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filling in the blanks

Inside: Identities, Intra-Extracurriculars, and Imagination

# 09.15.2016

## Vol. XLVIII, No. 2

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*The Indy is outside  
the classroom /  
bubble / box!*

Cover design by  
Audrey Effenberger '19

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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, it offers diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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# What I'm Not

## Multiraciality in an increasingly mixed world.

By AUDREY EFFENBERGER

To be honest, I'm a bit late to the game on this. I don't really keep up with sports in any capacity, aside from cheering for Team USA every four years. When Colin Kaepernick started kneeling instead of standing at attention for the national anthem, I didn't hear about it through first- or secondhand sources – I got third-, fourth-, and probably fifth-hand interpretations of what he was (metaphorically) standing for, and what that meant about the state of America.

There was the one headline phrase that stuck with me, however. From Rodney Harrison:

*"He's not black."*

In the interest of full disclosure, and due to the wealth of personal information that celebrity status makes accessible on the internet, I can tell you that Colin Rand Kaepernick was born to a white woman and a black man, and then raised by an adoptive white family in Wisconsin and then California. He was a good student in high school; he still is an amazing athlete in baseball, basketball, and most notably football.

He might be, in some ways, all-American. But undoubtedly, incontrovertibly, African-American is what he's not.

Taking a step back from the incredibly important political and social dialogue in which Kaepernick's protest is playing a role, we can begin to see the complicated space that race takes in shaping these conversations, and in shaping people's lives. It's a potent and poorly defined thing – made up of cultural values, parentage or parenting, raw blood, and the way you look. This has been used to make people feel, and to make them hurt. From the history of racial

[Race is] a  
potent and poorly  
defined thing [...] made up of cultural values, parentage or parenting, raw blood, and the way you look...

quantification, too, there is a laundry list of ways in which people have been identified as "other." From US blood quantum laws to nineteenth-century slurs like mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, or quintroon.

Ugly as that history may be, what racial quantification gets at is the uncertainty in deciding who is what race, and how that race becomes part of personal identity. This anxiety is not going away. Through whatever circumstances, multiracial babies are born and will continue to be. According to the Pew Research Center, almost seven percent of the

US population self-identified as multiracial in 2015. We occupy the space between culture and blood, between groups, between others. We have to figure out what that means not only to ourselves, but to others.

In practical terms, this means that people like Rodney Harrison may be right: if you weren't raised black, and if you don't really "look black," you aren't black in the same way that the leaders of Black Lives Matter are. You don't face the same fights or the same consequences. Replace "black" with any other race, for any multiracial person of any background, and the same statements will probably hold true. There are ways that others treat you based on what they see, ways to do with both blood and water, and ways that are both cruel and real. Regardless of personal identity, the world imposes this on you.

In my life, I have had my perceptions of my own multiracial identity challenged in many ways. In my eyes, I am closer to an Asian American raised in an Asian household, with the cultural marks to prove it. I was a brief student of the Singapore math book series. I am, bizarrely, a fan of the way that all Asian supermarkets smell (and if you grew up going to Chinese supermarkets every Saturday, you know what I mean). I am fluent enough in Chinese to talk about food and school. I was deeply sympathetic to Amy Chua's daughters when I was in eighth grade. I could go on.

But I'm tall with green eyes and not-black hair. My skin's base tone is decidedly pink, not yellow. In the eyes of most anyone else, what I identify most closely to is exactly what I am not. I do not receive insults about my immigration status, or backhanded compliments about my English or math scores. When such racist tensions exist in

# INDY FORUM

## What I'm Not, continued.

the world, I cannot claim to fully understand them; despite never asking for it, I am protected in a way that is uncomfortable to acknowledge but no less real.

It is hard to put into words what I feel about the space that I occupy, or the “other” I may be to others. Every biracial, multiracial, and/or mixed person can have a different personal identity with which to navigate the world. However, the inequalities of our world are built on both physical and intangible qualities, both blood and memory, inextricably intertwined. Whether Colin

Kaepernick and I are visually white-passing – sometimes, that matters more than how we identify or how we choose to use our identities.

