

THE HARVARD
independent
10.31.19 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969



Inside: The Halloween Issue

The Harvard Independent

10.31.2019

Vol. LI, No. 5



The Indy is feeling spooky!

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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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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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INDY NEWS

Eat, Drink, and Be Scary

Cambridge's Best for this Halloween

By AMELIA TARRANT

Whilst the return of midterm season might be scary enough for some, the beginning of Halloween means the beginning of spook-themed events around Cambridge. Whether it's venturing into the depths of Boston, or keeping it local with the very best that Harvard has to offer, it's fair to say that there's enough happening nearby to keep even the most enthusiastic thrill-seeker entertained over the next week.

Night of the Living Mozz Sticks - Winthrop House Grille - November 1st

If the thought of exploring beyond the realms of BoardPlus is enough to haunt your dreams at night, then this must be the event for you. In the face of months of closures and numerous fire alarms, Winthrop Grille has pushed through adversity to deliver this tenuously named event right in time for spooky season. Choose between Pumpkin Spiced or Halloween milkshakes and reveal where your real allegiances lie, all the while staying in the comfort of the River. That being said, the number of mouse appearances in the Winthrop Groupme as of late means that you venture to the Grille at your peril; stay tuned to see who wins between Flossy the Winthrop Mouse and the ten mouse traps positioned in the Winthrop dining hall.

SPoOkY HaLLoWeEn OrGaN ReCiTaL-MemorialChurch-October31st

As if the random capitalisation in the event title isn't scary enough, this organ recital invites you to wear your costumes as you listen to different recitals within the confines of the church, from 11pm to midnight on the night of Halloween. With 214 people interested in the event at the time of writing, maybe they all know something about the refreshments being offered that the Indy doesn't. Either way, avoid the rain that will inevitably be falling on

Thursday night by sheltering in the church, surrounded by the somewhat thrilling sounds of organ recitals, if that is your sort of thing.

A Very Harry Potter Halloween at Lamplighter - Lamplighter Brewing Co - October 31st

Just because not enough people decide to dress up in the arguably unoriginal wizard costume for Halloween, lamplighter Brewing Co decided it would be a good

idea to throw a Harry Potter theme in the mix, as well as deciding to release their Harry Potter-inspired IPA on the night. Sure to be the haunt of the Harvard Quidditch Club for the night, Lamplighter will most probably be host to the more alternative Halloween groups around Cambridge, an exciting prospect for those still dreaming of getting their Hogwarts letter in the mail.



Natalie Sicher '21

INDY NEWS

Eat, Drink and Be Scary, continued.

Fall Foliage River Cruise - Charles Riverboat Company - November 2nd

In light of that fact that some might prefer the slower pace for thrills around Halloween, the Fall Foliage River Cruise provides the perfect alternative to the fast pace of Harvard life. What better way to appreciate the impending doom of colder weather and leafless trees than from the anticlimactic deck of a boat. Cruise down the Charles as you take in the autumnal scenes whilst trying to forget all the other ways you could be making better use of your time on a Saturday morning, such as by watching Harvard Varsity Field Hockey take on Dartmouth for their Senior Day (shameless plug, Berylson Field at 2pm).

2019 Halloween Bike Ride (20th Annual!) - October 31st

For those who turn against the commercialisation of trick-or-treating for Halloween, the perfect event does indeed exist: a candy-burning bike ride! To prove that

people do in fact want to go for a bike ride on Halloween, specific emphasis has been placed on this being the 20th edition of the event; proof that it has been popular in the past, and so it must be popular again. The bike ride ultimately ends up at a secret outdoor dance party, which sadly is most likely to be significantly better than anything happening on Harvard's campus that night, so unlock that bike that you haven't touched since freshman year (or scooter, if an athlete) and get riding.

Freaky Funk: Halloween Costume cruise with live music - Classic Harbor Line - October 31st

Perhaps the only thing worse than listening to a "ghoulish band" wake the dead would be listening to such a band whilst trapped on a cruise, with no escape. Use this event to test the limits of your endurance this Halloween, simply because midterm season round two isn't hard enough for us students. Interestingly, the costume competition is limited to zombie and werewolf-themed, so note the specificities if wanting to win four tickets on yet another cruise trip (clever

marketing by Classic Harbor line there).

