

# PLAYSPOKE

Humor for Emory

Fall 2016

A close-up photograph showing a person's hands gently petting a black and white cat. The cat is positioned next to a white lace bra. The background is a soft, out-of-focus orange color.

**40,**  
Flirty,  
& Flatulent

# Letter from the Editor

This edition of the Spoke's semi-annual magazine was originally intended to celebrate our 40th anniversary. While we still want to commemorate our 40 years of fucking around, our times are too tumultuous to not acknowledge. It is sometimes very hard to be funny when you have a weight that feels like a piano sitting on your chest, and that weight is the very real anxiety that a man who does not play by the rules was elected to be President of the United States.

A couple of months ago, I received an email from the PR chair of a fraternity that shall go unnamed. They were upset about what we said about them in our section on Greek Life in Disorientation. The PR chair informed me that it was my job as Editor-In-Chief "to uphold a standard of integrity and truthfulness even though the Spoke is a satirical newspaper," and told me that he understood if I had just accidentally let this rogue joke slip through the cracks, but that I needed to redact the joke immediately.

Would he have used such a condescending tone in a complaint to any of the 5 previous (male) Editor-In-Chiefs? Maybe, but I doubt it.

This magazine is about the female experience and reflects upon how The Spoke and Emory have changed over the past 40 years. I dedicate this magazine to my writing and art staff: Thanks for making it work through tears.

Helen Mazella

## The Emory Spoke

Celebrating 40 years of fucking around

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### Special Thanks

Alyssa Blinkoff, BunBun, and JJ's Orgo Professor



Find more obscene content at [emoryspoke.org](http://emoryspoke.org)!  
The Spoke is not intended for readers under 18.

Questions, comments, vitriol?  
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\*No animals were harmed in the making of this magazine.



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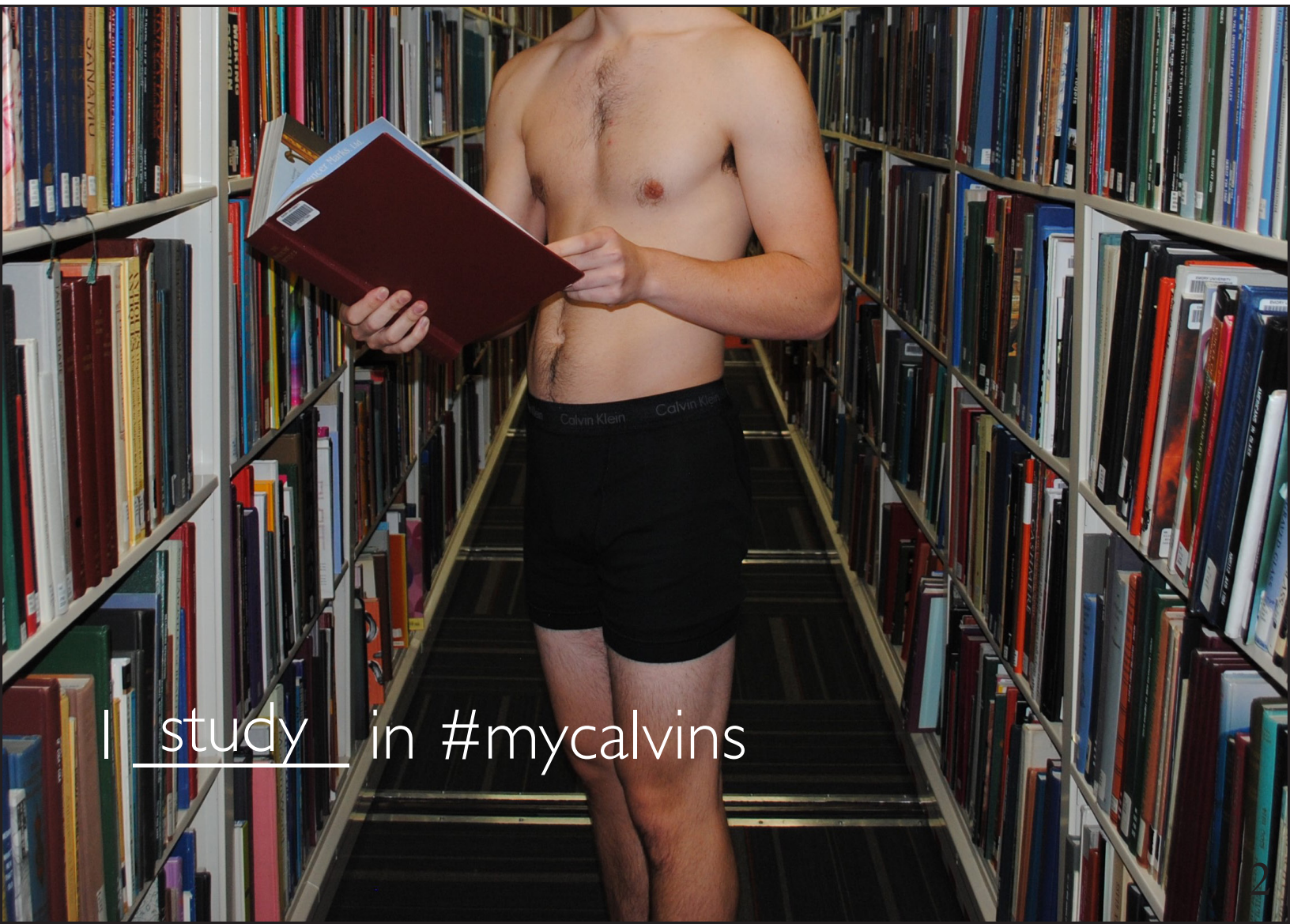
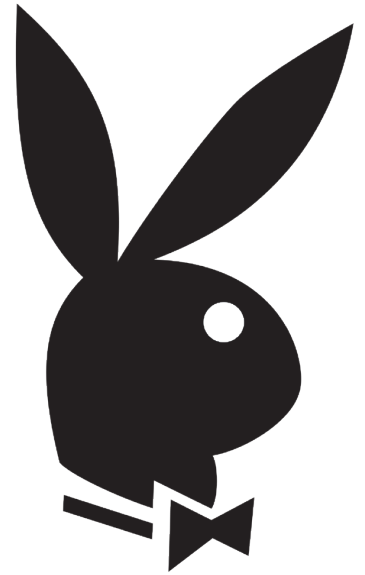
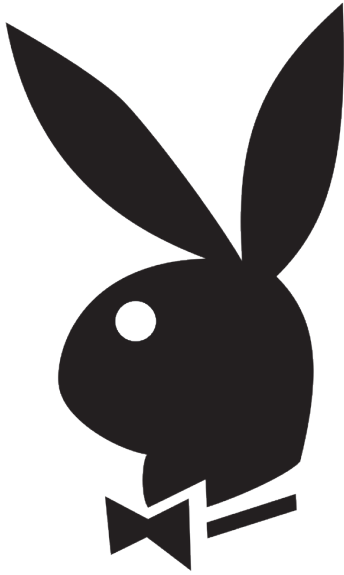
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#lotsofCalvins



