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Inside: Short stories and speculations.

# 09.14.2017

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*The Indy is questioning.*

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 offering diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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# Successful Succession

With the start of this school year came a big announcement: Drew Faust will step down as President of Harvard University. Faust's reign, beginning in 2007, was marked by waves of student protest, social unrest, and massive change at the university. From Occupy Harvard to Divest protests to the imposition of sanctions of single gender social organizations, Faust's presidency has certainly been eventful. Her imminent departure has sparked widespread speculation in regards to her successor. Who will rise to the (rather daunting) challenge of leading our beloved Harvard?

With a seat at the top of one of the most influential institutions in the world now approaching vacancy, the Indy wants to, in true Indy fashion, offer some possible suggestions to the University for Faust's replacement.

## Jill Stein

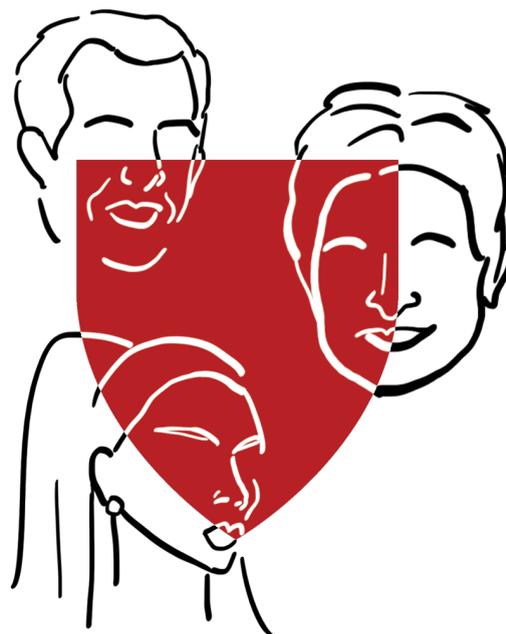
Her commitment to running as a Green Party candidate every four years is admirable, and as an alum of the college and the Med School could provide the insider perspective we need. Of course, getting rid of wifi because of its potential harm to the brain might not be the best or most popular move.

## David Malan

Already the face/leader/figurehead/icon/professor/star/cult leader of one of Harvard's most popular courses, David Malan might be the perfect person for a promotion. Picture it: photobooths with puppet props in every building, electronic musical accompaniment for all lectures, and five weeks into the semester everyone's life suddenly becomes impossible to solve and no one understands a thing anymore.

## Elon Musk

Why not take Harvard's commitment to STEM a step further with a Muskian style makeover. Think the quad is far? In a few years, freshmen will be dreading getting Mars-ed on housing day.



## RuPaul Andre Charles

"In the main challenge, your exclusivity was exquisite, but on the runway, your binary was more like bye-nary. I'm sorry, single gender social organizations, but you are up for elimination."

Goodbye, Drew!  
Hello \_\_\_\_!

By MEGAN SIMS

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## That Bear Cartoon from That One Episode of Black Mirror

I mean, things seemed to work out fine for Britain, right?

## Your Mom's Disappointment About You Not Calling Home Enough

Consistent, ever-present, and always looming over your shoulder, what more could you want out of a university president? Besides, nothing like a disapproving look that you know you deserve to keep you out of trouble.

## The Indy Staff

Your favorite journalists are ready for a new challenge.

Megan Sims (megansims@college.harvard.edu) is personally rooting for Vermin Supreme for Harvard President.

## Not Consulting

How to become a part of the Harvard Teaching Fellows.

By CAROLINE CRONIN

The Indy reached out to Cecilia LaGuarda, a recent graduate of Adams House, who is a current Harvard Teaching Fellow (HTF). She was kind enough to answer some questions about her experience.

Indy: How did you decide to do HTF and at what point at the end of senior year/near graduation did you decide to do it?

CL: I took USW35 my Junior spring, which is when I heard about Harvard Teaching Fellows (HTF) and started thinking seriously about teaching as a first career. The application to HTF is pretty early (this year it's November for Seniors) and I was pretty sure I wanted to teach by the time I applied to HTF. When I found out I got in, I decided that's what I wanted to do!

