

CAMS on Campus Newsletter

LOVE AND MENTAL HEALTH

Spring 2022 Issue

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FINDING YOURSELF

Sima Doctoroff

A Personal Retrospective

Hello, CAMS on Campus Community! This is Sima Doctoroff, E-board member and newsletter chair since 2019. Although I have been editing and putting together the newsletter for three years now, I have never written before, and I thought it might be appropriate to write a piece, in our relationship-themed issue, reflecting on my relationship with myself during my years as an undergraduate.

Freshman Year

I arrived at NYU in the fall of 2018. Although everyone says college is the time to find yourself, I was a cocky 18-year-old, and I was certain I had already found myself. I started with a double major in psychology and journalism. At the time, I was blissfully unaware that my areas of study were indulgences of what my parents wanted for me, as so many of us come to find sooner or later. I considered myself fully formed, and undoubtedly separate from my family members. Unfortunately, before I could even challenge this assumption, I met my college boyfriend.

In hindsight, it is clear that I replaced the void in my identity which had been left by the severance from my family with him. Our relationship became at best, codependent, and at worst, abusive. I was certainly not my own person. I had not found myself, I had displaced my identity. I continued to study psychology and journalism, also having difficulty reckoning with the fact that I had become disillusioned with the journalism industry and that it was not what I had thought it to be. I ignored my misgivings and kept pushing myself into a mold that I desperately wanted to fit. However, also during my freshman year, I found the CAMS department, which is arguably a highlight of my college years. This is absolutely not a plug for CAMS on Campus (even though it's great and you should come to all of our events forever). I was drawn to CAMS and it wasn't because anyone else told me to be.

I took the classes, I understood the material, and I enjoyed studying. When I learned in the spring of 2019 that there was a seldom-published newsletter put out by CAMS on Campus, I saw an opportunity to blend my love of writing and psychology, and applied for the CAMS E-Board. I found that I really did find reward in allowing students to write, on topics of their choosing, in a low-pressure environment.

Sophomore Year

In the spring of 2020, as we all know, our lives all changed due to the Covid-19 pandemic. Many of us were forced to pack up and leave our dorms, go back to our hometowns, and move back in with our parents. I, a sophomore, was no exception. Soon, my formerly ambitious self would enter a state I can only describe as cloudy. I did not know who I was or where I was going. The world, in those first months, really seemed to be ending. Already depressed and medicated, I fell into an even deeper pit of depression, as I'm sure many of us did. Notably, during this time, I developed a dependence on marijuana.

Addiction is a tricky thing to write about. My substance intake was hard to keep secret, but it felt okay because everyone was doing it. It felt okay because we were in an unprecedented situation, and it especially felt okay because my controlling significant other was not there to admonish me for my actions.

Still, I was unwilling to acknowledge that my identity was tied up in another person, as it had been all my life. Prior to my college relationship, I had deferred all of my wants and dreams to my parents and as soon as I arrived at school I had given up my autonomy to my ex. But when I was high, I didn't have to reckon with this. I could slip into a fog at will, and having an instant fix to my anxiety and depression was appealing and almost seductive.

Junior Year

My junior year, I moved back to Manhattan, and I got dumped in January of 2021. I felt like I was free-falling, having had so much of my identity dependent on someone else. But still, I was not prepared to reckon with the fact that I was not my own person. I dropped my journalism major and considered this and my breakup to be my first two real failures in life, although I had admitted to myself that being a journalist was no longer my dream, and maybe had never been.

I sunk deeper into depression, finding new lows where I thought there had been bottoms. I allowed myself the privilege of addiction. I justified it, as addicts do. "I'm so alone. I'm such a failure. I don't want to think about anything." I spent almost a full year in a smoke-induced haze, unwilling to be alone with myself as I never had been before, weed taking up the part of my identity which my ex-boyfriend had left empty. My career efforts stagnated, my friendships became less rewarding, and I blamed myself, spiraling into self-hatred and isolation, feelings that are all too familiar to many college students.

Senior Year

This February, I got sober. I found an amazing new therapist and switched antidepressants. Now, in April, it has become utterly transparent

that being alone with myself, staying sober, and finding my own identity are the hardest things I have had to do so far in my life. I'm grateful that I was forced to do so while still in college, at a reputable institution such as NYU, with the support of my friends and ever-understanding professors and TAs. Really, I have been lucky in these years.

