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Alleged Cult Ties and ‘F’ Watchdog Rating: Move-Out Donation Bin Company Raises Questions



BY JUSTIN O’CONNOR
NEWS EDITOR

The sunny-yellow Planet Aid, Inc. donation bins brought in during move-out season may seem inviting, but their appearance masks a company with links to an alleged cult, a poor charity watchdog rating, and a history of suing investigative publications.

University Facilities and Services has partnered with Planet Aid for its annual Move-Out Cleanout event since the initiative’s conception in 2009, according to a 2010 post from Facilities and Services’ sustainability blog The Green Dandelion. Since the partnership began, stu-

dents have donated around 95 tons of clothing and shoes to Planet Aid through the bins they place on campus and around University housing during spring move-out.

The company, however, was the subject of a podcast and series of investigative articles published by Reveal from the Center for Investigative Reporting throughout 2016 and 2017. That reporting situated Planet Aid within a network of charities operated by Mogens Amdi Petersen, the founder of a secretive Danish organization called the Teachers Group that “former members, academics and the Danish media have likened to a cult,” Reveal re-

ported. Amdi is currently an international fugitive wanted in Denmark for aggravated embezzlement and aggravated tax evasion.

Evidence from an initial Danish investigation into Petersen’s Teachers Group throughout the 1990s and early 2000s was passed to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in 2002, Reveal reported. An internal FBI report published by Reveal included Planet Aid in a list of charities in Petersen’s alleged fraud operation.

“Tvind [another name for the Teachers Group] derives income from the creation of Developmental Aid Organizations,” the FBI report stat-

ed. “Money is raised by the collection of used clothes. The clothes are recycled and sold in third world countries. The proceeds are sent to charitable trust funds established in Off Shore tax havens. A number of these groups are operating in the United States. They include: UFF, Development Aid from People to People, Humana People to People, Institute of International Cooperation and Development, and Planet Aid. [...] In each of these organizations the funds are ultimately controlled by captioned subjects who divert the money for personal use. Little, to no money goes to the charities.”

Reveal reported that Denmark banned Petersen’s Teachers Group from access to public funds for a period, and that today there are “support groups for ex-members who meet and attempt to make sense of the years they lost to this man.”

“By the late 1990s, officials say, Petersen’s organization operated charities, private companies and financial shells in at least 55 countries,” wrote Reveal. “Those organizations, U.S. and Danish law enforcement officials allege, include a network of financial fronts with dozens of overlapping shell companies in the British Virgin Islands, Isle of Man, the Cayman Islands and at least a half-dozen other off-shore jurisdictions.”

Reveal’s reporting, which was expansive, also covered an alleged complex relationship between Petersen’s charity network (including,

allegedly, Planet Aid) and United States humanitarian aid to African countries. However, a court ruling called much of this portion of their coverage into question.

“In each of these organizations the funds are ultimately controlled by captioned subjects who divert the money for personal use. Little, to no money goes to the charities.”

In Aug. 2016, six months after Reveal released the podcast that kicked off their series, Planet Aid filed a defamation lawsuit against the nonprofit newsroom that was resolved on Aug. 11 of this year when the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed with prejudice a lower court’s dismissal of the suit.

The initial ruling by the United States District Court for the Northern District of California decided in favor of Reveal but found that Planet Aid “met their burden to show falsity” of numerous statements by Reveal, all relating to the alleged diversion and misuse of USDA aid money to the company for projects across Africa. The court also held, on the other hand, that Planet Aid did not meet that burden in regards to any of Reveal’s reporting on the company’s aforementioned links to government investigations or Petersen.

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CPE holds voter registration drives to boost turnout

BY JAMES ZAMPETTI
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

With midterm elections rapidly approaching, students in the Center for Political Engagement (CPE) are working to increase student engagement with the voting process.

This past Tuesday, CPE held voter registration drives in Wilson Commons and Wegmans Hall in an attempt to increase the voter registration rate of the student body. Junior and CPE President Payge Vukelic said the efforts have yielded mixed results. Only around 30 to 40 stu-

dents total registered to vote that Tuesday, she said.

“We attended the [first-year] expo at the beginning of the school year, and we got a lot of people at that event, so we were expecting a little bit lower numbers than usual and I’d say this was in line with that,” said Vukelic.

She said a lot of students were excited to see the booths because they had been meaning to register anyhow. Others would just walk on by. Vukelic said CPE has also been working to increase student voting accessibility by installing a polling location on campus.

“The committee really wanted to get a polling location on campus, but the Monroe County Board of Elections says you have a certain registration amount, like a percentage of the student body, in order to have a polling location, and I think currently we’re one or two percentage points under the allotted rate,” said Vukelic.

‘CPE has also been working to increase student voting accessibility by installing a polling location on campus.’

Figures from an Institute for Democracy and Higher Education (IDHE) report published earlier this month suggest that around 83% of the College’s student body registered to vote in 2020 and that the campus had an overall voting rate of 68%. However, 2020 was a presidential election year. In 2018, a midterm year like 2022, the campus had a 76% registration rate and a 37% voting rate, according to the report.

The report also suggests, based on IDHE’s estimated calculations, that registration rates have been dispropor-

tionately lower for students in business and STEM programs. In 2020, those studying business, computer or information science, and mathematics and statistics had the lowest voting rates of the college — 25%, 31%, and 24% respectively, according to the report.

“We’ve really been trying to target those majors and so we had tabling in the engineering quad to try to focus on those groups to get that registration rate up to get a polling location on campus” Vukelic told the CT.

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In 2019, Reveal spoke up about the lawsuit, arguing it was an attempt to financially harm their organization in line with other libel cases against newsrooms. They likened it to *Bollea v. Gawker*, in which billionaire Peter Thiel financed an expensive libel suit against Gawker Media that effectively put them out of business. “Planet Aid’s actions in its lawsuit against Reveal are a manifest example of what deep-pocketed interests can do to a news organization even when the facts are on the journalists’ side,” wrote Reveal. “[...] It is notable that Planet Aid has leveled its legal firepower solely at Reveal, a modestly sized non-profit journalism organization, rather than taking on the larger network of newsrooms that contributed to and distributed our reporting on Planet Aid, including the BBC and NBC Washington.” On top of the allegations reported by Reveal, CharityWatch, a non-profit charity watchdog organization, has assigned Planet Aid an F rating for a number of years based on their by-hand auditing of the 501(c)3’s tax reports. CharityWatch argues that Planet Aid’s expenses on its donation collection and processing, which the company

reports as program spending, actually qualifies as fundraising because “the expenses a charity incurs to raise donations, whether the donations are in the form of cash or non-cash items like donated clothing, are fundraising expenses, not program expenses.” “The most damning evidence against Planet Aid’s financial reporting logic is provided by the charity itself,” CharityWatch continued. “This charity does not distribute the vast majority of the clothing and other goods it collects to needy people — it sells the items. In 2020 Planet Aid brought in over \$22 million from selling these items. This proves that there is a ready market of buyers willing and able to pay large sums of money to purchase used clothing, shoes, and textiles like the ones Planet Aid collects. It is ridiculous for this charity to assert that items worth tens of millions of dollars would end up in a landfill if Planet Aid did not collect them.” Amy Kadrie, the University’s sustainability coordinator who started and runs the Move-Out Cleanout program, said she had some loose knowledge of the allegations against Planet Aid because students had brought them up to her in the past. “I’ve heard different allegations from time to time,”

she said. “From what we have looked into, there hasn’t been anything proven. Planet Aid hasn’t been wrongfully convicted of anything.” She pointed to the company’s statement about the lower court’s findings of falsity as evidence, acknowledging that she did not have in-depth knowledge of the situation when presented with the fact that the ruling did not discount all of Reveal’s reporting and that Petersen and his associates had fled extradition as the case against them was appealed, hindering attempts to bring all of this information to a court determination. **“If we were to re-evaluate and ultimately decide not to continue our partnership with Planet Aid, I honestly don’t know if we have a better option.”** Planet Aid’s Upstate New York office and warehouse are located in Rochester, and Kadrie said the University continues to work with Planet Aid because they have been able to handle regular pick-ups and the scale of the move-out program. They previously worked one time with Goodwill Industries, but she said Goodwill was unable to handle the volume to the University’s standards.

“If we were to reevaluate and ultimately decide not to continue our partnership with Planet Aid, I honestly don’t know if we have a better option,” said Kadrie. “We haven’t found one to date. Unless we were able to get more University support, where University staff could become more involved, and I have never heard that option to be on the table. It’s a very small program [...] It’s a lot of clothes collected, but small in terms of compared to what other universities do where there’s more presidential support at the top and leadership support. So we depend on our charity partners to manage their side of things.” Kadrie said terminating the relationship with Planet Aid would effectively mean the shoes and clothes would go to the landfill unless the move-out program could get more support higher-up to increase its funding and staffing to help other partners take in the donations. “There’s no dollars dedicated to it, it’s just my efforts in partnering with the organizations. [...] We’re a very decentralized university. I’m with Facilities and Services, so it would need to come from somebody’s budget, and I don’t know. We would need to have another department step up and help. Or, if it’s centrally funded,

which not many things are at [UR], that’s our decentralized nature, then that would be really a presidential decision or leadership decision.” But she also said that conversation about increased funding for sustainability team programs is often a dead-end. “It’s a discussion that never goes anywhere, to be honest with you,” said Kadrie. “We’ve had a Sustainability Council that was at the University. It wasn’t really funded, and it didn’t really have authority. So, we have been working on a sustainability plan, and the goal is that it would be signed by the President. Right now if you go to a different department and say, ‘We need this done’ they’ll say, ‘Well, why?’ because they don’t have it in their budget. But if we had a presidential plan with actual goals, then it would be a higher priority to other departments. [...] That may or may not affect this specific program, because there’s so much when you’re talking about sustainability, but it’s not off the table.” Planet Aid’s Rochester office initially passed along a phone number via email but did not respond to multiple follow-up interview requests.

O’Connor is a member of the Class of 2024.