I study in #mycalvins

# BUNNY:

## Playmate of the Year

We shocked what remained of our quickly-dropping subscribers when we announced last year that we would no longer feature nude women in our iconic Playspoke issues. This obvious ploy for relevance wrapped up in a publicity stunt created ripples of mild-to-negligible interest throughout the media world, just as we intended. We at Playspoke have always pushed the cultural and sexual norms of the entertainment industry and are proud to continue defy expectations while still wholly pandering to traditional notions of masculinity. But don't let the pretense of semi-serious journalism scare you; our readers have plenty of sexy fun waiting for them inside these pages. We swore off nude women-- but didn't say anything about nude domesticated animals! Meet Playspoke's 2016 Playmate of the Year-- Bunny. We asked her about sex, fame, and sex again, because we're still not really used to real journalism.



PlaySpoke: Congratulations on being PlaySpokes 40th Anniversary Playmate of the Year.

Bunny: Thank you! It's such an honor. I remember growing up, peeing all over shredded copies of Playspoke. You guys were practically my childhood, and it's such a dream to get to be on this cover.

PS: You're now a little over 2 years old, and have 47 children. What does it feel like to be a hot mama and how do you stay fit?

B: Thanks so much! As a healthy female Holland Lop rabbit, I give birth to 6-14 babies every month. Those rabbits reach sexual maturity at six months, and have babies of their own at the same rate. Being a mother (and grandmother) of over 1549 bunnies is challenging, but so rewarding. As for staying fit, I've pretty much given up on exercise because due to my capacity for induced ovulation, I pretty much become pregnant immediately after giving birth!

PS: Sexy! Never mind MILF-- looks like we're talking to a certified GILF! Tell us-- how do you keep things spicy in the bedroom?

B: I love dirty talk, roleplay. Guys-- don't be afraid to get creative! Usually when a male rabbit approaches a female for mating, he circles her to let her know he's interested, shows off his tail, and then urinates on her. Works for me everytime! I love the confidence.

PS: Speaking of, could you share some tips for a guy trying to impress a girl? We'd like to give what's left of our readers the frankly doubtful illusion that they could ever successfully interact with a real-life person of the opposite sex.

B: No problem! I don't mind getting paid to indulge in the weak fantasies of aging, divorced men that are largely predicated on questionable power dynamics. My advice would be: make her laugh, take charge, and pretend like you aren't afraid you will spend the majority of your adult life alone! She'll be sure to fall for you.

PS: Thanks so much, [bunny's name]. Our readers will certainly appreciate it, as many are so desperate that they are willing to follow the false advice of any female that appears in our pages, regardless of species. Congratulations again on being Playmate of the Year.

B: Thank you. I'm really excited to see the magazine transition from naked women to naked animals. What a bold choice.

PS: Well, here at Playspoke we've always strived to maintain a certain standard of depravity. Consider this our bet on bestiality being the next big thing.



# How Emory Became the Cultural Benchmark for U.S. Universities

The concept of a liberal arts education in modern times can be difficult to define exactly, but the Emory experience sums it up well. With generous funding for programs such as film, foreign language, anthropology, and others that fascinated students come here to study, Emory is clearly not one of those cash-crazed institutions that focuses on more lucrative endeavors. For example, a business school that towers over the rest of campus and sucks in bright eyed young thinkers to churn out uniformed Excel-jockeys.

What's more, Emory has recently received national recognition for the high level of mature political discourse on campus. Here, students exercise their rights to free speech by engaging in intelligent, open-minded discussions, and in this heated election cycle, it's been more important than ever that everyone make an effort to see problems from many possible points of view. After all, a core tenant of the modern liberal arts education is exposure to new ideas, and it's for this very reason that schools such as Emory pride themselves on diversity statistics. Wouldn't it be ludicrous to, say, write off the views of an entire political party as hate speech and ban certain names or words from being written in public places on campus? Yes, indeed it would, which is why you should be glad to be at Emory, one of the top ranked liberal arts colleges in the entire nation.

