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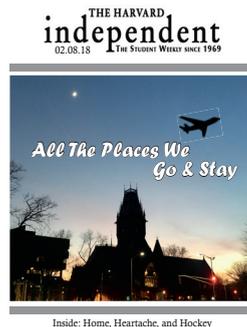


Inside: Home, Heartache, and Hockey

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The Indy is venturing.

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Isabelle Blair '21

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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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Bubble Trouble

By TUSHAR DWIVEDI

With the skyscrapers of NYC towering in the background, and the twinkling city lights slowly fading, I took an appreciative look around. Sitting uncomfortably on the rugged and rusty Megabus, I had managed to convince myself that I was a traveler, and that the 3am skyline view was a significant moment of clarity, one that could only have been had outside the dreaded “Harvard Bubble.”

As an curious senior in high school, it’s easy to recall googling: “Harvard Secrets,” and “Cool things at Harvard,” and reading wide eyed about final clubs that lost their luster and funky Adams tunnel that quickly became commonplace. The “Harvard Bubble” had become at synonymous with continuous work, and somewhere along the road, the connotation of the phrase had turned Harvard into a place meant to escape. As a result, as I sat in the bus hundreds of miles from Harvard’s campus, I felt a convoluted sense of pride, the wide-eyed freshman long gone.

Directly on the Harvard Official Admissions Website stands the article: “Breaking the Harvard Bubble”, attempting to convince students to step out and break free of campus, citing the fact that campus quickly grew too comfortable, and Boston too far away in our minds. But what exactly are students growing sick of? Lamont? Our rooms? The yard? The

same, continuous cycle of redundancy that we’ve trapped ourselves into every day?

Seniors were the best to hear from: one looking back on his time at Harvard mentioned, “We’ve somehow reduced Harvard to the same four places we inhabit every single day. Of course we’re sick and tired of it. Harvard’s more than just classes, Jefe’s, and Cabot.” Another said: “You know, a lot of people claim that not exploring Boston or leaving campus more is their biggest regret. I just wish I’d done more here. There’s so much of this place I’ve never even looked at to be honest.”

“Man the Natural History Museum is incredible. Oh and the Semitic Museum too, right?” my newfound bus friend, who attended a nearby college, asked eagerly from the seat next to me, upon hearing where I went to school. I stammered out a “oh yeah it’s great man,” hoping it wasn’t too obvious that I only knew where they were on campus because of a long forgotten section in William James. In hindsight, it did seem strange that the only reason I knew of the world famous Yenching Institute was because of a class shopped and long ago dropped.

“So what is the Harvard Bubble I want to escape?” I asked myself on the trip back. The Harvard Art Museum, Symphony Orchestra, Dance Performances, and Squash? Or is it just

the monotony of everyday work, spiked with a Harvard Yale game, or Yardfest? Of a survey of Harvard students from various river houses, a large majority had said they they had felt “trapped by the Harvard Bubble” several times throughout the course of the year. The same survey group also revealed that 60% of them spent at least half their day in their room, and as one student poignantly put it, his/her days seemed to blend together into one seemingly endless stream of “the same old same old.” There has to be more here.

Hundreds of miles away from campus, it silently hit me that I was nearly halfway done: with college, Harvard, Adams, and the tremendous amounts around me not yet explored. It took someone from outside the school to open my eyes as to what’s truly here on campus, and as I returned to Harvard, just a little bit of that wide eyed freshman came back with me.

Tushar '20 (tushar_dwivedi@college.harvard.edu) is desperately trying to make the most of his time here.

Durbin, Again

Senator's speech sparks both protests and questions.

By MALCOLM REID

Senator Durbin has come and gone, yet the ramifications of his public address remain in rather unanticipated ways. What should have been a relatively standard event with few shocking statements, instead was a picketed and at times rather tense affair.

Senator Durbin, who came with Senator Angus King last week, spoke at the JFK forum with a strong political message. As it happens, the purpose of his address, coupled with a proclamation by President Faust, was not an appeal to bipartisanship or cooperation. Rather, it was a defence of the Dreamers – those who came to America as children – but without the standard legal channels. Of course, Harvard itself has a number of students who are Dreamers and so to say this was of immense personal importance to many of those attending would be an understatement.