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Even with a polling location on campus, Vukelic said notable barriers to increased on-campus voter engagement would still exist. **‘The report also suggests, that registration rates have been disproportionately lower for students in business and STEM programs.**

“A lot of people have classes all day long, and if Election Day is on one of my busy days, I wouldn’t be able to vote,” sophomore CPE member Gautam Bajaj told the CT. “I think if we

did have the day off, more people would be encouraged to vote. I think there’s more on this ballot now than there was in previous years, and I think it is very important that everyone goes out and votes.” Students can reach out to uofr.cpe@gmail.com to find more information on how to register to vote. *Zampetti is a member of the Class of 2024.*

Dean Burns stepping down after 15 years as Dean of Students

BY ALYSSA KOH
MANAGING EDITOR

After 15 years spent working as “your Dean of Students,” Dean Matthew Burns will be stepping down from his position in June. **“I want to pass the torch while it’s still burning instead of letting it burn down to embers.”**

“I probably should be more worried about it, but I’m not,” said Dean Burns in an interview with the Campus Times. “In order to understand my decision, which is a personal, professional decision [...] 15 years is a long time—not just for me, but for an institution to have the same Dean of Students. I think there is value in having change in leadership. As much as I’ve enjoyed it, and I hope the students have enjoyed me, I want to leave the position I wanted my whole life on my own terms, and I want to pass the torch while it’s still burning instead of letting it burn down to embers.” Burns has worked in high-



MICAH BETTENHAUSEN / PHOTO EDITOR

er education for a total of 30 years, holding positions in Residential Life as well as being a Judicial Officer and Associate Dean of Students here at the University. He first assumed the position of Acting Dean of Students in 2007, succeeding former Dean of Students Jody Asbury. Burns mentioned some of his proudest contributions to the campus community were the creation of the Rochester Center for Community Leadership and the structuring of the Student Life Awards. When asked about his plans post-UR, the Dean expressed an interest in ex-

ploring and embracing new venues of life. **“I think there is value in having change in leadership.”**

“Now, it’s really funny—I think of some of our seniors that I ask, ‘What are you going to do after graduation?’ and they’re like, ‘I don’t know.’ I’m in that same position now, where I have to ask myself what I want to do when I grow up.”

Koh is a member of the Class of 2023.



MICAH BETTENHAUSEN / PHOTO EDITOR

Dean Burns Speaks on Coming Discrimination, Harassment Code of Conduct Changes

BY JUSTIN O’CONNOR
NEWS EDITOR

For the last two years, a team of students and administrators have been meeting to change the student code of conduct around issues of discrimination and harassment. On Monday, Dean of Students Matthew Burns announced they are close to a final draft of the new policy. The reevaluation was brought on in mid-2019 when New York State lowered the bar for workplace sexual harassment or discrimination lawsuits by eliminating the “severe or pervasive” standard to make the law cover any discriminatory behavior that is “above a petty slight,” as Burns put it. The University followed suit by starting a group to take a look at the institutional Policy Against Discrimination and Harassment which applies to accusations against University employees. The initial intention was to create a policy that applied

to everyone, Burns said, but it became clear that two policies were needed to grapple with differences between faculty and students’ situations—namely students being residents on campus. So attention was then also directed at changing the student code of conduct. “Where we are right now is we’re putting pen to paper for a final draft to submit to Dean Runner and others—it will be vetted by other members of the University community—on what our new policy is going to look like,” Burns told the Campus Times. “And it is going to lower that bar to something beyond a petty slight or inconvenience and has some guidance about how to move those cases through adjudication if that’s necessary.” And hammering out the specifics has been challenging. Burns said the process has spurred numerous conversations about academic freedom, freedom of speech, and hate speech, though he

noted that the policy is not a “hate speech code” because it does not look at specific words to set a standard. “I think what is most important is to take a look at the context and manner of the behavior that’s being exhibited,” Burns said. “And, in the context and the manner, looking at intention and impact. Taking all those things into account then deciding, okay, did this cross some bar or not? We’re trying to construct the final draft of a policy and a procedure that can actually do that, and then we’re gonna have to try it out.”

‘Two policies were needed to grapple with differences between faculty and students’ situations—namely students being residents on campus.’

The policy also deals with how to properly hear the cases. Burns said the pool of

people hearing cases that fall under the policy’s umbrella will have to be somewhat representative, though he notes that they will never have a pool representative of every identity marker. He anticipates a lot of trial and error, and potentially even court challenges, will have to shape the implementation of the policy. “We’re gonna have to see what cases come our way and move them through the process. I fully imagine that we are going to see some difficult cases that will inform us in either reframing or changing or creating some places where nuances can be incorporated into that process. But at some point we have to try something new, and I think we’re at that point of constructing a final draft that is going to allow us to do that.” The policy change is still in the works and will have to go through more review prior to a final approval. While he could not be certain on specific timelines, Burns said there

is a decent chance that students could see the new code implemented sometime this academic year, and he did not see a reason why implementation should be delayed if the policy is agreed upon in its final form. “There is no other solution now than to put [the changes] in writing and try it out as a policy,” Burns said at the College Diversity Roundtable meeting on Monday. “[...] We’re looking at speech as behavior, not just an expression, but something that is actually harmful to another person. And we’re gonna have to see what cases come our way, we’re gonna have to adjudicate them and see what sanctions we issue. And then, at some point we’re gonna have to put ourselves out there and say, ‘If we’re sued over it, we’re sued over it.’ We’re gonna have to put ourselves in the best place to support our position as possible.”

O’Connor is a member of the Class of 2024.

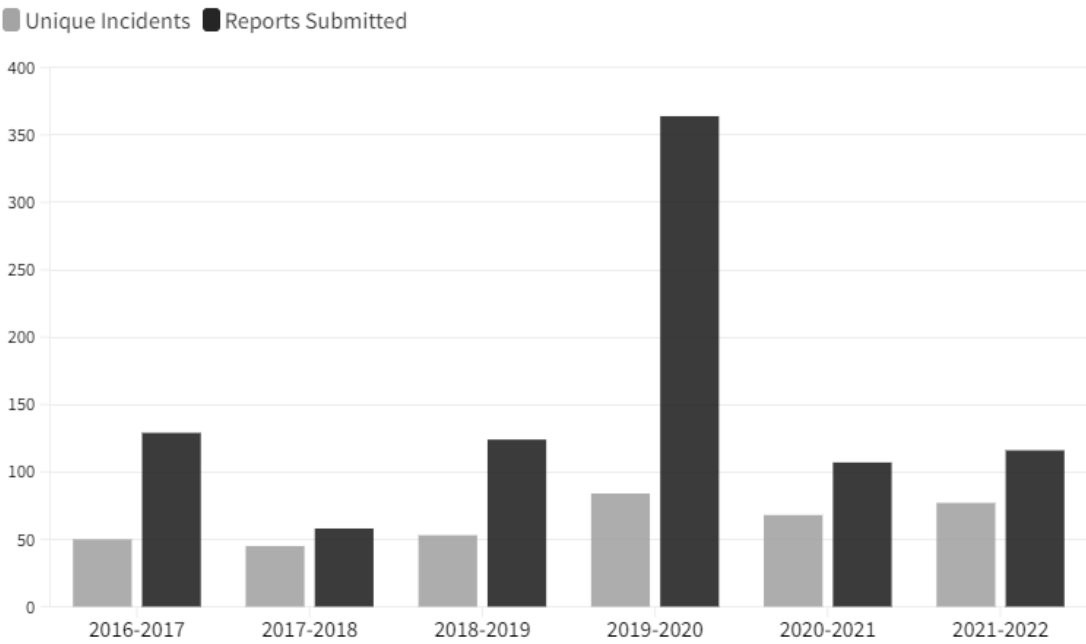
“Bias-Related Incident Report” on Bias Incident Data to be Released in December

BY JUSTIN O’CONNOR
NEWS EDITOR

Associate Dean for Diversity Dr. Jessica Guzmán-Rea announced Monday that work is beginning on the College’s 2020-2022 “Bias-Related Incident Report,” which she says is set to be ready around December. Guzmán-Rea, among her other responsibilities, heads the executive team that responds to submissions to the Bias-Related Incident Report form on the CARE Network website, which can be used to inform administration about harmful incidents motivated by the targeted individual or group’s “age, disability, ethnicity, gender, gender identity, gender expression, national origin, race, religion, or sexual orientation,” according to the CARE site. “She also said there is no clear baseline for what a “normal” reporting year looks like—and such a thing may not exist in the first place.”

The new publication will be the third of such reports, which have been put out every two years since 2018 to give public summaries of the data collected through the reporting system. The form itself was created in 2015. According to the 2018 and 2020 publications, the form took in a total of 675

898 reports were submitted through the University's Bias-Related Incident Reporting System from May 2016 to Aug. 2022



Sources: The College: 2016-2018 Bias-Related Incident Report, The College: 2018-2020 Bias-Related Incident Report, Dr. Jessica Guzmán-Rea

reports concerning 232 unique incidents from May 2016 to Aug. 2020. Around 43% of the reports during that period were about alleged incidents where the bias in question concerned “Race/Ethnicity,” while the second and third most-reported bias categories were “National Origin” and “Religion/Creed,” respectively coming in at around 13% and 11%. While the full data is not prepared yet, she did share the updated unique incident and overall report totals. In 2020-2021, there were 107 total reports for 68 unique incidents, and in 2021-2022 there were

116 overall reports for 77 unique incidents. Guzmán-Rea attributed the reporting spike during the 2019-2020 school year to multiple social justice movements, like Black Lives Matter and Stop Asian Hate, coming to a head around the same time. She also said there is no clear baseline for what a “normal” reporting year looks like—and such a thing may not exist in the first place. In 2016-2017, for instance, many reports related to the 2016 American presidential election, she said, and she thinks 2017-2018 reports were sup-

pressed because students were more focused on the controversy surrounding Brain and Cognitive Sciences and Computer Science Professor Tim Florian Jaeger. The new 2020-2021 numbers were also complicated by the COVID-19 pandemic. She intends on adding this additional context into the new report to frame the figures. The new publication will also include information about incidents concerning multiple forms of bias, whereas prior reporting years only allowed the reporter to discern the primary motivation for an incident. Guzmán-Rea said

these changes were the result of input from the Bias Response Team. “I understand when people don’t have trust in the process.”

She hopes that students will note that reports submitted through the form do lead to actions taken and do enter into institutional policy discussions, and the publications note a number of steps taken in response to reported incidents. “I understand when people don’t have trust in the process because perhaps it didn’t work for them or they heard it didn’t work for an individual,” she said. “My caution is that that could be a stock story. That could be one individual that told a lot of people that it didn’t work for them. But for a majority of people who don’t say anything, the process works for them, which I’ve seen in the past and I can’t say anything because it’s confidential. [...] Not every process is perfect, but we’re making a concerted effort to make sure it’s timely, effective, efficient, and that we really hear the concerns of the students.”

Guzmán-Rea said a draft of the report will be presented to the College Diversity Roundtable for input before its final publication, likely at their next meeting on Oct. 24. *O’Connor is a member of the Class of 2024.*

Campus Times

JUSTIN O’CONNOR/NEWS EDITOR

COMMUNITY

Posters and Pints Unites Beer and Science

BY HENRY LITSKY
NEWS EDITOR

The cracking of beer cans and lively conversation boomed throughout the Sarah Flaum Atrium on Tuesday as hundreds of postdocs, graduate students, and faculty gathered for Posters and Pints, an evening of informal science communication.

Roughly 14 students presented research posters as hundreds streamed through talking, drinking beer, and eating the free food.

“The food is delicious, the drinks are delicious, and science is fun,” graduate student Jason Nagourney said after walking into the atrium without knowing the event was happening.

One experienced presenter noted that Posters and Pints was the most successful presentation session they had ever had.

