

Campus Times

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Taiwanese Flag Hung in Demonstration

By COREY MILLER-WILLIAMS
NEWS EDITOR

On Friday, a group of students hung a Taiwanese flag in Hirst Lounge.

Organized by senior Yaal Dryer and junior Mustapha Ibrahim, it was meant to “show support and solidarity” for the students affected by the administration’s reclassification of the Taiwanese and Hong Kong flags as “sub-national entities.”

This classification was changed to “other countries and regions” following controversy a few weeks ago.

The event, Dryer said, was attended by Taiwanese students, but also by Tibetan students. Dryer said there is no Tibetan flag in Hirst Lounge, which denies Tibetan students’ identities.

“This all needs to be viewed in the larger context of what’s going on,” said Dryer, referring to the recent campus conflicts surrounding Taiwan, Tibet, Hong Kong, and mainland China, which most recently culminated in a back-and-forth painting war in the painted tunnel.

“[The University claims] that this was unrelated to recent events,” Dryer said, before insisting that the administration needs to “look at the larger political context.”

Dryer said they hoped that the event would be a platform “for the Taiwanese students to say, ‘We’re here, our identity is valid.’”

Ibrahim posted a picture of the new flag on the University Facebook group Overheard at Rochester, where a heated discussion soon erupted.

Sophomore Yifan Xu expressed distaste for the event, writing, “The official name of TW is Republic of China and no one would argue for that.”

Sophomore Amber Hu disagreed.

“Taiwan doesn’t belong to ROC nor CCP [the Communist Party of China],” Hu

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HKSA Event Handles Aftermath of Paint War



PHOTO COURTESY OF RYAN CHUI

The Hong Kong Students Association event with “Let’s go Hong Kong!” written in Post-It notes.

By COREY MILLER-WILLIAMS
NEWS EDITOR

On Monday, a crowd of students gathered in Hirst Lounge to learn about and put up Post-its in support of Hong Kong’s protest movement.

The event, organized by the Hong Kong Students Association (HKSA), was intended to reframe the on-campus conversation around Hong Kong, particularly after the recent tunnel painting controversy.

Among the paintings in the tunnel were some in support of Hong Kong’s protesters, including messages in Cantonese, and phrases used by protesters.

HKSA president and junior Selina Xu expressed a wish to educate UR students on what is actually happening in Hong Kong.

“We felt like the school community didn’t really fully understand the message behind it,” she said, “so we decided to actually come up with this event, to help de-escalate the tension a little bit.”

Xu said that many students who saw phrases like “Free Hong Kong” thought that Hong Kong wanted complete independence from China, but this is not the case.

“It’s not sovereignty; it’s our autonomy,” HKSA member and senior Ryan Chui said.

“There’s also a bit of ambiguity when it comes to mentioning the term ‘freedom,’” Chui later added, “because I feel like people also have different conceptions of what freedom means. [...] By freedom, we meant what’s promised to us: one country, two systems.”

That refers to the agreement brokered when China regained control over Hong Kong after it had previously been under the control of Britain. According to The Economist, the deal was that Hong Kong would retain its governmental structure, but governors would be replaced by chief executives, who would be elected by a Hong Kong electoral college and approved by the Chinese government.

According to The New York Times, Hong Kongers have recently felt threatened by actions taken by the Chinese government, including allowing police from mainland China to patrol in part of a train station connecting Hong Kong to China, a draft law punishing disrespect of the Chinese national anthem, and bookstores no longer selling publications critical of the

government in Beijing that controls Hong Kong.

“I don’t deny that I’m Chinese, but I want to clarify that what we’re striving for is not to break free from China. What we’re striving for is just some semblance of freedom of speech, and a judicial system that we have trust in,” Chui said.

Chui also said that the use of the Hong Kong flag during the event was not meant to imply that Hong Kong is entirely separate from China, but is instead used as a marker of a Hong Kong identity.

“On National Day, we still hoist the Chinese flag above the Hong Kong flag. It’s courtesy; it’s also genuine. But when it’s a Hong Kong matter, we want to be able to present the Hong Kong flag,” he said.

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A Hong Kong Student’s Persepective on the Tunnel Paintings

By EDGAR YAU
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As a Hong Konger, I am appalled by the actions of the Chinese Students and Scholars Association (CSSA). For those not in the know, CSSA recently led a group of students to paint over pro-Hong Kong, pro-Tibet, pro-Uighur, and pro-Taiwan messages in the tunnels.

To the CSSA: This is not

your fight. You are not the ones affected. At home, I live right next to the University of Hong Kong, where I have to worry about the safety of my siblings and parents every time they leave the house (although, my siblings relish any excuse to not go to school). My city will never be the same.

My people will never be the same because of their relentless pursuit of freedom from

an oppressive regime. And you dare to tell them to lay down and die? In the name of what? Peace? Look inside yourself and tell me if your anger at my friends and family comes from a place of love, or jingoism.

It makes me sick to see such empty platitudes covering up cries for humanity and liberation. If you want to defend the actions of the Hong Kong police, go right ahead, but don’t

do it behind hollow calls for reconciliation.

What is most offensive is not your censorship, but your suggestion that negative peace is an option that benefits anyone but the Chinese government. CSSA, you are a poor representation of the Chinese student population here as a whole, a population that I know to be empathetic, thoughtful, and caring.

However, as an international-

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THIS WEEK ON CAMPUS

TUESDAY | DEC. 10

UR COMIC-CON
RUSH RHEES, 9:30 A.M. - 4:45 P.M.

UR will be hosting its own comic-con. Activity booths and prizes will be available. Costumes are encouraged.

GIFT DROP OFF: "GIFTS FOR THE GIVING"
INTERFAITH CHAPEL, 221, 10 A.M. - 5 P.M.

The Interfaith Chapel and the Students' Association for Interfaith Cooperation will be collecting toys, clothing, and gift cards from Dec. 9 through Dec. 12. Both new and used unwrapped gifts are welcome.

WEDNESDAY | DEC. 11

TREBELLIOUS SOCK AND STICKER FUNDRAISER
WILSON COMMONS, FIRST FLOOR, 11 A.M. - 6:30 P.M.

Trebellious will be holding a fundraiser where they will be selling fuzzy socks and stylish stickers. If interested, come support them this Wednesday!

HALLELUJAH CHORUS PERFORMANCE
RUSH RHEES LIBRARY, 12 - 12:10 P.M.

The Department of Music will mark the transition into the second half of the academic year by performing Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus. Singers in the Concert Choir, Women's Chorus, Chamber Choir, and Gospel Choir will be performing. Anyone and everyone is welcome to join.

THURSDAY | DEC. 12

SCHOLARSHIP FOR EDUCATION ABROAD
DEWEY HALL, 2110D, 1 - 2 P.M.

If you're thinking of studying abroad and want more information, this is the event for you. Details about scholarships, how to apply for them, and other useful information will be available.

JEOPARDY AND ELECTION RESULTS
COMPUTER STUDIES BUILDING, 601, 6 - 8 P.M.

Hosted by the Audio Engineering Society, this night of Jeopardy will be the last of the semester. It will be "audio" themed, and there will be pizza and drinks provided.

FRIDAY | DEC. 13

REUSABLE MUG STUDY BREAK
DOUGLASS COMMONS, COMMUNITY KITCHEN, 2 - 5 P.M.

UR Sustainable will be hosting a study break during the fall semester reading period. Reusable mugs are highly encouraged.

LATE NIGHT BREAKFAST
DOUGLASS COMMONS, FELDMAN BALLROOM, 9 - 11 P.M.

Wilson Commons Student Activities, Dining Services, and the IT Department will be joining forces to hold a nighttime breakfast in Douglass Commons. Multiple vegetarian, vegan, and gluten-free options will be available.

A new chapter for Quad Foxes

By SUNGWON YOON
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The iconic quad fox that captured UR imagination has been revealed to be not one, but two furry creatures — and both may be gone for good.

Peter Castronovo, manager and senior sanitarian of UR's Pest Control Unit, said he first started receiving calls about a "mangy-looking" fox on campus this spring.

Students were feeding and taking pictures of the fox — a fox which, according to Castronovo, displayed symptoms of mange.

He described the characteristics of foxes with mange: friendliness toward humans, scaly skin, hairless patches, and constant hunger. All of these were present in the campus fox. Healthy foxes are nocturnal, rarely seen during the day, and tend to avoid people.

After receiving more calls, Castronovo realized there was more than one fox with mange on campus. Castronovo called the two foxes the South Campus fox and the North Campus fox. He believes that the one that lived near a parking lot of the school was the one seen on campus most frequently.

"We had traps," Castronovo said. "We kept setting traps, we kept checking the traps. The fox itself came close to my pest control specialist and we tried to noose it, [but] we couldn't get close enough to do that."