The protestors outside felt that Senator Durbin's bill is not a "clean DREAM Act," due to the fact that it includes funding for border security as well. Some of the attendees proclaimed that they would not accept their own stability if it meant preventing others from coming into the country – a rather gallant and brazen position to take. Harvard students have, at least in recent years, been inclined in some cases to put themselves aside for their cause, and this conflict over immigration legislation might prove the most

memorable example of this thus far, once all is said and done.

This was not the only purpose for Senator Durbin being here: he also tossed a few jabs in the direction of President Trump for his handling of the affair even though he was unable to whip the somewhat irritated crowd into a frenzy with anything he said. Indeed, while fielding questions from the audience he gave many assurances to stern and passionate attendees that he was doing all that he could – though a few students grumbling on their way out did not seem convinced. One student's question stood out from the appeals: it suggested that merit-based immigration might be beneficial. Senator Durbin was swift to dismiss the idea. This does raise some questions as to what the community as a whole feels on the issue. How many Harvard students are inclined to side with merit-based immigration, or alternatives? This is a question worth further study.

The University has been applying pressure in favor of protections for the Dreamers, and Senator Durbin's presence suggests this institution is a notable player in the discussions in favor of the Dreamers. Yet, it remains to be seen how this will be resolved, and time is running out for a resolution. Various figures and groups seem to be unwilling to compromise, for one reason

A recap from last week

Senator Durbin, the Democratic Whip from Illinois, might bring to mind for many the Durbin-Graham Bill on Immigration reform, which was touted as a bipartisan solution to a massively controversial issue. The key points of this bill include the appropriation of \$2.7 billion towards border security, an end to the visa lottery, and the permanent establishment of DACA, which makes a secondary purpose clear, viz. to try and return to an atmosphere of bipartisanship. No doubt many readers would have a strong reaction to some of those points, whether positively or negatively, but the emphasis for the purpose of the university would be on reaching across the aisle and collaborating with those whom one might disagree with.

or another. Nevertheless, it does seem that a majority of the Harvard community, or at least an especially vocal segment, are doing everything they can. It may prove a dangerous practice to try to get in their way.

Malcolm Reid '21 (mjreid@college.harvard.edu) looks forward to following the course of this issue.

Homecoming: COLLEGIATE VERSION

Season Three of the *Tell Me More* podcast explores how Coming Home differs amongst Harvard undergraduates.

By **MARISSA GARCIA**

Hostility toward camera flash is a defense mechanism quickly developed by Harvard students. In order to hasten to class in time, we must maneuver around the congregations of tourists photographing Widener Library. During a typical on-my-way-to-Latin rerouting-rush through Tercentenary Theatre, a question arose in the recesses of my mind... when had I ever taken a moment to ask for my own picture in front of Widener? Pausing for a moment on campus to take a photo that was not purposely unartistic — perhaps for Snapchat — was taboo, destined to cause a flush of red to the cheeks if a familiar face happened to cross paths with you at the same time of the photographing... after all, why would we take pictures of our daily sights?

I did not realize how deliberate the act of Coming Home would feel, but having five weeks off with no coursework was an opportunity. With limited time in a place where my stay once felt limitless, what would I choose to do? After four months away from home, what would be most important to me to revisit now that I was back? Certainly I was different, but the place was the same, and reflection would be the only guarantee of reconciliation.

Home to me is Anaheim, California, the hub of Disneyland. It is a tradition that I venture to Downtown Disney with my parents every holiday season, and this year I extended this tradition to my friends as well. We found

ourselves in front of a Christmas tree that has surely been up every year but that I have never felt compelled to immortalize by snapping a photo of it — and yet, here we were, asking a passerby to photograph us standing in front of it.

I thought of Widener.