Food will always be an important piece of the culture anywhere one might travel, and Emory is no exception. Students are fed well, subsisting on fairly priced meal plans that give them access to healthy meals around the clock. Just imagine, if you will, attending some other school where it costs \$20 to eat at the cafeteria, or where the primary comestible choices include processed mystery meat slathered in a high sodium sauce that has been cut with motor oil to save money.

Finally, on the subject of eating well, Emory students seem to admire Robert Frost in preferring the road less travelled; that's right, the ratio of students who eat the booty like groceries to those who do not is at an all time high at Emory University. Any amount of banal discourse can be made up for with enough of anal intercourse. And it's not just the students! The administration also seems to enjoy shafting students at every opportunity. This is accomplished by cutting funding to favorite departments, restricting free speech, overcharging students for mediocre food, and other, more sordid methods. Keep an eye on your drink if you're ever invited to an 1836 dinner.



## *Eulogy to the Eggplant*

### The Death of a Symbol of Romance in an Increasingly Crude World

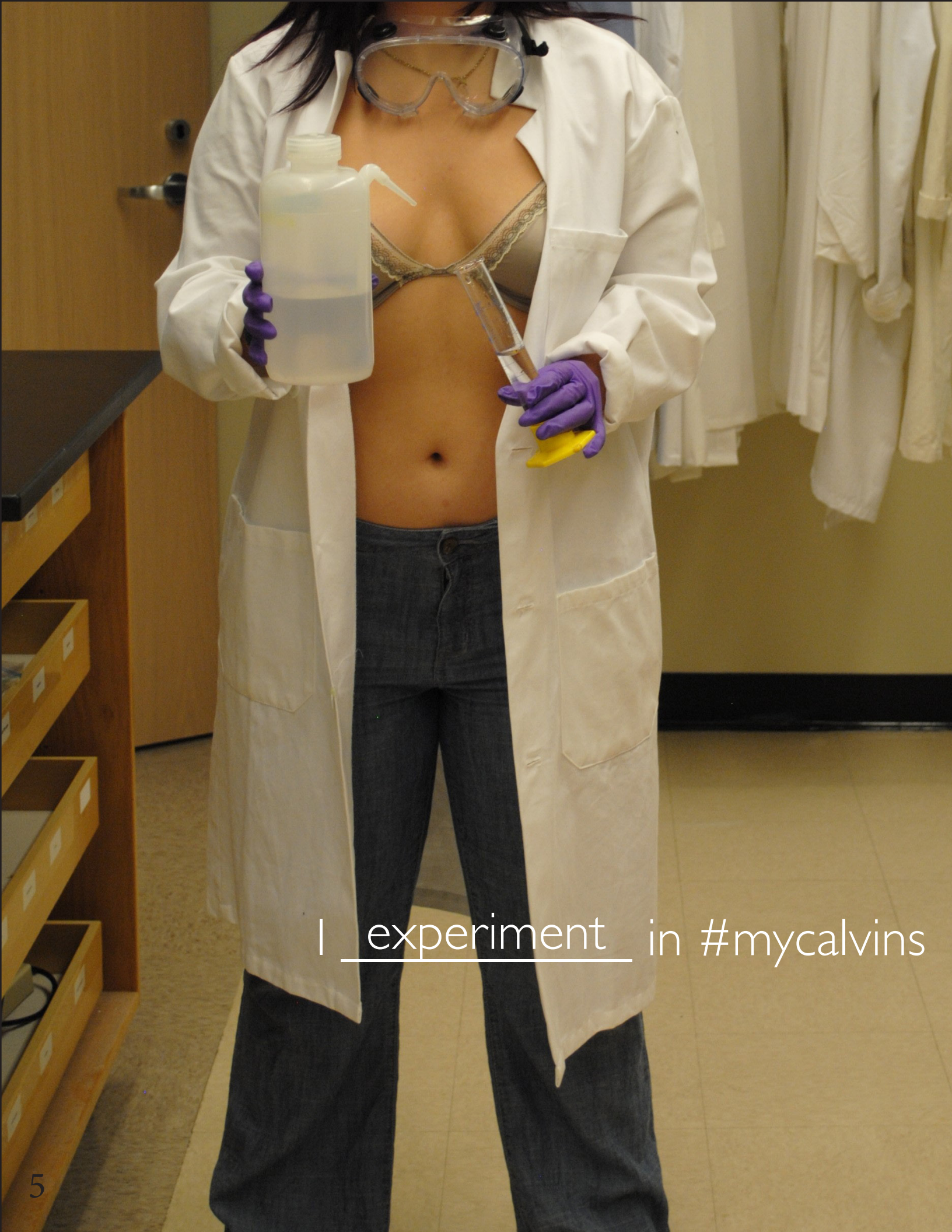
In a tragic turn of events, emoji designers have grown tired of the eggplant emoji being used to represent a penis. In response, they have created literal penis emojis. These literal penis emojis introduce a truly crude subculture to texting.

The eggplant has long been an unsung hero of the American public. Instead of mandating that people write unspeakably crude things in text messages or that they send pictures of their dicks, the eggplant emoji allowed us to imply these unspeakably crude things. This noble emoji took us back to a simpler time, a time when a man could send a woman the eggplant emoji and the sweat emoji to gentlemanly and elegantly communicate his worthy desire to jizz all over her face.

When a woman received this chivalrous communication from a man, she immediately knew that he was a man worth having. A true gentleman always used the eggplant emoji to communicate his desire. Only a crude, disgusting pig of a man would come out and ask the woman he desired if she felt the same way towards him. For many women, the happiest day of their lives was the day that their lover first sent them an eggplant emoji. According to recent New York Times polling, most women decided that they would marry their lover directly after he sent her an eggplant emoji for the first time.

