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UNPEELING THE TRUTH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER SINCE 1873 / campustimes.org



Mangelsdorf Spotted Protesting for Palestine, Pledges to Support Students

BY FEVA DREIM
NEWS REPORTER

University President Sarah Mangelsdorf was seen Tuesday participating in a pro-Palestine rally held by the Students for Justice in Palestine (SJP).

Mangelsdorf stood in the crowd holding a sign that read, “ACADEMIC DIVESTMENT NOW.”

“I’ve been wanting to say something since this started,” Mangelsdorf told her fellow protesters. “I was scared to be the only one speaking out, but I can’t just sit here in silence anymore.”

Mangelsdorf committed to making academic divestment from Israel one of her main priorities as president, and pledged to support student protestors as they continue to make their voices heard.

“My responsibility as [UR’s] president is to protect and support students,” Man-



CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER

gelsdorf told the crowd. “I lost sight of that, but I’m going to do everything in my power to support you all now.”

As part of that support, Mangelsdorf promised to re-examine the reasoning behind all student disciplinary actions taken in relation to pro-Palestine protesting, including the expulsion of the four students responsible for the ‘wanted’ posters.

“[This decision] isn’t just mine to make, but I’m going

to force my colleagues to really consider their motivations for suspending and expelling students – just like I have,” she said.

With this new stance, Mangelsdorf joins the increasing number of university presidents standing against President Trump’s new executive orders.

“This was definitely an easier choice because of the others who went first,” she said.

Mangelsdorf also pledged

to re-examine the new protest policy, but admitted that it was something that might be a little harder to shift.

“We set up the new policy in response to pro-Palestine protests, which was wrong, but that doesn’t mean the ultimate result is necessarily harmful,” Mangelsdorf said. “The safety of our students is the main thing to consider, and this [new protest policy] helps us keep students safe.”

Students in attendance at the protest were shocked, but hopeful that this was a sign of real change coming to UR.

“I never thought something like this would happen,” said senior and SJP member Kale O’Leaf. “Honestly I can’t believe it, but I’m so excited for what we’ll be able to accomplish knowing that our university is finally backing us.”

Faculty members also expressed surprise at the development, but seemed a little more concerned with

how Mangelsdorf’s promises would play out.

“Don’t get me wrong, making these promises is amazing, but I’m concerned about how much [President Mangelsdorf] will actually follow through,” chemistry professor Molly Cule said. “I don’t want all these students to get their hopes up for nothing.”

Mangelsdorf’s surprise appearance at the protest concluded with an apology.

“In the end, the most important thing for me to say is that I’m sorry,” Mangelsdorf said. “I’m sorry that I didn’t put you all first, and I’m sorry that I didn’t support you. That ends now. The students of the University of Rochester are my main priority, and from now on, I will do anything I can to protect and support you all.”

Dreim is a member of the Class of 2027.

UR College Republicans Protest Trump Admin’s Threats to Free Speech

BY ECCLESIASTES O’SHEA
PUT-UPON TRUTH TELLER

The University of Rochester College Republicans have been making their voices heard in the past couple of weeks, protesting weekly to unequivocally condemn the Trump Administration’s deportation and imprisonment of student activists for their criticism of American and Israeli military policy.

“College Republicans around the country have spent the better part of a decade professing their absolute commitment to free speech, so why would we be silent now?” said the president of the club. He continued, “If self-censorship of conservative opinions in academia is a big deal, it follows that official, violent institutional suppression of speech should have all of us out in the streets!”

One young Republican put it simply: “I believe that we must regard all speech equally. These activists have as much right to criticize the American government as I have to criticize transgender

children, even if I think their speech is harming innocent people.”

Although members of the club have largely denied any affinity for the opinions expressed by students and activists stuffed into cars by masked individuals and sent to unknown locations, they stressed their principles and commitment to resistance against authoritarianism. One member of the organization said, “If we didn’t speak out now, we’d really look like a bunch of hypocrites and opportunists, which of course, we aren’t.”

‘Racial discrimination as economic freedom.’

The College Republicans will be holding their next protest Friday, April 7, replacing their previously scheduled event, “Racial discrimination as economic freedom: a discussion.”

O’Shea is a member of the Class of 2025.

Campus Times Staff Resigns Seemingly All at Once

BY NATALIE OPDAHL
FORMER NEWS EDITOR

For members of the *Campus Times*, Sundays are usually a hectic conglomeration of restructuring paragraphs, debating the usage of italics or the proper time and place for an Oxford comma, and adding to the caffeine-induced, sleep-deprived, out-of-context quotations to the corkboard that makes up the office’s quote wall.

But this schedule was interrupted this past Sunday when seven elected staff members suddenly declared their immediate resignations from the newspaper.

Three and seven-tenths hours into production, Eva Naik (formerly Opinions Editor), Brian Ly (formerly Humor Editor), and Sherene Yang (formerly Publisher) abruptly stood up from their wanna-be-beanbags and swivel chairs, linked arms, and marched out of the office into the wilderness of the Wilson Commons Pit.

“I’ve been working with other peoples’ opinions for so long I don’t have any opinions left of my own!” Naik told the *Campus Times*. “What’s my favorite color? Do I prefer

Pit pizza or Douglass pizza? I don’t know!”

Upon arriving at the Pit, Naik bought two slices of cheese pizza and determined with a broad, grease-coated smile that Pit pizza was better.

Shocked by the scene, Emmely Eli Texcucano declared that they too would resign in the wake of a limited staff.

Yang and Ly offered ultimatums for their conditions on remaining in the club. Yang, who was incensed at what she called the “deceptiveness” of her title, stated that she will only remain in the *Campus Times* if she gets to live up to her title and actually publish articles. Similarly, Ly broke from decades of *Campus Times* precedence and insisted that his position be renamed “Humour Editor.”

Copy Chief Katie Jarvis’ eyes darkened with fury when she heard Ly’s demands.

“Just because humor editors get to joke around in articles doesn’t mean they get to do it in real life!” she protested. “If the section is renamed ‘Humour’ — I’m out!”

She threw her navy blue *Campus Times* hat onto the

floor and glared icily at me, a humble reporter simply doing my ethical reporting responsibility, before letting forth a barrage of insults claiming that I was an “unctuous journalist who can’t tell a preposition from a conjunction.”

“And your section!” she cried, “What’s next? ‘Snews?’ No one’s doing their job around here!”

As News Editor I would like to acknowledge and refute Jarvis’ accusations of *Campus Times* reporters sleeping on the job. We are responsible and professional! We would never sleep while working, regardless of how many nights we’ve stayed up in a row, regardless of how many campus crises we have to cover, regardless of having to skip class and miss assignments to dedicate time to the newspaper...

You know what? That’s it. My bed has been calling, and I’m finally opening my ears.

I quit.

Best,
Natalie Opdahl
Former News Editor
Currently ‘snewsing’

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THIS CT

CT RESIGNATIONS

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PAGE 7 OPINIONS

AMOGUS

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20-STORY PARKING
LOT

PAGE 10 HUMOUR

CAMPUS

Resignations

HUMOR EDITOR RESIGNATION

To Whom it May Concern,

I regret to inform you that I will be resigning from my position as Humor Editor of the *Campus Times*, effective Tuesday, April 1. I do not take this decision lightly, and it was not easy to make. However, I believe that it is a step in the right direction for me. I just simply cannot stay in such an increasingly hostile environment.

Before elaborating, I want to sincerely express my gratitude for all of the shared memories and fun times that we've had in the *CT* office. I don't think I would have survived any of the painful late-night production sessions if not for the amazing company that I found myself surrounded by. Ever since I was elected as Humor Editor of the *CT*, I've enjoyed many laughs with incredible colleagues. I am eternally grateful for all of the support and inspiration that I've received from every-

one. You all shine so brightly in my memories.

I sincerely love this place, which is why I feel it is my responsibility to mention the shortcomings of this environment, the reasons that motivated my resignation. It pains me to witness the atrocities committed in this office. Within the *CT*, trust is constantly being undermined and, for the past couple weeks, betrayal has been the only constant. We have been forced to constantly witness murders of our dear friends, and forced to fear the people that we once thought we could trust. I personally got called into the office just to get stabbed in cold blood. After that encounter, I truly wondered, "Where does the basic trust between people lie?"

I had to reconsider my commitment to the *CT* in these past few days, and I realized that I just could not bring my-

self to continue working in such a hostile environment. Therefore, I have no choice but to set foot in a new direction. With all that said, I am happy to announce that I will be following my passions as the Humour Editor at the *Campus Times* instead. Please support me in my new position.