Cirque of the Dead-OBERON - October 31st

Conveniently located just a five minute walk from the Square (making for an easy escape if required), OBERON is hosting a "Halloween spectacular" run by the Boston Circus Guild that promises not to disappoint. With circus acts, drinks, dancing and live music all happening throughout the evening, it is sure to be scary just the vast amount of events being held under the OBERON roof. The 18+ element of the evening also adds to the mystique, so head down to understand what really happens behind OBERON's doors, as we're pretty sure no Harvard student actually knows!

Scaryoke - The Asgard - October 30th

The self-proclaimed "Ultimate Karaoke Party", this event is the place to head if midterms hit you that little bit too hard this semester. The Asgard promises that their state of the art sound system, (with four wireless microphones and monitor) makes everyone sound "amazing," providing the perfect opportunity for Harvard students to get the confidence boost they all desperately need. All this can also be done with the satisfaction of singing in costume, so public embarrassment as you belt out your favorite song is no longer an issue. Drag your friends down to sing the night away in honor of those who came up with this punny event name, and hope that the only thing scary is the costumes and not the singing!

Mimi Tarrant '21 (ameliatarrant@college.harvard.edu) is excited to try out these Halloween events this week.



Ava Saltzman '23

INDY NEWS

The Allure of the Supernatural

Current and Former Instances of the Supernatural at Harvard

By GRAHAM WALTER

In a culture as superstitious as currently exists, there is a surprising lack of research into the existence of ghosts and other such spirits. Hollywood has broached the subject with mockumentaries such as “Paranormal Activity” or reflected on more religious-like spirits like in “The Exorcist,” but the field of science has largely failed to intersect significantly with that of the supernatural.

There is an entire field of science, or more probably, an entire field of pseudoscience that is found in CBS’s “The Ghost Whisperer,” NBC’s “Medium,” or Scyfy’s “Ghost Hunters” that may suggest that ghosts do exist and are in fact discoverable. While in the current day, the existence of ghosts is unproven, there does exist this mystical grey area, millions of Americans believe in ghosts. According to a 2005 Gallup poll, 37% of Americans believed that haunted houses were real; further, a larger percent believed in ghosts or other types of spirits and about 75% of Americans believed in some sort of figure beyond on realm. The percentages differ from country to country, depending on the history and traditions of the country. In England,

these figures were far higher, which can be rationalized considering the deeper literary and historical associations with the supernatural.

Bringing this all back to Harvard, a campus older than the United States, the Independent conducted a survey regarding common beliefs here on campus. Harvard serves as a particularly interesting location to conduct such a survey, given the wide variance given its age, historical significance, variance in spiritual and cultural beliefs, and variety in rationalism. Focusing in on ghosts and other such spirits, the study revealed a greater proportion of belief in the mystical than the national averages previously discussed.

First, almost half of the respondents said they did not believe in ghosts. There was a nearly identical divide with the remaining half, where 23% were skeptics, and 29% fully believed in ghosts. In terms of other types of spirits, demons, and other poltergeist-like creatures, 44% of respondents stated yes, indicating a greater proportion of believers. While conducting such a study may reveal something generally about campus populous, in the

cases of the supernatural, however, the statistics are often-times less interesting than the particular stories behind the responses.

For many like myself, an event that we or another witnessed is the only proof we have for these ghosts. In my own case, my father bought an old house up in Massachusetts with my two older brothers; they were only around five and six and at the time, incapable of too much mischief. About once a week, my brothers would be found with unexplainable large bruises or items from places they couldn’t reach. While this was all somewhat easy to rationally explain (they were small children after all), in special instances, there seemed to be a voice that would tell them to leave and physically push the children away. Needless to say, my family sold the house not long after.

Because neither the supernatural, nor the psyche is fully understood, several respondents believed in ghosts, but with reservation. One said that he or she has “hallucinated dead family members speaking” but there is a possibility “that could entirely be my own psyche, who knows!” Similarly, another respondent reported that their “sister believes that her sleep paralysis is actually hauntings.” A third respondent went with a more philosophical approach, stating “we are the supernatural... coexisting with infinite realities of other naturals and supernaturals.” These responses are reflective of the fact that for many, the supernatural is far more than a halloween scary story or frightening mishap: it can be a facet of day to day life, intellectual discourse, or philosophical reflection.

