By MUSKAAN VASANDANI
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

"Bro, NOW what will we do?"
I woke up to this text from a friend one morning back in July. Attached to the text was a link to the latest guidelines provided by U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) for students on an F-1 visa. I'm in India, which means that in the dead of night, while I was fast asleep and blissfully unaware, the U.S. government had put into question my whole career as a student.

It was shocking and, to use today's most common phrase, "unprecedented." My friends and I spent the next few days overwhelmed by anxiety and panic. We had absolutely no idea if we'd be allowed to return to campus in August. And if we were, how were we going to afford to come back home after in-person instruction ended in November? Could we be deported if another COVID-19 wave hit mid-semester? Our minds were teeming with every worst-case scenario.

What had kept me going throughout quarantine was, that, I'll be back in the familiar city of Rochester, getting a burrito bowl from the Pit and enjoying a meal with all of my friends like nothing had changed. Suddenly, all that had kept me going seemed to be in peril. The International Services Office (ISO) held town halls to explain the situation, several universities sued ICE, and social media campaigns began. I thought as quickly as it had started.

"Bro, we can go back!"

Attached to this text was an article reporting that ICE had rescinded the alarming guidelines. That burrito bowl meal seemed likely enough now.

But we weren't in the clear yet. As the weeks passed, I received campus reopening guidelines and more invitations to town halls that covered every little detail for returning to campus. It was intimidating, to say the least. It seemed like I was going to be able to get that burrito bowl, but I wasn't going to be able to enjoy it in the company of friends.

My resolve to go back to campus weakened.

None of the emails I received indicated anything about students travelling internationally having to quarantine.

"How are we supposed to make it there in a WEEK?"

Attached was the screenshot of an email from the ISO stating that, according to new CDC guidelines, international students had to quarantine. And in order to make it to Rochester for the free quarantine facility in time, I had to be there within a week.

I laughed. No way was I making it there in a week. And this is precisely when I started to gather my thoughts and think rationally. What was all this panic and anxiety about going back for? A meal with friends that seemed far too good to be true? Three months of Zoom classes from my dorm? Or was it the labs I love so much, but would have to wait until next semester for anyways?

The more I tried to convince myself that the college experience would be worth the risk of a 15-hour flight in these times, the more I was discouraged. The sad truth is that it simply isn't worth it.

Most of us alive today have never experienced a pandemic on this scale before. We have lost countless of our kind, and will continue to do so until a vaccine arrives. Everyone's mental and physical well-being has taken a serious beating. Its consequences are much bigger than my simple hope for a meal at the Pit, and so I've decided that the burrito bowl is going to have to wait. I am going to Zoom my way through the upcoming semester and try to learn as much as I can. It isn't going to be the same — not even close — but it won't be impossible, either.

Here's to hoping we all come out of this and are able to share a simple meal without the fear of a pandemic looming over us. Soon, we'll have the privilege of being late to class in person, rather than signing in late on Zoom. Soon we'll go back to grumbling about our Starbucks drink's 20-minute ETA. And when all of this can happen safely and without putting anyone at risk, I'll happily take that 15-hour flight and return for my burrito bowl.

Vasandani is a member of the Class of 2022.

The Racist Policies that Led to the July ‘64 Uprisings

By AN NGUYEN
PUBLISHER

In July 1964, three days of social unrest broke out in Rochester. While the events were characterized by the media as shocking and out of the ordinary, the attempt is met with opposition, “In Rochester, as in the case of other wards, the attempt is met with opposition,” said Rochester veterinarian Alice and James Young, written threats were outlawed by 1958 when they attempted to buy the house. An active member of the NAACP, Davis had learned to navigate racist restrictions, and was able to get a white friend to buy the house and transfer its ownership to him.

This was a familiar story for many Black Rochesterians, who also discovered the hard way that Rochester's version of the American Dream wasn't for them, regardless of their educational or economic status. Decades of testimonials and research have explored Rochester's long-standing history of racist housing policies and practices.

"The housing situation always has been an enigma to [Black people]." Reverend Charles Boddie said in a January 1946 Democrat & Chronicle article, adding that, “[i]n Rochester only two areas have been gracefully made available to [them]."

The Third and Seventh wards were home to 80 percent of Black Rochesterians in 1950, according to a 1958 NYS Commission Against Discrimination report.

The report detailed that 19.4% of houses in these two wards had no usable private bathrooms, 27.5% had no clean running water, and 12% had more than one person per bedroom.

Despite the poor conditions, “[i]f any attempt is made to move out of the [Third and Seventh wards], the attempt is met with opposition." Rochester reverend Arthur Whittaker said in the documentary "July '64."

Indeed, the 1958 report identifies Rochester as among the cities where a family of color moving into an otherwise white neighborhood would be met with resounding resistance. This often took the form of verbal insults, social ostracization, destruction of property, as in the case of Rochesterians Alice and James Young, written threats from the Ku Klux Klan.

Like Davis, the Youngs struggled to buy their own home, even though they could afford it, because the paperwork for their prospective home came with clauses prohibiting their purchase on the basis of race.

These racist legal contracts, often called restrictive covenants, explicitly banned people of a certain race or ethnicity from purchasing certain properties. Communities like these have been dismantled and employed by the real estate industry in the first half of the 20th century across the United States.

SEE UPRISING PAGE 4

An Illustrated redlined map of Rochester showing the racial segregation of the city’s neighborhoods.
As the world continues to wrestle with the new reality of COVID-19, UR's incoming first-year and transfer students are having a unique online orientation this year.