You have to accept HTF before second semester senior year, because that's when the program starts. While I was considering HTF, I looked into a lot of other teaching programs, attended a lot of OCS events around education and nonprofits, and met with recruiters for Teach for America. Learning about other pathways into teaching helped me decide that a) I wanted to be a teacher and b) HTF would be the best

route for me.

Indy: How is it complimentary to your undergrad career and in what ways is it totally different?

CL: What's so cool about HTF is that all of us come to the program with vastly different exposure to education. Most of us concentrated in something totally unrelated (I was HEB, we have some engineers, and a lot of econ concentrators teach math now). We get to draw on all of the content we learned as undergrads, while learning totally new things about what it means to be a teacher.

The first class I took with HTF during senior spring really was a crash course into all sorts of thinkers, frameworks, vocabulary, and skills that I use every day without thinking about it as a teacher. So you get to take the content you learned and loved as an undergrad and then learn a totally new way of thinking about it.

What's also amazing is that everyone in the program went to Harvard, but most of us didn't know each other till we started. In my last semester at Harvard, I met some of the people who are now my closest friends, colleagues, and roommates.

Indy: What cool faculty have you been influenced by and has such influence changed your future plans?

CL: As a science teacher, my faculty mentor in HTF is Victor Pereira. He is just the coolest and I think everyone in HTF agrees even if they aren't in the science

cohort. Victor was a biology teacher in Boston for 14 years and in 2012 he was the MA recipient of the Amgen award for science teaching excellence (so he's fairly good at what he does ;). I talked to Victor a lot while I was considering HTF, and learning from him about what it meant to be a science teacher really influenced my decision.

The HTF faculty are so different from a lot of the faculty you'll have as an undergrad because they aren't just professors; they're coaches and mentors as well. And they take those roles really seriously. You can tell they care enormously about our success, and they are dedicated to helping us grow as much as we can.

Indy: What would you want someone considering entering the program to know?

CL: If you are considering it even a little bit, you should attend an info session (the next one is on September 22nd in the Barker center) or email [htf@gse.harvard.edu](mailto:htf@gse.harvard.edu) to get more information! You may decide that HTF isn't for you, but I really truly believe that teaching is an incredible career that more Harvard seniors should consider.

# INDY FORUM

## All Time Phi-Low

It's been a good run. Philo and HBOGO access will end on 9/15/17. Have feedback or just want to let us know that you'll miss TV? Shoot us an email at [contact@philo.com](mailto:contact@philo.com).

All good things must come to an end. Here I am pondering whether it was better to have HBOGo and lost, or to have never HBOGone at all. I know it's not quite over yet but I know I'm not going to be ready September 15th when I lose you. Waiting until the first round of quizzes was truly a Phi-low blow. I never appreciated the queue of Game of Thrones episodes enough, or pretending that I cared about any other current TV shows besides Game of Thrones while scrolling through the web page after logging in.

I take back all the complaining about the double log in, along with the accompanied Duo validation (as if I cared if someone stole my identity – I'm knee-deep in a thesis, good luck being me). "Remember me for 30 days," was a more flimsy promise than any claim to "catch a meal sometime," I've ever heard. I didn't mean any of that; I was just irritated at the Harvard Secure WiFi logging me out every 15 minutes.

What am I supposed to do now? Pay for my own Netflix? As if. Do you have any idea

how much time I comped being friends with my freshman roommate so that I could use her family's Netflix account? Does it look like I have that kind of energy anymore? What's next, am I supposed to actually KEEP HULU after the free week trial? Don't get me wrong, I know how to illegally stream things online. That's not the point! After all the late nights doing homework, after all the extra money I paid on Thanksgiving Break tickets – because Harvard doesn't believe in giving the Monday and Tuesday off of that week – after all the swai my body struggled to digest freshman year... And now you're telling me that Harvard has forgotten me?

Harvard snatching away HBOGo and Philo from me was the real wake-up call. The audacity of waiting until the campus was full of undergraduates again before dropping that bomb was almost as petty as Rakesh blocking the Spee on Instagram (which is still unconfirmed but like, not unrealistic, right??). I can't decide whether it was a gift of giving us until the end of Season 7 to remind us to stay humble or the best way to catch our

### HBOCome and HBOGo.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

attention. The warning time before the end of HBOGo was shorter than how long it takes for the online streams take to buffer. Daddy Faust giveth and Daddy Faust taketh away.