Today we mourn the passing of the eggplant, a beautiful symbol of love in an increasingly rude, crude world. It truly represented a gentler, better time.





I experiment in #mycalvins



# KINKY SEX IS THE NEW NORM

2016: Kinky sex is absolutely the new norm. I haven't had sex with the lights off since I was in high school.

1976: Kinky sex is absolutely the new norm. I haven't had sex indoors since I was in high school.

2016: My girlfriend and I watch porn together. She wants to try new things! It's amazing how open she is.

1972: I brought my girlfriend to see "Deep Throat" in theaters. She wants to try it. I love how open she is.

2016: I'm in an open relationship and allow my boyfriend to explore. He has been experimenting with other men. I'm so happy he is embracing his sexuality

453 BC, Ancient Rome: I am married with a wife but treasure and have sex with other men. We all do. It's pretty fun.

2016: I am hosting a "rainbow party" where each participant wears different lipstick and sucks someones dick in the dark. When the lights go on, we can tell who got the most head by how many colors are on their dick.

Ancient Egypt: As women, we all wear lipstick to let men know we are into oral sex.

2016: I love public sex. We fucked in the quad last night.

Puritan: It is quite expected to lay with thy woman in a field, meadow, or forest.

2016: I have a main girl but I'm also talking to the chick on tinder and we send each other epic sexts. I can't believe some of the things she says. I'm just waiting to get some snapchat nudes from her and then I'll ghost her.

Middle Ages: I am married but have a courtly love with another woman. We write each other beautiful poems and sonnets expressing our eternal love for one another. We may never be together physically, but in my heart she is mine.

# SPOKE<sup>to</sup> Sexy guide Time;) )

## Pickup Lines:

- Mind if I check if you're participating in No Shave November?
- Girl, I'm no neuroscience major, but I'll analyze how good your head is.
- You're on your period? I don't mind.
- Are you an Aboriginal Digeridoo? Cause I wanna put my hands all over you.
- I heard you play the clarinet. Have you ever tried the skin flute?
- I'm sick. You have big boobs. Please nurse me back to health.
- It's 2016, I don't want to assume your gender. Mind if I check?
- I'm into older women. Will you introduce me to your mom?
- Call me Dooley cause I wanna bone you.
- I'm hard.
- When I first saw you, it caused a reaction in parasympathetic nervous system which caused a firing of my post ganglionic, erecting my penile region.
- You're the reason there's ejaculate in my pants (hands girl cleaning bill)
- How bout that crazy erection campaign?
- Your snaggle tooth isn't a deal-breaker
- You have a boyfriend? Well can I at least watch later?
- Are you the benign cyst on my big toe? Cause I wanna take you out
- You can call me DUC food. You can eat me any time and then be sort of disappointed about it afterward.

## What to Say in the Sack:

- I hope your moan isn't as annoying as your voice.
- Let's role play. I'll be Donald Trump and you can be an illegal immigrant. I'll get you off in seconds.
  - Could you put on this Dean Nair mask.
  - My dick is bigly. It's huge.
- I swear I've been tested, but sometimes I still feel the Bern.
- You play America. I'll be Mexico. I'll explore your southernmost border.
  - You smell like my grandma.
- Does my collection of Humburger puppets turn you on?
- Let's role play. You play Barbie. I'll play a 10-year-old boy. I'll get you undressed then rip your arms off.
- The femur is the longest bone on Dooley's body, but not on mine.
- Strum me like an 1858 wooden oak finished hammered dulcimer.

# Love Hurts?



Every Emory student knows that the Emory Emergency Medical Service is the first responder for all drunken college mishaps. Sophomore Elena Mosely is no different. Mosely has racked up quite the bill over the past semester at Emory, having EEMS called for everything from falling asleep intoxicated in the hallway to mysteriously burning her leg on the waffle iron at the DUC. Curiously enough, one responder was on duty for all calls for the sophomore.

“Elena who?” responded Mack Smith when we asked him about his encounters with Ms. Mosely. Smith told the Spoke that he receives “a lot of calls” with “a lot of blood, bro” most of the time, so something like a late night waffle emergency didn’t quite stick in his memory.

Ms. Mosely, surprisingly enough, agreed to comment on the situation. “My parents are really happy for us,” she said with a smile, “they don’t even care about the hundreds of dollars they have to spend on ambulances every week.” Her parents have not responded for comment.

“I love how his schedule always syncs up with mine,” she continued, “and he’s always there to save me when I, uh, get hurt!” According to other responders on the ambulance, Mosely has been “hurt” frequently enough to have a pretty good idea about when Smith is on duty.

The Spoke had no further questions at this time, but it is worth noting that she continued to describe their “dates” in detail.

“This one time, I clumsily fell down all the stairs at the library. Like, from the 10th floor. I don’t really know how it happened and nobody was around to see it, but I promise it was real!” She giggled nervously. Allegedly, Mr. Smith reported for duty, treated her somehow minor wounds, “made romantic eye contact,” and then was called away to the stacks where someone was tripping balls.

## UPDATE:

As of 11/7/2016, Mack Smith has filed for a restraining order against Elena Mosley, who reportedly snuck into an ambulance while Smith was on call and confessed her love. When Smith still did not know who she was, Mosley attempted to stab herself with a hypodermic needle.

# Crazy SEX Stories

Our 40th birthday wish at Playspoke was to democratize our platform, to make a community built by our empowered readers and our sponsor, b condoms: proven to provide the illusion of safe sex 100% of the time.