Of course, I have regrets. I should have reached out to more professors and made more connections. I should have studied more. I should have admitted far sooner that I needed help. But this brings me to my point: it's okay to be lost in college, even if it feels like everyone around you has everything completely figured out. And it's even okay to be lost after college. It is also okay to admit that maybe you need to give yourself time, give yourself a break, and heal. Now, I have ideas, and these ideas are motivated by nothing except for my passions.

My experiences have led to an earnestness to help others. As a freshman, I never would have considered a career in the nonprofit sector, but now, I'm applying for work at women's shelters. I'm graduating with a psychology major and a CAMS minor, and I think I landed in the correct place.

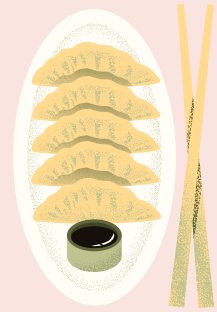
Life is full of time for coming to terms with yourself. But college is certainly short. So enjoy your time, study hard, and do your best, but don't beat yourself up if you are still a work in progress come graduation day. Four years later, I still know little. I am still only 22. But I am infinitely more aware of myself and of my aspirations, and of what I want for my life.

Although I may not have loved how I got here, my years at NYU have been my most valuable ones yet.

THE FINAL INGREDIENT

A Story of Love, Goodbyes, and Curiosity

by max fu



Three-parts flour, one-part water, a pinch of yeast. Knead together with care, rest overnight. As for the filling: pound of beef—not too fatty, but not too dry. Ground by hand—this is the best and only way—add drops of sesame oil, salt to taste, three stalks of spring onion (chopped), pepper, five spice, and...

That's as much as I was told.

My grandfather's dumplings were a joy every family gathering. Every Chinese New Year, the entourage of enigmas that is my giant extended family would squeeze their way around the dinner table, making damn certain they would get there before the dumplings ran out. Alas, there was always enough and more to go around.

But everyone knew that—apart from the love and care he poured into his craft—it was his last, secret ingredient that made them special. In my fifteen years with him, he never divulged that ingredient to anybody. No matter how much I pressed, he never gave me an answer. I'll tell you when you're ready to know, he'd say. Grandpa—my Laoye—kept me on edge.

In all the times I've tried to replicate his flavor, I've come up short. Cumin? Too strong. Cajun? Too hot. Lime? Too tangy. Nothing worked just right. For hours at a time, I'd experiment with Laoye by my side. As I fished a freshly cooked dumpling out of the pot, he'd lean forward in his rocking chair. I'd cut it open, evaluate the filling, and take a bite. And then I'd shake my head. Not good enough. Kind smile on his face, Laoye would laugh his soft, wise laugh. **Jiejelai**, he'd say, Try again.

If I had to describe his dumplings, I would tell you that they had a flavor so familiar, yet impossible to capture. I still remember my excitement each time Laoye would set up his dumpling station on Chinese New Year's Eve. The warm glow of one single kitchen light danced through a quiet, sleeping house. This is my chance to figure it out, I'd think. As I rush to the kitchen, he'd catch me, shake his head, and send me off to bed.

Laoye and I were as close as two people can be. Growing up, my parents were a busy pair. He taught me how to ride a bike, nursed my first paper-cut, and told me bedtime stories. He cooked the most wondrous dishes you will have ever tasted. Most importantly, he taught me how to grow up. This man has become the foundational motivation for everything that I hope to be.

I was his little **Maizi** (my Chinese nickname), and we were inseparable. Even so, his dumpling station—an exotic, unreachable wonderland illuminated by that flickering kitchen light—was the one thing I was never allowed to witness. As the years passed, the mystery of that one final ingredient ate away at me. My mother would often reprimand me for my habit of sneaking off to the kitchen late at night. She would find me there, tiptoeing over the counter, sniffing my way through every spice we had on the rack.

When my grandfather passed away during my sophomore year of high school, I felt like I'd lost a part of myself. I'd never again hug him tight. I'd never again taste his dumplings. In his absence, I soon stopped trying to decipher that last, secret ingredient.

THE LAST INGREDIENT

A Story of Love, Goodbyes, and Curiosity

by max fu

4

A year went by.

