

SPOGUE



*A Look Into
Emory's
Runway Club*

*Team Spirit or
Meme Spirit?*

*An Emory
Cultural Rebirth*

FEATURING THE 2018 EMURI COLLECTION

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Ariana Newhouse & James Jordano, EIC



Morgan Levy, Managing Editor

Letter from the Editors

Readers,

As the fashion powerhouse of greater Atlanta, we at *The Emory Spoke* feel it is our duty to inform the student body of this fact: y'all are ugly.

Never fear, your Spoke mommy is here to tuck you into the bed of fashion. Brought to you by

"The Best Dressed of Atlanta 42 Years Running," according to the local blind, we present *Spogue*. If you are a tasteless groutfit of a person and you have something to say about it, please email us at spoke.editorinchief@gmail.com.

Fashionably Yours,
The Editors-in-Chief



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How to get that *I-haven't-slept-in-3-days* look

Do all of your friends have superiority complexes? This finals season, don't be left out of the fun when everyone starts laying their claim to intelligence by boasting how many hours it has been since they last slept.

Jessie Atkins, a junior studying business, shares her secrets to achieving the fake sleeplessness look, one that makes even the most studious feel mediocre in comparison and resort to telling her "weird flex but ok."

First off, she gets some squirrels to give her the "just fuck me up fam" look in exchange for food. "I've found that they really like Twisted Taco. It's honestly

kind of therapeutic having a dozen squirrels run through your hair, as long as you can ignore the scream-barking noises they make inches from your face," Atkins said as she slapped a burrito bowl on her head and flopped down on the quad. Seconds later, a swarm of squirrels came barreling towards her and, just like that, her hair was the perfect storm of effortless dishevelment.

To truly capture the caffeine-crazed look in someone's eyes 16 hours into an orgo study session, Atkins advised us to take whatever food the DUC burned that day and smear it under our eyes to accentuate our dark circles. "The pizza crust is usually a safe bet. It's

a quick addition to my beauty routine, but it really accents my dark circles and lets other people know that I could have a nervous breakdown at any second," she added.

Atkins' last tip is to go sit in the business school for a while. "I always feel dead inside after my classes in Goizueta, and it turns out that if you spend enough time here, I guess you start to look like it too. The aura poisons your body. It leaves you lethargic and hopeless, like an upper class Jim Nightshade from *Something Wicked This Way Comes*."

Don't sleep on this look – let everyone know that you are doing the most by doing nothing at all.



The shitty day shirt index



Having a shitty day is a very serious topic that many people, including us here at *Spogue*, have been trying to bring light to and destigmatize. There are important signs to look out for, but many people don't know them. It can be difficult to recognize when people are having a hard time, especially when they try to hide it. There is one key factor in determining if someone you know may be going through it: look at the length of their shirt.

You are suspicious your friend isn't telling you something. You know she must have a lot on her mind. See if she's putting any effort into her look. If she's been wearing shirts that come down to her knees all week, something is definitely going on. According to CAPS, people wear shorter shirts when they are having good days, but the worse their mood is, the longer their shirt is.

Think about it. You've been having a fantastic month, and there's barely been a day your underboob hasn't seen the sun. You know your friend has a ton of cute crop tops, but much like her soul, they're all crumpled up in her laundry basket.

The main difference between a bad mood and her day being seriously fucked is whether her symptoms persist. It would be a different situation if she were wearing shirts that just came to her waist, but if your girl is basically wearing a nightshirt 24/7, she's practically begging for help. She's going through it.

Now you know the signs, but what do you do? Ask her, "Wtf is up, sis?" Remember to be gentle, as this can be difficult to talk about, and you may need to refer her to a professional, like someone who got a C+ on the first PSYC 111 midterm. If all else fails, give her a pint of DUC mango sorbet and have her watch *Queer Eye* on Netflix.

THE MORPHSUIT an outfit for all occasions

All of us struggle with finding that perfect outfit: the one you can wear to work in the morning and then to the bar afterward; The outfit you can wear to clean a sewer and then to your wedding directly after; The outfit you can wear to kill a guy and then to his funeral. However, one unsung hero of the sartorial world is there for us now and forever. This is, of course, the morphsuit.

Truly, no other vestment can approach the flexibility of the morphsuit. Its exquisite spandex-weave ensures perpetual comfort, and its lack of unnecessary adornment makes it a symphony of class

and taste. In a black morphsuit, you're sure to stun at formal events. Its minimalist, yet unconventional style will impress your companions. Anyone with an eye for fashion will surely notice you and wish their raiment was half as impressive.

For more intimate events, such as a date night with that special someone, look no further than the morphsuit. The person you fancy is certain to be delighted with your subtle style and honesty, since the morphsuit won't let you hide your blubber. Maybe you won't get a second date, but at least you've shown them that you're comfortable in your own spandex. If you do get a second date and eventually things start getting more serious, show your sweetheart your commitment with a set of matching morphsuits. He/she/they will be floored by how much you care, and you two will instantly become the most dapper couple on campus. Morphsuits can be purchased online, so don't miss your chance to get an outfit you can wear to the gym, the airport, or even your own funeral.

