

THE HARVARD
independent
10.12.17 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969



Inside: Indigenous Peoples', Mental Health, and Coming Out Days

10.12.2017

Vol. XLVIV, No. 6

CONTENTS



The Indy takes a day.

Cover photo by
Audrey Effenberger '19.

- 3 Indigenous Peoples' Day
- 4 Living Bicuriously
- 5 Always
- 6 Cup of Joe
- 7 Health at Harvard
- 8 Next Customer Please
- 10 Happy Death Day
- 11 Two Poems

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.

For publication information, email subscriptions, and general inquiries, contact President Daniel Um (president@harvardindependent.com). Letters to the Editor and comments regarding the content of the publication should be addressed to Editor-in-Chief Caroline Cronin (editorinchief@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.

Copyright © 2017 by The Harvard Independent.
All rights reserved.

President
Editor-in-Chief
Vice-President,
Publishing

Daniel Um '19
Caroline Cronin '18
Hunter Richards '18

News Editor
Forum Editor
Arts Editor
Sports Editor
Podcast Editor

Pulkit Agarwal '19
Megan Sims '18
Hunter Richards '19
Tushar Dwivedi '20
Kelsey O'Connor '18

Design Editor
Staff Photographer

Audrey Effenberger '19
Francesca Cornero '19

Staff Writers

Emily Hall '18
Hannah Kates '18
Hunter Richards '18
Sally Yi '18

Find us online!



@HarvardIndy



soundcloud.com/harvardindy



Massachusetts Hall, historical site of Harvard's "Indian College." *Jilly Cronin '21*

Indigenous Peoples' Day

Native Americans at Harvard College (NAHC) celebrated Indigenous Peoples' Day October 9th. Following a public demonstration celebrating indigenous culture, guests were welcomed to join members for a dinner of indigenous food. The event also allowed demonstration of the student group's petition against the University's primary recognition of the holiday as Columbus Day. With the #changethenam campaign, NAHC hopes to influence the University to recognize Indigenous Peoples' Day and support the Native American community.

Although Harvard's registrar notes Indigenous Peoples' Day under the explanation of the University holiday, it is only mentioned after the federally observed Columbus Day. The recognition of Native American people by a predominant institution holds influence over peer institutions. Fellow Ivy League university Brown has acknowledged its recognition and celebration of Indigenous Peoples' Day.

While only 4 states celebrate Indigenous Peoples' Day, the recognition of the Native American people and celebration of their cultures holds influence to many. Advocates for Indigenous Peoples' Day argue against observing a federal holiday meant to recognize Christopher Columbus, who was not the one to "discover" America but rather to colonize it. The mass genocide of Native American people that followed after the 1492 expedition is mocked by the continued federal celebration of Columbus.

With the ongoing oppression, cultural appropriation, and erasure of Native Americans, it is imperative to recognize their people rather than continue celebrating Columbus. Only 25 years ago, Berkeley, CA became the first city to officially observe Indigenous Peoples' Day and has since been joined by over 50 cities, states, and universities.

Indigenous Peoples' Day not only reflects on the oppression faced by Native Americans

Heard in The Yard

"Actually, I got his dad drunk and pretty angry..."

"I mean, I'd f*\$#k a pig to save hostages, wouldn't you?"

"Her mom was the party with us and had some shots and really got it on."

"Why has no one even asked me how I am changing the community for the better?!"

"Welcome to my Meme Cage."

"So I've really been trying to cut back on the length of my responses."

Celebrated at Harvard.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

historically and the survival of their people against colonization, genocide, disease, and displacement: It is a chance to celebrate the diverse cultures of Native Americans and sharing their practices with others proudly.

Native Americans at Harvard College is a student group whose mission to encourage the intellectual, community, and social growth of Native issues and culture while supporting its members.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) hopes for increased recognition and support of Indigenous Peoples, starting with Harvard's campus.

Living Bi-Curiously Through Others

Thoughts on Coming Out Day.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

There is an irony in Coming Out Day being within the same month as Halloween. Just when you start thinking about what costumes you could pull off, you're reminded of the longest running character you pretended to be.