I had gotten my first job, made new friends, gotten into college. Life went on, though a hint greyer. And, sadly, the mystery of those dumplings began to fade away. But one afternoon—my last with my family before leaving for university—my mom was waiting for me in the kitchen when I came home. She was smiling the same smile that Laoye always did. A red envelope sat on the countertop.

Open it and take a look, Mom said.

Inside was a neatly folded piece of paper. The Chinese calligraphy on it was handwritten and exquisite.

Maizi,

the letter began.

I hope your mom gives this to you at a good time.

I took a deep breath, and kept reading.

Three-parts flour, one-part water, a pinch of yeast. Knead together with care, rest overnight. As for the filling: pound of beef—not too fatty, but not too dry. Ground by hand—this is the best and only way—add drops of sesame oil, salt to taste, three stalks of spring onion (chopped), pepper, five spice, and...

Finally, there it was. That final, secret ingredient. Three Chinese characters I had chased throughout my entire childhood. Suddenly, I understood. It became clear why the flavor had seemed so familiar yet so foreign. To honor the memory of Laoye's most guarded secret, I will not reveal it here.

Perhaps I don't have to. Thinking back, it was never the ingredient itself that mattered so much. It could've been cumin or Cajun or lime or any of the countless variations I tried over the years.

Rather, it was really our connection and the lifelong mystery we created together that made his recipe what it was.

Laoye was never, I'm quite sure, so much invested in keeping a secret as he was in teaching me the importance of inquiry and experimentation. Those three characters reminded me of why I had kept searching for all those years. As I tried and failed to replicate his dumplings, I developed a habit of relentlessly pursuing new curiosities and unforeseen avenues for creativity.

In trying to solve mysteries—and perhaps, often creating them for myself—I came to question the world around me in the way that I do.

From that day forth, and for the rest of my life, I will always be searching for my next, final ingredient.

LOVE IS NOT ONE-SIZED

shreya tomar

Finding the one. My one and only. You and I forever and ever.

I have been hearing all of these since I was old enough to listen.

First, it was all of the princess movies about happily ever afters, then it was all of Drew Barrymore's rom-coms. Additionally, watching all the romance films based in New York presented the idea that if you want to find your love, the city that never sleeps is the place for you. So to sum it all up, my idea of love was very, very monogamous. Sitting on the N train, your eyes meet, you both smile, and you end up together. Growing old with your one magical person was the defining factor of love. But not anymore... at least for me.

The more I learned about ethical consensual nonmonogamy, the more it felt closer to my identity. To me, it seems almost irrational to ask one person to fulfill all your needs, including emotional, physical, romantic, and sexual. Monogamists would say, "Well, that's the beauty of it!", and I'd reply, "Well, sounds like old-fashioned mental stress."

This does not mean that I hate or do not understand monogamy; it just means that I personally am not built for it. And trust me when I say this: I have tried very hard to fit myself into this traditional definition of love, but it always ended up negatively impacting my mental health.

The pressure to conform to these social norms was heavy and terribly stressful. I felt wrong, and I felt strange having the desire to expand my values of love in relationships. There is no doubt that love takes up a lot of space in our lives. Thus, I believe it becomes our responsibility to figure out what kind of love we are really looking for.

Love is vast, and it comes in all different shapes and sizes.

Pick the one that suits your needs best and the one that positively contributes to your mental health.

Additionally, it is important to remember that love is not binary; it is a spectrum. Some people might be okay with loving someone unconditionally, knowing they openly flirt with other people. Some people might even feel that

soulmate feeling with someone knowing they just attended a booty call.

Even if we do not understand how others love, it's important to still have respect for it and to reserve judgment. And yes, love is a complex set of biochemical reactions that feels like drinking a massive cocktail of dopamine, but know that it is still felt differently by different people.

In my case, I'm seeking to find the one, but with an open possibility to find others as well. Mutual understanding, open and candid communication, and setting clear expectations and boundaries are crucial factors of any loving relationship.

Currently, I call myself a solo casual consensual non-monogamist. If and when I am ready to date someone, I want to consider an open relationship. My ideal relationship looks like this; my partner and I love each other like Sam and Annie (from *Sleepless in Seattle*), and also seek out other sexual partners in a consensual, healthy, ethical way.

Finding what I truly desire. My one and a thousand others.