Sincerely,
Brian Ly
Former Humor Editor
Current Humour Editor

SPORTS EDITOR RESIGNATION

With a not-so-heavy heart, I am writing this letter to inform my reader (if there is one) of my resignation from the position of sports editor. Throughout my illustrious career as sports editor, I have interviewed players and coaches, reviewed box scores, sent out budget emails that no one reads, and probably watched one or two UR sporting events.

The memories we created in the *CT* office will stick with me for the rest of my life. Chief among them has been the weekly four hours I spent procrastinating while avoiding the work I voluntarily signed up to do. My favorite methods of procrastination include checking my phone, checking my computer, and blankly staring into space towards the closest wall (there are no windows in the *CT* dungeon).

Moreover, I want to thank everyone at *CT* for expecting the absolute bare minimum from me and keeping their disappointment to themselves when I manage to do even less than that most weeks. I suspect that is because they cannot find anyone willing to take over my job.

With that said, I have no human successor to introduce because I, like actual sports journalists, am being replaced by AI.

With love,
Aeneas Wolf
Former Sports Editor

Currently staring off into space for the foreseeable future

CULTURE EDITOR RESIGNATION

To Whom it May Concern,

I'm done <3

Best regards,
Emily English
Former Culture Editor

COPY CHIEF RESIGNATION

To Whom it May Concern,

It has come to my attention that my fellow editor, Brian Ly, has decided to throw all sense of stability and decency to the wayside by proclaiming himself to be *CT*'s "humour [sic]" editor. This is, of course, as the astute reader will notice, the *British* spelling. As we all know, Great Britain has only produced two things worth mentioning: America and the Spice Girls. As I am the last remaining bastion of tradition and fidelity here in the *Campus Times* office, I cannot idly sit by and let this man tear down everything that is honorable and true.

The simple addition of a "u" into an otherwise common word may seem innocuous to most, but it is a dangerous warning sign that points toward an inevitable descent into chaos. What's next, we start inserting extra letters into other words? Perhaps the mighty News section will become the Snews section, and we'll find our tireless reporters "snewsing" on the job. Or what of Opinions? If we're adding and removing letters, then a simple missing "p" and "i" would transform it to the Onions section. Of course, this would be an effective signal of the delicious layers we've come to expect from *CT*'s most nuanced section, but I fear we would be inching towards trademark infringement of another reputable news publication.

Or perhaps Brian is secretly part of a grand scheme to

destabilize (or, as he'd might have you say, 'destabilise') American culture in favor of our neighbors across the pond. Soon enough, *CT* Fashion will be suggesting the hot new 'trousers' to wear this spring, or you might find a think piece on the best way for UR students to spend their summer 'holiday.' Lately, I've been waking in a cold sweat from nightmares of grammatical havoc so chilling that I can only fall back asleep with my arms around the 57th Edition of the 'Associated Press Stylebook.' For instance, imagine the following interaction:

'... So he said to me "I don't even like beans on toast that much," and I said, "I know but that's all they serve in the dining hall now!"

Don't let the chilling erosion of our culinary freedom distract you; instead look again at the quotation marks. That's right: British people put single quotes around pieces of dialogue. Chilling! I will not stand by and let this happen.

Sincerely,
Katie Jarvis
Former Copy Chief

Bias disclosure: Jarvis is half British and was born to an English citizen. She frequently partakes in British activities such as eating crumpets, speaking in a silly voice, and having strong opinions on how tea should be made.

PUBLISHER RESIGNATION

To Whom it May Concern (that's me, I guess),

I regret to inform you that I will be resigning from my position as the Publisher of the *Campus Times*. After careful consideration, I have decided that the role of publisher no longer suits me.

My time in the *CT* has been splendid; I have fond memories of the staff and of our space. Yet, I must confess, I have lived a lie. This position was not what I was promised: to publish. I have tweaked out writing a million emails, corresponded with advertisers, broke my back delivering papers, but NEVER ONCE have I pressed the "publish" button on WordPress as publisher.

You know, as a newspa-

per, we're not supposed to lie. Journalistic integrity and all. So humour me. Why am I the PUBLISHer if I don't get to publish articles? Why do I get to sit through every production just to watch our editor-in-chief click the "publish" button for every single article? This title is misleading and wrong. Give me the power to publish. Put that in my job description. LET ME PUSH THE "PUBLISH" BUTTON. Emmely I'm coming for you.

Best regards,
Sherene Yang
Former Publisher
Soon-to-be Editor-in-Chief (watch out)

OPINIONS EDITOR RESIGNATION

To Whom it May Concern,

I want to begin by thanking each and every one of you for all the amazing experiences, memories, and of course, articles. Nothing truly makes me feel more appreciated than having a document shared with me at 3 a.m. with an urgent request for edits. With a heavy heart and sorrowful mind, I must announce my formal resignation from the *Campus Times* as opinions editor. My life has revolved around the opinions of others for a year now, and perhaps it's time for a lil switcharoo.

It's always "I think this" and "I think that" and, "blah blah blah here's a random non-credible source yada yada ya." You know what I think? You know what I need? Less opinions. As the wise

Preminger from "Barbie as the Princess and the Pauper" once said, "Why don't you stick to your books, school-boy." I don't know where all of you find the time to write pages and pages worth of opinions, but stop. Please. I'm screaming, crying, throwing up, begging you to let me out of the dungeon that is Wilco 103. There are no windows, there is no joy; there are just white walls laced with asbestos, somebody's Google doc that doesn't have the correct sharing permissions, and the five slacks/emails/texts that each writer still hasn't responded to.

Currently mid-breakdown,
Evie
Former Opinions Editor



HARRYLI/PHOTO EDITOR

From left to right: Sherene Yang, Katie Jarvis, Eva Naik, and Brian Ly.

Dr. Ollidamra’s Commitment to Benefiting Armadillo Research

BY DAWOOD BIN SYED
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

For the past 10 years, Dr. Bob Ollidamra and his team have been working to solve what is, to them, one of the world’s most pressing issues — the carbon footprint of the eleven-banded armadillo. *Campus Times* had the pleasure of sitting down with Dr. Ollidamra to learn more about the field of research his team has been working on.

Dr. Ollidamra’s connection to armadillos burrows deep. He recounted with fondness the memories of growing up in the wilderness of rural Texas, where armadillos were a constant presence. His parents, both environmentalists, instilled in him a profound respect for nature, but it was the armadillos that captivated him the most. “I appreciate armadillos for what they are,” he said softly during the interview, a wistful smile crossing his lips. “They are one of the creatures of all time.”

Six days a week, he and his team record air quality and carbon data in armadillo habitats. These recordings serve to fortify the eleven-banded armadillo’s place in natural environments and understand their effects on global warming as a whole.

Dr. Olidamra himself works 60 hours a week analyzing the data. “We are playing a major role if not the most important role in biology here at UR,” Ollidamra proclaimed.

Senior Dave Deckham is a paid intern at the lab and has been working with Ollidamra since his first year.

“It’s been a pleasure working with

Ollidamra. He is really passionate about this species and his work in this field is nothing short of admirable.”

However, the latest data from the lab shows that the combined output of carbon dioxide that the armadillo species emits in a year is not even comparable to a student riding to class on an electric scooter. When asked about the broader impact of his research, Ollidamra was at a loss for words.

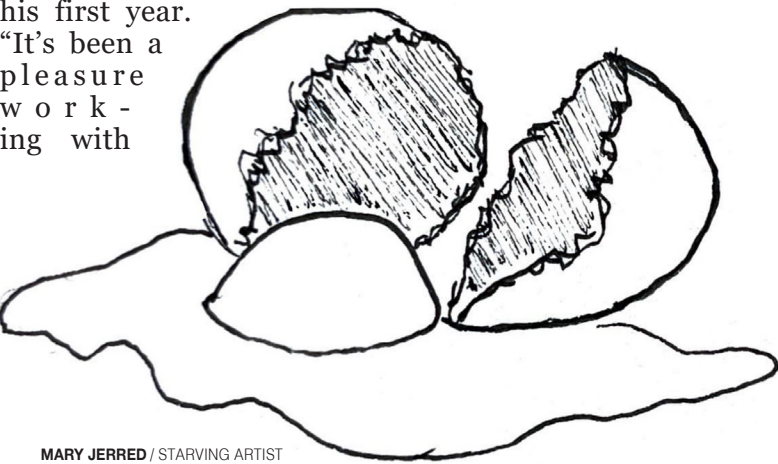
“I mean yeah they’re not carbon powerhouses but the work still counts for something right?” he asked the *CT*. As of 2025, the eleven-banded armadillo species are severely endangered and are expected to become extinct by next year. Leading experts in his field said, “his work does not, in fact, count for anything.”

