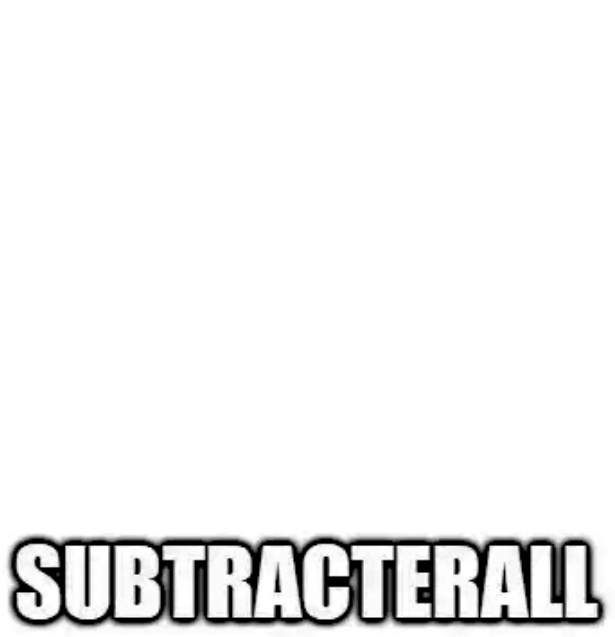
Life

ADDERALL: Shut the fuck up, please





by Sofia Pez
CUSTODIAN
SHE/HER/HERS
getrichordietrying@yale.edu

There is something seriously wrong with this campus. It's not that nasty ass food in the dining hall — McMahon I'm talking specifically to you. It's not the workload. It's not the fact that there are still undecided seniors roaming around campus.

It's the talking.

The endless, unnecessary, loud-ass talking.

Why is it that every open space around campus is treated like a fucking open-mic night that no one signed up for? You walk into the library, people are talking loudly. Like if you are not talking about the political and socioecomic state of the world, please shut the fuck up. You go into a class motherfuckers talkin like they get extra points for runnin' their mouth.

And it's never quick, it's never useful or even needed. It's just noise.

Like please explain to me why your quick story turned into a full trauma dump. Why are you cutting people off to then redirect the conversation to you and your boring life. Why is it that you think that every thought that crosses your mind deserves to be fuckin' said. Like I didn't know that there was an explosion at the journal factory and you needed to tell everyone everything that slips your mind.

College would genuinely improve drastically overnight if instead of teaching about fucking Shakespeare, professors taught students how to Shut the Fuck Up. But since they are not, I get to write this article to teach you all how to shut the fuck up.

So first you take your bottom lip and top lip and put them together and BAM that is how you can Shut the Fuck Up.

Because here is a piece of advice that professors are not teaching. You are not the main character of the lecture. You are not hosting a TV show. And shit, I am not paying $60,000 fucking dollars to hear you talk so goddamn much.

Silence is not awkward at all. You just don't know how to sit in it. And that is the part no one wants to admit. Because the second someone shuts the fuck up, bitches start panicking. Not because they have something important to say, not because the silence is unbearable. Silence forces you to be aware.

Aware of yourself.

Aware of the other person.

Aware of the fact that maybe you don't actually need to speak right now.

And that shit is uncomfortable. You just have to sit there. Still. Present.

And a lot of people would rather say anything than do that. So y'all ramble, interrupt and turn pauses into problems that need to be "fixed." But silence was never the problem. The people who are comfortable in the silence always come off calmer, grounded and in control because they are not desperate to fill in the gap with noise.

So the next time you feel the urge to open your mouth and add "one more thing," or turn a 10 second answer into a 30-minute dump?

Pause.

Breathe.



And Shut the Fuck Up.



ILLUSTRATION BY SWEET POTATO, DOODLER/THE DAILY SCAMPUS

NOT THIS WEEK IN HISTORY:
THE NON-INTERCOURSE ACT (HEHEHE)

by Ograbme Turtle
SWAN LAKE CORRESPONDENT
HE/HIM CAUSE I'LL NEVER BE HER
ograbme@uconn.edu

And by that, I don't mean soaking. This very real act passed during Thomas Jefferson's presidency, and for some reason, it really stood out to me when I first learned about it. What you're about to read here is entirely based on my recollection from my junior year of high school, which was written at approximately 12:46 a.m., fueled by a Monster Energy drink and a dream.

Now, to really understand the Non-Intercourse Act, you have to know about the "O' grab me turtle". It's a political cartoon of a snapping turtle eating someone's ass. This had to do with the Embargo Act passed in the early 1800s by Thomas Jefferson, who was annoyed with Britain, France and Europe in general. As you can probably tell by the turtle, this political decision really ended up biting Jefferson in the ass because it turns out that banning ALL international trade on American vessels doesn't tend to make people very happy.

The act didn't actually accomplish what it was supposed to (make Europeans respect trade-rights of neutral nations) and instead left the economy in shambles, merchants and sailors without jobs and a lot of people feeling rather pissed off. Let's just say Jefferson had absolutely tanked his presidential approval ratings. Now, "O' grab me" spelled backward is "embargo," so the cartoon was a take on the negative impact it had on the states.

Despite the name, the Non-Intercourse Act was supposed to fix United States trade relationships, but trust we were still abstaining from trading with Britain and France. We were hoping that our little vow of chastity would cause them to make different policy decisions, but their respective governments kept on doing whatever.

The other issue that the act was supposed to solve had to do with the nasty business of Impressment, i.e., the British were stealing U.S. seamen. Essentially, to keep the numbers up in the British Royal Navy, they would board U.S. merchant ships and kidnap sailors, forcing them into their service. This was an extremely common practice and it's estimated that around 10,000 Americans were impressed into service during the Napoleonic wars. In a way, you could say the U.S. sailors didn't have protection.

Anyways, the Non-Intercourse Act didn't actually do anything, and we ended up getting into the War of 1812 regardless, so cheers to that.

Happy Scampus to all, and to all a good night.



Snapping turtle eating some guy's ass.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MEDIA STOREHOUSE