Pretending to be straight was the longest scam I've ever pulled. You would think coming out meant less time putting on the daily routine and pretending, but it takes much longer to unlearn what you've taught yourself.

I remember hearing that bisexuals were so lucky because they have twice as many options. I would argue that the years of hiding my sexuality have limited my social skills in general. Whether it's because I'm never sure if a girl is just being nice to me or actually flirting, or nervous to mention that I'm queer in a new social group, I've had to calculate the benefit-risk assessment before every action.

If she's not flirting, will she hate me for hoping she was? Or, even worse, if she was flirting, how am I supposed to respond? Do I flirt back? Can I flirt back? Why do I want to flirt back? No, no, it's okay to flirt back. Damn, I can't flirt back. I can't do this. What if everyone here hates queer people? What would they do to me if they do and they find out? Are they going to hate me? Do I hate me?

Growing up in a conservative area where I didn't feel safe coming to terms with my

queer identity, finding the courage to come out at all took years. I have much less energy to put towards relationships after being left emotionally exhausted coming out. Facing the disapproval and concern from family members, peers, and my community after coming out forced me to be louder and prouder of my identity than I was prepared for.

While I hadn't ever wanted to be a role model or leader, I was quickly a person others could confide in or look to for guidance about their own identities. Although I still regularly

Pretending to be straight was the longest scam I've ever pulled.

find myself wrestling with my identity, helping others come to terms with the same issues that held me back have made the stress, fear, and anger worth it. Reminding others that they are valued and deserving of love, especially unto themselves, while struggling to accept their identity is important.

Part of why I enjoy encouraging others is selfish. Just because I can't confidently open up and pursue queer relationships out of my own internalized fear and hatred from growing up doesn't mean that nobody can. Being the wingman to other queer people feels like I'm still at least earning participation

points. The fear of hurting someone else because I'm not ready to admit I'm queer or to actively acknowledge that I'm queer has always kept me from opening up. Even after coming out and overcoming the doubts and negativity from others, I still hold back part of my identity because of my own issues.

Surrounding myself with people who love and support me has helped me come a long way towards accepting and loving myself. I am much happier, healthier, and stronger. I can take pride in my queer identity in a way that I never could before with the support of my friends and family. I don't know whether I'll ever entirely mute that little voice in my head that repeats all the negative opinions I've ever heard, but my happiness is much louder now.

Coming out can be a very hard, stressful decision and process. No one should feel forced to speed along their progress or share part of themselves they aren't ready to. Not feeling safe or comfortable telling others about your identity does not invalidate it. You are still you, you are still all you, even if you aren't ready to show anyone else that or even show yourself.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) hopes to continue towards loving all of herself and helping others to as well.

Always

Some awkward coming out moments.

By ALAYA AYALA

The first time I came out of the closet, I tripped and landed on my face.

That moment has crystallized in my mind. I see it through cracked rose-colored glasses. Bittersweet and fragile, and hilarious for all the wrong reasons.

I came out for the first time to my friends. We were in tenth grade, and we were playing truth or dare during lunch because we were too cool and too lame to eat in the cafeteria downstairs. I'm assuming that whoever is reading this can already see how having a group of hormonal teenagers playing truth or dare could easily go wrong, and go wrong it did. Two of us were already sniffing when it was my turn to play.

"Truth or Dare?"

I already knew I was going to do or say something stupid, might as well make it as painless as possible.

"Truth."

We had already been confessing to all sorts of things. Promises we'd broken, secrets we'd kept until that moment. We'd only really been playing for fifteen minutes. The question they asked was simple. I could have played it off, made it into a joke. But when I looked up before I answered it, I literally could not stop myself from letting it all slip out.

"Truth."

"If you had to date one of us who would it be?"

I mean, she was sitting right there, right across from me. Smiling that smile that I loved and hated because it made her look like she already knew all the answers. She definitely already knew mine, but that didn't mean I wanted everyone else to. But then she winked and my heart squeezed and my lungs fluttered and I said it all without even saying that much.