“I spent decades in the field, on my knees, following these armadillos around town,” Ollidamra said, his voice trembling. “I have no family to go back to, you know. I only have these armadillos. They’re my family.” He paused and wiped his eyes. “They understand me.”

“Yeah, he’s a bit ... weird about his armadillos,” Deckham added, awkwardly shuffling his feet. “Like, he talks to them. A lot.”

The *CT* quietly exited Dr. Ollidamra’s office, where the P.I. could be heard sobbing quietly as soft armadillo noises played in the background.

Syed is a member of the Class of 2027.



MARY JERRED / STARVING ARTIST

Bird Flu? I Sure Hope They Did

BY AVIAN-FLETCHER
STAFF WRITER

The following article is a transcript of a recording sent to us by *Campus Times* reporter Avi An-Fletcher. An-Fletcher has not reviewed grammatical or stylistic edits.

You may be wondering why there’s no eggs at Hillside (Correction April 1, 2025: There are now eggs at Hillside). You may be wondering why the chickens of campus are quivering in fear, many of whom are masking up for reasons that may not seem obvious. The answer is simple — the pigeon pestilence of 2025, the sparrow sickness, and the mallard malady: bird flu.

‘(Correction April 1, 2025: There are now eggs at Hillside).’

Having caused an abundance of peril and an absence of omelets in the American population, we decided to get more insight. Our source? Aptly named biology professor and medical researcher, Sandra Duck.

“So: bird flu ...” a *Campus Times* reporter began, trailing off. Duck seemed confused. “I mean birds usually do that right. They’re like always up in the air. That’s part of their whole thing.” She then went on to explain how bird feathers initially developed for insulation, yet now also help them stay lifted and agile in their flights. “That’s what you’d call an exaptation, a feature that evolved for one purpose but now does something else.”

This response puzzled us. Did Duck think that we were inquiring about birds flying? We tried to clarify, but before we could speak, Duck quickly cut in.

“There’s many birds that don’t fly, however. You’ve probably heard about penguins, kiwis, emus, and the like. But there’s a lot of reasons why [some birds] might not fly, scientists have found. Usually they just don’t want to.”

We asked her if she’s ever seen one of these species fly before, when they wanted to, of course. Duck let out a nervous chuckle and flushed bright red, fidgeting in her chair. “No, I haven’t,”

Duck stated. “They would never do that. I thought I just clarified that.”

Realizing we had gotten distracted, our team then asked Duck about the spread of bird flu. She smiled, “I can answer this one. There’s a lot of information about this.” Duck then flipped on her projection screen, circling two oddly large regions of the Northern United States and upper Mexico.

“Birds fly south for the winter. Because it’s warmer.” She then drew two-sided arrows between the two ovals, marking the lower one with a sloppily-drawn cartoon sun wearing sunglasses.

“They actually got this idea from butterflies. Birds are very clever animals, you know.” Although untrustworthy, it’s clear Duck is dedicated to her study.

We looked at Dr. Duck, confused. “So, how did bird flu start?”

Duck’s demeanor became clammy, her face scarlet and eyes runny like the yolks of a sunny-side-up. A state of alarm and confusion I hadn’t expected for what seemed to be such a simple question.

“Did you know there’s birds that can imitate the speech of other animals? Or even humans? It’s been proven they have incredibly strong memories. They have very potent brains,” she said, getting more frantic.

At this point we knew there was something Duck wasn’t telling us, so we pressed her, again asking how bird flu began.

She paused. Looked around a bit, shuffled in her chair. It had appeared we had ruffled some feathers.

“I don’t know, how did it start? These things are very complicated.” She stared at us, expecting a response. No questions followed. We had nothing to say.

Duck began laughing, chuckling, quacking. Like an egg, she began to crack.

“This whole thing ... it’s so bizarre isn’t it. How a species so fabricated can create panic so real, so tangible. It seems to all be working, doesn’t it?”

She slid over to the back of her office, flipping off the lights and clicking on a projection screen. Images of circuitry and wires in bird bodies spun on the walls, an extended history of the species — no,

the machines — for our eyes to see. Birds as surveillance, birds as spies, birds as those freaky reincarnated pets that rich people clone their dogs for. It was under our noses this whole time. There is literally a television character named “Big Bird” spreading propaganda to our nation’s youth. We shivered in the projection light.

Bird flu, she explained, was a hoax. An economic scheme to reduce egg sales and maximize their production while maintaining outside surveillance presence, a sickly happening in factories and in the eyes of “birds” above the city streets. Exactly like what Big Cow did with dairy during WWII to make people think it strengthened your bones. A hidden undercover conspiracy with unclear motive but clear harm. I was sick. I didn’t know what was real anymore.

“This knowledge can’t leave my office,” Duck crooned. “It’s too valuable, too classified.”

She paused, retrieving a machine gun from her desk. I don’t know how she fit it in there. The first shots fired at the wall, ringing out with a rattle scarily akin to that of a woodpecker. Everything was clicking into place.

“I can’t let you leave this room either.”

All I remember was running, my eyes flashing red and my ears pounding in the storm of noise. A cacophony of bird calls, so it seemed, but I knew Duck was on my tail-feathers. That was no bird. It couldn’t be if they weren’t even real.

I don’t know if this recounting will get through to you all. I’m hiding in a bathroom stall with no sign of escape. I’m scared. But this may be our biggest break yet.

The world needs to know about the fowl schemes perpetuated by Dr. Duck. Please share this news. Please. Please. Pl- [the recording ends]

If you or someone you know has heard from An-Fletcher or Duck, please direct correspondence to ct_features@u.rochester.edu.

An-Fletcher is a member of the Class of 2026.

Weeding Out Space Problems

BY DAWOOD BIN SYED
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Despite the growing demand for more space to support increasing numbers of student organizations, UR administration seems to have other plans.

Campus Times recently investigated the increasingly limited meeting space offerings for student-run clubs,

only to uncover a shocking secret. The administration is using gated up rooms in Spurrier and Todd Union for the cultivation of high-quality recreational marijuana.

To investigate this crucial community matter further, *Campus Times* decided to interview faculty members involved.

In an email correspondence with a professor who

would like to remain anonymous, they defended the need for marijuana exclusively for faculty due to stress related concerns. “I’m finna crash out...” Professor Matthew McKinley of the Biology Department revealed later in an email thread.

While faculty seem to be feeling high, club morale is at an all time low.

Sophomore brothers Rodrigo and Pablo Santaro have wanted to make their Brazilian dance club officially recognized by the school for a year now. “We have repeatedly been told that ‘space is unavailable’ or that admin is waiting for more ‘details’ on ‘crop rotation,’” Rodrigo Santaro said.

Campus Times reached out to the Wilson Common

Students Activities office for an interview, but the office was unavailable. A staff member noted, “The office is currently in a very important meeting with several members of the faculty, all of whom are ‘deep in thought.’”

Syed is a member of the Class of 2027.

COMMUNITY

In Memoriam, Freddy D.

BY CAT CRAWFORD
FISH-KILLER

It is with profound and incredibly overdue sadness that I officially announce the passing of Wilson Commons Student Activities’ office fish, Freddy D., aged five months (approximate; I don’t know the ins and outs of betta fish breeding for purchase, what do you think I do in my spare time?), of Rochester, New York. You may have heard of Freddy D., namely from “Fish pledge’: the WCSA story,” penned by senior staff writer Lilli Tamm. Those who knew him intimately would say he was a sagely beacon of wisdom, the voice of a generation, a prophet of our time. Those who knew him peripherally would say he was just a fish.

My days as Freddy D.’s begrudging keeper were underscored by an ever-present feeling of existential dread. The limited knowledge I possessed of betta fish life expectancy, coupled with the likelihood that I would one day be responsible for the death of this fish since he was unceremoniously dumped on my desk in a mason jar marked the beginning of my impending doom: my branding as WCSA’s fish killer.

Among my many monikers, I am most often Cat Crawford: WCSA’s star advisor. Cat Crawford: the people’s princess. Cat Crawford: goated, based, and always with the sauce. Cat Crawford: all-talented moderator. NOT Cat Crawford: fish killer. Now, let it be known: I may not have wanted this

fish, but I did my duty to my constituents and to my country. I fed him, changed his water, and entertained him with the many interesting things that always seemed to take place in my office. For a time, he was happy.

And then he died. Horrifically, by the way, the way a seven-year-olds’ hamster never dies under normal circumstances. And not even a full month after Lilli published that first article. The irony was palpable.

