

THE HARVARD
independent
10.20.16 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969



Inside: Art & Cuisine Amidst Midterm Stress and Campus Turmoil.

10.20.2016

Vol. XLVIII, No. 7

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persevering!*

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To request or inquire regarding an email subscription, please email president@harvardindependent.com.

The *Harvard Independent* is published weekly during the academic year, except during vacations, by The Harvard Independent, Inc., Student Organization Center at Hilles, Box 201, 59 Shepard Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

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Goodbye Frozen Food, Hello Fresh!

Getting comfortable in the kitchen.

By CAROLINE GENTILE

In light of the recent strike, I have become much more cognizant of how I go about feeding myself. The dire d-hall situation has forced me to think about what life will be like without access to a dining hall at all—when I am an adult... *dun dun dun*. While I still do not know where I will be next year, I can be sure of one thing: there will be no HUDS. I will have to fend for myself.

This thought terrifies me for a number of reasons, but I am not afraid of having to cook for myself after May of 2017. I have Hello Fresh to thank for that.

It all started this summer when I was en route to Shake Shack on Newbury Street.

“Hey! Do you like eating healthy?”

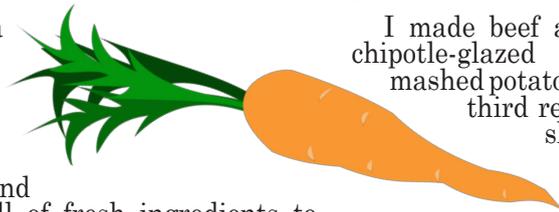
I turned around to see a young man in a green apron waving at me.

“Uh, usually I do...” I said, gesturing towards the holy mecca of burgers that I had been fantasizing about all day.

He laughed. “Can I have a minute of your time?”

Usually I don’t stop to talk to people selling things on the street. After engaging in a two-hour conversation with a Green Peace worker a few years ago, I had learned my lesson. But SJ, the green apron guy, promised he would be quick.

SJ was a representative for Hello Fresh, an international company that offers healthy meal plans and delivers boxes full of fresh ingredients to make recipes, some of which are developed by British celebrity chef, Jamie Oliver. Each week, users can select three step-by-step recipes out of several to have delivered to their homes. Each box contains enough ingredients to make food for either two or four people.



After listening to SJ’s spiel, I decided to try a discounted trial of Hello Fresh. I had been living in an apartment all summer with full access to a kitchen, but my cooking had been limited to frozen food or various forms of pasta. Cognizant of the impending doom that is adulthood, I realized that I needed to learn to cook actual, fresh food sooner rather than later. Especially meat—I am not a vegetarian, but I definitely did not like handling meat. As a result, when left to my own devices, I tended not to eat it because I did not like, nor knew how, to cook it.

Hoping to become more comfortable in the kitchen, I downloaded the Hello Fresh app on my phone and ordered the Classic box for two people, although I was very nearly tempted by the Vegetarian box to continue my avoidance of cooking meat.

The following Monday, a large box filled with fresh ingredients and dry ice arrived at my doorstep. Each recipe’s ingredients were separated into labeled boxes, and only the bare minimum of each ingredient was provided, so as to minimize waste.

I made beef and snap pea stir-fry and chipotle-glazed pork chops with garlic-mashed potatoes and roasted broccoli. My third recipe was for pesto chicken skewers, but I did not have time to make them, so I gave the ingredients to a friend for her to make.

Each recipe came with step-by-step directions, with a picture for each step. This made the recipes very easy to follow. I also loved not having to go to the grocery store to get all the ingredients. Before having Hello Fresh, grocery shopping had been half the battle for me to actually cook something. Having it all right there allowed me to focus

on my cooking skills, especially with meat. By following the simple directions in each recipe, I realized that cooking was not as stressful as I once found it. In no time, I was sautéing pork chops like a pro.