Above football, patriotism, racism, police brutality, social justice, socioeconomic reform – or beneath it all, as the bedrock of ourselves – we have to consider race critically. Race does not go away, and for the multiracial kids coming of age in this world, we have a responsibility to ourselves to consider how we want to be seen. We have to be conscious of how others see us.

It's important to know who we are. But sometimes, the most important thing is what we're not.

Audrey Effenberger (effenberger@college.harvard.edu) wishes she were this motivated to write an essay for her gen ed.



**Protestors gather along Mass Ave and in Harvard Yard.  
(Article page 5) Megan Sims**

## When Harvard Workers are Under Attack, What Do We Do?

HUDS and students rally as strike vote approaches.

By MEGAN SIMS



Protestors surround the John Harvard statue.

On Wednesday September 7th, dozens of members of the Harvard and greater Boston community gathered in a side room of University Lutheran Church to hear from HUDS workers and their allies about the impending worker's strike. It was a warm afternoon. Members of the standing-room-only crowd fanned themselves and drank bottles of water from the cases provided. Many students proudly sported Harvard gear—a subversive means of signaling their opposition to the University's current treatment of its staff.

Harvard dining hall workers will vote today on whether or not to strike. This vote comes after months of contract negotiations between HUDS workers and the University. Between the beginning of negotiations in June and now, Harvard has failed to address worker's concerns regarding affordable healthcare and a yearly living wage. According to the Facebook page of Harvard's Student Labor Action Movement, or SLAM, "Harvard recently raised a record \$7 Billion...[but] refuses to guarantee a sustainable income...to all of its employees."

According to Camille Traslavina '18, a member of Harvard's Student Labor

Action Movement, or SLAM, who spoke at the rally, "Concretely, HUDS workers are asking for at least \$35,000 a year for those who make themselves available to work year-round, and to keep their current healthcare plan. In doing so, the workers are also fighting for basic dignity and respect, and a Harvard that centers and cares for its students, workers, and faculty, the people who make up this community."

Support for the strike does extend into the community beyond Harvard. Brian Lang, the president of Local 26, the union of which HUDS workers are members, spoke at the Wednesday rally. Lang spoke to the problems with Harvard's priorities—that its endowment could fund the government of the city of Cambridge for decades, yet it refuses to pay its dining hall workers enough to live in the city in which they work.

Anabela A. Pappas, a Cabot and Pforzheimer House dining hall worker, opened up about her personal investment in healthcare. "As a diabetic for 35 years," she said to the crowd in University Church, "I've never been so scared in my life. And I shouldn't have to be scared working for

Harvard dining service." Her speech, like so many others given that day, was met with applause and cheers from the crowd.

And indeed, Pappas has reason to be afraid. Under Harvard's proposed healthcare plan, co-pays would increase drastically, jumping from \$40 to \$100 for an emergency room visit. For workers who are making less than \$35,000 a year with no overtime, an increase in the cost of necessary healthcare has the potential to be highly detrimental to the health of Harvard workers. "With its resources and visibility, Harvard has the opportunity to be a leader and serve as a model for other universities," says Traslavina, "demonstrating that relationships between institutions and their employees do not have to be exploitative, and setting an expectation that universities have a responsibility to care for all members of their communities."

Following the gathering at the church, hundreds marched with signs, posters, and large boards sporting faces of 600 HUDS workers from every part of the university through Harvard Square. The call-and-response chants of the group ranged from

# INDY NEWS

the broad—“No justice, no peace”—to the specific—“Hey Harvard you can’t hide, we can see your greedy side.” A fellow protestor remarked as we lined the iron fence around the yard “Is there any other side?”

As the vote on whether to strike approaches, “SLAM is prepared to follow the workers’ lead and assist them in whatever ways they believe will be most helpful,” says Traslavina. The value of such support was evident at Wednesday’s rally. Along with SLAM, representatives from the Harvard Islamic Society, the Medical School’s Racial Justice Coalition, and the Harvard Students Union-UAW spoke in support of HUDS workers. The medical students, who showed up sporting lab coats, were held up by HUDS and union leaders as representatives of the health impacts of Harvard’s policies, while undergrads represented the community of

which HUDS is a vital part.

From the beginning of freshman year, HUDS workers are some of the people students first meet and some of the faces Harvard students see most frequently. John in Annenberg seems to learn every freshman’s name and greet them each time they come in for a meal. HUDS workers keep us fed, ask us how our days are going, and show us kindness, often when we most need it. The student presence at the rally and growing support for the strike is proof of the truth in one particular protest chant that rang through the yard on Wednesday—“when Harvard workers are under attack, what do we do?”

Stand up. Fight back.”

Megan Sims (megansims@college.harvard.edu) is grateful for HUDS workers

## HUDS Rally, continued.

and hopes that you will lend your support to the strike.

[tinyurl.com/supportthestrike](http://tinyurl.com/supportthestrike)



**Left:** Quincy House dining hall worker Gregory Lee shows support for the strike. **Right:** SLAM member Lily Velona '18 leads call-and-response chants among the crowd on Mass Ave. *Megan Sims*

# The OSL Calls it The “SOCK”

...and other challenges presented at the Student Leaders Forum.

By CAROLINE C. CRONIN

At the beginning of term, student leaders of all recognized undergraduate organizations received multiple emails from [soch@fas.harvard.edu](mailto:soch@fas.harvard.edu) regarding an upcoming Student Leaders Forum. It was made quite explicit in these emails that in order to receive funding, renew office or locker space, and register this year, each organization must send one representative to the Forum. This condition was stated before the allotted time of this Forum – which was 3 hours – on last Thursday and Monday nights.

Therefore, when the kids who drew the short straws (myself among them) finally dragged their feet over to the Quad, the Student Leaders Forum began. Dean Khurana was introduced and began his keynote speech. His tried and true address on the sacrifices Harvard has made for this country (second only to the two oldest military academies in America) seemed to loosely fit the occasion. And when embittered laughter followed his joking evasion of a question regarding social change and social space, we moved on.

The other speakers included the new Dean of Students Katie O’Dair, Associate Dean of Student Life David Friedrich, and the new Assistant Dean of Student Life Alex Miller. Both O’Dair and Miller commented on the barriers to entry into student organizations on campus. They implored the student leaders present to be “socially responsible” leaders. The emphasis seemed to lie on the plea to upperclassmen to make underclassmen feel welcome.

And then, it was time for the student leaders to converse. Broken into groups led by facilitators, it was the chance for us to discuss, vent, collaborate, and reflect. This portion of the evening was not only much more indicative of student organizations’



current concerns, but it allowed leaders of these organizations to find comfort in the fact that their peers also struggle with cuts and retention rates.

Junior Berkeley Brown facilitated group discussions in both sessions of the Leaders Forum. Brown worked to make the conversation flow organically and to provide an open channel of communication between students of every kind of club. Brown also felt the “discontented vibe” of the students present and could, as a student leader herself, relate. Brown proposed that though the social changes and required meetings such as these are met with aversion and eye-rolls, they at least lead students to “think critically about their organizations” and to “rethink what it means to be a leader and run an inclusive organization.” The discussion in our own session did pose such questions as those.

What was most surprising to me and pleasing to Brown was the “collaborative aspect of problem solving.” The groups were composed of a mix of upper- and underclassmen. An example of this collaboration occurred when the underclassman leader of a relatively new student organization posed a question regarding funding, and an upperclassman student answered willingly – even offering her email address to contact her as a resource in the future.

As a PAF and OSL intern, Brown agreed to taking on the role of the facilitator in the hopes that the Forum would “get concerns out in the open.” The discussion sessions certainly did that: in a moment of unity through complaining, our group bemoaned the tricky manipulation of institutional memory of the undergraduates. Whether discussion or bonding or brainwashing was the administration’s goal for the Forum, is unclear.

What is clear, and what needs to be reiterated, is that Harvard students’ greatest resources are each other. There are so many Harvard-unique experiences that we all share, and they help us to understand each other in this time of great “social change” at the College. The OSL is taking steps to assist and get to know the student body, and the student body – made of leaders, facilitators, and peers of all sorts – needs to know itself.

One thing we seem to know quite well is how to pronounce the name of a certain concrete structure on the outskirts of campus. The student leaders present expressed surprise in unison at the concluding announcement that the SOCH – acronym for the Student Organization Center at Hilles – is pronounced “SOCK.” Interesting.

Caroline Cronin ([ccronin01@college.harvard.edu](mailto:ccronin01@college.harvard.edu)) thanks the OSL for the chance to meet with leaders of every variety and address challenges facing students.

## An Evening with Champions

Skating stars descend on Bright-Landry.

By TUSHAR DWIVEDI

The night of Friday, September 9th, a large crowd gathered outside Harvard's Bright-Landry Hockey Center. The amalgamation of individuals standing under the imposing shadow of the stadium ranged from elders in elegant dress to freshmen who barely found the location on time, slipping through a hole in the gate because they missed the front entrance. The stadium inside reflected its exterior, as veterans of the show knew the wonder about to occur while those inexperienced awaited with uncertainty and curiosity. I, clearly, was one of the latter: intrigued, unaware, and just a little bit chilly. I had decided to attend on the recommendation of an upperclassman friend, who described the event as "a compelling and elegant show on ice." I looked around the stadium, eager to find familiar faces, and instead saw an arena only half full. But as the host skated gracefully to the center of the ice, all doubts were forgotten as the Evening with Champions began. The lights dimmed, and the show commenced.

While Evening with Champions inspires awe and wonder through the sheer gracefulness and talent of its skaters, the ultimate purpose of the event is far greater. The Evening with Champions show donates the proceeds from donations and ticket sales to the Jimmy Fund, an organization that employs grassroots efforts to raise awareness

and funds for the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute in Boston. The event is entirely run by Harvard students, and features some familiar Harvard faces in the cast as well.

Host Emily Hughes, 2006 Olympian and a 2011 Harvard graduate, introduced the highly distinguished and diverse cast before they took the stage for the next three hours. The first to do so was a solo performer—Selena Zhao, of the Class of 2020. Already a 2015 Canadian Junior Champion, Selena represented the incoming freshman class with grace, precision, and incredible talent. There are few moments more inspirational than seeing a classmate excel in such an incredible manner.

Selena was followed by an incredible lineup of skaters, including seven Olympians and a number of individuals with other impressive accolades. Each of them marked their performance with a distinct choice of music and style of skating, which kept the audience's attention throughout the show.

Between the daring waltz jumps, salchows and toe-loops of the performers, however, was a moment of pure transience and fragile beauty as Ludmila Belousova and Oleg Protopopov skated slowly to the center before they began their performance. Possibly the most distinguished set of Champions to date, as two-time Olympic gold medalists and four-time World Champions in pair skating, the couple was a highlight of the show to

begin with. What no one, including myself, expected, however, was that the couple, in their eighties and originally from the Soviet Union, were celebrating their wedding anniversary that night. Tears abounded as the couple melted hearts through their elegant and romantic skating.

...

As we walked out of the stadium after the show was over, students immediately clustered enthusiastically to discuss: we planned to go back every year and babbled continuously about each of the performers from Harvard and around the world. The altruistic vision of the organization, along with the sheer delicacy and excitement of the performance, made the Evening with Champions an event to remember.

Not only did the Evening with Champions provide a much-appreciated diversion from the intense nature of academic life at Harvard, but it also lifted artistic and charitable spirits in us all. The show went beyond a delightful evening treat and became, for us all, a reminder. It reminds us that the stories of driven athletes, empowered artists, long loves, and generous hearts are all around us at Harvard. We must not take them for granted.

Tushar Dwivedi (tushardwivedi@college.harvard.edu) looks forward to more evenings with more champions!



The dream was always the same for him now: the idle purchase of some item one day would slowly multiply by crawling twos and fours into a weekly and then a daily ritual, inviolate as the surety of the lethal pull of gravity and the noose, steadily tightening its hold on the hapless dreamer whose purchases came to define and then consume him and fill his house, and then storage units and streets and eventually his town, his country, his continent, and the world itself in the multiplied vastness of an endless set of uniform purchases, self-sustaining unto infinity.

The dreamer was one Mr. Dahlvin, a smallish businessman of stubby build and rather tortured health. In his forty-seventh year and plagued by rheumatism, a salt-crusted kidney, and the sharp odor of fungal infection which emanated from his armpits and inner thighs, Mr. Dahlvin owed his flickering existence to the continual ministrations of ten different doctors in the eight countries through which his struggling import-export business made him continually cycle. Yet all their medications and the constant rumble of a portable home-dialysis kit did not abate the parade of minor ailments — colds, coughs, and bouts of every kind of flu — that relentlessly inflamed his sweaty brow.

It was during the tortured nights of this continual ill health that Mr. Dahlvin's dreams came to pass. As early as Mr. Dahlvin could recall, his fever dreams had started out as mere labyrinthine constructions, in which Mr. Dahlvin would explore mazes composed of the dingy Chinese Chippendale tea-rooms where he was forced to sip withered green tea from cracked Delftware by an imposing rotation of distant aunts and whose peeling, yellowed lacquer reminded him of his father's asthmatic, mucosal cough. By his mid-teens, he came to notice with a yawning and then clawing anxiety the profusion of similar objects across the warren of rooms he imagined: some nights he saw the same tea-set rendered in one, then two, then ten different colors across the infinite span of the rooms he wandered.

Other nights in his adolescence produced the duplication of varnished tables, cast-iron lamps, sparkling chandeliers of yellowing crystal, all of which at first arrayed themselves in each individual room before revealing their multiplied forms. The duplication trebled and quintupled into volumes of gasping, stupid matter that made a shambles of the fussy decor the labyrinth's rooms attempted to enforce: stacks of chamber pots tumbled and spilled their contents all over the cheap oriental carpets,

# He Dreams in Monotony

A short story.

By ANONYMOUS

iron railings rusted solid atop each other to form spiky barriers to further movement, and huge battlements of sugar cubes attracted swarms of beady black ants, streaming from the gossamer-wing fragments of wallpaper they had already devoured.

The dream continued to grow and evolve with Mr. Dahlvin's feeble career and weak, stretch-marked belly. First the rooms changed: the Chinese Chippendale tea rooms gave way to the barren volunteer dormitories for those men of his weak constitution who could not sign up for the military or police corps drafts. And as Mr. Dahlvin moved away from accepting the meager meals of his family's impoverished table and the gruel of the volunteer corps, so too did his dream reflect his new-found power: he in his dreams soon came to purchase objects of his choice, and would vociferously track them down to the ends of the earth with that awful, snowballing vigor which belied his sickly nature.

In this way, Mr. Dahlvin led his tortured double-life. By day, he bought and sold unclaimed and unregistered shipments at small ports all over Asia and South America before processing them in a dingy warehouse opposite some nameless corporation's rather historic-looking branch office in Laredo, Texas — and by night, to the low groan of his air purifier and the drip-drip patter of his humidifier, he purchased again without reproach or practical considerations unto insanity. His ten doctors, spanning the whole gamut of medicine, all knew of his quandary and had attempted all manner of therapies to eliminate or otherwise influence the content of Mr. Dahlvin's wearisome dream.

In this way, he shuffled through his life, tormented perpetually by the stalking shadows of things in his dreams and torturous ailments in his waking hours, and in this way he found his destiny framed. First came the news of his tottering business: the collapse of a faraway shipping company saw him and his tiny operation at once blessed and cursed with the remnants of a vast business empire thrown on the consignment pile. In fevered strokes Mr. Dahlvin expanded his business on the basis of the capital he had gained from this set of transactions: one warehouse expansion

morphed into the wrecking balls that saw him tearing down his loyal old buildings for a shining new shipping complex, and as he watched each old wall crumble, Mr. Dahlvin felt the grip of his tortured dreams slipping quietly away.

And as business only continued to grow better, Mr. Dahlvin's little business soon ballooned into an empire greater than he had ever imagined: the branch office whose iron balustrades and yellowing façade had taunted him for so long soon saw a massive tumor of an addition which converted the whole complex into a massive Frankenstein maze of twisting courtyards, corridors, and vintage lacquered parquet floors. Soon he had five, and then ten warehouses, and in each of them one of his many doctors was based, and as his business grew further and dizzyingly further he found himself swamped in consignments from shipping companies he had forced into bankruptcy.

Aisles upon aisles of wares, of all manner of strange and prosaic items, confronted Mr. Dahlvin in each of his warehouses, each of which seemed almost to bulge at the walls from the sheer volume of the items contained within. Frantically he began to construct new buildings, from new warehouses for the endless wares to storage vaults for his ever-expanding piles of cash to great furnaces for the bills and books he and his accountants had begun to cook. The huge warehouses had turned from grand objects of pride and wealth into monstrous liabilities, and soon Mr. Dahlvin's furnaces turned to the grim work of incinerating chandeliers and refrigerators, cheap sneakers and fine lace — and the ever-growing pile of bills — to uniform, dusty ashes that themselves multiplied in the skies above his prison of an office and seemed to pile in his wheezy lungs and frail musculature. And as the raging fire in the last of his furnaces spiraled out of control and swallowed his last warehouse, his lacquered floors, and his own gaunt body, he realized too late that his dreams would consume him once more.

Got a story you want to tell? Or a poem or work of art you want published? Send it in to the Indy arts desk ([arts@harvardindependent.com](mailto:arts@harvardindependent.com)) and we'll consider it — your story could be published here!

# INDY SPORTS

## The Art of the Tailgate

How to host a top one!

By THE SPORTS EDITORIAL BOARD

Over the summer, *The Independent's* Sports Editorial Board was informed of the results of a recent Megabus survey. Against all odds, Harvard emerged as the #1 tailgating destination in the Northeast (see attached graph). The Indy thus answers Megabus' timeless question: How do you throw the best tailgate?

Necessary:

### 1. Alcohol

It is to the tailgate as oxygen is to the astronaut, and as meteor-free skies were to the dinosaurs. The crucial importance of alcohol at a tailgate can be distilled thusly: so long as there is booze, so too is there a floor as to how bad your tailgate can be. The more alcohol on hand, the higher this floor

becomes. There should be great quantities and some variety, ranging from cheap light beer to cheap hard liquor. Money spent on better booze is better spent on more booze. It's a tailgate, not a Back Bay cocktail bar.

There may be a small but vocal minority of teetotalers and temperance activists who tell you that you can have fun at the tailgate without alcohol. This theory is generally disavowed by top tailgate destinations. Note that Brigham Young University did not crack the Megabus survey's Top 10.