A final respondent gave us a more detailed and spooky story:

“I do not generally believe in ghosts, but my mother, one of the most rational people I know, and her best friend, also an astute, rational person, saw and independently described a little girl in Victorian dress that haunted the bathtub in their apartment in 1980s Berlin. They could not find any rational explanation for both of them to hallucinate this image. The girl was quiet and mostly still, but not frozen, and if she was some kind of supernatural presence, she did not seem angry or aggressive. My mother’s friend described her as an echo or a memory, but again, could not come up with a reasonable explanation for both of them to imagine the same little girl. They had a washing machine but no dryer, so they had a drying rack hung



Ava Saltzman '23

INDY NEWS

The allure of the Supernatural, continued.

above the bathtub, and they would often see her while they were hanging their clothes up to dry.”

Even within such recountings, the current perspective on ghosts is clear to see: an emphasis is made on the mother and her friend being highly rational as a precursor for the story to be believable. At Harvard, rationality may say that ghosts are not real, but at the same time, rationality may also posit: if there were any educational institution to have ghosts, would it not be this one?

Here at Harvard, considering its steep tradition and the millions of people who have lived here, it seems as if there is bound to be a group of ghosts that appear in our halls or residencies. In the opening few days, like many of my classmates, one of the first stories disseminated across the class of 2021 happened to be the ghosts underneath the basement of Sanders Theater. TFs and students alike say that at odd hours of the day, the instrument lockers will slam and other creepy noises will echo through the halls.

More grounded in science, William James, a Harvard philosopher and psychologist devoted a lot of time and energy to proving the existence of spirits. This work was primarily done through the observations of the famous early 20th century medium Leonora Piper. More about his research and unique stories can be found in Deborah Blum’s book *Ghost Hunters: William James and the Search for Scientific Proof of Life After Death*.

In the book, Blum details the life of James and his rapid fixation on séances after the death of his child in 1884. A considerable portion of his testaments have high praise for the medium. She seems to be off on details, but information that transcended her knowledge seemed to commonly come up. Other professors from Harvard would have their lives read, and the results went beyond reason. Piper seemed to know secret messages,

real names, and other uncanny details.

Whether creepy or jolly, Holbrook Smith, an undocumented student from 1914 would often chat with students in Mass Hall B entryway: the oldest building at Harvard. At one point, according to the legend, Dean of Freshman William C. “Burriss” Young confronted the ghost after complaints from students. As it has been reported many times before, Smith looked Young straight in the eyes and “with the saddest eyes I’ve ever seen,” Young recalled that he said ““You’ve ruined a perfectly good thing,”” never to be seen again.

Further, Apthorp House, the yellow house in Adams House, is supposedly haunted by the ghosts of the revolutionary war. The house was built in 1760 and was the prison for general John Burgoyne. When you have time, look further into Lowell house’s (best house’s) ghosts starting with Elliott Perkins and poet Amy Lowell, the Pulitzer Prize winning imagist who didn’t technically go to Harvard, but has spent several lifetimes leaving a trace of cigar smoke and a full bodied apparition in front of her portrait.

“All of these surreal experiences lead us further into the question of what the supernatural actually is and how do we find proof.”

All of these surreal experiences lead us further into the question of what the supernatural actually is and how do we find proof. While the reputation of “ghost-hunting” is not the best, it is always interesting when experiencing or listening to stories about the supernatural. The reasons behind our natural curiosity lie in the fact that there is so much grey area within the topic, and short of pulling an argument based on logical positivism, we cannot say whether ghosts exist. The lack of proof, again, makes the entire subject so alluring and transfixing.

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Andrew Haimovici '21

INDY NEWS

The Ivy and the Occult

Harvard's History with the Supernatural

By CHIDAMBARAM "CID" THILLAIRAJAH

Harvard is old. Properly old in a way that very few places in this country are. Three hundred and eighty-three years is plenty of time for all manner of strange things to happen. The occasional macabre event is bound to occur from time to time, adding to the ever-growing body of stories told late at night by overworked students. Occasionally a strange and ill-advised field of study rises briefly to the forefront of the cultural zeitgeist, resulting in researchers conducting experiments that attempt to test for the existence of supernatural phenomena. While ghost stories and psychical research seem to have largely disappeared from Harvard over the years, there is still an eclectic mix of strange undertakings and stories scattered throughout Harvard's history.