To be honest, I was shocked by how little time it took me to make these dishes—and how good something that I had made all by myself tasted! There were certainly a few missteps along the way—I cut my finger peeling ginger and ended up undercooking my potatoes so that I had to put them in a blender to mash them—but both dishes were not only edible, but also delicious. However, I thought the portions allotted by Hello Fresh were quite small; I could have easily eaten all the food that was supposed to be for two people if I were really hungry. Perhaps that says more about me than it does about Hello Fresh, though!

Despite the “small” portions, my overall experience using Hello Fresh was positive. I definitely became more comfortable cooking for myself and for others, and was able to eat healthfully in the process. When the days of HUDS and dining halls are long behind me as an adult, I could certainly see myself using Hello Fresh again. Now, if only they delivered fresh ingredients to Harvard dining halls during the strike...

Caroline Gentile '17 (cgentile@college.harvard.edu) welcomes any suggestions for other apps that make #adulthood less intimidating.

INDY FORUM

What should we do about it?

This strike has gone on for two weeks, which directly equates to too long. But if college taught me anything, it is how to be resourceful. And by resourceful, I mostly mean use the fact that I have enough Midwestern charm (and cleavage) to get away with just about anything.

Here are some other hunger-pang driven ideas that might help you find sustenance!

Redownload Tinder

Forget swiping your card when you could just swipe right! I may be a single independent woman who does not need a man, but I still need 3 servings of vegetables a day – which HUDS has not been providing. It is not that hard to come off as thirsty when you're this fckn hungry. Just be sure to show up a little late and coordinate with your roommates to call you after 40 minutes with a made-up tragedy that will, unfortunately, bring the date to a close, and also relieve your benefactor from the duty of walking you home.

Join a Club

Or at least sign up for the mailing list. In these dark and desperate times, who knows if one of those hundred "take me off this mailing list" emails are actually about a study break where there might be *gasp* food. On the off chance that they cheat you with some fro-yo, it is really easy to unsubscribe from the mailing list and immediately cut those people out of your life because you do not need that type of negativity.

Expand Your Friend Group

That really annoying kid from your floor freshman year may prove rather irksome, but he does live 20 minutes away and his mom drops off casseroles on a regular basis. It might actually be for the better that the Plug (aka the guy helping you ward

I'M FCKN HUNGRY.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

off scurvy) ended up in the same house as you, even though you definitely avoided any conversation about blocking together.

Actually Sleep

There is no shame in going to sleep early because your bank account is the only slightly higher than your G.P.A. right now. Even the cost of delivery is giving your heart more palpitations than when you turned to the first question of your math midterm and realized you couldn't find X if it could clear out your pores, call your mom regularly, fill your bank account, return your emails in a timely fashion. So, time to get 8 hours of sleep!

Take what I've said with a grain of salt (as if you could find salt or any other seasoning in the barren dining halls these days).

Passive Aggressive Venmo

So you can't sleep, but you're running even lower on patience than you are on calories. You know your roommate definitely owes you \$30+ on Venmo and have noticed they have been putting in some extra hours this week. Now would be a good time to send that "reminder" on Venmo about some of that money, or at least mention that they could cover your share of that 11:59 pm rushed Dominos order before they stop delivering.

Put Yourself Up for Adoption

By the time you let your parents know how rough midterms were for you, you will be looking for some new elders to disappoint. Since your professors already knows you are about to lower the curve faster than the limbo bar at a drunken beach-themed party, you should start looking for other rich elders who can help you out. One of the perks of reconnecting with alumni is that they usually do not have to check their bank balance each time they swipe their credit card.

I'm going to be honest and say I'm still hungry, so take what I've said with a grain of salt (as if you could find salt or any other seasoning in the barren dining halls these days). With the stress of midterms, at least you can pretend that the fear of food instability is more pressing (because at least food is a literal necessity versus that long code you struggled to write last week).

At the end of the day, we are all trying to scrounge up some Marshmallow Mateys and settling for the crumbs of Life Cereal from days past.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) wishes you all luck in the search for palatable cuisine!