Them and us for now or forever.

i think i still love you

love through the eyes of borderline personality disorder

by daniella ortiz

It's been a long time since I've had a job. I can barely remember what it was like. Do you remember when I worked at Meggie's? Do you remember our alarm clock screeching in the early mornings? "I cannot believe you took the morning shift again," you would groan into my neck. "You aren't even a morning person, baby." Do you remember how I would laugh it off? "As if I'd ever take the night shift," I would scoff. Do you remember? Kissing me across the counter? Adjusting my apron? Tying my shoes? Do you remember?

Do you remember the night we ended? We couldn't even look at each other. Sat on the concrete steps of our apartment building, the night before our favorite holiday, and you couldn't even look at me. Do you remember? How I sat in deafening silence as you told me you couldn't love me anymore? How you wouldn't love me anymore? I told you I had work in the morning, that I couldn't handle this right now. You said it couldn't wait, you needed out. "You should've taken the night shift, then," you mumbled. Do you remember that?

So, I did. I took the night shift. The way Lucy Dacus did. You got the 9-to-5. You aren't even a morning person anymore. How is that fair? How is it that you left me and I have to take the brunt of healing? How is it that I have to center my life around you? I had to stop going to places we both liked. I had to get a new perfume. I had to change my hair. I had to get a new wardrobe. I threw away all my favorite clothes because they smelled like you. The night you left me, I washed my body raw. I scrubbed and scoured my skin over and over to rid myself of your touch. I haven't gone home in seven months. I can't take the bus because I'll pass where we had our first kiss. I can't talk to our friends without asking about you. I can't go past 110th in fear that I'll see you. I avoid you for my own sanity. I never want to risk the possibility of seeing you again. Because, you got to go on and live your life as if nothing happened and I have to take the night shift. The fucking night shift.

You know the type of girl I am. You know that I am the girl who compulsively checks your location to see if you're being unfaithful. You know I am the girl who cries if you look at me the wrong way. You know I am the girl who loves people in a way that consumes her, breaks her down, deteriorates her to the point of no return. You know I am the girl who loves you so much it's "intimidating, overwhelming, suffocating". The girl whose Love wraps her dainty arms around your neck and squeezes until you asphyxiate. What you don't know is the girl I am now. I am the girl who changed herself completely out of spite, who changed every aspect of herself because she cannot stand to be the same person who allowed you to hurt her. I am the girl who restructured her life because you don't deserve to know me anymore. You left me. You don't deserve to know me. No matter how much I wish you did.

I wish I could hate you for leaving me. But I think I still love you. Exactly the way I used to. Sometimes, I like to fantasize about you coming back—begging for me like you used to. I know I told you the door is closed but the light is still on. All you have to do is knock. And I'll welcome you back in, standing in front of you holding my bare beating heart in front of your face in hopes you'd take it. I have worked so hard rebuilding myself after you left me shattered on the floor of our apartment building, I would never do anything to forfeit it. But I wish you would just try. I wish you would try to come back and knock down what I've built. We could laugh and dance and kick at the corpse of the person I thought I could become without you. And you'd kiss me and tell me you love me and the sun starts to shine brighter. The grass is green and the dream is flourishing. I am flushed and gorgeous and so full of love I can barely eat. I am love sick. Filled to the brim. I empty my soul out so that I could fill the void with yours.

Yet, the way you said you loved me the night you left me felt cold and brittle. I feel sick to my stomach at the thought of that night. The sky is clouded and my skin is itching. I want out of my body. You told me I was too much and I know I am. I will always be, but what is more beautiful than sick obsession? Inconsolable longing? Your name pervades my subconscious every hour I am alive. Images of you occupy even the darkest corners of my mind. It is unbearable. Every night, I feel as if I am sinking. Sinking into a never-ending chasm, where I feel my soul escape me, waiting for you to return. Forgive me for asking, but have you ever found yourself deteriorating, awaiting my presence?

You are a vision of God. And I was simply fashioned from one of your ribs. I was carved from the scraps of your marble sculpture, hastily assembled with your spare clay. I cannot exist without you. I was bottle-fed from your hand. I set up a figured stone on my lawn in your image to bow down to, for you are my Lord; my God. I was born to love you. I still do, in a way that is borderline blasphemous to our creator. You are the sun, bright and beautiful. You are the original design; if there ever was beauty. It was molded after you. If there ever was someone who loves you, it will always be me.