Harvard's association with the occult dates back to its early days. Harvard University's sixth president, Increase Mather had a noticeable interest in witchcraft and he expressed his belief in its power. In the 1690's he notoriously defended the judges presiding over the Salem Witch Trials. By his own admission he attended the trial of fellow minister George Burrows and stated he believed that Burrows subsequent execution was the correct course of action. His son, Cotton Mather, was more active in his involvement. Supposedly the younger Mather even personally interceded to make sure that a particularly unpopular execution proceeded unhindered. While the pair's degree of involvement in the tragic affair remains a matter of debate to this day, at the time the name Mather was synonymous with the execution of witches.

These days' tales of specters and apparitions are a rare oddity on campus, but old rumors of ghosts haunting Harvard and its surroundings are plentiful, if often a little vague. Massachusetts Hall supposedly has a number of restless spirits that make their presence known. A specter that went by the name of Holbrook Smith was supposedly regularly seen in the B entryway during the first few weeks of each new school year, introduc-

ing himself to new students and claiming to be an alumnus of the class of 1914. Allegedly Smith left in a huff sometime in the mid 1900's after being confronted by then assistant freshman dean William Young and has not been seen since. Thayer is also another hotbed of supernatural activities. There are claims that the building is haunted by unhappy spirits that were employed there when it was a textile mill with exceptionally poor working conditions. There is the minor issue that there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest there was ever a textile mill in the space now occupied by Thayer hall, but apparently this technicality does not bother the ghosts.

Restless spirits do not appear to limit themselves to just freshman dorms. Amy Lowell, Pulitzer Prize winning poet and sister of former Harvard president Abbot Lowell, supposedly still wanders the halls and has a tendency of leaving behind a faint smell of cigar smoke. Others claim that the spirit of former housemaster Elliot Perkins occasionally stops by to check on the state of house affairs. Aphorpe house, the master's residence of Adams House, was used the site of British general John Burgoyne's imprisonment after his surrender to American forces during the revolutionary war. In life he was extremely critical of the poor quality of his lodgings, and supposedly still makes his opinions known from the afterlife.

The cultural craze that was parapsychological research also enjoyed a period of popularity at Harvard University. This scientifically dubious field of study covered supposed supernatural phenomena ranging from telepathy and extrasensory perception to more bizarre happenings like séances and spiritualism. Harvard psychologist William James, namesake for the building that currently houses Harvard's psychology department, was active in the spiritualist and psychical research communities in the late 1800's. He was a founding member of the American Society for Psychical Research, and regularly held séances with renowned and self-admittedly somewhat fraudulent me-

dium Lenora Piper. This fascination with the possibility of contacting the dead remained alive and well in the Harvard community. In the 1930's Harvard psychology chair William McDougall and a number of students participated in the investigation of famous medium Mina Crandon alongside the legendary Harry Houdini. Mina was ultimately discovered to be a fraud, but McDougall continued to encourage continued psychical research until his death.

Harvard was also home to some of the earliest scientific experiments studying telepathy. In a study first published in 1917, Harvard researcher Leonard Troland had one "agent" observe a lamp being lit in one of two rooms while a "receiver" attempted to determine which room was illuminated. Subjects performed worse than would be expected by chance, but the mystique of the field kept it alive. The aforementioned William McDougall went so far as to claim that the existence of telepathy had been scientifically proven. There are articles as late as 1949 discussing experiments performed on students by the Harvard parapsychology club.

Over the past four centuries Harvard has been witness to all manner of strange and unusual events and phenomena. The old buildings and rich history lend themselves to the creation of stories, and there's nothing slightly inebriated students love better than a good scary story. Parapsychology has almost entirely fallen by the wayside and most of the ghost stories on campus. Even so, when you go out this Halloween, if you feel a chill down your spine and hear something breathing down your neck, maybe think twice before you turn around.

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INDY ARTS

The Old Cemetary

By JASPER FU

When people asked why Johnathan slept in a graveyard, he felt uncomfortably unconvincing replying that he didn't know it was a graveyard at all. Johnathan was Johnathan; not Jon, or John, or Jonathan, but J-o-h-nathan. When his kindergarten teachers corrected his spelling, he corrected them right back, politely if he thought he could convince them, and waited until some other fire (metaphorical or, after at least one ill-advised demonstration by a father who thought he was a survivalist, literal) pulled their gaze away to quietly scratch a thin h' where he knew it belonged. He was not impolite, or

confrontational, or even particularly disliked, but he was particular.