As I made my way to Randolph on this uncharacteristically warm October Tuesday evening, it occurred to me that I had not visited the building in some time. Whether it is attributed to the hectic nature of midterm season or to the physical restrictions the strike has put on my comings and goings in Adams, I am sad to say that I have ventured from my usual path only for sustenance and caffeine of late. But the call of Seamus Heaney and an unfulfilled need for adventure drew me from my hermitage and led me to Randolph I-12.

Room I-12 in Randolph Hall of Adams House was the Harvard dwelling of Irish poet Seamus Heaney. He called that room home during his time as visiting professor beginning in 1979, the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory (1984-1995), and as the Ralph Waldo Emerson Poet in Residence (until 2006). Heaney's death in 2013 rocked not only his Harvard community of friends, students, and peers, but his admirers world wide as well. Therefore, the initiative to commemorate his living space as a room for study and growth was supported by all who wished to carry on his legacy.

All this I knew before my ascent on those creaky spiral stairs and entrance through the unbarred door. The print of "Digging" on the heavy dark wood door gave me a nostalgic pause as I recognized the words that first introduced me to the work of Heaney. I moved through the doorway and was greeted by the writing tutors of Adams, a couple of student readers, and a few other friends and listeners. What struck me at first was the openness of the room. It seems a Harvard dorm room uncluttered by adolescent paraphernalia can actually be quite elegant. The framed photos and prints of poems on the walls were complimented by the books that lay open and lined the shelves in more than one corner. As I perused them, though, I could not help but conclude that each one was chosen carefully for its relation to Heaney and his craft. A great deal of Yeats was rightfully present. The red couches, comfortably occupied, sat around the fireplace – this one was not blocked. I chose a chair from the door-like wooden table, and joined the circle.

The tutors had brought cookies and welcomed everyone to the reading session. The Adams Writing Team has approximately one of these Heaney Suite Readings a month. It was on House Master Sean Palfrey's prompting to celebrate not only the work of Heaney but, more so, the kind of man he was – one open to teaching, reading and writing because he loved it. The series has so far been a great success – though it is understandably celebrated amongst more humanist communities in Adams. The readers introduced themselves and contextualized their work before beginning. The stories were dark and provocative – read aloud in soft voices in a



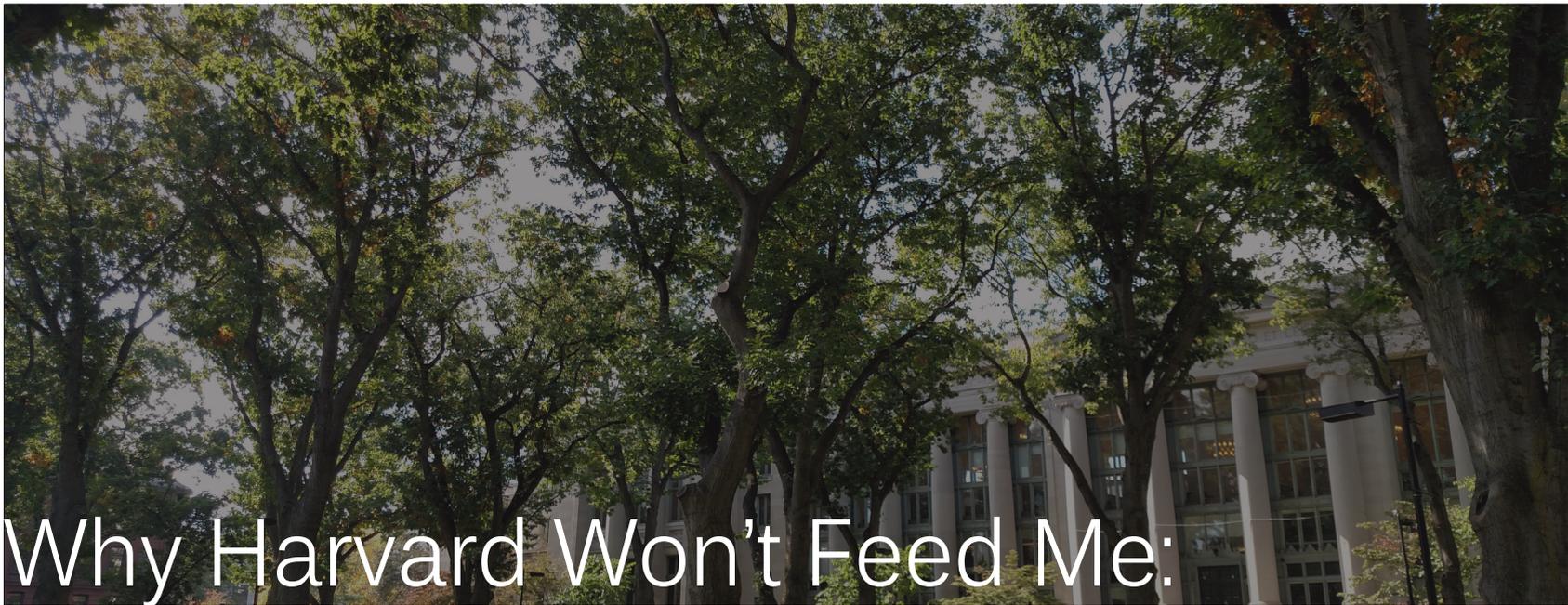
quiet room where nothing stirred.