"I think you guys already know who...and by the way I think I'm bi."

Silence. And then a laugh from her and a chuckle from the rest. The teasing was lighthearted, and my cheeks were painted redder than a porcelain doll's. And then she said it.

"Oh, you're not my type."

Break.

The second time I came out, my nose almost fell off.

My little-brother-who-is-bigger-than-me and I were walking home from the bus stop. Walking in silence that wasn't really silent because angry-loud winter wind was trying to freeze us from the outside-in. It was one of those dark Massachusetts afternoons when the kids walked home at night-time.

I was trying very hard to make him think that my eyes were watering because of the cold outside, not the aching hole inside, but he must have seen right through that after a while because all of a sudden, his hand was holding my backpack and I was jerked to a stop.

"What's up with you?"

"Would you be mad if I told you I was bi and sad?"

"I'm only mad that you're sad."

And then my nose almost fell off because the wind found my tears and decided it wanted to keep them right where they were.

Freeze.

The third time I came out my mom and I had been going sixty miles an hour down the highway for the past hour and I was so sleepy I couldn't see straight. Pun intended.

She didn't even warn me before she asked me if I was pansexual.

"Um...yeah, but I usually identify as bisexual. How'd you know?"

"I'm your mom. I'll always know."

A year later we both have the word "always" tattooed on our backs. One third because of Harry Potter, one third because we'll always have each other's backs, and one third because she said always and my heart got a little less bitter that day.

My heart is still plenty bitter because I've come out at least fifty more times since then, and I'm still not out to everyone who has a hold of it. Sometimes when I feel bad about that I put on those cracked rose-colored glasses and laugh, or I turn up the air conditioning and think about how funny it would be if my nose really did fall off this time.

Alaya Ayala (alaya_ayala@college.harvard.edu) is hoping to have come out to some more important peeps by 2018 but probably won't.



A Cup of Morning Joe

A town hall at IOP.

By MALCOLM REID

For the first time, the Institute of Politics hosted a Harvard town hall this week, with our visiting fellows Joe Scarborough and Mika Brezinski (whose name gives my autocorrect an aneurysm). A brilliant idea on their part, this event allowed for students to converse with speakers in a way that few events thus far have. For this town hall, the issue was focused on student involvement in politics and public service. A most relevant topic indeed!

The forum started with an intro from our moderator, the director of polling over at the IOP followed by a welcome by President Drew Faust. That's right, the elusive and mythical President Faust was in fact confirmed to be spotted at the forum! So for those of you who were wondering, she does in fact exist. An interesting aside, it never seems that she is in fact addressing the audience or us, she always seems to cater her speeches to a national global press. Still, it was pleasant to see her, and she always has notable things to say, whether it be about expecting others or other topics.

After that, Joe and Mika jogged onto stage and after a minute or two of playful banter, they jumped right in. They were shown pictures that the student participants chose beforehand of how we would represent 2017's political climate to future viewers. My personal favorite was one of Michael from The Office cringing (but this is isn't exactly impartial; it was mine). It led our conversation in a very particular direction, as students voiced their anxieties about the government.

Now, unsurprisingly, this mostly involved references to Trump and the administration's approach to certain issues which many students feel strongly about. Whether it be about immigration, or healthcare, these

students were clearly nervous about their causes being undermined. What struck me as a poignant remark however, was one student's complaint that conservatives, or specifically Trump's voters, won't just go away. Both Joe and Mika responded by noting that these people matter, but I feel that there wasn't an understanding in the general audience that these are people who are afraid, just like the students in the forum. And by treating them as insignificant and foolish, you can only force them into a corner, and if you force people into a corner they'll fight like wolves. But I think this town hall style event will be good exposure for students to get exposure to other opinions, and students are eager to get involved, so I think once we continue with this we have good prospects for the future. And it was amusing to see people literally throwing the microphone around the room, it made it feel so informal yet very well structured. Almost as amusing as the reactions Mika and Joe had to learning there were Republicans in the room.