But Johnathan slept in a graveyard at 6pm on a Saturday that happened to be Halloween, and the Woodlands Memorial "Old" Cemetery was covered knee-deep in weeds and softly clumped sod. The Old Cemetery was thirteen years defunded and eight years forgotten when the last parishioner of the nearby church was buried there. She had outlived two husbands and three pastors, and was buried, according to her will, by six pallbearers (two sons, one niece, three hired) in a narrow plot facing the sunset beneath the oak

tree that Johnathan, six years and three months later, sat against.

Johnathan, in protest of the commercialized holiday known as Halloween (which he knew to be more accurately called "All Hallow's Eve"), had walked off from his group of friends an hour ago. He knew he was lost, somewhere less than three miles away from his school and somewhere more than five miles away from his house, but that was knowledge rarely helpful and here — in a shapeless little overgrown glen dotted with rolling knolls and surrounded by wispy trees that let in sunlight but precious little in the way of



Andrew Haimovici '21

INDY ARTS

The Old Cemetary, continued.

navigable landmarks — even less so. He relaxed, resigned and almost relieved in his lost-ness, one leg outstretched and the other withdrawn, freshly-bloodied knee pressed to a thin beige shirt and thinner chest.

To him and his tight-knit (more by necessity and lack of any other options in their small-town school district than any real connection) cohort, the Old Cemetery was something of a myth, a topic for muttered stories and “I-heard-that-someone-said,” not an Actual Place that Real People visited, much less an idyllic clearing dappled with the fading rays of summer sunlight. It was not until he awoke, two hours later, to the purple blue-gray of dusk that it dawned upon him that getting lost in a lazy afternoon and stumbling around overnight were two altogether different things. His hand brushed a cold stone slab almost swallowed by the old oak’s roots. He inspected it in the light of the full moon and realized, with the certainty of the very scared, that it was a headstone.

He stumbled to his feet with a crick in his neck and a sore ankle, uncomfortably aware that his ability to navigate by the stars (which he had bragged about in some depth to a girl who, in the honesty of hindsight, was really not very interested) was limited to the knowledge that there was at least one bright star that pointed North. He squinted, and through the application of his considerable experience was able to identify six bright stars pointing in four different directions.

Johnathan was by this point in a panic.

“Shit,” he said, which would surprise his friends (who thought he didn’t panic) and his parents (who thought he didn’t swear). He jittered nervously on his good foot, one hand pressed to the sturdy oak tree, and the other clenching and unclenching in the air. Johnathan, who had until now considered himself a put-together, competent man for most of fourteen years (he was willing to concede a few in the beginning), took a deep breath remembered something from the self-proclaimed survivalist father’s presentation, so long ago: “when lost,

travel quickly, confidently, and in a straight line until you find signs of civilization.”

This statement was, among other things: an answer to an unasked question, intended for landscapes more hostile than the suburban Midwest, and wrong.

But Johnathan was always one to trust more experienced, wiser heads, even when the wiser head in question was at the time oblivious to the seven-year-old in the front row who had snatched the stormproof matches from the demonstration table and was attempting with determination to strike them on his friend’s braces. So he took that advice to heart and sprinted into the unknown, legs pumping as fast as he had ever run for the Green Valley Middle School Track Team (Junior Varsity, starter, 800m). Unfortunately for him, the unknown consisted mostly of two policemen, one in his fifties, the other in his early twenties.

Of course, to fourteen-year old Johnathan, they were two looming figures freshly risen from the haunted cemetery where he had slept on Halloween night and thus lost his soul. An iron-hard grip snapped out from the older officer, who had spotted him, and a surprisingly high-pitched scream from the younger officer, who had not.

To Johnathan’s credit, it only took a few seconds of primal terror for him, who really was almost as smart as he thought he was, to realize that he was not in fact being grabbed by devils sprung from Satan’s embrace. In those seconds he flailed out of the older cop’s grasp, attempted to bite the younger man he thought was charging towards him (by this point the inexperienced policeman, his third day on the force, was sixteen feet away and accelerating rapidly), and overbalanced into empty air, followed quickly by very not-empty ground.

“Hey, kid, we’re just here to get you home safe,” said Randall (the older policeman), hands held out non-threateningly. He glanced at Colin (the younger policeman), who was walking sheepishly towards them, and thought better of saying anything to undermine the authority of The Law.

