

THE HARVARD  
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MENDING OUR  
WAYS



Inside: Learning through support, saris, and saddles.

# 03.03.2016

## Vol. XLVII, No. 14

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*The Indy* steps into spring among calls for reform and renewed activism.

Cover design by Anna Papp

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As Harvard College's weekly undergraduate newsmagazine, the *Harvard Independent* provides in-depth, critical coverage of issues and events of interest to the Harvard College community. The *Independent* has no political affiliation, instead offering diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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## Support Alongside Prevention

A personal account of sexual assault on campus.

By ANONYMOUS

**Readers: Please be aware that the content of this article contains potentially distressing material.**

The Undergraduate Council has proposed new incentives to get student groups to engage with the issue of sexual harassment and assault. Unfortunately, it's too late for me. The skit at the beginning of Opening Days tried to teach my class about what sexual assault looked like but they left out the part where you break into hard, ugly sobs at random moments, withdraw from the people and activities you love, and cease to be your old self. It is crucial to focus on preventing sexual assault, but it is torture to see few initiatives to help students like me who were not able to prevent it.

Harvard's Undergraduate Council now requires executive board members from clubs receiving significant funding from the UC to participate in sexual assault prevention training, which is provided by the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention and Response (OSAPR) and Consent Advocates and Relationship Educators (CARE). However, as someone who was sexually assaulted by someone I had met through a large student group on campus, I'm confident that stipulating mandatory training only for the executive board won't be effective enough. I do agree that sexual assault prevention training must span beyond the first week Harvard students arrive on campus and perhaps the most crucial social setting to target would be student

groups and organizations. Especially for clubs with intensive requirements for prospective members, adding a workshop to educate students about sexual assault would be a simple addition to the comp process.



At Harvard, much of a student's social life comes from the student groups that they get involved in and the people they meet through these clubs are the friends with which they will likely spend much of their time. RAINN (Rape, Abuse, and Incest National Network) has released many statistics but the most relevant would be that four out of five assaults are committed by someone known to the victim. My first interactions with the boy who would later attempt to rape me were all through our shared club, into which we both have invested our time. I never would have believed that the boy who kept me company at one of the organizations big events would ever force me

to drink alcohol until I would be physically unable to force him off of me. I know that I never would have met many of my best friends if we weren't all committed to this club, which is also why it was so hard for me to share with them what had happened. Many of my assailant's friends have seniority in this club that I've devoted my time and energy to. Being forced to answer to his best friends and knowing they heard a twisted version of what happened has dampened the enjoyment I get out of the organization and work I do with them, but I refuse to give up. He never got my consent but at least I can guarantee he'll never get my club. He may have taken advantage of me but I won't let him take away the things I'm passionate about.

To those who have not experienced sexual assault at the hands of someone assumed to be a friend, it may seem ludicrous not to file a report. Logically, I understand I would feel safer if I reported him. I wouldn't have to always look behind me when I'm in certain spaces that he likely would be, or always need a friend with me to buffer any potentially triggering situation. Yet, somehow, the fear of having to report him and tell those around me what he did to me is greater than what I felt when the assault happened. When your attempted rapist frequently appears in your house, crowding you out of your own safe spaces within the common room and dining hall just with their presence, it becomes a natural reflex to withdraw into yourself. Harvard's student body

## Support Alongside Prevention

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By ANONYMOUS

isn't big enough to hide in when house life and campus events are an integral part of the experience here. Since we met through our shared network of friends and club, I know I would never be able to get my life back and the matter would involve many others besides the two of us. Instead, I have learned to compose myself when forced into a social situation with the boy who assaulted me because I understand that if I spoke up I would lose a large part of my social life.

If I had learned more about what to do when sexual assault happens, rather than only preventative measures I could take, I would have recovered faster and been left with more options. Rather than documenting the bruises on my body - of which there were many - I tried to scrape away any trace of what had happened. I couldn't forget the way his hands felt wrapped around my neck or holding me down, but it wasn't for lack of trying. My mental health suffered drastically from the assault, in part due to efforts to cover up everything that had happened. I didn't seek treatment, although I know I should have with the degree of physical damage there was to me. I still haven't admitted what happened to anyone outside of my close-knit group of friends, including one whose room I ran to after the assault happened because I couldn't be alone. While it is entirely true that what happened was not my fault and my attempted rapist is a monster, I still struggled with the guilt and regret that I could have

somehow prevented what happened. I refused to tell others because I believed they would blame me, and to some extent I'm still doing so by not coming forward.



