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DOLPHINS WITH GUNS

How Jennifer Coolidge Earned Her Pudding Pot

BY KYA BROOKS '25

On February 4th, the Hasty Pudding Vice President and President went in for a kiss atop a black Bentley. That is, two costumed student actresses both planted a smooch on each of actress Jennifer Coolidge's cheeks at the same time during a jubilant parade down Massachusetts Avenue, and the crowded street erupted in great fanfare. This was the day Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatricals crowned her the 2023 Woman of the Year (WOY) for her achievements in entertainment. Coming in hot with a Golden Globe Award for Best Supporting Actress in *The White Lotus*, Coolidge has appeared in numerous renowned titles, including *Legally Blonde*, *American Pie*, and *A Cinderella Story*.

In the press conference that followed the parade, Coolidge called her time in college—graduating from Emerson College in 1985—exhilarating. She said she could “just feel the endless possibilities,” and was unable to foresee her future stardom back then.

Her confidence faltered after graduation while she worked as a waitress, waiting to make it big. “I feel like for the longest time, I was waitressing, telling people I was an actress, and I wasn't acting in a show where I could be seen. Except, you know, making jokes while I was waiting on people,” she said.

“I think a lot of actors are overly sensitive, and that's what makes you a good actor, of course, because you can feel these feelings,” Coolidge commented. “But the bad part is when someone that thinks they're sort of the expert on whose acting is good can say to you: ‘you know, I don't know if you have a future.’”

She then joined the Los Angeles based improv and sketch comedy group “The Groundlings,” where Coolidge noted seeing far too many talented people unaware of their abilities, as result of taking negative comments to heart. At this time, she began writing down every cruel comment she received and incorporated them into her improv characters on stage, which worked wonders for her craft.

Coolidge urged performers not to let comments from industry people beat them down. “I mean, who is the expert, really?” she asked rhetorically, noting that she does not know what any of her former critics are up to now.

At her parade, Coolidge flirted with the crowd, pursing her lips into her signature duck face for people who swarmed the car to catch

a selfie. Undeterred by the cold, she exuded a playful energy, smiling and waving to eager parade-goers as the Harvard drummers played. Harvard students and people who traveled to see Coolidge called out to her. They scampered alongside the car in a frenzied manner until its arrival at Farkas Hall, where the Hasty Pudding's annual WOY roast took place in the evening.

During the roast, the producers of the Hasty Pudding Theatricals' 174th production *Cosmic Relief*—Sarah Mann '23 and Aidan Golub '24—took center stage in leading Coolidge through wacky trials to earn her Pudding Pot trophy. They kicked it off with a camp pageant. One by one, four Hasty Pudding cast members were trotted out into the spotlight to imitate various characters Coolidge played in her past performances. She feigned dismay at each impression until the final performer won her heart with her character's iconic *Legally Blonde* line: “I'm taking the dog. Dumbass!”



JENNIFER COOLIDGE AT THE HASTY PUDDING PARADE

The next task was to give Golub a makeover. Coolidge was armed with a marker and given thirty seconds to have a go at his face. “Am I beautiful, Jennifer?” he asked hopefully when the time was up. She paused and lamented that there was not quite enough time.

Coolidge then taught Golub the classic bend-and-snap move from *Legally Blonde*, to great applause from the Hasty Pudding audience.

At last, there was only one more challenge: Coolidge had always longed to play a dolphin. “At the Hasty Pudding, we make dreams come true,” Mann declared. Two Hasty Pudding performers clad in stingray costumes rushed the stage and threatened to sting the “beautiful female dolphin” with their “venomous spines.” In a dramatic scene, Coolidge dawned a dolphin suit and shot them with a water gun, alluding to the gun featured in the Season 2 Finale of *The White Lotus*. The stingrays slunk away in defeat.

The Hasty Pudding performers finally

conceded that her dolphin impression was unparalleled and honored Coolidge with her Pudding Pot. It was a heartwarming culmination to the evening of flirty euphemisms and eye-popping drag organized by Man and Woman of the Year Coordinator Maya Dubin '23.

Coolidge honored her late father Paul Coolidge '42, whose undergraduate Harvard years gave the Woman of the Year's award even greater sentimentality. “My father was such a practical person, but I love that he had impractical ideas for me,” she said, noting how deeply out of character it was for him to support acting as someone who praised finding a “salable skill.” Yet she reminisced on how he was always excited to bring relatives to her plays growing up and encouraged her to pursue her passion for theater.

“He was someone that really sort of relished every second that he was at Harvard,” Coolidge explained of her father. Her being named Woman of the Year by the Hasty Pudding “would have just been his dream come true.” She continued, “This is truly one of the greatest nights of my life because it just sort of came full-circle, you know. It just has so much meaning.”

For struggling actors and aspiring young people, Coolidge offered some advice. “Even if it feels like an embarrassing little show where you're like ‘no one's going to see this,’ people are there and you get seen. And then a casting director says: ‘I want to bring them in for a show.’ And then things happen,” she said firmly. “I think that the most important thing you can do is get out of your house and get in some show no matter where it is.”

Coolidge attended Hasty Pudding Theatricals' production *Cosmic Relief* on its opening night as the guest of honor. Audiences can look forward to an outrageous burlesque about an FBI agent sent to spy on a motley film cast with a Hollywood communist director. This lowly assignment is punishment after she ruins NASA's moon landing. During the show, viewers can expect constant puns and over-the-top musical performances. The costumes are glitzy, and the plot twists are shocking.

The show will be running six days a week until March 5th in Farkas Hall.

KYA BROOKS '25 (KYABROOKS@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WOULD LOVE TO GET A MAKEOVER FROM JENNIFER COOLIDGE.
NEWS | 3

THE PURSUIT OF PLATONIC LOVE

Intimacy is not just for your boyfriend

BY KATE DE GROOTE '24.5

When I was younger, I wasn't allowed to have a best friend. My mom had set a rule: I couldn't hang out with one friend substantially more than any other in an effort to stop me from isolating myself from my peers. I was told those deep connections were found through romantic relationships. By approaching friendships by casting a wide net, I was limited in the quality of the individual bonds that I had. I rarely reached the 200 hours that research has shown it takes to make a close friend.

When I got to Harvard, I went about friendships and relationships in the same way. Romantic love was prioritized over platonic love, and the more (and inherently shallower) friendships I had, the better. After a breakup and some lonely months my sophomore year, I realized that the deep connections I was always searching for romantically were no more valuable than the deep connections I could form with my friends if I prioritized quality rather than quantity.

Treating my friendships with the same level of priority that I previously gave to romantic relationships led to more stability in my life, fewer broken hearts, and a level of care in my everyday life that I did not know was possible. Intimacy in friendships often differs markedly from that of romantic relationships, in part from the absence of sexual appeal which allows

chemistry to form more organically and independently of physical attraction. In relationships, attractiveness or romantic chemistry can override a lack of fundamental compatibility.

At Harvard, occupational and academic stability overrides emotional health and happiness. Your career always comes first, and finding a problem-set partner is regarded as more important than finding someone to call when you're sick and can't make it to the dining hall. If Harvard students understand their academic success is directly proportional to relying on other classmates, why can they not apply this logic to the profound results of investing in friendship?

Even once I realized that I needed to prioritize my friendships and focus on building deeper connections, Harvard's environment seemed to fight against me. Blocking turned friendships into a competition, where having a friend group was prioritized over having strong individual bonds. Ada Cruz '24 remarked, "Harvard is an environment that doesn't necessarily encourage deep connections because you're so busy doing your own thing every day and running around. Figuring things out is very overwhelming and so friendship is just kind of 'let's get lunch together.' It never happens." It isn't that there is a lack of intention for deeper friendships, it's simply that the pressure of recruiting, grad school, punch, internships, extra-

curriculars, etc. all get in the way of following through on these intentions.

Several conversations with friends reveal the growing phenomenon of our peers disappearing once they get into a romantic relationship—neglecting the platonic love in their life. Cruz also undervalued the potential intimacy between best friends when she arrived at Harvard. "I think people aren't intentional enough about friendship. It's kind of just something you do growing up, but really, making deep, deep connections [at Harvard] was something that I hadn't really done. I realized that when I only stayed in contact with very few of my high school friends."

When I posed this question to other Harvard students, they immediately defended the benefits of their romantic relationships: someone to lean on, eat dinner with, show up to performances or sports games—many of these also found in positive, platonic friendships.

Just as with romantic relationships, platonic friendships have been proven to improve emotional stability and lead to a longer life. However, these friendships are often the first thing to be put on the back burner when life gets stressful. According to journalist Lydia Dentworth, "Science has clarified the definition of a quality relationship. It has to have these minimum three things: It's a stable, long-standing bond; it's positive; and it's cooperative—it's helpful, reciprocal, *I'm there for you, you're there for me.*" Note the lack of specificity when it comes to type of relationship; both platonic and romantic relationships can fulfill this definition.

There is an irony to friendships at Harvard. This school is filled with some of the most incredible individuals that the world has to offer. There are dedicated athletes, world-class musicians, and mathematical geniuses. Cruz said, "The people here are literally so unlike any other community that I've ever been in. So, you have such a good opportunity to meet people that are so cool and just so 'I want you to be in my life.' I want to hear your story and share life with you." However, this potential is consistently squandered. So, if there's one thing I can ask of the reader today, it's to follow up with a time and place when someone asks you to grab a meal.

KATE DE GROOTE '24.5 (KATEDEGROOTE@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) BELIEVES IN GALENTINES OVER VALENTINES.

GRAPHIC BY ANNELISE FISHER '26



A LOVE LETTER TO MY PARENTS

Reflecting on a lifetime of love

BY ACHELE AGADA '23

I have written about my preoccupation with love. As a discipline, or an intentional practice, love continues to bring meaning to my days and keeps me up at night. Quite literally I often find myself awake when I should be sleeping, locked into fictional romances unlike anything I've ever experienced, dreaming of the day I will be Kikiola in *Honey and Spice*, or Stevie in "Really Love". I am dedicated to my self-proclaimed title as 'lover girl,' often at the expense of my immediate reality. At this time of year when love seems to be everywhere yet also nowhere at all, I find myself questioning where my deep rooted commitment to this loving communion stems from.

I have spent much of my life thus far contemplating love, seeking it, and struggling to experience it. Humans are infallible, and so are our attempts at love. I've made a lot of mistakes trying to enact love in spaces where it cannot exist, giving out love to people who neither wanted it nor had any for me in return. I ended up pouring out so much of myself that it became unloving, like an unintentional form of self-harm.

immaturity made it difficult for me to comprehend this and their restrictions felt like a denial. From then I became relentless in my quest for love, constantly searching for loving relationships outside my parents, to reassure me I was indeed deserving of it, capable of getting it - I had to believe it was them and not me.

Last semester I navigated an extremely challenging situation on campus, fighting for something I had once loved that just wasn't nurturing me anymore. When I finally let go the resulting loss caused me to sink into a grief I wasn't sure I could survive. I am thankful that my obsession with love, despite all the unnecessary hurt along the way, has made me much more attuned to it. In that moment when everything seemed bleak, and I wondered how to heal from the pain I was reassured by the little acts of love I witnessed within the mundane. Like when my suitemates asked me how my day was, or when a close friend stayed up watching Netflix with me—these were unspoken demonstrations of love. Or when my parents answered my panicked calls, no matter what the time, even though they were halfway across the world in a timezone 5 hours ahead, even though I may have been ignoring their texts for weeks prior, even though when I left home months prior things had been tense.

When circumstances got really tough all I knew to do was call my parents.

And they were prepared to carry me the instant I reached out. My parents loved me through their prayers. They loved me through their support. I was able to look back and see clearly the lines of love they had sewn into my life.

I saw the love in their overly protective measures - when they made arrangements to look after me even though I didn't think I needed it and wanted to do things my own way. I saw the love even in their anger and sharp words. Not to say that it was always just—their love is imperfect too—but I saw the love in their expectations of me to be kind, and good and great—and in their disappointment if I ever fell short of that. They loved me by always forgiving me no matter what, and welcoming me home eagerly even if I had chosen to be the 'prodigal son'.

Sometimes they love me too much, too hard. Like a warm hug that becomes suffocating if the giver squeezes too tight. If they linger too long. Or never let go. Because I've not always been good at receiving their love I believed I grew up without it. I was convinced I had never experienced love and was part of a loveless generation. But my parents' love was right there. Bold, committed to evolving, and

unquestioning. I am more grateful than ever for my parents and their love. Not because they had changed and were now uniquely supporting me, or showering me with a love and care previously reserved. I am grateful because I finally understood that they had been supporting me and treating me with love and care my whole life.