In the meantime, the Office of Environmental Health & Safety (EHS) sent out communications to the entire University, alerting the community to the presence

of foxes on campus that appeared to have mange. Castronovo said his goal wasn't to catch the foxes. Rather, he aimed to protect students by keeping them away from them.

After realizing that the other option outlined by the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) was to euthanize the foxes, Castronovo took matters into his own hands and attempted to treat the foxes.

With the help of Krittrkris, a wildlife rehabilitation organization, Castronovo planted mice and hard-boiled eggs injected with ivermectin, a "medicine that helps cure mange in all kinds of animals," around the dens.

The frequency of fox sightings began to decrease. This was a good sign. "When a fox gets healthy, it generally doesn't want to come around people," said Castronovo.

The last reported fox sighting was on the Wilson Quad during Meliora Weekend in October, when Castronovo himself encountered a fox.

"There [was] a healthy-looking fox walking right towards me," he said. "It wasn't acting strange, it wasn't acting aggressive. It was walking like it was a student."

Since then, Castronovo said, he hasn't received any calls or been notified of any fox sightings or sightings of any other new wildlife on campus.

"We spent tremendous amounts of manpower, time, and effort to address this situation, and I think we did it appropriately," he said. "I think we have a happy ending here."

Yoon is a member of the Class of 2023.



GOT A SCOOP?



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If you are sponsoring an event that you wish to submit for the calendar, please email news@campustimes.org by Monday evening with a brief summary, including the date, time, location, sponsor, and cost of admission.

Student Podcast ‘Classically Black’ Builds Bridges to Classical World

By MICHELLE SHUAI
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As Spotify drops their end-of-year playlists, classical music seems left in the dust with all the appreciation for the new and the young. But through a podcast, two Eastman students have built bridges between the worlds of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Kanye West.

Hosts Dalanie Harris and Katie Brown began “Classically Black” in November 2018. Harris, a senior majoring in double bass performance, acknowledged that classical music may seem inaccessible to those without a great understanding of the genre.

Despite her experience in classical music, Harris shared that she too has felt excluded and undermined in a predominantly white classical music culture built on centuries of elitism. Bringing these two concerns together, Harris and Brown started the podcast to create a far-reaching community for African-American musicians and combat exclusivity and inaccessibility in the classical music world.

Harris said audience members have described listening to the podcast as being a “fly on the wall,” included in a conversation between her and Brown.

In order to be as inclusive as possible, Harris said that they make it a point to speak colloquially about classical music. Brown often says that “classical music [is] not high art,” and the pair purposefully don’t write scripts beforehand for a more casual, authentic atmosphere.

Harris and Brown also want to “show classical musicians that they don’t have to feel guilty for having other interests,” said Harris.

Many “Classically Black” episodes refer to a multitude of genres, especially during the intermission, a more “creative and light-hearted” segment that often features pop-culture references from Brown. Other times, en-

tire episodes may focus on connecting and reconciling various genres. Harris cited a specific episode on the comparison between “rap beef and composer feuds.” In other episodes, Harris said they “incorporate some of the things [they] don’t see in the conversation around classical music,” such as cancel culture, both of which aren’t strictly related to classical music.

Another reason Harris and Brown started “Classically Black” was to create a community for African-American classical musicians, an often underrepresented group within the field. Harris remarked, “these people have been [there]; we are still here.”

The beginning was bumpy. The pair ventured off into a completely unknown realm, encountering obstacles along the way. Preparing to launch the first episodes, the two struggled to figure out how to upload their podcast via an RSS link, which would post their podcast to multiple platforms, such as Spotify and SoundCloud. Being music students, Harris remembers feeling “completely ridiculous” trying to write their own code for the RSS link.

Harris recalled a time when, after she and Brown had finished a recording, “Katie hit the save button, and then the episode just disappeared.” By that time, it was early morning, and Harris and Brown were exhausted. Faced with a difficult choice, Harris and Brown ultimately recorded an entire new episode to maintain authenticity. Looking back, Harris said “Classically Black” taught her dedication and determination. Today, the pair affectionately call the missing recording “Episode Atlantis.”

To Harris’ surprise, “Classically Black” has quickly grown and flourished over the past year. Recently, the podcast got a sponsorship from nkoda, a digital subscription app for sheet music, and a live-show, which is set for February at the Sphinx Con-

nect Conference, a conference on diversity in the arts. So far, the duo has received enthusiastic responses from their listeners, including teachers, students, and professional musicians.

Harris and Brown have also landed speaking engagements at Tennessee State University, a table in the expo at this past Sphinx Connect Conference, and a feature in the Rochester Women Online publication, among other things. They’ve also just put out a new video series called “Put Me On,” named in reference to the colloquial phrase, in which the pair suggest classical pieces based on a person’s taste and feelings toward classical music.

Despite already enjoying much success with “Classically Black,” Harris anticipates that it’ll take more work and time for the podcast to reach its full potential, but she is hopeful about its start so far.

Although the stigma attached to classical music remains, through “Classically Black,” Harris and Brown are working to tear away at the age-old reputation of the genre, inviting all people to enjoy the wonders of classical music.

“One thing that sets us apart [is that] it’s really important to us [to show] that we’re not one-dimensional people because we study classical music,” Harris said.

Shuai is a member of the Class of 2023.

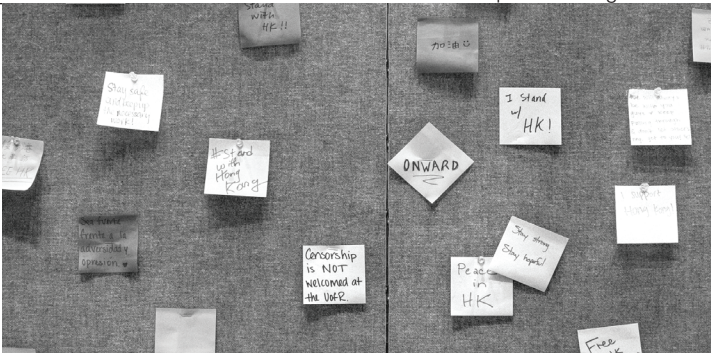


PHOTO COURTESY OF RYAN CHUI

A collection of messages left in support of Hong Kong at the HKSA event.

EVENT FROM PAGE 1

Chui said that in hosting this event, HKSA wanted to have a chance to explain the Hong Kong protests specifically, which they felt had not been able to receive enough attention due to the other important topics the wall discussed.

“Our home is literally burning,” he later added, “and we want to be able to tell that story and make sure it doesn’t get overshadowed by everything else that’s going on.”

The event consisted of two parts. The first was an infographic, meant to provide clarity on the tunnel messages. It explained the significance of cultural and political Cantonese phrases like “Be Water,” which the infographic says “has been adopted by many of the protesters to describe the essence of this leaderless movement — protesters move like water and adapt to whatever changing circumstances they are in.”

The second was a replication of the Lennon Walls in Hong Kong, which is itself based on a Lennon Wall in Prague. The wall in Prague is covered in graffiti espousing values of “freedom and anti-oppression,” according

to the infographic. The walls in Hong Kong are similar, except instead of graffiti, they’re covered in Post-it notes.

The Lennon Wall set up in Hirst Lounge was filled with messages in support of Hong Kong. Next to the messages hung a Hong Kong flag.

“We the protestors are everywhere,” said a Post-it in Mandarin Chinese.

“Be strong in the face of adversity and oppression,” said one in Spanish, while another, in English, read “Onward.”

Xu and Chui both expressed hope that the event would push the campus toward conversation.

“It’s about being understanding and being willing to take that extra step to hear their perspective,” said Chui.

Xu said she felt the tension of previous weeks is slowly dying down, and that she was glad to see a dialogue appear as a result of the paintings.

“Whenever I would walk down the tunnel, I would hear people having interesting discussions about, ‘Oh, what’s actually on the walls?’ And they would talk about, ‘So, what are those events happening in the world?’”

Miller-Williams is a member of the Class of 2023.

FLAG FROM PAGE 1

wrote. “It is an independent state.”

Dryer also referenced a petition that they, junior Warish Orko, and some other students created after the tunnel paintings. The petition calls for administration to “issue a clear statement” taking a stance against the Chinese Students and Scholars Association (CSSA) for organizing students to paint over the original paintings, “partake in meaningful restorative justice” and “disciplinary action,” reclassify Taiwan and Hong Kong under the “national section” of the flag display,

and “ensure that this never happens again” by barring CSSA from campus.

Dryer decried CSSA’s actions in the tunnel, describing their paintings as “random [...] fun-related imagery that was just meant to censor.”

In the comments of the Facebook post, Hu expressed a desire for dialogue.

“There has been a lot of political stuff happening on campus, and it gives a perfect chance for discussions and exchanges of ideas,” she wrote.

Miller-Williams is a member of the Class of 2023.



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COMMUNITY

Rochester Science Cafe Takes Science to the People

By **FRED LAM**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

In an otherwise quiet Barnes & Noble, Pittsford Plaza on a Tuesday night, dozens of people packed into a modest room to listen to a scientist speak on bottom-up and top-down perception.