But it was a civil and productive event, and informative! For Joe and Mika, what was key was just being involved, trying to understand the other side of the aisle, and not being afraid to speak up could help fix the political rift. And besides this wisdom, an impromptu hug from Joe Scarborough certainly made the event memorable on my part. And I just learned he put a picture of it on his Instagram! See - that's why you should go to these events - you never know what will happen!

If my dear readers take very few things away, the importance for political involvement and the exciting opportunity presented by these town halls should be among those things. Of course, staying up to date with events helps, so if you're among that blessed few students

able to get up early in the morning, check out Morning Joe and its contemporaries! I'll see you all at the next exciting and controversial event on campus!

Malcolm Reid (mjreid@college.harvard.edu) will be thinking about the immortalization of that Scarborough Hug on social media all week.

Health at Harvard

Photo Story: Mental Health Day
Photos and CPR in The Yard.

By FRANCESCA CORNERO



INDY ARTS



The set of *Next Customer Please* in Agassiz Theatre. Marissa Garcia '21

To Be a Pioneer

Next Customer Please, a Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club play, premieres and invites you to be a member of its first audience.

By MARISSA GARCIA

There is something inexplicable about witnessing a show that is on the precipice of premiere. There is no plot line with which we are familiar... no preconceived notions or expectations about when we think we *should* laugh or when we think we *should* cry. There is no vague impression of how we think the story goes, so much so that we begin structuring and pacing everything we see... as what may be the case with the quintessential showing of a Shakespearean play. Instead, it is all novel, and therein, a different kind of appreciation felt by the audience. It stems from the acknowledgement that the director, producers, and actors are not involving themselves with something proven to be Right. They are dedicating hours upon hours in order to create something

they find worth the sacrifice of their time. And therefore, this creation... it warrants a watch. Vulnerable the play will be, as its reception will be an unknown, but to be able to experience a play during which you, as an audience member, are able to curate a sense of agency in determining during which scenes you *should* laugh or you *should* cry... now, *that* is theatre.

And so, to say the least, there was something explicable about my witnessing the dress rehearsal for a show that has yet to premiere. It had me watching the scenes in a new way – imagining where the audience *would* laugh. It often turned into me filling those silences myself.

Next Customer Please is a play that makes us laugh not out of the originality of its content but rather out of its showcasing of commonplace annoyances that we never seem to voice. Undeniably, there is a part of us all that kneels in to listen to a deliciously

Next Customer Please Premiere, continued.

frustrating story, especially when it happens in the realm of retail. This is perfect considering that the play's plot centers on clothing store employees subject to hilariously humiliating predicaments.

I had the chance to speak to the director, Carla Troconis '19, about her experiences with directing this play. The script was first introduced to her approximately a year ago when she was directing a different show. It was this show that her friend, Boyd Hampton '16, watched... and loved. It led to him asking Troconis if she would be interested in directing *Next Customer Please*, which he had just written. Wanting to dedicate her spring semester to acting, she opted to push back the project, promising that, if he was still interested in pursuing the project at a later time, she would embrace the opportunity. And this is exactly what happened.

It is no doubt that a large part of the allure of *Next Customer Please* is its deviance. Troconis went on to mention how this play – a comedy – marks a departure from the recent conventions of the Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club. “We have had a lot of seasons of very, very dark shows – which are very important – but it’s nice to have some laughter, and because of that it has been a lovely rehearsal process.”

And its deviance expands past that as well. *Next Customer Please* prioritizes diversity. Although Troconis is the director of this play in particular, she confessed her personal struggles as an actress in comedic shows: “As a woman of color, who... has always been pushed out of comedy or felt like she didn’t really fit in, it was really important to me to cast and include people of color and women. So... there are a lot of women in our cast and also around a 50/50 POC, non-POC balance.” What she said rings true. Not only is there a multitude of cultures being represented, but there also is a balance between gender representation.

The premiere is this Thursday, October 12th at 7:30pm. Further showings include Friday, October 13th at 7:30pm, Saturday, October 14th at 2:00pm and 7:30pm, and Sunday, October 15th at 2:00pm. This final showing will be free to all those who have a HUID. All other showings will be \$8 to students and \$12 for general admission.