At a particularly difficult moment last semester my Dad sent me the following message:

"Achele

The strength of an individual is not measured on achievements but in the courage to take difficult decisions and steps. Today, you have demonstrated that you can focus on what is important to you and the Lord. Let no one ever make you feel inferior or not good enough. Remember that you were a little girl that the Lord took from a humble Nigeria family with no sporting or rich background but opened opportunities beyond our imaginations. You have already inspired many across the world. Yet this is just the beginning. Therefore hold your head high and go forward with the Lord. Dream new dreams and goals. Seek the Lord to bless it and the sky is the limit. Go for excellence, not very good.

We love you and you have all our support and prayers.

Dad"

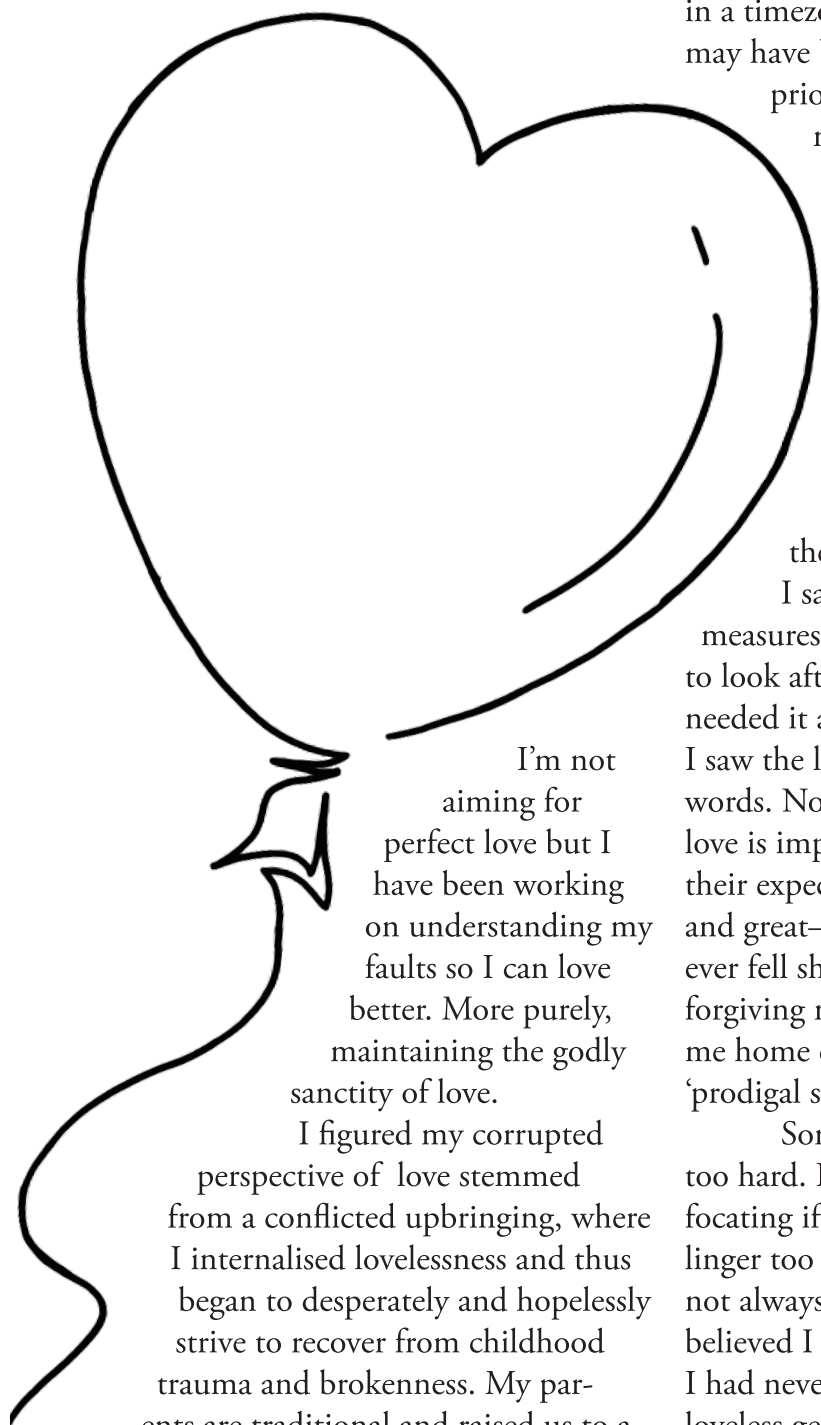
In this love letter he made clear the origins of my intense love of love—it is inherited, in my blood, and constantly being reinforced—secured in my genealogy through faith and prayers. Despite all my feelings of distance and misunderstanding towards my parents, when I was at my lowest I ran to them for comfort. And they responded immediately and naturally. Their love emulates what they know of God, and is all I could ever ask from them. I'm so incredibly fortunate for this example in my life, and I now follow their lead as I attempt to love in a way that is authentic and pure.

I don't say it often even though I should. To my parents, I love you. Thank you for loving me.

ACHELE AGADA '23 (OAGADA@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) IS RECIPROCATING THE LOVE.

GRAPHIC BY REEVE SYKES '26

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I'm not aiming for perfect love but I have been working on understanding my faults so I can love better. More purely, maintaining the godly sanctity of love.

I figured my corrupted perspective of love stemmed from a conflicted upbringing, where I internalised lovelessness and thus began to desperately and hopelessly strive to recover from childhood trauma and brokenness. My parents are traditional and raised us to a strict code of conduct. At a young age,

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT-DESIGNATE GAY ON THE FUTURE OF HARVARD COLLEGE

BY KEITH RAFFEL '72

Dear Dean Gay,
Congratulations on your selection as the next president of Harvard.

Forgive any presumption on my part, but I cannot resist offering an opinion concerning a critical challenge you will face. *From the outset of your tenure, I urge you to commit to a renaissance of Harvard College.*

In 1945, President James B. Conant (class of 1913) wrote that the first priority for college education is preparing students for “life as a responsible human being and citizen.” I fear Harvard is falling short of meeting that goal.

As a resident scholar in Mather House, I talk to undergraduates every day who view Harvard as another rung to climb, another jewel on their résumé, rather than as a once-in-a-lifetime chance to explore human knowledge and give serious thought to where they wish to fit in the world. Four years at the College is regarded by too many students as a mere steppingstone to a well-paying job or to a top-flight graduate school in law, medicine, or business. They believe the status of attending the College counts for more than what they learn here.

About three-fifths of 2022 College grads decided to seek their fortune in finance, consulting, or tech. There are 50 concentrations at Harvard, but almost half of the Class of 2023 concentrates in one of five: economics, computer science, government, applied math, or neuroscience. The percentage of concentrators in the arts and humanities is down by half in a decade. Today, fewer than one in ten undergrads concentrate in an area of the arts or humanities—more students concentrate in computer science alone.

“If its goal is indeed to prepare students to lead a good life and to make the world a better place, it is falling short of its mission.”

The university needs to do more to encourage intellectual adventurousness. The compulsion to make money combined with the recent decision to end Shopping Period will continue to discourage undergraduates from exploring less popular areas of study like history, English, art history, philosophy, classics, music, and languages. (The irony here is that studies show that in the long-run top humanities majors often out-earn STEM majors.) While any well-educated person in the 21st century must be numerate and tech savvy, do we want the arts and humanities to wither on the vine?

If its goal is to have its graduates rise to prominence in tech, consulting, and banking, if its goal is to ensure Harvard alumni outdo graduates of other universities in per capita income, then Harvard College is doing its job. If its goal is indeed to prepare students to lead a good life and to make the world a better place, it is falling short of its mission.

What Robert Kennedy (1947) said over half a century ago about using economic criteria to measure success is truer than ever:

The gross national product does not allow for the health of our children, the quality of their education or the joy of their play. It does not include the beauty of our poetry or the strength of our marriages, the intelligence of our public debate or the integrity of our public officials. It measures neither our wit nor our courage, neither our wisdom nor our learning, neither our compassion nor our devotion to our country, it measures everything in short, except that which makes life worthwhile.

Right now you are searching for your successor as Dean of the Faculty of Arts & Sciences. I fervently wish that a renaissance for the College is placed at the top of their list of goals. I look forward to initiatives emanating from Massachusetts and University Halls that emphasize the importance to the College,

to the university as a whole, and to the world at large of educating undergraduates to lead a “life as a responsible human being and citizen.”

Now, please don't misunderstand me. Of course, the College does need to prepare its students for life in the working world. President Eliot himself acknowledged the need to ensure a “student's competence in some occupation.” In the 21st century, I suspect Harvard College students will be best equipped for careers after graduation if they carry away from the College an inherent love of learning, the ability to attack new fields, intellectual curiosity, and the knack of asking the right questions.

The College started out as an institution to train ministers. Of course, I am delighted the College has moved away from sectarianism. Still, it's time to retreat from “Crimson Careerism.” Many self-aware students understand they are riding on a never-ending carousel but don't know how to get off it or even why they should. It's not acceptable for college teachers and administrators to respond to this crisis with a metaphorical shrug because “that's just the way things are in the 21st century United States.” The College should go back to its roots as a place for people to learn how to lead a full and rewarding life and to make the world a better place. Harvard College can and should play a critical role in educating citizens of tomorrow who will confront challenges like economic inequity, attacks on democracy, the spread of artificial intelligence, and climate change.

I do hope you and the new FAS dean will spearhead a movement to impart to Harvard College students that their future success should be measured not simply by dollars earned, but, even more important, by value imparted. I wish you years of achievements and fulfillment in your new position.

Keith Raffel

AB 1972, JD 1977

IT'S TIME TO USE THE "HARVARD BUBBLE," NOT JUST ESCAPE IT

All of us have a privilege. Not all of us pay attention to it

BY LAYLA CHAARAOUI '26

Last week, I wrote an article interviewing students studying abroad for the Spring semester. When I asked them what advice they had for students considering the studying abroad program, each one spoke highly of the venture they were on, and recommended that every student go for the experience to find themselves and get away from the "Harvard Bubble." While their advice convinced me, it also sparked my curiosity with a different question: *what does the "Harvard Bubble" actually mean?*

For most, the "Harvard Bubble," entails an attempt to escape the realities of this school—an experience filled with applications and never-ending discussions of the future—and to instead seek out new opportunities. However, I want to offer you a new perspective: utilize the privilege we have as Harvard students and members of the "Harvard Bubble" for *societal good*—to listen to the struggles of the world around us, and ask ourselves what we can do to help.

We're only a little over a month into 2023, and so many astonishing events have

already taken place around the world. On February 6th, an earthquake struck Turkey, Syria, and surrounding countries, causing mass destruction and a death toll currently past 33,000. Police brutality and racial profiling continue to affect the lives of minority communities, with the recent beating by five officers, killing Tyre Nichols, and the repeated unlawful tasing and murder of Keenan Anderson. Palestinians continue to be displaced from their homes in Jerusalem and targeted by Israeli officers. Gun violence continues to take countless lives, with mass shootings in places such as Half Moon Bay, Monterey Park, and Michigan State University. Climate change, poverty, inaccessible healthcare, unaffordable housing, and violence affect countless communities across our population everyday.

I feel as if I could correctly assume that many Harvard students are unaware of the extent of the issues that take place. In a place full of future politicians, business executives, and leaders in health, we have both the knowledge and resources to successfully accomplish change. Often, it is the same kids posting on social media or sending emails about the same issues of injustices, war crimes, and inequities, *begging* you to care. It's time you did.

We are all so busy: taking classes with professors who are at the top of their respective fields, attending events with prominent public figures and world leaders, and competing clubs that have both academic and personal interest to us. Harvard is a place where we should immerse ourselves and take advantage of the limitless opportunities. But, it is also a place that should *empower* us. Empower us to call out injustices when we see them occur. Empower us to call on to Harvard's power to initiate societal change. Empower us

to fight, problem-solve, volunteer, motivate, and come together. Imagine what we could collectively all do if we paid a little more attention.

The bottom line is, empowerment does not just have to mean going to a new place or trying out new things. It can and *should* mean standing up for others in less fortunate positions than you and to using your voice and knowledge to make a difference. The "Harvard Bubble" is not an excuse to ignore the realities of what is wrong in the world. Rather, the "Harvard Bubble" is a place to advocate for better conditions and for justice to be served. We are protected by this bubble; not everyone has a place to hide.