First-year Alyssa Koble bored her first day on campus down to two words: “confusing and exciting.” “The orientation this year is going well,” said sophomore Waleed Nadeem, one of the six orientation leaders. “We are doing it in the hybrid mode, with both virtual and in-person. It’s a new experience, and we are trying to reimagine the events.”

A mostly online model means that orientation leaders have to make more efforts to connect with the incoming students compared to previous years.

“I’m mentoring 250 students. I wrote emails and used social media to connect them, [making sure] I answered every question and concern they have,” Nadeem said. “We also planned the guidebook app, and held a weekly talk show.”

Nadeem described orientation both this year and in a normal summer as a seven-day opportunity for incoming students to make friends and adjust to their new home before the semester begins.

In an effort to provide COVID-friendly in-person activities, the Orientation Office will hold a series of events such as sunset yoga, gaming night, movie night, and a fitness challenge. Nadeem also mentioned that some of the University’s oldest traditions, such as the Candlelight Ceremony, will be held virtually — but “in a very special way.”

Meanwhile, the Office for Residential Life & Housing Services is planning for the first-year move-ins that will take place from Monday, Aug. 17 to Thursday, Aug. 20. To prepare, Resident Advisors (RA), First-Year Fellows, and D’Lions went through intensive training.

“The training is going well,” said junior and RA Nikola Marinos Raitsevits. “A lot of information and some aspects are still unknown due to the current situation.”

Due to COVID, the RAs and other members of ResLife staff are shouldering extra responsibility to keep the community safe.

“We should keep in mind the restriction of social [distancing] while creating a program,” said first-year RA Joseph Frye. “We are going to check on our residents [and] facilities [and] make sure everyone is doing well.”

Although Nadeem mentioned uncertainties surrounding time zone differences and possible technical issues, he highlighted that “the whole point is not orientation itself, but the people.”

Frye advised incoming students to try to stay engaged and to check CCC and the guidebook app for additional resources and events.

To students studying remotely, Nadeem has a message.

“This might be your advantage. You have more time doing what you like, make a better mindset! Don’t hesitate to reach out and ask for help. State it out explicitly and amplify your voice. We are here to help.”

Du is a member of the Class of 2023.
The internet is so ingrained in our daily lives that we often take it for granted. But when the pandemic forced most students off campus last semester, and our campus got converted to cyberspace, the internet allowed a now-worldwide community once again.

Internet culture became University culture. Of course, even before the pandemic, Facebook became the new classroom, but social media continued to evolve. Our pages have seen an explosion of social media. The more popular, long-standing groups are political, but students had to use some form of public transportation. "It was a key platform for UR students public discussion," the oldest UR pages have been around for over a decade. It's been so ingrained in our daily lives that we often take it for granted.

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Redlining in Rochester

By ASELEY YOON
NEWS EDITOR

Rochester’s Mayor Lovely Warren is being sued by Free the People Roc, an organization that describes themselves as a “movement focused on investing in Rochester’s community by defunding the police and abolishing the Prison Industrial Complex.”

Rochester’s chapter of the National Lawyer Guild (NLG), an organization that focuses on legal support for human rights violations, has also joined the lawsuit.

‘Acccording [the Police Chief La’Ron Singletary, the order was put in place to reduce gun violence.’

Both Free the People Roc and NLG Rochester are taking action against Mayor Warren’s emergency order, enacted on July 17 that limited public gatherings of five or more and private gatherings of 10 or more after 11 p.m. Breaching the curfew would lead to a misdemeanor charge.

The order must be renewed every five days, and is in effect at the time of this article. According to Warren, this order will be continuously extended and renewed until the violence stops.

Although the order itself only points to concerns related to the COVID-19 pandemic, according to Police Chief La’Ron Singletary, the order was put in place to reduce gun violence. From June 1 to July 16, 70 people were shot in Rochester – near a 46% increase from 2019 during the same time period. In the two weeks before the curfew started, twenty people had been either shot or stabbed.

Warren attributed this sharp spike in violence to “a combination of hopelessness from job loss, the confinement from the pandemic, and the weariness from the high heat,” adding that “many of these incidents were preceded by large parties.”

Soon after the emergency order was announced, Free the People Roc began protesting at Luther King Jr. Memorial Park, according to a City newspaper article. This demonstration began at 11 a.m. and ended around 2 a.m., when Rochester police officers began arresting the protestors for breaking the curfew.

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for breaking the curfew. Thirty protestors were arrested that night.

In the complaint filed on July 24, NLG Rochester and Free the People Roc organizer and plaintiff Carolyn Vacca stated that Mayor Warren’s emergency order violated people’s First and Fourteenth Amendments – specifically, the right to peacefully assemble and the Equal Protection Clause – especially in Black and brown neighborhoods.

Both plaintiffs also said there was no public health justification for Mayor Warren’s new curfew.

The complaint ends with Free the People Roc and NLG Rochester asking the city of Rochester and its police department to “refund from interfering in otherwise policing that was driving large-scale assemblies and protests in the City of Rochester,” to “cease enforcement of Mayor Warren’s Emergency Order,” and to “refrain from covering [the][protests] and release any names and badge numbers when engaging in law enforcement activities.”

At the time of publication, the trial date remains uncertain.

Yoon is a member of the class of 2023.

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ta School District, often discusses. Wiegand, also a board member for the City Roots Community

Restrictive covenants are something that Shane Wiegand, a teacher in the Rush Henrietta School District, often discusses. Wiegand, also a board member for the City Roots Community Development Corporation, knows that segregation in Rochester was a product of institutional white supremacy — a system built specifically to increase the dignity, power, and wealth of white people by taking those things from Black and Brown people.