Every piece of me belongs to you. You are my heart, my life, my one and only thought. I will love you as we grow older, which will continue until the turning hands of every clock and flipping pages of every calendar suddenly halt. I will love you even if we find ourselves farther and farther from one another, until the chances of us are as obscure as the memories of our love.

I promise to love you until I no longer can, reminiscent of a dog approaching its final hours of life. Shuddering breaths as I gaze into your eyes. For I am the easiest dog to love. I promise to sleep underneath your bed, staring lovingly at the way your feet hang off the mattress. I promise to wait by the doorframe, gently awaiting your

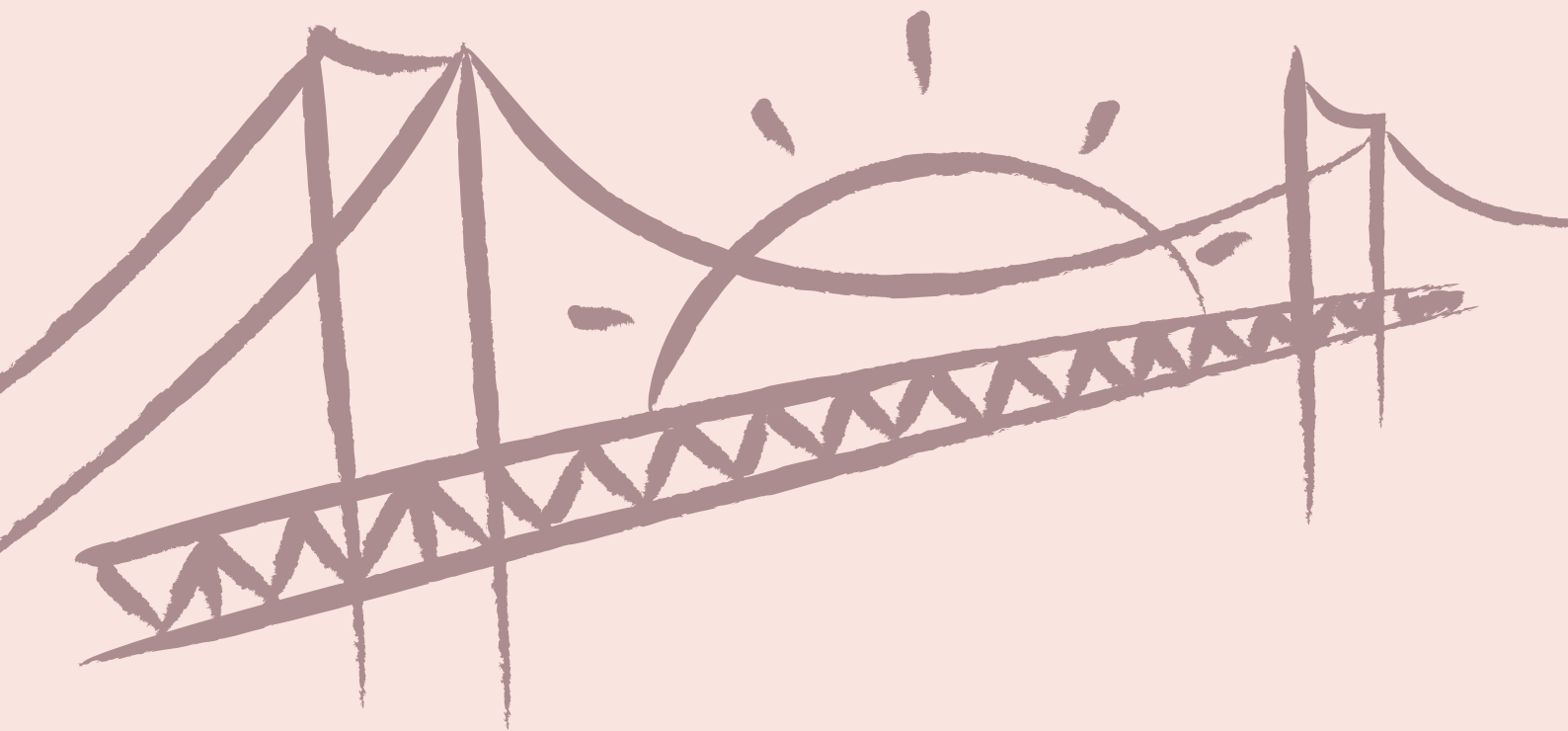
i think i still love you by daniella ortiz
love through the eyes of borderline personality disorder

return. I promise to teethe on your sneakers and fetch your newspaper. I promise to love you so much it consumes me. I promise to love you the way the moon loves the sun, the way the sky loves the face of a young girl staring up at them.