Douchebag™ Guide

Are you a member of the 1%, just rich enough to buy the same shirt in three different shades of off-white, but not quite rich enough to hire a personal stylist who could actually dress you properly? If so, follow these four thrifty tips for how you can define your unique style as someone who dresses like everyone else.

1) Be Bold.

Style is the modern equivalent of the trumpeters who entered rooms before kings. Since your stingy father won't shell out the \$200 an hour for a professional trumpeter to follow you around all day, the next best form of expression is the ocular terrorism that is the color salmon. Therefore, salmon clothing is a must. Like a trainwreck, people won't be able to look away. When you enter a room, all eyes will be on you and your lovely disaster of slightly clashing shades of pink, since no two salmon items ever are the same shade.

Secret hint: you've heard of denim-on-denim, but try out its evil twin, salmon-on-salmon!

2) Be Classic.

True, you could try on the avant-garde designer options they have at the boutique; they are more expensive, more exclusive, and ultimately, would have more to say. However, being the rich person you are, and your need for dimension beyond "being rich," your words are too valuable to express to the common man. The mystique that comes with wearing the same pink oxford shirt from Saks as every other Long-Islander in your vicinity is totally chic. When you exit your dorm with Chad and Tad who both are wearing identically-colored shirts, the peasant class will see you as sheep. You know otherwise; yours is from Barney's, Chad's from Brooks Brothers, and Tad's from the slightly inferior Neiman Marcus. The audacity to conflate these is an effort by the working class to bridge the gap between you and them. Do not let them bring you down to their level, as most of them can't afford to wear cashmere scarves in the winter!

3) Be Branded.

You know you are an important person. You only have limited time to meet with other important people. Why would you waste your time sifting through various brands when ultimately you can stick to one and order in bulk? The benefits speak for themselves. You can claim that you actually receive a discount from the company due to your high volume of orders (though your parents' abysmal credit statement may prove otherwise). You get to be mistaken for an employee of the boutique--as the only thing that distinguishes you from a store mannequin is the mannequin almost has a soul. Finally, you'll be known as the "(insert brand) guy," which is such an honor. To all the people think differently, just remember their parents make way less money than yours!

4) DON'T reveal the secret.

We know it, you know it. You saw that pair of sneakers in the Ross display window. Don't deny it to yourself, every minute you spend taking these shirts to the dry cleaners and being itchy in a J-Crew cardigan reminds you of a simpler time of hoodies and sweatpants. Everyone who wears expensive clothes eventually reaches the point where they feel burnt out. This cannot be where you fail; you have two more years in Goizuetta followed by five decades of countless insider trading and embezzlement ordeals. We know it itches, but here's a hint, go to your mirror, stare in it; you're wearing designer, your outfit literally says, "I am rich."

If you were to enter the real world without following these tips, you would not have that Douchebag™ identity, which would mean you would have no identity. Remember that physical discomfort is normal, but egotistical discomfort is tantamount to death.



Four small but powerful ways to celebrate what Lady Dooley's spiritual sex change means

It was hailed as “a bold awakening,” and “a mysterious, magical transformation” by many. One nondenominational spiritualist society went so far as to call it “the sex change of a lifetime.” There is little doubt that Dooley's sex change was basically the biggest historical event of the twenty-first century. These are some simple ways to celebrate and harness the spiritual power of our favorite skeleton's postmortem transition.

Cast a spell

Samantha Spinklur, a third generation witch and Philosophy major, recommends a spell for healing, empowering, and revitalizing. This spell will help you channel the energy of Dooley's spirit, a spirit finally free from the phony male facade she was forced to portray in order to conform to societal norms.

Make a bony elixir

Traditionally, lilies are associated with funerals, symbolizing the restoration of innocence to the departed soul. In this case, they symbolize the blooming of a repressed feminine nature onto the skinless face of an exuberant skeleton. Use high heels to mash these delicate petals and boil them in a pot of your favorite celebratory beverage to create this spirited drink. Add crushed chicken bones to really make it magical.

Host a social gathering

Unlike your usual dormroom, booze-from-the-shoebox-under-the-bed fueled get-together, this event should be special. Tell your thirteen friends to meet you in Lullwater at midnight so you can burn a 30 foot tall effigy of Dooley's former masculinity while dancing in a circle and chanting ancient hymns.

Unleash your spirit

“Dooley's sex change is a poignant reminder of our own repressed selves, and while it may not be as drastic as our Lady's, we all have something bottled up that should be released,” explains freelance poet Clemmy Clemens. “For instance,” she continues, “my spirit was trapped in the body of a B-school snake, but after being inspired and empowered by Dooley's brave example, I threw away my career goals and reclaimed my soul.”

This season, how are you going to celebrate the spirit of Lady Dooley?

Plus-sized Dooley: she's just big boned!