The federal government propagated housing segregation through the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) and the Home Owners’ Loan Corporation (HOLC), organizations created during the New Deal policy era. The HOLC, created in 1933, was tasked with determining the creditworthiness of neighborhoods and grading them on a scale of “best” to “hazardous.”

If a neighborhood was found to have large minority communities, HOLC would lower its score, all but preventing investments from going into communities of color.

In 1939, HOLC appraisers assessed Rochester and designated large swaths of the predominant- ly Black Third and Seventh wards as “hazardous.” Their 1939 report noted that Black people were responsible for the neighborhoods’ poverty levels, saying that Black people “have come to [a] place of different affluence like suburbs, because they were predominantly white, excluding Black people from one of the best ways to accumulate and retain wealth.

Not only was the federal government instrument- al in creating a segregated, inequitable Rochester, but that September 1963, the Democrat & Chronicle reported that only 184 Chatham Gardens apartments had been built, a fraction of the housing necessary to accommodate the displaced families.

‘It was just inhuman for human beings to be’ in the homes Black people were’

The development also had an integration stan- dard requiring that the white-to-non-white resi- dent ratio remain equal, even though the over- whelming majority of displaced residents weren’t white.

In 1964, it was announced that the remaining acres would become home to a warehouse, a Pep- si-Cola bottling factory, and a UPS installation.

And with the housing disparities, health in- equities followed.

Minister Franklin Florence, a Rochester civil rights leader and former president of civil rights group F.I.G.H.T., said in “July ‘64” that it was “just inhuman for human beings to be” in the homes Black people were forced to inhabit, calling it a shame to a society that calls itself civilized.

Wiegand cited some stats on this health crisis in his July lecture: Anthony L. Jordan, the sec- ond Black doctor in Rochester, found that Black Rochesterians were dying at rates 50 percent higher than white Rochesterians, and the tuber- culosis death rate among Black people was two- and-a-half times that of white people. Both sta- tistics were “directly linked to housing and forced segregation,” Wiegand said.

This barrage of injustices compounded over decades, finally exploding into the Rochester up- risings of July 1964.

In the words of a NYS Commission Against Dis- crimination report from the late 1950s, “Roches- ter in 1963 is a city beset by a poison cooker whose relief valve has long been choked.”

Carolyn Vacca, the chair of St. John Fisher College’s history department, found a statistical correlation between the percentage of a given neighborhood’s population who were arrested in the uprisings and that neighborhood’s housing conditions. In other words, the people who lived in the worst housing were the most likely to be in the streets those July nights.

As Jetsamming, a Koyek scientist and president of the Rochester branch of the NAACP Walter Coo- per said, “The fact that the riots occurred with so few deaths is indicated that the rage was directed at the symbols of the power of the white establish- ment and the property in the run-down [neigh- borhood], which the participants inhabited.”

Despite these statistics, many white Rochesterians at the time, the so-called rioters of 1964 were anything but a surprise — rath- er, an inevitable consequence of bubbling social discord and inadequate access to a basic hu- man right: shelter.

Special thanks to Shane Wiegand, who provided context and many insights for this article.

Nguyen is a member of the class of 2023.

Aiken is a member of the class of 2022.

Yoon is a member of the class of 2021.
Haley Higgins is a member of the Class of 2022.

We All Want Normal

Of course, it’s easy to recount the rules and get into your friends’ dorms — nobody’s going to stand guard to make sure you live in that building. That’s not the point.

The University has set out certain guidelines to keep us safely operating through to Thanksgiving. Buses are at 50% capacity, while Starbucks asks that only five customers be inside the space at a time.

It would be naïvely unrealistic for anyone — University administration included — to assume that only five customers be inside the space at a time.

So why do we do this? The University pays people to run their NewsCenter, and everyone’s an informant on social media, so why bother adding our amateur-hour content to the information overload? You trust can still get you sick.

As a student, I have a responsibility to the University to encourage the difficult conversations. Our social circles could get increasingly more two cultures. The peer pressure could swing either way. Our social circles could get increasingly more two cultures. The peer pressure could swing either way.

Our loyal fanbase rewards us with a platform for campus-specific complaints on issues like the tunnel painting controversy. We want to encourage the difficult conversations.

And for three, we do this because we love it. Because the best way to make friends is to be locked in a room with someone for 12 hours every single week.

Because I can point to our website and say “I did that.” I can cut my article out of a print issue, and you trust can still get you sick.

That engagement when the barrier between you and students are going to follow these rules to the letter.

As we all arrive on campus these next few days, we have a unique opportunity to develop one of two cultures. The peer pressure could swing either way. Our social circles could get increasingly more two cultures. The peer pressure could swing either way.

People talk, but it’s not about your personal exhaustion. It’s about the fact that we have uncontrollable outbreaks, we will get shut down, and we will get sent home, and we might not come back.

Worst of all, in any one person’s selfish efforts to enjoy their college years by sharing joints, drinks, and the latest party location, we might hurt or kill people on this campus.

Some of your classmates could have preexisting conditions. Plenty of professors are in their 70s. Most faculty members are over 40. And staff members have their own social circles outside the UR bubble that they have to worry about infecting, too.

We all want a vaccine, but nobody knows when that’s coming. Wearing a mask and staying apart is what we have right now.

On the subject of masks, cover your nose. If you only put on one leg of your pants, how useful are they? Your nose sticking out and spraying viral particles all over the room completely defeats the purpose. The half-mask look is the worst fashion statement you could make. It says “I am only wearing this because I have to, and I don’t care if I’m endangering everyone around me.”

