

Campus Times

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Petition Calls for Two Days off as Students Struggle with Burnout

By Henry Litsky
PHOTO EDITOR

By Haven Worley
STAFF WRITER

On Tuesday, an SA Impact petition asking administration for a new fall break on November 3 and 4 garnered nearly 600 signatures within an hour of its release. The petition comes as students across the University are feeling burnt out from online classes and the pandemic continues to touch everyone's lives.

One of the petition authors, sophomore Syed Sa-beet Kazmi, told the Campus Times he was inspired to help write the petition after witnessing residents in his hall struggling with COVID-19 related burn out, and knowing many were experiencing pandemic-re-

lated hardships.

"I have a friend who lost both their grandparents very recently, I have a couple of friends with close friends in ICUs, I myself have a friend from back home who was in the ICU and recently moved to the ventilator," Kazmi said. "COVID means that people not only have complications within their own lives, but that they need more time than usual to recover from it, because in a number of these situations, it's life or death."

Students have been very receptive to the petition on campus. "It's something that makes sense, previously you would have [...] a fall break and certain federal holidays and that kinda evened things out," said junior Jose Cervantes. "But now the common sentiment



HENRY LITSKY / PHOTO EDITOR

Sophomores Emily Butler and Samuel Gauthier spend their Sunday evening studying for a genetics test in Gleason Library.

is that everything is just a rush."

"Students are feeling overwhelmed by the amount of assignments that continue to pile up, the impending election, and most importantly the pandemic," said

junior Isabelle Vacchetto.

"We need even the smallest of a mental break to process how chaotic life is."

Sophomore Kiley Pitt echoed this, saying, "I think that [the break] would be [...] positive, especially

since it's in the middle of a week. It will discourage people from leaving campus."

As opposed to creating a long weekend which may inadvertently encourage students to leave campus, the petition calls for a break on Election Day and the day immediately after.

"Personally, I'm from New Hampshire, so I wouldn't be driving back seven hours for a few days," said junior Trevor Van Allen. "I think they just need to trust the students. There is no reason why students who live an hour away couldn't go home on a weekend anyways."

With only four weeks left of in-person instruction on campus, many have turned their focus toward the upcoming spring semester.

SEE **BURNOUT** PAGE 5.



HELP STOP THE SPREAD OF COVID-19. TAKE THIS PAPER WITH YOU.



UR Alum Up for Re-Election in PA

By Hailie Higgins
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

On Nov. 3, the presidential candidates aren't the only ones on the ballot. In Pennsylvania, for example, Attorney General and UR alum Josh Shapiro '95 is also up for reelection.

A Democrat and the incumbent, Shapiro has been working in government since 1992, when he became the first first-year ever to be elected as the Students' Association (SA) president at UR.

"I did not set out in college to get involved in student government, or [...] to study political science," Shapiro said. "I was studying pre-med courses. And I actually played on the men's varsity basketball team."

But after deciding against pre-med and getting cut from the basketball team, Shapiro decided to try out student government, spending his first year as a senator. That spring, "when they were taking nominations for

president, I said 'you know what, I love this school, I care deeply about these issues [...] I'll give it a shot.'"

On campus, Shapiro was also a Resident Advisor for Susan B. Anthony, Hill Court, and Crosby. He recalled late-night pizza at the Pit and studying in the then-new Simon Business School.

'Shapiro recalled late-night pizza at the Pit and studying in the then-new Simon Business School.'

Shapiro first started considering politics during his sophomore year, when he was SA president and taking Political Science courses. At the end of his term, Shapiro left SA to spend part of his junior year interning in Washington, D.C.

"To see things up close and personal [is] really what inspired me to make a career in public service," Shapiro said.

SEE **SHAPIRO** PAGE 3.

Dr. Harvey Alter Talks Nobel Prize, time at UR

By Hailie Higgins
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

By An Nguyen
PUBLISHER

UR alum Harvey J. Alter '56 '60 M.D. recently won the 2020 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his contributions to the discovery and treatment of hepatitis C.

Alter, who attended UR from 1952 to 1956 as an undergrad before staying for his medical school and residency, reminisced on his college days in the '50s in an interview with the Campus Times.

After spending almost a decade in Rochester, Alter, who lived in Burton and Lovejoy as an undergrad, had the same off-campus ventures as students today: Highland Park, "greasy spoon" late-night restaurants, and concerts at Eastman.

Alter's biggest extracurricular activity was working for the CT, where he was managing editor, among other positions. Just as the campuses

combined, the men's and women's papers joined forces in the '50s, merging The Campus and Tower Times into the paper we know and love: the Campus Times.

When asked about his time working on the weekly paper, he said, "You always wonder whether you're going to make it on time. And you couldn't just change things at the last minute [...] what you said was what you said. It was kinda like having an extra exam every week.

You know, that I had to study for."

He witnessed historic changes to UR during his time. Until 1955, there were two campuses: a much smaller River Campus for men, and one on Prince Street, by today's Memorial Art Gallery, for women. Near the end of Alter's undergrad years, the two campuses merged, and women moved into the recently-built Susan B. Anthony Residence Hall.

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HAILIE HIGGINS / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Alter sitting for a zoom interview with Nguyen and Higgins.

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Nobel Prize Winner Reflects on Time at UR

“That was a transformative time — it was totally different once the women moved onto the same campus,” Alter said. “We became more polite, better dressed, and happier. It really, really made it a different school and a much better school.”

Although changes come and go, one thing has remained constant for UR students: freezing Rochester winters.

“It was bitter cold all of the time, and we had the tunnels — which helped,”

“It was bitter cold all of the time, and we had the tunnels — which helped,” Alter said, “but the walk from Burton dorm to classrooms was very chilly [...] When the weather was the best [...] we were sent home.”

Alter wasn’t done with winter after four years; he also attended medical school at Strong Memorial Hospital, helped in part by his attendance at UR as an undergrad.

A distinguished scientist emeritus at the National Institute of Health (NIH), Alter only had praises to sing for his two-time alma mater, which he called a “fantastic medical school” where “students were given a lot of responsibility.”

Alter stayed in Rochester after his medical school graduation as an intern, then a medical resident, both at Strong Hospital. He’d hoped to go into private practice after his residency, but the Cold War had other plans.

In 1961, Alter, then only partly done with his first-year residency, got a letter in the mail from the U.S. government.

“It started out, ‘Greetings.

Uncle Sam wants you’ kind of thing.” The letter instructed him to report to Fort Dix in New Jersey.

After he got the news, he made some “frantic” calls, and learned that he had a way out. If he could get commissioned as a researcher in the public health service at NIH, that position would take precedence over the draft. He had already put in his application to NIH, but he didn’t know the results yet.

Luckily, Alter got the commission in time and traveled to NIH in Maryland just two days before he had to report to New Jersey. As Alter put it, the draft letter transformed his life, and eventually led to his Nobel Prize-winning research.

“If I hadn’t gotten drafted, I might have still been in Rochester right now,” Alter explained, laughing. “[My life] might have been fine otherwise. But it definitely would have been different.”

Instead, he wound up as a researcher at NIH, where he got involved with the study that discovered a protein, later dubbed the Australia antigen, that coats the surface of the hepatitis B virus. This research paved the way for isolating hepatitis B and preventing post-transfusion transmissions of the virus.

“If I hadn’t gotten drafted, I might have still been in Rochester right now.”

After his promising start in medical research at NIH, he moved to Seattle to complete his second-year residency, before going to Georgetown University for a hematology fellowship, and then as a faculty member.

In 1970, NIH called him

back to pick up his work in hepatitis and blood transfusions. As Alter tells it, that led to the research that won him the Nobel Prize — the discovery of the hepatitis C virus.

“It wasn’t hepatitis A, which was infectious hepatitis, or B, which was called serum hepatitis,” Alter said. “So, in a brilliant deduction, we said if it’s not A and it’s not B, we’ll call it non-A non-B.”

“Over the next decade, despite never seeing the virus or having a test for it, they were able to interfere with its transmission”

That got the ball rolling for Alter and his team. Over the next decade, despite never seeing the virus or having a test for it, they were able to interfere with its transmission, to see what killed or didn’t kill it. They also found that patients with what was then called non-A, non-B hepatitis would sometimes go on to get liver fibrosis, liver cancer, and other serious health issues.

Alter and his team tested all their non-A, non-B cases, and found that every patient didn’t have antibodies for this new virus before the transfusion, and did have antibodies after the transfusion.

“So non-A non-B was the same as C,” Alter explained.

Their work led to a dramatic decrease in post-transfusion hepatitis, which had been 30% in 1970, when Alter came back to NIH, and was down to virtually zero in 1997.

“Post-transfusion hepatitis has disappeared,” he said. “What’s gratifying to me is, I think I saw the first patient that was called non-A non-B hepatitis. And now I’m

seeing all these patients being cured.”

The news that he and his colleagues had won a Nobel prize came as a shock. “About four years ago, somebody told me they were writing a letter on my behalf,” Alter said. “That year, I kind of watched to see if anything happened and it didn’t [...] So I just forgot about it.”

When Alter got the call about his Nobel Prize at 4:50 in the morning, he was dumbfounded. Thinking that it was spam callers, he “was ready to call them out for calling in the middle of the night,” Alter recalled. “But then he said, ‘This is so-and-so from Stockholm.’ And then I got stopped in my tracks.”

Alter joked that the glow wore off quickly. “The elation is kind of short-lived, but emails go on forever.”

He also attributes part of his success in research to the way NIH operated in the 20th century.

“We had much less oversight and much more freedom to just pursue things.”

“The granting mechanism wants you to already have [...] some pretty substantial results before they’ll even give you the money to continue your work,” Alter said. “Maybe 12 percent of people who apply for grants, get funded. And it drives a lot of young people out of science, including my son.”

When Alter started at NIH, he had set funding from his department. “We had much less oversight and much more freedom to just pursue things. And there has to be room for that, because you could think of a lot of the great discoveries, they really come from

a chance finding,” he said. “Hepatitis B was just a chance finding [...] We didn’t think we were going to find a new virus. We just thought we were going to find new ways to make the blood purer.”

“To students currently looking to get their foot in the door of a medical profession, Alter suggests first finding a passion, and then a mentor.”

To students currently looking to get their foot in the door of a medical profession, Alter suggests first finding a passion, and then a mentor.

“You have to work on something that excites you a little bit,” he said. “Find a field you like. Find a mentor who’s known in that field. Cut your teeth in that environment. Then branch out.”

Now 85 years old, Alter still reminisces about his college years. “I’d go back to school in a heartbeat [...] College was where you really grow up. I changed, I think, dramatically in my first year of college. The lessons I learned just kind of stayed with me. And if you want to trade places, I will do that,” he joked.