I realized at the end of the incident that what had happened was sexual assault and that the boy who wouldn't stop telling me what we would do "next time" had tried to rape me. Perhaps it was the fact that I felt entirely defeated and left without anything left to lose, but that ball of fear he instilled in me made room for me to make him to admit what he had just forced me to do. He acknowledged I had asked to leave and for him to stop, that he forced me to drink alcohol, and that he had been entirely in control of the situation. But when I clarified the definition of rape, he refused to accept what he had done fell into the realm of sexual assault. The boy

who attempted to rape me honestly believes he did nothing wrong. That's what terrifies me - someone may genuinely never realize what they're doing is ruining another person's life and wrong. That's why I need there to be more widespread discussion about sexual assault, because without it people like myself and my attacker will struggle with what is assault. For me, that meant blaming myself and suffering from the confusion and guilt I felt after the assault. For him, that meant assaulting me.

Harvard's campus cannot only seek to prevent rape, but also to provide more support for those victims whose attackers slipped through the cracks. This is not an issue that can be addressed solely by restricting funding for clubs who fail to train members of their executive board.

*The Harvard Independent* (editorinchief@harvardindependent.com) hopes this article might continue progress and dialogue on our campus. Readers, please do not hesitate to reach out to us or OSAPR (office: 617-496-5636 hotline: 617-495-9100) regarding any questions or reactions to this article.

## HPT: Dragging Sexism Out

A call for inclusive arts programs.

By MEGAN SIMS

Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatrical's have been putting on student written shows since 1844. With clever, punny titles and an over-the-top brand of humor, the annual Hasty Pudding show has become a Harvard Institution, world-renowned and uniquely Harvard.

Such a Harvard tradition naturally came from an exclusive social institution. The Hasty Pudding Club, founded in 1795, forms the route of the theatrics and exclusivity that today still define the organization. The social club itself still exists and has since gone co-ed, as has the staff of the show. However, the cast still remains firmly and exclusively male.

Drag performance itself is not out of the ordinary at Harvard. Adams House has a long tradition of annual drag nights. This developed when an Adams House student, seen in the past as the "gay house," was very aggressively gay-bashed by some other students. In response to what the house community saw as inadequate punishment, according to the Adams website, "The gay students in Adams decided a poignant statement could be made by throwing a Drag Ball – a mockery of the Formal Dances held in Kirkland and Eliot Houses (Adams did not have its own Formals at the time)." The event was attended enthusiastically by gay and straight members of the house alike, standing in solidarity.

Adams' tradition of drag as resistance stands in stark contrast to the tradition of the Hasty Pudding. Always an elite social, gender-exclusive institution, the Hasty Pudding uses drag purely for the farce, for the cheap humor of the transphobic man-in-a-dress gag. And by casting exclusively cis men (as far as I can tell, the Hasty

Pudding Theatricals have never had a trans man in their productions), the show affirms its own air of hegemonic masculinity by using drag as a joke only men can engage with.

The common response from Hasty Pudding defenders is that there are still women on the staff of the show. While ostensibly true, a quick Google search reveals that in the last five years, the main writing and music teams for the show have included only one woman. Claiming to be inclusive on paper but then failing to do so in reality does not absolve the organization of its guilt.

In response to this lack of female representation, a group of Harvard women this year auditioned for the Hasty Pudding show. This well publicized protest was hailed by many as a superb feminist stance, a grand effort by a strong group of women. Indeed, such a vocal, public stance against the Hasty Pudding's exclusivity is an important step in combatting it, and I have nothing but respect for the woman who orchestrated it.

However, in all my reading about the protest, I found myself troubled by it. In talking to others about the Harvard theatre community, it became clear that simply combatting gender discrimination will do little to alleviate the larger issues the community has. Monita Sowapark '18 said, "I don't presume to speak for everybody involved in HRDC [Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club], nor do I presume that my opinion is the opinion of every POC in theater, but one of the main reasons that I quit doing theater at Harvard is because it necessitated me being in nearly, if not exclusively (and often functionally) all-white spaces."