Ultimately, there is no better way to engage ourselves with the artistic narrative of our generation than to be a pioneer audience member of a premiere. *Next Customer Please* could be that first step for us.

Marissa Garcia (marissagarcia@college.harvard.edu) will most certainly be one of the next customers at the HRDC box office, please.



Tell Me More Season 2

Episode 1 featuring
Kianna Goldsberry
'18 out now!

Check it out on
Soundcloud or
harvardindependent.com

HAPPY *DEATH*—NAY, YOU’LL PASS

A review of *Happy Death Day*.

By CLAIRE PARK

The Brattle Theater and the Harvard College Film Festival generously held a free showing of Universal’s soon to be released movie *Happy Death Day* for college students looking to enjoy a new horror movie in a classic Cambridge venue. The movie is out in theaters on Friday, the 13th of October, and centers on the repeated bad luck of the main character.

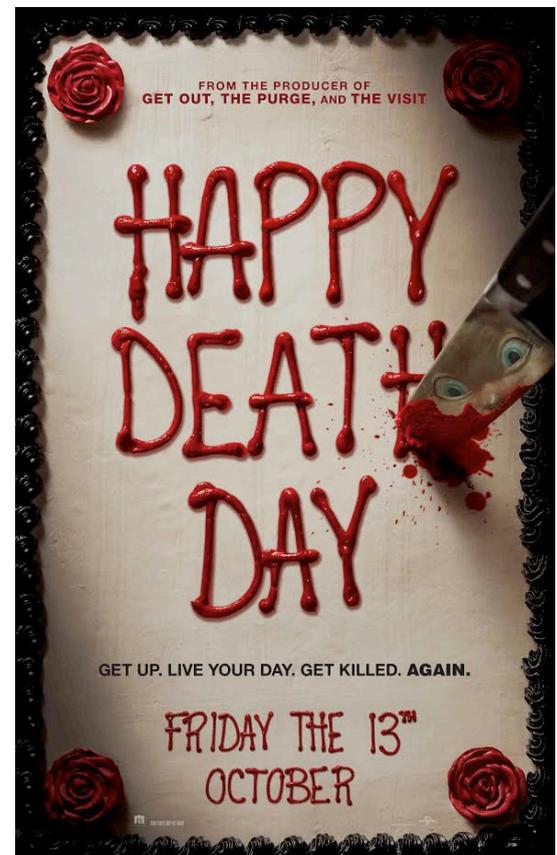
The premise of Christopher Landon’s *Happy Death Day* is that Tree, a vapid sorority girl, wakes up on her birthday only to live her murder over and over again until she divines her killer and escapes death. She enlists the help of Caleb, a sweet, plaid-clad boy-next-door, who took her in the night before when she was drunk. We are conditioned to dislike her; she throws away the birthday cupcake her roommate Laurie makes her, humiliates a former fling, and repeatedly rebuffs Caleb’s friendliness. And the movie is peppered with uninspired death scenes; she’s stabbed in a tunnel, she’s stabbed on a bed, she’s in a car and it’s lit on fire, etc. each time by a killer wearing a cliched, grotesquely bulbous baby mask. She is killed repeatedly until she deduces, from a news reel that has been playing each day, that her murderer is an escaped serial killer who had been recuperating in a local hospital.

The comedy, not the horror, buoys the film; it’s specific and self-aware in its cliched charades of sisterhood and athleisure fanatics whose perky curiosity about Tree’s latest flings smacks of judgment. The peripheral Kappa girls are indistinguishably but comically unpleasant; they spit on their Uber drivers, religiously avoid breakfast, and are deeply mistrustful of anyone who owns Crocs. The humor is mined from pop-culture. It’s

not inventive, but is comfortingly familiar; the audience seemed to laugh the hardest at all the “stupid bitch”’s and the caricatured cat-fight between Tree and Laurie. But it’s the kind of humor you will easily find more colorfully embodied in the Plastics from *Mean Girls*. The movie steers clear of more clichés with the self-conscious twist-endings; we are never meant to believe that the day Tree apologizes to her father for pushing him away, as a consummation of all her suddenly redemptive self-reflection and kind acts, is the day she will live. When she does nab the serial killer, she dies that night anyway because she eats Laurie’s poisoned cupcake, learning that the serial killer was only Laurie’s scapegoat all along.

The backstory about Tree’s mother’s death on her birthday should add depth to her character, in revealing the wounded resentment behind Tree’s brash irritability, but she doesn’t falter enough (even privately) to betray any believably complex vulnerabilities. Her unraveling in front of Caleb is too simple and tepid to be genuine. Even while she’s dutifully avoided any meaningful emotional connections since her mother’s death, she holds people in thrall with a selfish charisma that could have been more realistically complex (think Regina George’s humanizing insecurities).

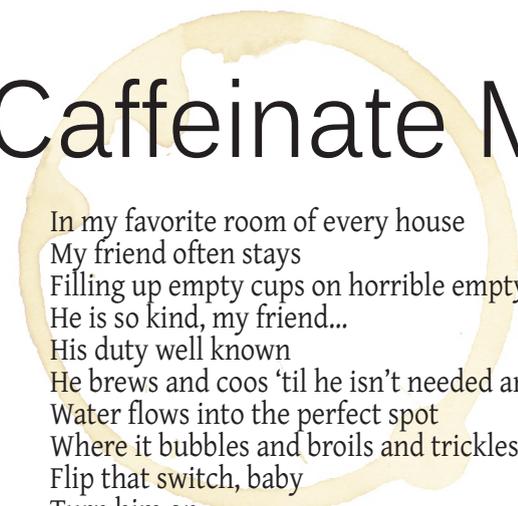
When Tree realizes that none of her shenanigans will matter the next day, she struts the Quad naked—a scene that doesn’t land with much dramatic effect, as she was already emphatically doing whatever she wanted with her supercilious disregard for other people’s feelings. Aside from the alienating, flat characters, the film’s horror couldn’t sustain me, its most skittish audience member. But I stop short of demanding too much; the movie was not supposed to be taken seriously. If there is any deeper meaning to be found, it might be in the juxtaposition between death scenarios that would normally be appallingly gory but here are tired variations in a series, and characters so ordinary they



could be dispensable. I figure that if we are to be desensitized by these tableaux of death, we should know that we are all dispensable and live more purposefully. But I digress; puzzling over this is unnecessary. The movie was funny, but bad.

Claire Park (claire_park@college.harvard.edu) fancies herself a generous and articulate movie-reviewer, but sometimes she has to say that a movie is bad.

Caffeinate Me Crazy



In my favorite room of every house
My friend often stays
Filling up empty cups on horrible empty days!
He is so kind, my friend...
His duty well known
He brews and coos 'til he isn't needed any more
Water flows into the perfect spot
Where it bubbles and broils and trickles down into the pot
Flip that switch, baby
Turn him on
Let my old friend eliminate that yawn
He can be sweet
Bitter or foamy
He will warm you right up
If you're feeling lonely
My friend, my flavor
My only vice
He succeeds in keeping me up nights
Helping me to act nice
My only friend, at times he is!
Old faithful
I am truly grateful
For the coffee you store within

By ABIGAIL KOERNER

Thanking You

Thankful for the laughing, the smiling
Making me crazy
Setting me free
A girl being a girl
A girl being me
Thankful for your smile
How it makes me want to smile back
How you grin from ear to ear
Smiling worth a thousand words
Words I seem to lack
Thankful that you're gorgeous
That you're always on my mind
Pleasant thoughts of fleeting moments
Realizing you're one of a kind
Thankful to greet you now and then
But never all the time
I have my fleeting moments
But not you
And I'm "fine"

Abigail Koerner (ajkoerner@college.harvard.edu)
writes poetry, but not always with a coffee in hand.

captured and shot

Boston Harbor-bound.

By FRANCESCA CORNERO