“I was at a huge international conference in Vancouver at the end of August, and I’ve had more interaction here than I had at that conference, probably five times as much interaction. This is awesome,” postdoctoral student Christina Post told the CT. “This is definitely the best poster session I have ever had.”

‘Roughly 14 students presented research posters as hundreds streamed through talking, drinking beer, and eating the free food.’

Presenters and attendees were very happy to get the opportunity to talk to peers across the University. And, of course, they were also happy to taste many different types of beer.

“I do like having the beer option,” postdoctoral student Samantha Romanik said, referencing the way many European conferences are structured to have an informal atmosphere. “It makes it feel more informal and more like you are talking to collaborators and colleagues rather than kinda being tested on your poster in a way.”

For many, Posters and Pints

was a stepping stone to prepare for future conferences and presentations of research projects.

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“I’m giving a talk at NERM, the American Chemical Society Northeast Regional Meeting, in about two weeks, so I figured this would be a good event to get me out of the lab,” PhD student Jordan Butt told the CT.

This year’s event, which was the second Posters and Pints ever held, was a result of collaboration between the UR Postdoctoral Association, the Thinkers and Drinkers Communications Club, and MyHub. Thinkers and Drinkers spearheaded the first iteration in 2019.

“We all talked about what we liked and disliked about poster sessions and tried to make something that we would want in a poster session, and that would be free alcohol and informal conversations about science” Ian Krout, co-chair of Thinkers and Drinkers, told the CT.

‘Thinkers and Drinkers spearheaded the first iteration of Posters and Pints in 2019.’

The COVID-19 pandemic put the second iteration of the event on hold until this year, as organizers wanted to ensure it would be able to go forward.

“I think it’s an enticing event to be a part of,” said Erin Davis, co-chair of the Postdoctoral Association. “It’s more informal and social, there’s no judging involved. We are just here to have a good time and help people with their communication of their own research.”

Litsky is a member of the Class of 2023.

Getting the Buzz on Ugly Duck Coffee

BY MELANIE EARLE
MANAGING EDITOR

Ugly Duck Coffee might be one of the more unique names on the coffee scene, but it nails owner Rory Van Grol’s ideas for Ugly Duck. “The name? It’s to not take ourselves too seriously. I was making latte art and my wife said one of them looked like an ugly duck, and that was it. It’s fun. It’s silly. It sticks in your head.”

Walk inside and you’ll find a gathering of pamphlets connecting you to community programs and local shops, all next to a free library. Beside the register is a pile of pastries from Flour City and Black Cat Bakeries. Ugly Duck has become part of a small, local ecosystem.

Ugly Duck Coffee started out in 2015 as a mobile pop-up, five years after Rory Van Grol moved back to Rochester from Providence, Rhode Island. “I’ve always been a big fan of being around community, and I realized that coffee was a connector, and I really enjoyed that.”

‘Ugly Duck Coffee has become part of a small local ecosystem.’

Van Grol didn’t start right away, instead spending the next five years working at The Owl House and Joe Bean Coffee Roasters, gathering equipment and honing his coffee craft. In 2015, Van Grol took the first step towards setting up a small business, and Ugly Duck Coffee was born as a mobile espresso bar in Rochester.

Ugly Duck Coffee landed its new home with a little help from

the community. “[The building] was a gallery called 1975 before we moved in,” Van Grol explained. “The owner of the building was a regular at Joe Bean. When we were doing the popups, he would stop by and he’s the building owner. He was just like, ‘Our gallery’s moving out. You should open up here really.’”

‘I’ve always been a big fan of being around community, and I realized that coffee was a connector, and I really enjoyed that.’

Van Grol didn’t know if Ugly Duck Coffee was ready for a storefront, but with the help and generosity of the owner, Ugly Duck Coffee took its roots at 89 Charlotte Street in 2016. The beginning of Ugly Duck in the shop was a “steady climb,” according to Van Grol. Van Grol would start his mornings getting ice due to a lack of a machine, work open to close every shift, tackle his responsibilities as owner, and on top of the load, deal with the ongoing construction that was taking place near the Inner Loop.

“We opened when all that [construction] started,” Van Grol described. “Water would get shut off on us in the middle of the day. They would close our streets. We didn’t have a sidewalk a whole summer because they were just digging everything up. The roads were torn up. So we’ve navigated all of those things before COVID.”

Now, Ugly Duck has expanded its team and is focusing on

fine-tuning and being able to support its team. Ugly Duck travels outside its dwellings, catering events and weddings. “The people that find us and approach us, we serve them as best as we can. And we care about that,” said Van Grol. “I think that has organically helped us just connect with different people. Being someone that’s been in Rochester for so long, you know, I could see from an outside perspective that it’s like a tougher city to connect with some people, but I think it’s like those layers, you just gotta find that layer of where you connect and then everything will just move out from that sphere.”

‘Now, Ugly Duck has expanded its team and is focusing on fine-tuning and being able to support its team.’

Van Grol finds that the best place to go when you’re in a new place is the coffee shop. “I think that’s my tidbit. If you’re traveling or exploring somewhere new, find a coffee shop and ask the people working and how to explore their cities and towns and places.”

Ugly Duck Coffee is certainly not the odd fellow in the Rochester coffee scene; it’s leading the line.

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.



HENRY LITSKY / PHOTO EDITOR



MEGAN BROWNE / PUBLISHER

OPINIONS



BY SUNAHRA TANVIR
ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

I desperately miss teenage obsession. There is something so exhilarating and precious about our deepest infatuations from when we were young teenagers. I can still taste the summer when I was 13 and read “The Catcher in the Rye” for the first time. Then I read it again and again and again. Holden Caulfield mesmerized me, and his musings allowed me a peek into the inner workings of the atrocious middle and high school boys I would go on to date. I read “The Catcher in the Rye” every day for two weeks. And then I read it more sporadically over the course of the rest of the summer. Six years later, I still have the entirety of the first page memorized. I spent the rest of that summer consuming as much Salinger as I possibly could — I read every short story he ever wrote. I became intimately familiar with the Glass family. I saw the reflections of his PTSD and misery in his characters. I read his work so much that it felt like I knew him personally. I was obsessed.

Since that first summer of my teenagehood, I have read books that I like much more than “The Catcher in the Rye.” I have read books that made me cry so much I stained the pages with my tears, ones that addressed some of my worst traumas and made me feel so much less alone. I have read books with characters that I liked, who felt like my friends (as opposed to Holden Caulfield, who I could tolerate only because I was in his head). Yet, I have never become obsessed in the same way with a book ever since.

When you begin adolescence, you have so much time, and every new thought seems like a gargantuan revelation. These factors combined allow you to love with your whole being. Any piece of media that makes you feel anything becomes something you cling on to. For me, “The Catcher in the Rye” was not the obsession that was the strongest or lasted the longest. It was something much more embarrassing.

It was June 2016 when “Voltron: Legendary Defender” came out, an animated show on Netflix that follows the space adventures of the five paladins who pilot Voltron, a giant robot, made up of five smaller lion mechs — similar to Power Rangers. They team up with Princess Allura

and defend the universe from the Galra Empire. The show was entertaining enough, but what caught my eye was the chemistry between the paladins, Lance and Keith. As soon as I finished watching the first season, all I could think about was Klance (their ship name).

Klance became my personality for the next year. I wrote dozens of one-shot fanfictions — thankfully, I published none of them. However, I did publish my singular multi-chapter fanfiction. It is currently still on AO3 under my real name and very incomplete. When I wasn’t writing Klance fanfiction, I was reading Klance fanfiction. I would read it from the moment I got on the bus after school until 3:00 a.m. or 4:00 a.m. Sometimes, I would be so exhausted from a long night of fanfiction reading that I’d ask my parents to call the school telling them I’m sick. And then, instead of going back to sleep, I would read more Klance fanfiction. I created a Tumblr blog dedicated to Klance and all the other gay space couples I was obsessed with (spacegaysalltheway.tumblr.com). I drew copious amounts of fanart. I am very glad my artist’s insecurities kept me from posting them. I dedicated my life to Klance. I basically worshiped Klance.

In retrospect, all of that feels very, very embarrassing. But I also find myself very nostalgic for that time in my life. I cannot remember the last time I liked something so much to dedicate myself wholly to enjoying it. I love when people really, really care about things. I love when they ramble and get lost in their fantasies. I miss when I was the one to really, really care about something.

Now, I watch or read something and then move on to the next. I consume but I don’t let myself truly indulge. I want to be obsessed again. In a society that promotes rapid consumption, I think it is very important to slow down and relish in our hearts’ desires. I think it is important for us to sometimes revert back to being 13 or 14 years old and enjoying something so much that it consumes us.

Tanvir is a member of the Class of 2025.

EDITORIAL OBSERVER

Censored: CT Pushed From Public Safety Coverage

BY JUSTIN O’CONNOR
NEWS EDITOR

Writing news articles about this University is a pain in the ass. You can’t rely on Freedom of Information Act requests, you always bump up against “confidentiality concerns” and “sealed records,” and, believe it or not, UR’s Office of Communications isn’t always a huge fan of communicating.

This place is mired in secrecy. Despite knowing this all too well, last week I jumped at the chance to cover two public input sessions being held concerning consulting firm Margolis Healy’s ongoing review of the University’s Department of Public Safety (DPS). The sessions were advertised as being limited to 15 students each, and there was also another session held back in June (you know, when almost no one was on campus).

This obviously warranted Campus Times coverage. Without an article, a maximum of 30 students would know what was said in those rooms, and one of the sessions was being held right in the middle of many students’ Thursday classes. To top all of this off, it’s needless to say that any process relating to the DPS — the University’s private, hardly-accountable policing system — needs to be brought into the public awareness.

Immediately after learning about them, I emailed Associate Dean for Student Affairs Emily Fehnel that I would be attending both sessions but not participating because I would be reporting

on them for the Campus Times. And, in one of the politest acts of press censorship I’ve ever read, she took two days to send me this:

“I think it’s fine for you to attend a session to participate. It’s important to acknowledge that this may be a sensitive topic for some participants. We want students to provide their honest and open opinion and would prefer not to have someone capturing their opinions for publication. Not all participants may be comfortable with your presence as a reporter to capture their feedback.”

“Without an article, a maximum of 30 students would know what was said in those rooms, and one of the sessions was being held right in the middle of many students’ Thursday classes.”

And I get her argument. Policing can be a charged issue, and, as a journalist, I genuinely don’t want to distort the event via my presence. However, I wouldn’t be able to cover the event if I attended as a participant.

So, I proposed a hybrid arrangement, asking if we could make an announcement of a CT reporter’s presence at the start of the event and allow students to approve or disapprove of their names being included in an article at the end of the session. To be clear, the University is not

entitled to this accommodation. I chose to play ball.

“A day after University President Richard Feldman abandoned his previous.”

But they didn’t. I got no response from Fehnel, and the story doesn’t exist.

This is how many private universities stay unaccountable. Local press doesn’t cover them because they assume the campus paper has it figured out, and campus papers are left begging administrators and student government reps for scraps of information. This isn’t even the worst case of access-throttling censorship faced by the CT alone in our illustrious 149-year history.