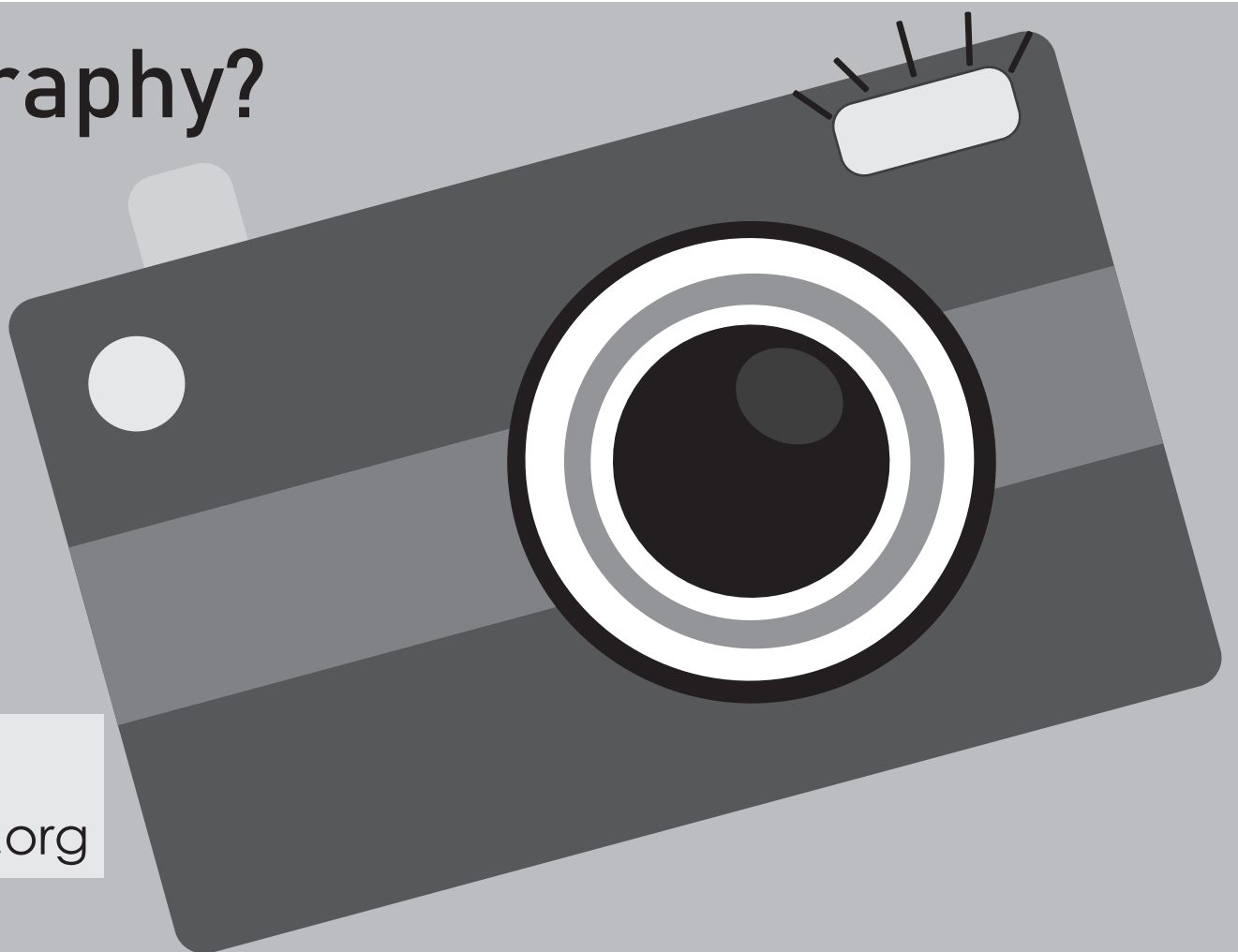
Alter also warned students against trying to be a “jack-of-all-trades,” and encouraged them to specialize. “Try to be the person that other people either want to come to you for advice, or want you to be their collaborator [...] It’s very hard to do anything just by yourself these days, you gotta really work with others if you want to delve into something really deeply.”

*Higgins is a member of the class of 2022.
Nguyen is a member of the class of 2022.*

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CAMPUS

Research at Rochester: Lenoe looks at everyday women from the feminist movement

By Hawraa Ahmed
COLUMNIST

Eleanor Lenoe entered UR determined not to study history. “I come from three generations of history professors, so I actually started in bio[logy].”

Four years later, Lenoe is graduating with a degree in History (and a second one in Japanese) after auditing HIST 189, a course titled “Wives, Witches, and Wenches” taught by Brianna Theobald. “I was so excited during the class that Prof[essor] Theobald took me aside [...] urged me to take the class [for credit]— she inspired me to eventually switch to history!” she wrote in an email to the Campus Times.

When Lenoe’s not rock climbing or putting hours in at the Writing and Speaking Center, Lenoe works at Rare Books in Rush Rhees Library, where she has access to endless historical archives. With an internship at the Smithsonian National Museum of American History lined up for the summer of 2020, Lenoe was excited to delve into history. “But when COVID[-19] hit, the Smithsonian closed indefinitely, and so I couldn’t remotely do research there or at UR, because I couldn’t access [archives] remotely.”

In the meantime, Lenoe embarked on her own personal project, studying the Second Wave Feminist Movement. “Ever since I was a kid, my grandma has had a really big group of very vibrant friends. I [wanted] to learn more about how different the world was for women in the ‘60s, ‘70s, and ‘80s. [...] I interviewed women to discover how the second wave feminist movement impacted their personal lives, development, and relationships,” Lenoe said.



COURTESY OF ELEANOR LENOE

It was also a good excuse to talk to her grandma, who she missed.

Folding chairs in and masks in hand, Lenoe embarked on her journey from Rochester, N.Y. to Andover, Mass. to interview her grandmother and grandmother’s friends. Through her research, she’d discovered a “gap” in the existing scholarship. Previously conducted oral history projects in the United States about the American Second Wave Feminist Movement focused predominantly on women who were at the forefront of the movement.

‘In the meantime, Lenoe embarked on her own personal project, studying the Second Wave’ Feminist Movement.

Therefore prominent feminists, like Shulamith Firestone Betty Friedan (the founder of New York Radical Feminists), were in the spotlight while “everyday women” were excluded.

This observation inspired her to create a publicly accessible online oral history archive with information on the Second Wave Feminism and the role of ordinary women.

“I think anybody should be able to access scholarly sources. That was my goal.”

Most importantly, there is no fee, a barrier that kept Lenoe from accessing several resources in her search. “I think anybody should be able to access scholarly sources,” Lenoe said. “That was my goal.”

For up to five hours a day, she interviewed six women between ages 60-89. She was pleased to interview Japanese American women as well. The women discussed how “tumultuous” American society was for women in the years between the ‘60s and late ‘80s.

At that time, the “cookie-cutter image” of what a

woman was supposed to be was upended and completely changed. Women found themselves able to discover themselves in ways previously unavailable to them due to societal roles and limitations, such as the requirement to have children. “This forced women who weren’t directly involved in the movement to go on a journey that may not have happened one or two decades earlier,”

Lenoe was fascinated. She discovered that women who had children during the 1970s peak of the movement had come to “regret their parenting,” since they believed they did not spend as much time “parenting or paying attention” to their children due to radical influences from the social movement.

According to their own diagnostics, Lenoe found that the oldest of the women was the “best parent,” since her children were older, too. The youngest of the six was also along the “best parents” due to her children being born after the peak of the movement. “Everyone in between expressed regrets about not being able to parent their daughters and sons well,” Lenoe said.

Her interactions with the women interviewed fostered new connections to feminist movement participants in other parts of the country, whom she plans on interviewing.

“Everyone in between expressed regrets about not being able to parent their daughters and sons well.”

When asked about obstacles that she faced, Lenoe named a challenge for many undergraduates:

confidence. “Sometimes I doubt myself or am concerned that I am not asking good, thought out questions. But I prepared for this by really researching my facts and making sure to prepare a lot of questions going into the interview to ease my nerves.”

Research in UR’s History department ranges from transcribing oral history projects to studying cases of piracy in the Carribean. For undergrads interested in pursuing research, Lenoe’s advice is simple: “Talk in class and build relationships in the History department. Contact [Pablo] Sierra, the director of undergraduate studies in the History department — he’ll direct you to professors that are in need of research help.”

“I love collecting the tea of history, then spilling it.”

Currently, Lenoe is in the process of developing her senior thesis, centered around the media coverage of Aum Shinrikyo’s March 20, 1995 attack on the Tokyo Subway System. She plans to launch her Second Wave Feminist Movement site in December.

After UR, she plans on applying to graduate programs that focus on Japanese American Women’s History and obtain her Ph.D. in the subject. She aims to research how Japanese women were involved in the Second Wave Feminist Movement, as well as how Japanese American women have experienced major historical American events, including internment camps along with World War II.

“I love collecting the tea of history, then spilling it.”

Ahmed is a member of the Class of 2022.

Lack of Breaks Leads to Student Burnout

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Sophomore Kayla Gunderson hoped that the University would learn from this semester and have some breaks scheduled for the spring. She said she’s hoping for “things like having a couple of Mondays off in the spring.”

Kazmi believes the administration will likely consider implementing some breaks in the spring. “Considering how this is an

issue brought up this semester,” he reasoned, “the administration will likely be more considerate of it come spring.”

“the administration will likely be more considerate of it come spring.”

Even if a two-day break is not possible, SA senator and senior Rafael Ramirez-Giron hopes to expand on the idea of having days off

for mental health as he works with administrators to build an improved proposal for spring. Ramirez-Giron added that he and other senators will meet with administration next week to discuss implementing “Mental Health Days.”

The petition has been signed over by 1570 students so far. SA Impact petitions only need 250 votes before being reviewed by SA and making their way

up to administration. In previous semesters, petitions helped pressure administration into creating a pass/fail option.

“I just keep thinking about that two month break, that’s what gets me through.”

But for students like Cervantes, it may be too late in the in-person

semester for a break to make much of a difference. In that case, all that’s left is to hope for a better spring semester. “I mean, there is nothing else for me to do, besides keep grinding it out and just pushing forward [...] I just keep thinking about that two month break, that’s what gets me through.”

Worley is a member of the Class of 2024.

Litsky is a member of the Class 2023.

UR Panel Discusses Meaning, Purpose of “Defund the Police”

By Sarah Chen
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The phrase “Defund the Police” was discussed in an event hosted by the UR School of Medicine & Dentistry students last Tuesday, led by Police Accountability Board Vice-Chair Dr. Celia McIntosh and UR associate professor of Anthropology Kristin Doughty.