So that’s why we asked for your stories, the brave undertakings of the common man in distress, in Viagra-induced comas, in love, covered in tomato-based spermicidal lubricant.

“The good news: this mommy blog (Mimosas & Mother’s Milk) gave me this helpful hint to pop my DIY nipple clamps in the freezer, and it basically saved my marriage. The bad news: my 15-year-old son found them when he was looking for Totino’s Pizza Rolls. In summary, we were deemed “unfit parents” by the Child Protective Services after Brad was found with bleeding nipples and pliers in his mouth. I guess we really should have used a childproof lock!” --Carol T., 47

“I don’t swallow because semen isn’t vegan.”--Amyethyst C., 32

“I guess you could say I had kind of an ‘awkward’ adolescence. My biggest passion is the intersection between technological advancement and prolonging your arrested development possibly caused by traumatically embarrassing events in your past. My therapist always told me to ‘immobilize my demons’ so that’s why I 3D print a dildo to represent each of the boys I had crushes on in high school. Don’t get me wrong; this isn’t me guessing the dudes’ dick-deets. I capture the spirit of these boys. Wayne Tockchaw from the Math Olympiad A team probably has a medium sized penis with no known defects, but as a person, he is small yet girthy with poppin’ veins. It took hella long to code all those veins and you’d be surprised how little customer service support there is for someone making art.

I get weird looks sometimes, but if they didn’t want me using the Makerbot in the Tech Lab to make sex toys, maybe they shouldn’t have named it Cox Hall.”--Haylee T., 20

“ My girlfriend and I like to do Greek mythology roleplay. So she’ll be Rhea and I’ll be Kronos. In order to really get in the moment, I like to collect my sperm and swallow it because I fear the uprising of my millions of potential offspring as my father once anticipated me overthrowing him. Every sixth day, to switch it up a little, my girlfriend will “trick” me into swallowing a kidney stone while she hides the real sperm in a cave to be raised by a goat named Amalthea with ambrosia coming out of her horns.” --Jimmy N., 26





I am late to class in #mycalvins





MY PUSSY





GRABS BACK



# Planting Seeds:

## My Experience Dating an Ecosexual

When perusing the mix of clown videos, water bottle flips, and one-star Emory ratings on my Facebook feed, I saw a term that I never knew existed: Ecosexuality. After some research, I found out that this umbrella term includes a range of people, starting from people looking for eco-friendly partners, to people that use environmentally-conscious sex toys, all the way down to people who try to find pleasure amidst and with nature. This was just too much for me. I mean, sure, I'm just as eco-friendly as the next guy. I vaguely skim the "Go Green" propaganda. I'll throw my plastic fork in recycling and just compost the rest. I'll give a friendly nod to the unshaven hippie yelling, "That's not where that goes!" I clearly care about the environment, but to want to have sex with trees was something I would have to see for my own eyes—thus beginning my journey into an ecosexual partnership.

### Day One:

First, I had to find an ecosexual girl. I reasoned through the process. Ecosexuals must be similar to most other people, and like to see what they are attracted to, right? Just like men like to throw money at strippers grinding on poles, ecosexual women would definitely do the same in theory. With this in mind, I made my way to the Emory Herbarium, a brothel for plants and researchers alike. I spent hours searching among 21,000 plant specimens, often mistaking a cannabis aficionado for an ecosexual (a common mistake, I imagine). Just as I was about to leave, I heard a whisper through the ferns. There, I saw Jasmine. She was caressing a leaf on a daylily and sweet-talking its petals. I had finally found an ecosexual, and an attractive one at that.

### Day Four:

Jasmine and I went to a place she chose, called "Kale Me Crazy." Everything seemed to be going normally. She was funny and sweet. She ate her pear apple salad without rubbing the lettuce on her chest like I had imagined she would. When it was over, we split ways. I knew that she had a good time when she sent me an emoji of a tree an hour later.

### Day Seven:

We strolled through Piedmont Park, enjoying the sun and light breeze. She was fixated on the trees, starting to tremble every time the wind ruffled their leaves. I assumed she was just shivering from the cold. I thought her bamboo tank top and hemp pants weren't providing the cold resistance she needed. My thinking changed when a big gust came through and shook the leaves so hard that some of them fell off the branches. She let out a light, yet passionate sigh, and turned to me and said, "We need to leave now." She hailed an Uber, asked if the driver used vegetable oil fuel, and decided that her urgency to get home outweighed his use of gasoline. We went to her dorm. She told me to quickly go to the bathroom and change into what's there. I walked into her suite restroom, and couldn't help to see her stockpile of all-natural shampoos and lotions. This is exactly what I expected from an ecosexual. What I didn't expect was seeing the tree costume hanging on the back of the door. Confused, I slid it on, and realized there was a hole cut in front of my waist. I had a feeling where this was going, and wasn't sure if I was ready. In the name of research, I knew it was my scientific duty to carry this out to the end. I slammed open the door, like the mighty oak I imagined myself to be. Jasmine was under her covers, her clothes on the floor, and a twig tiara on her head. She cajoled, "Get you and your wood over here."

### Day Twenty One:

You can't truly understand the freedom of having sex in a stream at midnight, with the stars peeking through the leafy canopy, until you actually try it. The water flows over our bodies, absorbing the passion from the animal formed by our pair of human silhouettes. The chi spreads to the fish, bugs, and bacteria that watch in appreciation of our contribution to the natural aura. Mother Nature approves her children's love, and sends a swarm of flies onto our clothing pile, to leave gifts of defecation in adoration. The night climaxes in a thunderclap followed by a blanket of rain as we say goodbye and leave each other's company.