One reader had chosen an excerpt from the novel she is working towards completing. Another, though also reading an excerpt from a larger collection of stories, chose to discuss the academic exercise that was her writing process. The texts discussed had meaning beyond their creators and began to take on lives of their own as we explored their themes, visual details, and narrative agency. I could imagine the smiling face of Heaney giving life to the spoken words.

And so I found myself in the space of an hour free from deadlines, due dates, and graded writing. Though writing for the Indy is a transformative experience in itself, my papers and articles are constantly at risk of slipping into obligated tedium. Perhaps it is a weakness of mine, but I am constantly searching for inspiration to make what we do here at Harvard

mean more than just grades and job offers. I left the Heaney suite satisfied in my quest for adventure and inspiration, returning to my room in search of more words. The evening left me with a wish to write more and live in a realm where Heaney's legacy is unmitigated by stress and frenzy. I almost wish my Harvard years had fallen amidst those when Heaney lived and worked in I-12. I am moved to delight, however, because I can still find his soul haunting the walls of I-12 in this place where both frosts and tests are hard.

Caroline C. Cronin (ccronin01@college.harvard.edu) recommends the reading of Irish poetry to combat the stress of the season.



Why Harvard Won't Feed Me:

A History of Muslim Students vs. HUDS

Thought you had it bad with the HUDS strike? Think again.

By ADITYA AGRAWAL

As Harvard students confront the lack of food options on campus, they may be confronting first hand what it meant to be a Muslim on campus before 2015.

In light of the HUDS strike, students across the campus have raised concerns about the ensuing dining hall offerings: concerns, among other things, about the hygiene, nutritional content and variety of the food being offered. Yet, Muslim undergraduates before 2015 had to live with such restrictions in Harvard dining halls every single day, every single meal.

Muslims are forbidden from eating non-halal meat. Halal simply means permitted or lawful, and refers to meat that has been sourced in observance of Islamic Sharia law. 2.5% of the incoming undergraduates in 2019 identified as Muslim in the Harvard Crimson's Class of 2019 survey. Over 70% of the incoming class took the survey.

Before early 2015, halal hot dogs and hamburgers were the only meat-based

options for Muslim students in Harvard dining halls, besides weekly halal dinners held by the Harvard Islamic society free of charge.

Several concerns were raised consistently: hot dogs and hamburgers are unhealthy, and aren't products that can -- or should -- be consumed everyday. However, the HUDS offerings did not change because of both administrative apathy and a lack of a concentrated student voice.