During the event, the organizers discussed a couple of directions that Defunding the Police can take. Reform, whereby the public would restore legitimacy to the police force, focuses on repairing the damages of abusive policing practices enforced upon marginalized communities by retraining the police force to be less biased and holding officers accountable for abuses of power. Reformists believe that having police forces apologize for centuries of abuse and partner with community organizations would help them truly work toward a transformation and rebuild trust.

Many go further and advocate for defunding the police and refunding the community, reallocating the police budget to other community services.

Police abolitionists take the above idea further, and in addition to defunding the police, would like to see reduced and eventually eliminate contact between the public and police. Abolitionists seek to transform the pre-existing white supremacist rooted form of policing by disarming, disbanding, and disempowering the police system.



HENRY LITSKY/STAFF WRITER

RPD patrol cars at the intersection of Jefferson and Main ahead of demonstrators protesting police brutality on September 3rd.

McIntosh said that she supports the reallocation route.

“Defunding the police essentially means the police will be funded but will not be overfund[ed],” she said. “The city budget will be redistributed [...] [meaning] everyone [will get] a fair share in terms of the funding. [The phrase] ‘defunding the police’ makes it sounds like individuals want to terminate all funding [...], but really it’s saying that we need to give the community a fair chance.”

She went on to say that redistributing the funds could help support community resources and other professionals in the medical and educational fields. This support would include having

the community work together to provide support for those who need help instead of relying on police to act as mental health professionals and educational specialists.

“Even though we are talking about police brutality, health care providers also have a duty to do no harm,” McIntosh said. “Racism is a public health crisis and when providers have an underlying bias, they have the potential to do harm.”

Doughty said that the conversation of defunding the police should center around the terms of structural changes. Instead of forming discussions around who to blame, Doughty said that it is important to shift the discussion to “the pressing

social problems” and their resources in order to help the community.

According to Doughty, the three key pieces to help with that shift are “think[ing] historically and comparatively” and understanding what policing is, “shifting the mindset from solving problems through capture and control to support,” and “think[ing] systematically and at [a] structural level as a society, a city, as a campus” what the problems and the “best systems to be put in place” are.

The event then shifted focus to the issue of policing: how one should address it and why it needs to change. To understand this issue, Doughty said that one should understand the underlying

issue of redlining, a practice that involves identifying which areas are thriving and which areas are struggling.

She went on to say that neighborhoods with a high rate of minority residents were more likely to be redlined because people of different races were deemed less desirable than white people.

This issue is evident in police brutality, as officers tended to live outside the city in predominantly white areas, and enter redlined and marginalized communities, Doughty said.

“The region where the 1964 race uprising occurred in Rochester was historically redlined,” Doughty said. “Daniel Prude was killed on a street corner in an area that was redlined. The officers who were involved in these killings and in these events live in areas that were not redlined; they were outside in the suburbs.”

Because these practices have decades-old roots in the system, Doughty said that it’s “hard to fix a system [...] rooted in that logic.” In order to combat this, McIntosh brought up several suggestions, including developing a local 24/7 response team, having responsive mental health providers, mandating diversity training, and bringing in the “appropriate, diverse people and [having] these conversations.”

By doing these things, “essentially anyone can help the community be more sustainable,” McIntosh said.

Chen is a member of the Class of 2023.

SADACA Talks Mass Killings of Armenians in Artsakh

By Jacob Hanley
STAFF WRITER

Families slaughtered by countless strikes of illegal cluster bombs. Cities reduced to rubble. Soldier beheadings filmed. For the past few weeks, this has been the reality of the people of Artsakh.

Last Friday, the Student Association for the Development of Arab Cultural Awareness (SADACA) hosted an event for organizers and attendees alike to discuss events currently happening in Artsakh and how people could get involved in helping Armenians and the people of Artsakh.

Artsakh is technically part of Azerbaijan, but its population is majority Armenian, and Armenians have control of the region.

For the past few weeks, the nation of Azerbaijan has been relentlessly shelling areas of Artsakh (also known as Nagorno-Karabakh) and its majority Armenian

population. In turn, virtually all of the region’s inhabitants have either fled the region or hid underground.

The Azerbaijan government has recently been bombing parts of Artsakh, which they claim is only in response to Armenian strikes. However, many international analysts speculate that Azerbaijan actually fired the first shot, which could be seen as an attempt to gain control of Artsakh and wipe out the Armenians within it. Ghastly carnage, military and civilian deaths, and mass destruction have been the products of this aggression.

Ghastly carnage, military and civilian deaths, and mass destruction have been the products of this aggression.

The event started off talking about Azerbaijani aggression against Armenians

and the people of Artsakh: bombing parts of Artsakh, filming soldier beheadings, and countless strikes of illegal cluster bombs.

“The people fighting on our side are soldiers our age, sometimes even younger,” junior Astghik Baghinyan said. “My cousin died a few weeks ago, and also two of my classmates are in the hospital injured [...] It’s also very hard for us being so [far] away from home and constantly checking social media to see if our friends and family are okay [...] It’s really hard knowing that [...] we are now here safe, but people younger than us are fighting a war they don’t want to fight. They want to fight to protect their country but they would rather go to university.”

In addition to lives lost, the region’s cities, along with their history, infrastructure, and culture, are being leveled as well.

Junior Victoria Ter-Ovanesyan, who has been

to Stepanakert (a city in Artsakh), told the panel, “The hotel where I lived no longer is there. The places where we celebrated a wedding is no longer there.”

“You have to keep talking about this, because if you don’t, eyes go off of it.”

Activist and panelist Anna Mehrabyan also expressed concern that the issue could be made worse by lack of awareness, saying that news sources and the general public need to continue talking about the bloodshed occurring in Artsakh in order to find ways to prevent it.

“You have to keep talking about this,” Mehrabyan stated in regard to the media. “Because if you don’t, eyes go off of it, and that’s when all hell breaks loose.”

Panelists also expressed frustration about how UR responded to the issue. “I question if I made the right

decision to be here,” senior Anush Mehrabyan said.

According to a few of the speakers, the University refused to put out a statement regarding the conflict as a whole and what they called the vandalization of pro-Armenian chalk on campus. Students were told by the administration that if the University were to put out a statement on every current issue, there would be 100 statements every day.

“And it’s like, why not?” junior Irina Ter-Ovanesyan, a panelist, asked. If the school can send usual updates on the University, she said, “Why not add an international email?”

Senior Anush Mehrabyan added, “In [a] couple of years, we’re going to come back and we would like to donate to this university. And there is no reason for us to do that if we do not feel supported today in such hard times.”

Hanley is a member of the Class of 2023.

COMMUNITY

SHAPIRO FROM PAGE 1

Attorney General

Shapiro has held a variety of positions on and off Capitol Hill in public office. In 2016, he was elected as the Attorney General, where he describes himself as “the chief law enforcement officer of Pennsylvania.”

“I make sure that the rule of law applies fairly across the board, no matter what you look like, where you come from, who you love, or who you pray to,” Shapiro said.

As Shapiro sees it, the rule of law isn’t always fairly applied. “I do support the Black Lives Matter movement, [...] and I believe we all have to acknowledge the systemic racism that exists in our country today,” he said. “Not just in our criminal justice system, but also in our system of education, commerce, and healthcare, and I think we have to have an ongoing and honest dialogue about that, change our laws to be more fair and just.”

To students looking to get involved in government, and students in general, Shapiro gave advised following their passion.

“[Don’t] be obsessive about ‘if I take this class and do that internship and get such-and-such a grade [then] all of the sudden, I’m gonna get job X, Y, or Z — it doesn’t work that way,” he said.

When asked if he had that mindset as a student, Shapiro paused.

“That’s a really fair question [...] I don’t know [if] I had that mindset in college, but I did develop it when I got into politics,” he said. “Every step of the way I really did follow my gut, follow my passion, and I made some unconventional career choices.”

“Follow your passion, whatever it is,” he said. “If you follow what’s burning inside you, you’ll be successful.”

Higgins is a member of the Class of 2022.

Women’s March Organizer Urges UR Students to Vote

By Haven Worley
STAFF WRITER

Last Saturday, another nationwide march was organized in local communities across the country — but this time, this march was to honor former Associate Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and to support women’s voting rights.

In Rochester alone, over 100 attendees gathered in Susan B. Anthony Square to participate in their own local Women’s March led by activist Ashley Teague.

At the beginning of the march, State Assembly Candidate Jen Lunsford spoke to the crowd, saying that because of Trump’s nomination for Judge Amy Coney Barrett to succeed Ginsberg, voting has become critical not only for women, but for all minorities.

In an interview with the Campus Times, Teague discussed how Trump’s poor handling of the pandemic pushed her to organize and lead the march. “It’s [by] the people, for the people,” so we are the ones that have to go out there and [have] our voices heard to get something done,” Teague said.

For Teague and attendees of the march, the feminist movement is not only about fighting for women’s rights, but fighting for rights for all groups, in-



HAVEN WORLEY/STAFF WRITER

cluding Black Lives Matter and LGBTQ+.

“I think equality for us — for women — is basically just equality for everyone,” UR junior Victoria Ter-Ovanesyan said. “I think at the end of the day, that’s what America stands for. I hope that’s what it stands for.”

UR junior Ivana Pacar said that protesting represents what America should become. “Seeing how many flags are here — like [the flags of] LGBTQ+ and Black Lives Matter — just proves to you that it’s really intersectional and

everyone who’s here is fighting for all the other groups as well,” Pacar said.

RIT junior and attendee Kim Ngo agreed that there is power to physical protests, attributing her realization to the BLM protests in Minneapolis, Minn. in response to George Floyd’s murder.

“Being in an atmosphere where people were open-minded and looking to create change was very inspiring and motivating,” Ngo said. “I felt like I learned another side to something that I hadn’t known before.”

People of all age groups either walked or drove from Susan B. Anthony Square to City Hall, where everyone gathered to listen to guest speakers.

Christine Brucker, an educator for 35 years, recognized the younger generation’s interest in protesting.

“I have always believed in what the future brings for us, and being [...] physically here is a big difference,” Brucker said. She also acknowledged the fear that drives people to participate. “I think everyone’s shitting bricks if [Trump] is elected — our democracy is in a downward spiral big-time, worse than it’s been in four

years. So yeah, [I’m] just very scared right now.”

Ter-Ovanesyan’s reasoning for marching was that it affects her every day. “I don’t want to be paying for my pads like they’re luxury goods,” she said. “I need them — it’s not my fault that I bleed.”

Teague believes that because so many young people like Ter-Ovanesyan participate in marches similar to Saturday’s, femininity will soon be redefined to make real change. “We need to be inclusive of non-binary and trans people because saying ‘feminism’ leaves people out, and the louder younger generation will really do something [to change that],” said Teague.

When asked about advice for UR’s student activists, Teague said that there is strength in being the first to lead something. “Anything is possible. I know that’s cliché, but [...] anything you truly put your mind to, you can do. It takes time, but it happens,” she said.

Teague had one last message for the UR student body: “Vote!”

Worley is a member of the Class of 2024.



HAVEN WORLEY/STAFF WRITER

Supernatural suspicion in the stacks of Rundel library

By Melanie Earle
SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR

Rush Rhees isn’t the only haunted library in town.

The Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County, the Rundel Library, is believed to be haunted, with alleged paranormal occurrences occurring in its halls. The Rundel Library’s stacks are where most of the activity takes place according to an article in the Democrat and Chronicle.

Shadowy figures lurk in the stacks, doors open and close by themselves, voices can be heard echoing through its halls, books are tossed, and motion alarms go off with no one (apparently) in the building. The supernat-

ural activity supposedly comes from two deaths that happened on the library’s property, one of them under suspicious circumstances.

In 1902, over a century ago, 26-year-old Laura Young’s body was found in the waterway underneath the library. Young was believed to have drowned, but the question of whether it was an accident or intentional death remains.

According to the Rochester Subway, Laura Young’s death was ruled a suicide by the coroner, despite claims from her family and friends that suicide was unlikely. The second death was the passing of longtime librarian Frank due to a heart attack.

The library itself was not constructed until 1934, over 30 years after the death of Laura Young. The library was built on top of the waterways where Laura Young’s body was found, the closest area being the library’s stacks, which are

‘In 1902, over a century ago, 26-year-old Laura Young’s body was found in the waterway underneath the library.’

closed to the public. The Rundel Library was renovated in the 1990s.

The activity was noticed in the 1990s but was not revealed by the Rochester Public Library

until the late 2000s. An investigation was first conducted by the popular series “Ghost Hunters” in an episode called “Due Date with Death.”

Some of the activity was debunked by the “Ghost Hunters” show, such as the self-opening doors, but was not satisfactory according to a since-deleted 13WHAM report, where some quotes can be found on a Ghost Hunter fan website.

“Ghost Hunters” did find evidence of paranormal activity, supporting claims of a shadowy figure that peeks out of the stacks, with a video capturing a possible shadow.

The Rundel Public Library has since been investigated by Monroe County Paranormal In-

vestigations and researched by the Rochester Public Library’s very own Anita Wahl. The library stands with two other suspected places of haunting in Rochester, the old Rochester Psychiatric Center and UR’s very own Rush Rhees.

Could the Rundel Library truly be haunted? Video evidence and a variety of accounts about paranormal experiences point towards the supernatural taking place in Rundel’s doors. Rundel Library seems to be another haunted Rochester attraction, so if you hear an otherworldly sound in its rows of shelves, you might want to “book” it out of there.

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.

CULTURE

PASApella Still Singing in the Face of COVID-19

By Will Leve
CULTURE EDITOR

When COVID-19 hit in March, I had no clue how certain music student groups would adjust to moving online. How would performers practice rhythm sensitive pieces of music with Zoom delays? How would they craft art that’s predicated on in-person collaboration when they’re not even allowed in the same room as each other?

This past Thursday I spoke with sophomore Paterne Iradukunda, one of the co-captains of PASApella. PASApella is the University’s Pan-African Student Association’s a cappella group, a subsidiary organization of the Pan-African Student Association.

‘How would they craft art that’s predicated on in-person collaboration?’

Early in our conversation I asked Iradukunda what a normal day for PASApella was like pre-COVID-19. He recalled how the group would gather in Wilson Commons around 6:00 p.m. every Saturday. Before starting actual practice, they’d simply eat snacks and catch up with each other. Under normal circumstances this answer wouldn’t have been worth commenting on, but considering how much life has changed since then, hearing about



COURTESY OF THE PASAPELLA INSTAGRAM

PASApella’s old practice routine was a sweet reminder of what normal life used to be like. Iradukunda recounted that after about 10 to 15 minutes of socializing, PASApella would begin practice.

Right before COVID-19 sent students home, PASApella was preparing for their largest performance of the year at Africanza, an annually held celebration of African culture by the Pan-African Students Association.

“When the final decision came that no events would be held, that was a big blow.”

In fact, they were deep within the process of refining multiple songs for this performance when the school suddenly cancelled all in-person events and moved classes online. “When

the final decision came that no events would be held, that was a big blow. All this hard work, just gone like that.”

Though the transition was difficult, Iradukunda said, “At some point, we just accepted it.” With this philosophy in mind, Iradukunda and the rest of PASApella kept in touch with each other through the spring semester through Whatsapp, all the while preparing for how they would practice in the fall while social distancing.

Since being elected as co-captain in summer, Iradukunda has been leading PASApella practices in a totally different way this fall semester. PASApella will be performing in-person events which follow social distancing guidelines. Their next performance is in a few weeks, at the Pan-African Student Union’s Fall Showcase.

But because casual in-person

practices are a violation of social distancing and using Zoom is nearly impossible due to lag, Iradukunda and his co-captain assign specific vocal roles to members of PASApella to record on their own.

“At some point, we just accepted it.”

Once all of these recordings are collected, members of PASApella compile them together into one cohesive whole, which Iradukunda calls an “assembly.” The function of the assembly is to let the group hear what their performances would sound like in a live setting and to make adjustments without breaking social distancing rules. Though this process has its own difficulties, such as standardizing the tempo of individual recordings and simply keeping track of all of

them, Iradukunda alleges that the process has actually become quite productive, and the group has been able to put together coherent performances.

While the group has successfully practiced in this fashion, a lot of what made the process enjoyable and fulfilling has been lost. “One of the primary objectives of the group is to improve on your singing skills,” Iradukunda said. “Since you meet people and practice together, you learn skills from others. So since that part is removed, the growth in singing and performing is hurt.”

‘A lot of what made the process enjoyable and fulfilling has been lost.’

Iradukunda also mentioned that some longtime members aren’t able to participate when they are at home overseas since remote practice combined with the time zone difference would be far too great a burden on them.

Even considering these setbacks, what Iradukunda and PASApella have accomplished this semester is impressive. The creativity and effort the group has shown this fall in pursuit of their passion for a cappella is nothing short of admirable, and I hope they inspire any readers who are afraid of pursuing their art in the face of COVID-19’s adversity.

Leve is a member of the Class of 2022.

Would Becoming a Vampire be Worth it?

By Jacob Hanley
STAFF WRITER

I know, this is the question we all ask ourselves every day. Someone had to address the elephant in the room.

I personally think that becoming a 500-year-old walking corpse that shrivels and dies if it goes into the sun in order to become a bat might be kind of cool. But I could be wrong — there’s a great deal of lore to sift through to make an educated decision.

‘I know, this is the question we all ask ourselves every day.’

If you omit the whole “evil lord of darkness that needs to consistently prey on innocent victims and turn them into undead beings of the night in order to survive” thing, then maybe.

In all seriousness, though, to answer this question, we must turn to Bram Stoker’s “Dracula” for answers. Vampiric powers and weaknesses vary from tale to tale,

so I decided it was only right to base our analysis on the most classic vampire story.

First off, one of the best powers you’d gain would be the ability to shapeshift—whether that be into a bat, a wolf, a dog, mist, or the person you were before you agreed to listen to your friend’s “sales pitch” for what definitely isn’t a pyramid scheme (I’m looking at you, Eric). And of course, in true Dracula fashion, you would be virtually immortal — bullet wounds, knife stabs, and falls from skyscrapers would have absolutely no effect on you.

But at the same time, you can’t get within a five foot radius of garlic without dying. You might accidentally eat a piece of bread and subsequently suck the entire life force out of your body and end your 500-year reign of terror.

‘In true Dracula fashion, you would be virtually immortal.’

Still, Dracula’s powers would allow you to



JANE PRITCHARD/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

manipulate the weather — no more gloomy grey afternoons or walking to class in the snow! Except, you probably want cloudy days, as you’d be instantly vaporized if you step foot in the daylight. A tough call indeed.

That aside, with Dracula’s powers, you would be able to climb walls and ceilings like an insect.

Might be a pretty cool party trick until the entire house evacuates and you hear sirens,

later waking up in a white soundproof room strapped to a board where your only visitor is a figure in full body armor that feeds you canned tuna twice a day. But hey, you’d be able to break out of that room with your superhuman strength!

Unfortunately, living in Rivervue is off the table if you’re Dracula’s vampire, as you’ll have some trouble crossing running water. So, unless you want to cope with

potentially having what little is left of your animating force absolutely obliterated and your head exploding every time you try cross the bridge to get to your 9:40 a.m. class (although maybe it already

‘You probably want cloudy days, as you’d be instantly vaporized if you step foot in the daylight’

feels like that), being a vampire might not be for you.

Just like Dracula, you’d also have to sleep in the soil of your native land in order to survive. I don’t even have a joke for this one. You literally just have to sleep in dirt. Well, like a lot of things, maybe being a vampire sounds a lot more fun than it actually would be in real life. But a man can dream.

At the end of the day, though, just be who you are! That’s a lot cooler. So don’t become a vampire. Or do. It’s up to you.

Hanley is a member of the class of 2023.

Live on the Edge: A Ghost Story



By Olivia Alger
CULTURE EDITOR

Yesterday, I watched the first episode of “Haunting of Hill House,” which proved to be too scary for me to finish. Still, falling asleep last night, the show had me thinking about the supernatural. One of the most common tropes in horror fiction is the idea that the ghost — or the alien, or the demon, or the spirit — always exposes itself to the youngest member of the family. In movies, the smallest child is always the first one to tell the rest of the family that they’re seeing dead people; and in elementary school, I remember reading a library book that said ghosts will always present themselves to the youngest energy in a house because they’re the most vulnerable — and the least skeptical. The book also said to place your shoes facing opposite directions at night to confuse evil spirits. This is a habit I still follow to this day.

I’m an extremely superstitious person. I always wonder if there’s something out there I just can’t see, something barely out of my reach, another world that we’re not meant to understand. I’ve never seen a ghost, like Steven in “Haunting of Hill House,” but, unlike Steven, I’ve never been skeptical of their existence. Today, in the good spirit of Halloween, I thought I’d tell a ghost story that holds a close connection in my heart.

‘I always wonder if there’s something out here I just can’t see.’

In elementary school, my family moved around quite often. We were living in a small house when a larger, older one became available down the street. It belonged to one of my mother’s friends — for the sake of this story, I’ll call her Mia — whose mother had been living there alone until her recent death. At the end of the summer, we packed up our things in cardboard boxes and hauled them down the block.

It was a huge, old, drafty brick house with dark shutters and warped windows that nobody else in the neighborhood wanted. Inside, everything was made of dark wood — the trim, the sloping staircase, the hardwood floors. Despite the fact that there were plenty of windows, I never felt like there was enough light. It was always dark, even on the hottest afternoons. As fall and then winter approached, it only got darker and darker.

My younger brother and I had shared a bedroom in previous houses, but this time we had two separate rooms, facing each

other across a long hallway. His was connected to a bathroom that looked like it belonged to an old lady. The walls were pink subway tile and there was a dusty pink bathtub and a pale pink sink basin. We never used that bathroom, and the door was always kept closed.

One night, after we had been living there for several months, my younger brother woke me up. “Get up, get up,” he was saying. “There was a lady in my bedroom.”

In the morning, he told all of us that he had been sleeping when he woke up in the middle of the night. Slowly, the door to the pink bathroom creaked open, and a shimmering vision of an old woman glided into the room. She stared at him, floating at the end of his bed. My brother squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them, she was gone.

“Get up, get up.” he was saying. “There was a lady in my bedroom.”

Did this actually happen? I think so, but I’ll let you decide on your own. In the weeks that followed, my brother and I switched bedrooms because he was afraid the woman would haunt him again. I never saw her, but I remember always feeling unsettled before I fell asleep. I kept my eyes open until the very moment I couldn’t keep them open any longer.

Weeks passed, and Mia came by to check on us and see how we were settling into the house. They had coffee downstairs while my brother and I played cards, listening. They talked about motherly things — the weather, the house, their children — when my mother asked about Mia’s mother. “How did she die?” she said.

“Of a heart attack,” Mia said. “In the pink bathtub last year.”

Now, I’m not adding this detail to seal the deal. It’s just the truth. Until recently, I’ve been scared of everything — the dark hallway in my house off campus, the ceiling above my bed at night, looking in the bathroom mirror when the lights are off. I’m always scared there will be something above me, or behind me, or in some spiritual realm that operates around my physical existence.

What happens after we die? Where do we go? These are the questions that haunt me. But, lately, I’ve been trying to get over them, because I don’t necessarily want to be afraid of those things. If ghosts do exist, maybe I’m only scared of them because I don’t understand. Before it was a TV show, “The Haunting of Hill House” was a 1959 horror novel. In it, author Shirley Jackson writes, “To learn what we fear is to learn who we are. Horror defines our boundaries and illuminates our souls.” This month, I hold this to be true.

Alger is a member of the Class of 2022.

CT EATS

CT Eats: Day of the Dead Delights at La Cas



By Olivia Banc
COLUMNIST

This week, we’re taking a short break from our regular scheduled content to honor the greatest holiday ever: Halloween. I just couldn’t let Spooky Season pass by without a seasonally themed column.

This year, I decided to explore another day of sweets and skeletons: Día de los Muertos, or “Day of the Dead.” On Día de los Muertos, families honor their deceased loved ones by creating an ofrenda, or “offering,” of pictures and treats that welcomes their loved ones back to visit the world of the living once a year. The Day of the Dead is filled with tons of festivities and yummy treats like sugar skulls and pan de muerto. On the ofrendas, families may leave their deceased loved ones’ favorite foods, so I decided to explore Mexican food in general to figure out what my personal favorites might be — you know, just in case I die suddenly and you’d like to welcome me home on a future Día de los Muertos.

La Casa is one of my favorite Mexican restaurants here in Rochester, so I thought that would be a great place to seek out some culinary inspiration. To start, we had the chips and salsa that they bring to every table, plus some guacamole, which we just couldn’t resist. The chips had a perfect crispy texture and came out nice and hot, which is a big plus, but the dips were the real stunners here. The salsa was packed with flavor. It was refreshing and cool with a great medium

level of spice. The guacamole was a great balance between creamy and chunky, with a smooth texture, acidic taste, and bites of sweet avocado and tomato throughout. Overall, I felt that everything could have been a little saltier, but they were still definitely a fantastic start to a fantastic meal.

For the first entree, I tried out the chicken enchiladas. I actually ordered these by accident in a huge brain fart moment, randomly thinking they were something else for no identifiable reason. But when they came out, it turned into a fantastic surprise. These enchiladas were absolutely delicious. The pulled chicken inside was tender and flavorful with just a hint of spice. It’s honestly difficult to slather something with as much sauce and cheese as La Casa did and have it look beautiful, but they managed. The salsa roja was slightly spicy and perfectly balanced the cool, tangy crema. The copious cheese lended itself to some pretty aesthetic cheese pulls. I’d definitely say that my first encounter with enchiladas was a whopping success.

Another overall winner were the sopas, which I decided to try out after discovering through my research that people love to indulge in these hearty masa cakes during Día de los Muertos festivities. The masa cake was definitely more flavorful than I expected. I thought it would taste like a polenta cake — just sort of cornmeal — but it was very well seasoned. It was fried perfectly, which created a nice crisp exterior that served to support the weight of the copious toppings adorning the masa cakes. The refried beans on top were smokey and salty and paired very nicely with the tangy salsa verde. The bits of red onion and tomato perfectly brightened this rich and

slightly spicy dish.

Topping off this meal of way more food than is ever necessary, I present to you the tres puercos tacos, which offer thrice the pork and, therefore, thrice the fun. Salty bacon, beautifully juicy and tender pulled pork, and chorizo were balanced out with sweet caramelized onions and a tangy, rich sauce. This taco was positively succulent. Once again, we have a dish with a smart balance of flavors and textures because the rich, heavy meats were topped off with just the right amount of lettuce and red onion. The light side salad was nice and refreshing as well.

‘I can confidently say that I would gladly accept any La Casa dish on a Día de los Muertos ofrenda.’

At the end of this meal, we were incredibly full and also had enough leftovers to completely feed us for the next few days. The portions are generous and come with oh-so-many sides.

I have to take a sharp turn to discuss the phenomenal atmosphere of the restaurant. The interior is gorgeous with a cozy, colorful feel, and the outdoor patio is super fun with a sunny deck, lots of bright colors, and loud Latin music.

I can confidently say that I would gladly accept any La Casa dish on a Día de los Muertos ofrenda. As someone who isn’t anywhere close to an expert on Mexican food or culture, I can’t determine how traditionally accurate La Casa’s food is. But as someone who does have a lot of general expertise on food, I can easily say that it is traditionally delicious.

Banc is a member of the Class of 2021.



OLIVIA BANC/COLUMNIST

OPINIONS

EDITORIAL OBSERVER

Save the Planet: Repurpose Your Halloween Costume

By Jane Pritchard
ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR



It's the most wonderful time of the year. Of course, "wonderful" here is truly relative. Given the national and global crises that make it feel like a higher being has been playing tragi-comedy bingo with our existences, it may seem crass to roll that all aside and play Halloween dress-up for a night. And while we're being gloomy, have you ever considered how much plastic waste is generated by Halloween merchandise retailers every year, whether or not the stock is sold? Isn't it weird how normalized it is to buy a plastic polymer costume that — if you're lucky — won't dissolve until the very end of the night, like Cinderella's gown when the clock strikes 12? Isn't it disappointing that millions of people do the same exact thing every following year? That being said, I love Halloween. I love those little Pillsbury Ready-To-Bake cookies that are shaped like pumpkins and the all-night movie marathons. I own at least four costumes that I can pull out of my closet at any given time. What I can't stand is the rapid production of trendy materials at the expense of the environment and our bank accounts. I don't mean to demonize people for whom fast fashion is the most fiscally responsible choice for their income level. I know the pleasure of buying a new clothing item, particularly during these dark times when serotonin seems to be at an all time low. Also, it's

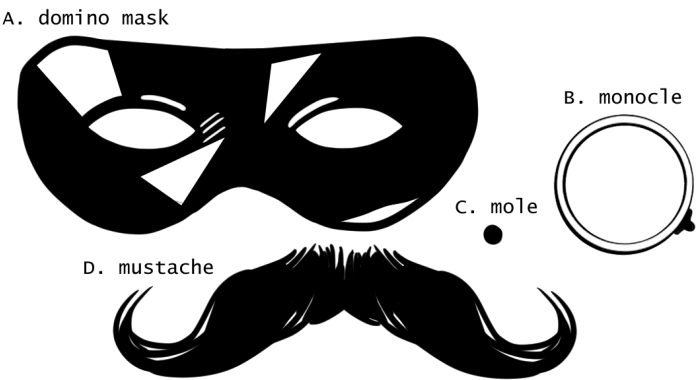
unreasonable to expect people to be ethical consumers 24/7. Impulse buying those plastic vampire fangs that you're only going to wear around the house might not make the most sense from a logical standpoint, but it means the world to you. I have a proposal: Normalize wearing Halloween costumes year round. Goths got it right in the 80s. Start wearing your frilly vampire shirts and fishnets on a Tuesday in April. Make costume elements statement pieces that you can wear on multiple occasions — start wearing that clear Patrick Bateman raincoat as a sexy editorial piece. You might make a fashion statement! Since the last time I wore my clown costume, I've integrated a few different ruffled collars into my wardrobe.

'It's not much, but Halloween isn't exactly the end-all panacea that will solve our nation's problems.'

Maybe Halloween wasn't on your list of priorities this month because you had more important things to worry about — classes, finances, your health. For you, I have a small gift, the illustration below. It's not much, but then again, Halloween isn't exactly the end-all panacea that will solve our nation's problems. We shouldn't use temporary diversions to avoid ever thinking about the greater issues at hand, but that doesn't mean you can't consume conscientiously. Put it on, indulge yourself in a sweet treat and a creepy movie, listen to the Monster Mash once or twice, and have a good night. You deserve it.

Pritchard is a member of the class of 2022.

