where was I? Oh, right! Foam rolling and masturbation. As far as I'm concerned, masturbation is foam rolling now. I've seen how deep some of you get into your quads, glutes, and lower back. So let's just forget about the traditional masturbation you know and love. That's fine with me. Whatever. Do what you gotta do, man."

"I'm not worried about stopping that old-school stuff anymore. It's kind of a lost cause," continued God, member of the Holy Trinity and Mel Gibson's perfect woman. "Now I'm more concerned about this new kink college kids have with foam rollers. You kids lay on top of those things for hours on end. I mean, for My sake! It seems like you all just go to the Plex and pleasure yourselves via cylindrical foam. You sick bastards."

"Well, kids will be kids. I guess we just did things differently back in my day, and it's time I updated my stance on things," concluded God, who so lovingly sacrificed his only begotten son. Glory be unto him.

"Next time you start to unwind on a foam roller," warned Yahweh, "remember: I'm always watching." ■

Semi-Authentic Eagles: On Artificiality



SLAYIN' THE SNOWSTORM IN MY BEAN BOOTS

Here at Boston College, it's often said that people have to conform to this mold. The perfect scholar-collegiate that works hard and plays hard, wears all the right brands like Patagonia, is involved with the right organizations around campus, and goes to the plex everyday. No one feels like they can be themselves, their TRUE selves. And ladies and gentlemen, I feel the need to let you know that I am no exception. Throughout my time at BC—and don't get me wrong, I wouldn't trade it for anything—I've felt the pressure to conceal who I really am at heart: an unrepentant, selfish asshole.

FIRE JERRY YORK

As players, students, and boosters have found time to reflect following BC's momentous 5th consecutive Beanpot championship, one thing has become blatantly evident: Coach Jerry York must be fired.

York has fostered a culture of unprofessionalism and public defecation in his 20 years as head coach of the men's hockey team. Though a myriad of reasons exist for his imminent firing, I've chosen to highlight the juiciest slashes on his rap sheet.

York's time at BC has been defined by odd and inexplicable bouts of irrationality that justify the repeated calls for his termination. Each year during his tenure as head coach, York has pleaded to have home games moved to the Quonset Hut in an effort to decrease player distractions and the "vulgar" Superfans. Who can forget the summer of 1997 when York, in an act of defiance, chained himself to the run-down shantytshack of Carney Hall and prevented its destruction because of its necessity to his athletes?

And in York's most glaring addition to his marred resume at Boston College, many believe his #1 seeded Eagles lost in the first round of the NCAA tournament due to York's impromptu vacation to Bora Bora. That's right, folks. Taking time off when his team needed him the most.

Don't be fooled by York's calm and reserved temperament. He's an avid user of the phrase "YOLO" and even modeled every pre-game pep talk in 2012 off of Drake's ego-banger "The Motto."

Year after year, York has constantly failed to take this team to the

From the day I was born, I was a man. Not only in gender, but alpha as fuck in everything I've ever done. After a solid 18 years of conquering lax, beers, chicks and Super Smash Bros. in SoCal, I knew it was time to shake it up and make another zip code my bitch. When I first got to school, naturally I joined up with club rugby and that defined my life. I was jacked and shit and I had a great time with my boys at practice. But who am I kidding? We're more of a drinking team with a rugby problem. Or should I say premarital sex team with a drinking problem that also practices sometimes?

After a couple weeks though, I realized BC was gonna be different from my not-so-modest beach dwelling in La Jolla. While I knew my athletics and Smash skills were more than up to snuff, it didn't take long to realize my alpha persona was not gonna cut it with all the babes. In an effort to broaden my range of chicks, I thoughtlessly applied to 4Boston and joined Appalachia. Easily assimilated into

their touchy-feely culture by channeling Ted Mosby, even though I was always a Barney.

At first I was just playing. It didn't take long for their genuine caring for others to truly rub off on me. I felt the urge to explore my true feelings. I began holding doors for people and carried on conversations (and even friendships!) with women who I had no intention of sleeping with. Hell, I even started racking my weights at the plex.

All this being there for people and caring was cutting into my binge drinking and my lifelong pursuit of perfecting my Dane Cook-esque joke delivery. I didn't like the well-rounded person I was becoming. So I've decided it's all over. It was a nice experiment, but at the end of the day I need to be who I am. And that's the lesson I'm hoping that everyone comes away with here. So the next time you see unracked weights, a urine stain on Devlin Hall, or someone smoking within 50 feet of the entrance to a building, just know that there's one more Eagle out there being true to himself.