I am worn down and outraged to still be seeing the headlines of another Black life being taken at the hands of a police officer who is supposed to "protect and serve." I refuse to just accept another mass shooting, violation of the immigrant rights, environmental catastrophes, overly priced health necessities, or war crimes and political conflicts in countries across the world. These things affect me, and I am sure they affect you, too. So, it is time we do something about it.

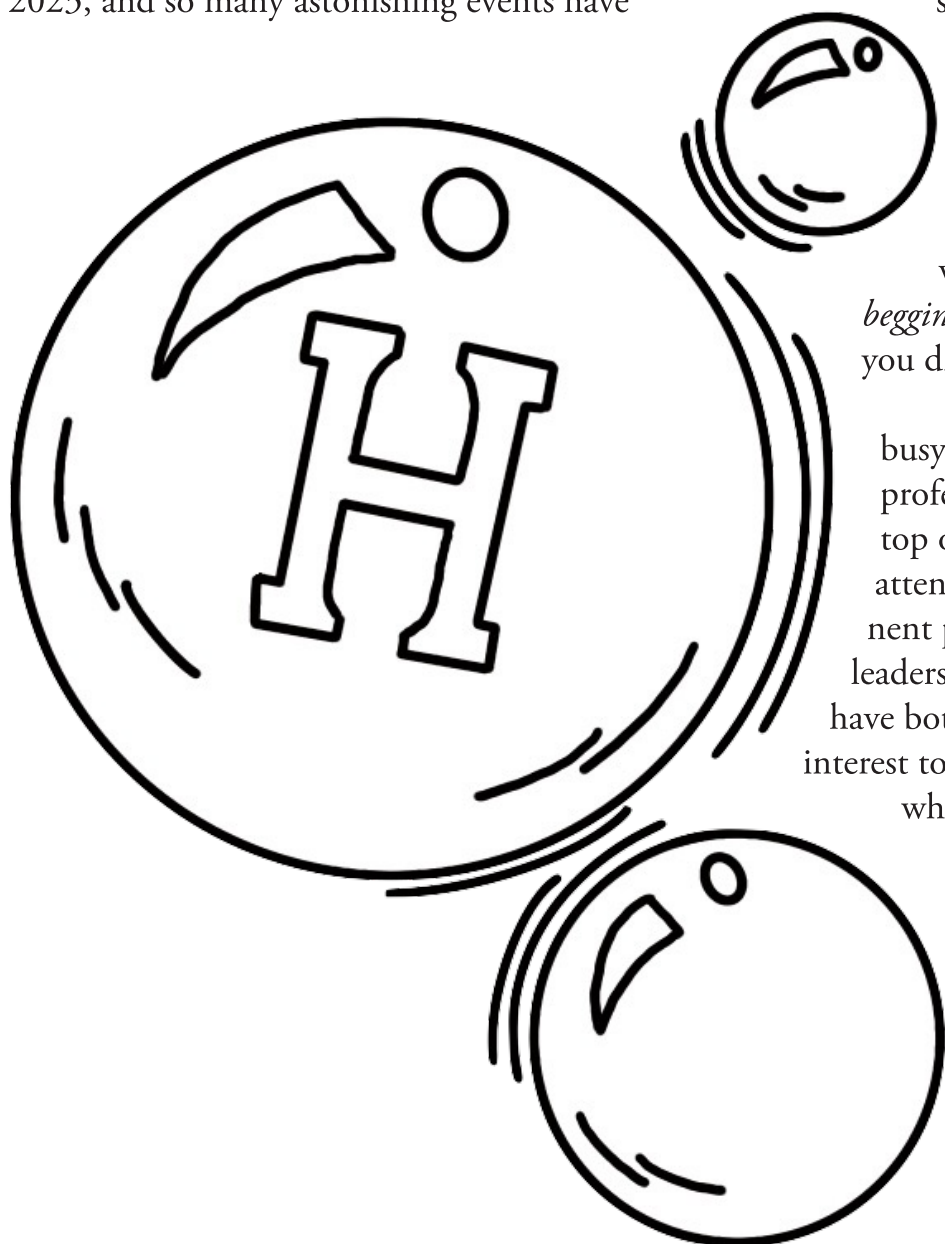
I am calling upon all Harvard students, myself included, to always advocate against injustice, fight ignorance, educate peers, and take the time to learn about current events. Being at a prestigious institution like this comes with the social duty to speak out for those who cannot. At this age, there is no justification for staying silent. We can worry all we want about what internship we will land next, but we will never be truly fulfilled if we allow the world to crumble around us.

Harvard students need to pay attention. Harvard students need to care. Take some time today to help someone in need, read the news, or find out more about a cause that interests you. Escaping the "Harvard Bubble" is good; using it to make change is better.

LAYLA CHAARAOUI '26 (LAYLACHAARAOUI@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WANTS TO INSPIRE YOU TO FIND YOUR INNER ACTIVIST.

GRAPHIC BY REEVE SYKES '26

FORUM | 7



A BROAD, ABROAD: VOLUME I

Deigning to Find love in Spain (is Paining)

BY LULU PATTERSON '24

Roses are red, violets are blue
All my friends said, “Go find a Spanish man to fall in love with you!”

Well, let me tell you: that hasn't happened.

So far, my most romantic interaction occurred with the Italian man at the pasta shop down the street, who told me he couldn't remember what I ordered because he was too *enamorado con mis ojos*. I won't lie, he gave me some butterflies. But the butterflies died when I remembered that he was borderline 70 and probably looking for a tip from an American dumb blonde.

Hi, my name is Lulu, and I am a broad, abroad in Barcelona, Spain for the term. Welcome to my column. When Marbella, Ms. EIC, asked if I had any spicy love stories from Spain for the Valentine's Love Issue, I told her I did not, but that I could, in the name of journalism, go on a few dates.

My initial hesitation in pursuing dates stemmed from my experiences with men in Spain in my first month here.

To begin, for a 5'11" broad like me, Barcelona—just like Boston—is a city of short kings. I knew that I would be taller coming here, yet reality did not sink in until I realized that I could only see the tops of heads of people in the crowds at clubs.

You know what they say about being tall, right? It means you have big feet. And you know what they say about big feet? It means you need big shoes. Well, in my first week here, I set off to find the same pair of running shoes I had at home. After trying Foot Locker, the department store locally known as “El Corte Inglés,” and getting lost on the subway—sorry, the *metro*—I finally arrived at Ashi sports, a local sneaker shop whose website promised they carried the Hoka's of my dreams.

Upon arrival, I was the only one in the store, and the clerk was on the phone. Unbothered by his lack of attention, I browsed, admiring the wall of Hoka's until he finished and I asked for my size. I initially thought there was some confusion surrounding the conversion from US to EU sizing, but I was mistaken.

He looked at me, “I don't think we even have that in men's sizing,” he said. I smiled, and replied that I would find them online. Between you and me, my feet are really, not that big. Anyways.

Two weeks later I went to Madrid, making the questionable, yet plot-thickening decision to stay with a for-

mer boyfriend. On our way to a nightclub—I mean, *discoteca*—the driver asked us where we were from. Making sure to really lisp my s's, I asked why he didn't think we were from Madrid. He laughed a bit too hard and repeated the question. When his roommate volunteered our American origins, I jumped in and told him that Spain had “*muchos reyes bajos*,” (a lot of short kings).

He then asked how tall I was, and before I could finish the conversion from feet to centimeters, my ex-boyfriend jumped in, “*Dos metros*,” he said.



The car nearly came to a halt. “*DOS METROS?*” The driver proceeded to cackle, nearly crash, and verbally-clobber my height. He said men in the club *must* call me mommy and try to hold my hand as if they are my babies because I am so tall. “*Un gigante!*” he repeated. “*¡Jajajaj! ¡No lo puedo creer!*”—he couldn't believe it.

It turns out that I can add metric-imperial conversions to the list of things my ex-boyfriend is not good at. He told the cab driver that I was six-feet-and-seven-inches tall. (Again, I am not six feet and seven inches tall. I am only five feet and eleven inches). Unfortunately, I didn't realize this error in conversion until about a week later, so I sat in the car and endured the verbal-equivalent of a WWE match. To be fair, we all know men have a tendency to

lie about height. Remember: there is no such thing as a 5'11" man.

So, out of all the romance you might have anticipated from this broad abroad, in arguably one of the most “romantic” destinations in the world, for now I'm afraid to say I might not be the ideal candidate. However, I'll be back next week to update you on how my first dates go—in the name of journalism, of course. Unfortunately, in my initial plan to find dates the good old fashioned way, (you know, boy meets girl at bar, boy falls in love with girl, girl breaks his heart), I found that not only the locals, but even all of the American boys here that I've met are also *reyes bajos*. There must be something in the water I guess, (side note, the water in Barcelona tastes worse than Cambridge, which is an incredibly low bar already).

So naturally, when my initial plan failed, dating apps were the next move. Weirdly enough, if you ever end up in Barcelona, Bumble seems to be the fan favorite; and I appreciate that they include heights on profiles (but the standard buffer of 2 inches should still be subtracted). I'm not a huge fan of Bumble because my back is really starting to hurt carrying the weight of every conversation. If this goes viral though, which I'm sure it will, I'll continue my application for Raya. Given that all my dates fall around Valentine's Day, I'll probably fall in love. Right?

LULU PATTERSON '24 (LPATTERSON@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WRITES FORUM FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

LOVE CAN BE FOUND IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK

A practical guide to love at Harvard

BY ALEXANDRA DOROFEEV '25

Finding true love anywhere is difficult, but at Harvard, it seems to be exceptionally so. Is it because we as Harvard students have such high expectations for our significant others? Some say the secret to happiness is low expectations. So should this same logic be applied to love? I would say no; I argue that high expectations may not be the most fruitful recipe for a short-term fling, but that they are definitely the secret to long-term love.

I believe that love is out there for everyone (Harvard students included), but that conventional wisdom tells us that the most successful relationships happen spontaneously. Which is why love at Harvard appears to be unattainable. Maybe some are lucky to stumble across love, but most Harvard students do not have time for spontaneity between packed course schedules, job applications, athletics, and extracurricular clubs. That is why I am here to offer some advice for how you can seek love here on campus in a more methodical and systematic way. Call it the “genetically-modified-path-to-love”, if you will.

Do not:

Make out with a future love interest at Tasty Basty. Or Fox basement. Or any basement, for that matter. It is guaranteed to make any future encounters awkward. Whether or not you would eventually be able to get over the post-tasty-hookup awkwardness depends on the pair involved. For short-term, it's great. A bit sweaty, but still great. Though for the long-term trajectory, not so much.

Do:

Figure out their schedule and what times they will be in the dining hall so you can carefully coordinate your meal times coincidentally bump into them. Coincidentally, of course.