But I don’t want to give them the luxury of no article. Every time I face this kind of thing, I want the administration to know that an Opinions piece like this will be written detailing exactly how students were shut out from access to objective coverage concerning something that is in their interest.

Whether it’s outright, blatant censorship or a seemingly-innocuous lack of concern for the utility of the student paper (as in this case), I’m gonna make it publicly known — because it’s bullshit and I’m done playing ball.

O’Connor is a member of the Class of 2024.

CORRECTION

In the September 11th edition of the CT the author for ‘So, you want to be a doctor?’ was incorrectly attributed to Nadia Pentolino, Keertana Teral was the author.

Campus Times

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Adulthood 101: The Illusions of Age and Maturity

BY BARZAH CHOWDHURY
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Every time I stop for a moment and realize that my 18th birthday is just around the corner, a sudden eerie silence clouds my mind. I find myself reflecting on the time that has passed, on all my memories and experiences, and I realize that I haven't acquired the level of maturity typically expected of 18-year-olds. I think about how my father settled in America alone at this age and wonder if I would be prepared to move to another country and live independently. I think of the sacrifices my grandmother had to make at this age in order to take care of her family and wonder if I would have the strength and intellect to do the same.

Then again, why should I be in such a hurry to figure it all out? If, as Greek philosopher Heraclitus once said, "The only constant in life is change," then are not the doors of progress forever open? Why do we continue to linearize the path to maturity with respect to time and age? And what determines maturity, anyways?

Scientifically speaking, the concepts of maturity and aging are undoubtedly well-defined — it is only at a certain point in life that our brain, along with our psychological functioning, are fully developed. Immortality is biologically impossible and aging is an inevitable reality. However, the connotations of age are social constructs, illusory concepts that we unfortunately find ourselves constantly attempting to adhere to. In America, children typically start school between ages four and six, obtain college degrees at 22 years old, and start careers at about 25 years old. Unfortunately, people who do not follow this traditional route are often ridiculed and shamed. It's a denigrating mindset that fuels distress, promotes discouragement, and hinders potential to harness creativity.

Funny enough, I also think it is immature to confine maturity to such rigid constraints by placing an unreasonable timeline on when growth and development should be attainable. It's high time that we redefine the social concept of maturity.

It is true that when we finally cross the supposed "bridge" of maturity, we leave behind core memories of our childhood and enter the bland world of adulthood. As adults, we have responsibilities to maintain and are held accountable for our actions. We sacrifice subtle sensitivities that the real world demands we render negligible. We are expected to be assertive, proactive, and tolerant. Such behaviors are undeniably

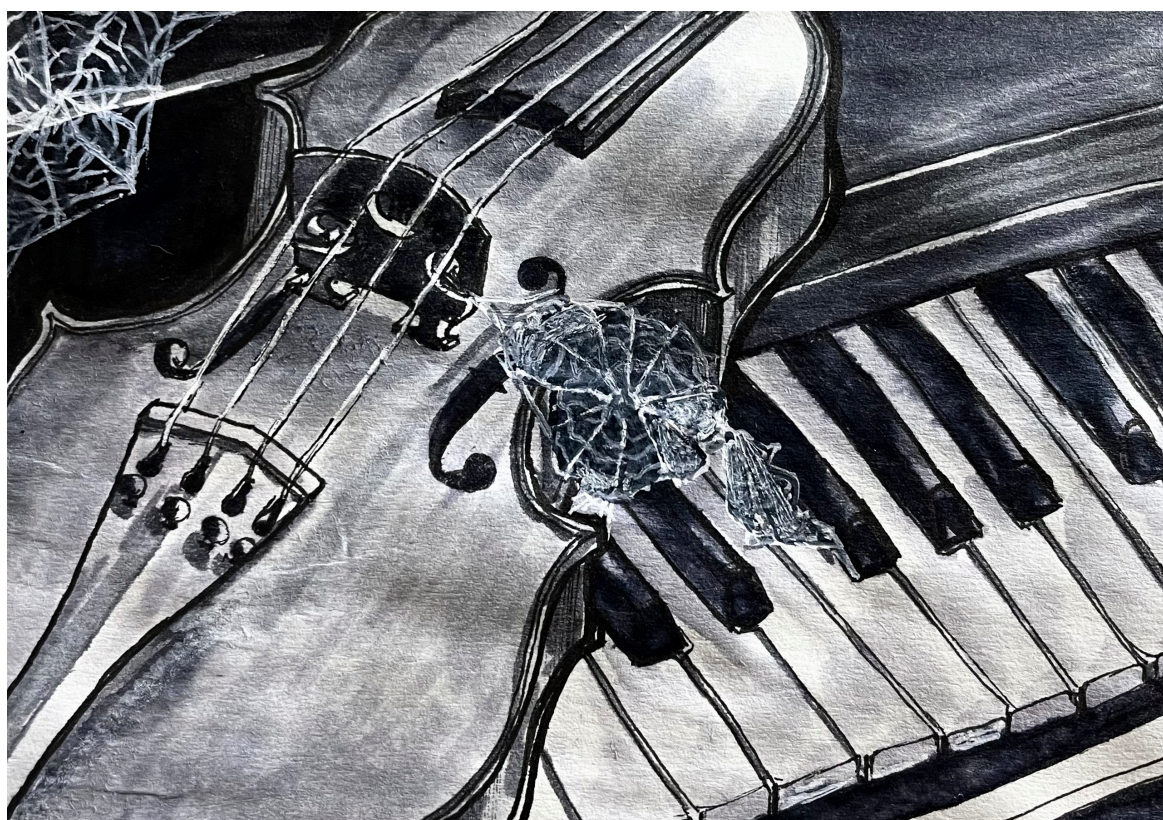
important in adulthood, but we cannot achieve self-fulfillment and hope that change occurs for the better without embracing key remnants of childhood — creativity and imagination. These two ideas play a tremendous role in providing the breadth and depth of the diverse, open-minded mentalities that sparked the innovations of the modern world. We simply cannot devise new solutions to problems without thinking creatively. Likewise, we shouldn't solely develop relationships with others strictly for work purposes with only work principles in mind. And, on a more personal level, we would feel burnt out all the time if we never occasionally immersed ourselves in the world of play.

I'm sure many of us can agree that when we were children, we would envy the authority of adults who would determine what we should or shouldn't do, and we would excitedly imagine the day when we would be in their shoes as independent grown-ups. Conversely, as adults, we feel nostalgic about the care-free times of our childhood and wish that the facade of our misery and stress would suddenly shatter to pieces. And this is nothing to feel ashamed of. As they say, we all are still children at heart. We often suppress the emotions, fears, hopes, and dreams of our inner child, worrying that we run the risk of being vulnerable to exploitation. But the truth is, embracing our inner child is crucial to our well-being. When we engage in our favorite childhood activities or allow our innate curiosity of our surroundings to flourish, we free ourselves from the dull, mechanical routine of life. In the stressful times of adult life, it is more important than ever that we dedicate the time to communicate with our inner youth and express our childish selves.

The rigid social boundary between childhood and adulthood is simultaneously limiting and nonexistent. While we conventionally restrict the idea of maturity to the latter stages of life, your childhood experiences live on inside your heart during adulthood. No matter where we are in life, we should always be looking for ways to grow and improve, even if reaching certain milestones takes longer than expected. Embracing the naivety, creativity, and imagination of childhood along with accepting the tenets of adulthood may just be the best way to learn, grow, and achieve our goals.

Chowdhury is a member of the Class of 2026.

A Secret That Cannot Be Told



BY ALLIE TAY
OPINIONS EDITOR

HARINIPRAHARAN / ILLUSTRATIONS STAFF

There's a Taiwanese film called "A Secret That Cannot Be Told," directed by the renowned 'King' of Asian pop music, Jay Chou, that I watched years ago in my childhood: a love story across time, one where your classic Romeo-and-Juliet romance meets a dimension in which Chopin's waltzes reign and love reverberates through piano strings. It follows XiaoYu, a girl from 20 years in the past, who teaches her unknowing lover a piece that allows the player to travel through time depending on how quickly it is played. As she time travels back and forth between the past and his present time frame, with him obliviously learning the piece, I marveled at their musical genius. I imagined myself learning the difficult etudes they played, the melancholy melodies they dueted. I envied the naive laughter they shared, the connection they formed over a secret for two but really only known by one. And after teaching myself the time travel theme on the piano, it still haunts me to this day every time I play it, like it did for XiaoYu.

Lately, there's a part of me that's been missing. For a while I couldn't quite tell what it was exactly, but between the recurring bouts of nostalgia and scent of the refreshing autumn air replacing summer's sticky humidity, I made the trek to Gilbert Hall to play the piano. It was exactly as I remembered before I left Rochester for the summer — one of the few constants in my life when everything's moving and changing in a whirlwind. Only this time, there was someone already playing. As he played tune after tune, fingers flying to a jazz-funk across the keys, my non-musician friends — but mostly I — stared in awe. The same unsettled feeling came back in waves, mixed with fascination and nostalgia. Because he was doing exactly what I wanted to be doing — I just couldn't do it anymore.

After he left, I eagerly sat down at the bench. My wrists maintaining a neutral position, my right foot finding the pedal, my

fingers falling on the keys like in slow-motion, I played. But this time, unlike a couple years before college, my fingers no longer remembered. They stumbled, tripping on the rolled chords. They missed notes left and right, the mistakes echoing throughout all of the first floor. The dopamine rush to my head that usually arrives after nailing whimsical arpeggios fell to embarrassment when the mind-muscle connection was lost and my playing paid the price. I didn't time travel when I played anymore.

I've played for friends before back home. I've performed at countless recitals throughout middle and high school, and practiced for countless hours in days so long ago. But at that moment, I only felt ashamed. I was utterly dejected, regret seeping its way into my fingers as they slowly and finally remembered and started playing some melody mindlessly, almost robotically. I was disappointed in myself. Now, my fingers were blind and weak; they didn't remember and couldn't see the music. They couldn't play the keys in the same way, and they failed. They couldn't translate the pent-up, mixed feelings I've nursed, couldn't express what I wanted to say — needed to say — without words. They couldn't do my past self justice.

"They couldn't translate the pent-up, mixed feelings I've nursed, couldn't express what I wanted to say — needed to say — without words."

