

THE HARVARD
independent
10.26.18 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969



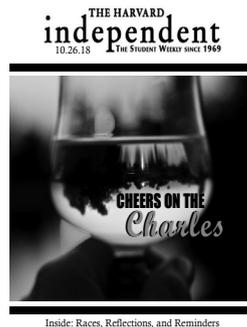
CHEERS ON THE
Charles

Inside: Races, Reflections, and Reminders

The Harvard Independent

10.26.2018

Vol. L, No. 5



The Indy is falling for Fall!

Cover design by
Isabelle Blair '21

CONTENTS

- 3 News Briefs
- 4 Perchin'
- 6 The Real Power of Makeup
- 7 Poems
- 8 Warming Warning
- 9 Natural Feelings
- 10 Harvard Overflows with HOCR

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

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News Briefs

UC Elections take Flight!

By JILLY CRONIN

Last week, forty-four new students were placed on the Undergraduate Council. These forty-four students are comprised of three students from each of the twelve upperclassmen houses, as well as three from Dudley House and three from each segment of the Yard. The elections for President and Vice President of the UC are about to begin, and the form in which students may declare their candidacy is now open and has been circulated by the current leadership via email.

Catherine L. Zhang '19 currently serves as the UC President and Nicholas D. Boucher '19 as her Vice President (endearingly

referred to by students as "Cat & Nick"). They were inaugurated on December 3 of last year and have since achieved around 56% percent of their goals according to the Undergraduate Council website.

Voting for the new President and Vice President will begin soon after all candidates have declared their intentions to run, and voting typically takes place in early to mid-November. The form to submit referenda is also open, with a referendum requiring signatures from 10% of the student body to be passed.

The Undergraduate Council has been dedicated to their mission "to represent and support the Harvard College undergraduate

student population... through promoting belonging and wellbeing for members of the Harvard College Community, financially supporting student organizations, and advocating to administrators, faculty, students and the wider community on all aspects of student life" since the UC's establishment in 1982. The President and Vice President of the UC play crucial roles in maintaining the integrity of the council and its mission and students look forward to the ensuing weeks of election.

Jilly Cronin '21 (croninj@college.harvard.edu) encourages all of her peers to vote come election time.

Out of the SHEATH

By SEGAN HELLE

Sexual Health Education and Advocacy Throughout Harvard (SHEATH) will kick off its seventh annual Harvard Sex Week with its first event this Sunday, the 28th at 4 PM. This year's Sex Week will encompass a total of thirteen different events geared towards increasing education and decreasing stigmatization over sexual relationships in college. These events will be spread over the course of eight consecutive days, hosted in various classrooms within Sever, Emerson, and Harvard Hall.

Sex Week is a series of workshops, lectures, and discussions centered around sexuality, sexual health, gender, and relationships.

Programming includes conversations that work to integrate the personal and the political, covering topics ranging from body positivity, non-monogamy, racial preferences in dating, and virginity to the arguably more taboo workshops on period sex, BDSM in the dorm room, and sexual fetishes.

Within the line-up will also be a keynote address by Dr. Laurie Mintz, Pd.D., a licensed therapist and professor of psychology at the University of Florida, on the topic of "orgasm equality." The address will cover some of the material Mintz discusses in her most recent book, *Becoming Cliterate*, which won the 2019 Society for Sex Therapy and Research Consumer Book Award. The week

will be capped off with Sexpardy!, a trivia game show co-hosted by both SHEATH and Sexual Health Awareness & Relationship Communication (SHARC) educators.

This year's events are sponsored by thirteen different student organizations, including the UC, and twenty-two independent corporate sponsors, including *Good Vibrations*, which has supplied free sex toys at events in the past.

Segan Helle '20 (shelle@college.harvard.edu) believes there's something for everyone at Sex Week.

Perchin'

Third Treetise

By AIDAN FITZSIMONS

For my third tree article, I'm gonna go a bit sappier.

Now that the leaves are falling, and the trees are revealing their bare truth as fortresses of cold, reaching tendrils of bark, it is a good time to think about trees in a new light. When we were monkeys, and trees were our evolutionary domain, our earliest vocalizations would be screeched from one high branch to another. Of course, we've done awesome things down here on the ground since (shoutout couches), but there is still something inherently social about trees, these shared homes for chattering squirrels and chirping birds.