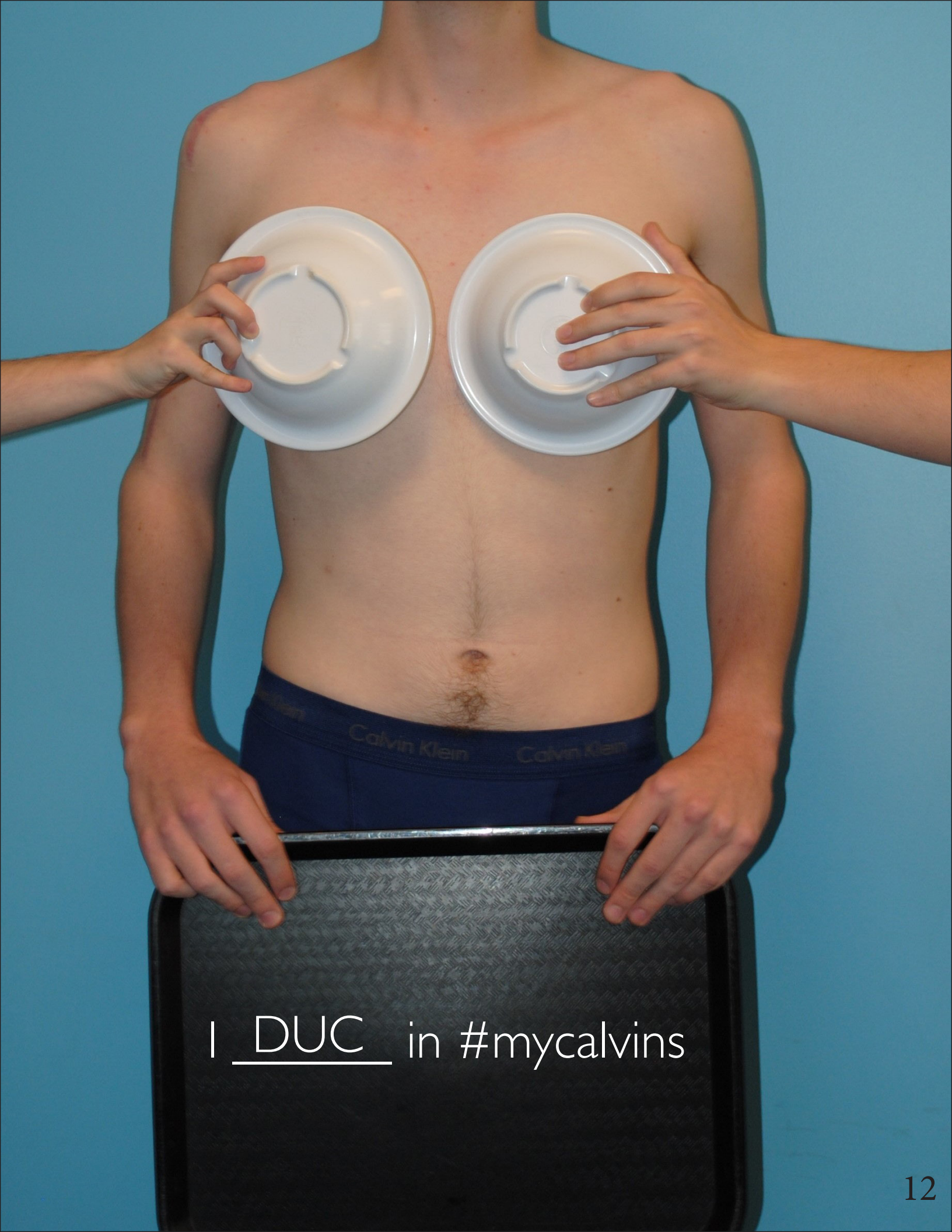
### Day Twenty Four:

Jasmine dumped me. Yes, you read that correctly. An ecosexual person dumped me. She said that Gaia (what she calls the Earth) had revealed to her the parasites in my soil that would have corrupted any seedlings trying to grow. Absolutely shocked, I quickly told her that I was certain I didn't have any STDs and that, even if I did, my all-natural sheepskin condom was supposed to be 99% effective against them. She said it wasn't that, and that it was something about my soul or whatever. She turned and walked through the bushes, and out of my life for good.

### Two Months Later:

It's been difficult adjusting to Jasmine not being in my life. I don't think this experience has completely converted me to being ecosexual, but it certainly has made me confused. I think about her. The flowers outside my window blow in a certain way, as if to tell me she still thinks about me, too. Sometimes I see her face in the tree bark as I'm masturbating in a waterfall's basin at Lullwater. I've come to appreciate nature for all of its sexual glory, and, for that, I thank Jasmine. I don't thank her for that tree costume though. That shit was kinky in all the wrong ways.





I DUC in #mycalvins

# Ask Aliz



Dear Aliz,

It's a long story, but I hooked up with my roommate. I'm really worried that things will be awkward between us now that we've had sex in the space between our two beds. What should I do?

Sincerely,

Odd Couple

Dear Odd Couple,

First off, what are you guys doing having sex in the space between your beds? Pull that shit together and make a twincest twin bed Pangea. Secondly, I suspect that Housing is not very skilled when it comes to raw sexual energy de-escalation. I would definitely ask your RA what the protocol is for room changes brought about by ignoring the safe word.

Hope this helped,

Aliz

Dear Aliz,

Do you have any opinions about sorority rankings? Greek life is so confusing, and Novemberfest did not clarify anything. Is joining a sorority even worth the time and money?