If we want to finish this semester out, and keep returning to normal, all of us have to properly don the minorly inconvenient PPE and take a semester off from partying. It’s not about you. It’s about collective action.

Almost a fifth of our campus isn’t actually coming back, due to travel restrictions, money issues, or health concerns, all of which are symptoms of the pandemic. The better we fulfill our public health obligations, the sooner our remote peers can come back.

Those of us moving to Rochester this week have a shot at restoring normalcy to our lives. Once again, we have the chance to develop a home away from home. Keep that home safe. Take social distancing seriously.
**Vaccine Trials and Tribulations: the Questions that Really Matter**

By Rachel Breining  
SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR

*By RACHEL BREINING*  
PAGE 6  
MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 2020

My childhood sleepaway summer camp tucked away in Rhode Island has a tradition. At the last singalong campfire, we write our performances and, the next day, the night would be an acoustic rendition of Neil Young’s “Sugar Mountain.” I began camp at 10 years old, having never heard the song before, and left camp for the last time at 14 years old, knowing all the words by heart.

I didn’t truly understand the significance of the last days of camp until I was there. At the last campfire, camp is a sandbox full of daydreams — my final campfire brought me back to reality. “Sugar Mountain” would never be formally announced. Youn, 11, knew when it was this about the gold.

Everything about my final moments at camp were like a fairy-tale, but the most memorable snapshots of the end were those minutes during “Sugar Mountain.”

I knew there was a possibility it was going to be my last summer camp. The song ushered the entitled sounds of fraying, stable vaccine after the first wave. I was growing up, and finally leaving Sugar Mountain.

“Ain’t it funny how you feel, when you’re finding out it’s real?”

This memory struck me one day this summer. I was biking alongside the Hudson River in New York City, passing by memories. For the previous three summers, I spent my weeks working, I spent my summer at 15 as a ropes course assistant, at 16 as an intern, and at 17 in an even better internship. I spent many days pursuing my dreams, but I wasn’t able to truly savor summer in the city until weekends or nights.

I had a job this summer, but this time I was able to see the city in a way I’d previously been too busy to do. New York is alive during any summer, but it moved everything outside this year.

People sprawled and picnicking along the water. Restaurants with open windows, patrons talking outside, this time wearing masks. The laughter, the chatter, and all that is an incen-

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-and between. I can’t think of any way else to describe it but magical.

“I spent summer days pursuing my dreams, but I wasn’t able to truly savor summer city.”

I biked by a new concrete monstrosity on 16th Street near the West Side Highway, where I used to travel for dollar box comics at St. Mark’s Comics. I couldn’t remove the smile that had smacked up on my face. This is a trip of nostalgia, and I was looking at a moving picture.

Summer is the time of year we realize how much we’ve grown. Others have chased after better or worse. We go from popcicles and poolsides to our first jobs and responsibilities. Lemonade makes a mojito, our nights become later. And here I was, leaving Sugar Mountain again. I was growing up.

When you leave camp, as a camper or counselor, it hurts. You might keep some sand in your shoes, but they’re booting you off the mountain, and it feels like you’re leaving it too soon.

College is another Sugar Mountain. This semester is going to be different. We’re all climbing to the peak for the first time, savor it. This is a bubble where you grow and adventure. While we can’t venture the way we used to, that doesn’t mean we can’t still try. It’s not summertime magic but college magic, a different kind of memory.

Don’t throw away this summer just yet and resign yourself to going back next year. It’s been too busy to do. New York is alive during any summer, and you’ll find yourself lost in a mem-

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-of when you were on the mountaintop. Let it be a good one; let it bring a smile to your face. We can enjoy our upcoming stay on Sugar Mountain, safely and with the hope of think- ing to we’re leaving too soon. But, for now, you’re still on Sugar Mountain. Don’t waste it.

“I was a moving picture.”

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.

**Vaccine Trials and Tribulations: the Questions that Really Matter**

By Breining Breining

In these confusing, unusual, insane, unprece-

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-dent times, we’re all looking forward to one thing: a vaccine that will eliminate the threat of COVID-19 and allow us to return to our daily lives.

Vaccines have somehow become a polarizing issue among Americans. The past few years have seen a rise of anti-vaxxers and “skeptics” that has laid the groundwork for the anxious and fearful. In a time where many people are feeling over a possible COVID-19 vaccine.

Beyond the fear-mongering of the conspiracy realm, there are valid concerns about the safety and efficacy of a vaccine. The upper average of flu vaccine efficacies is 60%, only 10% more than the lowest acceptable number for a coronavirus vaccine. America’s sweetheart, Dr. Anthony Fauci, is unconcerned with this standard as there is an incenti-

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-fie for producers to create the most effective vaccine independent of guidelines. So no sweat. Any protection is still protection that we don’t yet have.

How much will it cost? Pfizer has gone on re-

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-cord saying they aim to have each dose available for less than $10, making the two doses a total of around $40 for vaccination. Moderna, hoe-

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-ver, has been less clear, hinting at a commercial price because of their innovative research and smaller federal funding. Their prices are cur-

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-arly around $30 per dose ($60 per course), but there’s speculation it could cost anywhere from $90 to $725.

An important side note is that both companies have seen stock prices decline, so no, federal dollars aren’t freely available. ‘Beyond the fear-monger-

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-ing of the conspiracy realm, there are valid concerns about this golden ticket we seem to be racing toward.”

funding isn’t artificially inflating stock prices and bettering the business side of these compa-

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-e is not motivating anyone to treat the Fall 2020 semester as normals times. Maintain proper social distancing and limit larger gatherings to protect yourself and others.

Breining is a member of the Class of 2023.