The Winter 2019 model casting was one of the most progressive, inclusionary seasons in *Spogue's* history. The days of starving seniors without meal plans dominating the runway are over. Instead, *Spogue* has expanded its cast to better represent the true Emory community. Some new models include a confused Political Science major in a Model UN shirt, a nurse in authentically vomit-soaked scrubs, and a mopey freshman dressed head to toe in Duke attire. The most revolutionary model in *Spogue's* newest cast, however, is the big boned hero of our hearts: plus-sized Dooley.

An Emory administrator explained Dooley's drastic diet change over the past several months. As part of Emory's plan to revamp support for Bon Appetit and entice upperclassmen to buy meal plans, Lady Dooley had been encouraged to publicly eat at all the campus dining facilities. "If Dooley can eat a slice of Ray's pizza without being noticeably poisoned, then anyone can."** Because of this mass consumption at Emory's C-rated eateries, Dooley's bones have noticeably swollen under her increasingly tightening cape.

Some administrators see these proceedings as a grim reaping of benefits at the cost of Dooley's health. They have encouraged Dooley to get more exercise by forcing her to take excessive, construction-laden alternative routes around every square inch of campus. *Spogue*, however, has decided to celebrate Dooley's big-boned beauty. Dooley is the epitome of Emory and will be a huge hit during finals week, a prime time for bing-

ing on buckets of ice cream while feeling only ~20% alive. Although *Spogue* values health with the utmost priority, a few extra pounds of calcium is not shameful.

After complaints about the unfair representation of Emory's male minority in *Spogue*, Dooley is rumored to be accompanied by a male skeleton in the next season--Mr. VerteBrett. This power couple is definitely worth keeping an eye on, as well as the other striking Emory models.

** *Spogue* does not endorse this statement



How to stop hitting strangers' juuls



Picture yourself: blackout drunk, stumbling around a party, sweating profusely. You're on a mission, an imperative mission. You knew this was where your night would take you after you decided to take six shots of shitty vodka when your maximum is four. A Juul is what you need, but not just any Juul. Only that of a totally disgusting stranger will do.

The mix of a stranger's probably-radioactive saliva and the potential to cause irreversible brain damage is a nearly irresistible siren song for most college students. Though extremely enticing, it's about time to quit slowly killing yourself with a disease-covered USB drive.

One way to quit is to question your entire life until you realize how pathetic juuling makes you. Ask yourself, why am I like this? What trauma made me believe that nicotine was suddenly good for me? Did my father never being home or my mother's subtle sex addiction lead me to this place? Why do I think that something middle schoolers do is cool? Once you admit how sad your answers to these questions are, you'll be able to quit.

If for some reason the first option doesn't work, consider getting to know the people whose juuls you are using. That kid who just handed you his juul has throw up on his shirt and lists watching *The Office* as a personality trait. No one wants to be grouped in with frat boys, white girls who hate their parents, or people who think "bet" is an acceptable answer to everything.

In case you still can't quit juuling after trying the first two methods, you should just lean into it. If you are going to destroy your lungs, might as well do it without the added risk of catching mono in the process. Just get your own Juul.

Reading an article about quitting in a half-ass fashion magazine, though, is the first step in the recovery process. Make sure to keep yourself on track. Your mom called. She wants the Emory Police alerted the next time you're caught with one. So put down the Juul before you end up hating her even more for doing this to you.



Virgo - Aug. 23 to Sept. 22

It's a busy month for you, Virgo. Don't forget to take some time just for yourself. Indulge in self care by converting the gender neutral bathroom in your hall to your own personal spa. Cover it in rose petals; grab a bath bomb; blast your music; skip all of your classes; you live there now.

Aries - March 21 to April 19

If at first you don't succeed, try try again, especially when it comes to raising that bee colony on the roof of your building. The stars say that bribing your RA with fresh batches of Georgia honey will work eventually.

Taurus - April 20 to May 20

The people closest to you will surprise you in the best of ways this week. Keep making vague and passive-aggressive references to something that you only think will happen because this horoscope told you that it will. They'll know what you're talking about.

Gemini - May 21 to June 20

It's time to take that two-faced nature to the next level. This is YOUR month to apply to Goizueta and claim your snake throne.

Cancer - June 21 to July 22

This month's planetary aspects render an especially emotional time for you, dear Cancer. Bottle up those emotions, package them, and sell them for drug money so you can purchase the coping mechanisms that you really want.



Leo - July 23 to Aug. 22

Your sign is known for being ambitious and aggressive. Unlock your inner lion with a vigorous tinder swipe marathon. Cuffing season is now or never.

Libra - Sept. 23 to Oct. 22

Libra is all about balance. Tell all your finsta followers about all of your past baggage so the next time you step on the scale that number will reflect all the emotional weight you've lost.

Scorpio - Oct. 23 to Nov. 21

Scorpio, your sexual energy is through the roof this month. Next time you illegally get into Mags, shoot for the stars and hookup with that 10 by Emory standards (7 by real life standards).

Sagittarius - Nov. 22 to Dec. 21

With Mercury shifting into your sign this week, be sure to stay extra wary of those you don't fully trust. It is likely that you will find yourself in a situation where you have to challenge your SO's best friend to a duel. When this happens, make your weapon of choice a sword constructed from your leftover King of Pops popsicle sticks.