So, today I'm going to talk about the most social trees around—the small trees that dot Tercentenary Theater. Most of these trees are unclimbable, because Harvard has pruned them conscientiously to prevent them from being anything more to us than mere props. Of course, this doesn't stop squirrels from doing their thing, but without low branches, we're pretty much grounded. (By the way, if you happen to spot the black squirrel that's been scurrying about lately, make sure to grab a Snap; he's rarer than the Harvard Turkeys.)

Despite Harvard's best efforts, there are at least three or four trees in front of Sever and Memorial Church which are pretty easy to climb. Now, these trees all provide rather limited options for upward mobility once safely up in them—in that

way, they're a lot like academia. However, they still provide a significant change in perspective over the ground. The value of these trees is not in climbing, but perching.

Each of these trees has a main crux of division, where the trunk splits into the various primary branches of the tree, which themselves branch further. It is here, around the very seat of the tree, that one may perch. A good perch position has to be comfortable, and this is hard to accomplish for us humans who have grown accustomed to comfy seats crafted for our bodies. But it is quite possible to perch in each of these trees after spending a few minutes figuring out the most comfortable way to do so. Some allow you to sit on a single branch; most require a degree of weight to be held by your wedged feet as you sit back against one of the main diagonal branches, possibly while nestling your upper body against a further split of that main branch. While this may not *sound* super comfortable, it allows one to comfortably remain in the tree for a good half hour to an hour before discomfort forces you down. It helps to be wearing a comfy coat, especially in this weather, although spring perching is always a more pleasant experience.

Last spring, I would frequently perch myself in one of these trees along the walkway towards Sever's door. Sometimes, I would relax with a good book, and enjoy the pure aesthetic of it all while also getting some reading done between classes. Other times, I would simply people-watch. There's

always a lot going on in Tercentenary Theater with tourists, and in the ebb and flow times around a period change, the traffic increases dramatically with the movement of students. You are almost always certain to see a good friend heading to class, and it is greatly satisfying to call to a friend from a tree. They look around, and then look up, and smile, because what the hell are you doing up there, you wacko? Then they stop and you talk for a bit, and the whole scene is hilarious for both parties simply by virtue of latitudinal staging. You may judge me for this performativity, but it is sincere; one of my favorite parts of perching is the reaction it gets from those who notice. It's even more fun than observing people unnoticed.

You can make a lot of friends from a tree. People walk by, and if they notice you, then all of a sudden you have this unique connection, a connection that doesn't require shared classes or shared extracurriculars or shared clubs or any other form of organized friendship that forms the bread and butter of Harvard social life. They appreciate the novelty of you being somewhere you're not expected to be; you appreciate that they noticed. You both talk because you're interested in talking, interested in each other, and no system colonizes the pure connection of understanding that then takes place in Habermas' lifeworld. Many times, I've had conversations from my perch with some perceptive passerby, and then hopped down from the tree in order to walk somewhere

Perchin', continued.

Isabelle Blair '21

with this new friend. I've thrown my phone down from trees so that new friends can add their phone numbers. I've met tourists who asked if they could take pictures. I've met alumni who are interested in what I think about Thoreau. But most of all, I've just met interesting people who are interested in other interesting people.

When I first came to Harvard, I was disillusioned by how socially stunted the general culture seemed to be, how dependent everyone was on existing connections and systemic justifications for friendship, how people needed excuses just to act human, how empty most conversations were between these minds which had been brought together in order to evolve the world of ideas through dialogue and synthesis. After I went mad, and started doing what I really wanted to do for sheer joy and principle, I was able to substitute my own illusion for the one I had lost. When I see a Harvard student doing something novel, something they aren't supposed to do, like stopping to appreciate a sunset or going out of their way to really get to know someone else, that's when I feel hope for the future, and believe in Harvard again. If you're an interesting Harvard student, then do interesting things—I have my eyes open, and I can't wait to meet you.

Aidan Fitzsimons '20 (aidan_fitzsimons@college.harvard.edu) would love to talk with you about everything that excites you



The Real Power of Makeup

At least, for me, anyway

By ALAYA AYALA

When I first got to Harvard, I would do my makeup every day. At the bare minimum I'd wear some BB cream, fill in my eyebrows, throw on some concealer and mascara and be out the door. Other days I'd go all out with a full face of makeup, taking hours to blend in my eyeshadow just to sit in lecture for an hour and go back to sleep in my dorm room.