Sowapark went on further to discuss the current backlash at the UC's decision to put a cap on HRDC funding.

Though this decision has angered many in the theatre community, Sowapark pointed out that "the current backlash against the cap on funding fails to address the fact that theater at Harvard gets more funding than all cultural groups on Harvard's campus combined. It also privileges the status of artistic freedom and doesn't question further—who is given artistic freedom on campus?"

Sowapark isn't alone in her feelings. Darius Johnson '18, a writer and stage manager for this semester's BlackC.A.S.T. production of *Black Magic*, said "Being black, queer, and first gen, I feel like most productions that happen in the larger theater community aren't about/for me. I want to see my issues/struggles being cared about on stage, on important stages, not just in Adams Pool every other semester."

Johnson describes his interest in theatre as a need—a need to talk about important issues and open dialogues. This is a great power that art has. It gets people talking and can introduce unheard, important perspectives. The Hasty Pudding's shows do precisely the opposite. They rely on old prejudices and stereotypes for laughs, such as using the phrase "the exotic and erotic land of India" in a production's description, and do little to advance any dialogue. While calling for more gender diversity is a start, the theatre community has far more to do in order to truly become an inclusive space.

*Megan Sims '18 (megansims@college.harvard.edu) is tired of people asking what she plans to do with her concentration and is prone to angry feminist rants.*

## Open Harvard College Grant

The UC unveils \$30K fund.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

A \$30,000 fund has been allocated by the Dean of the College, the Office of Student Life, and Harvard's Undergraduate Council to support initiatives addressing the compelling issues of 2016. Initiatives that address mental health, sexual assault and harassment prevention, race relations, and inclusive social life are eligible to apply for a portion of the \$30k "Open Harvard College" grant. The Harvard Independent spoke with William Greenlaw '17, writer of the grant.

Out of hopes to address the issues prevalent to student life on Harvard's Campus, the Undergraduate Council has revamped a fund previously underutilized. Since 2014, the Undergraduate Council budgeted \$15,000 for "bridging and belonging" initiatives but found that only about \$4,000 of this fund was being utilized. The "Open Harvard College" grant is its own fund that hopes to provide students better access to resources previously in place. Through encouragement and openness, Greenlaw hopes that the grant will be able "to empower individual students to innovate and take charge of the problems that they face."

Greenlaw, who is Chair of the Finance Committee for the Undergraduate Council, spearheaded the revitalizing the "Bridging and Belonging" grant that was previously in place to fund initiatives addressing issues students face on Harvard's campus. Unlike its predecessor, the grant has received the widespread reception that the raised awareness and emphasis on accessibility for students has sparked discussion about. Students found slips of paper slid under their door to inform them about the grant, alongside the social media campaign set on spreading awareness of

the readily available grant application process. This raised awareness reflects the grant's mission to influence students to discuss the issues currently on campus.

Any student or student group with an idea that will address the compelling interests set in place by the UC's president and vice president are eligible to submit a proposal. Then, these proposals are assessed through a holistic process that is outside of the typical grant process that had been less accessible to the student body prior to the new grant in place. The Undergraduate Council urges students to "think big," says Greenlaw, who explains that events and initiatives must have a unique quality about them that goes beyond what is currently in place to talk about the issues. With the hope that many proposals will be submitted for review, the grant will be divvied up to qualifying groups to financially support these initiatives.

The compelling interests being addressed by the grant will help to strengthen Harvard's campus and student body. A focus on revitalizing the current mental health resources and sparking discussion on campus to remove the stigma associated with the topic has been a growing concern on campus. However, encouraging more collaboration amongst peer counseling groups and making these resources more readily available to all students has helped provide support to more of the Harvard community.

Recently under criticism has also been the issue of race relations at Harvard, particularly with the lack of a multicultural center for students on campus. With the rise in diversity initiatives, the need to foster community and support current students must also

be kept a priority. Without providing for its diverse student body and celebrating the cultural backgrounds that exist on campus, Harvard's community is not as strong as it stands to be. Another way for Harvard to foster community amongst the student body is by providing more inclusive social spaces. The past year has seen the administration's commitment to providing more inclusivity for all students at Harvard, particularly with Dean Khurana's focus on establishing better social spaces that welcome all students. This also connects to the fourth tenet to address sexual assault and harassment, which calls for stronger preventative measures and more educating of the student body. By reaffirming the necessity of affirmative consent, even building the concept into a policy to protect students, and by giving more responsibility to bystanders to prevent dangerous situations for their peers, Harvard has become a safer environment for all members of the student body.

Since the "Open Harvard College" grant is a revised version of a prior fund, it will be replenished each year to offer funding to initiatives meeting its mission plan. Greenlaw is "very confident that it's going to get used," and looks forward to seeing "\$30k worth of projects, programs, and solutions to problems on campus."

*Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) also looks forward to the efficient allocation of these resources.*

## The Dancing Ghungroo

A production by the South Asian Association.

By PULKIT AGARWAL

That the highlight of last weekend, without a doubt, was the South Asian Association's riveting, gripping, hair-raising exhibition of "Ghungroo" goes without saying. The show was sold out for each of its four performances, and involved up to 400 dancers from all across the College. For those of us who had the fortune of getting a ticket in time, it was an absolute treat of an evening.

The show began with an acoustic fusion of John Legend's *All of Me* and the all time favorite *Give Me Some Sunshine*. Whispers were heard in certain quarters of Agassiz Theater at the start of the show, hinting that someone might sing a song from the emblematic Bollywood film "3 Idiots." The first performance of the evening confirmed this.

The show then transitioned to a highly energetic 'Bhangra' performance, which involved several juniors. It certainly set the mood for the evening, as the audience found itself hanging on to the edge of their seats while Harvard students set the stage ablaze, Punjabi style! What was particularly special about the show was how the energy of the first dance was maintained in all the subsequent performances, which ranged from the classical to the filmy. It gave credence to the claim made by the producers of the show, that Ghungroo does not sell out for each of its performances simply because it may have the best dancers on campus, but because everyone is visibly elated on stage and their ecstasy is catching.

Another special feature of the program was how the flamboyance of the dance performances was



Credit: Prerna Bhat '17.

juxtaposed with the poignancy of the skit that ran parallel to them. It was centered around the charity that the show makes contributions to, in order to assist with mental health issues among the South Asian community in North America. The skit featured Aditi, a young Harvard student who is in the process of recovering from a meltdown that forced her to drop a year at College. She finds herself struggling to maintain normalized relations with her friends, all the while having to bear the brunt of her parents' high expectations. "Mom and Dad, are you embarrassed of me?" she asks at one point, drawing only utter silence from the audience. Many of us having grown up in a South Asian household, could perhaps relate to the constant pressure of wanting to make our parents proud; for Aditi, however, it was a lot more than that. She was not only realizing that her parents were ashamed of her meltdown, but she also found herself at a big, fat, Indian wedding - the ideal occasion for people to eavesdrop into others' lives.

The wedding, however, was

celebrated in its truest form - with lots of music and dance in an ornate setting, which was beautifully depicted by the set. Indeed, to echo the directors' sentiment, it is hard to imagine that anyone left the theater that evening without having gained a better understanding of Indian culture.

This year's show may be particularly memorable for its coinciding with Junior Parents' Weekend. It caused a large number of visitors to flood into the gates and enjoy an evening of cultural celebration; for some, it may even be the only chance they have to see their kids perform 'Bhangra.'

The last performance gave the audience everything they could have asked for and more. The highly inclusive Senior Dance was remarkable for the enthusiasm of its dancers in one of the students' last hurrahs! . It saw over a hundred and fifty Seniors come together and enjoy their last Ghungroo, dancing to songs ranging from the evergreen Rangeela, to the very recent India-Wale.

Such an emotional and exciting ending prompted freshmen and others students to enlist for next year's production. Many promises were made to ensure that they get their international friends to shake a leg to their favorite Hindi songs come next Ghungroo.

Never had I thought I would get the chance to visit home right here in the Radcliffe Yard. I was gladly wrong.

*Pulkit Agarwal '19 (pulkitagarwal@college.harvard.edu) has had many of his friends self-invite themselves to his wedding in India, scheduled to take place exactly 10 years hence.*

## HUDS and You: Soups Edition

A review of some of Harvard's soupy food offerings.