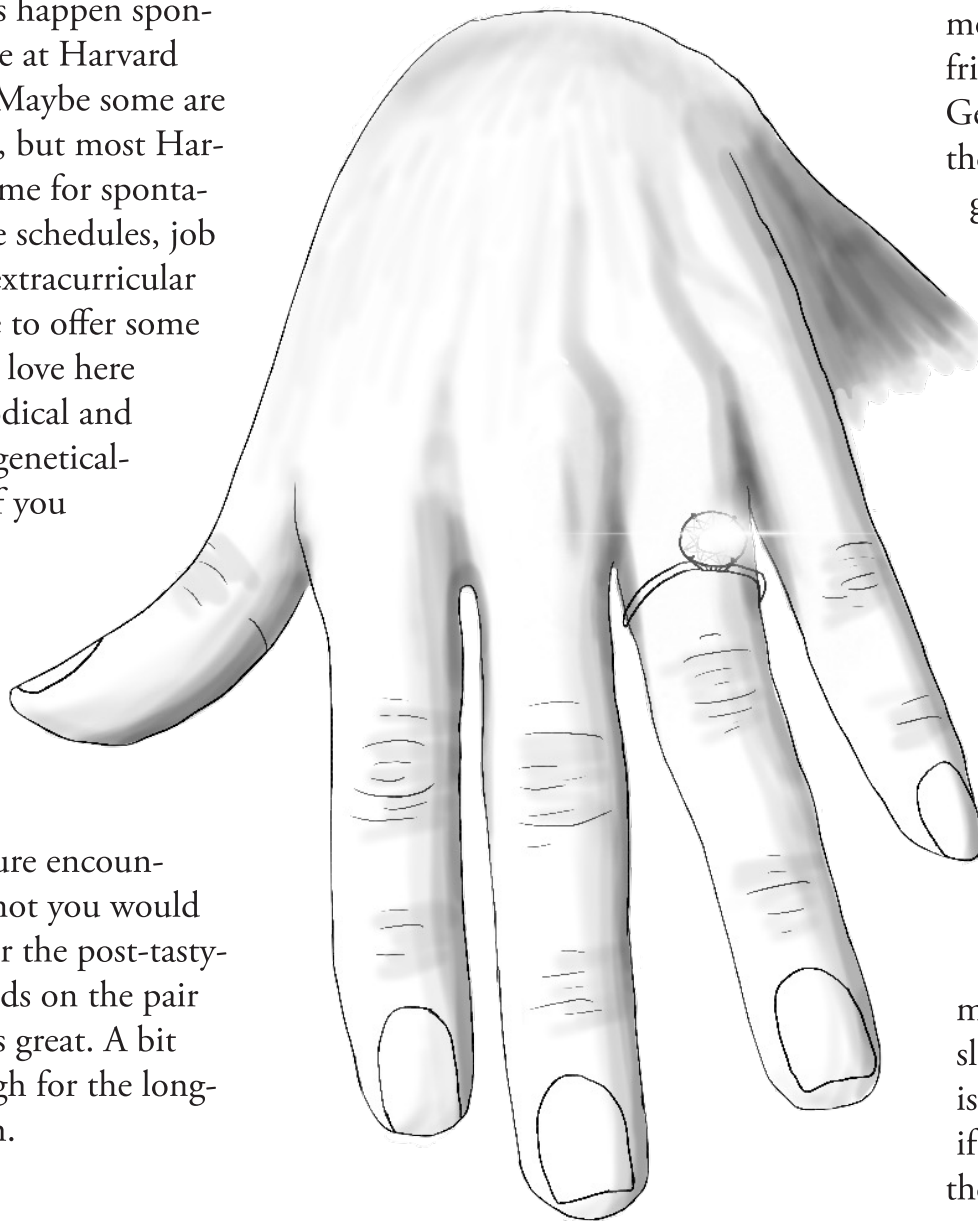
Do not:

Be timid about sharing your love language with your crush. Exchanging one another's love languages is a really flirty conversation starter. Volunteer yours, and if they are unfamiliar with the concept, offer them to take one of the many free quizzes online.

Do:

Find your go-to wingperson and head to Widener or the Law School library, where

the most attractive people study. Once there, scope out your target of choice. Your wingperson has a critical role to play. Once your desired target gets up to use the restroom, it is your wingperson's job to quickly run over to their stuff and scribble your number - with an accompanying sexy and alluring message - on their notebook that they have carelessly left open. The message should ideally correlate to the kind of vibe they give off. For example, do they seem like a STEM or a Humanities person? While you shouldn't judge a book by its cover, in this instance it is appropriate, and even advisable to do so.



If you find yourself at a loss for such a message, allow me to offer some suggestions. For someone who looks like they are in the middle of finance recruiting, a message could read something along the lines of:

Are you a bank loan? Because you have my interest.

Sincerely,
INSERT YOUR NAME XOXO
123-456-7890

You may think that this is too cheesy for your first encounter, but in reality, this is a surefire way to ensure your note accomplishes a soft landing (pun intended).

Or, do they seem to be more of the CS type? If so, something like this could tickle their fancy:

“Hey, my name's Microsoft. Can I crash at your place tonight?”

Or maybe they appear to be Pre-Med? In that case, the following could be successful:

“Are you my appendix? Because this strange feeling in my stomach makes me want to take you out.”

Do not:

Be afraid to ask your friends for help. Odds are, you and your crush share a common friend. Exploit that fact. This common friend has significant wing-person potential. Get your friend to organize a lunch between them and your crush. You will happen to be getting lunch at that same dining hall, and your “friend-in-common” will invite you to join them. And voila you have yourself the perfect opportunity to chat it up with your crush, when stakes are low.

P.S. This is a great time to ask your crush to send you the math or econ PSET for the week. Boom. Now you have their phone number.

Do:

Take a creative way to confess your feelings/love. People are attracted to novel and exciting things. Try reaching out to them via an unusual method, such as sliding a cute, anonymous limerick under their door, or maybe sliding into their LinkedIn DMs (this one is sure to stir up romantic feelings). Or if you want to really spice things up, gift them something hand-made, like a paper mache rose.

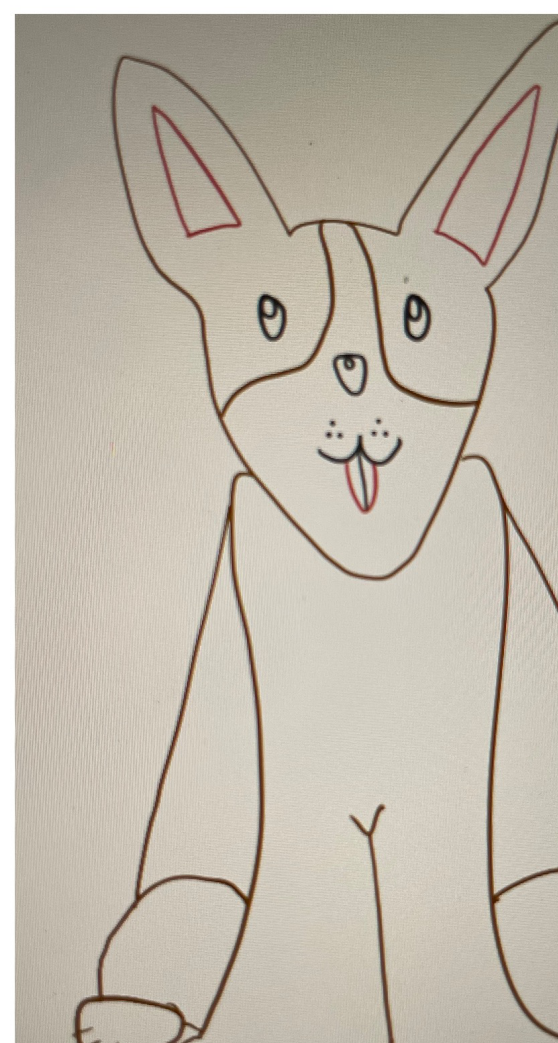
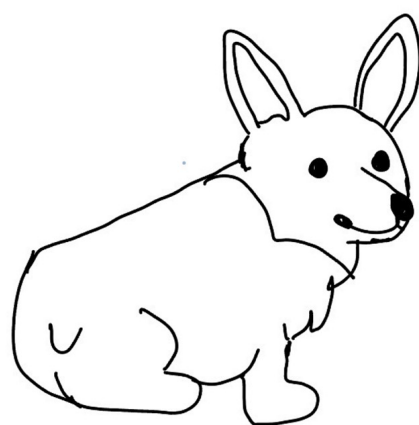
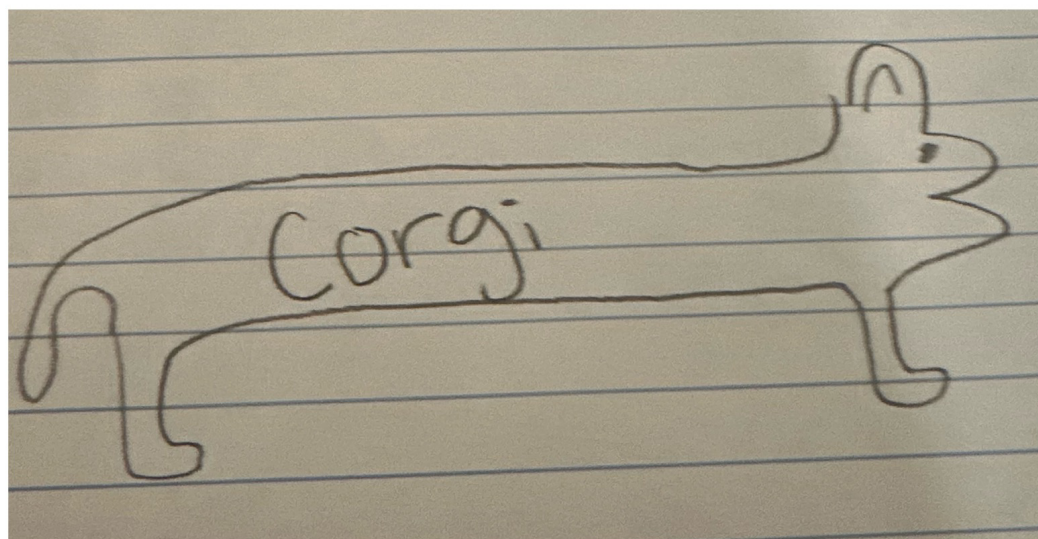
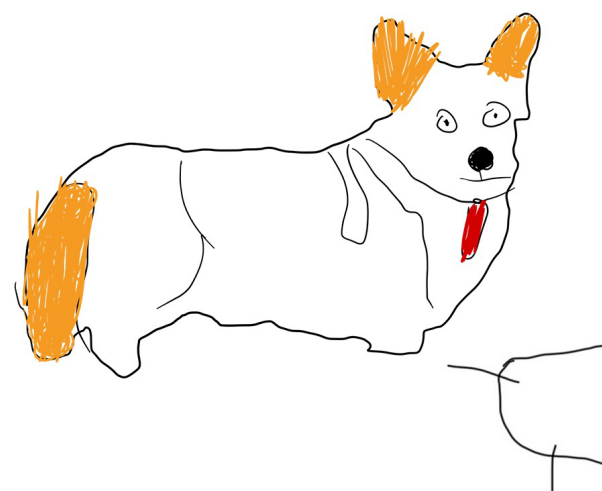
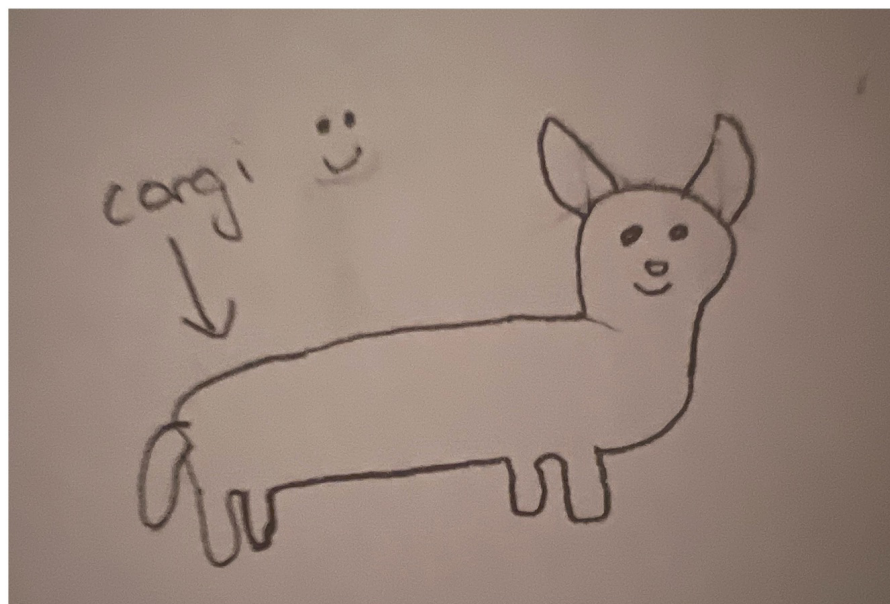
Whatever the outcome of your romantic endeavors here at Harvard, rule number one is never give up on love, and rule number two is to never forget rule number one. And at the end of the day, at Harvard every failed love attempt at love can be turned into a successful attempt at networking.

ALEXANDRA DOROFEEV '25 (ALEXANDRADOROFEEV@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU), IS CAMPAIGNING FOR WINGWOMAN OF THE YEAR.