I wasn't doing it to hide my face, or to make myself more attractive to other people. I wasn't even doing it because I enjoyed the process of doing my makeup (because let's be real, when you don't workout, holding up a beauty blender can make your arm get sore quicker than you'd think).

I did my makeup every day back then because I took comfort in the act of taking care of myself. I felt better about my life when I was putting effort into my appearance. Every shadow applied, every sweep of my contour brush over my skin, every mark I made on my face made me feel a little more put together and a little more in control of my life.

I've come to notice a pattern in my daily habits.

When I'm feeling better about myself, I wear makeup. I take the time to coordinate my eye makeup with the color of my dress. I match my lipstick to my mood. I transform my skin into a canvas and turn my features into works of art. It's not necessarily an act of using makeup as a crutch, it's more an expression of the fact that I am capable of caring for myself.

When I'm not feeling good about myself, I don't wear makeup. During those periods of my life, it's all I can do to roll out of bed in the mornings and take a shower. I am unmotivated, unhappy, and uncaring. I don't have time to do my makeup when I'm too occupied with hating something about myself or my life to spare a thought for my appearance.

Ever heard of wearing your heart on your sleeve? I wear it in the wings of my eyeliner, in the glitter on my eyelids, in the gloss on my lips.

I wear it in the undisguised dark circles under my eyes, my uneven skin tone, and in the scowl on my naked mouth.

I find that I really have to be in a good place to give a damn about my face. However, I haven't always been that way.

In high school I would wear makeup when I wanted to impress other people. At Model Congress competitions I would torture my hair into neat curls with a hot iron and paint my face to calm my anxiety.

In middle school, I'd use makeup to cover up my acne and fit in with my friends, who'd all use it for their own reasons, too. I was terrible at makeup back then, but I was always very pleased with myself when I'd smudge eyeliner on my waterline, wear foundation two shades too pale, and straighten my bangs so that they'd cover half of my face.

Makeup means something different for everyone. I've heard it compared to all sorts of things.

Armor.

Warpaint.

Mask.

Art.

At different points in my life, it has been all of those things for me. Other times, it has been none of them, or only some. Regardless, the seasons change, good mental health comes and goes, and I wear my makeup with pride...or I don't. And it's fine either way.

This year I've been in a no makeup kind of mood...for two months. Which is hard to reconcile with when I look at pictures of me from just this past summer, with my cheekbones highlighted to the nines and my eyelashes so long they could catch a breeze.

It only makes sense to me when I come to

Alaya Ayala '21



terms with the fact that I don't feel like crap because I'm not wearing makeup. Rather, I'm not wearing makeup because I feel like crap.

And wow, that is hard to wrap my head around.

I feel like there's always been this feeling in the back of my mind that makeup was supposed to make you feel better, that everyone knows you're hiding your real face, that everyone thinks makeup is a crutch.

Harvard has taught me many things, but one of the most important things has been nothing, not makeup, not food, not my friends, and certainly not partying; will make me feel better unless I want to feel better.

Thus, my enjoyment of those things has always been based on how willing I am to enjoy anything in my life. What's the point of wearing pink blush if I'm feeling gray on the inside?

I guess my main message here is this.

Makeup is powerful, not because it disguises who you are or lets you show your face to the world. It is powerful because you shine through it, look out from under it, and it can amplify the effect that wanting to live your life to the fullest can have on your appearance. It is power because it is a choice to take care. And it is wonderful, at least for me, anyway.

Alaya Ayala '21 (alaya_ayala@college.harvard.edu) is continuing to chronicle the ways that Harvard has shaped her perspective, even outside of class.

Phoney Friend

A Poem

By ABIGAIL JADE KOERNER

Remember when we used to read?
Now, between every page I see
I check up on my Instagram feed
Real faces smile back at me
Not the faces my mind wanted them to be
Can't see clearly
The words become blurred
Time ticks away
My phone battery dwindles just like every single day
As I sit in silence with my old friend Phone
Whose constant companionship feels like home
The two of us: like yin and yang
Changed my home and lock screen to a photo that I should hang
But my walls are bare
And my shelves are too
I feel so blue
I miss all of you

*Abigail Koerner '21 (ajkoerner@college.harvard.edu) isi reading
this issue in print, with her friends*