I realized then that the most important thing that I do when I go home is the Reversal of Roles. After being the young adult in the dorm I once again become the child of the house. From Memorial Church bell listener I become the Disneyland fireworks spectator. From distant graduate of Ralston Intermediate I become one walking through its hallways once again, whilst having the opportunity to speak with students about college. And from photo-avoider I became a photo-participant, perhaps the most surprising departure from my on-campus persona.

Coming Home is amorphous and nebulous and ever-changing, and certainly something of variance amongst each Harvard student. In my first season as Podcast Editor, I am hungry for stories about Home, so, Season Three's question is: What is the most important thing to you to do when you go home?

And though we often stride past the landmarks of Harvard, failing to capture this place in our own photos, Tell Me More's mission is not just to stride past the faces of Harvard, but to pause, to capture, and to record the stories of our students.

Our first episode features Cengiz Cemaloglu '18, who has pursued a joint concentration in Anthropology and Government. His home may now be Currier House, but Istanbul, Turkey was the home to which he returned this past winter break — other locales of his life include the Soviet Union and Hong Kong. His interview proves that Home does not need to be a singular entity but can be a conglomerate of cultures and even items. He says, "I look into memorabilia of the past, like some letters that were written to me, or some childhood toys, or a book that I read a couple years ago, or some book that I saw my mom reading when I was twelve... [I] connect with those objects and then remember the past through them."

If you know someone here on campus who has a story of Home that is either intricately detailed or sweetly simple — please do nominate them to be featured on the podcast by contacting podcast@harvardindependent.com.

Our podcast Tell Me More is available on your podcast app, SoundCloud, and at harvardindependent.com/podcast.

Marissa Garcia (marissagarcia@college.harvard.edu) sometimes gets the feeling that Coming Home can be as simple as striding into Lamont Library.

INDY ARTS

Unpeeling Pain in *Call Me By Your Name*

A late take on the movie in a pre-Oscars review series.

By CLAIRE PARK

In Luca Guadagnino's Oscar-nominated picture *Call Me by Your Name*, based on the 2007 novel by André Aciman and adapted for the screen by James Ivory, the summer of 1983 unravels in languidly peeled layers, as bibliophile and musical prodigy teenager Elio Perlman (Timothée Chalamet) spends time with his family on their rustic estate in a mystical "Somewhere in Northern Italy." Guadagnino gives the scenes a both gritty and surreal quality; the landscapes boast lurid colors – Oliver's green swimming shorts, the grimy and yellow inside of a peach – that are awash in a translucent haze, affecting the beauty of a faded photograph or dreamy Norman Rockwell illustrations of boys flushed in the summer heat. Elio's brilliant Archaeology professor of a father (Michael Stuhlbarg) and his similarly cerebral, doting but permissive mother (Amira Casar) invite Oliver (Armie Hammer), an American graduate student in his twenties, classically handsome with his American swagger, to stay with the family for the summer as Mr. Perlman's assistant.

In this sumptuous, sheltered universe, Guadagnino draws us into Elio and Oliver's romance through indirection. It's a film about the choreography of speaking and withholding. Elio and Oliver complement each other from the beginning, in the way Oliver's voice is hard and rounded, as if spoken underwater, and Elio's is more ragged and boyish. And later, Oliver is

tentative in his advances, while Elio, like a shy puppy, surprises with mischievously effusive affection. Elio moves between Italian, French, and English but is also sick and silent with desire: the camera captures the droopiness and furtive eagerness of his gaze as he watches Oliver bounce with abandon on the dance floor. We see Elio recoil from Oliver's brotherly but encoded (as we later learn) advance. When Elio finally reveals his feelings for Oliver, he does so most obliquely, admitting to knowing little "about the things that matter." Elio checks his watch after he sleeps with his girlfriend, counting down to his first scheduled tryst with Oliver. Chalamet amazingly reconciles contradictions in his intellectually formidable and familiarly naive Elio. Watch the way he moves, with this bumbling but somehow lissome grace as he saunters backwards into the sand after apologizing to Oliver for his barbed coldness. And then there is the way Chalamet scrunches up his body to show a normally guarded Elio visibly unarmed as he cradles the phone, half a year later, listening to Oliver reveal that he's engaged.