When you lose a part of yourself, it never really comes back completely. Music comes back to me in bits and fragments — flashbacks when I pass by a student on Eastman Quad backpacking a cello or hear the carillon bells playing in the evening. It flickers in and out with the occasional late-night insomnia reminiscing. While I can't time travel

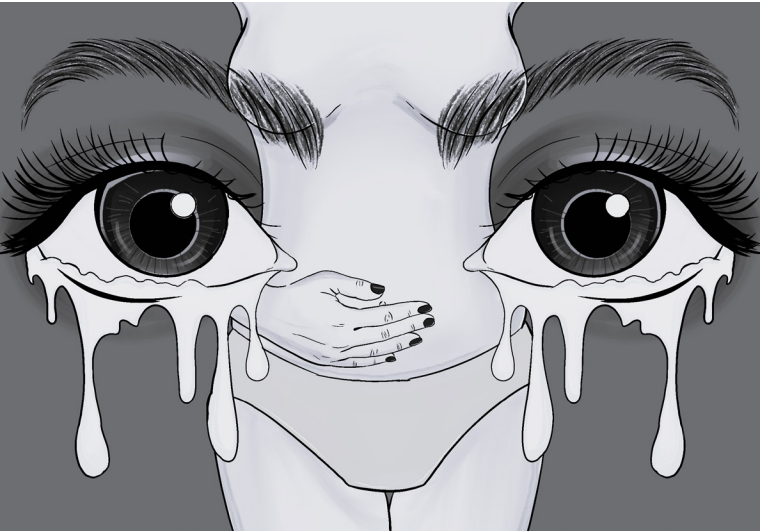
when I play, I'm constantly time traveling in my mind. I'm living through an identity crisis of sorts, only just fractured across the fourth dimension and manifested not through teenage rebellion but through a confusion of longing and inability.

I still miss practicing in my high school's music room. I miss playing the piano when no one was there, the sunlight filtering into the upper windows at dusk and lighting up some magic like in a movie scene when you leave a girl alone in a room full of possibilities for too long. I miss locking myself in the practice rooms, cranking out scale after scale on my violin until my fingertips were raw and callused, with friends tapping on the glass door begging me to come out. I miss how before concerts, we'd all huddle backstage in our black formal attire — the one and only day you'd get us to dress fancy, which we secretly love but will never admit — chattering animatedly and still high on the adrenaline rush.

But real life isn't like the movies. Unlike XiaoYu, no matter how fast I play, I can't go back. The same feeling is never there. I am playing — sufficient to quench the aching desire in my fingers, but forever inadequate to ease my emotionally un-mended uncertainties. My music now doesn't make you want to dance, want to cry, like how it could before. Like one of my old conductors said, you can't rush musicality. It's possible to learn the correct notes quick enough, but the passion and the expression need time to develop and simmer, for a piece's soul to be nurtured and drawn out into existence. Now I only have envy for the past, the kind that twists up your insides and makes your heart drop to your stomach. I'm frustrated and nostalgic and hopelessly stuck between who I was and who I want to be — both the same person — and my present self needs to catch up.

Tay is a member of the Class of 2025.

How to Lose a Child



BY EMMELY ELI TEXCUCANO
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

I was wandering the shelves of CVS when I stumbled upon a pair of adorable itty bitty socks perfectly themed for the upcoming Halloween season, fit for an infant. They were distinctly pumpkin and bat-themed, with little wings sprouting out the side. I quickly placed them in the cart. In the next moment, the illusion was shattered and I threw them back onto the shelves, the sock burning in my hands.

There’s no proper way to lose a child that you were planning on keeping. It’s one thing to lose a fetus when you weren’t planning on keeping it, but it’s another thing to lose it when you are planning

to keep the child, regardless of how far along the fetus is, when you have already begun to carve out a life for them. I lost my child very soon after making the difficult decision to keep them.

“I lost my child very soon after making the difficult decision to keep them.”

It’s a very isolating grieving process. The father was not in the picture for me because he didn’t want me to keep the child. The moment people hear that you suffered a miscarriage there is only one emotion they flock to: unease. There’s unease in how they

approach you and how they handle you and the topic. They put on “kid-friendly” gloves. You’re faced with mostly pity, and because of my young age, an expectation for me to be relieved or grateful. They echo those sentiments without waiting to hear what I had actually wanted to do. My option to grieve was taken from me as easily as my child was.

“My option to grieve was taken from me as easily as my child was.”

If I choose to correct them, there’s only confusion. There’s an expectation of understanding that it was not a child, which is only true if you’re not already planning on keeping the child. Only true if you haven’t already made the decision to watch them grow, or pictured them in your life. Only true if you haven’t already begun to see the seeds of a new life grow in your mind.

There’s little scenes you see playing out in your mind that will never come to fruition.

I don’t know how to properly lose a child. I do know it’s been a few months since a rainy afternoon on Friday in May, since I heard someone

ecstatic to learn I lost a child I was planning on keeping. It’s been a few months. I don’t think about it daily anymore. It’s little things like wandering the shelves of CVS and stumbling upon some baby shoes that are perfect. It’s a quick glimpse and the sudden fleeting thought that these would be needed until the next second hits and it’s over — the realization of everything that has happened comes back. That brief fleeting thought inconsequential and as easy as breathing. It’s the little things like unpacking my things into my dorm again and two pieces of paper falling out. I open them to see little doodles from back in April, nothing major, just some name suggestions given by a brainstorming between me and the other parent, along with a little depiction of me and the child in its poorly-drawn glory. I think it would’ve been a boy. Next to it falls out a baby rattle in the form of a caterpillar chosen by me and the other parent. Finally, I found some pregnancy tests I took. I’ve recently found the perfect box for these trinkets, gathered up these reminders, and locked them away, a reminder of what I have lost.

I know I probably won’t stop seeing him anytime soon.

I’m starting to accept that I might never stop seeing him in my life. It won’t be daily like it was in the beginning or even every once in a while like I do now. It will be a compilation of glimpses into the life I never had, the path that was stolen from me only existing in fleeting moments.

“It will be a compilation of glimpses into the life I never had, the path that was stolen from me only existing in fleeting moments.”

There will be another moment, but eventually it will be months or even years apart, and I think part of moving on and grieving properly is just accepting there will be no end to seeing him in my life regardless of how much I want there to be a stop. It’s accepting that it will simply exist as part of my past instead of what could’ve been my future.

Texcucano is a member of the Class of 2026.

BY MELANIE EARLE
MANAGING EDITOR

If there’s one thing my family, friends, and peers know about me, it is that I worship coffee.

To understand my passion for coffee, I thought falling in love with someone was a myth until I actually did. What shocked me the most about the experience of being in love was how uncannily similar it is to how I feel sipping coffee.

“To understand my passion for coffee, I thought falling in love with someone was a myth until I actually did.”

I therefore know a good amount about coffee. More specifically, that there’s a significant difference between ice coffee and cold brew. The difference is actually in the name, cold “brew.” See, the reason it’s called cold brew is because to make it, you steep it for hours in cold or room temperature water. Ice coffee is coffee brewed using hot water and then cooled down. It typically takes longer to make cold brew than iced coffee because of the brewing process, which is why cold brew costs more in a coffee shop.

Why should you care about a brewing difference over a cold coffee? If you have paid for a cold brew at Connections or The Brew on the University’s

campus, you are actually paying for an iced coffee, because all they do to make their “cold brew” is brew it using the coffee machine, using hot water, keep it in the plastic tank, and add ice to it. This means you aren’t paying for a cold brew, calling it one is misleading, and there are these really cool things called lawsuits!

Now, a potential lawsuit is a problem, but the bigger issue lies in Dining Services at UR in general. Undergraduate students are required to have a dining plan, which is an unreasonable request if your dining services are not running up to standards. It might seem petty to be upset by Starbucks being closed on Grubhub, but if UR advertises having Grubhub on campus to accommodate students’ busy schedules, and then has the Starbucks Grubhub closed frequently at what might likely be its most popular location, then you do have the right to be dissatisfied. You are required to have a dining plan, and cannot use an accommodation that has been advertised to you as a benefit of UR Dining.

So why is GrubHub closed at Starbucks? There are not enough employees to be able to serve the massive line of people waiting for Starbucks and the hundreds of orders that come through on GrubHub. UR’s dining employee shortage is not new, but with an undergraduate student body with

over 6,000 people, it seems like there’s enough warm bodies to work at Starbucks. UR students are paying for Dining Services to have enough people at Starbucks, because again, this is a service we are required to have, meaning UR needs to be able to provide this service at full capacity.

UR Dining did face a shock when five of its managers resigned, but the real shock comes from the fact that they all left on the same day. This might be a blaring siren in the manner Harvest Table, a subdivision food service of Aramark UR contacts to run Dining, treats its employees. Worker concerns over Aramark’s treatment of employees have been seen at the University of Florida, Georgetown, Ole Miss, Florida State University, and University of Mississippi, with scrutiny of understaffing, low pay, poor management practices, disgusting working conditions, and more. If these universities have seen employee mistreatment and unfair labor practices, my magic eight-ball says “signs point to yes” that it’s present at UR as well.

UR Dining Services is assigning some of the blame to RTS for not being able to have the staffing for services like late-night dining due to the fact employees are not able to get home in the evenings. I’ve had a question rattling in my mind since I learned this: Why



MICAH BETTENHAUSEN / PHOTO EDITOR

hasn’t UR stepped up to the plate? With the endowments and funding UR likes to splash around, why can’t they find the money or resources to provide transportation or find a solution that treats crucial members of not only UR, but the community of Rochester, with the respect and support they deserve?

“UR Dining did face a shock when five of its managers resigned, but the real shock comes from the fact that they all left on the same day.”

Don’t exalt the Meliora values on our promotional materials if you aren’t actually going to hold yourself responsible to them. “We are responsible for making our community ever

better, through our actions, our words, and our dealings with others.” That’s the tagline, so where is the follow through?

UR has the potential to be the city on the hill it claims to be for the upstate New York community. Yet, UR fails to serve its most important clients, the immediate community on campus. Not the people who pay an enormous tuition to be here, but the people who make it possible for this campus to operate every day.

And somehow I think if something were going to change as a result of this article, it’s going to be UR finding some chalk and changing the name of our “cold brew.” Because if something’s going to hurt UR’s piggy bank, it’s worth stepping in, right?

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.

Trouble in Cat Paradise?

BY MUNISE KOSEBALABAN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Istanbul: a city of mosques, churches, cobble roads, steep hills and narrow streets, ferry rides and seagulls, a bridge between the new and old, ancient and modern. Sitting atop the throne of this preserved kingdom is the street cat. Both speckled and striped, black and white, slender and positively chubby, the beauty of the mighty street cat is subtle, constant, and reassuringly distinct. No one cat resembles the other, yet together they create the vast ecosystem of fuzzy little troublemakers intertwined in the city’s landscape — an irreplaceable gem, a pleasant nuisance.

Due to the slippery nature of government regulation, one cannot truly be sure of the population of street animals in the city — estimates range from 400,000 to 900,000. A majority of these street animals are cats, which does not come surprising in the slightest to anyone who has stepped foot in Istanbul for as briefly as a few hours. The cats are, without exaggeration, everywhere. At the bazaar, rested atop the traditional carpets in a majestic show of royalty; circling the outdoor seating of quaint restaurants, playing up their charm in exchange for scraps of tourists’ meals; cuddled up in shop displays with the endeared store owner stroking their fur; sleeping on the metro turnstiles and the seats of the public bus; and sometimes, with a stroke of luck, you may find one purring on your lap.