Love,

Aspiring Theta

Aspiring Theta,

First of all, just from your pseudonym I know that you actually do have concrete opinions about 'sorority rankings' already. Our opinion is that sorority rankings are a myth that is perpetuated and created by the patriarchy, ie Interfraternity Council. Please don't bring this bullshit up with me again. How supposedly hot the women in a sorority has no bearing on whether they would make good friends, unless you're also hot.

Also, let me let you in on a little secret: Novemberfest is literally not intended to help you decide which sorority is the right one for you. Believe it or not, all of the sororities are supposed to only sell you on the concept of Greek life, instead of their specific chapter. In other words, they want to convince that doing drugs will be great, but you have to choose Xanax over heroin on your own in January.

Last, being in any large group of people is exhausting. No one can answer the last question but you.

Love,

Aliz

Dear Aliz,

How do I cope with the new Trump presidency? I just want to cry and panic.

Sincerely,

Everyone.

Dear Everyone,

We have no useful answer about how to cope, we're also crying and panicking. If you want to feel less helpless, make a mental note to vote in the congressional elections in two years. Also, a shot or twelve is always a great way to the edge off.

Love,

Aliz

Dear Aliz,

How do I get a date for semiformal? Please help.

Best,

Dateless in Dobbs

Dear Dateless in Dobbs,

Picture this: You, a latex catsuit, a Slip'n'Slide, a big tub of Vaseline, and a mason jar of angry bees. Need I say more?

Love,

Aliz





I cure ebola in #mycalvins



I teach in #mycalvins





# ~40 and Sexy~

Many things that contribute to life as we know it started 40 years ago. Aside from the Spoke, there are plenty of wonderful things that started in 1976. What would we do without the re-release of the \$2 bill? Yes, that happened in 1976, as well as all of these life-changing people, music, videos, and technology.

## People:

**Ryan Reynolds:** Actor, Canadian, trophy husband— he's a total DILF. Even after the pregnancy, he is keepin' that post-baby bod tight, shocking everyone when he fit his slim figure into a sharp Gucci suit only two months after the birth of his child. Blake Lively and Blake Lively's husband (aka Ryan Reynolds) made the edgy choice to name their daughter, James. Giving a child a typically assumed opposite gender name it totally new and fresh (as long as you ignore the slew of other celebrities who did this too).

**Benedict Cumberbatch:** English lad Benedict Cumberbatch came into our lives in 1976. Burlington Custardbath went to Harrow School, where he developed a love for painting. Berister Crumplesack has always been a fan of the arts, and as he aged ever so well, he became a well-known actor. Before his acting career, Baseballmitt Cabbagepatch taught in a Tibetan monastery in Darjeeling, India for a year. Buttercup Candycrush has become extremely successful, winning a Golden Globe, Screen Actors Guild Award, British Academy of Film and Television Arts award.

**Andrea Barber:** Andrea Barber played Kimmy Gibbler on Full House. That's about all that matters.

## Music:

**"Play that Funky Music"** by Wild Cherry: Without this band, how would we know about a funky singer playin' in a rock and roll band who never had problems. How would we know when it is appropriate to tell a white boy to play that funky music? You wouldn't. That's the answer.

**"Hotel California"** by The Eagle's: Hotel California teaches us the importance of how to take anything and make it sexual—a very important life lesson. Some people thought the line "She's got the Mercedes Bends" was a typo of "Mercedes Benz," but we all know what it actually means ;)

**"(Shake, Shake, Shake) Shake Your Booty"** by KC and the Sunshine Band: This is one of the first instructions on what to do with your booty, followed up by later interpretation such as "Anaconda" by Nicki Minaj, "Low" by Flo Rida, "Bootylicious" by Destiny's Child, and "Honky Tonk Badonkadonk" by Trace Adkins. KC and the Sunshine Band set the tone for melodic butt instruction and appreciation.

## Video:

**The Muppet Show:** Nothing says "40 and Sexy" like The Muppet Show. Puppets are the most sincere form of entertainment; someone shoving his or her hand up a hole just to make people smile. The Muppets has been a family comedy for 40 years.

**Family Feud:** What better bonds a family together more than joining together to all get mad at the one family member who made you lose? This American game show has families compete to guess the most popular responses to important and thought provoking survey question and topics such as "if adults trick or treated at night, what might they want instead of candy," "name the last time you put your finger in," and "name something a cowboy would hate to have happen during a gun fight." Everyone's favorite part? Steve Harvey disappointingly shaking his head when he hears some fucked up answers.

**Rocky:** Rocky is your classic American sports drama film. It transformed "Eye of the Tiger" into one of the most inspirational and tacky sports drama songs. What's sexier than a dramatic backstory leading up to a shirtless man in tight pants? Nothing.

## Technology:

**VHS Home Video Cassette Recorder (Matsushita):** You know what's sexy? rolling something over and over and over again until you get frustrated and smash it to pieces.

**Apple:** This brand has single handedly brainwashed millions of Americans by being sexy and innovative. Apple has expanded their inventory from computers to include smartphones, tablets, watches, TVs, digital media players, and a bar full of "geniuses" who can solve any problem as long as it's in their genius handbook.

**Laser Printers by IBM:** This sexy invention was the start of digital image production. Thankfully, this made long distance sexting possible before the cell phone. Nothing says sexy like a folded up picture of your junk.