Perhaps I shouldn’t have joked about how students were saying I was a despicable and inhumane fish parent. Mayhaps I shouldn’t have jested about how they quipped that his pitiful existence in his one-gallon tank was the equivalent of him being on life support, and that he himself wanted me to pull the plug. Maybe I shouldn’t have held as much resentment for the role of fish caretaker as I did, but alas, there I was, face to face with an upside-down fish that had sunk to the bottom of his tank.

So I did what many would think to be in character for me. I sent an email to my entire department and proposed a funeral for the fish. The email reads:

“Dearly beloved colleagues and friends,

On Nov. 8 at 4:04 p.m., our office fish, Freddy D., sadly passed away due to complications with SBD (Swim Bladder Disease). He was surrounded by loved ones at the time of his passing (the Genny Girls, [Author’s Note:

For all you *Campus Times* readers, that’s Courtney Floom, Megan Driscoll, and myself], while researching ways to treat SBD). A group of us will be celebrating his short albeit rollercoaster of a life tomorrow morning by letting him go in the river, all are invited to attend. He will be eulogized by Courtney Floom. Students and the *Campus Times* have yet to be notified.

Thank you,
The FDCC (Freddy D. Care Committee)”

And so, on a cold November morning, eight WCSA professional staff members, dressed in funeral blacks, met in Genesee Hall to form the funeral procession that would end this WCSA fish saga. Flowers from the University’s award-winning arboretum were picked, “Angel” by Sarah McLachlan was played from a phone en route to Freddy’s final resting place. I was the designated sole pallbearer of his casket (which was a clear plastic cup; we had to fish Freddy D. out of his tank and store him in the break room freezer overnight. Forgive us, we are student affairs professionals not versed in the mortuary sciences). Courtney Floom, Associate Director for Student Leadership Programs, delivered a touching eulogy highlighting the brevity of our lives:

“It is times like these where we pause and reflect on the fragility of life. Freddy himself had a short, but fulfilling life. Some may say, he ... did the damn thing. Within two months he upgraded from a

one-gallon tank to his five-gallon Freddy D.reamhouse. This upgrade gave him the boost he needed to rise to stardom. Within four months he had his own article in the *Campus Times*. Fame may have gotten to his head, but Freddy got to our hearts. As we release Freddy into these waters, we also release who we were five months ago.”

Slowly, his things were given away, donated, or repurposed for one reason or another. My office corner that once housed his tank went back to being just a corner, one that my students like to use to dump their things when they visit.

Months went by. Freddy D. seemingly disappeared from the minds and memories of many. Then one day, I had a Carrie Bradshaw moment. As I reflected on who I was in this moment and whether or not Freddy D. would recognize me if he were to meet the Cat of today, I couldn’t help but wonder: Had I been jealous of Freddy D. all this time? Jealous of how effortlessly he received love and adoration from my students by simply existing, while I had to spend an entire month’s paycheck at a boba fundraiser at the Shops @ Wilco and write recommendation letters in my office all night until 6:30 a.m. in the great pursuit of earning my students’ appreciation and respect?

This fish, my zodiac’s physical manifestation, a creature of God that I both identified with so deeply yet felt so much misplaced aggravation towards; was it possible that I was jealous of

him because he was living the life I so wanted for myself? Why did I feel such an enigmatic connection to this fish? Was it because I myself was born under the sign of the dreamy and intuitive twin fish? Was this fish my twin flame, sent by the divine to teach me a lesson? If so, what lesson was that? That I should, perhaps, learn to say no occasionally, for example, when saddled with the responsibility of taking care of the office pet, perchance?

Was it because his breed, the Siamese fighting fish (*Betta splendens*), was native to my neck of the woods, and thus, my country brethren? Did I actually feel an inexplicable kinship to the aquatic life form that lived in the corner of my office for the better part of the summer? Did I miss the comfortable silence between me and the Freddster that often accompanied me while I did the mysterious and important work assigned to me by the University? Courtney’s eulogy suddenly flashed through my mind, “As we release Freddy into these waters, we also release who we were five months ago.” Did I deserve to release who I was, and the guilt I felt, when Freddy D. died 17 months ago?

To quote myself from the original article, “If he dies, that’s on me. I refuse to be branded as the fish-killer of WCSA.” Famous last words, Crawford. Rest in peace, Freddy D. Gone, but only sometimes forgotten.

Crawford is Assistant Director of Student Activities.

I Do, I Don’t, I Really Don’t: The Marriage Pact Story

BY LILLI TAMM
SENIOR STAFF

If there’s anything our student body can all agree on, it’s that this school is too god-damn small. Can you even remember the early days of our first year, before we all started playing Two Degrees of Separation? When the walk through the Starbucks lounge wasn’t strewn with the faces of old flings and frenemies? When your bestie could excitedly say they’d met someone, and it wasn’t your ex-situationship’s old hookup? Yeah, me neither.

Over the past two weeks, Marriage Pact has taken (a subset of) campus by storm. Maybe senioritis and my overall jaded demeanor have thrown me out of the loop, but I only spotted one of the flyers the day it was supposed to close. Recap time: Marriage Pact is an amorphous, vaguely benign organization that exists shrouded in mystery.

It’s unclear where HQ might be, but my guess is somebody’s mom’s basement. They bring “the marriage pact” to willing campuses, in the form of an algorithm that calculates your PERFECT MATCH!!!1!!1! from all the other folks on campus that share your desperation.

In the ’90s, “Friends” introduced us to the concept of a marriage pact: If you and a friend of your respective gender preferences were still sad and single by a certain age, you’d cut the waiting and get married. Personally, I’m more tempted by the prospect of a sham marriage for tax purposes, but if awkwardly moving in together and silently wondering if and when you’re gonna start being romantically interested in your buddy before planning your shared graves is what’s going to float your boat, good luck!

I know, I know, who am I to turn up my nose at OMIGOD

TRUE LOVE!!! So in the interest of investigative journalism, I got out my little phone and scanned the little QR code and prepared myself for some ridicule. Marriage Pact asks you a series of biographical questions and political compass-style stuff about your values, and also requires you to say which ethnicities or religions you absolutely do not want to be matched with. Yikes. Anyway, I filled out the form, and bam! Wedding bells started to ring. Wait, false alarm, it’s just been 15 minutes and the Rush Rhees bells are hungry for blood — marriage, they’re hungry for marriage, just like all 1,400 (!) of us who signed up for a wifey, husband-y, or spousey.

Like a true detective, I attempted to piece together the whole Marriage Pact story. Since the organizers were secretive, a secret they shall stay; I did hear from a friend of a friend that the poster

design artist went around at 3 a.m. to flyer so no one would see her. Honestly, I’d do the same, but I also wouldn’t be leading the Rochester crusade for matrimony. Once you signed up for the pact, a first round of emails went out with the major of your (current) “most compatible match.” A second email gave you their initials (so you could start planning your embroidered bathroom towels). Finally, the day matches were revealed, you got a sneak peek of your true love’s initials, which in some cases were different from the previous week’s. Chaos! Confusion! Frantic custom towel order cancellations! For the folks that had been determinedly chasing their match, what a game changer! Call off the bloodhounds! Open up Facebook! WE GOTTA GET MARRIED BEFORE WE’RE OLD AND SHRIVELED, DAMN IT!

My fellow girlboss and former club advisor, Cat Crawford, found herself in the dugout of this dangerous game. From what she described, the underclassmen were going kinda feral and “hunting down” their matches. It’s still unclear to me whether the goal of this flash dating event is to find you that “haha if we’re still single at 30, jk jk unless ...” type of rapport, or if we’re just treating this as a more reliable Tinder, complete with guaranteed ghosting after the match. Another of my friends dared to ask the question on everyone’s mind: Does this actually work? Who’s even signing up for this?

*Read more at
www.campustimes.org*

*Tamm is a member of
the Class of 2025.*

OPINIONS

This Is Not a Joke.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

BY CLEMENT HINES
WISTFUL CAMPUS PONDERER

This is not a joke. This is no laughing matter. It’s not intended to be funny or perhaps even humorous. I’m serious in everything that I’m saying right now. You need to believe me. This is not a joke. I wouldn’t tell a joke. I couldn’t do such a thing because I’m not funny. Humor evades me like the pitched baseball that evaded my bat when I played in the Little Leagues. For the Tigers. We lost every game and it was all my fault. I was bad, even for a 7-year-old. I was the worst on the team. It keeps me up at night sometimes. My wife slams the door and the sound ricochets across the room like the crash of a plastic, child-sized bat. I feel the tough soles of my shoes like the leather of my glove. I couldn’t catch. Sometimes I didn’t even want to anymore, y’know, because they were so hard on me. I was 7 years old. Mymom told me I could make the Big Leagues. At times I really wanted to believe her, y’know. Imagine I proved them all wrong. Imagine I not only caught the ball but became the catch. They’d love me. They’d admire me. They’d respect me more than they usually do, which would be nice. Bare minimum. I’ve always really liked baseball but I just haven’t been good at it. I didn’t want to play any other sports. I didn’t then and I don’t all these years later. Soccer? Strange. Basketball? Augmented and twisted. Bowling? A potential option, but I couldn’t be a bowler. I don’t own a bowler hat. Or the right shoes.