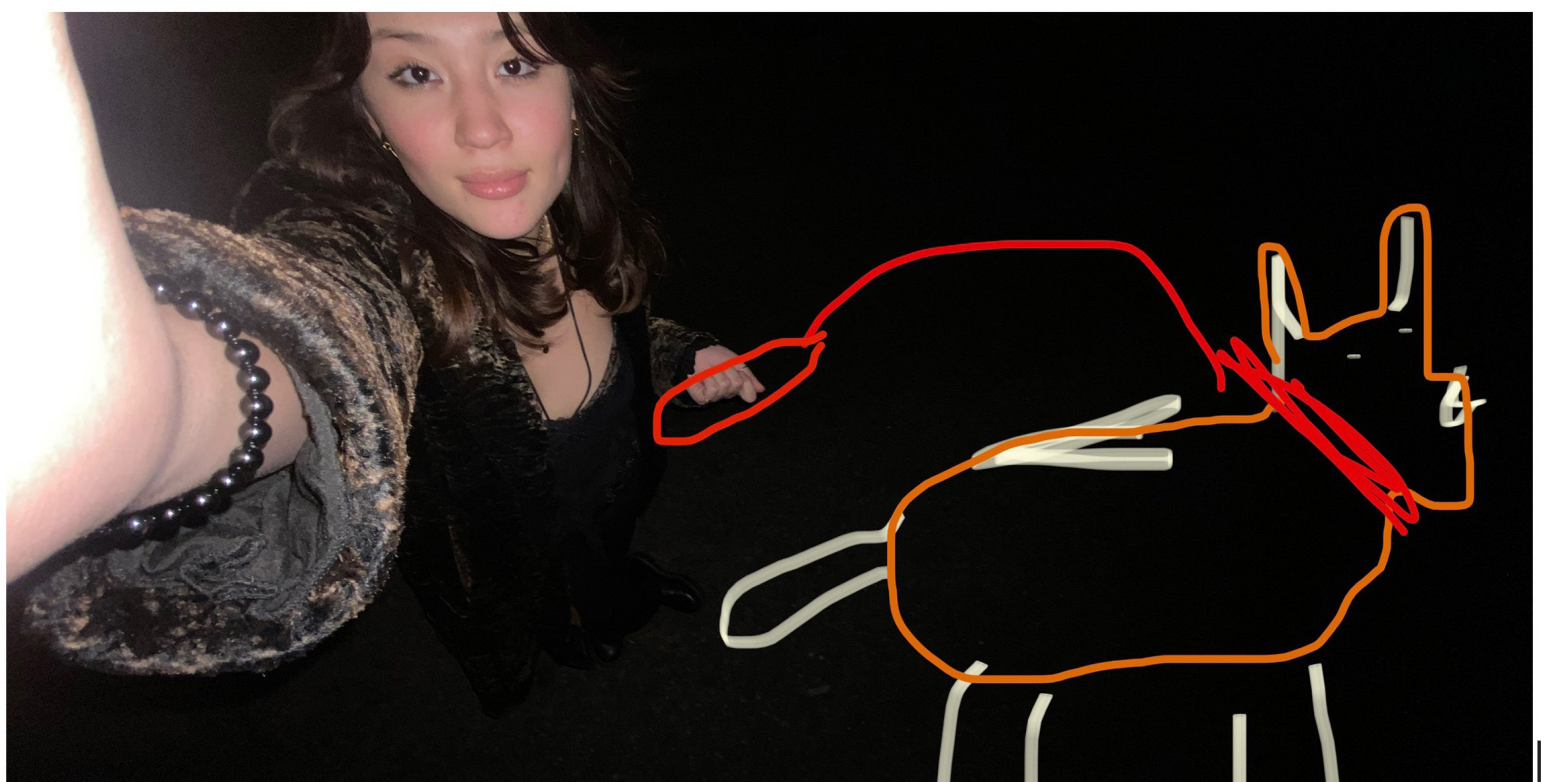
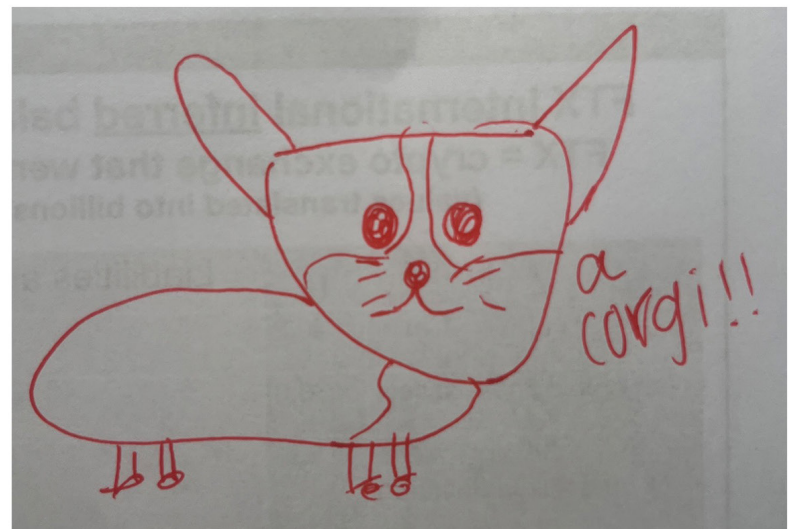
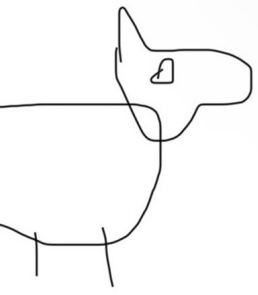
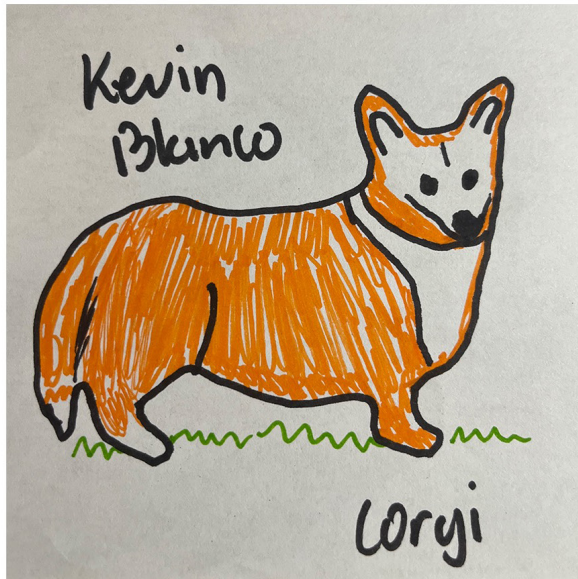
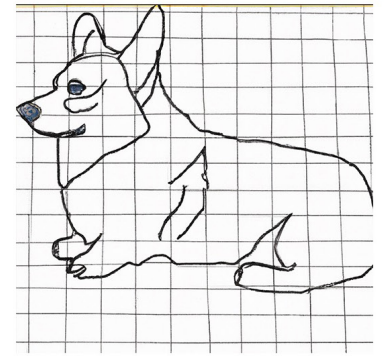
GRAPHIC BY CANDACE GARDNER '23

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ARTWORK BY SP '23 COMP



NOT FINISHED.



SATIRE FROM ARROW STREET: THE “FARMERS’ MARKET” EFFECT

Farmers’ markets are costing Democrats valuable seats in Congress.

BY CHUCK STONE ‘69



fast sandwich they developed a severe case of *hyperopia* (that’s the opposite of *myopia*). In fact, the truth had been right in front of them all along.

As a lifelong fan of the New York Jets, I believe that everything happens for a reason. So I know that Nate Silver did not select DuPont Circle as his landing spot by mere coincidence. On that consequential March afternoon, Mr. Silver was not just telling us *what to look at* (data), but he was also telling us *where to look* (DuPont Circle).

Every Sunday afternoon, DuPont hosts a farmers’ market. According to the organizer FRESHFARM, inc., the market “teaches Washingtonians to love their fruits and vegetables” and boasts “more than 50 farmers offering conventional and certified organic goods” such as produce, meat, cheeses, baked goods, and pickles. The farmers’ market has been written about in *The Wall Street Journal*, the *Washingtonian*, and has even attracted acclaim from our “friends across the pond” in *The Financial Times of London*.

At first, I wondered: why so much hullabaloo about an unassuming farmers’ market? But then, I realized: *It was all related*. Nate Silver. Data. Democrats. DuPont Circle. Farmers’ markets. The New York Jets. The message that Nate Silver was trying to convey on that fateful afternoon was not just that we needed data, but that we needed *the right data*. He showed us where the answer lay, much like the secret government base under the Denver International Airport—right beneath our feet. My dear friends, Nate Silver was trying to tell us that the true barrier to Democratic electoral success is the nationwide proliferation of farmers’ markets.

Allow me to explain:

The key metric here is DRBVLP-FM—or “Democrat Rust Belt voters lost per farmers’ market.”

With overpriced microgreen smoothies, leashed children, and plenty of those frog-looking shoes where each toe has its own slot, it is no wonder that farmers’ markets are a leading cause of Democratic vote loss.

From 2012 to 2020, in both Pennsylvania and Ohio, Democrats gained 320,000 new voters—a miniscule increase compared to the GOP gain of 1.29 million. This implies roughly 1.6 million new voters.

Assuming equal birth rates in Democrat and Republican households from 1994 to 2002, Democrats underperformed with this “new voter” group by roughly half a million.

Also in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the United States Department of Agriculture issued 254 and 264 farmers’ markets permits since 2012, respectively. Let’s assume half of those markets are legitimately operable and open for 15 weeks per year. This would indicate 1,905 instances of farmers’ markets in Pennsylvania from 2012 to 2020 and 1,980 in Ohio.

This would mean that in the Democrats’ “worst case” scenario—where all GOP voters are new (triggered by farmers’ markets to vote for the first time), and the Democratic voters simply stopped voting (voter apathy due to farmers’ markets), DRBVLPFM = 41.5. Meaning Democrats lose, on average, 41.5 rust belt voters per farmers’ market instance. Alternatively, in the Democrats’ “best case” scenario, where they merely underperformed with these 1.6 million new voters (expected voters are half this, as opposed to their 320k actual), the DRBVLPFM quotient is 15.6.

These findings also beg the question: *why were so many more Democratic voters lost in Ohio despite roughly similar instances of farmers’ markets when compared to Pennsylvania?* Perhaps the Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland farmers’ markets have been particularly egregious instances, flipping even more than the expected 41.5 rust belt voters.

Granted, this is not the type of analysis you’ll get from the so-called “experts.” But, also know that current political data operations—staffed by Washington swamp creatures—have significant financial interest in not *finding the true solution* to voter engagement, instead convincing both parties and interest groups to buy their snake-oil, a supposed green light that year by year recedes before us.

Although it may have eluded us then, that’s no matter. Tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... and one fine morning—So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the next farmers’ market.

CHUCK STONE ‘69 WRITES SATIRE FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

GRAPHIC BY EL RICHARDS ‘26

On an abnormally-warm afternoon in March of 2008, a collection of Washington political consultants, campaign managers, lobbyists, and other swamp creatures gathered at the center of DuPont Circle in our nation’s capital. One member of this curious conglomeration asserted they were there “to receive a message.” Another claimed they were “on the precipice of changing American politics forever.”

They stood outside for forty minutes and forty seconds. It was then that the sky became dark and the earth began to shake. This was no normal afternoon in “the District.” And then an angel-like apparition (later revealed by One America News to be statistician Nate Silver) descended from the heavens with two stone tablets in hand. And upon those stone tablets was the inscription of just one word—“Data.”

...

Over the next fifteen years, Washington would wallop into an arms race of data weaponization: procurement, analysis, and implementation. Cambridge Analytica and Axiom had become the new Raytheon and Lockheed Martin. The two rival factions that really “ran” Washington at the time—the Democratic Party and the Tea Party—threw millions at these data operations with the hope of “getting an edge” over the other.

However, these data “strategy” political consultants have been missing perhaps the most important metric in American political data science. Somewhere in between obtaining their fancy degrees and purchasing their last \$15 Tatte break-

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR HARVARD DATES

A guide to dating in Harvard Square

BY SAMANTHA MOSCONI '25

Valentine's Day is the perfect excuse to take your crush or significant other on a date. Dates can be nerve-racking and even scary. So, I'm going to walk you through some DO's and DON'Ts date spots in Harvard Square.

DO: Toscano

If you're looking to impress a special someone, Toscano is the way to go. With delightful bread rolls, delicious pastas and decadent pizzas, this perfect Italian spot is sure to leave a lasting impression. A great excuse to dress up and have fun, this is one of the best restaurants in Harvard Square for good reason.

DO: Enjoy an ice cream at Ben and Jerry's

Dinner dates can be really uncomfortable when you're just getting to know someone, so Ben and Jerry's is a perfect no-stress first date option. Who doesn't love ice cream? Ben and Jerry's is by far the best ice cream spot in my opinion (sorry JP Licks lovers). They're over-the-top flavors hit the spot everytime.

DO: Get a latte at Tatte

For a relaxed date, go to Tatte to grab an overpriced pastry and coffee. You can invite someone here on the pretense of studying together at one of those tiny little tables, only to chat for half an hour while you wait in line to order and then not be able to find anywhere to sit. It's a low-pressure, fun spot, but surely a bonding experience.