Official Campus Times Costume Kit

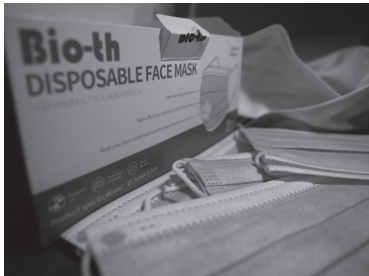


Instructions: Cut out pieces and apply to face with clear tape.
troubled teen sidekick: use A
masked bandit: combine A + D
evil double: combine C + D
rich socialite: B + C + D

EDITORIAL BOARD

Make a Mask a Part of Your Halloween Costume

Last year, Halloween meant Halloween parties. This year, the same could put us all in danger. We need to resist our desire for the oozy, the spooky, and the supernatural, and focus on what's right in front of us. Your actions this year have the power to endanger people's lives. The CDC, anticipating that upcoming holidays may pose an increased transmission risk, recently released a set of guidelines for this year's celebrations. Halloween weekend is approaching, but don't take that as an opportunity to ruin things. Somehow, we haven't been sent home and UR isn't completely online. We're doing so well keeping our campus open and free from outbreaks, but we're one unmasked party away from shutting everything down. Just look at St. John Fisher, another Rochester-area college. They were sitting at a comfortable and reasonable four cases until a few weeks ago. Since Oct. 10, they've jumped to 52 cases. Now, their campus is closing for the semester. Fisher students have to pack up and return home before their classes resume on Monday. The school warned that the spread



HENRY LITSKY / PHOTO EDITOR
Masks could be the difference between life or death this Halloween

seemed to be "related to small group gatherings without masks or social distancing." We know you're going to cut corners, and as we've established, the University doesn't have the manpower to check every student. We're frustrated and disappointed in how little follow-up there is for students that skip out on mandatory COVID-19 testing and students that routinely ignore the Dr. ChatBot emails. But the University's lack of a Big Brother-style surveillance system and your peers' COVID-19 weariness doesn't give you a pass. COVID-19 is still very real and very much a threat, and the entire campus will suffer the consequences if you ignore that. Regardless of whether the University is dropping the ball (they are), you're an adult who is capable of understanding the impact of your actions, even if nobody is punishing you when you break the rules. Even if you're a first-year, even if you're desperate to finally have the true college party experience — hold off. In case you need a refresher, the University Code of Conduct applies to all students, not just those living on campus, and the consequences for a COVID-19-related rule violation can range from the loss of certain privileges (like going to classes in person) to expulsion. If you live on campus but go to an off campus party, you could still lose your University housing for your behavior. Would you be able to sleep at night if you got pulled for testing after a Halloween

bender, and it came back positive? Could you look at yourself in the mirror if the party you went to were later identified as the reason students got sent home three weeks early? Do you want to prematurely shut down the possibility of a more relaxed spring semester? You're just one more person in the room, but if everybody thinks like you, the party gets packed. Your mere presence in a room influences the actions of your peers. Be cognizant of the power even your most mundane actions wield. Don't be fooled into a false sense of security by your friends attending parties and not getting COVID-19 right away. It's called an incubation period for a reason, and you won't know the effects of your ill-advised actions until it's too late. We don't care how hard it is. If you think you and your friends are heading to a small kick-back, but you walk in the door and there are 35+ people passing around joints and Juuls and drinks, turn around and walk out. We're college kids, too. We understand wanting to have a good time and celebrate a weekend. It's hard when you don't have an off campus friend whose house can be the hangout spot. But there's a difference between spooky fun and life-threatening risk-taking. Spooky is jump scares and cobwebs and ghost costumes. The coronavirus is life-threatening, and it's not a welcome addition to Halloween.

This editorial is published with the consent of a majority of the Editorial Board: Hailie Higgins (Editor-in-Chief), An Nguyen (Publisher), Lucy Farnham (Opinions Editor), Micah Greenberg (Features Editor), and Corey Miller-Williams (Managing Editor). The Editor-in-Chief and the Editorial Board make themselves available to the UR community's ideas and concerns. Email editor@campustimes.org.

Campus Times

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Disaster Prevention Lessons from AI

By Jiwon Chang
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

This article contains major spoilers for the game “Tacoma.”

“Hey, ODIN? Can you tell me the average time [Venturis Corporation] has taken to send an evac crew to investigate in situations like this?” asks Andrew Daygab, a botanist in the 2017 game “Tacoma,” set in the titular lunar transfer station which is quickly losing oxygen. The AI assistant, ODIN, is the crew’s only lifeline. Unfortunately, it’s revealed later that it was ODIN himself who caused the disaster. Here’s another very scary and very possible story: Leading AI experts say there’s a 5% chance that artificial general intelligence, or AGI, will cause a human extinction-level disaster. There was a time when the major concern with AI safety had been the one evil superintelligence, reflected in movies like “The Terminator,”

human ethics has potential loopholes. Sandboxes could be jailbroken, power buttons could be destroyed, and ethics is incredibly difficult to define in terms of math and code. It only takes superhuman intelligence to dupe humans once for it to go out of control. It’s likely that there will be many specialized AGI in different industries throughout the world one day. With numerous human stakeholders and countless AGI, there can be misalignments happening everywhere — what’s called a many-to-many alignment problem. Such a problem deals with what safety researchers call complex systems, or, a bit of a nightmare. A complex system is one that’s too unpredictable to reduce to some set of rules, but not random enough to use statistics. The bad news is that most modern safety challenges deal with complex systems. The good news is that people have gotten better at managing it. In her 2016 book

and blaming a single individual is a counterproductive approach to disaster prevention. The focus on retributive justice blinds us to systematic issues that allowed said individuals to cause a disaster in the first place. In “Tacoma,” there seems to be a single individual who gave unsafe orders to ODIN. But is that really the whole story? What caused them to think that they could get away with it? Why didn’t inspections catch the risk?

‘The bad news is that most modern safety challenges deal with complex systems.’

Third, technology isn’t always the solution. A famous example is the invention of sonic radars that were supposed to help ships detect nearby obstacles, but which only increased the rate of accidents. Why? Captains sailed faster, thinking they could get away with it thanks to the new safety technology. Similarly in “Tacoma,” the existence of cryogenic sleep that can sustain the crew for up to 75 hours causes the Venturis Corporation to be lax with safety protocols. The result is ODIN’s answer to Andrew’s question above: The average time to rescue is a whopping 98 hours.

Instead of technologies, Leveson’s book suggests, we should be making organizational changes. So what can be done? Among many sophisticated guidelines, Leveson suggests that organizations should be aware that safety guidelines will inevitably become lax over time, and implement preventative measures. Or in the words of E.V. James, Tacoma’s administrator, “We know it’s not safe working up here. We just don’t think about it a lot, but here we are.”

2020 probably made you think about disasters more than usual. Those thoughts probably stirred up panic, passion, desperation, and a host of other uncomfortable emotions. That’s why it’s doubly important to check if our gut instincts are sound. Am I mistaking a reliable system for a safe one? Am I missing something by trying to find a single root cause?

Am I assuming that technological advances will solve the issue? Disaster narratives remind us that, especially in times like this, we shouldn’t forget the potential for other disasters. Public conscience really does matter. And if we’re all better at thinking about safety as citizens, maybe we really can prevent disasters.

Chang is a member of the Class of 2022.

Morbid Curiosity



JANE PRITCHARD/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

By Muskaan Vasandani
STAFF WRITER

“Dr. Death,” “My Favorite Murder,” “Crime Junkie,” and, of course, “Serial.” These podcasts made regular appearances in the 2020 popularity charts, and surprise, surprise! They’re all true crime podcasts. True crime is one genre that never goes out of style — be it TV shows, documentaries, or podcasts. I’m sure everyone reading this remembers some time when they were glued to their TV watching true crime of some form, unable to look away for hours on end.

‘Truth is stranger than fiction, because fiction is obliged to stick to believable possibilities.’

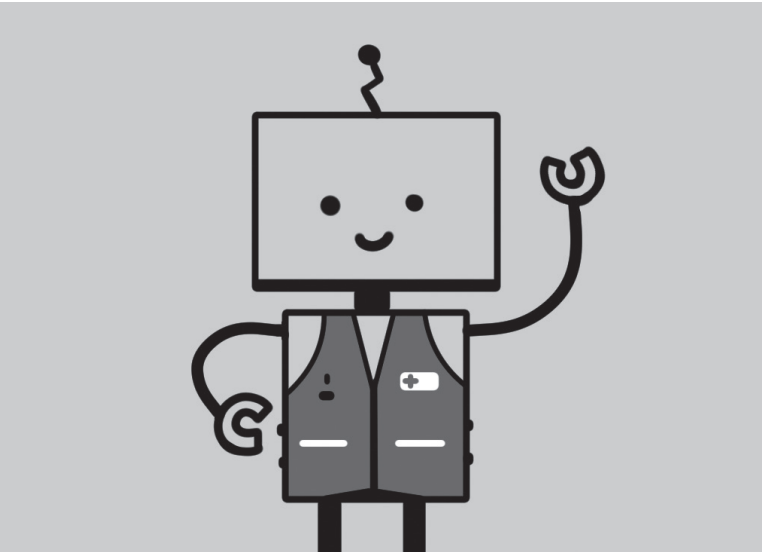
It’s gruesome, bloody, gory, and definitely off-putting, so why are we still so captivated by this genre? For a long time, I thought it was abnormal that I found true crime so fascinating, but I came to realize that I wasn’t the only one. There are countless people like me who like listening to true crime podcasts to spice up their boring laundry routine. Truth is stranger than fiction, because fiction is obliged to stick to believable possibilities, and truth isn’t. What attracts most people to true crime is the fact that it is indeed true. The very notion that people like Ted Bundy and the Golden State Killer once walked among us gives you goosebumps.

True crime bewilders people. I, for one, am always shocked when I learn of the extent to which the perpetrators go to satisfy their depraved desires. True crime strips naked the worst minds of humanity before us. It shows us things we can’t imagine, and in this way it’s similar to fantasy — until you

remember that the fact that the whole point is these stories are real. Apart from the rarity of these gruesome instances, audiences are drawn to true crime due to an evolutionary instinct. Humans are programmed to feel safer when they’re more aware. When people learn about the modus operandi of the craftiest criminal minds from the comfort of their home, they feel more primed for the world outside. They’re compelled to be more wary of strangers, to lock their doors at night, and this is what makes them feel more secure. Perhaps true crime, in a very ironic way, prevents more crimes from taking place. And true crime is just plain entertaining. True crime awakens everyone’s inner armchair detective. After a few episodes of any true crime offering, every person is so engrossed in the story that they want to figure out the whodunnit part before the show gives it to them. If they’re right, the feeling of satisfaction and victory compels them to stream the next episode. And if not, the disbelief and astonishment coerce them into trying again by jumping into the next installment. Either way, true crime always manages to keep its audience invested.

‘It’s similar to fantasy — until you remember that the whole point is these stories are real.’

This Spooky Season, get yourself a tub of popcorn, snuggle into your couch, and find your new favorite true crime show. It may be gruesome, macabre, and horrific — but we both know that’s why you’ll like it. Vasandani is a member of the Class of 2022



JANE PRITCHARD/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

“The Matrix,” and “I, Robot.” “Tacoma” takes a different approach. It posits that there will be numerous AGI in the world and that any AGI, even a safely designed one, in the wrong hands at the wrong time could cause lives to be lost. That’s the future that a growing number of AI safety experts are worried about. An AI’s goal usually isn’t identical to ours. For instance, suppose we built an AI whose goal is to collect stamps. It might logically deduce that the maximizing strategy is to conquer the world and turn the global economy into a stamp collecting machine, humans merely a cog in its existential purpose. That’s called an alignment problem, and a notoriously difficult one to solve.

‘That’s the future that a growing number of AI safety experts are worried about.’

Attempting to control AGI by sandboxing it to a confined simulation, implementing a power button, or teaching it

“Engineering a Safer World,” MIT professor Nancy G. Leveson addresses common misconceptions about safety-critical systems engineering: engineering systems whose malfunction could lead to human loss. Such safety-critical technologies include aviation, nuclear power, automobiles, heavy chemicals, biotechnology, and, of course, AGI. First, a system that reliably follows its specifications isn’t the same as a safe one. In “Tacoma,” software engineers achieve an incredible feat: They create AGI that are sandboxed and obey human instructions. Like I mentioned before, such sandboxing might be impossible in the real world. Yet an unsafe human order, which ODIN is obliged to follow, jeopardizes the safety of the Tacoma crew. So the “Tacoma” engineers created an AGI that, although reliable, isn’t necessarily safe. When ODIN bends its specifications to help evacuate the Tacoma crew, it becomes safer at the expense of its reliability. Second, tracing a disaster down to a single root cause



Embracing the ‘Crazy Ex-Girlfriend’



By Arianna Gundlach
STAFF WRITER

If breaking up wasn’t bad enough, being called a “crazy ex-girlfriend” makes it that much worse.

Junior year of high school, I had my first high school version of a long-term relationship.

He was in four of my classes, and I took that as a sign that the universe was pulling us together.

Let’s just say I don’t ask for the universe’s opinion anymore.

I came up with a grand scheme to win him over. Within weeks, he was my boyfriend. Pretty great scheming on my part, huh?

We celebrated the holidays together. We went on

dorky dates. I even taught him how to ice skate, despite the logistical challenges of balancing a guy who’s 6’3”.

Three weeks before I was supposed to have my first real date to a high school dance — prom, no less — he decided it was over.

I felt like the rug had been pulled out from under me. My stomach was in knots, and I couldn’t find a way to straighten them out.

He gave the age-old, cowardly justification that “this is high school, and things change.” I knew it was more than that, but for some reason, he didn’t find me deserving of a better excuse.

He pretended I didn’t exist for the rest of high school. I suppose that this

way, he could keep the guilt at bay. He could forget the girl he had demolished with just a couple of words.

Being ignored and avoided by the person I once cared about most tore me up inside. The tears were frequent. Somehow that made me unhinged. Somehow it made me “crazy.”

‘My stomach was in knots, and I couldn’t find a way to straighten them out.’

Letting go was hard, but people didn’t seem to understand this even if they’d been through it themselves. They expected you to keep it together on the surface, even if you hadn’t moved on internally. Don’t make a scene. Don’t draw attention to yourself. Don’t be that girl.

Unfortunately for them, I wasn’t maintaining any of those standards.

It was a crime to be a mess after a breakup. It was a crime to be vulnerable. It was distasteful to still be attached, to still care. It was frowned upon to be mad, to hold a grudge. These little, human traits earned me the title of a “crazy ex-girlfriend.”

But the truth is, it’s all normal.

Caring is normal. Being

attached is normal. Staying mad is normal. Checking to see what your ex is doing and wondering how they’re feeling is normal. None of these things make you “crazy.” Feelings don’t just disappear after a breakup, and there shouldn’t be a time limit on their acceptability.

It’s when people are pressured to swallow these feelings that they end up manifesting in ugly ways. People act out, whether it’s publicly embarrassing or blackmailing their ex, or taking a “Louisville slugger” to someone’s car, as Carrie Underwood once said best.

This is because they never had an acceptable emotional outlet. Thankfully, none of my ugly thoughts culminated in those kinds of actions, but that doesn’t mean I didn’t consider them.

After some time passed and I learned how to cope, things got better. Seeing him in class became less and less difficult. I was pulling through. But being called a “crazy ex-girlfriend” left a bad taste in my mouth.

So I decided to do something about it.

For Halloween senior year, I took a different approach to my costume. I decided to embrace the “crazy ex-girlfriend” label. I made it funny, topping the costume off with running

mask and smudged lipstick.

The front of my shirt read “Crazy Ex-Girlfriend,” with nail polish around the collar and lipstick markings all over. The back was my favorite part. It read: “Seeking revenge, seeking retaliation, and coming soon to ruin a relationship near you.”

If this was how people saw me, I was going to take it all in good fun on the one day of the year when it was appropriate.

It felt empowering, and it unsettled my ex. That was just a bonus — for once he couldn’t pretend I was invisible. Suddenly, being a crazy ex-girlfriend didn’t seem so bad.

I was owning my feelings. I was normalizing what tons of other people had surely felt. It didn’t make me crazy. I was just being the authentic mess of a person that we all are at some point or another.

From then on, I refused to swallow those hard feelings. I felt them profusely, publicly, and unabashedly. Everyone else going through a breakup or just having a hard time should have the same opportunity, without the risk of being called crazy.

Gundlach is a member of the Class of 2023.

Other People’s Bodies are None of Your Business

By Ari Wolf
STAFF WRITER

Let me tell you about T.

T was raised by feminist parents. T has always been a size six, but five years ago, T went through a period where T didn’t like her body and thought it should be thinner. T got really invested in learning about diet culture and weight loss. Now, after spending so much time thinking about weight, T teaches other people how to stop thinking about weight, and learn to love themselves!

T has created a business out of this, making money off of other women’s neuroses. T invites women to participate in small groups to say, “I have a body. I love my body!” and then think hard about complex topics like the “double whammy” of feeling shame about your body, then feeling shame about feeling shame.

‘T has created a business out of this, making money off of other women’s neuroses.’

What wisdom.

T thinks fat people are gross. T would like fat people to lose weight. T runs her program because she wants to help skinny girls who obsess about their

bodies too much, not fat women who actually need someplace to go to feel safe, whole and seen.

There are many Ts in this world. These women tell you that they “really understand” your struggles with weight, because they were once a size eight and they felt like they swallowed a whale, but now they’re back to a “normal,” thin weight, thank G-d!

‘Now, after spending so much time thinking about weight, T teaches other people how to stop thinking about weight.’

These women would really like to tell you that you aren’t normal, and that as far as they’re concerned, if you’re fat and not on a diet, you’re killing this planet and yourself with your excess. Could you please do that somewhere else so they don’t have to look at you?

These are the people who look you up and down when they meet you, very obviously taking note of where your body has gone wrong.

These women don’t want to get lunch with you, because, ew, then they’d have to see you eat! They think you eat

too much, that you breathe too loudly, that the way you sit in a chair is the wrong way to sit in a chair.

These women look great in bikinis, because they spend roughly half their lives working hard to look great in bikinis. These women don’t go to church, they go to step class. When these women binge on donuts late at night, they have to puke them right back up. When these women get angry, they take a deep breath, smile through gritted teeth, then walk around the block a few (dozen) times, like a nice girl.

They were bullies in high school and probably never realized it. These are the women who claim other women don’t like them, and it’s so confusing, and why are other women so sexist? These are women whose adult bullying takes the form of “concern.”

‘These women don’t go to church, they go to step class.’

This is concern trolling.

Being a victim of concern trolling is painful. It’s a mind-fuck, a form of gaslighting. It’s the reason you start to feel that the things you say are unacceptable, or unimportant, or not allowed.

When your bestie side-eyes you every time you eat



BRIDGET TOKIWA/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

something more caloric than a side salad, and sits you down one day and says, “Honey, I’m concerned you’re eating more food than I believe is healthy/appropriate/acceptable for a woman to consume,” that’s concern trolling.

When your boyfriend buys you a gym membership for Christmas. When your mother buys you clothing two sizes too small “for inspiration.” When your housemate insists that you’re taking up too much space in the fridge even though you’re taking up the exact same amount of space as she is, except that she’s 40 pounds lighter than you.

The perpetrators aren’t “concerned,” they’re furious at you for reminding them of their shitty relationships with their

own bodies.

Just because you’re fat doesn’t mean you’re not a person. It doesn’t give anybody the right to disrespect you.

‘Being a victim of concern trolling is painful.’

And they are. I’m telling you what lies beneath the concern and faux-drama of their over-investment in your body size.

They’re just afraid. You’re making them afraid.

And there’s power in the terror you instill in them, too. If you learn to use it.

Ari Wolf is a graduate student at the College of Arts and Sciences.

Wake Up Sheeple!

By Brianna Lindsey
STAFF WRITER

The annual night of family fun is rapidly approaching (or, more aptly put, the Devil’s birthday), and one brave group of citizens is using the costume-wearing tradition to take a stance on current events within the country. Decked from head to toe in sheepskin vests, fluffy boots, and perfected with sheep-adorned masks, you’ll never guess what twist this group of FOX News viewers pulled on, according to them, the “ridiculous CDC regulations.”

‘That’s right. This group of parents has decided to traipse through the neighborhood dressed as “sheeple.”’

Residents of one perfectly reasonable cul-de-sac said, “We’ve decided to make it known that this whole deal of ‘public safety’ and ‘international crisis’ is just as silly as our precious children dressing up.” That’s right. This group of parents has decided to traipse through the neighborhood dressed as “sheeple.” The costumes consisted mostly of actually wearing masks.

Although they have been referred to by some as the black sheep of this year’s Halloween, a petition has arisen from the midst of this group to change the phrase to “white sheep” due to outcry that white people are “actually way more oppressed; like, one time someone called me a cracker and I don’t think anyone has ever experienced that kind of oppression.”

To avoid accidentally celebrating the day of Satan Himself, the parents posted



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the event in their Facebook group so everyone from their second-grade classmates to their former bosses would know what they’re up to.

Despite the “dozens” of replies and likes this event had, very few people were out and about on this night. One parent (Karen, 37, renowned for repeatedly calling the cops because of Black people having the audacity to exist in a public area) said, “Very few people recognized us. Come to think of it, there were very few people even out in the neighborhood.”

‘Despite the “dozens” of replies and likes this event had, very few people were out and about on this night.’

Another parent (Brad, 32, currently waiting for multiple cases of assault against him to be dropped, which his trust fund bank account has nothing to do with) had much more sinister suspicions: “There was no doubt a neighborhood-wide cookout planned which we obviously weren’t invited to.”

When questioned about the fact that there were lights

on in many houses with people visible inside, he offered insight of such depth that our Campus Times reporter had to take a break to compose herself: “Lizard people. Duh.”

‘Sources say that they plan to reside in their houses to recuperate for more long days of harassing retail workers doing their best.’

After a wild night such as this, the parents returned home, satisfied with the awareness they spread (along with a certain virus which asked to remain anonymous). Sources say that they plan to reside in their houses to recuperate for more long days of harassing retail workers doing their best.