This is Rochester Science Cafe (RSC), held the fourth Tuesday of nearly every month during the school year. “The idea of a science cafe is to engage the community of non-specialists,” said UR biology professor David Goldfarb, who is one of the two co-organizers of the RSC, said after this month’s cafe on November 26.

“It’s an old concept, a ‘science cafe’ he continued. “Tonight, you observed an expert talking to non-specialists — more like a conversation.”

RSC is often held at coffee shops with about 10 to 12 people. This one was unusually large with about 50 people.

“If it gets too large, then it will become a lecture, and most people in the room will not have the opportunity to tell their own story,” Goldfarb said.

Every available month, a professor from UR or RIT is invited to the cafe at Barnes & Noble to give a talk.

They are not allowed to bring in slides, as that would break the flow of the conversation and turn it into a lecture.

“You don’t have time to get into technical details or a blackboard to write on, so you want a coherent story,” said UR professor Edmund Lalor, this month’s presenter. “My only prep was to try to make a small number of bullet points of the main topics that I wanted to hit, and then go through that sequentially and keep the audience with me as I go.”

RSC’s objective is to engage

the public in more sophisticated fields of science at a level they can find fascinating in relation to their own lives. For instance, in January the cafe will host a talk on artificial intelligence, delivered by UR computer science professor George Ferguson.

“He’s talking about artificial intelligence — everybody is talking about how artificial intelligence is taking over the

“RSC’s objective is to engage the public in more sophisticated fields of science at a level they can find fascinating in relation to their own lives.”

world and our jobs, but then few really understand what artificial intelligence is,” Goldfarb said.

The cafe’s beginnings go back to 2008.

“Josh Faber, another professor at RIT, had the same idea as I did at the same time,” he said. “So the Rochester Science Cafe is a collaboration between UR and RIT. [Faber] would handle the spring series, and I do the fall one.”

This was over a decade ago. Originally, the cafe received a small grant from the National Science Foundation for cookies, coffee, and the traveling fee for speakers. But at some point the grant lapsed, and UR’s Department of Biology now covers all these expenses.

Goldfarb, reflecting on Lalor’s talk on how our minds work, said that he appreciated the impact of scientific engagement on the public. “These people today can go home on Thanksgiving and talk about human perceptions.”

Lam is a member of the Class of 2022.



PHOTO COURTESY OF DAVID GOLDFARB
Edmund Lalor gave the November talk at Rochester Science Cafe about human perception and how our minds work.

CT EATS

Girls Just Wanna Have Han



By **OLIVIA BANC**
COLUMNIST

About two years ago, my friend Wade and I made plans to eat at Han Noodle Bar.

And every single time we saw each other for the following two years, we would lament the fact that we had yet to go on our noodle date. Well, my friends, after much waiting, Wade and I finally got our spicy noods.

We had to wait two years and drive through a blizzard to get there but, oh my goodness y’all, it was worth it.

I was happy to discover that Wade operates like me in that he enjoys getting tons of different dishes and going family-style at meals. So, naturally, we combined our talents and made this a multi-course extravaganza.

To start off, we split the braised pork belly steamed buns. We were shocked by how quickly the food came out. They kept bringing us one piping hot dish after another as things were ready. Zero wait, high reward.

The bread was fabulously fluffy with just a bit of chewiness and a lovely sweetness. And the pork inside was divine. Sweet, salty, and meaty, it was so tender and melty. The chives on top added the perfect tiny bit of crisp to help complete this wonderfully-balanced bite.

Our next pick, the crispy tofu, brought even more holiday joy to the table. Though the tofu cubes were a touch too firm and dry on the inside, they had a perfectly crispy coating that was thick without being too heavy. The surrounding sauce was excellent. It reminded me of a Thai curry: a little coconutty, creamy and rich, with a nice medium-high spice level. I found myself going back to pick at this dish all throughout our meal.

Our final small plate was the kimchee chicken fried dumplings. I could never turn down dumplings, but they did have some slight issues. Although they were seared nicely, they were too oily for me on the outside. The chicken was moist, but the interior flavor left me wanting more. I did not get any kimchee flavor at all. I think I detected general cabbage-y notes, but none of that unmistakable kimchee kick.

Of course we had to get a noodle dish. The Beef Hofen (specifically, the one labeled “B10” on the menu) was a blessed choice. The rice noodles were bouncy, jiggly, a little chewy, and silky: the perfect textural composition. The gravy was simple: a little sweet, creamy, and could have used a bit more flavor, but it was comforting as it was. The beef, much like the fish, was tender and buttery and didn’t even need to be chewed at all. The bok



OLIVIA BANC / COLUMNIST

Han Noodle Bar stuns our CT Eats columnist with its cheap prices, sizable portions, and scrumptious dishes. Not only does Han Noodle Bar have noodles, they also have sides like the crispy tofu and chicken dumplings reviewed today.

Onto our gigantic entrees, I’ll start with the Szechuan hot pot fish fillet. The menu detailed that this szechuan peppercorn sauce is meant to be “fiery” and “numbing.” In actuality, it wasn’t very spicy at all. It was a little spicy, a little sweet, and smokey. Delicious — let’s get that straight — but not numbing in the slightest.

Wade also pointed out how the peppers were charred beautifully before being added to the sauce, which was a nice touch.

The fish fillet was beautiful as well. It was moist, soft, unbelievably buttery, and it soaked up the sauce delectably. I can’t remember the last time that I had fish that was this flavorful and cooked this masterfully.

choy was cooked to a slightly softened texture, but was still crunchy enough to bring the perfect crunch to round out this otherwise buttery dish.

I’ll also mention that, since this trip with Wade, I did return to Han a second time, and my entree then, the Seafood Broth Noodles, was a soup I may never forget. The flavor of the broth alone was exquisite, and there was so much beautiful seafood packed inside.

To sum it up, Han Noodle Bar’s food is delicious, served in gigantic portions, comes out quickly, and — most enticingly for the vast majority of us students — is cheap.

I’d return again this week.

Banc is a member of the Class of 2021.

OPINIONS

EDITORIAL OBSERVER

The Campus Times’ Next Step



By SHWETA KOUL
PUBLISHER

September started off with a few scares for the *Campus Times* editorial staff. Due to outside unforeseen forces, we were down a Managing Editor, a Photo Editor, and an Illustrations editor.

Although we found replacements, our commitment to delivering the content that our readers expected never swayed.

As the semester went on, we eventually found excellent staffers for those positions, and more.

That’s because we added two Social Media Editors and a Video Chief this semester. These additions have allowed us to expand the way we tell stories as a paper.

With the increasing digitalization of journalism, social media has arguably become the best way to inform. We’ve had a Twitter and Instagram for some time now, but they were barely in use. Our two Social Media Editors have been working this semester to share our articles through these platforms to amp up our readership.

Similarly, videos have become another effective way for journalists to share stories. By electing a Video Chief, we’ve had more time to work on storytelling through that lens. We encourage students to join video staff, as video journalism is a new tool we want to build upon. Staff can help out in the process of storyboarding, shooting, and editing these videos.

We also added a layout staff this semester. Our switch from weekly print issues to monthly print issues pushed us to appoint a staff dedicated to laying out our print paper.

This new system lets us run more efficiently and kept the tradition of print alive.

Additions to the staff don’t stop there. *CT* now has a business manager, which will be a major improvement. We have made so much money is made through advertisements, but that money was not being used to help the *CT*’s mission. With a business manager, we hope to continue spending money effectively.

We plan to add an engagement coordinator. At times, there seems to be a gap between writers and editors, which we hope to bridge with this position.

Expanding the *CT* staff will help us hone in on the areas of improvement we need the most.

Still, more work needs to be done on beefing up our campus presence. This week, bios of our staff were uploaded on our Facebook to help connect our faces to the paper. A video will be released next year about what really goes on during Sundays at the *CT* office. More journalism events need to be held, especially right after our general interest meeting, because that’s the best time to reel students in.

As I sat through elections this past Saturday, I realized two things. One, we have students that are so passionate about journalism, and even though some did not get elected to editorial positions, we need to find ways to keep them involved in the *CT*. And two, staff-wise, the *CT* is in good hands. Even when challenges arise, this staff is dedicated and qualified enough to rise to the occasion.

As I pass the torch to the next publisher, the bar has been raised for the *CT*’s potential. And I have the utmost faith that next year, that bar will be shattered and there will be a new height to aim for.

Koul is a member of the Class of 2022.

ED-BOARD

Flag Display Should Be for the Students, by the Students

On Nov. 25, students got an email from administration saying that the flags in Hirst Lounge may be taken down due to a handful of controversies over the years, most recently regarding the classification of the Hong Kong and Taiwan flags.

Some flags were moved because of a University decision to use the United Nations’ guidelines to select and order them.