‘Suffice it to say that when I first moved to Turkey from the United States, I could not stop ogling this inconceivable phenomenon.’

Suffice it to say that when I first moved to Turkey from the United States, I could not stop ogling this inconceivable phenomenon. How can they be occupying this entire city so freely and so confidently, as if Istanbul belonged to them and we humans were mere guests? Moreover, I found great fascination in how the people of the city coexisted with these furry friends. It is not just commonplace to feed and provide shelter for these animals — it is an undisputed duty. Cats and dogs live among us and are citizens of the city just as equally as we are. Therefore, the fluffy Ottoman blanket you are trying to sell is also the birthright bed of the ginger kitten. The butcher offers up meat, the cafe owner offers up spare slices of cheese and chicken, and the well-meaning elderly lady offers up bread soaked in milk.

‘The municipality has a hand in taking care of these stree animals as well.’

The municipality has a hand in taking care of these street animals as well. The “collect, vaccinate, feed, release” policy is implemented in hopes of not just providing good health for the animals but also regulating their ever-growing population, although the success of this method is debatable, as street animals have been reproducing as

fastly as ever. VetBus is a free ambulance service that, when called, picks up street animals in need and transports them to the Istanbul-owned veterinary clinics. Other times, animals in need of care will be kept in shelters.

In comparison, here in the States, pets are owned privately and receive a much more personal level of care. Our mercy and compassion are rarely so often extended to the thin, ragged cat we see scampering away from us in the dark. Animals in the street, near the sewers, hiding behind the bushes or the trees — these creatures are beyond the concern of our white picket fences. If one does desire to provide care or shelter, they more often than not adopt the animal and make them a part of their home, their family.

The common Turkish citizen prioritizes the street animal’s “freedom” over its potential to receive more tightly regulated care under ownership. This is ironic, considering it is usually Americans who preach individual freedom, whereas Turkish people value close-knit family bonds and nearly suffocating care and nagging. Here, the roles seem to switch as Turks assume a collective, general responsibility over providing general food and shelter to the beloved and respected street animal without “disturbing its freedom by confining it to four walls.” As a result, the animals are loved by many but have only relatively satisfactory means for getting by that can be insufficient for a high quality of life. Meanwhile, the American needs to form a tighter, personal bond with the animal before they can fully offer up their time, care, and compassion. In return, the animal is pampered in the warmth and security of the home — not quite a member of the family but not quite a form of property.

The issue of Istanbul’s street animals is that there are many — too many — and the byproducts of street living such as disease and malnutrition are difficult to prevent on a mass scale by the municipality. However, a Turk would find the act of putting down an animal that is unable to be cared for absolutely barbaric (and I would agree)! The American, on the other hand, might argue that it is mistreatment to keep an unhappy animal alive, especially within the crude resources of shelters.

‘But what is it that determines an animal’s happiness?’

But what is it that determines an animal’s happiness? I believe that the divide falls near this question. To the Turks, a purring cat getting its belly rubbed on the park bench is happy, no matter the quality of its food or the potential mites in its fur. To the American, a cat is happy with Hill’s Science Diet in its stainless steel food bowl, and a four-story scratching post to mimic the innately craved outside environment it cannot have. But hey, this cat will live 15 years on average. An Istanbul cat lives a fast-paced life that can end with just one momentarily reckless driver.

Kosebalaban is a member of the Class of 2026

You’re Gaslighting Me!



BRIDGET TOKIWA/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

BY ZAKILYA BROWN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The increased awareness of certain diagnostic terms to describe specific parts of the human experience has brought to the limelight a necessary distinction between the casual usages of these words, versus their “actual” meaning. This puts the community in a very tight spot: On one hand, spreading awareness and promoting transparency is amazing, but diminishing the value and importance of these experiences is not. Should we be allowed to have our cake and eat it too?

‘The consensus is a bit different doay that it was back when mental health issues were surounded by even stronger stigmas.’

The consensus is a bit different today than it was back when mental health issues were surrounded by even stronger stigmas. Most of the developed world now acknowledges the prevalence of different mental illnesses and disorders, along with the multitude of difficult and damaging situations that can bring these about; for example, post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) is recognized in the DSM-V. The term “gaslight” has been used to describe behavior that is often normalized, but is abusive and manipulative in nature. The recent popularity of these topics surely contributed, and it’s a wonderful thing for those who used to suffer in silence. However, some tend to believe that we’ve “gone too far” in the movement to raise awareness. In requesting acceptance, more accommodations, and respect, —we are “asking for too much”.

Yet, there are so many today who have effectively adopted these terms and have used them inappropriately, overusing and oversimplifying the meaning and context, which makes it more likely for the public to incorrectly use them. How many of us actually know the complete meaning of “gaslight”? More importantly, how many of us are willing to go out of our way to find out? Not many — and the argument commonly used to counteract this point expresses this. Wasn’t the goal of awareness to bring the conversation surrounding human psychology to the masses, and if so, why do we continue to complain when so many people are no longer ashamed due to this new development? Where exactly are the consequences?

When viewing the community as a whole it’s easy to forget those who

are still suffering in silence. People like me — a woman of color who has immigrant parents from a third-world country. A place where there is no such thing as “mental health awareness” — not even mere acknowledgement towards the very real traumas and lasting effects on the psyche. It’s important to acknowledge how far we’ve come.

I’ve felt the positive effects of the sudden wave of interest in mental health. A couple years ago during the infamous summer of 2020, I came across a TikTok video. It was a student, like myself, explaining the different symptoms of their disorder: ADHD. Typically I would have disregarded it and moved on, but the short video intrigued me. I could relate to them on most of their experiences — why? I didn’t have ADHD, or so I thought. As it turns out, after two years, I was officially diagnosed with attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder.

‘My story has a happy ending, sure. However, the journey was a rocky one.’

My story has a happy ending, sure. However, the journey was a rocky one. The greatest hurdle was the stigma surrounding my disability. How come people spoke so casually about everyone being “a little bit ADHD” when I had to fight and claw my way to a diagnosis? It seemed performative, especially when I was judged and stereotyped for something that was currently a trend. The wide-spread popularity of my disability initially raised my concern enough to seek a diagnosis, yes — but it also made it harder for me, and countless others, to be taken seriously. Why was ADHD treated like such a serious thing when almost everyone had a little bit of it?

Maybe it’s possible for an appropriate and sensitive conversation about mental health to exist under the spotlight. Certainly it’s not the fault of society for the current situation — the stigma exists within the industry as well. Furthermore, the separation of serious terms from everyday conversation is a complex issue, and so far there is no simple answer.

But in the meanwhile, we might as well have our cake.

Brown is a member of the Class of 2025

CULTURE

Student Musician kr!thi Draws on Roots for Experimental Debut Single

BY ALYSSA KOH
MANAGING EDITOR

The cracking of beer cans and Senior Krithi Krishna, known as “kr!thi” on streaming platforms, has started an album project with their initial single release of “eve”. A dreamy lo-fi R&B bop, “eve” details a heartbreak over a relationship coming to an end. Instrumentally, “eve” utilizes elements of classical Indian music such as tabla drums, sitars, and Carnatic-inspired runs within the vocals as an homage to the artist’s roots.

“eve” utilizes elements of classical Indian music such as tabla drums, sitars, and Carnatic-inspired runs within the vocals as an homage to the artist’s roots.’

“I thought about ‘eve’ as detailing the night before something big,” said Krishna, “and the song is about wanting to keep a relationship going but knowing it will harm both of you in the process.”

The Environmental Health major recently participated in Art NY, where they put a recording of “eve” on display at Frontspace during the program’s Spring 2022 cohort showcase.

“When COVID hit, I realized I wasn’t as interested in STEM and started to make and produce music, but it wasn’t until this summer that I decided that I wanted to pursue music for myself,” Krishna said. “However, I definitely use elements of my studies in my art — I think Art NY really helped me hone in on my interests, and for the first time in my life, I was just really excited to study what I wanted to study.”

When asked about their inspirations and supporters, Krishna praised the support of the University in their musical

endeavors, both through academic programs such as the joint program providing Eastman lessons to River Campus students, as well as fellow student musicians on campus.

“When COVID hit, I realized I wasn’t as interested in STEM [...] but it wasn’t until this summer that I decided I wanted to pursue music for myself.’

“When you surround yourself with people who already do it and are already in their element, it’s the extra push you need to motivate yourself,” Krishna noted about fellow musician and UR alum Boistory.

In addition, they mentioned a love for A.R. Rahman’s “Jai Ho” and its combination of Western pop and Indian classical influences, which helped spur the influx of Indian musicians and their culture into the American zeitgeist.

“I definitely use elements of my studies in my art.’

“He was one of the first Indian artists that was also a producer and a composer that I saw, and he’s from Tamil, which is where I’m from,” said Krishna. “[...] I remember listening to ‘Jai Ho’ as a child and being so shocked that there was singing in Hindi, and I look to him now when I think about being experimental with my music while still holding on to my culture.”

In the near future, kr!thi plans to release an EP at the beginning of 2023, as well as animator created visualizers for some of their tracks.

Koh is a member of the Class of 2024.



KAVYAKRISHNA / CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER

Rina Sawayama Explores Pop and Pain in “Hold the Girl”

BY CARTER HASENOERHL
STAFF WRITER

“Hold the Girl,” Rina Sawayama’s second studio album, holds true to the artist’s exploratory style of music while exceeding expectations from the success of her debut album, “SAWAYAMA.”

In true Rina fashion, “Hold the Girl” explores the full spectrum of pop and pushes the boundaries of the genre all at once. The album consists primarily of pop, pop rock, and dance pop. The album also takes a dive into country pop with “This Hell,” hyperpop with “Imagination,” and pop-punk with “Hurricanes.”

‘In true Rina fashion, “Hold the Girl” explores the full spectrum of pop and pushes the boundaries of the genre all at once.’

Early 2000s rock also finds its way into the influences on the album.. These influences are best seen in the rock core of the album in the songs “Hurricanes,” which draws influence from the early 2000s music of Kelly Clarkson, Paramore, Avril Lavigne, and “Frankenstein,” which was largely influenced by Sawayama’s love of indie rock in the 2000s.

“Hold the Girl” explores two major themes throughout its stellar tracklist. The primary theme of the album is healing from trauma, primarily the healing of one’s inner child. The album

dives into trauma and showing kindness to the person we once were and helping that part of ourselves heal. This theme is largely explored through the titular single and “Phantom.”

“Hold the Girl” explores two major themes throughout its stellar tracklist. The primary theme of the album is healing from trauma, primarily the healing of one’s inner child.’

The secondary theme introduced in “Minor Feelings,” and further explored in “Send my Love to John,” is that our experiences are largely a result of the attributes we possess, such as race, age, and sexuality. Notably, Sawayama’s personal experiences as a queer Japanese woman show up prominently throughout the album.