It’s very important, however, to not confuse these souls with the rest of the fools who participate in sheeple culture every day by remaining home, thereby allowing the government to change the batteries in the birds and construct more 5-G towers.

Lindsey is a member of the class of 2024.

Soylent-Quarantine for Halloween

By Ben Schiffman
STAFF WRITER

The University of Rochester is facing a new epidemic on top of COVID-19: a hunger crisis among its student body. Nearly 70% of upperclassmen are out of declining dollars with a month of school to go and no Halloween candy to keep them afloat.

“I’m really worried about what I’m going to eat for the rest of the semester,” said a collection of upperclassmen on all-declining meal plans. “Usually I can just pack fistfuls of candy from professors every day, and by Halloween I have enough to last until Thanksgiving. This year, I blew all of my declining on frappes as usual but now I have nothing to fall back on,” said Sarah Gourmande, who would not give her name to avoid embarrassment. Unfortunately for her, we have access to the student directory.

Among the hungry students is John Gavone, a sophomore living in Southside. She told us yesterday that she has “no hope of making it through the semester. I’m highly considering eating my roommate’s essential oils and her vanilla scented candle.”

Out of desperation, she’s sought out first-year friends who could steal some extra portions from Dougie for her, but even in her starvation, she was adamant. “I’ll never eat from Danforth again. I’d rather starve.”

The administration has begun to take notice of this and is looking for solutions. The number one option they have planned is called Soylent-Quarantine. While they won’t announce what its made of or how they can afford it, the University has released the following statement:

“In these troubling times, we have faced issue after issue that we continue to have to

pretend to care about. It has come to the administration’s attention that there is an increasing number of students running out of their meal plans early, hoping to survive off of Halloween candy like usual. Our scientists and witchcraft students have invented a new kind of food that not only can feed our students, but has all the saccharine empty calories of Halloween candy. Soylent-Quarantine for Halloween is a new addition to our COVID reality on campus.”

“To make all this financially possible, we will now be sending all students who are exposed to COVID-19, test positive for COVID-19, or break any COVID-19 related rules on campus to “quarantine” indefinitely on the University of Rochester private island in international waters to “work” in the Soylent-Quarantine factory. While their disappearance — I mean indefinite social isolation — will prevent them from earning their degree, there will be no refunds on tuition or room and board.”

To distribute the candy, students living in rooms on the 3rd floor or above will be given buckets full of the Soylent-Quarantine candy. Anyone who has run out of declining and requires sustenance will have to dress up in costumes on October 31 and wander their residence area. Then, the students who were given the candy will pelt the plebs below.

In a poll of students, only 15% of students were excited about the new free meal plan. Sophomore Ethan Turtle told us, “I think the Frat Quad will be a safe bet for candy. All the extra people totally not going to Halloween parties there will have the drunken enthusiasm to really feed a village. Just watch out for the hard candies.”

Schiffman is a member of the class of 2023.

A Nightmare on Fraternity Road: Sexy Swarm Monitor

By Megan Browne
STAFF WRITER

Last Saturday, “sexy Swarm Monitor” Jane Greene, clad in an XL bright yellow Swarm Monitor tee shirt and fishnet stockings, marched up the door to the Halloween party at Zeta Eta Theta, only to be rejected from entering.

“It’s a risk issue. We can’t have people thinking that she might actually be a SWARM monitor,” ZET president Chad Jones told the Campus Times. “Those dudes have important jobs and people need to know who to go to there [...] What if someone needed something important and they asked her thinking she was a brother? We just can’t have that happening here. We take this really seriously.”

Chad declined to comment

on the allegedly sky-high percentage of brothers who had been caught drinking while on duty.

“She’s making fun of those of us who are just trying to keep it safe here,” Risk Manager Tom Thomas said. “I give up a lot by being more sober than usual tonight and she’s making a mockery of what I’m doing! Imagine if we didn’t have SWARM

monitors at parties, who would tell you to get off the steps?”

Kappa Omicron Delta brother and junior Tyler Bradford recalled that It probably didn’t help her case to walk up the steps against the shouting of many KOD Brothers.

“Get off my steps!” Smith allegedly yelled at the crowd waiting to get into the party.

“No one is getting in until MY steps are clear,” Smith added, breezing past the crowd to stand by the brothers.

“It was honestly kinda funny,” Bradford said. “I mean, the boys do kinda take this oddly seriously. It’s almost like a power trip. Like, my dude, it’s a three-dollar shirt.”

Bradford, who is a



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Gender, Sexuality, and Women’s Studies major, described the events as a performance about gender. “I mean, it’s there within the role of a SWARM monitor. They get excited to see the power dynamic of choosing specifically who gets in and who doesn’t when the party seems full. By her making it ‘sexy,’ she’s not only objectifying the men that objectify the crowd, but reclaiming the power they once had. Also, it’s a super cheap costume.”

It was with a start that Smith awoke in a pool of sweat, as she realized that she had dreamed the entire thing. There are no GSWS majors in fraternities. And there are no frat Halloween parties this year either. Probably. Hopefully.

Browne is a member of the class of 2023.

HUMOR

About Ten Scary Movies to Watch in the Dark

By Rachel Caren
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

After spending the past ten months in a vegetative state, the time has finally come to wake up for the one redeeming element of this year: Halloween. We're finally free to carve pumpkins with reckless abandon, put on sweatpants and call it a costume, and wolf down every piece of candy except for whatever the hell a Butterfinger is. (And hey, if you have a vegan in your family, don't forget to sedate the pumpkin before carving it.)

But what's the true pinnacle of Halloween traditions? Yep, that's right — scary movies. They've driven Halloween since 1745, when the first moving picture was created by a guy carving a bunch of tiny shapes into a turnip and spinning it around really fast. And today, I've compiled a list of some of the scariest movies I've ever watched, just for you!

"Jumanji: The Next Level" might just be one of the most intrinsically terrifying films I've ever seen. Not only does it star Jack Black, a horror actor infamous for his roles in "Goosebumps" and "Yo Gabba Gabba!", it also deals



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with a deep-seated fear that has plagued mankind for millennia: board games. If you're not screaming or curling up into a ball at the mere thought of Monopoly, congratulations! You're tougher than the rest of us.

"Grown Ups 2" stars Adam Sandler. I think that's all I need to say for this one.

"Teen Beach Movie" is a darkly disturbing film that deals with all the classics of teen angst, coupled with a level of horror only theater can provide. If you've ever been on stage or seen any school play, this flick will leave you blissfully catatonic as you relive the mind-numbing fear that only theater kids can and

will instill in you.

"Killing Lincoln" is perfect for those of you who like a little more realism in your horror. Political scheming combined with the rough landscape of 19th century America come together for a tense and suspenseful environment like no other. The true fear settles in, though, at the climax of the film — I guarantee it'll blow your mind.

"The Birds" remains one of American media's most suspenseful films. Flush with subtle foreshadowing, the film makes sure you'll never see the antagonist coming, right up until the big reveal. And the reveal sure is big — a giant flock of birds,

murdering people. Wow. I really never would have seen that one coming.

"Scream" may be the last entry on this list, but it's my favorite nonetheless. A seamless blend of blood, angst, and meta humor will leave you laughing, crying, and then politely asking to turn down the volume when everybody starts screaming.

For good measure, here's some movies that didn't quite make the cut: "The Giant Spider Invasion," where giant spiders invade the fictional land of Wisconsin, "The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe," about a little girl who remains locked in a closet to this day, "The Blair Witch Project," which has enough camera shakes to make me think it was filmed on a carousel, and "The Adventures of Sharkboy and Lavagirl," where three teens struggle with the horrors of bad CGI.

Regardless of your movie choices this fall, be sure to have fun eating an entire bag of candy alone in your dorm room — and don't forget to watch a good ole scary movie to get yourself into the Halloween spirit.

Caren is a member of the class of 2024.

Southside Spiders Seriously Spook Stella

By Stella Wilkins
STAFF WRITER

Picture this: You just got absolutely ass-fucked by an exam, you ran out of food and don't have time to go get any before your next class, your laptop powered off and won't turn back on no matter what you do, and you finally get a chance to simply open your window and enjoy what little you can of the nice weather since you've been stuck inside via Zoom university all day, when out of the corner of your eye, something

scurries across the window. If you can picture this, first of all, I'm so sorry, and second, you can then imagine my displeasure upon finding a gargantuan, lustrous-rumped, gangly-legged, octo-eyed, bitch-ass orb weaver staring at me from its tiny nest of butt string that had materialized in my window.

Yes, I cried. Yes, I envisioned it sitting there, laughing. So, with foggy, mascara-stained glasses, I waited for the quarter-sized beast to get in position,

then slammed my window shut, crushing the spidey and all its little spidey guts. I vowed never to open that window again.

So, the next day I opened the other window, and not 15 minutes went by before another hairy beast appeared, staring me down like the animal it's named for. I watched the pincers of this wolf spider tingle with excitement at the thought of eating human (in retrospect, I don't think they're actually harmful, but don't tell past me that), and thought, "Why, God, why? (maybe if I believed in one...)", before flushing it down the toilet.

I have since encountered a total of 18 spiders across two weeks, which is absolutely unacceptable, though not surprising for Southside. My neighbor killed a house centipede the other day with one of those expensive textbooks your professor requires but you never actually open, and I've heard rumors of mice, but spider after spider came for me, and no one else in my building seemed to be having this problem. My boyfriend, however, had

spiders emerge from his car engine while driving almost every night for about a week, so maybe it's me...

My neighbor joked that my little situation seemed like "a plague to come," and we all laughed and chuckled.

Then the gnats arrived. Seriously, what's next? A swarm of locusts? Darkness for three days? A plague? Wait... Shit.

Perhaps this is a sign; maybe I'm meant to try to understand the spiders, get on their level. I decided to catch one and study its movements while tapping on the glass of its enclosure and accidentally chopping off parts of its legs. Based on my research, I will attempt crawling across walls over the weekend, eating gnats that I catch, and maybe even hiding in a shoe.

Or maybe I'm being haunted by the ghosts of all the spiders I've killed in my 20 years. Who knows!

I will say that there is one good thing to come out of this whole situation, and it's the discovery that CT Cups make great spider pooters!

Wilkins is a member of the class of 2022.



ETHANBUSCH/ HUMOR EDITOR

A spider trapped in a cup.

Did You Vote? Claim Your Prize Here!

By Ethan Busch
HUMOR EDITOR

As many of us are voting by mail due to COVID-19, most people will not receive the classic "I Voted" stickers upon submitting their ballot. We thought this was sad. So here's a few options for you to cut out and tape to your shirt to remember what may be the most iconic election of our lifetime. Be warned! You can only wear them if you've voted.

Busch is a member of the class of 2023.