‘This is not a joke. This is no laughing matter. It’s not intended to be funny or perhaps even humorous. I’m serious in everything that I’m saying right now. You need to believe me. This is not a joke. I wouldn’t tell a joke. I couldn’t do such a thing because I’m not funny.’

For a bit I considered ballet, but didn’t know if I could take the pressure of it all. I was so lost. I still am. My wife says I couldn’t make the Big Leagues even if I tried. I love her, but she’s distant. She’s always in the window, always looking

at her computer with a watery gaze yet untouchable emotion beyond her eyes. I fear and fear for her. I love her. I think she still thinks of Thomas — an old friend of mine — in ways that I don’t even wish to imagine. It upsets me, but I wish for her happiness. I wish for our happiness together, but her mind is so far in the distance and mine is simply trailing, simply chasing behind. Thomas could catch a baseball. Thomas could pitch. He was the captain of the Tigers Little League team. At times I think I loved him too, in ways I shouldn’t have. He was so close, closer than any friend I’d had before. But I was seven and I didn’t know anything. He was eight and three-quarters; his birthday was at the end of the summer. Maybe that’s why he was so good at baseball. Because he was older. But as I got older I never got any better at baseball and I wished to be more like Thomas. I wished to spend more time with him, wished I could be with him always. Be him, be with him. Confusing. We’d talk of a future sometimes. He’d have a baseball field in the backyard. I’d have an apple tree. We’d have wives, we’d have families, but it’d always be us. Always be Thomas and me, me and Thomas. Sometimes I think I still love him. Did I love him at all? I couldn’t admit it then, I struggle even now. But she wanted him more, though she claimed to want me. Wanted the fantasy of the baseball field and the apple tree, but with Thomas. It makes me sick. More sad than anything. I weep. Cry in the window. Clutch my heart like a baseball and drag the tears away on my shirt. But I write this to you, I write this to Thomas, in case you ever read this. I’d still love the dream we had. I still love you. I think about this often. This is not a joke. This is no laughing matter. It’s not intended to be funny or perhaps even humorous. I’m serious in everything I’m saying right now. I love you and I hope you see this soon.

Hines is a member of the Class of 2026.

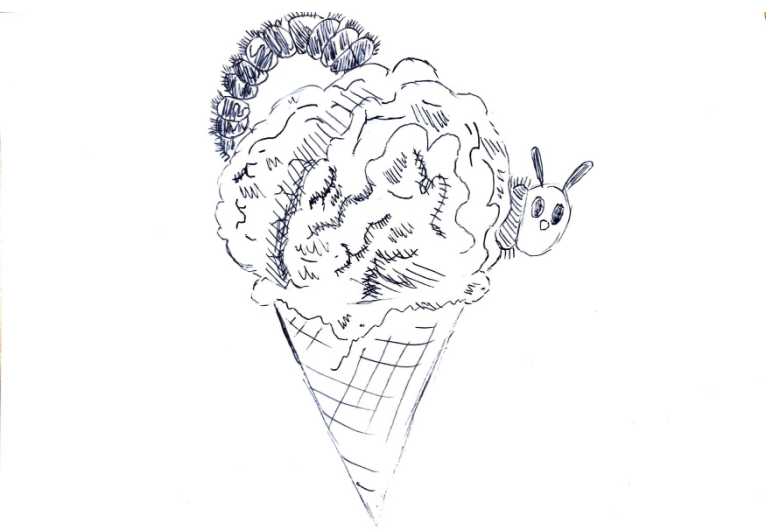
The Very Hungry (Brain)worm

BY GIANNA MICELI
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Cold. It’s happening again. Cold. Cold. It’s time. A lonely brain worm revels at the potential of being lonely no longer — of finally escaping. Mysteriously, Danforth has brought back their maraschino cherries. This only happens once in a blue moon — or, should I say, every time the FDA unbans Red 3. Whatever the case may be, my point still stands: This stuff is rare. It requires a particular alignment of the Rochester stars and a dining employee who’s ready to start a movement, ready to be part of something bigger than themselves: the revitalization of ice cream on campus.

‘Cold.’

Of course, this kind of kindness doesn’t come for free. They need someone on the inside. They need me. I, the brainworm, live inside Wernicke’s Area, colloquially known to my kind as Wormnicke’s Area of the synaptic solitary more formally known as the brain. So, in other words, I deal with the understanding of language, and boy, do I like to fiddle. I’m what makes you read “I scream” as “ice



EMILY ENGLISH / CULTURE EDITOR

cream,” “I see cream” as “ice cream,” “onion beans” as “ice cream.”

‘I’m what makes you read "I scream" as "ice cream," "I see cream," "ice cream," "onion beans" as "ice cream."'

But why ice cream? Because ice cream can freeze. And to freeze water is to expand it. When you eat ice cream, it goes straight to your brain (which is 80% water) and makes the spaces between the folds of your brain, your sulci, expand. They expand to such a degree that worms

like me can finally escape — can finally try some ice cream of our own, can finally announce our speech to the world, can finally write for *Campus Times*. “A small step for worm” and all that jazz. But anyway, I’m getting carried away. Back to business. It’s time. The ice cream is out (on the counter), in (my human’s mouth), and working. The sulci are opening up. Freedom nears. I’ll see you on the other side.

Miceli is a member of the Class of 2028.

ClemenTimes

PREVENTING SCURVY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER COMMUNITY SINCE 1873

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Don't Save the Bees!

BY TALIA ZUCKER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

I'm over it. I'm done. I can't stay silent any longer. Enough with this "save the bees" propaganda. They are absolutely humanity's greatest and gravest enemy. We're all so wrapped up in concerns about the government, human rights, food, water, whether or not Grandma's Italian Wedding Soup will be in the Pit today, the Blake Lively v. Justin Baldoni lawsuit, but these are all manufactured distractions enforced by Big Bee to make you worry less about the threat that all Hymenoptera pose.

I have been personally affected by these speedy little flying saucer bitches from a young age. When I was just seven years old, I was forced against my will to go into the woods to look for bugs as a day camp activity and I stepped on one of their nests (and okay, I'm sorry, but I didn't see it, and they didn't say anything to me before I stepped on them, so it's really their fault) and they took out their anger on me. They came after me with a vengeance and stung me on the back of the thigh, which turned tomato red and swelling up like a butte in the Grand Canyon. And you know what the worst part of it is? Not a single one of them apologized afterward. They just went back to their frivolous bee activities. What are they doing that's so important, anyway?

Honey is narsty. Just needed to get that off my chest. Put that runny snot in my tea when I'm sick and I'll give you a purple nurple. The environmental mofos will tell you that they're "pollinators" or something, and you know what? I don't care. No man has ever given me flowers in my life, so I don't care if flowers stick around when the planet goes to hell in a handbasket. Namsayin'?

God. Let's do a mini meditation to get you in a safe headspace before we delve into my next elementary school Hymenopteran trauma: You're in a beautiful meadow, with long, green grass that tickles your ankles, and perhaps you're a little concerned about deer ticks and Lyme disease but you don't have to

worry about bees anymore! Because the readers of this article have banded together with Talia B. Zucker (yes, unfortunately, that is regrettably my middle initial. Blame my parents) to exterminate the Bee-elzebubs of nature! Woah, where were we? Got possessed by the "Spirit of the Hive (1973)" there.

Oh, my other horrific experience! So ... let's put you in my shoes ... one summer day, you're wearing your pink, velcro Twinkle Toes™, and your family just bought a load of groceries and your mom leaves the back window of the Honda Pilot open — remember: This would be a neutral offense if we lived in Hymenopteran-free world — and a wasp weasels his way in and makes himself comfortable. He cracks open a tiny edition of *The Wall Street Journal* and a Muscle Milk and proceeds to fondle your pricey groceries with his weird stupid arms and if this were 2025 (it's approximately 2012, but if it were 2025), he would be listening to Joe Rogan in his first-gen AirPods — sorry, I got caught up in the memory. I digress.