Is this because I opened my laptop and signed into Canvas but then immediately closed the tab and opened up HBOGo? Was this a message that I'm supposed to be watching lecture videos instead of LITERAL DRAGONS? No offense, but whomst cares about David Malin's cult and his DJ *that* much? Can you really blame me?

I'm doing my best. It's been a long-time coming but it's clear that the loss of our dearly beloved HBOGo and Philo were the sixth of seven signs of the apocalypse. We lived through mumps, we overcame through the Harvard-Yale loss of 2016, we persevered through the announcement that Harvard Time was slated to end, we rallied through the blizzards, and we survived the dining hall strike (and provided for our staff!). The recent outbreak of Hand, Foot, Mouth disease was a warning to keep us on our toes (and fingers and teeth) during these end of days. My computer is preparing to run into more viruses than the typical Harvard student does just being back on campus.

RIP, HBOGo and Philo. You won't be forgotten. But my login password, as always, will be.

Hunter Richards ([hrichards@college.harvard.edu](mailto:hrichards@college.harvard.edu)) is desperately seeking new ways to procrastinate.

t e l l  
m e  
more

Season 2 of  
Tell Me More  
is coming  
back on  
**September 22!**

Follow us on Soundcloud  
to get the first episode:  
[soundcloud.com/  
harvardindy](https://soundcloud.com/harvardindy)

## This Time Last Year

I wandered around a hospital parking lot blasting  
that one Mountain Goats song on repeat  
at 3:30 in the morning. This time last year  
I chain smoked along the Charles  
trying to suck out the thing that didn't necessarily  
claw at my insides but scratched  
every now and again just to remind me  
it was there. Sometimes I wake up coughing blood  
and wonder what damage has been done  
overnight. Sometimes I stain my sheets  
and don't remember how all this blood  
got inside me in the first place. I wandered around  
that hospital parking lot because  
they said that something broke inside her blood,  
and I figured I had extra she could borrow.  
Or keep. Or throw away, I'd still give it  
in a heartbeat.

By MEGAN SIMS

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## This Time Next Year

I will snap my driver's license in two and try to forget  
where it came from. I won't smile in my next photo.  
I will stop being palatable to the apparatus of the state  
and adopt a new state to tell myself I'm safe  
in this body. My hands are still sticky with honey  
drawn in the shape of the Battle of San Jacinto  
on a biscuit in 2005. I will wash them off  
in the Rio Grande and leave my footprints  
among the ancient snakes and fossils  
and someone might remember I was never  
supposed to be here in the first place.  
This time next year I will head down south  
and light sparklers on the beach and watch  
them crawling towards the sky. And I will not think  
about the witch hunts or the borderlands  
(I am always thinking about the witch hunts  
and the borderlands). I live this year in a house  
of bones and scattered ashes. This time next year  
I will build my body back up from PVC pipe  
and lead paint. I will sink my teeth into heavy metals,  
and I will melt off my finger prints. I'll become toxic  
to the touch and I will revel in this modern leprosy.  
This time next year I will move out west  
and start a new life on the coast of utopia.  
I will drink the water every time and wait  
until blood becomes more metal than liquid.  
And then I will see that it is good,  
and I will rest.

Megan Sims (megansims@college.harvard.edu)  
wonders at this time.

# Little Legs

By ABIGAIL  
KOERNER

The light flickers on to reveal the creatures hiding in the dark. Our outfit choices day-to-night; their visibility night and day. Hair curled and cheeks pink, we ladies venture outward and onward. With itty bitty steps, they take our places. Click and clack our heels march away.

“Oops, I forgot to turn off the light!” she exclaims.

She turns around and opens the door and shuts it off. They whisper among themselves. Crunching and bunching and climbing

everywhere, they exit. They exit the expanse of drywall where a nest was made. They sniff and search and prey on midnight snacks left for later.

If we were nocturnal we might just see their small, brown, shiny bodies. Scuttling along where bodies might go. The ceiling, the floor! Little legs and little bodies taking up space.