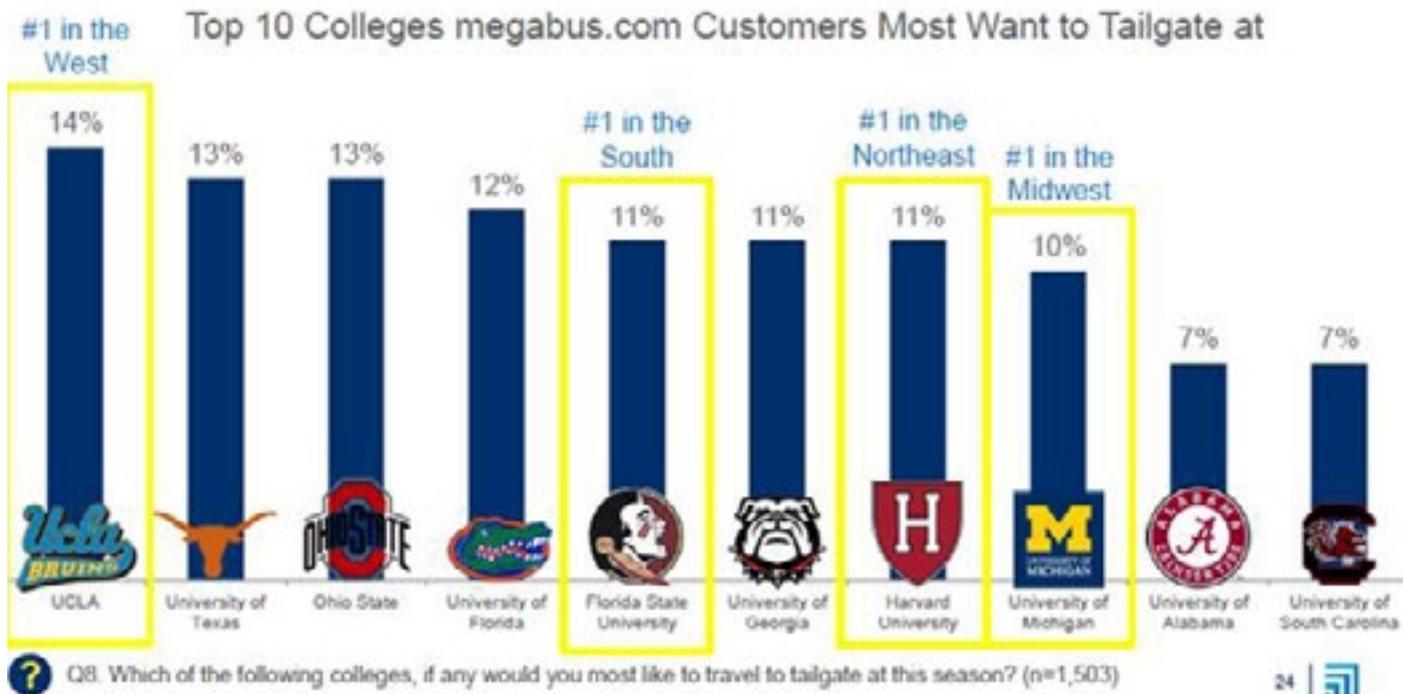
### 2. People

Nearly as vital to a top tailgate as alcohol. This should really go without saying, but the Harvard crowd merits a special reminder: If people do not attend the football game, or at least the preceding tailgate, it is hard to have

## Top Tailgate Colleges

**KEY FINDING:** Top tailgate colleges correspond to region megabus.com customers live in.

56% of megabus.com customers would like to travel to at least one college to tailgate this season, but the final destination could vary based on which region you're from.



## Tailgate, continued.

much of a tailgate. We recall once attending a Harvard football game at which we were the only Harvard undergraduates present apart from the band. Attendance is a must.

### Strongly Encouraged:

#### 3. Music

This requires a playlist of some sort, and a means by which to play it. Boom-boxes, car stereos, speakers plugged into rented generators – all will suffice. Louder is generally better, as the volume helps in such an open space and helps drown out any dissenting voices. Most genres work well, depending on the location of the tailgate and the tastes of the crowd. Whatever your preference, if you have enough alcohol on hand, there will be less objection to the music.

*Suggested genres:* classic rock, country, rap, and house music.

*Condemned genres:* classical, opera, show tunes, boy bands, and smooth jazz.

#### 4. Grill

Charcoal, gas, electric – anything that will heat a metal grate and cook whatever tops it. The grill is meant for meat. Permissible exceptions include hot dog buns, hamburger buns, and corn. There are times and places for grilled zucchini. A top tailgate is neither.

### Recommended:

#### 5. Vehicle

A vehicle is great for facilitating the transportation of alcohol, people, music, and grills. But it is also the only means of

producing a literal tailgate at your tailgate. Some people, especially in our Northeasterly region, do not know what a literal tailgate is. We know this sounds absurd, but we are reminded of a friend of ours from Manhattan who once visited a ranch in Texas. At one point, he stood behind a pickup truck and somebody hollered at him, “Open the tailgate, Vince.” He proceeded to stare at the back of the pickup in much the same way as a colorblind person might stare at a Rubik’s cube, or a dog might stare at a rocket ship. The very concept of the tailgate was as unfathomable and unknowable as the darkest corners of the universe.

We do not blame him for his struggles as a fish out of water. If a Texan went to New York, for instance, and someone hollered at him to build the Chrysler Building, he might have struggled similarly. All this being said in order to establish that many people do not know what a tailgate is, or how it operates. To clarify, a tailgate is the hinged back of a truck bed, which one can easily bring down so as to make it parallel to the earth. It operates by unlocking it and letting gravity take its course.

#### 6. Games

Anything that involves throwing an object is acceptable – be it cornhole, horseshoes, beer pong, or just tossing a football. Hell, bring a set of bocce balls if that’s more up your alley. Excelling at such tailgate games lends more credence to forthcoming claims of how you could have done better than the guys on the football team.

### Forbidden:

– Bad attitudes.

A top tailgate neither welcomes nor creates bad attitudes. Keep them for after the game, to sulk in defeat or jeer in triumph.

– School talk.

Nobody at a tailgate cares about your struggles with classes. Keep all school talk restricted to the kids smoking cigarettes outside the library at two in the morning.