This changed in early 2015. Now UC President, Shaiba Rather '17, sent out a survey to Muslim undergraduates in the fall of 2014. The results were alarming: over 70% of the Muslim population on campus took the survey, and the majority wanted healthier protein items. "Many asked why they should have to eat processed foods as protein," Rather said.

As is the norm for large corporations, an Excel file achieved what verbalized complaints could not. Rather went to the HUDS administrators with the data, and

asked about the possibility of serving healthier options like halal grilled chicken at the grill.

After some back-and-forth, Harvard caved in, but not without a trade off. They replaced the existing halal hamburgers and hot dogs with halal grilled chicken, which, today, is the only meat-based option for Muslim undergraduates. Administrators reportedly said that the college would have to bear increased costs with this switch, grilled chicken being more expensive than the previous offerings.

Today, as general student body seeks redressal for the subpar food on offer, it would do well to spare a thought for our Muslim brethren and reflect on issues of access and power at the world's richest institution.

Aditya Agrawal (adityaagrawal@college.harvard.edu) encourages the continuing questioning of these practices as students demand reform in the administration.

HUDS Walkout and Discussion

As week two of HUDS strike comes to a close, no deal in sight.

By MEGAN SIMS

As of yesterday, Harvard University Dining Services workers will have been striking for one week. In that time, several more negotiation sessions between Local 26 (the union representing HUDS) and Harvard have been held, but no deal has been reached.

You can find HUDS workers picketing every day in the Science Center plaza. They march with Support the Strike and Unite Here Local 26 signs. Echoes of “What do we want? Justice! When do we want it? Now!” and “If we don’t get it, shut it down” pulse through the yard on any given day. With negotiations continuing and neither side yielding on their stances, there is no sign that the strike will end with a deal having been made.

On Monday evening, I had the opportunity to speak with Cindy Hegarty, who works

in Currier, and Elpidia Borges, who works in Kirkland, during an event cosponsored by the Harvard University Global Health Forum and Harvard Student Labor Action Movement (HUGHF). Their overwhelming sentiment was that they were tired. Having drug on for fourteen days, they made clear that the workers were growing weary of spending their days protesting while not getting paid. “We want to go home and have something nice to say,” Borges said as they waited for news of the negotiations happening at the time of the event.

All this came following the walkout just hours before. At 12:30 pm Monday, hundreds of students walked out of class and gathered at the John Harvard statue for a half-hour rally in support of the strike. Students and workers spoke to the crowd through megaphones amid cheers of affirmation (and boos for the administration). John from

Strikes do not happen because workers want them to happen.

Annenberg, who has for years made a point of learning every freshman’s name, spoke honestly about the importance of healthcare in his life as did several other workers. A Libyan student told her story of being introduced to a Libyan chef in Annenberg and feeling a sense of belonging at Harvard



Protesters walking towards the John Harvard statue during the Monday Oct 17 walkout. Audrey Effenberger

HUDS Walkout, continued.

during her freshman year. At the corner of University Hall, a man with a Boston's Local 26 cap and a megaphone continuously responded to the speakers "Thank you."

Larry Summers, President Emeritus of Harvard and Professor for Economics 10 allegedly told students in his 12 o'clock lecture that if they intended to participate in the walkout, they should leave before class began. Several students from Ec10 were present, and one even spoke at the rally. It is unclear whether they left at Summers' direction or still walked out at 12:30. This decree, however, epitomizes the widening divide between students and the administration on issues of the strike. As of now, over 3,000 students have signed the petition in support of the strike, and campus attitude seems to largely be on the side of workers. Tension between students and the administration has been mounting since the mandate on single-gender social organizations last spring, and the strike has done nothing but increase it.

Much like HUDS workers, though, students too are tired. With half the dining halls closed and those that are open serving raw meat and food with plastic and tin foil in it on more than one occasion, students have been eating out more frequently and eating more erratically. At the height of midterms season, the strained relationship with campus food offerings adds to an already stressful season. And the absence of the friendly faces of our favorite HUDS workers has left a feeling of emptiness in the houses.