I yearn for a life where we could've been together, despite our errors and desires of others. A life where we could've gotten married. A life where we could've had our Christmas lights up till January. A life with unwashed dishes and spare change on our bedside table. A life with parent-teacher conferences and Star Wars marathons. I yearn for a day where our paths will cross and our destiny is reforged. Until then I'll spectate from afar, praying that one day I'll be the person you long for

I will not burn the last standing bridge that connects our souls.

And for that, I will never be sorry. .



THE LOVE ANIMALS GIVE US

helena digney

Behind her vacant hallowed eyes lay a tiny, fragile body scarred both physically and mentally. A broken spirit that endured horrific abuse in a backyard breeding situation. Deprived of food, water, shelter from the blazing heat and freezing snow, and human socialization, she lived in a wire chicken coop her entire life breeding puppies. I met little Miss Millie when I was five. She was my first dog rescue adventure that I accompanied my mom on and one of many brought into the beagle rescue, but Millie was the one that impacted me the most. The one that left an indelible mark on my heart. I had made a connection with her. She taught me that we all have cracks, it is how we let the light in.

Love is one of the most powerful emotions we experience in life. The bond of love can exist between family, friends, our partners and of course, our beloved pets. The love and trust that exists between ourselves and our pets has been known to improve our health. It is a reciprocal relationship that benefits both parties. Well-documented studies have shown that pairing animals with patients, inmates, and veterans demonstrates an overall positive impact on mental health and well-being.

The Pedigree dog food commercial, where a young patient lying in a hospital bed undergoing treatment

sighs in disappointment but instantly lights up when her doctor decides a therapy dog will replace her conventional treatment for the day, is a perfect example of animal-assisted therapy used to aid in patient recovery and coping with a variety of health complications including mental health issues.

The classic smile-inducing doggy visits by certified therapy dogs to hospital rooms or nursing homes leave patients happier and calmer. This complementary form of therapy is used for patients with anxiety, dementia, those receiving cancer treatment, and long-term care. It was found that during these therapy sessions, in both humans and dogs, neurochemicals such as β -endorphin, oxytocin, prolactin, phenylacetic acid, and dopamine increased significantly. Patients also experienced a decrease in cortisol levels and a drop in blood pressure. These positive results have encouraged colleges to bring in therapy dogs during stressful situations such as finals week when students need a quick morale boost. It's not hard to understand why there are lines formed around a building by students waiting to get a quick hug and to see a wag of a tail, a confirmation that the encounter was beneficial for both parties.

Not many are aware of multiple growing programs that exist which pair animals with inmates. Programs

THE LOVE ANIMALS GIVE US

helena dignity

such as the Prison-Pet Partnership, paired with the Washington State Corrections Center for Women, allows inmates to train, raise, and socialize puppies with the goal of preparing them for service to veterans.

Inmates receive vocational training and can even earn certificates in pet training and grooming. The dogs create a calm climate while the inmates learn valuable skills, and have the gratifying opportunity to make the life of a veteran better. It was noted that there was a significantly lower recidivism rate among inmates who participated for at least 2 years, due to the bond inmates developed with the dog they were assigned to train. Another program, KSR Camp K9, associated with the Kentucky State Reformatory, rescues unadopted dogs on death row from high kill shelters and places them to be trained by the inmates. The inmates live with the dogs, preparing them to be well-trained and to later become adoptable through the Humane Society. A win-win situation for all involved.

Certified service dogs for veterans have helped many, as it can be difficult for veterans returning from active duty to readjust to society. Most suffer from PTSD - its debilitating symptoms include flashbacks, nightmares, panic attacks, depression, and emotional dysregulation. These symptoms can cause veterans to isolate from reality, and prevent them from receiving the

care that they need. PTSD Service dogs are trained to perform specific tasks relating to their owner's mental health needs. The dogs guide them through their daily activities and social outings. They can also remind their owners to take their medication, and are trained to sound out a warning if their owner has an attack. The dogs also provide emotional support and comfort.