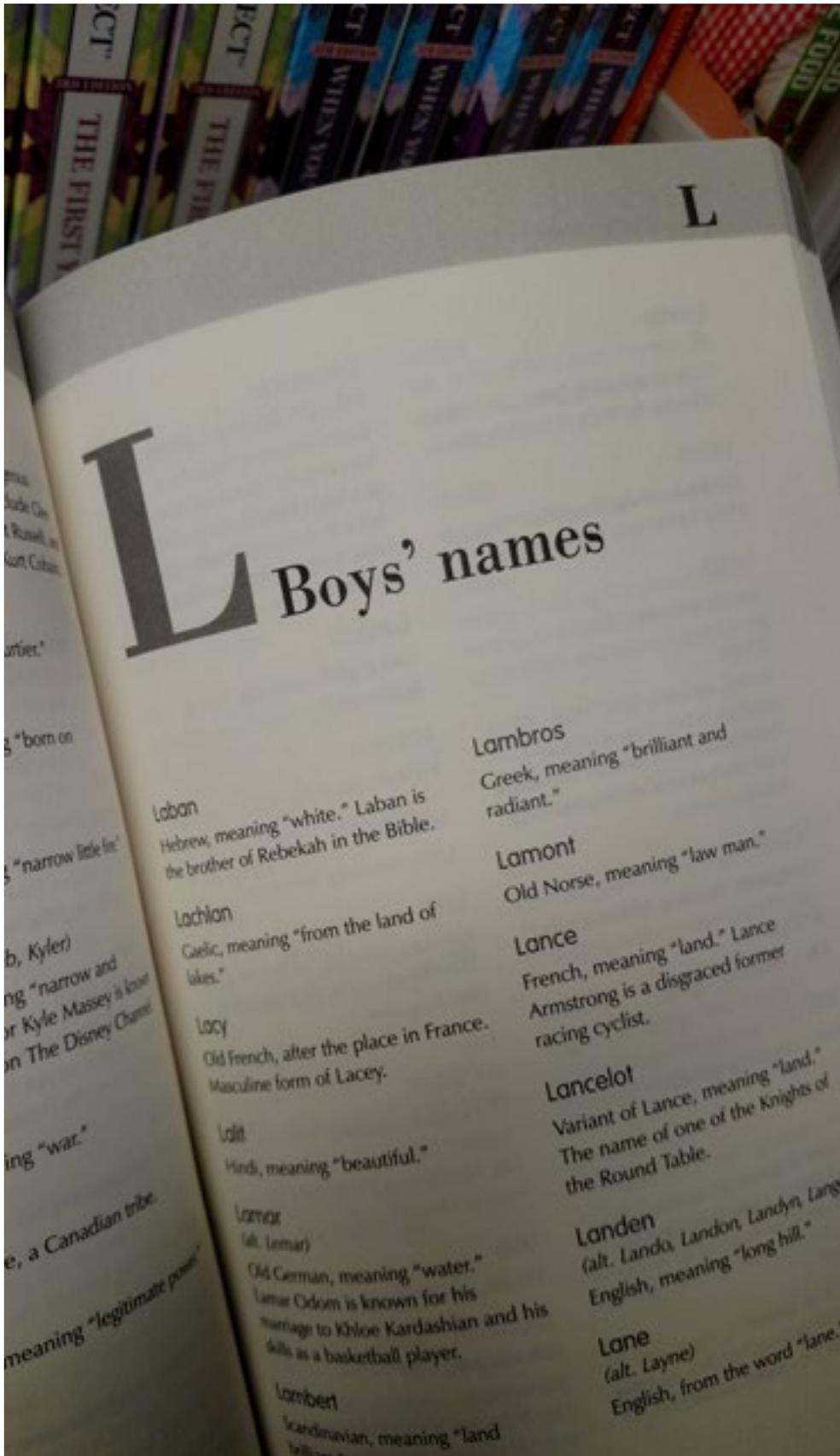
– Excessive cell phone usage.

Phones should be used to communicate where your tailgate is located, and nothing else. Keep them in your pockets, not your hands.

By following these basic tailgate guidelines, you, too, can create a top tailgate destination in a Megabus survey. Better luck next time, Bama.

The Indy Sports Editorial Board ([sports@harvardindependent.com](mailto:sports@harvardindependent.com)) is intrigued by Megabus’ statistical analysis.

# captured and shot



Need a baby name? The Harvard Book Store has you covered...