The publicity emails for the HUGHF event read, "Take a Breather," an apt command given the current state of affairs. Co-president of HUGHF Melanie Fu spoke about the organization's desire to do something in support of the strike. "Healthcare is really important to us," she said, "and we wanted a space for workers



A poster at the Monday Oct 17 walkout. Megan Sims

to be able to eat and students to be able to eat and for everyone to just talk about it." Unlike the protests and actions of the strike, the HUGHF event was designed to be a place for students and workers to decompress and process the events of past two weeks.

"A lot has been happening," Fu said. Indeed, a lot has happened. On Friday, students attempted to walk in a speech given by Drew Faust at an alumni event and eleven HUDS workers and union officials were arrested for blocking traffic in Harvard Square. I learned from Hegarty and Borges that they had their hearing Monday morning, and the charges were dropped.

Part of the overwhelming nature of the strike comes from the University's reticence to speak about it. Fu pointed out that while the administration holds town halls on single-gender social organizations and other issues, they have remained mostly silent about the strike. Save for updates about the current dining hall situation, the University's primary communication about the strike came in an email from Marilyn Hausammann, Vice President of Human Resources. The email sharply condemns the union as unwilling to "engage in constructive dialogue," frames Harvard's proposals as fair and even generous, and expresses the value of HUDS workers to the Harvard administration.

Just hours later, the Student Labor Action Movement (SLAM) sent a follow-up email entitled "Let's Get the Facts Straight." SLAM's email demonstrates the flaws with the Harvard proposal—namely, that Harvard will only offer an increase in wages with serious healthcare cuts—and reaffirms

the importance of strike as a protest against this plan. And in truth, the Harvard story does not quite add up. Over 80% of HUDS workers attended the vote on whether to strike, and 97% of those in attendance voted for it. With numbers like that, it seems difficult to conclude that Harvard's plan is fair in the eyes of those who will have to live with it.

Strikes do not happen because workers want them to happen. "It's been great to get the walking in," Hegarty joked with me. But Borges and Hegarty also talked about how workers are upset and growing worried about paying bills. It has been time consuming to protest, and without pay, many workers are struggling to make ends meet. Hegarty checked her phone several times during our conversation, waiting for updates. "They've been meeting in the Charles Hotel on the fifth or sixth floor for negotiations," she said. "We protest outside there and [the union officials] wave down at us, and we wave at them."

As students and workers look to the University to end the strike and the University does not yield, the campus continues to feel largely in a state of anxious suspension. With no certainty how negotiations will end, students continue to plan actions in support of the strike and workers continue to protest.

Hey Harvard, you can't hide. We can see your greedy side.

Megan Sims (megansims@college.harvard.edu) is supporting the strike, and you should too! <http://tinyurl.com/supportthestrike>

The Harvard Art Museums host a variety of events and exhibits open to interested participants of any kind. While the experience of traversing the museum individually and discovering art and new truths on one's own is not to be undermined, one is also encouraged to compliment this process of growth with the narratives of distinguished individuals willing to share.

One such of these distinguished individuals is Mel Bochner. His lecture given on Wednesday evening at 5:30pm in Menschel Hall discussed the phenomenon in which language has become not a peripheral part of art, but an integral one. The audience was comprised largely of art enthusiasts associated with the University in one way or another. The undergraduates in the room were easy to determine by the lugging of backpacks and the general post-section look of defeat. Regardless of the background of each audience member, everyone had to walk through the cavernous Fogg lobby, down the gray slate stairs, past the flying books, and find a seat in bright orange chairs that put the greens and blues of the Science Center to shame.

The annual Henri Zerner Lecture was introduced by Professor David Roxburgh of the History of Art and Architecture department and Professor Jennifer Roberts of the Humanities. After thanking the Museum, the departments, and the benefactors who make the lecture possible in honor of Professor Henri Zerner, the introductory speeches gave an overview of Bochner's journey as an artist. Trained at Carnegie, and with a brief stint at Northwestern, he went on to develop his new style in New York. Roberts remarked that Bochner's interesting relationship with words would certainly lead to an unorthodox lecture.