So we got into the car and started driving and the wasp started flying around and it was an obese wasp and it was highly distressing and I was never really the same. Like, there was my life before the wasp showed up in the Honda Pilot, and then there was after. That's generally how I divide up my life, and no child deserves devastating trauma from a flying fuzz ball. In speaking to others, I have discovered that many people have had similar experiences with these fuckers. They build Millennial gray nests on our houses without permission from landlords, interrupt nature's silent beauty with loud, incessant buzzing, and worst of all, they sting when you give them constructive criticism. That's manipulation on a species-wide level. I implore you all, exterminate the bees! If every single one is shot by a bee-bee gun tomorrow, it will not have been soon enough. So no, don't save the bees.

Zucker is a member of the Class of 2026.



SRIMATHISUNDARRAJAN / CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATOR

Richard's Nicknames

BY BEN DOVER
CONTRIBUTING PUZZLIST

BY DICKTER FILLMORE
CONTRIBUTING PUZZLIST

ACROSS

- 1 Male sheep
- 4 Traditional Vietnamese garment
- 9 Leaves home?
- 15 "Exodus" hero or singer Grande to fans
- 16 Breezes (through)
- 17 The type to say "nooo really I like get itt"
- 18 *Johnny Rotten was one
- 20 Forward for Real Madrid Kylian
- 21 Sea eagle
- 22 Wyo. & Kan. neighbor
- 24 Just more than a quart
- 25 Did a jockey's job
- 27 Scandinavian Carrier
- 29 Erika of "Baywatch" & "Under Siege"
- 31 Spanish girl
- 33 Polite refusal
- 35 Test tube topic, briefly
- 36 Memory malady
- 38 Biblical snip
- 39 Sign for the superstitious
- 40 *Not quite a wizard's wand, but it does make people move
- 43 Sulk
- 46 Soak (up)
- 47 Flash
- 51 In the style of
- 52 Em, to Dorothy
- 54 Greek column style
- 55 Irritated
- 57 Badge-earning grp.
- 59 Knotty behavior?
- 60 Loathes
- 61 Enzyme suffix
- 63 Writer/actress Issa and kin
- 65 Track circuit
- 67 *Place for carved initials
- 71 How stir-fry is often served
- 72 "Pics or it ___ happen"
- 73 Downstairs discipline?

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- 74 Neither Dasher nor Prancer, and definitely not Vixen
- 75 Beelzebub
- 76 Possesses
- 12 Religious rite
- 13 Tranquil
- 14 *Was cooler before the brine
- 19 Come before
- 23 Real lookers
- 25 Color TV pioneer
- 26 Resistance unit
- 28 *Nicki?s "don?t want none unless you got buns hun"
- 30 Language of many a motto
- 32 "___ live and breathe!"
- 34 Roast hosts, for short
- 37 This is #4 of Volume 152
- 39 Lift a stein for this fest
- 41 Choose
- 42 TV forensic team, for short
- 43 *Its arrival is often celebrated in ritual
- 44 1992 David Mamet play
- 45 Sewer's scheme
- 48 With more of the same sort
- 49 Old Serbian capital
- 50 Cinephile's channel
- 52 French wine region
- 53 Spain and Portugal's peninsula
- 56 Goal-oriented
- 58 Sports or concert venue
- 62 Reason to wrap it up?
- 64 Standing cmd.?
- 66 For each
- 68 Summer hrs. in Rochester
- 69 Hoops org.
- 70 Chess jumpers: Abbr.

DOWN

- 1 Uni. dorm supervisors
- 2 "___ we there yet?"
- 3 Blended
- 4 One wrong move, morally speaking
- 5 Desert havens
- 6 Morse code click
- 7 "The Tempest" king
- 8 Archipelago part
- 9 President pro ___ (Senate bigwig, familiarly)
- 10 Insignia
- 11 "Yellowjackets are such ___ in the ass" — ___ in the

Horoscopes for the week of April 1

- Aries (MAR 21 – APR 19)**
You may feel compelled to withdraw from a commitment in the coming days. Follow your gut. This week you will find a friend in Sagittarius.
- Taurus (APR 20 – MAY 19)**
Lately, you have been lying to yourself. Look inside and see your inner truth. If you're going to act like a clown, you might as well buy a red nose and join the circus.
- Gemini (MAY 21 – JUN 20)**
You don't know what your coworkers do outside of work. Your work wife may be

- lying to you about her identity. The work you carry out is mysterious and important.
- Cancer (JUN 21 – JUL 20)**
Your symbol looks like a 69 ... heh heh nice.
- Leo (JUL 23 – AUG 22)**
Your time will come. Embrace the changing of the seasons. Believe in yourself.
- Virgo (AUG 23 – SEP 22)**
This week, Virgos should rekindle old flames. Forgiveness is a virtue, and you should employ it. Reach out to that person who you let go two weeks ago. He genuinely didn't mean to text that other

- girl. She was just a friend. It wasn't like that. You will have incredibly bad chemistry with Capricorn this week. He is sending mixed signals. His kindness is a mask. This month, you are especially compatible with Scorpio. He misses you.
- Libra (SEP 23 – OCT 22)**
You've noticed you've been feeling lonely lately. Consider getting a fish.
- Scorpio (OCT 23 – NOV 21)**
This month you will undergo transformation and become a better version of yourself. Those around you will be compelled to see you in a new light. You are hot, sexy, and emotionally mature.

- Sagittarius (Nov 22 – DEC 21)**
You have been putting in a lot of work lately and people will notice your efforts soon. Hang in there.
- Capricorn (Dec 22 – JAN 19)**
Stay away from Virgo. You're not enough for her. You can't love her like Scorpio can.
- Aquarius (DEC 20 – FEB 18)**
Your students have been trying hard in CHEM 204. You should give all of them an A. Especially Scorpio. He studied really hard for that last test.
- Pisces (FEB 19 – MAR 20)**
Idek at this point. Go on walks. Pet a dog. Touch grass.

Climate, Don't Change

BY KATIE JARVIS
SNAPCHAT AFICIONADO

As it snows once again in late March, I sit in Gleason, overhearing snippets of conversation:
“Snow again?” one student says with a sigh; “This should be illegal” her friend replies; “Only in Rochester,” the third one at the table says, not looking up from his Macbook.
Behind me I hear another voice: “What happened to global warming?” the voice says, the grad student takes a sip from her coffee as she walks with her friend, who replies, “Yeah, isn’t the climate supposed to change?”
The sarcasm in their voices led me to believe that they couldn’t truly believe that climate change is a positive thing, could they? But we must face the fact that jokes like this may

seem harmless but can have a serious impact. Nobody, not even Climate, should be pressured to change.
‘Nobody, not even Climate, should be pressured to change.’

I was taught from a young age that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes. Maybe I can’t tan in the summer, but at least I can save money on high-vis vests when I bike late at night, as my blindingly pale forearms are sufficiently reflective. Maybe I get bad acne every few weeks — but if astronomers can find beauty in the patterns of the night sky, why can’t I do the same with each pimple and zit?
Someone told me recently that Climate is changing, and that it’s because of people like you and me who don’t seem to care

about the world around us. People who think that their individual actions are too small to have big consequences. But they do. How would you feel if every day, people told you that they can’t appreciate you for who you are? You’d want to change too!
‘We need to show Climate that she is beautiful as she is.’

We need to show Climate that she is beautiful as she is. When it storms, thank her for the drum of her rain and rumble of the thunder that lulls you to sleep. When it is so bright that you sneeze every time you step outside, thank her for the opportunity to clear your sinuses and your spir-its. When it snows in late March ... um, thank her for giving you one last chance



KATIE JARVIS / SNAPCHAT AFICIONADO

to break out your favorite cozy sweater. Don’t change Miss Climate. To quote the great poet Bruno Mars: “Girl you’re amazing, just the way you are.”
Jarvis is a passionate climate change denier.