Johnathan, whose breathing had slowed down to hyperventilating, stood up slowly.

“I just — I just got lost, and I don’t — I know — I don’t know where I am,” he stammered, through a mouthful of blood and mud (there wasn’t any blood).

“Don’t, uh, worry,” said Colin, who was trying to redeem himself. “Our squad car is just back there, a few miles.”

He pointed vaguely away from them. Randall glared at him with an expression that Johnathan was pretty sure did not count as redemption, unless it was the biblical, bloody kind.

“We came from North Bend,” the older officer said. “North. You’re pointing south.”

Colin shook his head. At last, he was on firmer ground. “No, we were curving left the whole time we went through that weird field thing. We should be north of where we started by now.”

Both policemen, up until now convinced that all they had to do was find the missing child, realized at the same time the flaw in their single-minded plan.

“Shit,” said Johnathan.

Jasper Fu (jasperfu@college.harvard.edu) writes *Arts for the Indy*.

INDY ARTS

Walled off

or Just another brick in the Wall

By ANA LUIZA NICOLAE

The eye is changed. Horror isn't in stories and movies anymore, it's in the walls. But how does one escape the careless whisper of the brick, the plaster, and all those tangled wires?

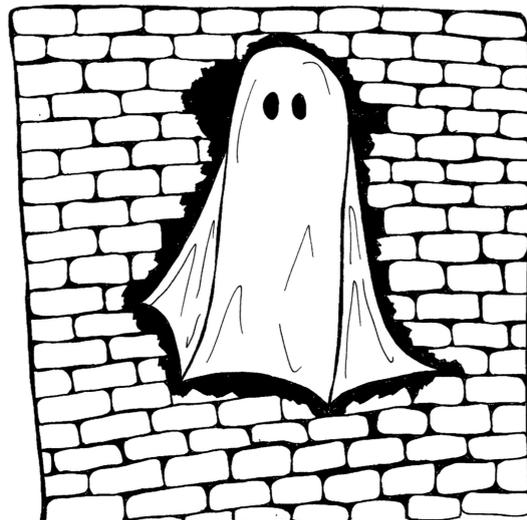
Escape you say? But escape is impossible when all is made of me.

Well, at least let me tell a few of my stories then, okay?

I wake up every morning, and see it rolling out of that bed. It only stirs when they hit. But they keep swinging off of me. They keep hitting, hitting, these electrical notes. Wave after wave of strident shouts bounce back into its ears. It grunts, it slaps that shiny thing, and away they go, the sounds. I preferred those other wavy rays; sunlight is so good on my fair skin. I almost look creamy white when it shines on me. But it doesn't notice, it barely even looks at me. It only uses me to reverberate those hooks which fish it out of its dreamy state and off it goes. I'm left alone for the day.

I'm not sure I can feel my face anymore.. What has happened? Wasn't I supposed to be fresh-faced? I try to return him the best possible image I can. I swear I can do better though. I really don't want to lose to that mirror from his hometown again. It always gives him such rosy cheeks. I can barely keep up the reds without him noticing those busted veins in his eyes. Hear me friend, I am not just you. But neither is that front camera. In that case, listen to me rather. But in front of me, you always just glance at specifics, seek out their definition. Zits, quads, jawline. You never look at the whole. I will never get you to look inside, so I let you go.

We have her! Eyes glazed, turned to her fate, let's remind her where she is. Of the Houses, inside the Dining Halls, we are all the same. But we have all died. Nonetheless, we still creep up like vines to shoot our thorns into her heart. No time for sensitivity she hears. There is a position to attain. She can recognize our



faces and careers. Our blood seeps through the walls and bucks up her will to go to class. There, she will learn, there she will win. Discard the other, be loud, be true. Transfixed, she will follow in our steps. She will rise to be our equal. Frame to frame, colors fading into eternity.

'It's the final lockdown!' It strapped itself down in class among the others. 'I can start compressing'. Alone together, they listen, but hear not what is to be imparted. They hear only what I give them. 'The pressure rises'. I am oppressive and multi-faceted, and show them how their world is, under which bunkers they will evolve for their entire lives. 'I am down near their heads'. To those who look forward, those who never wish to wait, I give the straightaway version. Unadulterated facts. They will be the first to use others. 'I can narrow down on their faces.' They will master the truths, they will define the crimes. To those who falter, look left and right, observe the others, I will let uncertainty hit their gaze. 'I can mold their heads.' I will make them concerned only with menial matters: their position in life, conformed with others. Left or right, these ones will work. 'Time for one last squeeze.' To those who gaze up, I give nothing but symbols. Fleeting impressions of some meaning. Hope of a change in the world. I will prick them first. They would have preferred that I didn't exist. 'The framing is done, now the bunkers are inside their heads.'