Capricorn - Dec. 22 to Jan. 19

Capricorn, honey, this is your month. Your nature is to be responsible, but you should take this chance to let your freak flag fly. Be a trendsetter and break out the neon pink leotard that's been sitting in your closet. After all, Regina George is a Capricorn too.

Aquarius - Jan. 20 to Feb. 18

Aquarius, this month is a time for reflection. Check out your ass in your mirror and see how thiccccc you've gotten.

S'cuse me, can we talk about

An expert analysis

The debate between gun control and gun rights is an issue affecting hundreds of millions of people, pitting family traditions against public safety, national foundations against comfort in homes and schools. Overall, the issue is hotter than these Mikelo Frita High Heels from the Public Exposure collection (on sale through Tuesday at mkfrit.com). That is why *Spogue*, a fashion magazine, thought it was our place to oversimplify this issue. We asked our team of branding and design experts to give their take on this topic, one that is totally unrelated to their fields. Informed by social media pictures and headlines, our team has formed opinions of other people's opinions, using just one facet of what's important to them as the only factual filter.

"Gun control is the only way to go. I don't have a gun and I don't kill people. Every person that has killed someone has used a gun. What other proof do you need?"—Lester Borgueava, Associate Director of Denim Design

Borgueava grew up in Sao Paolo, Brazil for seventeen years before traveling to America. He was accepted at age 18 to New York University, where he studied sociology and fashion design. He is married to his lovely wife, Jill, and they have one child together: a Boston terrier named Moxxi. Borgueava believes his opinion is the common sense view, agreed upon by everyone

but "those bastards in Congress." Borgueava says, "If we could riot and rebel against this tyranny, we could start a nation in which the people actually led the government, where their voices are heard, and where people could speak freely. We would call it a democracy."

"What people don't understand is an AR-15 isn't an assault rifle. It's semi-automatic. If they don't know that fact, how can they weigh in on this issue at all?"

—Heather Brown, Senior Associate of International Marketing, Asia Division

Brown started working at *Spogue* after a seven-year career with Morgan Stanley. Coming from the Wharton School of Business with a Masters in consulting, she decided to tackle a new challenge: marketing. She enjoys visiting her sister in Rhode Island and going to the beach with her niece, Jackie. Brown, an owner of a Glock 17 that she keeps locked in a safe, feels safer having the option to have a gun. "If people got to know the guns in the way I have, learning about their lives and not just the labels and stereotypes, they would see guns aren't the monsters that people make them out to be," Brown argues. "I'm not saying people have to go as far as sexually knowing guns, but just like talking to them through a nice chat over coffee."

"Gun rights are in our Constitution, sure, but that was written when guns took time to reload. The



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sis from *Spogue*

founding fathers would say ‘Uh no thanks’ to standing militias if they knew the technology we have now.”

—Jenny Xu, Design Team Lead

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, Xu joined *Spogue* in 2015 directly out of college after impressing executives during her *Spogue* summer internship. She was raised by two immigrant parents, whose familial stories inspire Xu to incorporate heritage and culture into her stunning designs. Xu proposes that, much like her designs, the Constitution needs to be fluid in light of the current society. Xu continues, “Everyone knows that the key to stability in a national society is lots of turnover in our core documents.”

“I use my gun for hunting. People with serious issues, like those guys killing other people, don’t use their guns for hunting. Therefore, if you hunt, you should be able to have a gun. If you don’t hunt, you probably should start because it’s a great way to provide for your family and respect nature.” — Larry Mathers, Marketing Team Member, Online Division

Mathers initially studied Computer Science at Villanova University before taking his talents to Google. There, he developed an appreciation for balance between beauty and technology, one he hopes to explore through his work at *Spogue*. He lives with his husband, Max, and their three-year-old twins, Lily and Jake. Ma-

thers explains that hunting was a tradition in his family growing up, and one he hopes to continue. “Every year, my father would take me and my brothers out to our farm. We would shoot a goat from point blank range. One time we missed and actually shot a deer in the brush some ways away by accident. How could anyone try to take this tradition away from me? It’s all I have to remember my dad, besides the scar from when a bullet ricocheted into my hand that one time.”

“What we should really be doing is studying all the facts, and respecting that people personally value different facts more than others. How can we damn someone for hunting being their family tradition or curse out someone who sees guns as a genuine threat to our nation’s schools? If we had respect for each other, we could actually debate, come to compromises, and urge change through our nation’s systems. I believe we don’t have to argue. We just have to respect.” —Lindsey Moira, Design Intern, Fall Term

Moira is a student at University of Illinois where she studies Fashion and Media. She worked at *Spogue* until very recently, when she was asked to leave. The Editors-in-Chief of *Spogue*, when questioned about Moira’s abrupt termination, claimed Moira “did not fit into the progressive culture of *Spogue*” and that she left “due to creative differences.” Moira’s termination came eight hours after she gave these comments.

Who wore it best: professor edition

Professors have resorted to great lengths to hold their students’ attention in their early morning classes. Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Stanton have been especially creative, doing so with their fashion choices. Both professors rocked this periwinkle button down with elbow patches last week, but each made the shirt their own within their outfits.



Hopkins was spotted wearing this shirt while responding to his students’ emails with the phrase “It’s in the syllabus.” He added skinny khakis and Birken-socks to finish the look.



Stanton had a more grungy take on her outfit. She paired the shirt with an Académie helmet and kneepads. When asked what inspired her look, she answered bluntly, “Safety. I take a skateboarding break a couple times a week because no one comes to my office hours anyways. My doc told me to take it easy on the new hip, but I ain’t no pussy, and momma’s got to get her skate on,” before grinding down the railing outside the bio building.

How to Align Your Chakras with Your Dumb Bitch Energy

“A dumb bitch is not born, but made,” said Amateur yogi and Certified Dumb Bitch™ Wyatt Van der Hudson, perched on a tufted Ottoman in her plush Emory Point apartment. Crossing her legs to reveal a shining Lululemon icon on the calf of her leggings, Wyatt divulged the secrets of the Dumb Bitch to *Spogue*. If Dumb Bitch Energy is radiating off of you this season, Wyatt advises not to “aspire to the perfectly aligned chakras of a healthy, well-adapted individual.” Here, Wyatt has assisted *Spogue* in curating an easily adaptable and deliciously unhealthy guide to destroying your spiritual homeostasis. Bonus: several of these actions will successfully imbalance the energies of multiple chakras!

The Root Chakra and the Solar Plexus Chakra

Groundedness is important. Being a down-to-earth, self-assured, and self-confident individual is invaluable to maintaining a spirit that radiates positive energies inward and outward. But honestly, you aren't down to earth or self-assured. Deriving your entire sense of self from others' perceptions of your clothing and “chillness,” you are better served by allowing your root and solar plexus chakras to fluctuate entirely depending on the situation, rather than learning how to maintain a healthy and balanced mindset with which you can cope with any situation. This can be practiced when all of your friends are hanging out without you and no one thought of mentioning it to you in the groupchat. Take this time to turn inward and examine why all of your friends actually hate you while breathing deeply into your core. Seek their approval by getting entirely too messy at happy hour on a Tuesday night, consequently neglecting your massive pile of schoolwork and realigning your root chakra to the polar opposite end of the spectrum. No one will doubt your self-confidence, intelligence, or emotional stability, even though all of them are entirely rooted in your ruthless pursuit of validation.

The Sacral Chakra and Heart Chakra

The sacral chakra is about maintaining a healthy relationship to pleasurable pursuits, while the heart chakra is focused on the feelings of love, compassion, and happiness, and how they can be practiced and enjoyed. At the core of Dumb Bitch spirituality lies the infallible attraction to unhealthy relationships. To realign your chakras with this universal truth, commit yourself to looking for love in all the wrong places. Tinder and Grindr are your friends - or, rather, frenemies. Nothing is healthier than an emotional attachment to some frat/srat star with an artificially inflated ego who literally only thinks about you after midnight on Saturdays. Beyond the realm of romantic interest, a new energetic equilibrium based in deep-seated feelings of unlovability and inadequacy can be found by ignoring calls from your family. Not talking to your mom for months at a time will validate your suspicions that she does, in fact, love your sister more than you - even if she didn't before! Since your friends already hate you (assume they do; while not totally sure, it's better to be safe than sorry) do not bother turning to them for compassion or happiness. Instead, invest all of your happiness in relationships that you already know are unstable.

The Throat Chakra

“Good judgement and the ability to truthfully express yourself? I don't know her” says Wyatt. Your poor attention span and consequent inattention to detail is having its moment. If good decisions aren't your forte, it may be time to realign your energy such that you will always regret your poor decision-making, even though it should not even remotely surprise you anymore. Remember how shitty you felt after you wrote a 5-page essay on a prompt you grossly misread? An energetic realignment can ensure that you are no stranger to that feeling.

The Third-Eye Chakra

The third eye chakra should ground you to the material world and the spiritual world equally, but we are not particularly concerned with the way our chakras should look. Instead, a Dumb Bitch should be preoccupied with the trivialities of their own bubble as well as their material possessions (because we all know you ain't shit if you don't have an Apple Watch). Wyatt identifies her sorority membership as the kind of trivial bubble with which she derives a great deal of her preoccupations, but if you aren't into Greek life, blind allegiance to your pre-professional track or sports team are equally adequate and utterly meaningless identifiers. A balanced third-eye is unattainable for most individuals that populate “prestigious institutions,” so at least you aren't alone in your complete and total engrossment in the meaningless and arbitrary social circles with which you identify. Time is an illusion, and nothing is real.

The Crown Chakra

The Crown Chakra is the ultimate force, unattainable without the equilibrium of the other Chakras. In Wyatt's own words, “I don't think so, sweatie.”



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The Post Night-Out Skincare Routine You Never Knew You Needed

If you value your clear skin and pores, but you like to get plastered three days a week, you may find your current routine impossible to keep up with. Now there's a solution! Just follow these seven steps and you'll never look back at your old routine after you discover you can easily have the best of both worlds!

1. Take off your makeup

If you neglect to remove your makeup, you risk clogging your pores and waking up looking like a hungover racoon. Once you transform from the solid 7.5 you created with your flawless smoky eye back to your everyday 5, you know you've removed enough of your makeup.

2. Throw up in the sink

You know you'll feel better if you do, and what's that age-old saying? "If you throw up before you go to bed you won't wake up hungover." Make sure you tie your hair up in a quick ponytail or top knot to avoid it falling in front of your mouth.

3. Brush teeth/mouthwash

This is important because you just threw up in the sink, and that's bad for your teeth. Also, the sugar in all of those vodka cranberries isn't good for your teeth either. Avoid brushing your tongue so you don't start gagging again. If you're too drunk to brush, just take some mouthwash and swish it around for a few seconds, it basically does the same thing. Just remember it's not another shot and you should not swallow it (or do, I'm a makeup guru, not a doctor).

4. Cry about that boy not texting you back

You checked your phone for the tenth time in 5 minutes and you still don't have any notifications. Is it because it's 4 in the morning and he's asleep, or is it because he hates you and thinks you're ugly? Probably the latter. Time to start loudly crying so everyone knows about your fear of dying alone. Also, the salt in the tears really helps to clear up any unsightly blemishes you may have!

5. Wash your face with a gentle cleanser

This step will help to remove any excess makeup the makeup remover missed in step one, as well as to remove those tear stains from when you broke down earlier.

6. Wake up your roommate by knocking every possible item off your desk

Your roommate has work tomorrow, but you can't seem to stand up straight. Use your desk to support yourself when you stumble over your own feet and send everything on your desk loudly to the floor. Deal with the clean-up and impending argument in the morning.

7. Moisturize

Nobody wants dry and peeling skin! Now you're ready to pass out and dream about all of your questionable decisions!





Swoop stuns with the hottest fashion trend

With the fall season in full swing and colder weather settling in, many fashion trends are a dime a dozen around campus. From colorful flannels to the trademarked Han Solo vest, it seems each person has their own unique sense of style to coincide with cuffing season. However, Emory's dearly loved mascot, Swoop, has championed a trend for staying warm that is causing a stir on campus: butt injections.

Yes, the Eagle has landed—with a plump derriere. Clearly he has taken Kim K's tips to the extreme, adding much junk to his trunk.

At the season home-opener basketball game, first-year Jenna Dillard noted she couldn't take her eyes off Swoop the entire time, saying, "no matter how hard I tried to focus on the game, I just couldn't stop gazing back at it." She continued, "Swoop is really thiccc, so thiccc you choke on the third C."

It seems he purposefully unveiled his phat-assness right in time for the basketball season, hoping to be the center of attention for the remainder of the season. When asked about the motives for his change, Swoop simply flew away, struggling to take off with that excess weight, but eventually jiggling his way out of the situation.

A Cheese to Drive For: Why I Traveled 1,189 miles for a Wheel of Cheese

Cheese, fromage, queso, dried animal milk: whatever you call it, this dairy delicacy comes in many forms and many flavors, with Gouda internationally known as the top choice. Yet, gouda's reign as the supreme cheese is no more. In the small town of Bayfield, Wisconsin, a small fromagerie offers the new champion. It simply is a wheel of cheddar cheese, but its value does not lie in its type; rather, the richness of flavor comes from its story.

La Bon Bon Moo Moo, the shop offering this specialty, calls for requests to be made online and mandates that patrons must come from over 1000 miles away. Even if living right next to Bayfield, one would have to drive away from the town before driving back. And this note is important: the patron must be driving. This is how the story is formed. This begins once a cheese expert is assigned to your case.

During your drive, the expert will remain on the line via Bluetooth, asking questions, sharing stories, and maybe humming an occasional lullaby. Through the riffing and banter, the chef crafts a unique and personalized cheese wheel based on your personality, the expert's mood, and whatever 109.7 The Scrake is playing during the drive.

When you finally make the trek to Bayfield, there waiting for you is a freshly aged wheel of cheese. While the drive may have taken four days at most, the cheese is always at least fourteen years aged. This apparent impossibility is done in a unique way; once the cheese is created, it is left on the street alone, forcing it to mature at an unnatural and unfair rate. At age fourteen, the expert will return, quickly show the cheese some funny vines to add some levity, and then will wrap it for pick up.

I had made this journey

because I could not believe the incredibly high praise. Something better than gouda? My ears did not believe it, and my taste buds spat at the idea. Nevertheless, I voyaged into the unknown, and came out a better man. The cheese was so pure that, upon touching my tongue, Mariah Carey's "All I Want For Christmas is You" began echoing out of my mouth. Each swallow of even the smallest morsel caused a dove to be born somewhere in the world, and upon the last bit, one of those doves defecated on my shoulder as punishment for taking something so beautiful from this world. But how could I have been angry? Rather, I was bemused at the wonder of nature and astonished by how eating a whole cheese wheel in an hour led to me gaining 17 pounds. If you are a true follower of cheese, you must travel to La Bon Bon Moo Moo for an unforgettable delight.