Regular glass vials will shatter at this tempera-

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-ture, meaning specialty vials must be produced before major production can happen. Small clinics that serve rural and poor communities likely won’t have the facilities to keep vaccines stable for more than an hour or so. There will be logistical bumps and networking issues, meaning insane production numbers already in the billions will have to include extra billions of doses to account for.

Furthermore, the federal government has no specific plans for vaccine distribution. Operation Warp Speed predicts that vaccines will be of no cost to the people if purchased by the federal government. They’ll need to be held accountable when the moment arrives.

When did the HiN1 vaccine as a child, I had to wait for hours in a crowd outside of a public health center go minutes from my home. It’s impossible to maintain social distancing in a scenario like that. Imagine the many families who can’t sacrifice that time. We can’t allow the healthcare gap to be widened by the COVID-19 vaccine.

The biggest threat to the health and safety of the public right now is bureaucracy. Our attention should be focused on the inequities and logistical issues. Without boots on the ground working to engage non-urban areas in a national immunization program, the elimination of COVID-19 is far off the horizon.

It’s not impossible to tackle COVID-19. Modern medicine has come a long way since the last respiratory pandemic. As the public, we should be working diligently to stay educated and engaged. We have a few months left to figure out how every American’s basic right to life will be protected.

Breining is a member of the Class of 2023.

**Beyond the fear-mongering of the conspiracy realm, there are valid concerns about this golden ticket we seem to be racing toward.**
What It Takes to Survive University Quarantine

By Arianna Gundlach

UK posted a picture on Instagram of a student happily arriving to quarantine — with a smile — presumably beneath their mask, sanitizer, and soap in hand. Even though quarantine messed up people’s plans, giving first-years an especially jarring transition into college life, the university attempted to put a positive spin on it.

Having my summer in the middle of a pandemic wasn’t expected, of course, but it was tolerable. Then Virginia got added to New York’s quarantine list, and I just about lost it.

After I got over the initial shock of having to completely shift my plans, I was able to prepare for quarantine.

I was welcomed at Riverview with a “care package” of toilet paper, a shower curtain, garbage bags, a list of reminders, an activity calendar of sorts, and my first lookbook — only thin because I could ever want — except hand soap, which, you know, is just a little important.

First impressions are extremely important, and my quarantine room made the worst one yet. I’ll start with the few positives, because during workshops professors have always told me to cushion the blow. The room was a decent size with my own bathroom and furniture.

That’s it.

Staff had informed us if we didn’t use the shower curtain provided, the bathroom may suffer water damage that we’d have to pay for. When I stepped into my bathroom, I realized they could have substituted a shower curtain. My floor was bound to take on water damage anyway from the leaky toilet. I rolled my eyes at the puddle of water seeping from the toilet base.

I decided to inspect the rest of the bathroom to see what else I’d be dealing with. I found a significant amount of ant carcasses and spider webs under my cabinet. And although the spider who had left her victim’s remains under the cabinet was nowhere in sight, I did manage to find some of her friends in the corners of my ceiling and on my window sill with yet more lovely ant carcasses.

I went to bed that night looking forward to getting a good night’s sleep. That was practically impossible with the mattress springs digging into every part of my body. I have a bruise on my back to prove it.

But I wasn’t the only one suffering.

A couple days in, one of my suitmates slapped a note under everyone’s doors. She introduced herself and invited us all to start a group chat. In the group chat, I learned that everyone’s mattress was splattered, spider webs were everywhere, and everyone’s toilet was leaking on the inside because you could always hear them churning late into the night. A few days later, one of my suitmates’ AC’s started leaking into their closet. This incident was the only time maintenance seemed to care that one of us had called.

Maintenance looked at my toilet once and couldn’t tell if it was leaking or if condensation was appearing from the temperature change. From the looks of the many droplets and dampness around the toilet base, I didn’t think you’d have to question if it was leaking.

While I didn’t get anywhere with maintenance, I had hoped the service desk would be a little more helpful. The flyer they gave us clearly stated, “If you have any questions or need any basic supplies, contact your toilet supplier for soap, toilet paper, and water paste, or soap, the Service Desk is there to help.”

I learned who had a questionable sense of humor, who was extremely competitive, and who didn’t like to lose.

But I survived. I survived quarantine by co-existing with spiders, living with a leaky toilet, substituting hand soap, learning not to rely on UR volunteers and staff, and camaraderie with the other three people who understood what I was going through. If I hadn’t been in quarantine, I would have three fewer friends. Furthermore, quarantine would have been even worse, if you could imagine.

I spun it, since the Lebanese Civil War in 1975, the youth have not given up on it. If it had occurred in New York City or Paris, it would have three fewer friends. Furthermore, quarantine would have been even worse, if you could imagine.

If I hadn’t been in quarantine, I would have three fewer friends. Furthermore, quarantine would have been even worse, if you could imagine.

You’re probably thinking, “What stake do I have in any of this?” The answer is probably not much. You can scroll past an Instagram post asking for donations or explaining what happened and move on. But I know firsthand that the world had to shift away from the Levine-people to Levine-us.

It’s easy to romanticize what happened, or to brush it off as an unfortunate accident. But none of it was inevitable.

You’re probably thinking, “What stake do I have in any of this?” The answer is probably not much.

But in the middle of all the chaos, it was the people who showed up. After having just suffered a traumatic incident, they shared what little they had left. In a country that has three times more citizens living outside of it than inside of it, its youth have not given up on it. You can also donate to the Lebanese Red Cross here or via their app. They’re a 100% non-profit, volunteer-based NGO. They’re also Lebanon’s national emergency hotline, and are currently helping with disaster relief efforts.