Girls out to party mingle, drink, and dance. Their bodies grinding and speaking softly to each other and to those unknown in the night. We dance and dance until we feel like falling over. And we do! With each step, risks are taken. With each gulp, a fall is near. Sparkly tops and sparkly makeup blind us from fear. And so we dance.

In the dark, fear is forbidden. Small, shiny, and impenetrable, they dance too. They dance on the furniture, in the pipes. They dance through our stash of chocolate. They drag it into the walls. Silently, fearlessly, they multiply.

When will they meet? Night: the time of true love. When lust in the eyes beats thoughts of the mind to a pulp and we long to never end up alone. At dawn we arrive home and drag our actions along. Pleasant thoughts of fleeting moments like the flush of a toilet bowl and water that swirls down and down. We are not alone and the bowl will fill. Tiny bodies with tiny legs will appear. If you see them, you are lucky. If you do not, you should live in fear.

Harvard’s hallowed halls are also hollow. Hallowed halls where dirty dwells.

The key turns in the lock. A girl enters her room. She screams, we scream! For there they are – our most esteemed classmates. Generations of cockroaches who are our forever companions – we are never alone.

Abigail Koerner (ajkoerner@college.harvard.edu) writes short fiction, but not always in the company of little bodies.



You’re not the only one scurrying down these stairs. *Francesca Cornero '19*

## House Upon a Hill

Winthrop opens  
anew as a leading  
example.

By HUNTER RICHARDS,  
Photos by FRANCESCA  
CORNERO



Following a year-long renovation as part of the River House Renewal Program, Winthrop House welcomed in its residents this August for move-in. Along with becoming more accessible for its residents, the house saw its common spaces revamped and innovative designing of its infrastructure. Students can find themselves lounging in the tunnels under the sky lighting from glass ceilings, or near the basement kitchen reminiscent of a small-city cafe, or on the polished-wood benches near the pool tables.

While students are sure to enjoy their updated floor plans within their suites and bedrooms, they are welcome to visit their revamped art room or the high-ceilinged yoga room (complete with a hanging chair that over looks the side patio when the glass doors are pulled open). These new spaces designed to accommodate residents gathering to work, lounge, and relax only compete with the updated rooms that Winthrop residents have looked forward to. Suites will also now offer their own private bathrooms, along with ceiling fans within rooms.

With a history of famous alumni residents such as President John F. Kennedy and actor B.J. Novak, it's no wonder that Winthrop House would strive to preserve the foundation that its students remember from their years living there. Even as renovation required the demolition and removal of past mainstays, those planning for new Winthrop worked to incorporate these into the building changes. Where ailing trees were removed in order to preserve the shrubbery and trees within courtyards, in their place are benches circled by new plants.

Keeping the history of the house was a priority in the planning of new Winthrop, with historical ties built into new common spaces. Residents are reminded of the House's namesake within common spaces as well. When sitting within the rooftop lounge, with high ceilings and river view, it is impossible to miss the golden-lettered quotations of John Winthrop.

Although Winthrop residents were wary of the lack of community during renovation when students were scattered across campus

in swing housing, the house is coming together in a more unified manner. The tables and hammocks along the patios of courtyards invite residents to gather outside in the common yard. While the Winn (Winthrop Inn) period of the house's history is behind it, the tunnels of Winthrop still bear reminder with signs from the Harvard Inn and swing housing during the renovation.

With its revitalized common spaces and updated infrastructure, Winthrop House draws from the famous quote of its namesake: "We shall be as a city upon a hill, the eyes of all people are upon us." After a year of renovation whose results Harvard undergraduates eagerly looked awaited, residents now relax in their House upon a hill.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) does not miss the asbestos.

# INDY ARTS

## Winthrop, continued.



## Arrival

By JASPER FU

When the calm voice of the pilot clicks out over the intercom, it is always the same; whether delivered in lilting French or clipped German it is the voice of a man self-collected, professional, and bored. There is none of the anticipation that you the traveller feel at seeing the illuminated seatbelt sign flicker and dim – he will not, in all likelihood, be disembarking alongside you.