We appreciate the administration’s attempt to avoid student conflict, but the flags should not be taken down.

Aside from being aesthetically pleasing, they serve as a visual representation of one of UR’s best strengths: diversity. Students have made clear that they feel more comfortable at a school where they can see representation of themselves and their homes. Tour guides always seem to point out the Hirst Lounge flag display

to prospective students and families, so it obviously has been a source of pride for our University.

We understand why we got this email in our inboxes. Administrators had a responsibility to address the controversies in both Hirst Lounge and the painted tunnel. However, we think the better solution is not to lose the display, but for UR to establish its own guidelines.

Although we aren’t in a position to dictate what the guidelines should or should not say (we cannot speak for everyone), why use the guidelines of an outside institution with different values than us?

The UN has its own politically biased reasons for recognizing, or failing to recognize, nations. And anyway, we just aren’t the UN. Why should we emulate its classifications? It doesn’t make its guidelines based on our values, or our community.

By blindly accepting the UN list, the University is dodging its responsibility to engage with the student body on a sensitive issue. If a student wants to disagree with the UN on what they call home, why should UR give an outside entity the final call?

And so, we call on the University to take the advice it gives us at every convocation and commencement: refer to our Meliora Vision and Values.

Instead of future discussions on how to replace the flag display, let’s have open forums to gather student input on guidelines for it. Any attempt to curate a flag display that represents the University’s diversity demands that students have the strongest voice.

If UR really takes pride in its diverse student body, then they should let the students choose how they’re represented.

This editorial is published with the consent of a majority of the Editorial Board: Wil Aiken (Editor-in-Chief), An Nguyen (Features Editor), Hailie Higgins (Opinions Editor), Efua Agyare-Kumi (Managing Editor), and Shweta Koul (Publisher). 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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WILSON COMMONS 103A
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, NY 14627
OFFICE: (585) 275-5942 / FAX: (585) 273-5303
CAMPUSTIMES.ORG / EDITOR@CAMPUSTIMES.ORG

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF WIL AIKEN
MANAGING EDITOR EFUA AGYARE-KUMI

NEWS EDITORS ABRAHAM LONCKE
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PUBLISHER SHWETA KOUL

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PERSEPECTIVE FROM PAGE 1

-al student, I understand both the feeling of separation and the need to more fully identify with your ethnicity or nationality. I feel most like a Hong Konger when I am away from Hong Kong. But that does not justify blind nationalism. The cries to stop violence promote tyranny, not peace. Do not conflate your identity with the actions of your government. I see the apparent necessity in defending the transgressions

of a country to which you still have much loyalty. But it is morally imperative to be critical.

I feel those backing the protests often seem far more invested in anti-Chinese sentiment than in genuine solidarity of my friends and my people. The response to all this strikes me as a masturbatory impulse to align with the right side of history. I have seen a blatant disregard for nuance or accountability for the genuine damage caused by movements like these.

I can’t help but feel used. It is much easier to cheer on the liberation of a city when it is not burning around you. These protests are fun to follow. They’re endlessly entertaining, aesthetic, and righteous. But they’re also complicated and morally grey — as all things are. These Xi-Jinping-Winnie-the-Pooh memes help nothing. They do not make me feel supported or cared for. I feel like a spectacle.

I understand the excitement over a cause like this, but this is not fun for me. None of this

is fun. The martyrdom of my people is not something I take pride in. To my American friends who genuinely care: Support our cause, but don’t treat it trivially. But this is not to excuse you, CSSA, for your chauvinism.

As somebody who participated in the protests over summer, I’ve seen the peaceful majority marching, and the police brutality. I’ve also seen the violence and aggression towards not just the Chinese government, but mainland Chinese people as a whole.

After half a year, I can say the emotional toll on me and my family has been great. The toll on my city has been great. The toll on the bodies of my people has been great.

What toll has it taken on you?

光復香港
時代革命

(Translation: Liberate Hong Kong, the revolution of our times)

Yau is a member of the Class of 2020.

OPINIONS

EDITORIAL OBSERVER

By MELANIE EARLE
SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR

In fifth grade, on a brisk New York City day, my classmates sprawled across our raggedy classroom carpet. Our teacher had us practicing holiday songs for the upcoming winter show, and with holiday seasonal zeal we sang.

When we came to one of the Hanukkah songs, a few classmates and I got up and started dancing. We flew around the classroom laughing, our movements becoming erratic as the song progressed. Then one boy stood up and said something along the lines of, “Stop! You’re making fun of Jewish people!”

We stilled at once and looked around, confused. Our student-teacher stopped the song. The boy looked at us angrily as the student-teacher began to lecture us on our behavior. How we were being disrespectful to the boy’s culture — how the dancing was wrong.

Deck the Halls with Matzo Balls

I was surprised at the outburst and, as a Jewish person myself, did not understand why the boy was offended, or why I was in trouble. I was embarrassed and made to feel disrespected my own culture.

This was the start of my relationship with Hanukkah.

I used to celebrate both Christmas and Hanukkah, the holiday jackpot. I didn’t get large presents for Hanukkah, usually a scratch-off ticket and some jelly donuts. We lit the menorah and celebrated at least once with latkes.

At the beginning of middle school, with the Hanukkah song incident still fresh in my mind, I began to interact more with my Jewish heritage. Shabbat services on Friday night became a more regular occurrence. I started going to Hebrew school. I carefully listened to prayers and committed them to memory. The stories of the Torah and their connections to modern life became clearer.

The legitimacy of my Jewish

heritage was questioned by my peers, especially around the Jewish holidays. They would ask if I was “really Jewish,” as if there was a standard set of requirements I needed to meet. I didn’t have my Bat Mitzvah, so that meant I couldn’t be truly Jewish, they said. I was conveniently Jewish enough, however, when pennies were thrown at me throughout middle school. These events made me question my Judaism, and I asked myself if the accusations were true. It felt like I need to prove my Jewish-ness in some way. I began looking for ways to connect with and represent my Judaism.

When I walked into a store in December, I noticed the abundance of Christmas items, and lack of Hanukkah pieces. Maybe there would be a menorah in storefronts, or a few dreidels and chocolate gold coins, if I was lucky.

Instead of feeling left out or ignored, I started to make a game out of it. In high school,

I would walk the streets of the city and peer into store windows, marking down all the Hanukkah related things I discovered. I skipped through aisles and hunted through piles to find hidden treasures. I took pictures of my favorite acquisitions.

In eleventh grade, a friend who had long known about my game bought me a gift. She presented it to me proudly, and I opened the bag to find a blue teddy bear holding a white dreidel. I lovingly named him Matzo Ball. He followed me from class to class that day, accompanying me down crowded hallways.

Matzo Ball is important to me because I finally felt recognized by someone outside my family. Such a small gift showed that my friend respected how I celebrated and practiced my Judaism. Everytime I see Matzo Ball, I smile and a warmth blossoms in my chest.

I know now that Judaism

doesn’t come in one font. When people question me today, I laugh, because I know there is no such thing as a “true Jew.” I practice my Judaism the way that makes me feel closest to my culture and my religion. Instead of feeling embarrassed by the fifth grade incident, I smile. I didn’t disrespect my culture or attack my heritage. I celebrated my culture and took joy in the upcoming days of Hanukkah.

Hanukkah is not about the gifts, latkes, dreidels, or jelly-donuts. It’s about celebrating my identity, and there’s no one right, “properly Jewish” way to do that. So I rock my Hanukkah-themed socks, light my menorah, eat latkes, and celebrate the Maccabees and the miracle of the oil burning for eight nights.

And maybe while I do that, “The Hanukkah Song” by Adam Sandler plays in the background, and Matzo Ball is at my side.

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.

By EDDIE HOCK
STAFF WRITER

After the mass shooting in El Paso this August, which left 22 dead and 24 injured, the attacker’s so-called manifesto surfaced online.

The document was a directionless rant against immigrants and Latinx people, that parroted far-right rhetoric warning of a “Hispanic invax“replaced” as the racial majority in the United States. This idea, frequently called ‘white genocide,’ garnered attention two years earlier at the “Unite the Right” rally in Charlottesville, when ultra-nationalists wearing MAGA hats and bearing Swastikas, Confederate flags, and Tiki torches chanted “you will not replace us,” which quickly became “Jews will not replace us.”

After the rally — during which a Trump-supporting white nationalist struck and killed Heather Heyer, a leftist counter-protester, with his car — the President infamously said that there were “very fine people... on both sides” of the event.

After the El Paso shooting, President Donald Trump delivered a similarly gormless speech, pleading for God to “protect us,” giving the shooter’s white nationalist motivation only a cursory mention, and blaming the eighth-deadliest shooting in American history on violent video games.

With the country reeling and Hispanic Americans fearing for their lives, the New York Times released their intended headline for the next day: “Trump Urges

The Truth Has a Liberal Bias

Unity vs. Racism.”