The animal-human connection works so well because it is a reciprocal, non-judgemental relationship. A relationship that is not defined by prejudice. It has the power to ease loneliness and depression as well as reduce stress and anxiety because it does not rule by societal expectations. It does not matter if it is a dog, cat, ferret, chinchilla, rabbit or cricket - the bond developed between animal and human fosters acceptance, trust and love, an important component of mental healing.



MY HEART'S EVERLASTING MEMORY OF YOU

by Kristina Dawkins

We remember you not for who you became but as who you were.
The gentle touch of a grandmother, one that gave all of herself to
those around her.
You were loving,
You were caring.
You were kind.
A light unto all who had the privilege of being near you.
You were wise.
You were strong.
You are a grandma any child would hope to have.
One that has left such a lasting impact.
One that has helped make us into the women we are today.
You raised children that share the same warmth you radiate from
within.
A radiance that has spanned far, impacting the lives of countless
others.
I remember you as the woman you were, and the grandmother you were.
It was your spirit,
Your tenderness,
Your grace,
That we'll forever hold in our memory,
For the glow of your spirit will find eternal life within our
hearts.

Love you always.

My grandmother forever lives in my heart. I am who I am because she was who she was. When my grandmother passed away, I was asked to write a eulogy dedicated to her. Writing this for her allowed me to grasp how much those around us, our family members, influence the kind of individuals we become; how mighty their impact on us is. Her love was all-powerful and it helped shape me into the gentle yet capable woman I am today. My grandmother's memory serves as a constant reminder to be welcoming, nurturing, and loving. What a representation of grace and womanhood she was and continues to be within my heart.

Four Poems

by Sofia Fortuno

toy helicopter abandoned at an intersection

Neon green
Gleaming in the sunlight like a winking eye
Little helicopter
How long until you melt?
Children can be so mean
but naivety enchants more than the lie
adulthood turned out to be.
She promised it would be spelt
out but I still feel like a teen.



I notice everything

I see him walk into the kitchen. My heart burns. He has no single hair, no single freckle, no single aspect that I would rearrange. The dining room light glows on his back, illuminating the momentum of careful shoulders chopping onions for our dinner. My nose tingles. I force my eyes back to my essay and exhale heavily, as if to clear my lungs of him. I wonder if the onion is making him tear up behind his glasses. The potatoes lay languidly on the table, stripped of their eyes. He lets them rest while he prepares the rest of the meal; the potatoes seem to sigh in relief before dozing off in his steady presence. A dragon's tail of car headlights slinks its way outside the apartment window. I wonder if the night will infuse any of the anxious drivers with the same tonic it brought me.

You don't love me the way I love you

You sing in your sleep

A melody obscuring the pain heavy in this bedroom The
notes a stinging reminder of what I cannot keep.

I know your eyelashes, your kiss, your hands, are not
purposeful as they steer me towards doom.

Nevertheless, I feel the cliffside loom.

I fall.

artificial intelligence

Regina

that's your name

glow

Milo

Regina and Milo

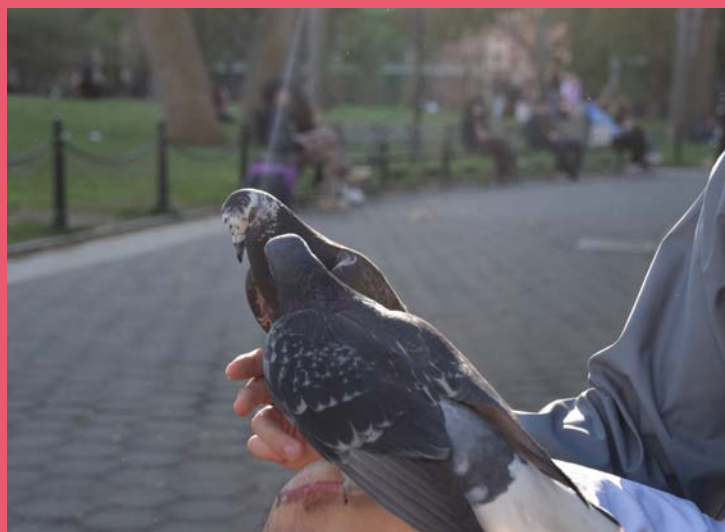
appreciated

thank you I'll talk don't move don't move I mean it I

need to record this

THE MAGNIFICENT LOVE OF BIRDS

a gallery by kayla wolins



A SHOUTOUT TO THE 2021-2022 CAMS ON CAMPUS EXECUTIVE BOARD AND A HUGE THANK YOU TO OUR GRADUATING SENIORS – WE'LL MISS YOU GUYS!