JERRY YORK?...OR MICHELLE KWAN?

next level. Why have York's Eagles teams not yet ascended into the NHL? If an immediate change isn't made, Coach York and his underachieving bunch of misfits will continue to be mired in the painstaking doldrums of the Hockey East. York has also vehemently refused to grow any semblance of facial hair, a proud and grisly tradition in locker rooms. Frankly, I'm not sure if the man can even grow 6th grade prepubescent stubble.

Finally, York deserves to go because on August 3rd, 2010, he refused to give me an autograph. Albeit it was dark out, and I was waiting outside his home, and I was jogging towards him at a brisk pace, but he's a cruel devil that must be sent packing A.S.A.P. ■

SOCIAL-ISMS

Nostalgic A&S Honors students return to old dorm for Socratic Dialogue with freshman counterparts

With their days on the heights winding down, sentimental A&S Honors Program seniors Stacy Gomez and Xiangzu “Jennifer” Xinping returned to their freshman year dorm, Medeiros Hall, in order to treat the room’s current residents to one of the trio’s legendary debates in the style of Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates.

“Seeing them try to handle Kant’s conception of the categorical imperative? It was honestly the cutest thing ever,” said Xinping with a giggle. “They just don’t have the tolerance yet to these kinds of earthshattering theories of human existence that the three of us have built up in all our years of thinking.”

As the six students overcame the initial awkwardness, the involved philosophical discussion gradually shifted into a more informal gathering of casual references to the great minds of classical Europe while the reminiscent seniors regaled their counterparts with scandalous tales of their freshman-year exploits.

“We had some pretty wild nights in this room,” Robbins reportedly boasted. “Like the time Stacy first critiqued Ayer’s views



OMG I WAS SO TABULA RASA FROM READING ALL THAT LOCKE LAST NIGHT

on logical positivism. Then there was that time that Jenny had that boy in the room and they were up for hours whispering to each other their favorite passages from Locke’s *Second Treatise on Civil Government*. Or who could forget the infamous Marx-Hegel debacle—need I even say more about that one?”

The three wise upperclassmen were also more than willing to dispense their wealth of “insider” knowledge of BC to the young novices whose very beds they once occupied. These tidbits included the most intellectually challenging classes they should take to fulfill the core, a how-to guide for dealing with the RA to avoid noise violations during late-night theological debates, and advice on which strictly graduate student study lounges were the easiest to get into underage.

When asked about the encounter, one of the freshmen, who aren’t even in the A&S Honors Program, went on to say, “I kind of wish that they just brought booze like a normal group of seniors.”

CSON and CSOM switch initials for equality

In an effort to promote an environment of morals and equality within the Carroll School of Management, Dean Mandy Girling reached an agreement with the Connell School of Nursing this week for the two schools to switch buildings, naming rights, and qualities for the month of February. The plan, praised by the new Carroll School of Nursing faculty, quickly came under fire by applicants to the Boston College Class of 2018, as many of the incoming freshmen are now unsure of which school to enter.

“I wanted to ensure my future career did not involve saving or improving people’s lives; I joined CSOM for a reason!” exclaimed incoming freshman Alex Goodson of Lexington, Massachusetts.

As part of the exchange, CSON students gain full access to all of the qualities and traits associated with being part of CSOM. These include, but are certainly not limited to: a higher ranking in Nursing Weekly magazine, access to the spacious and high-ceiling bathrooms of Fulton Hall, and the study lounges in the basement that graduate students never use. The higher rankings seem to be having a two-pronged effect, however, as the amount of applications to CSON have never been larger, and neither have the egos. “Did you know we’re the sixth best undergraduate nursing program in the country?” inquired Senior Macy Clifton.

The exchange was not one-sided however; CSOM students are quickly moving to take advantage of the facilities within the luxurious Cushing Hall. One major improvement by CSOM was laying-off all medical workers within University Health Services, and subsequently replacing them with private doctors accepting huge amounts of CSOM patients thanks to the Affordable Care Act. This move, guaranteeing private care for only CSOM students and faculty, comes at an inopportune time at the height of flu season.

“Thanks Obama!” exclaimed Portico faculty member and former financial officer of Enron, Richard Honeycutt.

Honeycutt, a major advocate for honesty and getting back to the basics, applauded the new move to Cushing Hall and stated that his Portico classes are already intrigued about the possibility of taking classes in desk chairs that cannot swivel or recline. ■

Do you know the Muffin Man?

The Muffin Man?-----Yes, the Muffin Man!

Also, if you’d like to write, edit, or photoshop for us, that would be just plain fantastic.

See us online: www.thenewenglandclassic.com and @theneclassic