You can also donate to the Lebanese food bank here, Rayvna Baytak’s housing relief, as well as many more emergency funds. They are not too little. Due to currency inflation, a single dollar helps much more than you think.

And lastly, keep talking about what happened. This isn’t your social media activism flavor of the week. Helping all those mentally and physically rebuilding or finding new homes will take time and effort. I know that Beirut has been destroyed and rebuilt seven times during its 5,000 year history. The land finds itself in a vicious circle of abuse, clinging to stories as old as it is. The land has seen it once was. But in the words of Lebanese legend Fairuz in her ode to the city, “Beirut has a glory made from ashes.”

Haddad is a member of the Class of 2023.
The paradoxical genius of ‘London Weekend’

BY JACOB HANLEY

“London Weekend” will absolutely tear your heart out and rip it to shreds in the sweetest, heartbreak-inducing possible.

The 1993 album by British singer-songwriter Harvey Williams is existential dread in a sugary coating with a cherry on top. Released by Williams under his stage name Another Sunny Day, it’s a genius and paradoxical combination of effervescent indie pop and uncomfortably bleak themes. Jangly guitars and buoyant melodies accompany Williams’ brutally honest lyricism, manufacturing an experience that will have the listener simultaneously dancing and questioning the meaning of their existence.

This album sounds like your girlfriend dumping you for another at the beginning of summer while you’re living in a 600-square-foot apartment with an upper-bathroom drone that you know how to cook roast beef, the rent for which you’re barely able to scrape together by working your minimum wage window-washing job. Eventually, it all single day is bright and sunny and you just bought a used 4-track recorder and a faux-leather bound journal instead of groceries with your welfare check. And it’s fine.

To be less specific, “London Weekend” feels like a diary that tells the story of a poor soul who has lost the love of his life to another man. All 14 songs are relatively cohesive, each one seeming like a different entry that presents a new puzzle piece to this messy and heartache-ridden journey that you’re begging to be ending.

The album opens with the explosive “Anonak City,” a two-minute headrush of zesty indie pop characterized by chugging distorted guitar chords driven by a punchy drum machine and lo-fi vocals that evoke feelings of carefree and summery living. Unlike the rest of “London Weekend,” though, this song lacks the distinct underlining sadness present in most, if not all, of the 13 other tracks. This track could be viewed as representing the phase of a relationship where things are still in full swing, and a lover is genuinely content with his circumstances.

The second track, “I’m In Love With A Girl Who Doesn’t Know I Exist.,” is where Williams’ world starts to burn. The entire song revolves around — you guessed it — Williams love for a girl who doesn’t know he exists. Taking it hyperbolically, it could suggest that Williams’ love interest has transformed him from herself to him to the point where he might as well not even exist in her world. On the flip side, if you interpret this more literally, it could suggest that Williams’ obsession with a past girlfriend and thinks of something she said, a memory, a conversation.

Williams finally appears to be attempting to move on from his past lover and get on with his life. This newfound optimism only compounds the harshness of the first ray of hope to poke out from the ashes of Williams’ life. Some of the unusually positive lyrics read:

“So let’s try
To start anew
I—I
So let’s forget her
Let’s start again from the very beginning
Let’s carry on till we get to an ending
Till we get to an ending

Williams takes an indirect and metaphorical lyric in the third to last track, “The Very Beginning,” which will be new and different in so many ways, and it’s awesome.

By Olivia Alger

Liv on the Edge

“I was crying because the way we fit together seemed suddenly so familiar, as if there was some old bond between us,” she said to her therapist about the feeling trapped within the cycle of life or any given hardship.

However, Williams teaches us that through this draining and sometimes even devasting monotony, hope can eventually be gained, even if we’re still extremely doubtful of how positive things may turn out. No matter the circumstance, there is always a grain of hope that we can grab onto, which can give us the strength to get through just another Sunny Day.

Hanley is a member of the Class of 2023.

Alger is a member of the Class of 2022.

Lately, I’ve been thinking about control. Who gets it, and why? What happens when we lose it? In this essay I will—

I’ve felt a little out of control recently. I imagine most other people our age are feeling that way, too, considering the idealizations we had for our college years are being dangled in front of us, like how old man in the insurance commercial dangles a dollar bill on a fishing pole just out of a woman’s reach.

Often when I feel out of control, I look for a scapegoat, something to blame. It’s the weather, I think when I’m sad. It’s my astrological sign, I think when I can’t explain my emotions. But does anyone ever happen for a reason?

Ultimately, I’ve been slowly losing hope for the future — of America, of our school year, of our health both as a student body and as a country. At year’s end, things seem to be getting worse, not better, and my recent musings on politics and the pandemic have rendered me feeling totally and completely helpless.

So, where do we lie in this greater cosmic web of disaster? I don’t know. I’m not currently sure of my place in the world. And other than staying alive and educated, I don’t know how to regain that feeling of control again.

But one thing I’m sure of is that I’m not alone in my helplessness. For those of you out there who feel the same as we start this school year, which will be new and different in so many ways, I can only suggest that you turn to the things that make you feel autonomous. Rewatch the movies you’ve seen so many times before. Listen to the artists and albums that changed your life. If you’ll be living with your roommates, turn to them for connection. If you’ll be living with your family, show them the art that makes you happy. And if you’re living with family you don’t like … I’m sorry. Turn to the people you do like, as poor as your internet connection over Zoom or FaceTime may be.