In my favorite scene, Elio and Oliver sit loosely intertwined, on the balcony of the villa after spending their first night together. Elio laments the time they lost by dodging each other, protecting their feelings. Oliver insists that he gave Elio a sign, and Elio does that thing with his knuckles, beating

them on Oliver's chest, and they flirt in the moonlight. These gestures codify into a tender sensory language between them that Guadagnino doesn't force into overuse. When Elio and Oliver say goodbye, they only hug, Oliver handling Elio easily with his big arms, Elio lightly drumming his shoulder. Simple but not anticlimactic, the scene recalls all the moments that they folded into each other, knowing that their time would be up, afraid that they would slip from each other's hands. Then Professor Perlman's closing monologue will probably bring you to tears. He consoles and cautions his son: "We rip out so much of ourselves to be cured of things faster that we go bankrupt by the age of thirty...and have less to offer each time we start with someone new. But to make yourself feel nothing, so as not to feel anything...what a waste." And nothing about this film, not even the times a frustrated Elio spends dozing off in the sun, was a waste. And in the few minutes the camera trains on Elio's face as he stares wrenchingly into the fireplace, I wish fiercely that he would devote the rest of his life to feeling.

Claire Park '20 (claire_park@college.harvard.edu) is still swooning and is rooting for Timothee Chalamet's Oscar win.

INDY ARTS

19

A Poem

By REMEDY RYAN



“You thought you were done with this didn’t you?”

You think as you pull yourself off the icy road
and hobble into your dorm

On the eve of your 19th birthday

Pull out the hydrogen peroxide
and watch it sizzle on your knee

Somehow closer to nine than nineteen

The child in you has always sat close to the surface

Blood, ready to ooze out of a fresh wound

You’ll remember this later

When you grin

At the off-key rendition
of the birthday song

Even a year into adulthood

You still need them to sing

Still need the ice cream,
although now it’s dairy free

Still need to wear your pajamas,
although now they’re a hoodie and leggings

Still need the world

To tell you how much it loves you

Still love it back

and even when you fall

Onto the cold, unforgiving ground

You stand back up

And assess the scrape

Remedy Ryan '21 (remedyryan@college.harvard.edu)
just turned nineteen.

INDY ARTS

work of the week



"Behind the Lens"
by Lucy Devine '20.

Article By ABGAIL KOERNER

See the full piece
on the back page
of this week's issue!

Lucy Devine is not your average History and Literature concentrator. After class, she can be found on the streets of Cambridge and beyond, photographing anything and everything. In viewing her work, it is critical to note that Lucy only ever takes the same photo once. She chooses to use film over a digital camera because of the intrigue that each unique photo she takes creates.

"I can't see the photos I take when I'm taking them, and I get the film developed a week to a month later. I'm always surprised to get the photos back and see what I shot."

The photo (pictured **) of the girl on the trash can was one in a series of three photos. In each photo, the viewer can see the girl in the photograph notice Lucy taking her photo and begin to smile for the picture. However, Lucy never wanted to shoot a picture of the girl posing! The reason she uses film is to capture the moment as it is. Lucy has found when using digital cameras and taking multiple photos of the same person, the subject will often, "polish themselves," in the process of the photoshoot—like the way that the girl on the trash can smiled when she noticed Lucy's camera.

"I'm really a perfectionist and if I used

INDY ARTS

For more information on the Indy's Work of the Week, contact our Arts Board at arts@harvardindependent.com.



work of the week, continued.

a digital camera, I would try to get into the knitty-gritty of the photo. With film, I only have control over where I point the lens, the exposure, and the film speed. I usually only take one photo and leave it unedited."

While film photography is her medium, portraits are Lucy's artistic calling. Her photos of strangers are striking as she catches people in their natural element. She loves taking portraits because she says, "when you take someone's photo, you're capturing their essence." Since she never edits her photos, each piece shows evidence of each person's "essence"—blemishes, facial expressions, and activities featured in Lucy's photos are

natural and cognizant of each person's personality.

Lucy tells an honest story through her photographs. In studying History and Literature, Lucy's academic journey will soon intersect with her artistic interests as she works towards writing a thesis related to a "visual history." She hopes to do further research on "cultural history" which in her opinion, should be displayed visually and viewed as the most valuable resource in academia. Through film and magazines, Lucy will gain insight to the cultural history of women in America.

about the artist

Lucy Devine (devinel@college.harvard.edu or [@lucydevinephotography](https://www.instagram.com/lucydevinephotography) on Instagram) is a sophomore in Lowell House concentrating in History and Literature. Lucy is originally from Farmington Hills, Michigan (a suburb of Detroit located in the lower right corner of one's right palm when visualizing Michigan as, "The Mitten"). She got into photography after years of creative activities—whether it be making friendship bracelets at summer camp or creating an original brand of birthday cards for family members she called, "Lucy's Card Company." Since coming to Harvard, she has become involved in various musical theater productions including *Into the Woods*, the Freshman musical, and the *Pirates of Penzance*. Lucy loves children and hopes to work as a grade school teacher when she graduates in 2020. compete internationally.

INDY SPORTS

Trouble in TD Garden

Harvard loses to BU in first game of the Beanpot

By JASPER FU

The 2018 Beanpot Hockey Tournament, hosted at Boston's TD Garden came hot on the heels of the Super Bowl LII, barely twenty-four hours after a Patriot defeat that left most of New England reeling. Harvard sports fans flocked to the 66th Boston Beanpot in desperate hope for redemption, not only for the Super Bowl defeat but in the hopes that a flagging though still formidable hockey team might upset the favored Boston University Terriers.

Though Harvard took the Beanpot trophy in 2017, victorious in the Boston-based hockey tournament for the first time in over two decades thanks to a 6-3 win against BU, the rematch looked grim for the Crimson. The Harvard team has lost eight powerful seniors from the roster that took us to the Frozen Four, and even a victory in the Beanpot semifinals would have brought Harvard to the finals without a star player – Ryan Donato '19 – who as a member of Team USA is travelling South Korea in the 2018 Pyeongchang Winter Olympics.

Goals were traded throughout the opening periods, with neither team able to muster a commanding position. Boston's early lead in the first period was reclaimed by Harvard's Ty Pelton-Byce '20 as the second was ending, assisted by Donato. The third period began in a furious blitz as both teams scored almost in the same breath. The raucous cheers of the BU fans as Boston University Brandon Hickey scored 32 seconds after the player hit the ice in the third quarter were quickly smothered and returned twice as loudly, as Harvard Jack Badini '21 sent the puck into the BU net just 90 seconds later.

The fourth period showed little action, as Harvard lined up shots shot down by BU goalie Jake Oettinger. This was a definite trend throughout the match — though Harvard, for most of the game, took aggressive play after aggressive play, racking up more than twice the cumulative attempted shots of the often-defensive Terriers by the end of the second period, the Crimson never had a goal advantage. The last period of regular play ended with no goals scored on either side.

With the scores tied 2-2 going into the first overtime, Harvard was playing conservatively. Sudden death was on the line, and it showed — neither team wanted to have their chances at the Beanpot Championships on February 12th snuffed so ignominiously, and Harvard as the defending champions especially had its pride strung out on the line. The winner would be facing Northeastern University, itself a team that hadn't won the Beanpot since 1988, but who had defeated Boston College in a 3-0 sweep only hours before.

Neither team scored in the first overtime, and midnight approached the audience began to get antsy. Most fans wearing BC and Northeastern gear had already left, but even Harvard and Boston University fans were tempted to catch the last T rides home. The double overtime that the TD Garden found itself hosting was only the fourth such extension in the Beanpot's history — the better part of a century since its inception in the 1952-1953 ice hockey season— and few fans of either team expected such a hard-fought game.

Ultimately, it would be BU's freshman forward Ty Amonte — without any assists — who scored the final and deciding goal of the game, just two minutes into the second OT period. It was a close game, and a grueling one, and though Harvard fans had hoped for victory it is the Boston University Terriers that will advance to the championships, to face Northeastern's as-of-yet untouched Huskies, while the Crimson will be taking to the ice against Boston College Eagles.