When Bochner followed with, "I have nothing to add," he proved that she spoke true. Mel Bochner may be described as a founder of conceptual art, but he made it clear early on in his lecture that he did not consider himself a conceptual artist. Rather, he has simply found new mediums for new ideas he has had throughout his career. Bochner has created photographs of binders, room dimensions, diagrams, and more.

The focus of this lecture and his more recent work has been words; words in their aesthetic appeal, in their physical visual power, and words in their subjectivity and the process of constant redefinition. For Bochner, "The thesaurus captures role of

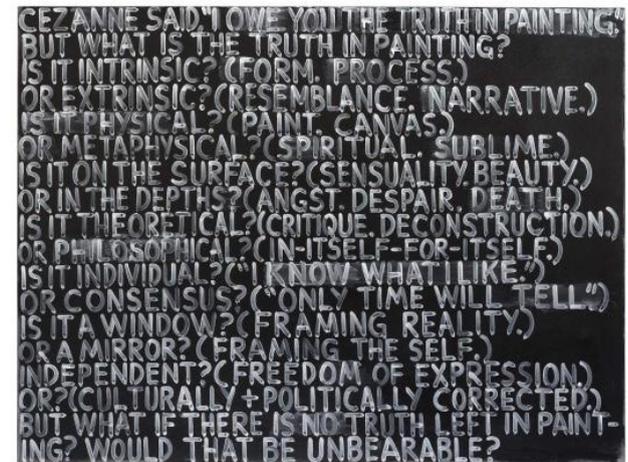
language better than the dictionary." As he continued in his slow and unassuming tone, Bochner drew attention to portraiture. Photos of words written on graph paper in different shapes are portraits. Bochner stated, "Portraiture boils down to what constitutes representation." Therefore, for the different subjects of his portraiture he chose a different focus word – followed by all the synonyms of it – organized in a shape significant for the subject. For his own self-portrait, Bochner found himself placing the words "SOUL SYMBOL" and "SPIRIT MIRROR" opposite each other.

These words and others that he found as he "wandered through the landscape of words," led him to the conclusion that the use of words is constantly changing. After leaving his college thesaurus behind and having to purchase a new one, he discovered that, "Something had reshaped the boundaries of acceptable public discourse." To what he is referring, is the inclusion of obscenities in the modern thesaurus – which school children use often. His process for using the thesaurus, unlike that of a high schooler trying to beef up a paper, is "like going fishing." Sometimes you catch something, sometimes you don't.

Once Bochner has caught his words, he turns towards the colors. The specific color each letter and word is painted in is of deep significance to Bochner. Every letter is painted by hand, though he chooses the colors through improvisation. The visual antagonism that results from this process forces viewers to ask themselves questions about the art: "Is it possible to look at the painting and read the text at the same time?" The art cannot be painting and text all at once, is it only one or the other?

These questions and Bochner's detailed description of the unique physical process of painting on velvet, lead viewers to believe that Bochner is deeply interested in the medium and the process of his painting. To him, the process is ongoing and subjective. He admits that he will never be able to hear the voice in which any given viewer reads his paintings. The concept of "reading paintings" is one that turns generic understandings of art on its head and forces all those involved to hold every word, color and shape with the weight that it carries.

Thus the most poignant and closing



tangled up in words

Harvard Art Museums
Lecture by Mel Bochner.

By CAROLINE CRONIN

moment of the evening came when Bochner read to the audience his painting: Cezanne Said. In a moment of ethereal and powerful author/painter – viewer/reader communion, we all became a part of this process of art and discovery.

Caroline Cronin (ccronin01@college.harvard.edu) wants to find her soul symbol in a spirit mirror.

HUDS and You: *STRIKE EDITION*

A take on the frequent-flyer frozen entrees foisted upon us by the HUDS strike – and what your favorite says about you.