In times of trouble, I often turn to one of my favorite short stories. It’s called “Paper Lantern” by Stuart Dybek, and it’s about a group of scientists watching their laboratory burn down because of an accident with a Bunsen burner. They stand outside on the sidewalk as their years of research disappear in front of their eyes. One of the scientists, while watching, reflects on a relationship with a past girlfriend and thinks of something she’d said to him many years ago.

“I was crying because the way we fit together seemed suddenly so familiar, as if there was some old bond between us,” she said to her therapist about the feeling trapped within the cycle of life or any given hardship.

Wasn’t that the sort of human connection we look for throughout our whole life? Maybe, for a while, those sorts of relationships will be stunted. We can only turn to one thing, and we won’t be spending long, late nights together in the lounges of our dorms. We can’t be astounded by the fast friendships we make that feel totally and completely familiar. Instead, I think, we’ll have to turn to our favorite art pieces for that comfort. We’ll have to return to the books, movies, and music that shaped us and hope they help us get through our lives. Until next time, that’s all we have.
In light of the University’s new no-visitors policy, students must find more creative ways to get blackout drunk with strangers, complain about orgo lab, and drown out the sounds of the excessive sex.

My neighbor Jane and I have come up with a few creative (albeit convoluted) ways of sneaking each other into our dorms, and we are happy to share our methods.

1. The Lil Jon
This one is named as such because you will be catapulting your body from the window to the wall. First, make a rope with whatever you can find: shoelaces, twizzlers, the little strands of hair left in the dresser from whoever lived there last. Have your roommate make a harness with said rope and secure several knots.

‘You will be catapulting your body from the window to the wall.’

(For more information on harnesses and knot tying, we recommend contacting your local BDSM community. College Feminists can help.) Next, attach a basket large enough to fit a small human to the rope and jump into the basket, flinging your body from your window, through your neighbor’s window, and against their wall. Don’t worry about the physics of this. We promise it will work.

2. Embracing the SqURm
If you’re a first-year, significantly behind on your CT lore (how could you?), or someone who simply doesn’t keep up with current trends, you probably don’t know that the University’s TRUE mascot is actually a fuzzy, pink, human-sized worm-on-a-string named SqURm. Forget whatever the orientation team told you in orientation training. Once you’re covered head to toe in suction, head to the wall. First, make a rope with whatever you have collected a full outfit, your transformation is complete, and you will be virtually indistinguishable from your friend’s roommate. We encourage you to put your own spin on the roommate as well. Accessorize with jewelry, wallet chains, and layers, and if you think they could use a new hairstyle, try one out! Have fun with it! Their RA will never know (unless you get caught in a Spider-Man meme situation. If you’re interested in learning more, we suggest reaching out to UR Rock Climbing Club about starting special events on scaling brick buildings, asking the American Society of Mechanical Engineers for suction cup methodology, or talking to any member of CT about Embracing the SqURm.

3. The-Hole-In-The-Wall
Make a hole in the wall.

4. Stolen Identity
Spend some time studying your friend’s roommate. Have your friend slowly steal articles of clothing over the course of a few weeks or months. A sock one week, a shirt another, maybe some pants from the dryer. Once you have collected a full outfit, your transformation is complete, and you will be virtually indistinguishable from your friend’s roommate. We encourage you to put your own spin on the roommate as well. Accessorize with jewelry, wallet chains, and layers, and if you think they could use a new hairstyle, try one out! Have fun with it! Their RA will never know (unless you get caught in a Spider-Man meme situation. If this occurs simply spin around in a circle very fast with the roommate until the RA can’t tell who’s who). Their room is now yours; do with it as you please.

Wilkins is a member of the Class of 2022.

I recently left quarantine after spending two weeks in Riverview Building D, room 202. At least, I think it was two weeks. Time gets a little funny when you’re alone for that long… well, it does when you’re alone and high for that long.

The first day started with a five-hour drive. Like most people, I don’t believe in drinking and driving; unlike most people, when I say drinking I mean literally anything. If you drink, you have to pee, and stopping to pee is anxiety-inducing during the end of the world. It really does feel like the apocalypse these days. I’m impressed that the Mayans were only off by eight years on the world’s expiration date.

So after five pleasant hours I reached Riverview, and was told to go into Building D and not come out. Finding D was surprisingly difficult despite the broad daylight, though I’m not sure if that was because of poor signage or dizziness brought on by dehydration. Or maybe it was just because D is smaller than most of the other buildings.

That day and the next few were relatively boring. I woke up; I tried to go back to sleep. I failed because the beds in Riverview might as well be metal slats with plastic blue tarp over them. Then I got high, which was nice and time consuming and relaxing — until my mom called. I can always count on Rabbi Debra Faythe Pine to call me at the worst times. Thanks Debbie. I’m not mad, though, because she also made me bring pancake mix to quarantine, which created three whole activities. First you make dinner, then you eat it, then you get to clean it up. If you want to try it on hard mode, take a few shots first.

If this is beginning to feel like a rambling mess, that’s good, because quarantine feels more or less like one long run-on sentence that just keeps going and going and going until suddenly, before you realize it, you’re out of food. Which breaks up the monotony. Fortunately, the very kind food runners will startle you out of your daze with an ominous knock on the door, but no matter how fast you go to answer, you always just miss any chance of human contact, as they leave no traces besides someone else’s dinner. I guess that is the whole point — to not have any contact. Huh.

Another thing that happens in quarantine is you start to get a headache. Maybe it’s the boredom, or the obscene amount of screen time, or the dehydration. Don’t worry, this is different dehydration from earlier — I drank water. This one happens when you masturbate too many times in a row.

Regardless of the admittedly minor ways in which quarantine has taxed my body and major ways it has taxed my social skills and soul, I am incredibly glad to be leaving it.