The Fading Days of a Crumbling Empire

A Poem

By REMEDY RYAN

I felt a pang of longing but maybe it was just hunger
I felt a flash of anger but maybe it just was
Maybe you should eat something
I thought I was falling in love but maybe I was just falling
I thought I could get to the bottom of it but maybe there is no end in sight
Maybe if I just lie here long enough
my body will stop aching
I thought I knew my own feelings but
maybe there was no room left for them in this burning building anyway
Maybe I am crazy
Maybe the building isn't burning
Maybe I am not here at all

*Remedy Ryan '21 (remedyryan@college.harvard.edu)
stops to reexamines the fire within.*

INDY ARTS

Warming Warning

A public climate art sculpture

By ANA LUIZA NICOLAE

What in the world is that? Officially it's an "educational installation at Harvard University that combines science, art and environmental design to communicate global climate change data". The designers, Harvard Bullard Fellow David Buckley Borden and Harvard Forest Senior Ecologist Aaron Ellison, have created a quite intuitive piece of modern art.

Upon the inaugural event for the opening of the art installation in the Harvard Common Spaces, in front of the Smith Campus center, Aaron Ellison was explaining how the structure has been made to reflect light in a manner particularly pleasing to the eye. Indeed, it has come the time of needing such embellishments for the reports gorging with scientific data incomprehensible to the insensible eye.

Some might be wondering what happened to the initial design, where blue, the hue of the sky, were to cover the regions which are now simply white. This decision was made upon two considerations: first, the empirical



Ana Luiza Nicolae '22

revelations of a smaller experimental design, exposed beforehand and appreciated as is. Second, the sustainable choice to spare a few gallons of paint.

The structure presents two pieces of information, leaning against one another in the form of large triangles, made from wood collected at the Harvard Forest. The piece is highly impregnated by the recent IPCC report statements, which stirred up the community of environmentally conscious and concerned people. The data represented on the North side of the structure, towards the Science Center, eloquently depicts the increase in global temperature from 1880 to 2016. The yellowish bump perceived in the graph, towards the middle of

the beams, might be, according to recent hypotheses, due to the industrial uproar of the Second World War. On the other side, the spectator becomes involved as an actor in the piece, for it represents 4 possible courses of action for our world's continuation. The four striations of black to white represent concentration of carbon dioxide pathways. The top line represents the continued emission pattern, business as usual. The second, the Paris agreement goals. The third, the more aggressive CO2 emissions cut approach, by including a complete shift of the agricultural production. The fourth, the most radical cuts in CO2 emissions to be made, in order to not cap an increase of 1.5°C until the end of the century.

Ana Luiza Nicolae '22



Interestingly enough, to really engage each passerby in their aim, Borden and Ellison have installed, at the end of the construction, a bench made of wood beams, covered in primer and ready to be assembled, for the fate of our future truly depends on what our societies will collectively achieve in the coming decades.

So the question remains, where will those next beams take us?

Ana Luiza Nicolae '22 (analuiza_nicolae@college.harvard.edu) continues to ponder where those beams will take us next.

Natural Feelings

Describe a specific personal experience with nature

By ANA LUIZA NICOLAE

San Diego. One chilly January night, 2018. Four months of continuous work spoiling my eyes with the light of computer screens have passed. I've been deeply plunged in an amalgam of work, stress, displays of sociability, reactions of irritability and overall small joyous moments of life. Life seemed inextricably embedded in the things which surrounded me that I seldom looked up to even see the sky. I had submitted my college application some two or three days beforehand. Like a sandcastle torn by wind and ocean, I had tried my capacities and judgement in order to gain some distant acceptance into an institution briefly encountered during a previous summer daze. Quasi-delirious by being unburdened with

deadlines and having escaped the strenuous activity demanded by many implications, I walked out of the training camp's location, on to the Ocean. The beach was gray and the sky, dark. The rolling thunder of waves leapt at me from utter blackness and blinded each of my senses. I took to walking towards the howling immensity of the sea. With each step, angst protruded my bones and overcame my mind's command. I stopped. I could not deny it... I was afraid. I was afraid of something I could not see, an infinite mass of liquid which I could not imagine. I was under the indomitable impression which has prompted adventurers, artists and men of all Ages to believe in the Hell of oceanic depths. This was perhaps the closest I have come to

tasting the humiliating palpable fear which overcomes a human nearing its end. How is it that us, through production of the flimsiest of material objects, can disrupt such a vast monster as the upheaval of water in the night? How can some industrial process alter the composition of this natural force? Was it just being deprived of my senses that had me at a loss for movement or could a thing so much bigger than I truly absolve me of will under its spellbinding strength...