‘Notably, Sawayama’s personal experiences as a queer Japanese woman show up prominently throughout the album.’

Every song of the album could have succeeded as a single and stands out in its own right, which can be attributed to the fact that each song fills a different niche in a different sub-genre. When brought together,

these unique standalone pieces make the themes of the album all that more poignant and truly pull together this powerhouse of an album. “Hold the Girl” has the pop star quality, catchiness, and creativity of any truly great album and further cements its place with the piercing emotionality that it presents throughout. It is an exploration of pop and a much deeper exploration of trauma and healing.

‘When brought together, these unique standalone pieces make the themes of the album all that more poignant and truly pull together this powerhouse of an album.’

“Hold the Girl” has truly solidified Sawayama’s name in pop music and is an album that, no matter how many listens you give it, will leave you in awe and thinking “Ugh, finally some good fucking music.” It truly is a masterpiece in music, and proves her worthy of her Twitter username: “RINA SLAYWAYAMA.”

Hasenoerhl is a member of the Class of 2024.



JOY LU / CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATOR

‘Yahha’: As Experimental as the Soviet rock scene

BY JOTHAM VEGA
STAFF WRITER

3.5/5 stars

The following review is from a screening held at Tsoifest 2022.

In the programme for Tsoifest, the film “Yahha” is described as an 1986 experimental documentary from then Moscow Film School student Rachid Nougmanov. However, before the film screening, Nougmanov decided to correct the programme, saying that it was not a documentary fully set in reality. The film, he claimed, was much more of a work of experimentalism within the late Soviet rock scene that contains elements of a documentary. When watching this film, I realized that the perfect way to say what this film is in between, but not fully, in the states of narrative film, documentary, or even experimentalism.

At this point, I would usually be writing the plot to the film I’ve viewed. But in this case, I don’t really know how to fully describe what happens in a movie that doesn’t have that much

conflict or fully developed characters. So I’ve decided to write what was in the Tsoifest programme: “‘Yahha’ is a whimsical, atmospheric look into the day in the life of the underground rock music scene in Gorbachev-era Leningrad. The documentary follows a group of young music fans on a kaleidoscopic journey that includes a performance in a boiler room, a raucous punk wedding, and irreverent street banter, all the while capturing the freewheeling spirit of a budding youth subculture on the cusp of sociopolitical shift.”

‘I don’t really know how to fully describe what happens in a movie that doesn’t have that much conflict or fully developed characters.’

Interested in reading more?
See online at campustimes.org.

Vega is a member of the Class of 2025.

Potato Seance: Troxell Conveys Growth

BY KEERTHANA DANASEKARAN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Potato Seance is a solo exhibition of sculptures at the Hartnett Gallery, created by Grace Sachi Troxell. Troxell received a BS in Studio Art from Skidmore College, a postgraduate certificate from Glasgow School of Art, and an MFA from Cornell University. Her work incorporates a wide range of materials, from steel and clay to vegetables and other organic matter, to represent the eroding line between growth and decay, animate and inanimate, and life and death.

The Potato Seance exhibition features five pieces. The opening sculpture has a plethora of textures, from cold, metallic parts at the top to fuzzy, almost comforting moss at the bottom. The grassy-colored model is pear-shaped, cracked at the top yet smooth at the bottom. With an irregular stem and hollow interior, one has to wonder what meaning this sculpture wishes to convey. The damaged, mold-like interior coupled with the soothing, smooth exterior could symbolize the facade of appearing grounded on the outside while simultaneously crumbling on the inside.

‘[Troxell’s] work incorporates a wide range of materials to represent the eroding line between growth and decay, animate and inanimate, and life and death.’

Moving on to the second piece, the once-hollow interior of our pear has been sealed — a bowl of cracked spheres that appear to have emerged from within the sculpture. The calming moss, initially concentrated at the bottom, surfaces and spreads throughout the pear, exposing an opening that subsequently discloses dozens of decaying, mushroom-like features that happen to be protruding

from the pear’s sides as well. The sculpture’s true, decaying nature, combined with the disappearance of hollowness, could represent the dissatisfaction with putting on an act and the desire to express one’s true feelings of anguish, anger, and desperation, while the delocalization of the moss may represent the following feelings of relief and comfort.

‘The moss surfaces and spreads throughout the pear, exposing an opening that subsequently discloses dozens of decaying, mushroom-like features.’

The third piece appears to deviate from the overall theme that Troxell was attempting to present. Our once pear-shaped sculpture has evolved into a vase with three necks, one containing what appears to be a black, decaying heart, another containing a bundle of dead ferns and flowers, and the third containing a dead tree log. The reassuring moss that gave the sculpture color and life vanished, only to be replaced by an increased number of decaying protrusions extending from the sculpture’s center, as well as fissures extending throughout the piece. The artist may be portraying that allowing one’s feelings of anguish and grief to overcome them may lead to a “decaying phase of life” with no joy or glow. The sculpture’s monochromatic appearance may also prompt us to consider whether internalizing our emotions is worth the consequences. Is succumbing to our desires worth the numbness?

Troxell’s fourth piece appears to demonstrate the former option that may result from the actions of the second sculpture. The pear-like structure has returned, as has the soothing moss, which appears to have engulfed more than half of the model. Despite the moldy protrusions and fractures that remain throughout

the piece, they are accompanied by a warm, white blanket of fuzz, with a platform of growing pumpkins and squash closing off the top of the sculpture. The sculpture could represent one’s ability to overcome negative emotions. The seemingly “fresh” pumpkins at the top of the sculpture juxtaposed with its decaying projections are indicative of one’s ability to grow past adversity and blossom into something as heartwarming and comforting as a patch of pumpkins. Or could the pumpkins be representative of something else? By adding elements of growth with decay, is Troxell rounding back to her initial motif of putting on a facade? Moving on to the fifth sculpture might give us a better understanding of this.

‘Is succumbing to our desires worth the numbness?’

In terms of shape and metallic parts, the final piece is similar to the opener. The once common cracks and decaying interior have vanished, replaced by an earthy, gray exterior and a slew of metallic circles dotted with clay spheres atop the sculpture. The expanding metallic ellipses could represent the final stage of moving past grief, but the sculpture’s apparent “cleanliness” appears to represent the desire to hide the ugly parts of oneself. Is Troxell suggesting that moving on is synonymous with putting on a show?

The Potato Seance exhibit is typical of Troxell’s work, displaying elements of growth and decay. Troxell’s sculptures were able to convey stories of deception, deterioration, progression, and possibly even acceptance by using materials as simple as grassy moss and grayish mold. However, the question of Troxell’s true intentions for her pieces is still up in the air for debate.

Danasekaran is a member of the Class of 2026.

How to Sound Like a True Rochestarian

BY SARAH WOODAMS
PRESENTATIONS CHIEF

Are you new to Rochester? Have you outed yourself as a non-Rochesterian via the pronunciation of what seems like a normal word or town name? I’ve spent my entire life in the Rochester area, and with that comes the knowledge of how to pronounce some Rochester-specific words. Keep on reading to fool everyone into thinking you’re from here.

Charlotte [Shar-lott]

Charlotte, not pronounced like the infamous North Carolina city, is a neighborhood within the City of Rochester up by Lake Ontario. Some people also refer to Ontario Beach Park as Charlotte Beach. It’s also home to the original Abbott’s Frozen Custard location, which is now serving pumpkin custard for the fall.

Chili [Chai-lai]

Chili, not like the warm food it may look like it’s named after, is a suburb of Rochester not too far from River Campus. According to Niche, it is one of the best places to live in New York, which I find hard to believe. Let’s just say I’ve never heard of anything interesting ever happening over there, but I may be biased as an Eastsider.

Le Roy [Lee-Roy]

Le Roy, or usually spelled LeRoy, is a small town about a half hour from River Campus. Technically the correct pronunciation is a short “Le” because of its French Origin, as the Jell-O Museum docent explained, but a lot of people in the area pronounce it as “Lee.” It’s where Jell-O was

first invented and manufactured, hence its main attraction is the Jell-O Museum which I would highly recommend. There’s also a family-run Mexican restaurant called Mama Chavez’s Taqueria and a miniature Statue of Liberty. What more can you ask for?

Avon [Ave-on]

It wasn’t until I watched “The Wire” this summer that I heard the “correct” pronunciation of Avon. There’s supposedly some good flea markets out here, with a slightly different vibe (aka more conservative) than the Lucky Flea.

Lima [Lime-a]

No, this is not the capital of Peru, it’s another rural town in Monroe County. They have a combined school with nearby Honeoye Falls, so if anyone tells you they went to HFL, that’s what they mean.

Documentary and Elementary [NOT -tree]

I will stand by my stance that everyone else in the country pronounces these words incorrectly. Just look at how these words are spelled and say it based on that. This is a very easy way to spot a Western New Yorker in general, not just a Rochestarian.

You may have also heard the Rochester accent, which is described as being nasally and a variant of Inland Northern American English. I don’t think I fully have the Rochester accent as described in the linked article, but I may just be in denial.

Woodams is a member of the Class of 2024 (T5).



SARAHWOODAMS / PRESENTATIONS CHIEF

Feel the Chemistry

BY LILLI TAMM
HUMOR EDITOR

“SUP TEACH?” I inquire, weaving my way through the wreath of weary students whining ‘round the desk of one very beleaguered Organic Chemistry instructor. “Say, what’s the dealio with those mad lad electrons?”

‘Friends, Romans, countrymen — I’m a lover, not a fighter ... but I’ll light this place on fire.’

Friends, Romans, countrymen — I’m a lover, not a fighter ... but I’ll light this place on fire. Throw me some hands, and I’ll hold them and kiss you tenderly on the forehead. When life hands me aromatic rings smelling of synthetic lemons, I dunk ‘em in some acetone and make the most deadly limoncello your grandma’s never seen. I’m a survivor! Soul-crushing pressure is my happy place. The point, anyway, is that I can take whatever the curriculum throws at me — or at least I thought.

Molecules. Atoms. Why? How? I have been led to understand the ‘what’ once in a blue moon, but all the other investigative journalism words (yes, against all odds I did still have a functional attention span in fourth grade) have since failed me. If I ever did have a grip on this funky orbital business, I’ve long fallen down into the depths of the proverbial canyon. Frost Mnemonic? I do remember the cold despair in the aftermath of the thermodynamics exam, thank you for asking. While some spend hours pouring over the complexities of an inverting chair configuration, I read the back of my energy drink and hope for the best. The unfamiliar names comfort me as I stand alone, à la Sartre, in my desolate intellectual desert. There is no outside world: Existence is a prison, and carbon is my enemy. The fuck is a valence? Electric-type Pokémon did not prepare me for this shit.

Anyway, back to the present. “So, I was thinking,” I lie, “that we could reconsider this whole bonding thing. I mean, FREE LOVE, baby! Man wasn’t made for one molecule. This pi-bond clusterfuck is giving ‘cheating,’ and I won’t stand for it; I’m a whore for molecular non-monogamy any day of the week, but you gotta give me some principles to work with. Aufbau had it all wrong! Playing favorites will only lead to jealousy and betrayal. You can’t stick some nubile lone pair on ammonia and expect me not to be a basic little simp!”