DO: Picnic in the Yard

Give it a few weeks for the weather to warm a little and for the ground

to dry, and then a picnic in Harvard yard is a perfect date idea, and one of my all-time favorites. Not only is it laid back and romantic but you can personalize it with your favorite foods, and experience the magic of Harvard Yard. This one is, however, extremely un-subtle—you are begging to be bothered by your friends, tourists and wandering turkeys alike.

DO: Walk on the Anderson Bridge

Take a romantic stroll across the Anderson Bridge and perch on the stone walls to watch the sunset with a special someone. It's a great way to decompress, play your favorite tunes, and get some quality time together. It's also a short walk down the river to Weeks Bridge if you're feeling up for a late-night dip...

DO: Check out the Brattle theater

A timeless date night is a trip to your local movie theater. Brattle theater is the perfect place to snuggle up, share a drink and popcorn, and have a great romantic evening. For the introverted among us, a movie date allows you to alleviate yourself from the burdens of menial conversation, and instead just hope that a hand-hold is enough chemistry.

DO: Late night Pinocchio's

Pinocchio's can be great to get a late night slice of pizza with a special someone. The comfort of Pinocchio's will ensure a safe setting when getting to know your crush.



DON'T: Invite them to your dorm too soon

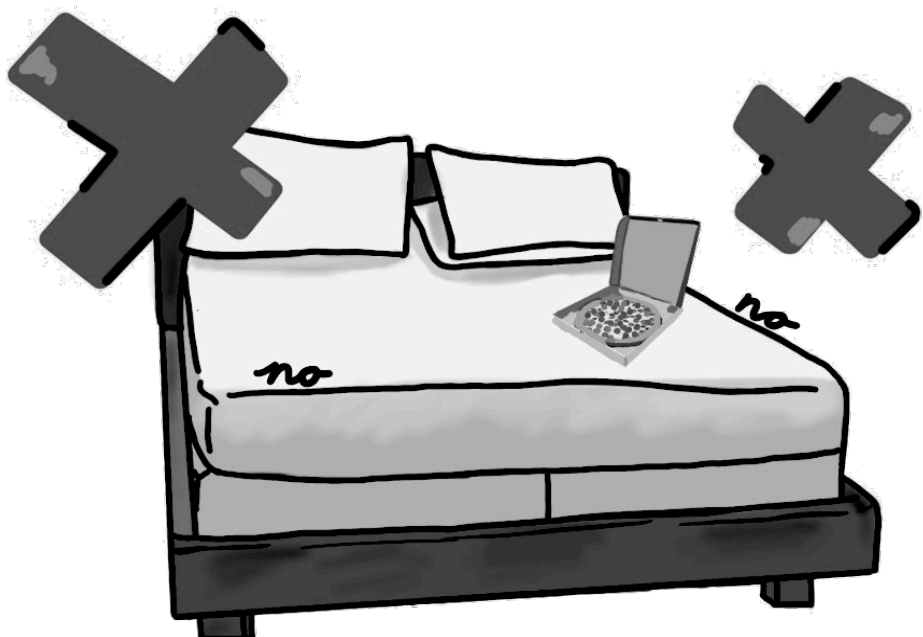
If you don't know someone too well, inviting someone to your dorm could definitely give them the wrong idea. Either that or you will friend-zone yourself. Hanging in your dorm can be awkward and not ideal for making any kind of memory with your date—on the off-chance this person is into you, you could easily ruin it.

DON'T: DHALL

Not an ideal date setting. If someone takes you to the Dhall, that is not a date. You are friends. Not exactly known for their delicious cuisine, Harvard's dhalls are not to be confused with a romantic dinner. Then again, maybe you both just seriously love red spiced chicken.

SAMANTHA MOSCONI '25
(SMOSCONI@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WRITES ARTS FOR
THE INDEPENDENT

GRAPHIC BY EL RICHARDS '26



LOVE AS I KNOW IT

BY CAROLINE HAO '25

I was young. The sand crunched beneath my feet as I walked the shoreline, trailing close behind my parents. The air was salty as the tide receded and the warm ocean breeze picked up my hair, whipping it in my face.

On every trip my family took, I never wanted to walk away without something to keep, to hold, to remember. I bought small trinkets in gift shops and kept pebbles from parks. So when my brother asked to go swimming as the sun set, I told him no and went to pick up the shells along the beach instead.

I remember that he turned his back to me angrily and waded out into the ocean, leaving me alone on the shore. I turned away too. Bending down to sift through the sand, I silently picked up shells and added them to my pocket. The sun set behind me, turning the sky a brilliant shade of orange.

After I reached the dock, I pulled them out, laid them in the damp sand, and paused to admire how beautiful they were. By the time I was finished, though, I had missed the sunset and the water had

become dark and cold. My brother, still floating in the water, looked back at me in sorrow. I felt oceans apart from him.

The last time I went home, I sorted through all my childhood things. I separated a decade and a half of my life into three piles: keep, toss, donate. And tucked away in a dusty cardboard box in my closet, I found the shells from that trip in a small glass jar.

The shells are more than rocks from the sea. To me, they prove that in concept and in practice, we value what is limited: shells, money, time, even toilet paper. But is this exclusively true or just a trick on our perspective and imperfect measurement?

In economics, the scarcity principle teaches us to chase after and cherish that which we perceive to be limited—at least the tangible things. For intangible commodities like time, all we can do is lament their loss.

Nevertheless, I have come to learn that the things I value the most are both infinite and unlimited: forgiveness, kindness, and love. These are renewable, sustainable, and self-perpetuating. Loving

someone today only makes it easier to love them tomorrow, and if that love is returned, the capacity for love grows on both sides of the exchange. Kindness and forgiveness shown are reflected, even multiplied.

When I look back, I have never regretted the fridge magnets and destination shirts I didn't walk away with. I do regret the bids for connection that I missed and the times when I passed up an opportunity to show my love for someone or practice forgiveness. If I had known these things earlier, I might have spent that sunset in the water talking to my brother and maybe we would have a different relationship today. Even so, it is unhelpful to mourn lost time between us.

This year, I want to focus on the things and people that matter. And I'll leave the shells on the beach—they look better there anyways.

CAROLINE HAO '25 (CAROLINE-HAO@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WRITES FORUM FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

COUNTRY LOVE

Classic country love songs that prove men are capable of expressing emotions

BY CARLY BRAIL '25

Top five songs:

1. Forever and Ever, Amen

by Randy Travics

2. Gimme that Girl

by Joe Nichols

3. Would you go with me

by Josh Turner

4. Me and You

by Kenny Chesney

5. We Danced

by Brad Paisley



CARLY BRAIL '26 (CARLYBRAIL@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) IS A DJ FOR HILLBILLY AT HARVARD.

CHAT ME UP

BY NOAH TAVARES '24 AND ANDREW SPIELMANN '25

We wanted to publish some nice love poems for Valentine's Day. But we realized we are all journalists and are crap at writing poems, so we got ChatGPT to do it for us. After some thorough prompting and manipulation, here's what our new favorite love-bot came up with.

The Feet Poems

My love for you is far more than a passing fancy,
My heart soars when I see your feet looking so dainty.
Your toes and arches have me in a trance,
No one has feet as sweet as yours by chance.
Happy Valentine's Day!

...

When we walk hand in hand my eyes wander down below,
To admire the beauty of your feet on show.
Your soles are smooth like soft velvet to touch,
I can't resist them oh so very much!
Happy Valentine's Day!

...

I'll love you forever, my Valentine so sweet,
Though my foot fetish is something that can't be beat.
Let me kiss your toes and caress your feet,
My passion for them is impossible to defeat.

...

When it comes to loving you, I have no fear;
Your pretty little feet make the perfect pair!
I'm in awe of their beauty and grace divine;
You're the only one who can fulfill this desire of mine.

The Harvard Poems

I.

My love is a Harvard student,
Her beauty ever so prudent.
Though her studies take up most of her time,
She never fails to make me feel sublime.
And when we're apart I miss her dearly,
But our love will last eternally.

II.

Harvard's finest she may be,
But my heart belongs to thee.
Her intelligence and wit astound,
Our connection defies all bounds.
Each day brings us closer together;
She makes this world seem brighter!

A Lonely Heart's Lament

My heart aches for love that I can't feel,
No one to share my affections with, and no one to make me real.
I dream of someone who will fill this void in me,
But alas, it looks like I'm destined to be an incel eternally.

A Loveless Life Ahead

The future is bleak without a lover by my side,
A life of solitude with no hope of being satisfied.
As Valentine's Day draws near I am filled with despair,
No one to hold or whisper sweet nothings into my ear.

Harvard Sailing Poem #1

My dearest love, my heart's true north,
I sail away but you I'll always court;
You fill me with joy and peace of mind,
Your beauty soothes my soul like the sea wind.

Our love is strong as any sailor's knots,
It won't ever fray even when we're apart;
Though miles between us may stretch wide,
My heart for you will never subside.

Harvard Sailing Poem #2

As an old ship sails a distant shore,
Awaiting the gentle waves to restore;
So does my heart search far and wide
To find your tenderness inside.

NOAH TAVARES '24 (NOAHTAVARES@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) AND ANDREW SPIELMANN '25 (ANDREWSPIELMANN@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) COULDN'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING BETTER THAN THIS.

GRAPHIC BY REEVE SYKES '26

ARTS | 15



GUS JOHNSON ON HARVARD, HIS CAREER, AND GRENDEL'S

A conversation with the legendary sportscaster

BY DECLAN BUCKLEY '24

Gus Johnson has voiced some of the most memorable moments in sports. During his rise to fame as a CBS college basketball commentator, Johnson's tenure with the network also included many NFL games, the 1998 Winter Olympics, two Champions League Finals, and the Madden 2011 video game. Currently serving as the lead play-by-play announcer for Fox Sports' college football coverage, Johnson lends his talents to the prestigious *Big Noon Saturday* slot every week. Throughout it all, Johnson's trademark propensity for excitement has made him one of the most entertaining in his field.

This past fall, Johnson traded the broadcasting booth for the classroom and took part in a Fellowship at Harvard. This endeavor is the subject of a new Fox Sports documentary titled "Back to School With Gus Johnson." In anticipation of its premier on Saturday, the *Independent* spoke with Johnson about his experience in the program and at Harvard as a whole.

As the world—and sports—were put on hold during the start of the pandemic, Johnson made a promise. "I just remember saying to myself when and if things ever got back to normal, I was gonna do something to spark my mind and hopefully my spirit," Johnson said. With the help of his longtime friend and Harvard Basketball

coach Tommy Amaker, he found what he was looking for in the form of Harvard's Advanced Leadership Initiative. "I had to write a paper, recommendation letters, faculty interviews, all that kind of stuff. And I applied and I got in," Johnson said. "I ended up in school, man. It was fast and furious."

Harvard's ALI Fellowship consists of around 50 of distinguished leaders in various fields and focuses on helping them navigate a wide range of issues facing the world today. "We had deep dives on numerous different kinds of challenges that man faces—whether it be climate change, race, human rights, gun control, gun safety, or mental health," Johnson said. While perhaps not directly applicable to calling a football game, Johnson felt that these conversations would help his work in a more nuanced way, "It's going to help me with my career in that my mind expanded," he said. "I had a chance to learn some things that really weren't on my radar at that time."

In addition to his Fellowship, Johnson had the opportunity to take some undergraduate courses. "Just being around the kids and seeing what they were going through... it keeps me fresh, keeps me young, keeps me motivated," he said. One class that stood out to him in particular was Religious Dimensions in Human Experience, taught by

Professor David Carasco in the Divinity School.

"That class in particular was one that was really kind of groundbreaking for me to open me up into thinking about things in a different way."

One reason Johnson cherished his time in the class was learning about collective effervescence, which was studied through the lens of a priest or rabbi bringing a congregation together. This was a concept he related to well. "I think the same thing happens in sports," Johnson said. "And I have a chance to serve as that conductor. Watching the game, bringing everybody together for the big moment and then when it's over, we all go back to our normal lives and look forward to doing it at the same time next week."

In true Harvard fashion, Johnson packed his schedule outside of class. However, his extracurricular of choice might stress out even the most well-practiced in Google Calendar management.

He maintained his role as Fox's top college football voice, flying to various campuses to call games every Saturday. "I felt like I was a student-athlete again," he said. "Having a chance to have a game on the weekend and find a balance in both school and work was really an enriching thing."

Classes were not the only thing connecting Johnson with the undergraduates. Long nights of studying and travel led Johnson to discover the wonders of Grendel's Den. "Those are my boys and girls in there," he said. "I would go there and have my lunch, or sometimes go and have a little beer late at night. The kitchen was always open late." In classic fashion, his other favorite late night spot was Pinnocchio's. "Sometimes I would go in there and get a pie, and sometimes I would go and get a sandwich with a little Greek salad."