Ana Luiza Nicolae '22 (analuiza_nicolae@college.harvard.edu) waits and watches the changing tides.



Isabelle Blair '21

INDY SPORTS

Harvard Overflows with HOCR

The Head of the Charles 2018

By JASPER FU

As the weekend of the 54th annual Head of the Charles Regatta dawned, thousands of rowers, and hundreds of thousands of spectators, prepared for an intense two days. The regatta — often shortened to the HOCR — has been held in Boston since 1965. The race course begins at Boston University's DeWolfe boathouse and winds down an infamously challenging three-mile distance to the end. The Charles river becomes crowded as more than ten thousand rowers over two thousand boats make their way down the river. A quarter of a million people fly, drive, or bus into Boston, bringing with them 72 million dollars in

spending for the Boston economy.

The race, the largest two-day regatta in the world, sees 10,600 rowers and needs almost two thousand volunteers to staff and manage it. It plays host to rowers of all backgrounds and skill levels, with teams coming from all over the world to row. Over 61 events with rowers from 43 states and 24 countries crown victors over the course of the weekend, with participants ranging from youth to Olympic, club to collegiate. For many, it is a family event, with family members often flying out to see their loved ones compete. Onlookers line the bank of the Charles and crowd the bridges for better views, dragging along more than a few confused Harvard tourists along with

them. The Head of the Charles allows the global rowing community to come together in Boston.

This year the Head of the Charles (held annually on the second to last full weekend of October) took place as Boston seemingly skipped fall to begin diving headfirst into winter. The brisk and blustery weather stayed for the most part bright, but over the weekend the entire spectrum of wind, rain, and sun was at various times represented. It was both colder and windier than the same time last year, a fact not lost on rowers and spectators alike.

The regatta kicked off bright and early at 7:45, Saturday morning, with the Men's



Allison Lee '21

Harvard Overflows with HOCR, continued.

Senior Veteran Singles I and II events. It continued non stop throughout the day, with new events launching several times every hour for the next ten hours, for a total of 35 events the first day. The next day saw its start at 7:45 as well, finishing off the rest of the 61 events as well as five Director's Challenges.

“Head” style races are when boats are launched from the startline on 15 second intervals. The first boat in each race launches at the given start time and other boats in the event chase them down the course. This procedure allows for upwards of 70 boats to compete in each category.

All four Harvard rowing squads competed this weekend. The Lightweight Women's Varsity four won their event by 13 seconds against 16 other crews. The men's club eight also won their event with a time of 14:46.85. The women's club eight also finished first, with a time of 16:57.56. However, their boat was disqualified because of eligibility issues. In women's championship fours, Harvard came in at 11th place, and in men's championship eights the Crimson crew placed 5th, but third among the college championship rowers, losing only to Yale and Brown. Women's championship eights saw Harvard at 12th, and women's lightweight eights placed Harvard A in 5th place, with a time of 19:11.616, and Harvard B in 9th



Women's Lightweight Crew celebrating their win. Allison Lee '21

place, with a time of 21:13.642.

In men's lightweight eights Harvard A came in 6th place while Harvard B came in at 9th place, but in a close-run race — 4th through 9th places finished within nine seconds of each other, but the 4th place finisher Navy was almost 20 seconds slower than Yale in 3rd. Men's club fours saw Harvard A placed 5th, with a time of 17:14.536, barely a second shy of 4th place finisher BU. Harvard B placed 37th, coming in with a time of 18:43.546. In men's lightweight fours Harvard placed 6th with a time of 18:26.620, losing to Yale but edging in a half-second ahead of Penn.

All four varsity squads — women's

lightweight, women's heavyweight, men's heavyweight, and men's lightweight — fielded boats in every collegiate category. Positive results make our crews hopeful for the spring season. Once again, the Head of the Charles brought the rowing community together in Boston and Cambridge for a wonderful weekend of competition.

Jasper Fu '21 (jasperfu@college.harvard.edu) looks ahead to the next community defining sports event - Harvard - Yale!

the independent



Trying to get a 4.0, a Goldman internship, and 8 hours of sleep

By ISABELLE BLAIR