By ANDREW LIN

Admission to Harvard certainly grants many desirable perks: a degree from a world-class university, access to Harvard's massive collections of art and literature, and the opportunity to harness the tremendous intellects of some of the finest minds in the world via lectures and seminars as well as extracurricular activities. All this admissions-blurb-level stuff, however, omits one integral facet of virtually every undergraduate's time

at Harvard – the elemental joys and desperate lows of the food provided by the Harvard Undergraduate Dining Services.

To fill this gap, the Independent has thus birthed this column: every so often, we'll be offering a review of what HUDS has to offer us starving students. And today, soup is on the menu – or at least a sampler of the liquid-suspended food dishes (many of which might stem from various

reputable institutional food purveyors) that Harvard brings to the table.

*\*A note:* The Independent has not forgotten the existence of Harvard's many chilies – they may well receive a separate review. The Indy also recognizes that many other soups exist within HUDS – there might well be a second edition for all you loyal soup fans (if you exist).

### Tomato Basil Ravioli:

Immortalized by the great joke-turned-legit Undergraduate Council campaign of Sam Clark '15 and Gus Mayopolous '15, Tomato Basil Ravioli is perhaps the highest-profile candidate among the soups under consideration today. Usually served without fail on Thursdays along a rotating cast of lesser-known peers (some of which are featured later below), TomBasRav is idolized by many. And this reviewer certainly understands its appeal: the astringent notes of nutty Parmesan form a sharp, blunt counterpoint to the warm tomato flavor of the soup proper, and the sour and lactic tang of the resulting flavor is a welcome refresher to a mouth dried out by overdone chicken and steamed vegetables. The ravioli, with their bland but agreeable Gouda/Parmesan filling and mass-produced uniform deliciousness, round out what this reviewer considers a fine exemplar for the soups of Harvard.

### The soup, digested:

The king/president for a reason.  
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A bowl of Chicken Tortilla Soup.

# HUDS and You: Soups Edition

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By ANDREW LIN

## Hearty Goulash Soup:

This comparatively-unknown offering is one of the secret gems of the HUDS dining experience, and its relatively infrequent and inconsistent appearance in the dining halls only further adds to the mystique of this exotic soup. To some extent, the goulash is less a soup and more a stew: Wikipedia defines goulash as any of a dozen Hungarian and Eastern European stews of meat and vegetables which feature paprika as a seasoning. The HUDS version is winningly rich, with its dense tomato and paprika flavor lending valuable moisture to the tangy but regrettably tough flap meat cuts of beef (such a cut is better done over high but sparing heat and served medium rare) which liberally pepper its crimson depths. Tender boiled potatoes and a well-considered ensemble of diced onions and roasted peppers all dissolve into the goulash's all-encompassing depths to generate this foreign prince of Harvard soups.

## The soup, digested:

Like that long-distance significant other, absence only makes the heart grow fonder.

## Chicken Tortilla Soup:

This dancing-on-the-politically-controversial-border option promises a lot, what with the jazzy accoutrements that HUDS perennially tricks it out with. But like a last-minute research paper inside one of those fancy plastic folio folders, the décor only partially covers for some of the essential weakness of this soup: crisp tortilla strips and shredded cheese do not shroud the stringy and dry chicken.

Luckily, however, the soup base is compensation enough: its dark red color delivers in full on the smoky, tomato-and-chili-rich promise such a hue would imply. Preciously juicy corn and full-bodied black beans make for a well-balanced set of ingredients in what overall is another culturally-diverse contender in the Harvard soup world.

## The soup, digested:

It's fiesta time when this is on offer.

## New England Clam Chowder:

This classic Bostonian option as rendered by Harvard hits many of the right marks: the clams are full-bodied, substantial things and are present in abundance, and the requisite potatoes are suspended within a very rich base. This base, however, is where the soup begins to dry up, and I mean that fairly literally. At times, the base grows so thick that the soup starts separating into layers, with a thin scum of oil forming overtop the almost granular (in some instances, you can actually see the grains of soup base) soup proper. But the flavor is right – that milky and fishy hit of the first spoonful alongside the perennial fried/baked fish option simply defines, like Proust's old madeleines, the feeling of freedom that Friday (and it is always a Friday) occasions.

