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Inside: Trees, Tournaments, and Talks

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The Indy returns again!

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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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Future of Student Organizations

By TUSHAR DWIVEDI

The headlines for student organizations at Harvard have recently centered around key buzzwords such as sanctions or efficiency, with much debate revolving around the identity and purpose of such organizations.

Given recent controversies, when asked about "what they envisioned Harvard's campus life to be like, given the latest news and coverage of the school," one out-of-state respondent believed it to be a "highly political fighting ground between student desires and the whims of Harvard's administration." Those on campus, however have a completely different viewpoint.

One major campus organization leader, however, mentioned that: "Our club has a stated goal of helping educate students, and we have yet to vary from that goal. The perspective that all student organizations are a threat to Harvard's mission are putting clubs like us under duress." Lost amidst the recent conversation are bike auctions for charity, hosted by Harvard's Phillips Brooks House Association, or recruiting events for students hosted by pre-professional clubs such as the Veritas Financial Group or Harvard Financial Analysts Club. While challenges to public perception may be one downside for many student organizations, the mumbled voices at the "Student Leader Forum," seemed to oppose another key issue: office space.

In attendance at the SOCH on September 12th were over 100 student leaders and representatives from an incredibly diverse range of organizations on campus. Media and journal publications, pre-professional organizations, diversity and cultural groups, special interest and hobbies, and many more groups were represented, as administrative staff from the Office of Student-Engagement

explained to students the major changes to student organization policy. While new guidelines, such as those regarding financing and expenses, were highly relevant, the most active engagement in the room became present once Dean Alex Miller began his speech regarding the reorganization of the SOCH.

Almost immediately, the atmosphere of the room changed to one of high interest and tension, as students eagerly awaited the explanation for the massive loss of office space suffered by a number of organizations on campus. Dean Miller first walked through the plans for the SOCH; given that student offices are being repurposed, the general idea, according to Miller, was that Harvard would now provide common spaces within the SOCH with enough technological equipment such that many clubs could share the space for diverse purposes, including printing. When questioned on the timeline of the creation of such spaces, as student organizations had already lost their office space in the SOCH, the Dean could not provide an exact timeline. In fact, as the question repeatedly came up, he emphasized that he had little to no information on a timeline.

The mood in the room changed from one of tension and interest, however, to one of absolute incredulity when Dean Miller mentioned that another key reason for the relocation of student spaces was that students were using the space as a social and/or drinking space. The thought that fellow students were partying or drinking within the SOCH seemed incredibly funny and peculiar to most students, as strange glances were exchanged across the room.

Usage statistics were also mentioned by administrative staff as a key metric for

determining which organizations lost their space, and without going into detail, the staff mentioned that they had been counting the number of keypad entries, and at times, even watched the entrances to offices. Counterarguments quietly littered the room, as student leaders mentioned that they "went to meetings in groups and entered the code once," explaining why they only had one keypad entry per week.

One student in particular asked about student organization involvement going forward, and plans to incorporate such voices in the discussion; while the Dean mentioned that communication with students would be key, there was no formal commitment to involving students in major discussions going forward, such as those involving issues with regards to space and student homes.

The Independent, in its own example, was given a space over 50% smaller than its previous space, and administrative staff was unable to guarantee that this space will continue to be theirs going into next semester even.

As one (anonymous) student puts it, "There are real issues here on campus. I came to Harvard because I want to make a difference in this world, and I'm in [redacted organization] because I get to start by making a difference in the lives of my friends. Strikes me as odd that the school that let me in here to try and change the world won't even give me room to do it."

Tushar Dwivedi '20 (tushar_dwivedi@college.harvard.edu) is a concerned student organization leader.

Rainbow Scales and Special Leaves

Some thoughts on childhood, stress, and college

By ALAYA AYALA

Isabelle Blair '21

Recently, I've been living for these text posts that I see on my social media feeds all the time. They're like concentrated shots of relatable content that I can take less than five seconds to swallow. Sometimes they burn on the way down. Sometimes they leave an aftertaste. The really good ones leave me breathless for hours from laughing - or crying. Maybe it's because I'm a lightweight when it comes to the truth.