By ANDREW LIN

If the sign-brandishing workers, squawking megaphones, and repeated emails from the administration have not already tipped you off, there does happen to be a dining hall workers' strike going on at the moment here at fair Harvard. And while

there are many legitimate and worthy issues at stake in regards to the strike itself and the position of the University relative to the dining hall workers, we at the Indy feel that there is some room for some very tongue-in-cheek discussion of the surrogate food options that Harvard has provided its students in the meantime. In recognition of the importance of such an issue, the Indy is thus proud to present what your favorite HUDS-strike-era menu selection says about you!



A chocolate éclair and napoleon from the dining halls. *Andrew Lin*

Stuffed Peppers

These stuffed peppers were the author's first introduction to the new eating regime imposed by the HUDS strike, and their individually-bland hits of salty rice, ground beef (with the attendant vague meaty undertones of what HUDS calls "beef flavor"), and watery green-pepper scaffolds at first seemed to bode rather poorly for the future of HUDS aficionados such as myself. But taken together, this offering is a filling and altogether rather efficient combination of the major food groups that balances savory and sweet with a certain adroitness.

What this entrée says about you: Efficient and dependable you are, and worth more than the sum of your individual skill-sets to boot.

Ricotta-Stuffed Shells

Creamy ricotta cheese, assuredly institutional pasta shells, and a generic tomato sauce come together again to make what is a similarly satisfying Italianesque dish. The tomato sauce is itself nothing to write home about: tapioca starch jostles awkwardly next to extra virgin olive oil in the ingredients of the Local Marinara Sauce. But while the ingredients simply identify the constituent shells as "Lite Stuffed Shells", the pasta shells themselves are classically heavy and dense, filled with a ricotta, which, in its uniformity offers a unique sort of comfort in these uncertain times.

What this entrée says about you: Your personality is as comforting, all-embracing, and unsurprising as the simple depths of this cheesy goodness in a tray.

Chicken Fingers

These chicken fingers are notionally identical in form and preparation to the long-standing classic fried fingers that HUDS has featured in part semesters. But within some of the thicker ones there does (or at least this weekend there did) lurk a pink surprise, one that in the context of chicken fingers is not quite altogether welcome. From a culinary stand-point, rawness can often be admirable: woe betide the philistine who orders his or her steak well-done to an incinerated crisp, and the glories of all manner of salads, sushi dishes, and tartare preparations all owe their existence to brave individuals who took the plunge. And if you enjoyed these chicken tenders, you may count yourself among these brave souls, pangs of indigestion aside.

What this entrée says about you: Breaded and professional on the outside you may be, but inside you are a raw risk-taker at heart.

HUDS & You,

continued.

Pastries

These pastries – rich, buttery, and delightfully brought-in from outside – were an insidious temptation for a writer seeking to eat healthy and mitigate the increase in his sodium intake from some of the other options detailed in this article. Yet where

a less-respectable wag might just have let them eat cake and be done with it, I plunged into the depths of the chocolate eclairs, mini carrot cakes, and delightfully dainty napoleons proffered in the dining-halls without regard for my dentition or waistline. And I can say that they were indeed delicious: although the dough of the chocolate éclair

I sampled was ever-so-slightly dry, the napoleon in particular dazzled in its visual presentation (I swoon for those swooping lines of overlaid chocolate) and the depth of flavor in its layered tiers.

What this entrée says about you: Just like the Harvard community, the diversity of your many layers and talents makes you a pleasure to know.

For all the jest, Andrew Lin '17 (andrewlin@college.harvard.edu) is deeply appreciative of the effort the HUDS staff and management have both put into feeding us hungry students, and hopes to see a speedy and equitable resolution to the strike that does justice to the loyalty and dedication the HUDS staff have displayed throughout the years.



Left: Assortment of snacks commonly available at HUDS cafés, as students shift their eating habits.

Right: Lamont now has competition as purveyor of late-night pseudo-French desserts. *Audrey Effenberger*

captured and shot



Changing seasons and paths.

By AUDREY EFFENBERGER