SIMA DOCTOROFF CO-PRESIDENT

Sima is Co-President of CAMS on Campus and has previously worked as the Newsletter Chair. She will be graduating from NYU this May and will be continuing to better her community by working at a local women's shelter!

HECTOR MEDRANO CO-PRESIDENT

Hector is Co-President of CAMS on Campus. He will be graduating from NYU this May and will be going on to pursue research and medical studies through his MD-PhD.

MIKE JI TREASURER

Mike is the Treasurer for CAMS on Campus. He will be graduating from NYU this May and will be going on to attend the University of Virginia School of Law to pursue his Juris Doctor!

MAX FU NEWSLETTER CHAIR

Max is the Newsletter Chair for CAMS on Campus and is the upcoming President for the 2022-2023 school year. He currently works as an assistant researcher at the Child Study Center, and will also take lead on Events for the upcoming academic year.

CATHERINE HSU NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Catherine is an Editor for the CAMS on Campus Newsletter team. She will be Co-Newsletter Chair for the 2022-2023 school year. Reach out to Catherine if you would like to submit your writing or artwork in future issues of the Newsletter!

SOFIE ENCHEVA NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Sofie is an Editor for the CAMS on Campus Newsletter team. She will be Co-Newsletter Chair for the 2022-2023 school year. Reach out to Sofie if you would like to submit your writing or artwork in future issues of the Newsletter!

KATIE RUBINO SOCIAL MEDIA CHAIR

Katie is the Social Media Chair for CAMS on Campus, and will continue in her position on the E-Board for the 2022-2023 school year.

SRHINIDHI ANANTH EVENTS AND OUTREACH CHAIR

Srhinidhi Ananth is the Events and Outreach Chair for CAMS on Campus. She will be the E-Board's Treasurer for the 2022-2023 school year, while also helping with Events!

A VERY WARM WELCOME TO THE NEW CAMS PROGRAM MANAGER, TESSA VATALARO!

Tessa Vatalaro, LMSW, is a licensed social worker, psychotherapist, and researcher. She previously led the pediatric neurodevelopmental lab and associated research teams at NYU Langone's Child Study Center. She will be the new CAMS Program Manager.

Please reach out to Tessa (at tessa.vatalaro@nyulangone.org) with any CAMS-related inquiries for the 2022-2023 school year and beyond!

AND A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR INTERIM MANAGER, ALICE GUBERMAN! ALICE, YOU ARE AWESOME.

Alice is an Education Program Associate for the CAMS Program at NYU Langone's Child Study Center. She seamlessly took up the reins as an interim CAMS Program Manager and helped ensure the remainder of our Spring semester went without a hitch.

Thank you, Alice!

Keep up with our events and activities

@camsoncampus on Instagram! 

CAMS on Campus is a student-run organization that acts as a liaison between the students and faculty of New York University's Child and Adolescent Mental Health Studies Department.

The views expressed within this newsletter, social media, and/or other CAMS on Campus promotional and distribution material are those of students and do not represent the opinions of NYU Langone or the Department of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry.

Love and Mental Health

CAMS on Campus Newsletter, Spring 2022 Issue

Edited and designed by Max Fu, Sima Doctoroff, Catherine Hsu, and Sofie Encheva

Tessa Valataro, LMSW, is the CAMS Program Manager and Faculty Advisor for the CAMS on Campus Club.

Dr. Jess Shatkin is the Founder and Director of CAMS.

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YOUR WRITING OR
ARTWORK FEATURED IN
THE NEXT CAMS ON
CAMPUS NEWSLETTER?
CONTACT US AT
CATHERINE.HSU@NYU.EDU
OR SRE8981@NYU.EDU!

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