The other day I saw a post about children's books that really messed me up. Specifically, it was a tumblr post about feelings of anxiety that people got as children while being read books like *The Rainbow Fish* by Marcus Pfister and *The Giving Tree* by Shel Silverstein. The post basically boiled down to the idea that children are often taught to feel guilty if they don't want to share - especially the gifted ones, who are encouraged to share more than just their toys with the other children. It got me thinking about how a lot of my childhood was about mandatory selflessness. I was always expected to help the other students with their work when I was done with mine. I was told to be a role model for the other kids, the shining example of what happens when you play by the rules and read every day. It was no different for me at home, where I was the big sister who was expected to lead by example, to help my younger brothers and sisters with everything from doing their homework to tying their shoelaces.

"Sharing is caring."

"Be the example."



"You have to be a role model for the other kids."

These are the phrases that ring in my head when I think about elementary school and middle school. I have to wonder if other Harvard students grew up hearing similar phrases. I have to wonder if saying these things to children is actually good for them.

It seems to me that asking any child to serve as the example other children should follow is putting an incredible amount of pressure on them. Now that I'm looking back, is it really any wonder that I felt so much pressure to succeed as a kid? That I would cry over anything less than an A- on a school assignment?

Thinking about these childhood pressures led me to thinking about how they have transferred, grown, and morphed into stressors and responsibilities, obligations

and ties that bind me to the people and circumstances around me. I came to the realization that the thing that motivates me, and the moving factor behind so many of my insecurities, is the fact that I feel like I have to please other people. Not shocking, but definitely something that's been affecting me since I was little and something I'll have to deal with for the rest of my life.

On the other hand, would I be where I am today if I hadn't put so much emphasis on success as a kid? I'll never know, but what I do know is that stress grows into an angry beast that holds my breath hostage when an essay doesn't feel good enough. Going to a meeting and being the bearer of bad news feels like entering the den of a hideous monster when I've had a bad day. Going to section when I haven't fully understood the readings feels like getting shoved on stage

Rainbow Scales and Special Leaves, continued.

without a stitch of clothing and no idea what my lines are. I don't think any of that is how it should feel when I've worked so hard to get to Harvard.

I know I'm not alone with anxious feelings surrounding obligations at school, and I know it's not just a Harvard problem, but a college problem. In 2017 the American College Health Association reported that 61.4% of respondents had felt overwhelming anxiety within the last year. 57.4% had felt overwhelmed by everything they had to do within two weeks before taking the survey. About 47% had felt that academics were traumatic or difficult to handle within the past year, and about 29% felt the same way about their other social relationships.

The equinox is approaching, and I, in all

of my melodramatic writer glory, have been writing a lot about my feelings surrounding getting more balanced and being more "normal." I have to say, writing about how I want to fix my life was not nearly as comforting as reading those statistics was. I'm not abnormal in these feelings, hell, I'm not even unique.

Honestly? That's amazing. Now I feel like I can focus less on how feeling trapped by my obligations makes me feel alone, and start focusing on the things about me that really do make me unique and special, a Rainbow Fish in my own right.

I've written before about how important I think it is that Harvard students get the mental health care they need, and I still stand by that. But when all else fails, I just hope we can remember that even when we've given away all of our rainbow scales, and are down to our roots because we've

given all of ourselves to the people we love, we are still Rainbow Fish and Giving Trees, and we are inherently, incredibly, and enormously special and worthy of love.

Alaya Ayala '21 (alaya_ayala@college.harvard.edu) leaps at any opportunity to preach about being rainbow.



Isabelle Blair '21

The Best Tree in Harvard Yard

First Treetise

By AIDAN FITZSIMMONS

Buckle up, beeches--- I'm about to treet myself.