If he does, he leaves with the determined strides of Someone with Somewhere to Be in a Hurry, with Somewhere to Be currently Concourse C, Gate 37, O’Hare International Airport, a quarter mile of thronging masses to bull through. Or maybe he trudges through the deserted, baggage terminal of some tiny, six-gate airport tucked away in the middle of the Midwest, two numb hours before daybreak, nodding in grave acknowledgement to passers by. Tired looking men in expensive leather shoes and rumpled dress shirts might warrant the solemn recognition of shared circumstance. A family of five on their first family vacation in years – two children locked in sleep and the oldest fighting a losing war with the same – deserve an exaggerated tip of his gilded cap that perks up the oldest sister and earns the exhausted smile of a mother and father all too eager to get on their redeye to New York, or Japan, or Italy. Together they share in the curious ambiance of airports the world over, that mesh of operating-room white and sterile grey that seems blindingly bright in their pre-dawn torpor. Hardly the romantic, jet-setting life of adventure and authority that he had imagined, ten years and a hundred thousand dollars of flight school ago.

For you, however, it is your first flight and the captain's voice instills in you a thrill – you have landed, in some country you’ve only ever



The Tobin Bridge from above. *Francesca Cornero '19*

read about between glossy pages of a cheap travel brochure, your mother standing besides you, each exuberant exclamation (when can we go there, mom) a dull pain in her chest. You can hardly hear the captain's carefully cultivated tone of professional detachment over the blood pumping through your ears, the staccato beat of your raging heart. And as you get up for the first time in an hour or two (or ten) you hesitate, unsure whether to crane your neck below the cramped carry-on compartment or to hold a partially crouching squat. Your paralyzing indecision leads you to adopt a bastardized compromise between the two as you wait, a self-conscious confluence of awkward angles and straining joints. Caught up in your reverie, it is not until your neighbor of several hours (a quiet and self-contained man of thirty, dressed plainly in jeans and a collared shirt if you are lucky; a whinging and weirdly sweating, uncomfortably overweight salesman waddling slowly into late middle age

if you are not) taps you on the shoulder that you shuffle into a gradual procession across the IBM-grey-speckled-with-vomit-beige carpet.

Muttering a hurried thanks to the curtain call of cabin crew that assembles in the front of the plane, you shuffle out of the cramped cockpit and onto the hallway leading towards the terminal. The corrugated rubber flaps that wrap accordion-like around the entrance to the plane breathe once, shuffling open as you walk past. The shock of it – air redolent with the dustily exotic scents of sandy Morocco or the frigid chill of a Siberian winter so alien to you born and raised on sunny shores or Midwestern summers – sends you back to your childhood. You are two decades younger and dreaming dreams that your mother must quash with a casual cruelty ten times more painful for her than for you. The time your friends spend in Fiji or Prague you spend with your mother, in the public library, or

the local park, or the museum manned only by a hunched-back nonagenarian with that peculiar kind of weathered face that grants him an elderly agelessness. This is time that you cannot possibly appreciate enough, until the retirement home, the sickbed, the funeral, the wake.

Slow steps dampened by grey-green carpet take you through the concourse with all the ponderous grace of a pilgrim. This is your Mecca, this two-tone airport of grey and white, and kiosks peddling duty-free chocolate and tastefully overpriced sunglasses your Kaaba. Perhaps to the traveller behind you, a high-powered businessman taking a connecting flight to Tokyo or Manila or Munich these flights are no more than a bi-weekly grind on the path to establishment, power, progression and fame, the airport a monotonous monument to tedium; perhaps to the wealthy family seven steps to the side, the vaguely cushioned seats that an overwrought mother is wrangling her children into just another step ticked off on the American dream of travel and freedom and success.

Perhaps. To you, as you wander wondering through the soaring halls of the airport, it is a dream, yes; but your dream, and hers. It is the dream you shared on warm nights for rainy days, tomorrow, always tomorrow, until tomorrow came and went. Until she, too, came and went. She would have died for you, but she would not – could not – live for you. Sometimes, when you ask yourself why, the hint of bitterness you have carried at her failure buries itself heedless in an avalanche of guilt and shame and condemnation at your own thoughts.

Sometimes you wonder if she forgives you, for waiting so long. She does.

Jasper Fu (jasperfu@college.harvard.edu) travels in stories.



“Children and robins soar and dream...” *Francesca Cornero '19*

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# captured and shot

Four freshmen after their first all-nighter.

By FRANCESCA CORNERO