Their eyes stray from me though. How can I find myself in front of them again? Oh, the

walls of their Facebook pages... Here I am again, mimicking the painted victors of Harvard's legacy. The portraits they display on my walls fix chillingly wide grins. I see myself in the mirror to their souls, RGB pixels and back. Why is it that not once during this day that grin showed itself to me? Yet here it lays nagging, in permanent happiness, on a virtual extension of my enclosure.

I've heard them speak. In public, nicely. Intellectually. In private, scared, doubtful, sometimes even resentful. They avowed their insecurities to me and I let them lay bare. They saw no friend in me, but I saw those rolling streams on their rosy cheeks. They spoke to themselves and yelled. Once, they punched me. They went crazy, with ups and downs and no time to rest in between. They never listen. But I still speak back to them.

I tell them their luck. That Fool's Gold luck. I tell them their constraints, now up in this world. I show them how I am built. Off the backs of those they will never hear the histories of. I will teach them to stand up straight and withstand the crushing weight of the giants which I made upon their shoulders. They will not crumble. They will become me.

Ana Luiza Nicolae (analuiza_nicolae@college.harvard.edu) writes arts for the Indy.

INDY FORUM

Stepping into Character

Halloween fashion is unlike any other

By GRACE TWOREK

There is one day each year when all fashion lovers come together and bond over taking a certain style or look to the next level. And no, this particular day isn't during fashion week, but rather it is the 31st of October- Halloween. Personally, Halloween is my all-time favorite holiday as it grants me any and all permission to embody any character I want. Whether this means dressing up as the classic, risqué bunny or becoming your favorite character from the Star Wars saga, Halloween is that one night of the year where self-expression is not only encouraged but wildly appreciated- especially when it means spending hours in front of the mirror perfecting the greatest costume makeup.

As one gets older, Halloween begins to change. It is no longer about the trick-or-treating or haunted houses. One thing does, however, remain constant- the desire to become someone else for a single night. For me, this means brainstorming costume ideas as early as two months before the big day, and making sure my costume is absolutely unique. Although I may feel the need to take my costume to the next level out of absolute respect for my favorite holiday, Halloween doesn't need to be such an affair for everyone. Your costume doesn't need to be the most elaborate or expensive in the room as long as you feel your most comfortable and confident in it. A great costume can sprout from something as simple as a great find from a thrift store or some face paint- the moral of the story is to not let your Halloween costume overcome your whole being, but rather let your being shine through in the costume.

Although Halloween is all about becoming a character other than yourself, it is important to let your own sense of style and identity shine through in some aspects. Your costume should make you feel confident, and this sense of confidence is what will make a Halloween costume most memorable. No one looks back on Halloween from their middle school days where they were forced into some group Halloween costume with their five best friends and says, "Wow, that was my favorite Halloween." Instead, people remember the Halloween during which they felt the most confident in their costume and how special it made them feel. Halloween should make you feel liberated; it is a night where creativity is encouraged and embodied by society. No matter what you decide to be for Halloween, let it be something you know will make you feel your best- the type of feeling that makes you never want to take off those fairy

wings, even if it is November 1st.

Halloween is a major holiday to celebrate in college, and although Harvard is not your quintessential "party school," it does not shy away from celebrating this big day. Harvard really does look like it could be Hogwarts so it makes the perfect opportunity to dress up as Harry Potter for Halloween. Students at Harvard really do try to make the most out of Halloween – in reality, your average Harvard student gives their all to just about everything. At Harvard, Halloween weekend is one of the most fun weekends of the year. Believe it or not, there is always a plethora of things to do- whether it is painting pumpkins in the dining hall with your block mates or having a wild night out at the Lampoon. Halloween on Harvard's campus is one of the most special weekends of the year, and if you're debating on whether or not to have some fun this Halloween, I advise you to do so.

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A CLICK IN THE DARK

A V A S A L Z M A N



A Click in the Dark

By AVA SALZMAN