It's my favorite activity and about 30% of my identity. Whenever I'm feeling a bit grim about the mouth, I look around for a nice tree to climb into, and it never fails to leaf me happy. Some trees are mainly for perching, reading, and people-watching; some trees are a tantalizing challenge just to get up into; and some trees are great for climbing really, really high. I am intimately familiar with almost every climbable tree around Harvard, although I'm constantly discovering more. I'm writing this in order to share my tree knowledge with you all, in the hopes that you will notice, appreciate, and maybe even climb some of the amazing trees hidden around Harvard.

I figured I'd start with my favorite tree within Harvard Yard. I call it the Emerson Tree; it's the large tree on the northeast side of Emerson Hall, between Emerson and the gates that face Sever. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson would really dig this tree-- it really stands out. Most of the other trees in Harvard Yard are very pruned, small, and have branches that sort of shoot diagonally upwards. These aren't very good for climbing, *which is exactly what Harvard wants.*

The Emerson Tree escaped their shears somehow. It's some type of evergreen, and it's way taller than most of the climbable trees within the gates of the Yard, none of which are as easy to mount. Once you start noticing the types of trees in Harvard Yard with an eye for evaluating climbability, you will come to realize how special the Emerson Tree truly is; and needless to say, you will try to climb it.

Emerson Tree is one of the only trees in

the Yard that has tons of unpruned branches which extend parallel to the ground, making it extremely easy to climb. I call this a Beginner Level Tree. You can climb right into its low branches from the ground with minimal effort, and from there you can ascend wicked high, no difficult moves required. Just keep stepping onto a higher branch and using your arms to pull yourself up. It's like using stairs, if stairs required you to use your arms. I've been climbing tall trees like this since I was little, so I'm used to it, but a lot of people tell me that they get scared. I promise, as long as the branch your weight is on is as thick as your wrist, you can 100% trust the tree. Evolutionarily, we're mostly monkeys, and we are more adapted to trees than we are to cars or desks or treadmills. This is what you were meant to do. Try it. It's so much more fun than you might think.

I didn't sleep last night, so after my first class today I was super exhausted. I went outside and it was lightly drizzling, so I went to the Emerson Tree and sat down underneath it, where the ground was basically dry under the protection of branches. Trees are an amazing habitat for us in so many ways. I leaned against the tree for a while, resting, at peace. Eventually, I decided to climb. I hopped right up easily into the lowest branches, then kept on climbing up, circling the trunk as I followed an easy progression upward. I got a bunch of tree sap on my hands as I got higher, which you can easily avoid if you look where you grab. Personally, I like the sap.

Eventually, I was as high as I've ever been in this tree, which had me about level with the third floor of Sever, and well above the inscription on Emerson Hall that demands to know *What Is Man That Thou Art Mindful Of Him*. I stopped when the branches got too thin and the trunk narrowed. Way up there,

you have an amazing view of Memorial Hall and William James, but the real treat is the ability to survey the whole Sever Quad area, as well as Quincy Street. It's nice to watch people pass by on paths that you're usually glued to as you go from task to task.

No one ever sees you way up there, but, to be fair, no one ever sees you even if you're halfway down the tree, either. Harvard students never seem to look up. I would know, since I taped \$10 to a packet that says OPEN ME on one of the lower branches of this tree about three weeks ago for a friend's charity initiative (Kindling for Kindness). That packet is still there after three weeks; it has been entirely visible this whole time for everyone walking towards the Sever gate. It's literally in the field of vision, and if some student were to ever tilt their head even 15 degrees above their immediate goal, then they'd stare straight at it. I've walked past it many times, and it still hasn't been claimed. People don't expect anything to be in trees, so they never look. That's part of why climbing trees is so fun. Of course, climbing is fun in and of itself, and it needs no justification besides our DNA. Give the Emerson Tree a climb next time you find yourself passing by the Sever gate. It's a great way to clear your mind and kill 15 minutes, as well as a lifetime of unnatural social conditioning.