This prompted a colossal outcry on Twitter from Democratic candidates and pundits, liberals and leftists, and anyone with regard for journalistic integrity who had heard the speech and knew that Trump hadn’t said that.

After the response, the Times changed the headline to “Assailing Hate But Not Guns.” This was barely an improvement, but the American attention span for what we consider “politics” — which at this point apparently includes mass loss of human life — is short, and we moved on to the next day’s outrage.

I haven’t moved on.

One of America’s most respected newspapers considered a clearly disingenuous headline fit to print, and I’m convinced that the Times did so because it feared being called part of the liberal media. Trump and the decaying remains of the Republican Party have found success weaponizing the phrase “liberal media” to paint any journalist that doesn’t repeat the administration’s official line as an enemy of the people.

Even many who agree with unfavorable coverage of the American right seem to uncritically accept that the coverage is biased. Since the second Bush administration and the “lamestream media,” conservative sources have slid deeper into hard-right politics under the guise of being “fair and balanced.” This slogan, used by Fox News since its inception in 1996, represents the double standard to which journalists are held.

Proponents of the far right cawll honest reporting that reflects negatively on them “fake news,” but when they are called out for spreading open falsehoods, their critics are called “biased.”

Kellyanne Conway’s “alternative facts” are the next step. It’s been said before that American conservatives (those who get their news through Fox and far-right online sources) live in an alternate reality from the rest of the country.

But they don’t. Whatever someone believes, if those beliefs don’t line up with reality, that person is simply incorrect.

I’m not talking about differences of opinion. If, for example, someone supports Immigrations and Customs Enforcement (an organization that, incidentally, has only existed since 2003), that’s an opinion.

It is not, however, an opinion that ICE has thrown children in camps, or deported people who have been law-abiding Americans for decades, or separated families, or privately shared photos of dead migrants. Just this Thursday, video came out showing that border agents lied about the death of 16-year-old Carlos Hernandez Vasquez in their custody this May.

These are facts. Truthful reporting on them is not bias, even if it implicates ICE’s supporters in callous disregard for human rights.

If the facts show that the Trump administration is fundamentally incompetent, or that Justice Brett Kavanaugh perjured himself during pre-appointment hearings, or that the President continually violates the emoluments clause of the

Consitution by accepting gifts from foreign powers, describing those facts doesn’t mean a journalist is a liberal skill. It means they’re doing their job.

The role of journalism is not to act as a megaphone for public figures. If our headlines read “Trump says so-and-so” instead of “Trump lies” every time the President lies to the American people, we cannot pretend to be objective journalists. We are doing a disservice to the people who rely on us to stay informed. If we write “Dems clash with Republicans over election security,” and we

neglect the necessary information that Republicans are threatening that security, we aren’t being objective.

Objective journalism isn’t about aligning with an imaginary median voter’s position, nor is it about presenting unqualified statements from proven liars without clarifying that they are false.

Objective journalism is about the truth. Even if liberals are more likely to believe it than conservatives, we should not forgo honesty in an attempt to accommodate the ignorant.

Hock is a member of the Class of 2021.





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CULTURE

The Pan-religious Appeal of Emmet Otter

By JANE PRITCHARD
ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

To complain that a Christmas movie is “too Christmassy” may sound like a redundancy, much like griping that water is “too wet” or that a Martin Scorsese movie is “too white and male.”

Yet, as many a Facebook aunt will relate, I often find myself overloaded with artificial, capitalist-driven Christmas imagery during the holiday season. Chrimbofication, if you will.

That’s not to say I won’t watch the generic drivel that Hallmark and Netflix churn out so generously every year (much like an incredibly large and fiscally straining dominant/submissive relationship). I’m just going to pine like a little Dickens-esque orphan boy for a time when holiday movies really struck an emotional chord with me.

If you find yourself agreeing with what I just said, one, congrats! I bet you’re a pleasure at holiday parties, and, two, may I suggest the Jim Henson-directed “Emmet Otter’s Jug-Band Christmas” for your not-quite-Christmassy-but-it’s-got-the-giving-spirit, made-for-television viewing pleasure?

That’s right — if you can’t relate to the rehashed variations of “average woman falls in love with a clueless Christmas prince/knight/ghost/etc.,” I’m betting you’ll feel at home in the tale of a pair of talking otter puppets and



JANE PRITCHARD / ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

the various anthropomorphic critters that populate the down-home, sleepy village of Frogtown Hollow.

Our story revolves around the hardworking, loving mother and son duo of Ma and Emmet Otter who, despite their financial struggles, are separately determined to get each other the best Christmas present possible.

The two are each led to participate in a neighboring town’s talent contest for a whopping \$50, with Emmet entering his ragtag jug band and Ma entering as a solo act. Hilarity ensues as Emmet uses Ma’s washtub to construct his washtub bass and Ma pawns Em-

met’s work tools to make a new dress for the show.

I’m not going to lie to you. This plot isn’t really what brings “Emmet Otter” to life for me. The truth is, I’m here for the full spectacle. This movie is incredible to look at. The puppets and scenery are lovingly crafted and give off a pleasant aura of homespun geniality, much like the Calico Critters playsets my mom never bought for me as a kid, which today has led to me being prone to moments of emotional instability whenever I see them in the discount bin at Kohl’s.

The puppetry is charmingly over the top and the jokes are just the right amount of terrible. Some-

times, there are points where you wonder how they got away with flinging a puppet down a slope, slapping a voiceover on it, and calling it a day. Then you realize, oh, it’s exactly this grey-zone between staged perfection and seat-of-his-pants direction that makes Jim Henson productions so memorable.

Fans of Henson’s more mainstream work will enjoy the brief narrative cameos made by Kermit the Frog — who, I may add, is dressed like a gay uncle at an autumnal farmers market — as well as the spirited and brilliantly performed musical numbers throughout the film. Paul Wil-

liams’ characteristically witty lyrics and infectious melodies here would pave the way to further cinematic collaborations in “The Muppet Movie” and “The Muppet Christmas Carol,” so take note of such gems like “The Bathing Suit That Grandma Otter Wore,” “Bar-B-Que,” and the tear jerking finale that is “Brothers in Our World.”

So, aside from all the reasons I just listed, why am I so adamant about welcoming this classic as a fixture in your holiday oeuvre? Well, it’s simply because of how universally enjoyable this film is. The holidays are a time when we should all come together and be able to share what we love with those who we love.

Never consumed a piece of Muppets media? Not a problem. Not exactly an avid consumer of Christmas media? Never fear! Emmet Otter is a friend to all who seek his message of unconditional love and community.

While it’s not a 100 percent Christmas-free movie (right there in the title, bud), there are no references to Jesus Christ or Santa Claus or any kind of evangelical message in all 48 minutes of this little special. Just Emmet Otter and his jug band extolling the benefits of mama’s bar-b-que and our capacity for brotherhood through the magic of song.

Hey, it’s Emmet Otter’s world, but don’t worry: There’s plenty of room for all of us.

Pritchard is a member of the Class of 2022.

Aliens Exist During NJR’s “Final Frontier”

By OLIVIA ALGER
CULTURE EDITOR

My favorite movie growing up was “Muppets from Space.” It was a messy, psychedelic trip of a film my parents had on VHS. The main song on the groovy soundtrack was Earth, Wind & Fire’s “Shooting Star.”

When I heard No Jackets Required (NJR) was putting on a space-themed show this weekend, I crossed my fingers in the hopes they’d cover this groovy tune. And they did.

“Man,” my roommate said, “this is groovy.”

My roommate and I like going to NJR shows and dancing around like a couple of maniacs. We’ve seen all of the ensembles, from the rock band concerts in the May Room to the acoustic jam sessions in the tunnels.

On Saturday, the Drama House was decked out for the house show called the “Final Frontier,” featuring all songs about the sun, moon, and stars. A ragtag group of musicians carrying various instruments milled around in space gear. In line for the bathroom, I talked to a bass player wearing a dress with tentacles trailing down the skirt. I thought she looked cool.

“Thanks,” she said. “Do

you think I look like an alien?”

She did. Other kids looked like aliens, too. There were galaxy tights, glow-in-the-dark glitter face paint, and yellow stars plastered onto cheeks. One kid was wearing an actual alien costume, peering through black slits in a green morph suit. We sang along to songs we knew, like CCR’s “Bad Moon Rising” and David Bowie’s “Space Oddity.” And we swayed gently to songs we didn’t, like “Stars and Planets” by Liz Phair and “Black Hole Sun” by Soundgarden.

The concert was packed. But it was also more lowkey, as my roommate said, than the rest of the shows we’ve been to. As a big NJR supporter, I can tell you that I’ve rarely seen anyone sitting down during a show. But last night, my roommate and I found ourselves seated on the floor, rocking band and forth to the gentle harmonies of “Here Comes the Sun.”

It wasn’t that we were bored. We were just ... vibing.