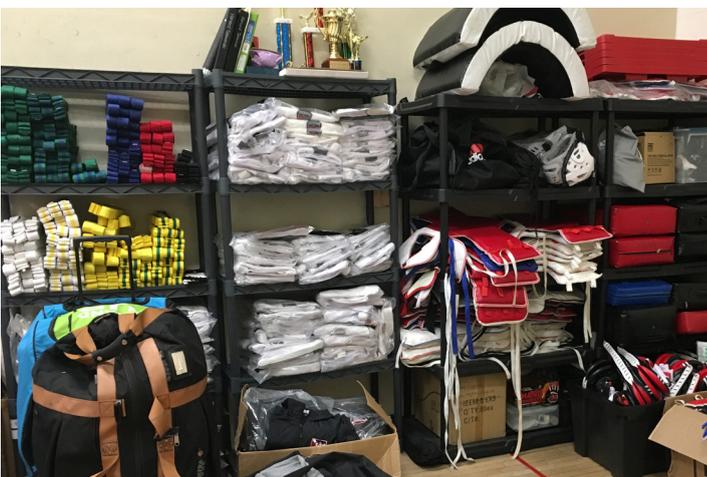
Jasper Fu '21 (jasperfu@college.harvard.edu) is rooting for the Crimson!

INDY SPORTS

Hidden Treasures

Club sports storage space in QRAC squash court.

By JILLY CRONIN



Perhaps one of the best parts of attending Harvard is the opportunity for increased experience in cool and unusual activities. Physical activities, also known as sports, definitely qualify as some such activities. The college often boasts that over 80% of the undergraduate student population participates in some form of athletic involvement. A large portion of that percentage consists of members of one or more of the 42 Division I intercollegiate varsity teams. The rest of that percentage consists of members of one of the many and diverse club sports teams. These club sports include: aikido, archery, badminton, ballroom dance, basketball, bodybuilding, bowling, boxing, cheerleading, Crimson Dance, cycling, fencing, figure skating, hapkido, juggling, jujitsu, kendo, lacrosse, polo, rugby, Shaolin kempo, Shotokan karate, skiing, soccer, swimming, table tennis, tae kwon do, tai chi/kung fu, tennis, ultimate Frisbee, volleyball, and wushu. Readers may not even recognize a few of these sports! The list, though not exhaustive, showcases only a part of the range of student interests outside of

intense and disciplined academic passions. It is a commendation to the unique character of this greatest of Ivies that the administration encourages and provides opportunities for the committed individuals who define the school through their diverse interests.

Francesca
Cornero '19

The facilities for athletics that Harvard owns and operates are aptly suited for the many sports that use and rely on them. The club sports also require some sort of space, though obviously not to the extent of most varsity sports. While some club sports are more visible than others, like the Crimson Dance team, others remain happily within smaller circles, like wushu! Any and all of these activities have some sort of spatial requirements to meet. Some of these club sports meet those requirements through the use of an old squash court in the lower floor the Quadrangle Recreational Athletic Center (QRAC). This hidden treasure of space and objects is depicted in the photographs in this article. The range of odd materials and surprising quantity of it is interestingly arrayed. Depicted are both the range of sports listed and the surprising quantity of material needed to play or practice. Items included are used by the polo, archery, field hockey, and tae kwon do teams. For example, the polo team, while keeping their live horses off campus, uses a wooden horse in that squash court for hitting practice. Strange-looking to the casual observer, but understandably necessary for such a team!

While the space looks quite crowded and unorganized, most of the club sports teams allowed access to the court seem to be able to use the space well. Tae Kwon Do President Memie Osuga '20 states that, "Club sports does a good job providing us with adequate practice and storage space." Who knew?!

Jilly Cronin (croninj@college.harvard.edu) would like to explore this hidden treasure trove of a squash court again!

captured and shot



Resist

By LUCY DEVINE