Aidan Fitzsimons '20 (aidan_fitzsimons@college.harvard.edu) identifies as a Stationary Vagabond

A Fog-Picture

By OLIVIA FARRAR

It's early September. The weather is unpredictable, oscillating between oppressively hot and unexpectedly bitter. On Thursday I huff and puff into class with sweat-stains on my backpack, and on Friday I go back to my little dorm room at night, close all my windows, turn off my two turbo-fans, and pull the comforter down from where I tucked it in the back of my closet. Since the weather is so melodramatically inconsistent, it's a favorite topic in the dining halls, public restrooms, and the corridors between classrooms. Yes, the temperature is cold today—you're right, it was hot yesterday. I never get very much from any weather-related exchange.

There's another characteristically early-September dialog that I'm beginning to find equally exhausting. After my conversation partner and I come to the quick and mutual agreement that it was, in fact, quite rainy last night, and we both just can't wait till it's reliably sweater weather, one of us will follow up with "So, anyway, what classes are you taking?" Worse yet, but equally frequently, the question will be "What are you planning on Concentrating in?"

Ostensibly, these are very friendly and entirely harmless questions. But they're mostly just fillers, designed to cloud up the silent airspace that naturally comes before or after people say things that are of actual value. I sometimes wonder if the sound waves themselves ever get a tired of wiggling in the boring, repetitive, unimaginative pattern that produces those boring, repetitive, unimaginative questions.

I have a theory. It's not a serious theory, to be sure. But it has to do with both the weather and all these boring, repetitive, unimaginative wiggles of sound waves, and how to interpret them in a way that makes them less—well, boring, repetitive, and unimaginative.

Sometimes, when someone makes a comment to me about the weather, I get lost wondering about the entire concept of talking about the weather. It's a strange notion, to be sure, and no one ever acknowledges it. Technically, "the weather" refers to the state of the atmosphere with respect to a specific locality and time—that's a paraphrased version of how Merriam-Webster explains the whole business—but really, none of us are thinking about the particulars of our atmosphere when we make an offhand comment about Tuesday's windiness. Instead, we're generally relating to one another over this...thing that we're all inside of, this snow globe of reality everyone in the same place at the same time is experiencing in the same way.

And sure, we're talking so much about the weather on a college campus in early September for all the obvious reasons, like the fact that the temperature is changing so much with each passing day, and the unspoken truth that we're all just a bit awkward and desperate to avoid those silent airspaces. But the way I see it, the conversations I've had about the weather lately aren't too different from those dreaded questions about academics.

See, my not-serious-but-hear-me-out

theory is this: we talk about things like the weather and our classes and Concentrations not only because they're topics that relate us to one another based on purely on shared experience, but also because they help us orient ourselves within the Thing we're all inside of. That "Thing" is the little pie-slice of physical reality—of surprise weekday rainstorms that catch you off guard and make you soggy and miserable for your entire two-hour seminar class—that everyone within the same small microcosm of existence experiences together. That's "the weather," and we're inside "it," simply because we all chose to be here in Cambridge, MA with each other on September 13th, 2018. Comparing how beautiful we all thought Sunday afternoon was, with its gentle northwest breeze and patches of intermittent slightly-cloudy sunshine, helps us to rationalize the way we're all experiencing the Thing we're caught inside. We're also inside this other "Thing," which is Harvard College—another very specific little pie-slice of reality.

When someone asks me what classes I'm taking this semester or what I'm planning on Concentrating in, my first internal reaction is a tiny bumblebee-buzz of irritation, at the seeming boring repetitive unimaginativeness of the discussion. But once I swat away the frustration and clear the buzzing, I think I understand why the perfectly good airspace is being clogged up with wiggles of the exact same general (boring, repetitive, unimaginative?) sound

A Fog-Picture, continued.

waves¹. It's for the same reason we remark on the weather—the great glass Thing we're all inside, pressing our noses and palms up against its surfaces, leaving our breathing-fogs on the pane.

If you've ever owned a pet goldfish, and you're anything like me (which I assume you are, because I don't think anyone is particular different from anyone else after you pull off all the different brand-labels and scrub away the stubborn coating of privacy we all wear as foundation), you've probably wondered what it's like for your fish to see the world through the strange, warped lens of a bowl. You must have guessed by now where I'm going with this rambling. We're the fish, this Thing that is "the weather" and Harvard College and lots of other shared realities is the bowl, and we're all constantly swimming against the sides of our fixed container and wondering if we can, should, or even *want* to get out.