I can’t wait to hang out in dorm rooms and go to parties… Wait. Shit.

Busch is a member of the Class of 2023.
Sports Teams at UR to Suspend Fall Competition

By JAMES GUNN
SPORTS EDITOR

For the time being, athletic competitions at the University have ceased to exist. In light of the COVID-19 pandemic, and the social distancing policies adopted by the University, this is hardly surprising.

On June 22 UR Athletics announced plans for a "phased approach in the resocialization to sport activity" through the fall semester. On Aug. 5, the message was more dramatic. Two major leagues for UR teams, the Liberty League and the University Athletic Association, had previously suspended play for fall 2020, and now so has the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) Division III. The NCAA website confirms that Division II is cancelled as well, and that decisions for Division I will be made by Aug. 21.

The Liberty League's cancellation, announced July 7, will affect UR football, field hockey, golf, and rowing teams, and overturns previous plans for gradual resumption of the League. Under that plan, universities would individually follow the NCAA's resocialization of sports policy, which requires two weeks of declining infection rates. After evaluating the course of the pandemic, as well as the development of government and NCAA policy, the League decided to end its fall competitions.

The NCAA tried to develop a schedule that fit within travel restrictions but came to the conclusion that such a season would not be feasible. At the time of writing, the cancellation only applies to competitions that have championships in the fall: soccer, volleyball, and cross country. The fate of sports that begin in fall but whose championships are later, such as basketball, has not been decided by the UAA.

Universities can still compete in sports currently suspended play, so long as they comply with state and NCAA policy, but UR Athletics has said they don't predict games to be available. As it stands, the travel radius alone significantly limits the number of possible opponents.

The Goergen Athletic Center will remain closed in compliance with New York state restrictions. Upon its undetermined opening, only full-time UR students may use the facilities, and only at 25% occupancy. Outdoor facilities and athletic spaces will be restricted to one team at a time, and indoor spaces will be restricted to half a team, per the University's Rochester Restart policy. It is unclear if this allowance extends to club or intramural sports, or how those teams will be affected by social distancing policies compared to their varsity counterparts.

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Gunn is a member of the Class of 2021.

Sports in a Pandemic: a Primer

By JAMES GUNN
SPORTS EDITOR

Coming back to campus, it may be hard to feel excited about social activities — or their absence. For the time being, students can no longer participate in organized sports or group athletic activities. Fortunately, over the past few months many major professional organizations have developed strategies to continue or start the playing season despite COVID-19.

Although live television may be hard for college students to come by, there are some options. Unknown to many students, some living areas at UR have cable televisions, and with this comes access to Fox Sports, ESPN, and broadcast networks for MLB, the NHL, the NFL, the NBA, and the Golf Channel. There are online options as well, such as ESPN+, Hulu, Sling, or AT&T Now.

Many leagues have their own subscription-based service, though these are often subject to blackouts as a result of broadcast rights distributions. There is illegal streaming, but that is, of course, illegal.

Most major sports have resumed or started play in various states of pandemic preparation. In the United States, the only major league with more than a handful of COVID-19 cases is Major League Baseball (MLB). The others have been very successful in preventing the spread of the virus.

Concern grew for the future of MLB's season when the Miami Marlins announced on July 28 that 17 players and at least two personnel had tested positive. Unlike the National Basketball Association (NBA) and the National Hockey League (NHL), MLB did not create a bubble. All teams are using their home stadiums with the exception of the Toronto Blue Jays, who are playing in Buffalo as the Canadian government rejected a plan for players to travel between the United States and Canada.

If your favourite American sports have been disrupted, consider out-sourcing to international leagues for fall 2020

The MLB season continues with trepidation: Just days after the Marlins returned on Aug. 4 following their suspension, the St. Louis Cardinals missed 19 games when 17 members of that organization tested positive and some team members had to visit the ER. It came to light that groups of players from both teams had violated safety protocols. Several other players from various organizations have also tested positive, and the league has thus far postponed 32 games.

The NHL, the playoffs for which started last week, created two isolation "bubbles" for the Western and Eastern Conferences, in the Canadian cities of Edmonton and Toronto, respectively. The most successful so far at preventing COVID-19 transmission, no NHL players have tested positive for the virus since entering the bubble.

The NBA has created their bubble in a sports complex at Walt Disney World in Orlando, FL. Early in the restarted season, two players contracted COVID-19 — Lou Williams of the Los Angeles Clippers made headlines when a friend revealed that Williams had stopped at a strip club for an order of lemon pepper wings. There have been no further cases in the league, and the playoffs are due to start on Aug. 17.

But not every sporting league in the world has required such extreme measures. Despite handfuls of positive COVID-19 tests across various teams, the Champions League, the primary competition for the Union of European Football Associations, has proceeded fairly regularly, albeit with players prevented from leaving their hotels and no fans in the stadium.

While social distancing has certainly narrowed the in-person experience available to fans it’s never too late to seek out something new!

If your favourite American sports have been disrupted, consider outsourcing to international leagues for fall 2020 — they may be more niche, but are prominent in their own right. Australian football, closer to rugby than its American or European counterparts, has resumed its season after postponing following just one round of matches in March. Korean and Japanese baseball have both resumed play. The two codes of rugby, Rugby Union and Rugby League, have active leagues in the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, and a number of other countries.

While social distancing has certainly narrowed the in-person experience available to sports fans, it’s never too late to seek out something new. Even though UR’s sports have ground to a halt, professional teams and leagues are innovating and trying to create a new culture of participation within the bounds of social distancing. It just might be worth keeping up.

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