Silence. They’re obviously stunned by my brilliance. I will venture further on. “Like, objectively I get why we gotta care about the shapes. L or R,

I won’t let chirality come between me and my butane buddies. But did it really have to be my hands? Do you know how stupid I look in the library? I only managed to wean myself off counting on my fingies last semester (they said it counted as academic dishonesty so I dipped), this is a whole lot to be asking. And what’s the deal with all these inversions? I don’t see why one functional group friend should get to swoop in and grab all that prime real estate. Squatters’ rights!”

“Uh, hey dude,” a TA pipes up. He’s probably about to give me the keys to the city, or his office, or just some commemorative scrap metal. Preemptive baller move, my guy. “Have you considered tutoring? Actually, have you considered dropping out and living in a barrel or something? I feel like that’d be up your alley.”

‘Drat. Like most geniuses, I have gone unappreciated in my time.’

Drat. Like most geniuses, I have gone unappreciated in my time. Time to try harder, or maybe not at all, given that withdrawal from the course is an option (although unfortunately not from my crippling need for attention). If I smear sacrificial blood around my fume hood and say the name of the God Bell-Evans-Polanyi three times, will the ghost of Holy Hammond appear before me and absolve me of my sins?

“Reach deep into your heart,” declares an overconfident sophomore. Their intended major will not last long. “Open yourself up to ignorance. Let the electrons breeze past you and sense the negative charge creep over your skin. Feel the chemistry.” With those words, a jolt (or a volt?) strikes through the congregated orgo try-hards, and they lift their averted eyes to gaze at me in unison. “Feel the chemistry, feel the chemistry,” they repeat, the chant draping over the tiny room. It would’ve echoed if the space was there.

And suddenly every nerve of my entrails sizzles and pops. My vision whites over, and when my eyes open again I can make out the neurotransmitters crossing over the synapses in my corneas. Matter. Matter everywhere, nothing but being. It’s excruciating. It’s exhilarating. I can see into the very fabric of the universe. Feel the chemistry. Feel it in me.

I’m still going to fail this class.

*Tamm is a member of
the Class of 2025*



BRIDGET TOKIWA/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

A Brief Guide to the Trials and Tribulations Regarding the Steps of Rochester



BY BRYAN BURKE
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

RACHEL KAMATA/ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

Slope, rise over run, or even pitch, if you will. For any given staircase, there exists a ratio which describes how steep it is. This University, conveniently, has no consistency in their stair design: The first-year quad has some beefy steps and Wilco has tiny little bitch stairs. There’s a special level of Hell reserved for whomever designed the staircases traversing our lecture halls.

‘Every other step is twice as deep, holding certainly more than one stride but not even close to two of them.’

Every other step is twice as deep, holding certainly more than one stride but not even close to two of them. This is fine on any given day, but when you’re running 15 minutes late for a calculus lecture, you don’t exactly pay attention to the layout of the stairs. I had a cup of coffee in one hand, AirPods in the other, and my jacket on my arm. Everything went everywhere and all I could do was scoop up what remained of my dignity. I took the first seat I could find next to someone I have never met before and have not seen since. No words were exchanged about my forceful encounter with the floor.

Gavett is such a peculiar series of additions, forced together to create an impassable labyrinth. The bathrooms are located, in theory, on every other floor. In practice, I have never arrived early enough before class to locate one. That all changed when I desperately needed to find it one day, and had roughly six and a half minutes to find the bathroom, use it, and return. Most of the time was wasted locating the room, which led me to be in quite a rush on the way back. If you are not familiar with the staircases in Gavett, they are quite wide: roughly six people wide. I was sprinting up the steps, landing on every fourth, when my face decided now was the perfect time to take a very close look at the steps. I picked myself up fairly quickly, only to be met face to face with a girl on a slightly higher step asking if I was okay. In my infinite wisdom, I simply responded with “No, what! These stairs? I’m good! How are you? Bye!” and ran off before she could say another word. I found my seat after class began and realized everything hurt as the adrenaline wore off.

The vast majority of campus is relatively safe, leaving very few places to have a fall truly go wrong. As a

wise man once said, “It’s not the fall that kills you, it’s the sudden stop.” Every once in a while, I find myself on the sixth floor of the stacks, hoping to get a large chunk of work done. More times than I care to remember, I’ve watched the planes land at Rochester International when a group of students has come scampering over my desk and out the windows to watch the sunset from the top of Rush Rhees. The only issue with this? The height. From the roof, hooligans will quickly find themselves seven stories up on a roof with absolutely no restraints or inhibitions to be found. In this situation, an altered mindset is almost a given, which substantially adds to the danger. Falling down on the stairs is one thing. But this is seven stories (!) of free fall. With a floor of loose gravel, no railing, and dim lighting, the roof is not the wisest of places to fall. Oh, but of course this information is just hearsay, as I myself have not partaken in roof shenanigans, nor do I endorse them.

‘There is no good place to take a tumble on campus, only some places less awful than others.’

There is no good place to take a tumble on campus, only some places less awful than others. The stairs into the Pit offer an easy recovery, but the exposure provides no resistance to becoming the laughing stock of the student body. The hidden stairs in the stacks are exactly 24 inches wide (yes, I have measured). Falling down those is a challenge, but when in a rush, it can be far too easy to fall into them. Thankfully, due to the tight quarters, recovery can be attained by simply extending limbs in every possible direction.

‘In conclusion, campus is a fucking agility course and I have the knees of a 40-year-old.’

In conclusion, campus is a fucking agility course and I have the knees of a 40-year-old.

*Burke is a member of
the Class of 2025*



SUNAHRA TANVIR / ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

Fall Cleaning: Storage Suggestions for Your Google Drive

BY ALYSSA KOH
MANAGING EDITOR

Scared of losing all your storage? Got a plethora of kitty pics (no, literally) that you just can't sacrifice? Well, if you're like all of us after the recent Google Drive announcement, you'll have to Marie Kondo your way through your drive prior to Oct. 31. So, here are the CT's suggestions for what files to metaphorically give the Bachelorette rose to, and which you should just kick to the curb.

1. Any homework assignments from your first year
We're not talking about projects — no, no. Take all your straight-up menial labor-type homework and trash it. Do you really need those 40 untitled documents with shitty ASL grammar-ified scripts for your Panopto responses? No. Get that outta here. The only exception is if you took BCS 110. Keep those notes, and use them to further society for the good of the whole. Sell them to scared incoming pre-meds for the big bucks. They don't have to know that half of your notes are just the phrase "MAKE A TABLE" in different fonts until they receive the file.

2. Any PDF file that you don't need for the semester

Not only can you redownload PDFs, but what are you really going to do with all these readings on your computer about advanced topology and syntactic theory? Neeeeeeeeerd. Touch grass and then use that brand new sensory input as motivation to hit delete.

3. Any final paper or project
Let's be real, do you actually remember creating these? Between all the all-nighters and triple shots (you decide which kind), these papers are either a blur or a fever dream. Respect their chaos by tossing them in the trash — after all, you'll only know you love them if you let them go.

4. All the furry porn
We all have our vices.

5. Miscellaneous bullshit
Just doing a cursory glance through your Drive will remind you of how many things you've done throughout your collegiate career (ew, gross — existential crisis much?) and will also remind you that you need to get your shit organized. A lyrics document to "Hey Ya" by Outkast? A proposed schedule for an interdisciplinary major you never created? A PDF that just has a singular smiley face on it in 72-point font? You're past that. New Drive, new you.
Koh is a member of the Class of 2024.

Like Drawing? Illustrate for the *Campus Times* Illustrations Section



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SUNAHRA TANVIR / ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

SPORTS

UR Soccer Wins at Home, Wins Away



HENRY LITSKY / PHOTO EDITOR

Rochester first-year defender Mikey Burke kicks off against SUNY Geneseo on Tuesday, September 20th. UR went on to win 2-1.

BY ALEX ELCHEV
SPORTS EDITOR

Half-way through their season, Yellowjacket soccer is heating up. On Tuesday, Sept. 20, at Fauver Stadium, the University of Rochester's Men's Soccer Team faced off against SUNY Geneseo, earning a strong 2-1 win in their sixth game of the season coming back from a

BY EMMELY ELI TEXCUCANO
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

loss to Hobart College. The game started off strong, with the Yellowjackets' Joe Anderson scoring a goal in the 13th minute of play. The team stayed on the offensive after this early lead, taking six shots in the first half while holding Geneseo to just one. A second goal, scored by

senior Tony Hypsher and assisted by sophomore Avi Lamba, extended their lead. They dominated the game until late, when Geneseo attempted a comeback led by sophomore Joe Vogt's 85th-minute goal. The Yellowjackets ended the game outshooting the Knight's 16-6, with 9 of them being shots on goal. Junior goalie Lupica-Tondomade ended the game with two saves. The women's team entered their Wednesday, Sept. 21 matchup against Keuka College coming off of two 0-0 draws. At 3-0-3, the team parlayed their undefeated record into being ranked 24th in the nation by the United Soccer Coaches Poll. The Yellowjackets defense suffocated the Wolves, preventing a single shot throughout the entire game en route to a 5-0 win. Sophomore midfielder Sarah Koscis put two past the keeper, while junior Sarah Martin added a goal and an assist. Both teams made the five-hour trip to face York College on Saturday, Sept.

24. The women's team played first, narrowly suffering their first loss of the season after a 13th minute goal by York. UR kept the pressure on, however, attempting 17 shots throughout the game; senior York keeper Jacqueline Keogh had seven saves, six of which came in the second half.

"At 3-0-3, the team parlayed their undefeated record into being ranked 24th in the nation by the United Soccer Coaches Poll."

Regardless of the outcome, women's soccer continues to look forward. A week featuring matchups against 4-2-2 Houghton College on Tuesday, Sept. 27, as well as the fellow nationally-ranked University of Chicago (6-3, Sunday, Oct. 2). "I think most of the [preparation] at this point is mental," senior forward Robin de Jong said. "Getting into the mindset of 'we have to win.'" Men's soccer fared better on Saturday, edging a 1-0 win

against York. Defense again proved to be the deciding factor, as York was only able to muster one shot on goal for the entire game. After improving to 5-1-1, the team will be looking for more national recognition as well, nearly missing the cut to be nationally ranked last week. The Yellowjackets will look to continue their momentum into a Tuesday, Sept. 27 meeting with St. John Fisher (2-4-1) before facing possible their toughest opponent of the year: the #1 ranked and undefeated University of Chicago on Sunday, Oct. 2. During Meliora Weekend and with home field advantage, UR will not go out quietly. As always, a full list of scheduled sporting events can be found on the composite calendar here, along with live streaming links.

Elchev is a member of the Class of 2023.
Texcucano is a member of the Class of 2026.