I'll tell you about my classes this semester. I'll tell you what I'm considering Concentrating in (but that's a moving target, so it might be a different answer if we're chatting next week and there's a break of silent airspace and you ask me again). I know what it's like to get dizzy from staring out of my fishbowl at the distorted view of what's outside. I know what it's like to draw patterns with my fingertips in the breathing-fog I left on the glass when I was trying to look out. I know you're just commenting on the weather or asking me these thinly-veiled questions about how I'm using the value of my Harvard education,

because you need to understand how you fit inside the parameters of these Things too. Because everything that is finite in size can only hold a finite amount, and we're both wondering if our place within the Thing we're stuck within is room worth taking up. And then—once the bowl gets too full, and we spill over the top, how will we breathe on the outside?

I have an answer to your question about my course schedule. I have an answer, even if it's a shifting answer, to what my Concentration will be. You're wondering if I packed an umbrella today, and I have an answer to that, too. But I don't have an answer about how to breathe on the outside of the bowl. All I know is that once we're all outside of it—once we all leave Cambridge and move away to places with new weather, and once we graduate Harvard College—we'll have to figure it out. Because the world outside a fish bowl doesn't look the way it looks to a fish, warped by the contours of a bowl. And if you've ever drawn pictures on the foggy window of a car while stuck on a long road trip, you know that you can't change those pictures once you get out of the car. The windowpane may be clear, but it has two sides—and your fog-pictures are on the other one.

But right now, we're still inside the bowl, or the car, or the glass dome, or whatever other messy metaphor you want to construct to explain the Thing. So, the conversation might be boring, repetitive, and unimaginative, but I understand why we're having it.

I think we're all going to be okay, once

we get out of the Thing. But we're in it now, together. And I know you want to talk about the fact that we're in it. Because I'm pretty sure you're just like me: simultaneously claustrophobic and agoraphobic. We're both afraid of being stuck on the inside, and afraid of the huge open space that exists on the outside. So, let's compare answers: let's tell each other what classes we're taking, or what we're Concentrating in, or how we felt about the heatwave last week. But let's be candid and go a little deeper with our answers, so we can chat without being boring, repetitive, or unimaginative.

Let's talk about the wacky, beautiful, and surreal things we see in the curvature of the bowl. Let's compare our fog-pictures.

Olivia Farrar '21 (oliviafarrar@college.harvard.edu) is a Sophomore in Cabot who loves rowing and does not always love talking about weather and classes.

INDY SPORTS

Intramural Report

By JP VIEIRA

The intramural soccer season was starting for both Winthrop and Cabot Houses. Winthrop, having made it into the finals last season, were heavy favorites, as countless people were calling for a blow-out and claiming that Winthrop house would simply breeze through. But as kick-off began, it became evident that Cabot meant business this season. Cabot dominated the midfield, and 10 minutes

into the first half, Cabot opened up the scoring with a great shot from outside of the 18-yard box. Cabot continued to pressure Winthrop, when out of nowhere, Winthrop mounted an amazing counterattack that ended with their right-winger skillfully rolling the ball under Cabot's keeper. Cabot, however, quickly took the lead again, with their speedy forward shooting over the goalkeeper who ran out to meet him.

At half-time, Cabot led, 2 to Winthrop's 1. In Winthrop's huddle, they seemed confident in a comeback, as they definitely had the talent to do so. With that in mind, Winthrop started the first half guns blazing. They pressured with all that they could offer, their fullbacks playing as if they were wingers, and their wingers as if they were strikers. The midfielders were also playing high, as if strikers themselves. With this highly offensive formation, Winthrop dominated time of possession in the second half, placing at least 10 shots on Cabot's goal, but still missed some great opportunities, one of which included a wide-open goal. Despite all of their offensive effort, Winthrop could not get one back, and the game ended Cabot 2 Winthrop 1. After the game, despite their loss, in the Winthrop huddle, the players were hardly disappointed, as they were able to see the potential of their offensive firepower. Although they did lose the first game, it was far from a failure, putting on display all of the potential and talent that Winthrop House possesses. Cabot, ecstatic with their opening game victory, hopes to continue winning, and definitely has the talent and team chemistry to do so.

JP Vieira '21 (jvieira@college.harvard.edu) is excited to watch more upset victories, whether intramural or varsity.



Francesca Cornero '19

INDY SPORTS

Polo From Across The Pond

Harvard Places 2nd in the 2018 Atlantic Cup

By JASPER FU

Harvard Polo

The 2018 Atlantic cup was hosted by Harvard Polo Club this past week and pitted the athletic prowess, dedication, and horsemanship of four teams – American and English – against each other. Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and Cambridge gathered Thursday through Sunday to play in nine total matches at the historic Myopia polo club of Hamilton, MA. The final match of the 2018 Atlantic Cup saw Oxford and Harvard facing each other across the length of a 300-yard field. The crisp air and cloudy sky over Gibney Field blanketed the spectators as they set up tents, tables, towels and chairs. Hounds, horses, and humans alike loped across the grass in a dizzying bucolic parade.

The Atlantic Cup, since its first incarnation in 2002, when Yale's Polo Club challenged their counterparts from Oxford and Cambridge, has been an intensely competitive event spanning two continents and four of the world's most celebrated universities – Harvard, Yale, Cambridge, and Oxford. The Harvard-Yale and Oxford-Cambridge rivalries, each spanning centuries, vie with national

pride in a confusing mixture of conflicting loyalties.

A game of grass polo has each team fielding 4 players, playing in four "chukkers" (each a seven-and-a-half-minute period of play) in an open grass field ten times the size of a football field. Within each chukker, the clock only stops when a foul is called or there is dangerous play. A point is scored whenever a player hits the ball through a set of goalposts, one on each side of the field, and the goals are switched every time a goal is scored. Though the final day was held entirely on one of Myopia's largest grass fields, a few of the games on the earlier days were held in a sand arena.

This year's Atlantic Cup was the first in over a decade hosted in the United States, and the first ever to be hosted by Harvard. Men's captain Sam Yonce ('20), originally from Hamilton, MA himself stated, "It was extremely special to have the tournament back on American soil and in my hometown. This year's Atlantic Cup was an incredible opportunity to showcase collegiate polo, welcome new fans and players to the sport, and raise the profile of the Harvard program." Yonce also recognized how much went into hosting the Atlantic Cup at Harvard, "From coordinating with international teams and sponsors, preparing the horses, setting up the venue, and arranging post-match activities, our coach, team, and the friends of Harvard Polo have worked tirelessly over the last couple of months to make this one of the best Atlantic Cups to date."

The entire tournament was composed of four days – Thursday through Sunday – with players from Oxford, Cambridge, and Yale arriving Wednesday to begin testing Harvard



horses and facilities. A round robin of games was held on Thursday and Friday followed by an alumni game on Saturday and the final games on Sunday. Thursday saw Harvard beat Cambridge and Oxford beat Yale – both in the walled arena. Then, on Friday, Oxford defeated Cambridge and Harvard trumped Yale.

On Sunday, two games were held to determine the final ranking of the tournament. First, Cambridge and Yale played for 3rd and 4th places, with Yale narrowly defeating Cambridge. Then, after the parade, where the hounds, horses, and Harvard band all put on breathtaking displays, Oxford and Harvard faced off.

As the dogs and band members cleared the field, the deciding match of the Cup began. In the first chukker, Oxford scored two quick goals, giving them a 2-0 lead going into the second chukker. Though several points had almost been both scored and defended by Harvard, Oxford's Charlie Hitchman seemed never to miss in the first half of the game.