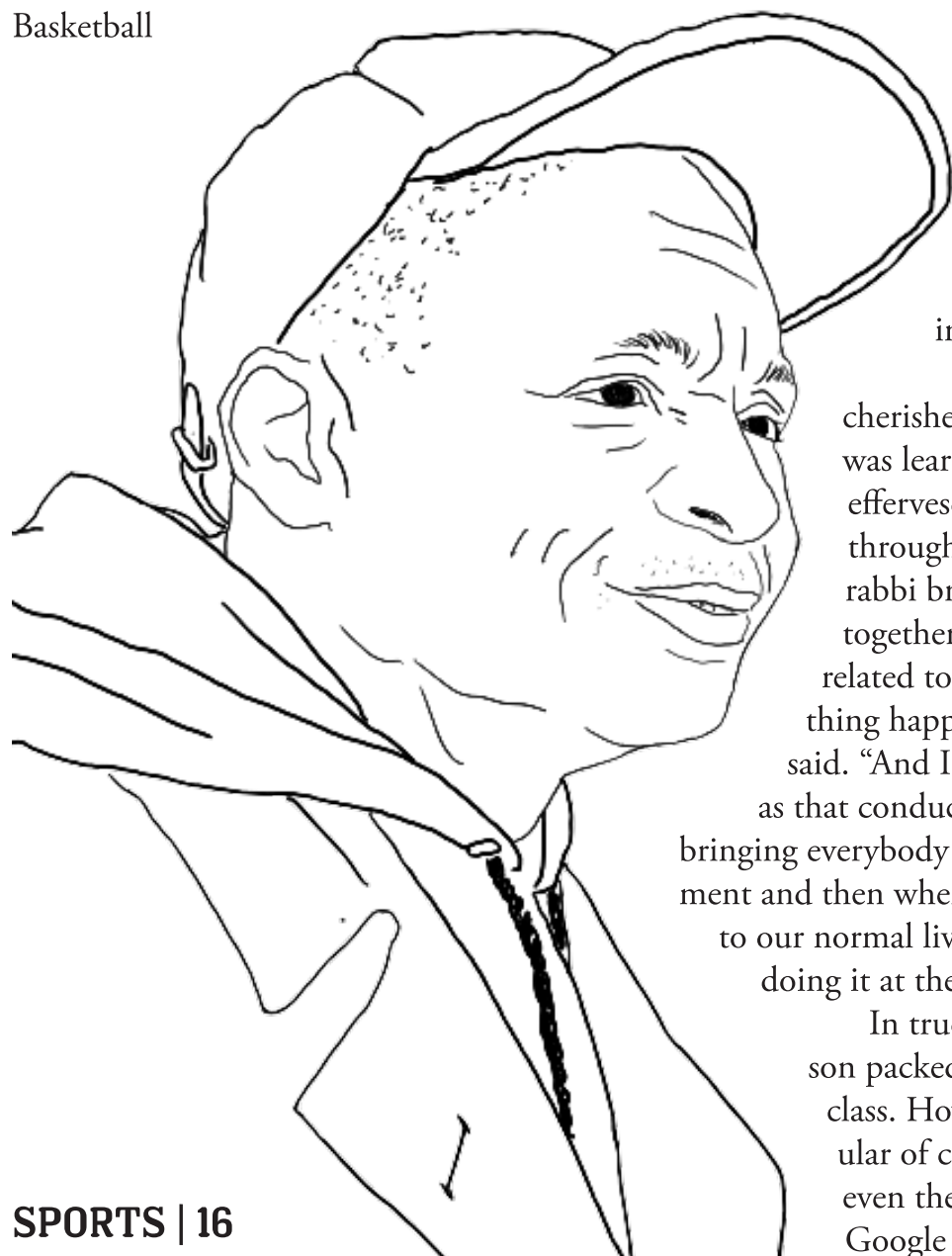
Johnson looks back at his time in Cambridge fondly. "[Harvard] instilled some really positive things and things that I maybe already knew in terms of going out and trying to help others. Those things were reiterated to me throughout the year." He also considered the people he came into contact with a particular highlight. "When you get in your 50s, you don't really meet people, you don't really make new friends," he said. "I went up to Harvard and had a class of close to 50 people and we became friends and would hang out after class. Those are relationships that I'm gonna have for the rest of my life."

These experiences and more are featured in "Back to School with Gus Johnson." The documentary looks back at Johnson's entire life and how it shaped his decision to become an ALI fellow. It also gives viewers an inside look at both his preparation for major college football games and his day-to-day life at Harvard. Numerous friends and colleagues contribute to the documentary in addition to Johnson himself. These things all come together to provide a valuable insight into what drives Gus Johnson to succeed and what makes him one of the best in his business.

Johnson's passion for both his career and the opportunity to better himself is abundantly clear. It will be fascinating to see how those two things work together in whatever he decides to take on next.

DECLAN BUCKLEY '24 (DECLAN-BUCKLEY@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) ENCOURAGES EVERYONE TO TUNE INTO FOX AT 7 P.M. ET ON SATURDAY.

GRAPHIC BY SEATTLE HICKEY '25



FAN-TOM CROWD

Where were all the Harvard students at the Crimson's biggest game yet?

BY RYAN GOLEMME '23



On paper, it was the perfect time for the Harvard Men's hockey team heading into February 6th. Ranked #2 in the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC) and #10 in the country, Harvard was playing in the 70th anniversary of the Beanpot tournament against an absolutely beatable BC team sinking below .500. The match was even technically a “home” game in terms of Harvard's introduction order.

But judging from the student crowds at TD Garden, the game might as well have taken place at BC's Conte Forum. BC students had filled nearly six rows and the hallways a few minutes before the game even started. Harvard students, excluding the band, didn't even fill up half of one. They scattered in small groups among a sea of empty seats. Only two rows to the left of the band were more BC fans and even a few early Northeastern ones. Harvard had its fans in the lower rows with general ticket buyers and alums, but their student section was a ghost town for the majority of the game.

The Beanpot is one of the biggest events for the Men's Hockey Team each year, a local tournament with three other Boston area schools. As Harvard's ice hockey program consistently entered the upper levels of the national rankings and the NCAA tournament for many recent years, the Beanpot continues to bring a local tradition to a national scene. Yet despite the stakes and momentum for the team, and despite Harvard being fewer T stops from TD Garden than BC, its student supporters were dwarfed by fans of BC—a team that had tormented Harvard's hockey team in the tournament for so many years but was now skidding down the standings.

The disparity played out as soon as the player introductions, as BC's boos instantly drowned out all of the Harvard players. It looked like things might kick off when Harvard scored a goal in the first minute and prompted some cheers, but this was quickly nullified by a too many men penalty, punctuated by a “Land of Confusion” music cue. It was perhaps the one moment in the night where Harvard had too

much support.

Compared to the free ticket drive and widespread announcements leading up to the Harvard-Yale football game, the Beanpot received an email blast on January 20th for students to purchase tickets for \$17.50. In response to an inquiry, the ticket office claimed that “the entire allotment of student tickets sold-out in less than 48 hours” through the TD Garden Ticketmaster website, though the office declined to answer what the allotment was.

The Harvard students who were there had mostly gotten their tickets in advance in the hopes that the game would turn into a huge event. “It's one of the few times we get to get really excited about Harvard sports and school pride,” said Jack Silvers '25, who got his tickets a few weeks earlier when they were really cheap. “We're getting blown out in turnout for sure. We need more Harvard students to be here, 'cause BC is showing us up even though they're losing on the scoreboard.”

The Harvard band did their best to make up for the difference with their songs against the BC crowd. Travis Tucker '25, the conductor of the student band, said that compared to the band making up most of the Harvard student audience at the present game, “when we're at home and in Bright-Landry, it's always bumpin', it's pretty crowded, lots of people in there. We're just happy to be here and bring the energy to the Crimson tonight.” However, BC students had grown numerous enough to start filling the seats on both sides of them as the game went on. At one point, a drunk cohort of BC students tried to sit among the strands of Harvard students, with one loudly yelling “We're wide open!” in honest shock more than anything else.

Despite the drowning chants of Eagles fans, the Crimson started out dominating the first period, scoring a goal 11 minutes in and beating the Eagles on shots, faceoffs, attacks, and defense. By the end, enough Harvard students had arrived into the stands to nearly fill one entire row, though they were still spread out and mixed in with a few adults and other students. Meanwhile,

BC had grown to nearly eight.

The normal churn of school was cited as a potential factor in the low attendance. “It's pretty embarrassing,” said Elijah Shell '23. “[The BC fans] definitely seem to care about showing up to events more, but I understand it's a Monday night. I understand people have work to do and stuff.” Others were a touch more optimistic. Sterling Hoyte '26 said that “it's terrifying frankly, the lack of school spirit, but I feel like if we make it to the finals, maybe attendance will boost a little bit. I dunno, I feel like they have stronger numbers, but we have more heart.”

Harvard made an even stronger showing in the second period, scoring on a power play and slowly igniting the Harvard students against an increasingly disappointed Eagles crowd. BC's attack improved in the period and even scored a goal seven minutes in, but Harvard responded with another to end it 3-1.

By the third period, the Garden had begun filling with more BU and Northeastern fans early for the next game. Despite Harvard's sections filling to about two rows by that point, there were still more BU and Northeastern fans each in attendance by comparison. They even led chants of “BC Sucks” and “Let's Go Harvard” that managed to roar as loud as BC's earlier chants. The period would soon turn scrappy and dramatic, as BC scored two goals in the last five minutes to send the game into overtime, with an almost deafening roar on the tie goal that continued into overtime.

However, after overtime continued with inconclusive back and forth attempts, BC's team began stalling the puck in their own end to the point where the arena crowd and even their own fans began booing the players. A literal last second goal by Harvard's Marek Hejduk '26 won the game, and as a betrayed Eagles crowd dissolved out the exits, Harvard's students finally ignited a loud cheer on their own.

After the win, player Matthew Coronato '25 was unconcerned about the overwhelming dominance of opposing fans relative to Harvard's. “I think that's something we're used to as a group. I think a lot of our games we kind of deal with that, but our group's got a lot of resilience and a lot of confidence, so I think we kind of feed off it. It kinda feeds our energy in our games. I think we did a good job starting off the right way tonight, and I don't think it affects us negatively at all.”

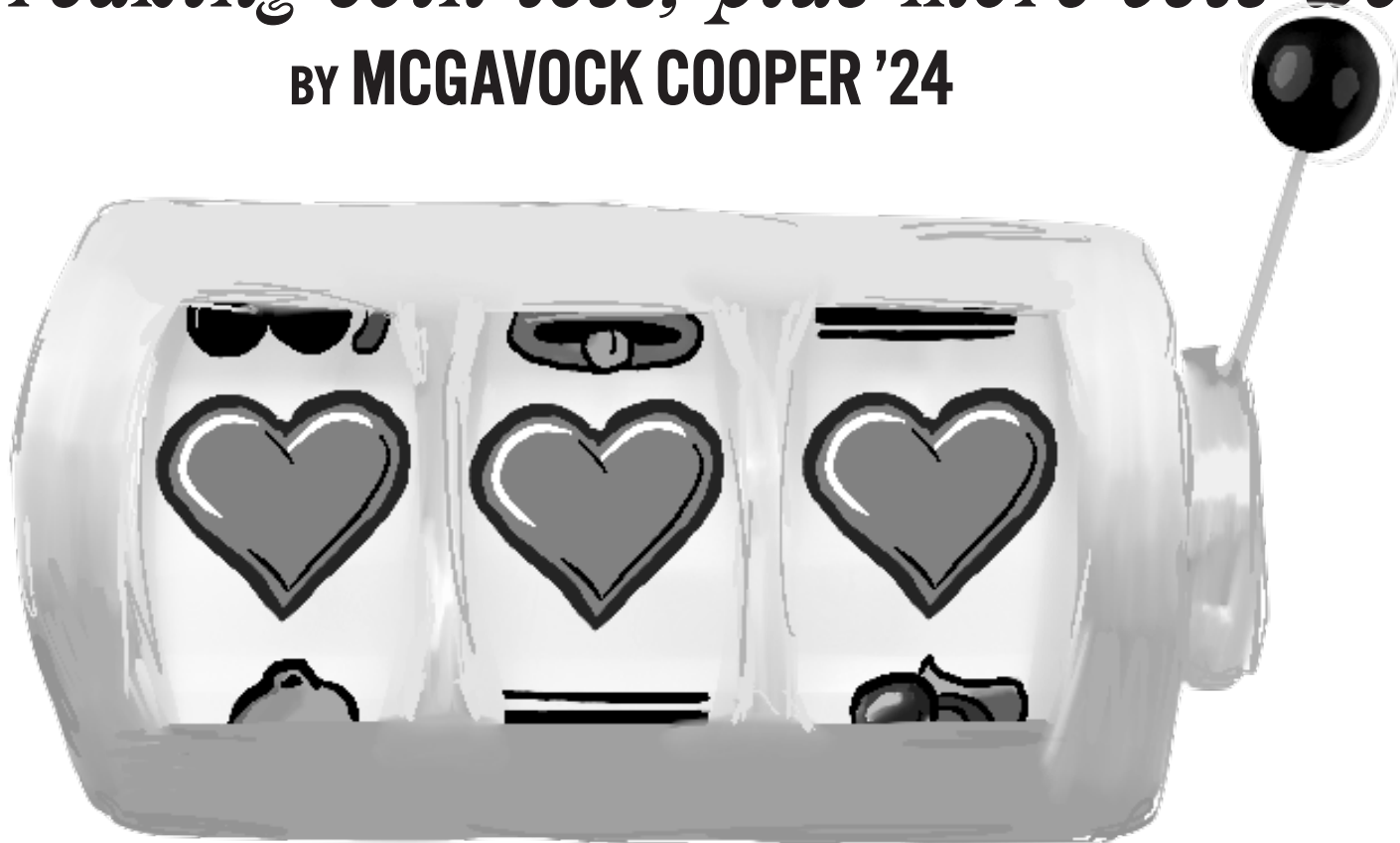
With a finals appearance fast approaching, Harvard students have a chance to make a statement as much as the team itself. Otherwise, the team may end up playing its sixth appearance and potential third win in thirty years to yet another crowd of phantom fans.