6 Backpack Essentials

For Your All-nighter At The Libs

With finals season right around the corner, some students are preparing as they should, while others are inevitably going to have to pull all-nighters at the library. Yikes! An all-nighter is definitely an option to deal with insurmountable irresponsibility. The only way to get through with any sense of personal dignity requires strategy. Here are six essential items needed to successfully spend that night in the 1st floor, sobbing into your non-existent notes.

1. A calculator

Maybe your class requires math; maybe it doesn't. That's quite irrelevant to this essential right here. You'll need a calculator to find out exactly how badly you can bomb this test without failing the class and switching your major.

2. Caffeine

Caffeine is one of the greatest things plants have given us, second only to oxygen. Whether you are a hoe for lattes, you like awake bars, or you are one for popping pills, caffeine is an absolute must for the night you are about to have. When it comes to those caffeine pills you got off Amazon, you definitely should not have more than four (but we won't tell).

** *Spogue* does NOT condone the use of prescription DRUGS recreationally. Definitely don't DO DRUGS. DRUGS.

3. Shitty dried mango from Peets

Dried mango is a great source of literally just sugar. You'll need the rush to power you through when your "let's get this bread" attitude dies around 20 minutes after you start studying.

4. A box of highlighters

Who could go wrong with a couple of these in their backpack? You'll need at least 3 for when you inevitably decide to just read the textbook and highlight literally every sentence. Finding a more ineffective strategy is impossible, but at least it's something!

5. A reusable water bottle

Staying hydrated is one of the best things you can do in your day-to-day life, and an all-nighter is no different. You are about to put your body through exactly what it evolved NOT to do, so at least drink some fucking water.

6. Headphones

The library can get very noisy during finals season. Between pre-meds screaming over each other and B-School kids complaining about their partners, you'll need this essential item to totally and completely isolate yourself for good. Spend the night listening to a fire playlist. (By a fire playlist, we mean white noise.) You think you're about to jam out to Thank U, Next? That's cute. It's grind time which means absolutely no distractions no matter how great that bridge is.

With all these newfound tips you are ready to settle into a booth and get cracking. You're about to go on a journey from hating your class, to hating your professor, to hating yourself and it's one-of-a-kind. The most important thing, that will not fit in your backpack is a will to go on. We're cheering for you - the potential, beauty and drive has forever been with you. Go prove to all those scholars that 4.0s can be made overnight.



The Rebirth of Emory's School Spirit Through Memes

Emory University (est. 1836) is a well-established Southern institution, but has always been the square cog in the round hole of Southern universities. Between the war on Greek life by the administration and the lack of a football team, Emory is sometimes perceived as the Michelle Williams of the Destiny's Child of Southern colleges. The Jimmy Fallon of late night. The Oxford College of Emory schools. The Emory Wheel of school newspapers. The Harvard of North Druid Hills Road NE. The Martha Stewart of midday television shows. The DUC-ling of Emory dining establishments. The Florida of US states. The gin and tonic of alcoholic beverages. The Internet Explorer of web browsers. The Macklemore of rappers. The White Hall of Emory buildings. The Pete Davidson of boyfriends. You get the idea.

But change is on the horizon. A new group of students is giving the school the infusion of school spirit it needs. Forget sports; 2018 is the year for students to rally around one thing and one thing only: memes. With 8,303 members, 5 innovative and groundbreaking Emory students have finally given the community a cause worth rallying around. Though Emory has been given flack for its lack of football-themed school spirit, in a true liberal arts fashion, we have pioneered the one universal language of human community--a series of poorly edited photos with jokes in comic sans type font.

In this online community, Emory students are free to be who they really are and speak their minds. They can complain about classes, the Ivies they didn't get into, and other quintessential Emory problems that are literally applicable to no one else. This incubator of creative Emory minds allows the true spirit of Emory to emerge out of the ashes; here, there's a niche for everyone. Young and old, tech savvy or not, memes are ubiquitous.

Here at *Spogue*, we foresee the future of school spirit just like we see the future of fashion, so stay ahead of the trend and meme like there's no tomorrow.

A Look Inside Emory's Runway Club

Upon first look, the Emory Runway Club may just appear to be a chaotic gathering of divas, hecklers, emotional trainwrecks, and outright bitches who just want to show off their latest parent-funded spending sprees-- and the Runway Club members would be the first ones to tell you that appearance is everything.