Close calls on both sides, as key shots missed or glanced off of polo mallets, made for a tense and hard-fought game even as Oxford held its lead. But in the second half, Harvard began to gain momentum. What had initially been assumed to be a blowout British



Isabelle Blair '21

Isabelle Blair '21

Polo From Across The Pond, continued.

victory soon began to look far less certain as Yonce and Harvard team member Carlos Roca de Togoresh showed strong leadership on the field. With under a minute left in the final chukker, and Harvard down 4-2, a foul was called. Players and coaches held their breath as they waited for the umpire to make his call. Depending on the referee's decision on the level of foul, Harvard could either gain an automatic goal and then be given a throw-in, or they would be given a penalty shot, without enough time to score another goal. Unfortunately for Harvard, the umpire called a penalty 2, and Roca de Togoresh lined up to take the shot. Though Roca de Togoresh's clean hit went straight through the goal posts, the last chukker expired with the final score 4-3, in Oxford's favor. In response to Harvard's loss, Yonce said, "Unfortunately, we found our rhythm too late in the game, and the clock ran out before we could push the game to overtime. Had we had one more minute, I am fully confident that the silver platter of the Atlantic Cup would be sitting in a Harvard Trophy case."

Despite this, the team is proud of the game they played. Women's captain Eliza Bird ('19) says, "The Harvard and Oxford teams both played well, and the score was close throughout, making for an exciting game for our spectators. While the Harvard team of course hoped to be able to claim the Atlantic Cup victory, we're very happy for our good friends at Oxford who we've had the chance to play against many times over the past few years." The Harvard Coach, Crocker Snow, Jr. ('61), clearly concurs, stating: "The fact that the team scrambled back from being down 4-0 deficit at halftime to step by step getting the score to 4-3 before we ran out of time to even things up... was a credit to our team and horses working better and better together and almost tying the game."

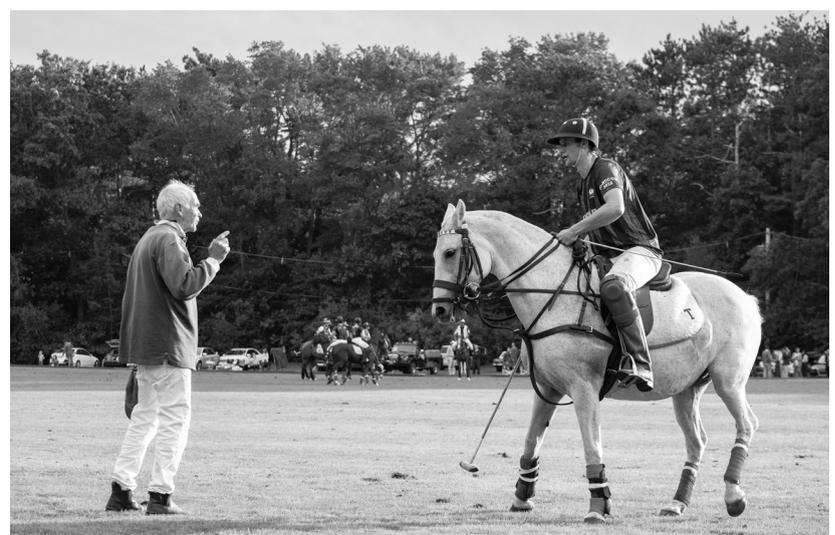
As the inaugural meeting of these teams stateside, it seems a success worth celebrating! Joining in that celebration are not only the seasoned alumni and supporters, but also the new members of the team who joined through the open tryouts held in early September. Harvard polo boasts many things,

but perhaps the diverse reach of its audience and associates is the most surprising. For if there is one thing I learned this weekend (besides the value of a well-placed backshot) is that polo, and the world it inhabits, is not so very alien, not so very far away. As the season continues, with intercollegiate matches held every weekend this fall, I foresee continued success for the Harvard team, driven by the Atlantic triumph and a tangible passion for polo.

Jasper Fu ('21) jasperfu@college.harvard.edu looks forward to watching more polo this fall!



Harvard Polo



Isabelle Blair '21

the independent



“It Takes A Village”

By ISABELLE BLAIR