## The soup, digested:

The patriot's choice – freedom in a cup.

And so ends the first of what hopefully will become many reviews of the pantheon of foods, drinks, and desserts on offer from the folks over at HUDS. All this, of course, is but scant reflection, however, of one essential component of the HUDS experience that often goes forgotten: the tireless hard work, good cheer, and general awesomeness of the Harvard dining staff. So for all the barbed words (and this was a comparative display of the best of Harvard's soups), we in HUDS have an institution, warts and all – but we still love it anyway.

*Andrew Lin '17 is more than glad to take food (or soup – there are many soups he left out in this list) suggestions for future reviews – shoot him an email at [andrewlin@college.harvard.edu](mailto:andrewlin@college.harvard.edu) to suggest anything HUDS-related!*

# INDY SPORTS

## Miracles, Obstacles, and Eight Exciting Chukkers

By KELSEY O'CONNOR

Harvard Polo wins Pre-Regional Tournament.

“Hey, I got a couple tables over there,” Aemilia Phillips '16 said as I walked into the Starbucks. She was waiting on line to order. I looked over and she had secured three tables in the Garage Starbucks: the first miracle of this story. Soon, ten of the men and women's varsity members of the Harvard Polo Team were huddled around the table.

“Okay,” Aemilia, our women's captain began, “the horses are coming back from South Carolina this week. They are rested, so they are happy, but out of shape.” That the horses would be returning from their time off so early was the second miracle. The warm weather this year would allow us to have a spring season. “We just learned from the USPA that it is required for us to bring horses to the pre-regional tournament if we want to compete. Of course, it's an advantage to have them anyway because we know our horses. But this also means that we have only five weeks to get them in shape.” “Well it sounds like we either make it happen or we don't compete,” someone replies. “But I think we all want to compete, so let's make it happen.” For the next few weeks groups made the 45-minute trek to the Harvard Polo and Equestrian Center at Hamilton Farm twice per day to walk and trot in endless circles.

Flash forward to a brisk, sunny, early morning on Saturday, February 27 as the Harvard Polo Van (affectionately referred to as The Silver Stallion) rattled down I-84 toward New Haven. Inside, the six varsity women were sleeping, sipping terribly mis-prepared coffee from the Framingham rest stop, and occasionally reminding each other of strategies and coaching points. Ahead we could see the truck that carried the equine half of our team: Circa, Pele, Capocha, Tomasa, Yahtzee, and Pulcera. What we could not see was the series of obstacles that we would face over the course of the next two days.

The first challenge appeared before we even arrived. As we got closer and closer



to the Yale Polo and Equestrian Center, the site of the United States Polo Association Intercollegiate Women's Northeastern Preliminary Tournament, we began to consult our digital maps. In the tradition of technology's failed simplification of our lives, Apple Maps decided to take us on the shortest route. This happened to follow a long, winding, and steep road—not exactly conducive to an old van or to a truck pulling six horses and equipment. The truck was crawling up the narrow hill and through my nervous laughter I eyed the cars zipping down in the opposite direction. The back window of the Silver Stallion framed the trailer struggling up the back road of Connecticut and our frustrated coach attempting to follow our lead.

We arrived at the barn safely and just in time for the all-team meeting. Coach Crocker Snow was slightly frustrated but his old and plodding Spaniel, Sky, seemed unconcerned. Miracle three: the perseverance of our vehicles. At Harvard, polo is a club sport, so it is not governed by the NCAA. However, the United States Polo

Association governs polo in the United States and is building an Interscholastic (pre-college) and an Intercollegiate Program. During the fall we compete against other colleges every weekend and based on our record are seeded for the regional tournaments in the Northeast. Our team was the top seed going into the Preliminary tournament against Guelph University (Canada), Yale, and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. The winner of this tournament would move on to the regional tournament at Cornell to compete against UConn, Skidmore, and others. As we gathered to gear up and have a pre-game huddle in our makeshift locker room (it was filled with leather and horse feed), the second challenge arrived. “I have no boots.” These words, from the mouth of one of our three starters, sparked panic. “What do you mean?” I asked. “It's okay, we will find boots,” I added. After some very frantic boot juggling, two people on the team were wearing unfamiliar boots that fit ... well enough.

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## Miracles, Obstacles, and Eight Exciting Chukkers

continued from pg. 10

By KELSEY O'CONNOR

"Let's focus. We are going to win this tournament," Aemilia said. We stood in a circle in the arena, ready to go. "We have not won this tournament for five years and this is the best team we've had in a long time. Let's make it happen. I want to go to regionals."

We gained a strong lead in the first two chukkers of our game against Guelph. Parents came to lend support, and saw us feeling good and playing well. We controlled the rhythm of the game and were in sync. In the third chukker, one of our starting players, Robiny Jamerson '17, headed toward our goal to defend. She was on her own and I was blocking an opponent. As I watched, her horse stopped short and she lost her balance to the front right. She landed, the whistle blew, and I watched for her to pop back up. She sat on the ground, and when she did not rise after a few seconds Aemilia jumped off of her horse and threw me the reins. "Everyone needs to keep walking their horses!" Yelled the USPA representative. EMS had come onto the field with our coach and Robiny's parents. The viewers clapped when she stood up, but when they put her arm in a makeshift sling a few minutes later, it was clear that challenge number three would be our biggest and most concerning one yet: one of our starting players was injured, which meant she would be out of the finals against UMass the next day. It was quiet in our claimed locker room as everyone prepared for the final game the next day. "Caroline, get amped, focus on the moment and what's going to happen next. Charlotte, just block, block, block," Aemilia advised our new starting team. They headed into the arena and got on their horses, beginning to warm up. Robiny arrived in a real sling. "How's it going?" "I think okay, we can do this. How's the arm?" I responded. "Bad sprain, no

fracture." We went to the box and waited for the game to start. The teams lined up and the ref bowled in the ball. The game had started. I looked at Eliza Bird '19, our other teammate, and said, "We can win this game." At this point, I was willing our victory into existence.

The first chukker ended and we were



down by three, but still playing well. Next to me, Robiny's breathing was louder than the pounding of horse hooves. "Please don't hyperventilate," I told her. "Wall, win the wall!" She screamed into the arena -- advising the girls to protect the ball along the wall. By halftime we had tied the game 9-9. "We can win this tournament, guys. It's tied. We are really close," Aemilia said. Crocker came by with advice and encouragement. As the team waited for their horses, I reminded them to relax. "Take a deep breath, don't overthink, play smart."

Then UMass scored three goals in the first 30 seconds of the third chukker. 12-9 UMass. We held them off for the rest of the chukker. Just after this devastating blow I turned around to find Robiny in full gear

with her elbow wrapped in an Ace bandage. "What are you doing?" I asked her. "It's wrapped really tight. I have to go in." After some discussion among coaches and a test of the arm, Robiny subbed in for the last chukker. My whole body was shaking and I had my nose pressed to the netting around the box. The game was changing.

Before long we were tied. Excitement, anticipation, pride all rose inside me. Aemilia scored two 2-pointers. In the end the score was 17-12. Harvard. This was not a miracle.

We ran into the arena and hugged each other and tried really hard not to cry. It felt like so much had gone into this win. The JVs who had woken up at 6:30am for morning trips to the barn, getting riders on twice a day, the will of our teammates, the support of our parents and friends; everyone stepped up to make it happen. The ponies played for us and we played for each other through injuries, through family emergencies, and through a thesis that was due the next day. It was a moment of realizing how many people wanted this: all of the teammates who did not

play in the tournament who gave up their time to help, our coaches, and the horses. It takes a skilled village to play this sport.

"Would anyone be up for a six-minute detour to Billy's Ice Cream?" I asked consulting my Apple maps. "Yes!" was the unanimous answer. As we ate our Mississippi Mud Pie and Mint Chip ice cream we laughed and recounted the events of the previous 48 hours. "We're going to Cornell!" I smiled, "Let's do it again."

*Kelsey O'Connor '18 (kelseyocconnor@college.harvard.edu) is accepting recommendations for ice cream places to frequent for all occasions.*

*Photos courtesy of Kelsey O'Connor*

# captured and shot



Gyeongbokgung Palace, Seoul, South Korea  
by Shaquilla Harrigan