# Beta Bro: “I’ve Been Frat Free for Three Months”

In a candid, emotionally raw new interview with the Emory Spoke, former Beta Bro Travis McLean talks parties, drugs, and going clean

Fall 2016 has not been kind to the occupants of 15 Eagle Row. Beta Theta Pi, known simply by codename “Beta,” has faced its biggest challenge of the decade: the loss of its ancestral home and potentially even its status as an Emory fraternity chapter. We sat down with senior ex-bro Travis McLean to get the scoop on how the fraternity is handling the transition.

ES: Nice to sit down with you today, Travis. Thanks for talking to us today.

TM: What’s good.

ES: Like most of campus, we pretended to be horrified at Beta leaving the Row. What was the general feeling around the house when Emory broke the news?

TM: Dude, we were shocked. Pledges were crying, brothers were crying, and we were all sniffing even more than usual. Someone tried to go all Animal House and propose that we have a toga party, but then we dangled them off the porch until they apologized for referencing a movie that came out in 1978.

ES: That movie is a classic though...

TM: Suck a dick.

ES: Moving on, Beta has since been under a process of reorganization. Can you tell us what that has been like?

TM: It’s been a life-changing experience. Back in the day, Beta was lit night after night, as long as it was a Friday and nothing else was really going on. You really start to lose sight of what is really important.

ES: That’s a refreshing view. Many have said that fraternities promote a toxic hyper-masculine environment that...

TM: No, I mean we were forgetting about not getting caught for drugging women. You get drunk, and the next thing you know your roofie game is shot.

ES: ...

TM: I think that had a lot to do with the situation in March that started this whole thing. Loss of priorities.

ES: Speaking of priorities, what is the next step for Beta as an organization?

TM: I think the ultimate goal is to get to a place where we can still hold our non-copyright infringing Playboy party. It has become an Emory institution and it would be a damn shame to let the administration take away such a source of joy for students. Plus, it employs at least a half-dozen strippers, so technically it is philanthropic.

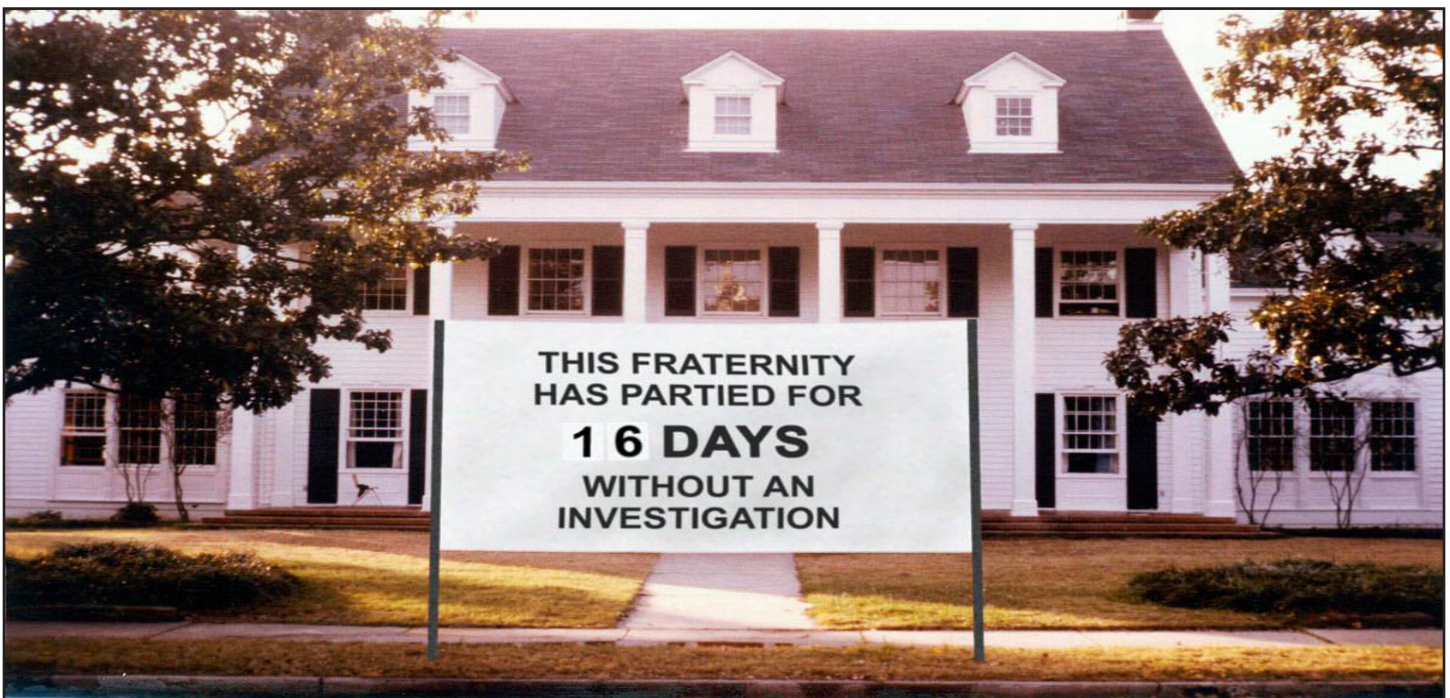
ES: How will brothers be taken care of during the transition?

TM: We’ve put a lot of resources into counseling and “bro-ective” measures against adverse mental health effects. There has even been a frat addiction support group a few of us formed. I’m proud to say that I’ve been frat free for three months.

ES: Wrapping up, what is one piece of advice you have for the other fraternities?

TM: I definitely recommend keeping a list of all the stashes around the house. Otherwise, some sophomore asshole will take that grade A angel dust and use it to bake cupcakes in the oven where all the weed is stashed. Man, that was hard to explain.

ES: Well, this has certainly been an informative interview. We at the Spoke wish you all well.







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