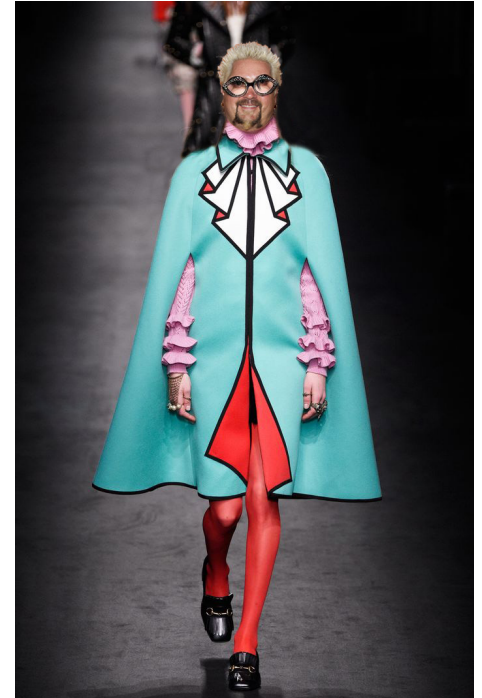
Once a week, the Runway Club meets to allow veterans, regulars, and newbies to stomp the runway in a garment or outfit of their creation. The panel of judges ranks each entry to determine who wins the weekly grand prize: a free iced coffee voucher. "Sis, I will choke a bish for that iced coffee. I'll choke the judges if they don't give me 10s across the board. Talk about gagged, am I right?" Roxy Raynor, a proud senior and Runway Club veteran, shouted unprovoked as she waited to walk the runway.

Raynor holds the reputation

as someone who usually brings it to the runway, but, with 14 total wins, she stands at second place for most grand prize wins. In first place, with 21 wins, is sophomore Wes Rong. "Rotted Roxy is just a jealous bitch. She shops at Forever 21 and is positive that she'll win that iced coffee. She'll beat me on the runway when Donald Trump glues his wig down properly."

As you can see, Runway Club members refuse to hold shit back. Earlier this year, a messy slapfight occurred after two club members couldn't agree on the color of a pleated skirt, whether it was cobalt or sapphire. By a new rule, a registered EMT must be present at each of the club's meetings. Club President Edie Torrial talked about the high-pressure atmosphere of Runway Club: "We have a lot of people join our club and then leave after their first meeting. I guess those bitches couldn't handle the heat."

After bearing witness to the lively, hectic, and stunning fashion shows, it's clear that the one place on campus with the highest stakes, the fiercest contenders, and the most trash-talking isn't the WoodPEC basketball court or McDonough Field; it's the Runway.





The Entitled Smirk: What to wear to camouflage through B-school

Emory College students have a knack for adapting to their surroundings, as long as the surroundings are solely confined to the buildings encircling the quad. Occasionally, a student will brave the walk through the unfamiliar terrain of Goizueta; while never actually entering the B-school, of course, the student still will trek to Highland or Schwartz. Experts Sara Griffon and Greg Parks share their advice on how to survive the walk through a mastery of the art of B-school camouflage. This strategy features a very distinct look: the Entitled Smirk™ (this look is trademarked because if they didn't do it, someone in the B-School would have).

Griffon made the journey to Highland last month, seeking to escape the standard Cox routine. The third year nursing student's uniform? An irritatingly smug grin. It was the kind of grin that declared her aunt already secured her a financial analyst job in New York for when she graduates in 2 years. She looked right at home. No one even noticed her Caribbean blue scrubs over her beaming complacency.

Griffon almost gave away her Nell Hodgson Woodruff identity when she said, "They say it takes more muscles to smile than to frown, but you earn more money when you smirk." Luckily, she blended in as soon as the word "money" exited

her mouth. She remained a mouse dressed in shedded snake skin.

Parks created a similar façade that masked his philosophy major background. Parks' smirk, coupled with a nice pair of dimples, matched the white outside of the buildings surrounding him.

"Sometimes I even go to kegs," Parks boasts with his smirk exhibiting obvious pride and infiltration.

Whether trying to find inspiration for your Intro to Sociology experiment or just needing a break from Atwood's pitiful attempt at a Highland Bakery, give the smirk a try. Maybe even you'll get a Goldman Sachs internship out of it.



**SPOGUE
FALL 2018**

Brought to you by:

**Ari “Gostyou cobbly wobbles?” Newhouse
James “Gotsme cobbly wobbles” Jordano
Morgan “ran out of cobbly wobbles” Levy
Sri “Big feet, Small socks” Ponnazhagan
Zoe “Wait I thought this was real vogue” Eisenstein
Raya “damn she’s good” Machaca
Jane “i hate everything sorry nvm that was rude” Song
Joanne “i need a pharmacist” Wu
Rob “Damn boi dat beard doe” La Terza
Juliana “teddy’s bear” Rodgers
Camila “i wear a helmet when i ride my bike“ Makhlouta
Aaron “Raise your hand for questions” “screw you ari” Mamaril
Max “just a bold lip” Adelman
Jake “Foxy Moxie” McClain
Haley “with a slight twang” Grissett
Erika “I’ve met Howie Mandel “ MacArthur
Christopher “1 of 5 cobbly wobbles“” Labaza
Sophia “a little weird but mostly nice I think?“ Jaye
Isha “6/100 rice purity; 10/10 in our hearts” Soni**