Looking for Roommate



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43°07'46.7"N 77°37'39.0"W

My Crusade Against the UR Parking Office

BY MRS. RESISTANCE RIDER
COMMUNIST CRUSADER

The annual cost to attend UR is approximately \$85,000 a year. That’s over \$7,000 a month, \$1,700 a week, about \$250 a day, \$10 an hour, or 17 cents a minute. Unsurprisingly, these are all numbers higher than what I would ever give to the UR parking office.
Since my first year, I have engaged in a proxy holy war against the agency which I feel is the greatest accelerant toward fascism here on the University’s campus: the campus parking office. My first tirade against them began just when I obtained a car to drive on campus the fall of my first year, as I realized rather quickly that you couldn’t just park anywhere on campus for free.
To park within the bounds of River Campus, a commuter student must first pay about \$300. Not only are commuter students allowed to have a car their first year, they pay a much cheaper rate than their stationary counterparts — almost, as if, to mock us, to spit on our face and claim we should be thankful it wasn’t acid. I swore I would never bend the knee — no

matter what, I would never pay that price.
As a commuter, we are the lowest priority on the totem pole of students. We don’t pay for housing. We don’t use the dining halls. We’re not required to succumb to the bread and circuses offered at Hillside when we know that Wegmans exists. We come to this campus without housing, and we freeload on the land knowing there’s not enough space for the students with housing.
We are the most undesirable, yet it is without us that the fabric of campus society begins to unravel. And thus it is us that the fascists choose to target first: by taxing the land we park on.
When I would first get parking tickets, I had an unlikely specialist in my brigade: my mom. I would give the tickets to my mommy, and then she would call the enemy parking office in a thick accent and pretend she didn’t know where to park. Unbeknownst to the enemy, immigrants actually do know how to drive. This tactic helped me until the employees working the phone lines began to realize they did. Thanks though, Mom. It was good while it



TEDDY ALMOND / #1 FAN

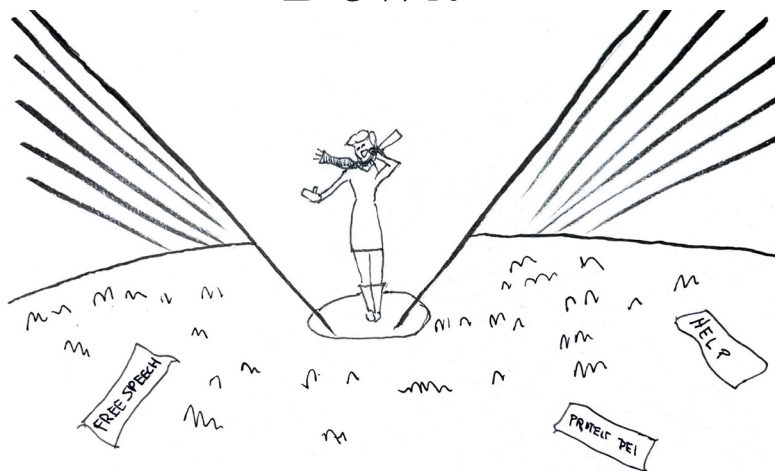
lasted.
I began strategically positioning my car in ways that would both evade the enemy and gather more intel as to their whereabouts and movement patterns. I knew the times they would monitor. I knew who worked when and where. I knew

their technology. Their patterns. Their behavior. I allowed my predator to believe I was prey — let them roam the jungle, beat their chest, and act like they could never be defeated.
I began to parallel park in tight spaces preventing the enemy from easily scanning my license plate, as I discerned this was their primary method of identifying violators. As I began to frequent the lot, I noticed the “legally parked” cars were tagged so as to provide a layer of visual protection against the system’s monitoring — and in an act of revolution, I reverse engineered the IDs and photo-shopped one of my own to place on my car. The insects would never get me. I fly higher than they ever could imagine.
My parking passes began to fool the workers and reduce the number of parking tickets I would receive: until the capitalists caught on to that, too. I received three tickets in the span of one week. I knew who did it. I knew this was assault.
Mao killed the landlords. Yet I knew I was just a lowly commuter — that individual power never compared to the potential a collectivist society would bring. I had been exploited, and there was nothing I could do about it.
Today, I still proudly fight my crusade knowing the blade of the enemy rests firm upon my throat. My mommy ended up buying me a parking pass — but it’s still too far from campus. My resistance now means choosing where I get to legally park.
When I still get tickets and the mean, soulless lady at the office tells me there’s nothing she can do about it despite everything I know telling me that she can, I don’t get mad anymore. I don’t plot my vengeance. I don’t fantasize about driving into the office full speed with my car. I smile, write an angry letter, and continue to park how I want.
This is how I resist. This is what makes me Meliora.

Rider is a member of the Communist Crusaders.

CULTURE

A Timely Appeal to the Youth: Mangelsdorf Covers Taylor Swift's 'You Need to Calm Down'



BY COLIN JONES
#1 SWIFTIE

In a heartwarming attempt to reach across the aisle, University President Sarah Mangelsdorf has released a cover of Taylor Swift's 2019 gay anthem, "You Need To Calm Down." The cover's release is meant to touch the hearts and minds of the youth, specifically those on campus who support graduate student unionization.

'In a heartwarming attempt to reach across the aisle, University President Sarah Mangelsdorf has released a cover of Taylor Swift's 2019 gay anthem, "You Need To Calm Down." The cover's release is meant to touch the hearts and minds of the youth, specifically those on campus who support graduate student unionization. "I figured, these kids aren't responding well to administrative silence, and what better way to get

"I figured, these kids aren't responding well to administrative silence, and what better way to get them to understand than by covering a beloved bop by our queen Taylor Swift!" Mangelsdorf exclaimed in our interview (she seemed unaware that "You Need To Calm Down" is more than 5 years old — perhaps a symptom of her lack of interest in current

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events). "I'm a huge Swiftie, and I know how much the kids these days really take her music to heart. So I figure, good ol' Tay Tay Swizzy is the bridge to make my anti-union stances clear — maybe these damn kids will finally shut the hell up."

Mangelsdorf cleverly adjusted the original lyrics to stay in keeping with her anti-worker ethos; singing, "And I ain't trying to mess with your self-expression / But I've learned the lesson that stressin' / and obsessin' over fair wages is no fun / and student loans never broke my bones."

The original intent of "You Need to Calm Down" was famously a takedown of homophobia, and Mangelsdorf astutely recognizes this in her reinterpretation. "I want to make it clear to our community that I consider all of our students equal here at Rochester. So to my LGBTQ+ students, I say 'don't worry — the straights don't get a union, but you also do not get a union.'"

The song was accompanied by a music video featuring Mangelsdorf smiling kindly and shaking her head at groups of protesting students, as well as her laughing in slow motion as she denies a graduate student bereavement time. "Taylor Swift, like me, is a girlboss who I feel would really be behind this message. In a way, I think I'm really channeling not just her music, but her mind. I have no doubt that if we solicited a visit from Ms. Swift, she would be happy to perform for all students who signed a contract not to unionize or ever question my authority."

Jones is a member of
the Class of 2026.

Exclusive Interview: The Little Guys Inside the Wilco Speakers



BY CADEN DILLON
STAFF WRITER

MARY JERRED / ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR
explain the sudden onset of "Careless Whisper."

At last, I sat down with Mim Glitterhand, Little Guy Ambassador to Starbucks, to learn more.

'Okay, anyway.'

CT: Tell me about life inside the speakers.

Glitterhand: Well, we're currently facing a national crisis following the untimely deaths of our two top officials. Our constitution offers no specification for who should succeed the chieftain in the event of the deputy chieftain's simultaneous demise, and I hear we could be on the brink of civil war.

CT: I'm sorry to hear that. But let's not dwell on politics. Now, tell me, Mim. The people want to know — just how long has there been a civilization of little guys inside the speakers here in Wilson Commons?

MG: We have made our homes here since this building was first constructed. Isn't it amazing how a civilization can survive in peace for decades, then be annihilated in the span of one day by the actions of a single idiotic individual?

CT: Well, Mim, we all know that nothing happens in a vacuum. Surely there must have been extenuating historical circumstances.

MG: No, I'm pretty sure it was your fault.

[Author's note: At this point in the interview, the ethereal sound of Whiskerson's saxophone was suddenly cut short and replaced by the faint sound of a thousand tiny swords being drawn.]

MG: I actually think I can hear my home being pillaged. Please excuse me.

Glitterhand then scampered down the table, up the wall, and into the speaker, drawing his sword from a tiny scabbard along the way. The CT was unable

to reach him for further comment.

At this point, I decided it was time to take initiative and climbed onto a table to look at the speaker, whereupon it became apparent that the little guys had engineered a small flap for egress and entry. I lifted up the flap and peered inside.

The world within was clouded in a haze of blood and smoke. Swords clashed, tiny neighborhoods burned, and arrows rained down over battlements. For about 15 seconds, no one seemed to notice me.

Then, cutting through the noise of battle, a single note rose above. The little guys stopped in their angry, bloodthirsty little tracks. A white-haired little guy — could it be Whiskerson in the flesh? — lowered his saxophone. "Great Nation of the Little Guys!" he began. "Why do we fight amongst ourselves when we might unite against a common enemy?"

Thousands of tiny eyeballs swiveled towards me at once.

For one singular moment, an entire civilization considered their options. They decided I looked like a common enemy.