There was a range of music for everyone, and a lot of the songs involved the majority of the NJR group. Members were crammed onstage for both Europe’s “The Final Countdown” and more swanky, jazzy bits like “Fly Me to the Moon.”

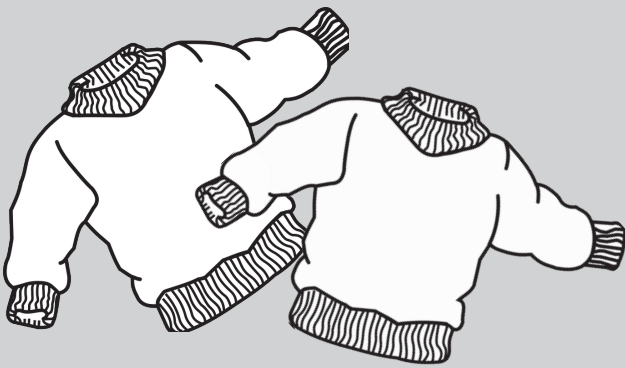
There were songs featuring saxophones, trumpets, cellos, a French horn, and a piano. Some of them were out of tune, and it took some of the players until mid-song to notice. Once they did, they fixed it quickly with overlapping vocals and quick instrument swaps.

But that’s how it goes in the NJR house shows. While the rock band ensemble is smaller and tighter, the house shows feel more like a giant jam session for all kinds of musicians. The auditions to join the group are casual, and everybody gets a chance to play in the performances. Three girls bopped in front of microphones for “Walking on Sunshine” while three boys sang Blink-182’s “Aliens Exist.” The two highlights, in my opinion, were “The Sky is a Neighborhood” by the Foo Fighters and “Gravity” by John Mayer, two songs totally transformed from their original sound into fervent covers.

Later, walking down the drama house steps into the snow, my roommate said the show was more mellow than any other she’s seen. “A kickass time, though,” she said, right before she caught me as I slipped on the last step. “Kickass music, too.”

Alger is a member of the Class of 2022.

SWEATER YOU WAITING FOR?



WRITE FOR THE CAMPUS TIMES

CT RECOMMENDS

Nintendo Fitness Boxing

By SING CHAN
CULTURE EDITOR

When I announced my courageous attempt to lose weight, my friends hesitantly suggested that I should perhaps exercise.

I dithered, debating whether to awkwardly go to the gym and work-out, or proudly accept the fact that some of us will just have to be above average in everything, including body weights. But Nintendo made my life easier.

If you owned a Wii more than a decade ago, you’ve probably played Wii Sports and Wii Fit. Nintendo discontinued the Wii, but continues to develop fitness games (like “Fitness Boxing” and “Ring Fit Adven-

ture”) with their new console, the Nintendo Switch. Basically, the developers just really want gamers to get out of their beds and start working out.

Thanks to Nintendo, I can now practice boxing (and smash everything) in my single dorm room with the Fitness Boxing game, where I twist and bounce and punch to the beats of some outdated pop music like “Call Me Maybe.” The game is basically a combination of a fitness and a rhythm game — so playing “Tap Tap Revolution” with your body.

To me, exercising is an inhumane torture that only the strongest and bravest can endure. But “Fitness Boxing” adds a playful and pleasurable

twist to the torture (in other words, the BDSM of working-out). When you first begin the game, you pick a trainer who will teach you the boxing strategies and encourage you during the exercise. If you want to fulfill your trainer’s expectations and get perfect hits, you will actually have to move your body and try to punch.

According to the players’ training goal (set after the initial fitness test), there are different daily sessions that include two routines to complete. Besides these sessions, you could also further work-out from a variety of strategy-specific practices, such as only practicing jabs.

My first attempt with this game was a disaster — not only

was I calculated to have a fitness age of 34, which made me feel like an aged pumpkin, but I also woke up the next morning with a sore arm barely able to hold up my phone.

The more I played this game, the more I appreciated the functions it included. The game is very encouraging and helps with building commitment, perseverance, and strength. I am aware that my trainer is just a 2D virtual character, but having support during the exercises still made me want to strive harder and get better hits. The game also calculates the number of calories you burn on top of your fitness age. While the numbers may not be accurate, it still provides a glimpse of how

much boxing you have done.

It is known by many that exercising can reduce stress hormones and increase mood-elevating hormones. For me, simply punching in the air allowed me to release my stress (and my frustration with my Editor-In-Chief).

The people who will benefit the most out of this game are those who feel too awkward to go to a gym or want to try committing to exercise. But, if you are already working-out regularly, there’s really no need to spend 50 bucks on a fitness game.

And yes, I did lose a few pounds from playing this game.

Chan is a member of the Class of 2022.

‘Norwegian Wood’ Finds Hope in the Aftermath of Suicide

By ESTHER BEN AMI
STAFF WRITER

Winter has arrived here in Rochester, covering our campus in a blanket of snow and ice.

Looking up at the dreary gray sky, and trekking through the snow and freezing temperatures to get to class may make many students feel even more stressed than they already are at the end of the semester. Some might find solace retreating into the comfort of a sensitive book.

If that sounds like you, I have the perfect read for this winter: Haruki Murakami’s “Norwegian Wood.”

Haruki Murakami wrote

“Norwegian Wood” in 1987, though the story itself takes place in the 1960s. The novel became immensely popular among Japanese youth, and it is now one of Murakami’s most well-known works.

The story is told through the sensitive yet detached lens of Toru Watanabe, a college student in Tokyo. He and one of his childhood friends navigate their lives after enduring the tragedy of another of their close friend’s suicide years prior.

“Norwegian Wood” is dramatically reviewed by Politics and Prose Bookstore as “a young man’s hopeless, and heroic first love.” Although this is certainly

a significant, overarching element, the novel is so much more than that. The Guardian’s review of “Norwegian Wood” comments on how the novel’s landscape of winter serves as a metaphor for the theme of death it so eloquently portrays. However, winter not only symbolizes the natural inevitability of death, it also displays the quiescence of living things.

“Norwegian Wood’s” habitual return to winter as the story delves deeper into its characters’ complicated psyches portrays something that’s arguably worse than life naturally reaching its final stage: stagnation.

Two of the story’s main char-


acters, Toru and Naoko, are irrevocably tied to each other by their shared trauma. They are, in many ways, both wandering through an endless winter of grief and loss. Unable to process their friend’s suicide, the two characters are pulled, almost by a sinister force, towards a similar fate of depression and isolation. Haruki Murakami does an excellent job of depicting how two people, and society as a whole, is weighed down and connected by unprocessed grief.

“Norwegian Wood” does provide a ray of hope, however. Although many readers are bewildered by its ambiguous ending, overall the novel provides a

deep and empathetic insight to those suffering from depression or suicide-related grief.

So, if you find yourself in the forests of winter alone right now, I recommend picking up “Norwegian Wood.” The poetically introspective monologues may warm your heart. Such sensitive and broken characters may leave you with feelings of understanding and compassion. But most of all, “Norwegian Wood” is here to show you that while your winter may seem cold, cruel and lonely, it will eventually end.

Ami is a member of the Class of 2022.



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HUMOR

Same Shirt, Three Formals

By JOHN PINTO
HUMOR EDITOR

Citing a variety of factors including an overload of schoolwork, a lack of clean clothes, and low societal standards, a UR student has announced he will wear the same blue and white striped dress shirt to three different formals this weekend.

Sophomore Nathan LaGuardia-Karsh said he came

“I just kind of rolled out of my nest of unwashed comforters and Moe’s wrappers fifteen minutes before the first pregame of the first Formal – College Republicans, naturally – and realized that my laundry pile had started to bleed into my bed-nest.”

to this decision after absolutely no soul-searching or consideration.

“I just kind of rolled out of my nest of unwashed comforters and Moe’s wrappers 15 minutes before the first



pregame of the first Formal – College Republicans, naturally – and realized that my laundry pile had started to bleed into my bed-nest,” LaGuardia-Karsh told the Campus Times. “I’m thinking, ‘Oh geez, there’s no way I’m gonna be able to get away with wearing my official Ill-Advised Native American Headdress outfit from Halloween, College Republicans is WAY too classy for that to fly,’ and then there it was, nestled between two socks with little marijuanas stitched on them and a sweatshirt with a neb-

ula design: the nice blue and white button down that my hot stepmom Anna got me for Christmas last year!”

LaGuardia-Karsh reports he then pulled the garment on and stumbled into his Kendrick Hall bathroom, where he admired himself for several minutes in a mirror mostly covered in dried toothpaste globs.

“The lack of a tie bothered me at first,” LaGuardia-Karsh said, “and honestly, that’s kind of on me. A guy in the Frisbee Fellas group chat messaged all of us last week and said he had extra

ties for anyone who needed to class things up a bit for formal season. But I was super busy with putting off my lab reports and final projects, and also I have a paralyzing fear of ever asking another man for help with anything, so I just never replied. Eventually I realized that my tight as fuck shirt would make any borrowed tie a distraction from my aesthetic.”