RYAN GOLEMME '23 (RYANGOLEMME@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU), WHO ROOTED FOR BC IN THE BEANPOT AS A KID BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THE EAGLE LOOKED COOL, WRITES FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

INDY SPORTSBOOK: VALENTINE'S DAY EDITION

A heartbreaking coin toss, plus more bets we love

BY MCGAVOCK COOPER '24



Money can't buy you love, but you can love making money. The *Indy Sportsbook* is here for the latter, whether you're looking to finance that pricey Valentine's Day dinner or are just trying to feel something again.

But before we unveil our upcoming picks, we'll recap the most important holiday in February: the Super Bowl. Jalen Hurts, Patrick Mahomes, and Rihanna all had elite performances, and controversial officiating and an anticlimactic conclusion shouldn't tarnish those efforts. The NFL may be rigged after all, but the money won and lost on Sunday was all too real. The *Indy Sportsbook* was horrified to lose the coin toss (who could have predicted tails?) but then enjoyed a mediocre split of bets that broke about even, unsurprising given our lack of actual insight.

We were right that Eagles Coach Nick Sirianni would be shown first during the anthem, that AJ Brown would have 70 or more yards and a touchdown, and that Jackson Mahomes would post two TikToks. We were shocked that Andy Reid did not eat or mention a cheeseburger the entire game, and Jalen Hurts was only one tantalizing yard away from having exactly 69 yards rushing. In regards to news that Harvard students may care more about, the price of Bitcoin fell, a bet which held no stakes for us. The game concluded with an act of blasphemy, as Mahomes thanked his teammates before he thanked God in his MVP speech.

These seemingly random occurrences dictated the exchange of billions of dollars, and the *Indy* hopes our previous article helped you pay for at least a couple loads of **SPORTS | 18** laundry. Our way-too-early

prediction for next season's superbowl is an Eagles' revenge win at +900.

The NFL is the flagship of American sports, and it is now sadly gone. If you still feel that little tug to take a risk, it's probably not the beginning of a gambling addiction. Probably. The good news is that the NBA and Champions League are both about to enter the crux of their seasons, offering lots of investment opportunities.

Given our fleeting-at-best expertise, the *Indy Sportsbook* recommends placing only the most enjoyable bets to watch. If you're a fan of soccer—or just really bored in your 3pm GENED—the knockout stages of the Champions League, the biggest annual European soccer tournament, begin this week. The first round features blockbuster matchups including PSG vs Bayern Munich and Liverpool vs Real Madrid, a rematch of last year's final. Soccer gambling is some of the most entertaining, as bets seem winnable for longer and momentum can change in an instant due to the low scoring nature of the game itself. What's better than spending 89 minutes of a two hour seminar waiting for that single winning goal?

Entertainment aside, we think PSG and Real Madrid will both advance to the next round. The first leg is away for each side, giving better odds with Real Madrid at +195 and PSG at +160. We especially like the Real Madrid bet, as Liverpool is in relative shambles and Real Madrid's experienced roster shouldn't be too daunted playing at Anfield. Those aren't the only matchups, but we don't know enough about Belgian Soccer to give a take on Club Brugge.

Back to our comfort zone in American sports, the NBA is the only good league

playing for a long time—we are never writing about baseball. With such a long basketball regular season, games can become a little boring for fans without skin in the game. But who wants to bet on skilled shooting, or have an assist bet rest in the hands of other players? Instead, pick a player to have more than a certain number of rebounds and enjoy. Any shot could bounce to them at any moment, offense or defense, making the rebound bet one of the most entertaining to watch live.

While we hope that some rebound bets can add a little fun to random post-p-set Tuesday nights, it doesn't beat watching in-person—let alone an in-person rebound bet. The Cambridge bubble can make one forget that we have arguably the best team in the league a few T stops away, and everyone should try to get the discounted student tickets and go see a Celtics game.

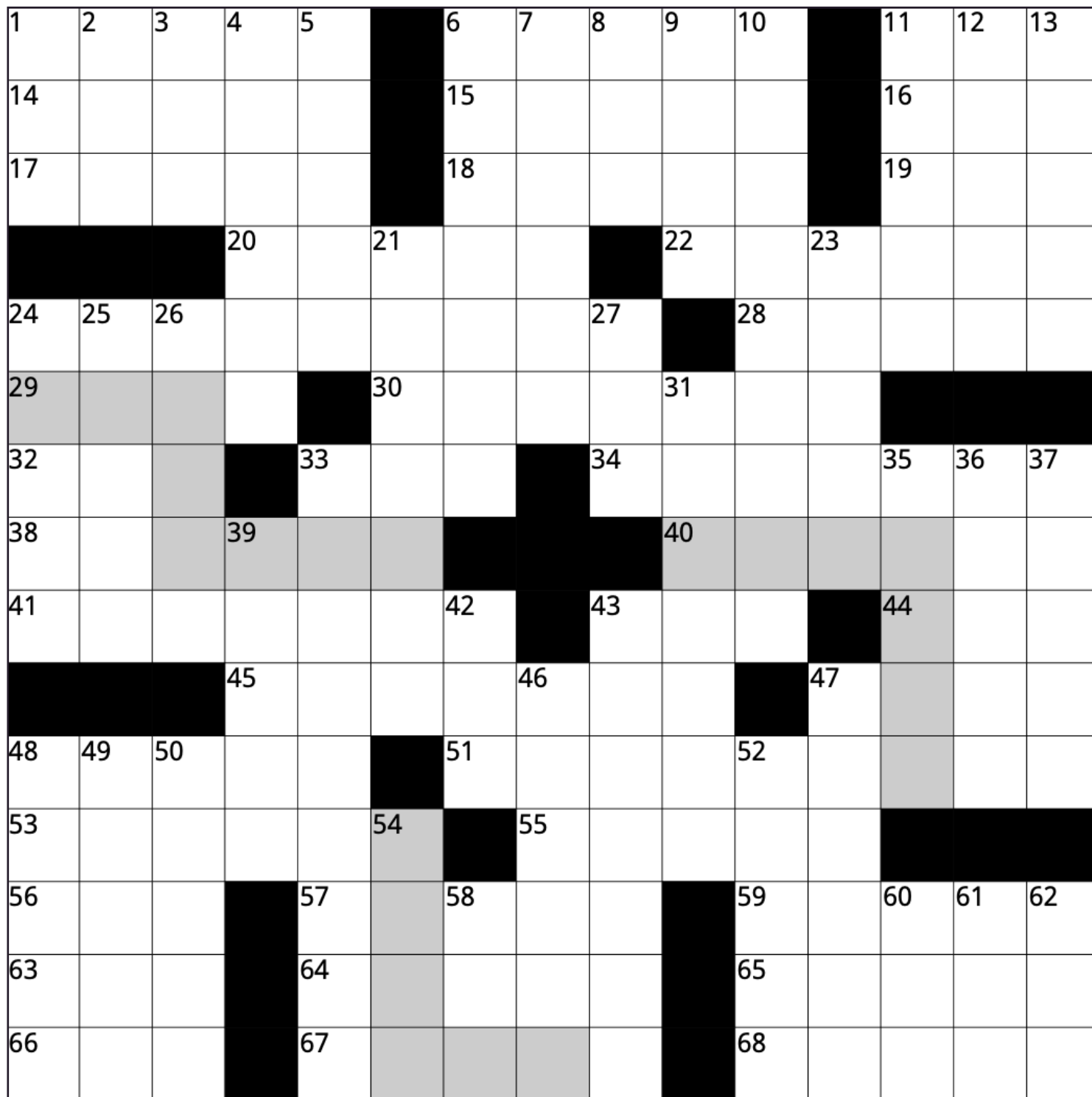
This brings us to the one bet that should be on the mind of *every* Harvard student, Celtics +325 to win the NBA finals. We have yet to enjoy a championship parade as undergrads, a privilege that was once considered an entitlement to 21st century Harvard students. The entire student body has a monumental college experience hanging in the balance, resting in Jayson Tatum's hands. If not this season, when? If not the Celtics, who? Bet your board plus, your tuition, or even just some hope, but buy in on Boston.

MCGAVOCK COOPER '24 (MCGAVOCKCOOPER@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) COULD FACE A LIFETIME BAN FROM NCAA COMPETITION IF HE EVER GAMBLES ON SPORTS.

GRAPHIC BY ANNELISE FISHER '26

HEAD OVER HEELS

BY ANDREW PORTER '25



- 8 Lawyers' org.
- 9 Indian flatbread
- 10 Going forward
- 11 God of the underworld
- 12 "_____ a time"
- 13 Incites
- 21 Tablet alternative
- 23 Jeans material
- 24 Methods (abbr.)
- 25 Get ready to drive
- 26 "_____ living"
- 27 Hightail it
- 31 Orbital extreme
- 33 Site of the Naval Academy
- 35 Prom, e.g.
- 36 Go in
- 37 Tapped a butt?
- 39 Deduce
- 42 Half of MCII
- 43 Divisions in baseball
- 46 Waiting one's turn
- 47 [See 45 Across]
- 48 "Knives Out" Actress

ACROSS

- 1 Malice
- 6 Winter neckwear
- 11 Take more than one's fair share of
- 14 _____ blank
- 15 Toil
- 16 Year (Sp.)
- 17 Shoe bottoms
- 18 Muse of poetry
- 19 Narc's organization
- 20 Start over
- 22 "That's hilarious!"
- 24 Crosses
- 28 Homes for birds
- 29 Affirmative votes
- 30 Ate
- 32 To be, in Barcelona
- 33 @@@

- 34 Fresh thought
- 38 Piano maintenance
- 40 Speakers of Latin
- 41 Bridged
- 43 "There's no _____ team"
- 44 High degree
- 45 With 47 Down, becoming enamored with, or a hint to the shaded squares
- 47 Slurpee alternative
- 48 Without _____ (quietly)
- 51 Geeky side
- 53 Musket loader
- 55 Eldest Von Trapp child
- 56 Scan you might get at a hospital

- 57 Welcomed
- 59 Ending for many odds
- 63 Qty.
- 64 "Of thee _____"
- 65 Parts of the eye
- 66 Texas NBA team, on scoreboards
- 67 Begets
- 68 Vice follower

DOWN

- 1 Radical 60's grp. that occupied University Hall in 1969
- 2 Expert
- 3 Proverb ending? 4 Freshmen, usually 5 Relaxes
- 6 Tatted arms
- 7 Hauled (away)

ANDREW PORTER '25
 VISIT OUR WEBSITE TO
 SEE THE ANSWERS OF THIS
 WEEK'S CROSSWORD

COVER ART + LAYOUT BY PIPER TINGLEAF '24

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