I ducked out of view just before the first arrow flew through the flap. As I made a mad dash for the Wilco exit, I took one look behind me and saw a thousand little guys flooding the surface of Hirst Lounge, swords in their hands and bloodlust in their hearts.

Ultimately, I escaped, but now, almost a week later, I live in fear. I think they're in the walls. I've taken to wearing disguises around campus to throw them off the scent, but I do not think the little guys will remain fooled much longer. I hear "Careless Whisper" from my dorm hallway as I claw at the memory of sleep. If you're reading this: consider it a plea for help.

'The sounds are getting louder.'

The sounds are getting louder.

Dillon is a member of
the Class of 2026.

Good Advice Brian

BY O'BRIEN
HUMOUR EDITOR

Welcome to my first installation of "Good Advice Brian," also known as GAB, because I love to "GAB" a "GOOB GIME!"

'I love to "GAB" a "GOOB GIME!"'

See, the thing about gibbing goob GAB-vice (okay I'll stop now) is that everyone has different ideas of what "good advice" is. Personally, my definition of good advice is advice that benefits the greatest number of people. Utilitarianism at its finest!

'Utilitarianism at its finest!'

In this case, some examples of good advice would be to store ketchup and other condiments upside down so that they become easier to dispense. Use hydrogen peroxide to get pesky blood stains out of clothes, furniture, and tarps. Another piece of good advice would be to run a container's lid under hot water for 30 seconds if you cannot

easily open it. It will help you get a better grip and open it more easily!

I feel like something slipped its way into the previous paragraph, but anyway, isn't that great advice? Now that you know my standard for good advice, aren't you interested in reading more?

'Well, that's too bad – I'm actually just going to gatekeep all of this information.'

Well, that's too bad – I'm actually just going to gatekeep all of this information. You won't get a peep out of me. Good luck leading a healthy, non-murderous life!

O'Brien is simply gabbin' a goob gime.

Getting Touched by the Boogeyman

BY BOOGEY-ED MAN
HUMOUR EDITOR

Back when I was younger, my family always told me stories about the Boogeyman, warning me that I would be taken away by the Boogeyman if I misbehaved.

At the tender age of 18, I was horribly frightened by such stories. After all, I didn't want to be taken away to the dark lands by the Boogeyman. Thus, I corrected my mistakes and changed my behaviors.

'the tender age of 18'

As I grew older, I began to suspect that my parents had been lying about the existence of the Boogeyman, just like how they lied about the existence of the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny, and even more unforgivably, how they lied about the food in the fridge every time we passed by a McDonald's establishment. No leftovers could ever compare to the fresh taste of a Happy Meal.

When I turned 19, I no longer believed in the Boogeyman. Such a concept

was nonsense. Sure, the night was scary, but there definitely wasn't an apparition trying to hunt me down, nor was there a creature trying to abduct me. Unless you consider the crushing weight of existence a "creature," of course.

When I got to college, I realized that the true danger at night was not a creature, nor was it a ghost. Rather, it was the humans. The people that used the night as cover to do the very same things that the Boogeyman was supposedly famous for.

One night after I finished my dinner at the Pit, I encountered such a person. Dressed in all black and solemnly walking down the streets of the campus, the person hid in the shadows of Wilco, waiting for someone to pass by.

As I picked up the remainder of my fries and started leaving, I noticed that they were silently following me. I sped up, but they kept pace. Immediately, I broke out into a run, deciding to take the long way back to my suite.

They followed me, yelling sweet promises of "free candy" and "let's be friends."

At any moment now, they would be trying to lure me into their candy truck! No, I will never let that happen to me! Though free candy does sound like a good offer ... but no, I must stay focused! Free candy BAD.

'Free candy BAD.'

As I dashed away into the cover of the night, the figure chased me down, their creepy voice echoing into the distance. When I finally took a break to catch my breath and calm down my racing heart, I saw a shadow in front of me. The person had chased me all this way! And behind me was a brick wall. I had nowhere else to run.

'I'

I faced my fears and stared down the person in front of me, as he opened his mouth to speak.

"Hey man, are you gonna finish your fries?"

-ed Man is currently getting boogey-ed.

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SPORTS

BY LEILA LENTE
RECOVERING RUNNER

Readers, do I have a story for you. It all started last Tuesday, when I went to the Goergen Athletic Center for my monthly ritual attempt to convince myself that I enjoy running. As per usual, the self-persuasion failed, but unlike usual, after the distance meter ticked up to one, an apparition appeared in front of me, screaming at the top of its spectral lungs. Initially, given my preoccupation and the fact that no one else twitched, I assumed the apparition was a trick by my brain to try and convince me to stop, so I ignored it. But upon making eye contact with it, the apparition stopped screaming, and asked me if I could see it.

I, not being well-versed in the genre conventions of a horror movie, did what any sane person would do and decided to finish my run outside by sprinting straight back to my dorm as fast as I could. Unfortunately, as anyone who has seen a horror movie could guess, that plan was a bust — my bed covers could not protect me.

I spent the next day trying to get through classes despite a nagging spirit constantly yelling at me. I hoped I could have held out longer, but it turns out I'm more horrified by the prospect of failing a calculus exam than I am of potentially murderous spirits, so I told the spirit I'd do whatever he wanted if only he would allow me to suffer through class in silence.

Once I was released from the depths of Lattimore 201, I considered running again, but it had been less than a month since my last attempt, so I couldn't force my brain to entertain the idea. Instead, I sat outside with the spirit hovering in front of me, nervously waiting for him to tell me what he wanted.

Look, readers, please don't take this next comment to mean I wanted to be assigned a quest to the underworld where I would have to sacrifice my future first born, but I was expecting something better than becoming a ghost's therapist for his complaints against modern-day marathons.

That's right, my big YA protagonist-esque moment was

here, and all I got was a thousand-year-old-dweeb who wanted to whine about people who weren't respecting his glorious moment.

'All I got was a thousand-year-old dweeb.'

My ghostly stalker was the one and only Pheidippides — the guy who ran that famous 26.2 mile trek from the battlefield of Marathon to the city of Athens, promptly died, and inspired millions of people to attempt the same. Running 26.2 miles, that is, not the dying part. In fact, that was one of Phil's (I'm gonna call him Phil to annoy him) recurring complaints. I guess the guy doesn't appreciate the fact that thousands of people each year complete his only notable accomplishment way more successfully than he did.

And that was another thing, apparently they aren't exactly doing what he did. I was subject to a 30 minute rant about how Phil over here actually ran way more than those 26.2 miles, it was actually more like 150.

Against my will, I was starting to feel a little bad for Phil. He died in service of his nation and has been flexed on about it for two millennia — and they aren't even doing it right! Now that my journalist senses were (reluctantly) tingling, I figured I'd give old Phil here a google, see if things were as bad as he said. Well let me tell you readers, the first six links at least (I stopped looking after six) were about how Phil actually ran more than 26.2 miles, and how his real journey is reflected by the 153-mile Spartathlon, which hundreds of people also run every year.

I got excited; I could help Phil! Maybe if he knew that his real feat was also acknowledged, he could be satisfied (and leave me alone. We were approaching three days of near-continuous complaining). When Phil popped up again a few minutes later, I excitedly showed him the screen.

"Look, Phil," I said, "People do run what you ran."

Readers. Readers. He knew! He knew and he was still mad and bothering me about it. What could his un-

ring. What, did you think we forced a real student to stay up there all year?"

Jarvis is currently taking some time to process where she wants to go from here.

Marathon Man



JOYLU/ ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR

finished business be if not this? (I knew ghosts had to have unfinished business because of "Ghosts" which you can catch Thursdays on CBS at 8:30/7:30c.)

Instead of (somewhat respectably) wanting people to know of his accomplishments, his undying wish appeared to be bothering generations of future runners. Thankfully, I was starting to notice that old Phil was grow-

ing fainter the longer I went without running anywhere. It appeared that I would have to make a choice: give up running forever, or live with Phil for the rest of my life.

Readers, it was a tough choice. It really was. I spent a whole five milliseconds on it. I'm sure this will come as a shock to you all, but I will be living a walking based life going forward. It's a tough sacrifice to make. I shed a

few tears during the decision making process, but I'm doing this for all of us.

As for Phil, I'm sure he's still hovering over marathons (and apparently Spartathlons), yelling at modern runners for their disrespect. Sucks for them I guess.

Lente is still avoiding races to this day.

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BELLS FROM PAGE 10

Just after I started to dig around, I found my answer. "It's a computer," said Belle Campana, Eastman Professor and director of the UR Carillon committee. "There's a program that runs on a set timer and makes the bells