When asked what his aesthetic was, LaGuardia-Karsh answered: “Morning Mist.”

LaGuardia-Karsh then left

Kendrick Hall and met his date at her suite in Wilder, where he claims she was left “speechless” by his fashion choices.

“What can I say?” LaGuardia-Karsh told CT, “ladies like a man who’ll dress up for them. That’s the power of Morning Mist, man — it’s bold but versatile. At this point, it’s not even like I’m getting away with anything by wearing the same shirt to three different parties — it’s more like I’m letting even more people experience the shirt.”

LaGuardia-Karsh’s date, who would only speak with CT under the condition of complete and eternal anonymity, said she spent over two weeks planning and four hours actually preparing for each of her four Formals.

The UR College Republicans, delighted to receive a non-Tibet related piece of correspondence, confirmed to CT that LaGuardia-Karsh attended their formal, that they “valued both his and his date’s attendance,” and that his “less than stellar” attire decisions were “of less importance than drawing in women to bone on Saturday and debate the reproductive rights of on Sunday.”

Pinto is a member of the Class of 2020.

Just Finals Things: Stories from the Library

By ETHAN BUSCH
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

It’s the most wonderful time of the year! No, not Christmas; I’m so Jewish I didn’t even know what date Christmas was on until I was a teenager. I mean finals season!

When else can you stress over a test worth half your grade for which you are wholly unprepared? When else can you have more study breaks than study sessions? When else can you beg and plead with your declining daddy to keep you alive with more snacks? Okay, maybe you can do those things whenever you want, but during finals you get to do them with extra stress, so I guess that’s neat.

In the spirit of this wonderful season, I decided to ask some students about their finals experiences.

I found first-year Rudolph Redmond in Gleason Library. His shoulders were low and his

neck bent. The ghosts of Webworks past seemed to haunt him as his empty eyes stared at a black computer screen. Redmond is, of course, currently enrolled in MTH 161, so I inquired about his thoughts on the recent midterm which took place, of course, at the end of the term.

“Midterm? We had a midterm? I missed that ... I guess the zero will probably improve my grade,” said Redmond.

Other students have found coping methods. Junior Chrissy Crinkle said she finds it very important to keep her energy up during finals.

“It can get a bit expensive to keep buying coffee, so I have to find other ways to stay awake,” said Crinkle. “I like to study in the 500 stacks, that way my fear of ghosts keeps me alert and aware.”

Crinkle’s pupils seemed to be expanding to the edges of her irises, as she constantly tapped a toe on the ground and drummed her fingers on her laptop.

“My roommate has had some trouble, she’s been missing her ADHD medication, I feel really bad for her,” she volunteered, unasked. “I have absolutely no idea who would take unprescribed medication. I mean honestly. No clue.”

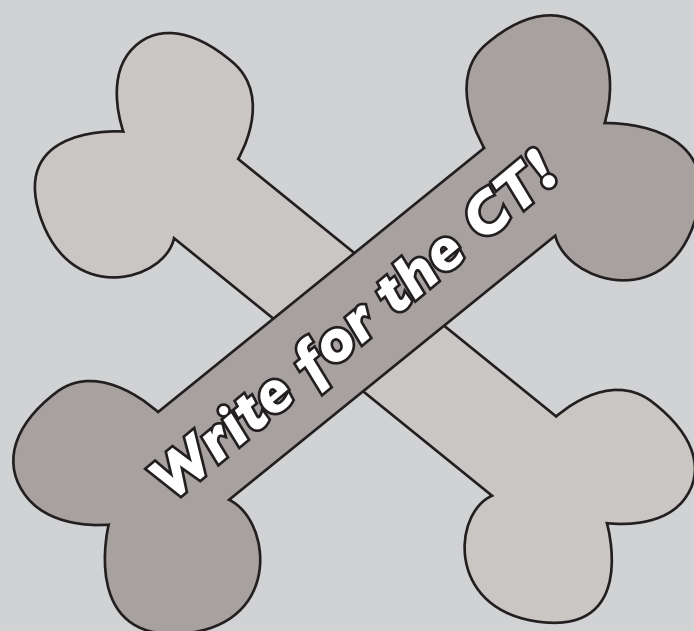
One sophomore, Miss Tilly Towe, was calmer about the process. Save for the occasional twitch of her left eye and a small patch of hair missing from her head, Towe seemed perfectly placid at the prospect of finals.

“Finals? I’m not worried about them ... not at all. Nonono no no no... No. No. No concerns at all whatsoever,” said Towe. “What do you mean some of my hair is missing? It’s right here in my hand, see? Everything is just fine!”

The takeaway is this: Whatever your finals experience looks like, remember, nothing is more important than having pretty headings for your cheat sheets.

Busch is a member of the Class of 2023.

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The Official CT Holiday Traveler’s Guide to Insufferable Passengers

By **STELLA WILKINS**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As the holidays roll around, many of us at UR face long travels back home. Every airport and train station will be filled with joyful messages and festive decorations, as well as thousands of people all overflowing with romantic ideals of travels into wondrous worlds of colorful lights.

Those people are insufferable. Maybe it’s just me who’s tired of listening to these idealistic holiday travelers who have clearly never experienced winter in New York City. Nothing gets me in the holiday spirit like hordes of people scrambling around like ants, horses being abused by their coachmen, and Times Square covered with pitch black snow that serves as a constant reminder that our planet is dying a painful death.

The Overly-Attached Couple

How to spot:

- Shoving their tongues down each other’s throat in the middle of an airport or sharing one seat on the train.
- Definitely did not check the weather report before packing.
- Women: over-the-knee brown books, leggings, plaid shirts, big scarves, hat. Probably an Ashley.
- Men: khakis that don’t fit quite right, Nikes, hoodies with something offensive written on it.
- Oftentimes, these creatures congeal into one mass as a result of their inseparability.

How to handle:

- If an encounter occurs, pretend it didn’t. It’s useless to attempt to stop them because, just like Ashley’s Instagram post said, “nothing will ever break [them] apart! Happy 3 weeks babe!”
- Consider bear spray, since they want to act like animals.

The “I Told My Parents I’m Doing Well in My Classes but How Do I Confess That I Lied and I Don’t Want to Be a Brain Surgeon, but the Owner of a Microbrewery in Oregon with My Bro Holden” Guy

How to spot:

- Possibly browsing LinkedIn as if it were Instagram.
- Lots of beard.
- Maybe a crystal necklace.
- Furiously typing on his MacBook Air.
- Has gotten up from his window seat to use the bathroom at least five times.

How to handle:

- Offer him some craft beer or a cortado. It may seem counterintuitive to give this guy caffeine, but trust me here.
- Attempt to move your seat (last resort move – low rate of success).

The 25 Year Old Whose Life Is Spiraling out of Control but She Has to Prove That She Is So Much Happier Than Her Stupid Sister with Her Stupid Husband and Stupid Kids

How to spot:

- Orders white wine off the Delta Airlines menu for an hour-long flight.
- Probably wearing a peacoat.
- Has ordered a second wine.
- Watching Dirty Dancing and crying.
- Has now ordered a vodka cran.

How to handle:

- Honestly, she’s harmless until the sobbing starts, so you’re best off enjoying the spectacle and feeling a little better about yourself.

The Stupid Sister with her Stupid Husband and Stupid Kids

How to spot:

- Matching outfits.
- Stiletto heels.
- North Face jackets.
- Bought iPads to occupy the kids so they don’t have to.
- Talking about their trip to Bermuda and “how funny it is that they ran into Will Smith in LAX” and “did you hear about that new singer Billie Eilish? She grew up right around the corner from our new house in LA! We’re basically neighbors, this one time we brought over some...”

How to handle:

- Soundproof headphones and 90s alt rock.
- Learn Latin and whisper hexes under your breath while rocking back and forth in your seat and foaming at the mouth.

View the complete article at: <http://www.campustimes.org/>
Wilkins is a member of the Class of 2022.



I should clarify that it’s not the holidays themselves that I hate. Believe me, the only thing that gets me through the end of the semester is the thought of spending an entire week with creepy uncle Joe in Grandma’s tiny living room, the one with the itchy brown couch and life-sized nativity scene. I hate the types of people one encounters while traveling during this time of year. So my gift to you this season, fellow students, is a guide to said travelers. That’s right, I took time out of my very, very busy schedule (in an attempt to avoid writing that final paper) to explain who these people are, how to spot them, and how to handle them. You’re welcome.

The Demon Girl Who Lives in the Tunnels: Thanksgiving in Hell is Hell

By **LUMI SCHILDKRAUT**
SENIOR STAFF

Hi! I’m Nix, the demon girl who lives by that super hot spot in the tunnels. Everyone thinks I’m the Devil, but they’re wrong — I’m just your everyday college demon girl who’s here to study every subject her heart desires. I write because being the only demon girl on campus is a little lonely, but I have a lot of fun experiences I want to share!

So one of the biggest things people don’t realize about demons is that we are human. I mean, obviously not homo sapiens human. Human in that we share some similarities with humans. Human in that we demons fuck up. Bad.

For example, I went home to Hell for Thanksgiving Break.

I knew I didn’t really want to head home for the holiday, but when you get a personal invitation from Satan himself, well, you don’t really get to say no to the Big Boss.

I would love to share exactly how I went to Hell and back over the weekend, but the University Counsel advised me not to for your safety.

So let me be clear: Hell is definitely NOT accessed by a secret passageway in the B level of Rush Rhees.

Literally walking into Hell on the first day of break, suitcase in hand, my expectations weren’t terribly high. Fortunately, some of my older friends were there to greet me. There’s nothing like being greeted by Virgil, Dante Alighieri, Marie Antoinette, Marie Curie, and Fred Rogers (if you only knew).

That was the only good part of my vacation. As soon as I walked into my room, there was clearly trouble afoot.

My room, which had been sparkling clean months prior, was trashed as if a tornado had gone through it. Unfortunately, it was my little sister Eris, who seems to stir up mayhem wherever she goes. She isn’t in school anymore, having graduated and gone into advertising for car insurance companies.

What I was really looking forward to was dinner. I’m a huge meat fan, so the prospect of turkey had me actually excited. But guess what was on the table when I got to

dinner. It’s not a trick question. It’s stupidly obvious. Not turkey! Not even meat, in fact. Did you guess tofu? If you guessed tofu, congratulations! You win the knowledge that there’s someone down in Hell smiling up at you.

Let me be clear: Tofu has no place at a holiday table. How is a demon supposed to enjoy the holidays when meat, a staple of the demonic diet, is not present? Nothing personal, Beelzebub, but we know you’re the one who went vegan. You’re the one who cursed us with bland mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce on tofu. I have nothing against people being vegan, but when you sabotage Thanksgiving dinner, it’s not funny. I had to go get fast food from McDonald’s. (Yes, there are fast food franchises in Hell.)

You know what? I just don’t recommend taking a vacation to Hell. I spent the second half of break at one of our national parks, and it was terrible. Go to Tahiti. Go to Alaska. Go to Death Valley. Go anywhere but here. The ambience sucks. The wildlife could kill you. Your vacation will, literally, be Hell.

Of course, after spending two days in a row at Rising Phoenix NationHell Park, I had to go back to school. Unfortunately, Hell decided to close the Upstate and Western New York portals for Thanksgiving weekend maintenance, so I had to take the Hell’s Kitchen portal.

I knew I should’ve stayed longer as soon as I stepped out and discovered that the weather was primed for mass destruction. Still, I had no choice but to drive the rental car up the New York State Thruway all the way to Rochester. I know people assume that death doesn’t scare demons, but you try driving several hundred miles in near-blizzard conditions. I passed no fewer than a dozen pileups and spinouts over the course of an hour, in case you were wondering what Hell is like when it freezes over.

I made it back. Somehow. I slid into Rochester just before midnight, welcomed back by the scorching hot temperatures of my dorm room. I’m sure I’ll regret saying this, but for once, I didn’t mind.

Schildkraut is a member of the Class of 2020.



SPORTS

Squash is UR's Secret National Star

By ETHAN BUSCH
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Squash is a bit of an enigma to many UR students.

A lot of people have no idea how the sport is played. A lot of people know that our men's team is quite good at the sport. A lot of people think of squash as a preppy, elitist, exclusionary sport. For those who fall into the first group, here's a breakdown: Squash is played on a small, rectangular court by two players. (There is doubles squash, but

"We're hoping to get a guy coming in January from England [...] If we get this guy in January we'd be looking to try and make the finals."

it's far less popular.) Players hit a small rubber ball at the front wall. When they successfully do so, it becomes their opponent's move. The ball may hit the back and side



PHOTO COURTESY OF UR ATHLETICS
Ashley Davies reaches down along the left wall for a shot.

walls on its way to or from the front wall, but the shot is only in when it hits the front. Points are scored when the ball bounces twice, or is hit out of bounds. (There are upper boundaries on the side and back walls, and an upper and lower boundary on the front wall.)

Games are played to 11, but must be won by two points, and matches are decided by whoever wins the best of five games.

Generally the sport is individual, but in school it is played as a team, with the team that wins the majority of the nine individual match-

es taking the overall victory. Each player is ranked, and their match is against the opposing team's player of the same rank.

The UR Men's Squash team took their first such victory, 5-4 over Cornell on Thursday. Saturday, the Yellowjackets struggled through a 7-2 loss to the fourth-ranked University of Pennsylvania. The following day the 'Jackets suffered a narrow defeat, this time 5-4 against Drexel University. While it has not been an ideal start, the Yellowjackets show some promise, with first-year Abdelrahman Lasheen and

junior Marcus Sim each winning their first two matches.

While the team is currently ranked sixth, they hope to improve. "We're probably looking to be a top four team this year," said junior Ashley Davies. "We're hoping to get a guy coming in January from England [...] If we get this guy in January we'd be looking to try and make the finals."

Davies himself, who plays at the first seed, is a notable talent. Prior to attending UR he played on the professional squash circuit, before deciding to use his talents on the court to help him along a different path. "Unfortunately

"When Heath took over the program in 2005, the team was ranked number 28. Three years later they were number three."

squash isn't the most lucrative of sports. You can do very well if you are in the top 10 [in the world] ... but

I was just getting by with expenses," said Davies. He was drawn to UR by its strong academic programs and by the coach, former world number four Martin Heath.

Heath has helped to make the Yellowjackets into perennial contenders in collegiate squash. When Heath took over the program in 2005, the team was ranked number 28. Three years later they were number three. The team hasn't dropped out of the top 10 in a decade.

The team will have a short break before facing a series of top teams. They hope to continue their success at the second ranked Trinity College. Less than a week later they will face number five ranked Yale University, number 10 Dartmouth College, and number one seeded Harvard University. While they may be unknown to many UR students, the Yellowjackets are a force to be reckoned in collegiate squash.

Busch is a member of the Class of 2023.

CEZ SAYS

The Corporate Side of Professional Sports



By CEZ GARCIA
SPORTS EDITOR

When I mention the New York Yankees and JPMorgan Chase & Co., you probably think of them very differently. While you might be right to do so, they both serve to maximize the profit of the company and its brand.

According to Forbes Magazine, the Dallas Cowboys is the most valuable sports franchise in the world with an estimated value of \$5 billion and an operating income of \$365 million. While this might not come close to the worth of Forbes' number 1 on the list (Apple, with an estimated value of \$205.5 billion), it still demonstrates the immense amounts of money that exist in sports. How did sports become such a booming business?

How did Super Bowl commercials come to cost \$5 million to air? The same way as every other business: By finding their audience and maximizing their profits.

Sports franchises are still increasing in value at a rapid rate that cannot be matched by most corporations. According to Forbes, the Golden State Warriors value has increased by 367 percent over five years and the Los Angeles Clippers' has increased by 282 percent during that same time span. Imagine if you could invest in these franchises as publicly traded companies. The returns on your investments would be astronomical. Most franchises are owned by a single owner, or a small collective of wealthy individuals, and the returns for these individuals are massive.

Sports franchises are multifaceted; half of their operations are focused on the success of the team while the other half are focused on the success of the

brand. While the success of the team can be extremely important to sales and marketing, the operations side of the franchise is often the one that truly makes the big decisions.

A team's marketing is the most crucial aspect of its profitability. A key example is political demonstrations during the national anthem in the NFL. The spearhead of the protest, Colin Kaepernick, has been unemployed ever since the initial incident. Despite leading a team to a Super Bowl and holding multiple quarterback records, Kaepernick is unable to find a team due to the political and public relations baggage he carries, which may hurt the profitability of a franchise. The image of the brand is important and the possibility of it being tarnished is something that the franchises will go to great lengths to avoid.

While many corporations care about the well-being of their shareholders, some fan bases feel betrayed by

the actions of franchises while in search for new markets. In recent history, the Los Angeles Rams, Los Angeles Chargers, and Oakland Raiders have moved (or will be moving) locations in order to expand. The Rams began in Los Angeles, moved to St. Louis, and after establishing roots, decided to move back. The Chargers recently made the move to Los Angeles from San Diego. And finally, despite having one of the most loyal fanbases in sports, the Oakland Raiders will move to Las Vegas as the franchise seeks new wealth in

Sin City. The disloyalty towards the Raiders' faithful supporters hurts sports fans everywhere because of the blatant reason — greed — behind the move.

Sports franchises will continue to operate with the goal of success on both sides of the office, but it is becoming more and more apparent that the business side holds a stronger grasp on the future of a franchise. The decisions made by these franchises seem scarily similar to those of big name corporations as their values continue to increase.

Garcia is a member of the Class of 2022.



JANE PRITCHARD/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR