

● HARVARD FEBRUARY 26, 2026

Independent

VOLUME 20

THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969

**STILL WAITING
ON KEY?**
email Ryan Irving.

**BOY
BANDS**
bring 'em back.

**THIS BETTER
BE AN A.**
what to do when
your professor's in
the in the epstein
files

POP CULTURE

**NEW BEAU
OR NO GO?**
your datamatches await <3



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About the Independent

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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Harvard University's Essential Labor Remains Unseen in Blizzard

Harvard's February storm response left University staff in hotels, entryways, and on couches.

BY COURTNEY HINES '28 AND OLIVIA LE '29

Chloe Lee '29 entered the Holworthy basement with her friends at midnight on Feb. 23, at the tail end of the second blizzard Boston has experienced this year.

"As I walked in, there was a common room with a bunch of couches, and along the couches was a HUDS worker asleep," Lee said to the "Independent." "I didn't realize that was their situation, and they had nowhere else to go."

"I felt so bad because it was freezing outside and [students] all had our dorms right here," Lee said.

On Monday, Feb. 23, a blizzard blanketed the Greater Boston area with snowfall totals that climbed into the double digits. Harvard University adjusted operations in response, telling non-essential employees not to come to campus. Yet, over 2,000 faculty and staff deemed "essential" were still expected to report to their positions as usual. Since Harvard is a residential campus, members of the Harvard University Dining Services and Harvard Campus Services, among others, could not work remotely despite brutal weather conditions. In multiple undergraduate dormitories in particular, these individuals were left with few options besides staying overnight in University spaces while public transit faltered and roads iced over.

Harvard's central inclement weather policy directs critical employees to refer to local unit plans (including houses and dorms), noting that "local units should establish protocols" for how employees proceed if they cannot come to work. But local-unit discretion varied this past Monday. While some University employees were offered on-site lodging or dedicated spaces to rest for the night, other workers expressed disdain at receiving no transportation or housing support at all, leaving them to sleep where they could.

"In 20 years, we've seen nothing like that," Jose Ramirez, a Kirkland campus services staff member, said in an interview with the "Independent."

This storm came just weeks after a major late-January blizzard that tested campus operations for the first time this year. Much like on Feb. 23, on Jan. 26 Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences alerted employees that "for employees who are designated as essential, normal work expectations apply." FAS did not make adjustments for courses, and students were instructed to attend classes in-person, unless instructors opted to teach over Zoom.

In Cambridge, peer institutions have made more sweeping moves to limit in-person staffing. For the January blizzard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced a closure window for non-essential employees from Sunday afternoon through Monday night, with a delay in the first day of classes for students. At Northeastern University, a campus-wide winter storm alert circulated internally that Monday classes would be remote. Both schools enforced similar policies for the February storm.

In contrast, as Harvard affiliates have witnessed, local-unit discretion can become extremely variable, especially when the University's baseline expectation remains that essential work will continue even as the region

shuts down.

In Kirkland House, one of the upperclassmen residential communities, essential University workers were offered lodging in the I Entryway, which had extra space.

"A lot of [workers] had to come the day before because the MBTA wasn't running," Kevin Caballero-Diaz, a Kirkland campus services worker, shared with the "Independent." Caballero-Diaz manages Kirkland's operations and maintenance.

"We didn't know how much snow there was going to be, when it was going to stop," Caballero-Diaz said regarding the January blizzard. "We just kept lapping and lapping." In this earlier instance of intense inclement weather, Kirkland's essential employees were scattered across open rooms for overnight housing. Though seemingly ideal, this arrangement proved to be difficult for Kirkland management.

"This time, we were more prepared." Approximately four days before the blizzard, supervisors informed them that they could stay overnight before the storm—an improvement from January, when workers said preparation felt minimal.

This preparation was made possible by high-level staff members of Kirkland House. "They appreciate our work," he said. Caballero-Diaz pointed to Kirkland's building manager, Lucia Baldock, as particularly supportive: "She understood where we were coming from. She understood we had families." He had two young boys at home who had a snow day.

The scenario was different for the upperclassmen residential community, Quincy House, located just minutes away from Kirkland. Aurora Dalrymple, lead of HUDS at Quincy House, said that after the first storm, workers were offered hotels overnight. However, for the February blizzard, Dalrymple said Harvard did not offer transportation or housing support for Quincy employees. Management's answer to this dilemma, according to Dalrymple, was rather flippant. "They just said 'oh, the weather's going to stop snowing, people can go home,'" she said.

"They should've had us stay over another night at a hotel. Especially for me, because I can't go home," she said in an interview with the "Independent." Dalrymple added that many staff members had similar experiences.

Dalrymple has worked at Harvard for 42 years—her commitment to the student body has not wavered since she started at just 20. "In all these years, I only skipped one day off [because of a] snowstorm," she said. "Because my landlord said, 'I can't shovel you out.'"

"I just think Harvard should be better, do more for us than what they do," Dalrymple added.

For many University employees, students are their motivation despite the struggles that sometimes come with the work. "I like to make sure the food is full, everything is clean, so you guys come here hungry before class ... you need to eat. It's comfort. We want you to feel like you're at home," Dalrymple said.

"We're here for you, students. If it wasn't for you students, nobody would have a job."

When the "Independent" asked to

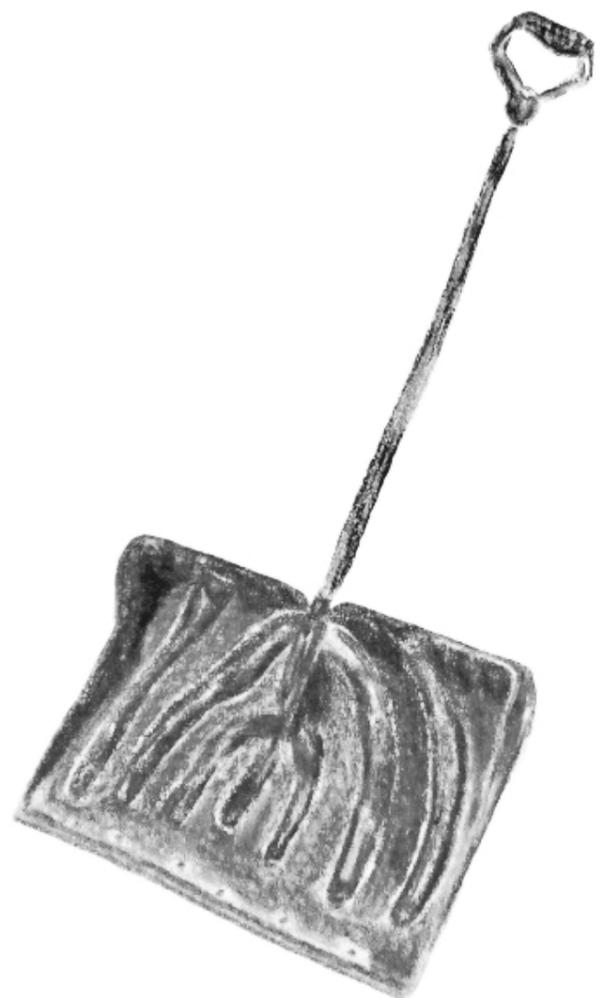
interview staff at first-year dining Annenberg Hall, supervisors turned writers away and directed them to speak to the Director for Strategic Initiatives & Communications of HUDS, Crista Martin. Martin initially agreed to answer questions by email, but did not respond by the time of publication.

In the coming months, the Harvard dining contract, which defines HUDS worker policies like required work on snow days, will expire. Harvard's Human Resources site lists the UNITE HERE Local 26 contract as extending through June 19, 2026. For HUDS workers, contract negotiations determine wages, benefits, and workplace protections, and they can shape what kinds of support are available in high-risk moments like severe weather.

Student advocacy groups argue they can influence that outcome. Harvard's Student Labor Action Movement, housed within the Phillips Brooks House Association, organizes with campus unions and workers to advocate for labor justice and collective campaigns. In recent years, dining workers have also rallied to demand adequate staffing and better working conditions.

COURTNEY HINES '28
(COURTNEYHINES@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) AND **OLIVIA LE '29**
(OLIVIALE@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WRITE NEWS FOR THE "INDEPENDENT."

GRAPHIC BY SARAH LUNA SASSINE '29



Datamatch Isn't About Dating Anymore

The Valentine's Day match program returns to match Harvard undergraduates, ranging from playful freshmen to jaded seniors.

BY VIVIAN YE '27

"Expectations? No. Hopes? Of course," said an anonymous senior at the College.

Datamatch returned this February, inviting Harvard College singles to test their luck ahead of Valentine's Day 2026. The platform was founded in 1994 by students in the Harvard Computer Society, originally beginning as a paper-based matchmaking survey. Every year, countless undergraduates sign up with their college email and complete a short survey detailing personal and romantic preferences. An undisclosed algorithm then generates both friendly and intimate matches to be revealed on Feb. 14. Datmatch's algorithm remains a closely guarded secret, and the team declined to explain how it operates.

Similar to modern-day dating platforms, once the results are released, student users indicate interest in their matches, and mutual matches can connect over free meals sponsored by local Cambridge businesses, including Berryline, Shake Shack, Amorino, and Playa Bowls.

This year, the platform expanded to more than 40 universities, with more than 8,200 students participating across the nation.

On Harvard's campus, participation has remained widespread in recent years. Though the program's executive team does not track participation by class year, co-president Howard Huang '26 shared that engagement appears fairly even and consistent across grades. "We don't track students across years; many students do participate multiple times," Huang told the "Independent." "We don't need to track anything to know that the algorithm works."

Beyond the central match purpose, Datamatch's additional features include an emoji slot machine game on the website homepage, where students can predict "what Datamatch will hold for you." This year, the platform also introduced a collaboration with the artificial intelligence music platform "Suno," allowing users to generate and send musical tracks tailored to their matches.

"We have heard many stories of serious relationships resulting from meeting on Datamatch," Huang said. However, student experiences tell a slightly different story.

Freshmen reactions reflected a mix of lightheartedness and uneven engagement. Some students said they

were unaware of Datamatch altogether or forgot to complete the survey after starting it, while others expressed little interest in participating. "I filled out Datamatch as a joke, and put funny answers," Miguel Dangond '29 told the "Independent." To him, this process was more playful than romantically pragmatic.

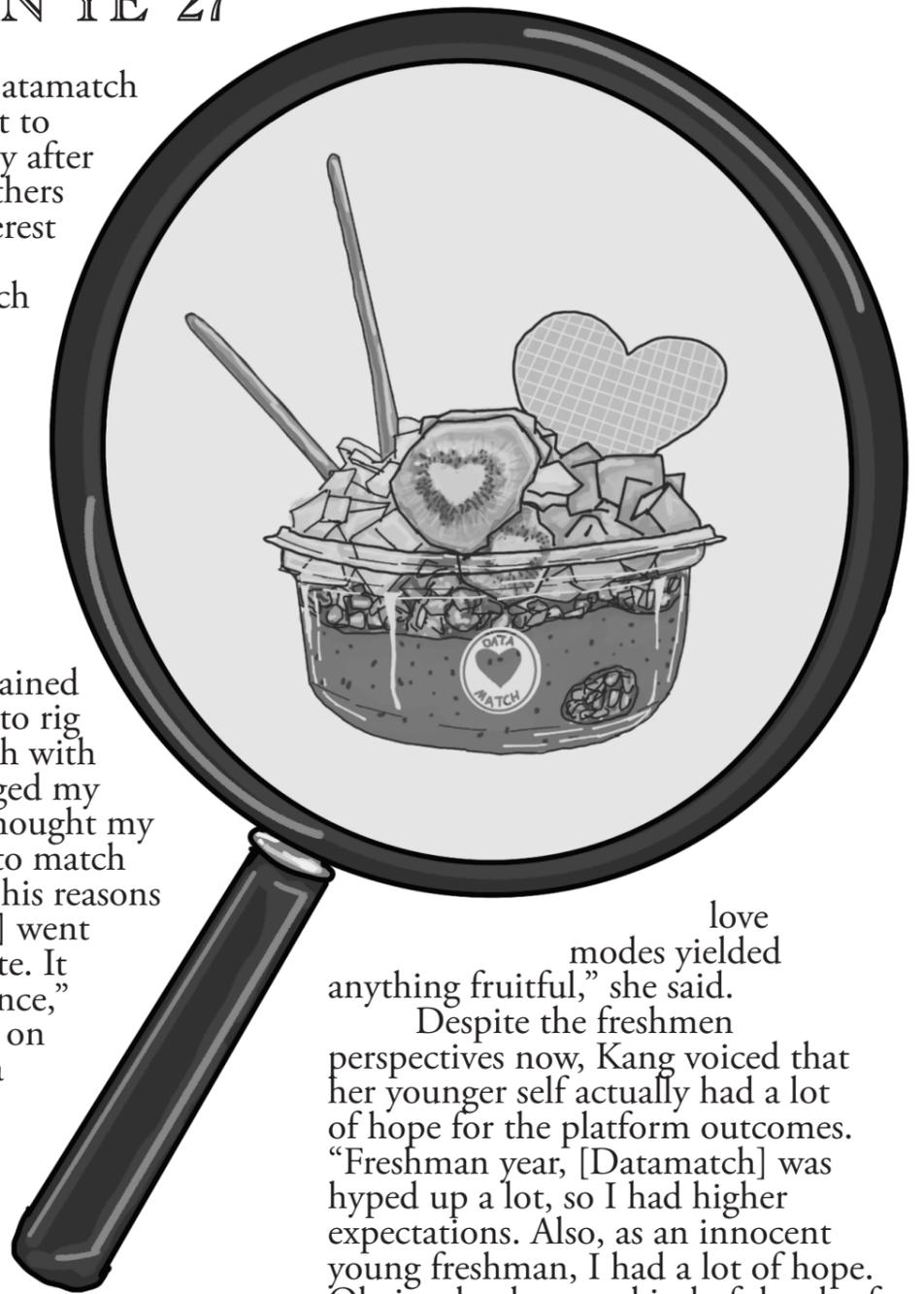
Meanwhile, Terry Lin '29, explained how he attempted to rig the system to match with his friend. "I changed my answer to what I thought my friend would put, to match with her." Lin had his reasons for this ploy. "[We] went on a Valentine's date. It was a great experience," Lin said. "I will go on a date with Melissa again, next year by Datamatch. She's aware. I'm only going on a date with her once a year."

Even after nearly four years of college, senior undergraduates still tend to treat the platform as lighthearted entertainment rather than a serious, Harvard-centric alternative to "Hinge."

"It's always kinda fun to scroll through your matches and be like 'shit, I know this person,'" the Harvard senior shared, discussing his motivations for filling out Datamatch. "I wasn't super happy with my matches, which led me to not actually try to match with them," he added.

"I feel like people make Datamatch for the sake of seeing eventual matches and don't really end up going on the date, and I can't lie, that's my sentiment as well," Audrey Kang '26 echoed. "My past experiences with Datamatch have been quite unsuccessful because people, including me, lack the initiative to reach out."

For seniors, Datamatch functions less as a way to go on dates and more as a way to see who's out there. Kang didn't fill out Datamatch this year. "I think I just felt so jaded and unwilling to put in the effort to create a profile. I've filled it out in the past, and neither the friend nor the



love modes yielded anything fruitful," she said.

Despite the freshmen perspectives now, Kang voiced that her younger self actually had a lot of hope for the platform outcomes. "Freshman year, [Datamatch] was hyped up a lot, so I had higher expectations. Also, as an innocent young freshman, I had a lot of hope. Obviously, that was kind of dumb of me to think that way; I have matured lol."

Student participant opinions match those of Datamatch's web developer Jackson Moody '26. "I do think Datamatch is mostly just for fun."

Despite differences in freshman and senior sentiment, there was one thing that aligned: free food—a draw cited by Dangond, Kang, and Lin. According to Huang, the Harvard Undergraduate Association allocated \$5,000 to Datamatch at a recent general meeting to subsidize these meals, restoring funding after past data security concerns.

Still, students express desires for increased accommodations. "Thanks for the Playa Bowls, but they're lowkey a bit small. They can expand their funding," Lin joked.

VIVIAN YE '27 (VIVIAN_YE@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) HAS YET TO TRY DATAMATCH AND PREFERS OBSERVING RESULTS FROM THE SIDELINES.

GRAPHIC BY LINDEN MCCARL '28

Shaken Not Stirred

A tolerant society shows its true colors once again.

BY NOAH BASDEN '29

"The U.K. has been colonised by immigrants," Sir Jim Ratcliffe, founder and Chief Executive Officer of the INEOS chemicals group and minority owner of Manchester United Football Club, said in a recent interview with "Sky News" on Feb. 12, 2026. Though Ratcliffe has since apologized for these comments, his sentiment reveals a rapidly growing, pervasive attitude against immigrants that has gripped Britain over the past few years.

The irony of Ratcliffe's statement is almost palpable; not only does he partly own a football team where 19 members of the men's first team are foreign players, but, as a fellow Briton, he is surely aware of the country's painful history with colonization. Thus, his objection to immigration, considering this context, feels tone-deaf and jarring.

And yet, his view is not uncommon. Over the past two years, there have been numerous large-scale and at times violent anti-immigration protests and confrontations in the United Kingdom. Notably, on Sept. 13, 2025, over 100,000 people marched in London as part of the anti-immigration "Unite the Kingdom" rally. Organised by far-right activist Stephen Christopher Yaxley-Lennon, popularly known as Tommy Robinson, the protest centered around an apparent defense of free speech as well as British heritage and culture.

Yet, I would wager that a large proportion of these protestors put down their placards on the night of the 13th to don their football club's scarf the next day to cheer on foreign players. It's all right because those are the 'good' ones, right? Immigration isn't a problem when it scores the last-minute winner or has been your neighbor for years, because those aren't the 'wrong' type of immigrants.

This argument is illogical at best. The distinction between the 'good' immigrant and the 'bad' immigrant has never been about contribution. It is rooted in familiarity and proximity. The people love their starting striker because he entertains. The neighbour isn't a threat because they grew up together. But the immigrant child, who has risked everything, arriving on the beaches of Dover? That's the threat. Therein lies my contention with the immigration debate in its popular form. There is no principle to the position; it's an opinion governed by emotions, and emotions have no consistency.

We need principles and honesty when it comes to immigration; otherwise, we aren't any better than those on the far right who preach intolerance and spread hatred. Recognizing the inherent tensions and anxieties that come with immigration

isn't wrong, but weaponizing people's fears and spreading disinformation to stoke division cannot be the answer. The immigration question isn't going away, but the highly polarised discourse surrounding the topic must be if we expect progress in any way.

That being said, good faith is a two-way street; immediately labeling expressions of anxiety as racist is just as dishonest as calling every immigrant a burden. Fear of the unknown is natural. People on all sides have a right to be taken seriously when they see their communities changing or have concerns surrounding public services and issues that government documents rarely capture.

From a certain angle, there is something poetic about Britain's current struggles with immigration. A nation that spent centuries imposing its culture on other countries without invitation now quivers at the thought of others wanting to share in its prosperity. It did not ask its colonies if they wanted to be British; Britain simply arrived and laid claim to lands it never had a right to in the first place.

And when the British needed help, in the aftermath of WWII, they called on immigrants to aid. The Windrush generation, for example, came to the United Kingdom because they were asked to by a government in desperate need of labour, not to colonize and eat at the soul of the nation, as some on the right-wing would have you think. From 1948 through the 1970s, nearly 500,000 people moved from mainly Caribbean British colonies for a better life and to help rebuild the nation. For their troubles, they were falsely labelled as illegal immigrants, rewarded with decades of discrimination, and in several cases threatened with deportation despite being British.

Even crueller than the treatment of these citizens is the fact that this didn't happen because of a few extremists, but was government-sponsored hostility against immigrants. Theresa May, who at the time was Secretary of State for the Home Department, introduced the "hostile environment" policy in 2012 with the expressed intent of making life intentionally difficult for those living in the United Kingdom without legal immigration status.

What it did, in actuality, was drive

a climate of fear and anxiety for tens of thousands who had every right to be in the country in the first place. Asking people to rebuild a nation with you, only to create a trap that erases their existence, is not an error. It is a particular kind of cruelty—one we see again in Ratcliffe's commentary.

The Britain that exists today—its food, music, hospitals, and very identity—was built by English hands and Indian hands, Nigerian hands and Jamaican hands, by the shoulders of people we will never know yet still stand on. The athleticism Britain is so proud of is rooted in similar populations. The nation was built by people who came with nothing and gave everything to a 'tolerant' society, which, more often than not, couldn't bear to tolerate their very existence.

I find more often than not that the voices that call the loudest to protect British identity and 'our way of life' are the ones who understand it least. The Britain they want to protect is mythological; it's never existed, and the Britain we ought to fight for is the one that we have right now.

Ultimately, the United Kingdom deserves an immigration debate rooted in facts, not dictated by trigger words and clickbait. Serious issues deserve serious discussions, not ones that collapse under the weight of their contradictions. Britain cannot celebrate its diversity and, in the same breath, condemn those who make the country diverse. That's not principled reasoning but rather projected selective outrage.

**NOAH BASDEN '29
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HAVE COME UP WITH A
BETTER COLUMN TITLE.**

GRAPHIC BY SAGE WILLEY '29



When Your Artistic Side Needs a Résumé

A conversation with Yael Danon '28 on prestige, courage, and building a music community from within Ivy League gates.

BY AUDREY ADAM '27

It is almost impossible to spend time at Harvard without feeling the gravitational pull toward consulting, banking, or law school. It can feel like ambition has a uniform, calling undergraduates to join the sea of interns wearing the Aritzia 'Effortless Pant,' J. Crew quarter-zips, and lunching at Sweetgreen between coffee chats. Some flock to consulting club introductory meetings and networking events, hoping their "Why consulting?" answer will reveal itself in due time. And if a student's life passion isn't realized during a case interview, the pressure skyrockets. For those whose ambitions lie in the arts in particular, the hunt for available opportunities can feel especially isolating.

Yael Danon '28 knows this intimately. A musical artist from Panama, she has been performing since she was eight years old, winning Israel's Got Talent in 2019 and spending the following years cultivating a discography of original music. She came to Cambridge through Harvard College and Berklee College of Music's dual-degree program, which allows undergraduates to pursue rigorous academics alongside professional music training. Danon is currently working on an album called "Evil Eye," a project blending alternative music and Middle Eastern hip-hop and rock influences that she has been developing alongside her studies in psychology. But she felt something was missing: support.

"It's very hard to tell your parents, 'I want to be an artist' or 'I want to be in the music industry' when you go to Harvard," Danon said to the *Independent*. "Everyone's obsessed with internships and career opportunities."

Using this personal experience as a springboard, Danon co-founded The Mix, a student-run community for individuals interested in the music industry. As the first club of its kind, The Mix unites students from Harvard, Berklee College of Music, and other Boston-area universities to provide them with mentorship, networking, and educational opportunities. Typical meetings include visits from record label executives, alumni, and industry professionals. The Mix has adapted the same infrastructure that consulting clubs have used for years, but curated to the music industry.

The club has leveraged Harvard's organizational resources directly by hosting events at the Hasty Pudding Club and using the University's credibility to attract a vast network of industry professionals. Record label executives and alumni are keen to respond to a Harvard-specific club, demonstrating how Harvard engages with artistic ambition. It doesn't repress it, but instead translates it into the language of its pre-professional culture. Here, passion excels when it is formatted into a structured career pathway, one

with a recruitment cycle, networking events, and LinkedIn-friendly experiences.

"How can I make it sound less scary to say, 'I want to do something in the music industry?'" Danon asks. She uses this question to guide her work developing new events and opportunities for The Mix. The question itself also speaks to what's happening underneath, as a personal, artistic passion is legitimized into something the environment will respect.

This translation has tradeoffs. There is something inherently constraining when art has to justify its existence in the world of professional development. The music industry's intimacy, entrepreneurship, and unpredictability make it harder to explain at Harvard. Unlike finance or consulting, there's no set timeline, no signing bonus, no predetermined career path to making partner one day.

This is where The Mix steps in, formalizing the trajectory through speaker series, events, and career opportunities. The club is also an intimate space for cultivating personal relationships. Danon met one of her collaborators on "Evil Eye" through Berklee, but it was a Mix event that solidified their partnership.

Yet, this sense of community still cannot replace Harvard's pre-professional demands. While it is a community for individuals with a common interest, it also, by necessity, becomes a credential.

The anxiety of pursuing the arts is felt beyond Harvard's campus. Artists at elite universities across the country must navigate the same social pressure to

legitimize their passions within the culture's definition of ambition and professionalism. Danon also notes that The Mix exposes students to careers in the music industry that extend beyond being an artist, such as entertainment law and artists and repertoire scouting, because undergraduates fear instability in an industry with no clear pipeline.

Danon distinguishes Harvard's curriculum from the social pressure outside the classroom. "There is something about the liberal arts degree that allows you to be creative," she said. "The beautiful thing about Harvard is that you can easily do an assignment in an hour, or in ten hours. Diving that deep into something is creativity itself." The pressure comes more from social momentum. The institution offers many opportunities to immerse yourself in curiosity-driven exploration, but it is the culture that sets the unspoken rules and judgments about how you direct your attention.

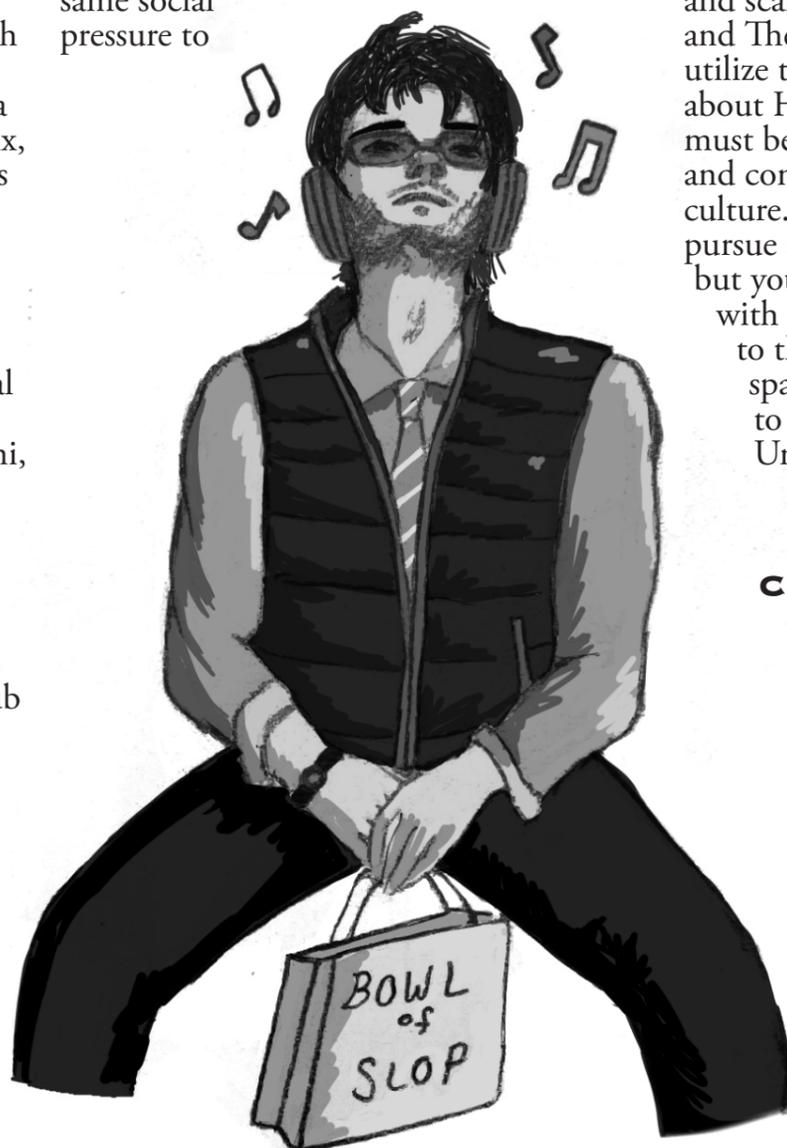
This distinction is important. Harvard does not repress art or expressions of popular culture. It does, however, impose a cost and a framework to follow. Danon is candid about the sacrifices she has made.

"Am I going to be an A-plus student, or am I going to build The Mix, do music, and meet people?" she said. "I made a choice." It is a decision that students with artistic ambitions must face—the decision of how to balance institutional rewards against pursuing their creative work.

The University's resources, network, and scale are all incredibly powerful, and The Mix is proof that artists can utilize them. But the complicated truth about Harvard and the arts is that access must be repaid through translation and conformity to the pre-professional culture. In other words, yes, you can pursue an artistic career inside these gates, but you have to be willing to back it up with a résumé first. Danon's answer to this tradeoff is her organization, a space that allows artistic identities to thrive within a structure that the University culture respects.

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WILL BE JOINING THE
SEA OF SWEETGREEN
LUNCHERS THIS
SUMMER.**

**GRAPHIC BY NUALA
MERNIN '29**



My Love Language is Clementines

The bittersweetness of the Lunar New Year.

BY AUDREY WU '29

C In every door hangs the symbol for fortune, “福.” Under every pillow, red envelopes rest.

Aromas of oyster and soy sauce fill the air. These are the indicators of the Lunar New Year’s arrival. For me, this holiday is bittersweet, filled with celebration, but also a reminder of loss.

I grew up looking forward to the holiday every year: the food, the people, the comfort of being surrounded by everyone I love. My family and I have always been extremely superstitious in practicing the New Year traditions. In the weeks leading up to the long-awaited day, we sweep and clean religiously, get haircuts, buy new clothes, and hang decorations to ward off the misfortune from the past year. We go to our place of worship: the Asian grocery store an hour away, to find the perfect ingredients and wander the familiar aisles. Mama lets me pick out paper lanterns, and Baba tells me to pick out the best cabbage. My sister and I used to nibble on lucky white rabbit candy—giddy on a feeling we couldn’t quite place—the kind we would outgrow a few years later.

My Baba’s mother, my Nai Nai, thumbs clementines that we use for offerings to our ancestors, picking out the roundest and prettiest shades of orange. She tells me they remind her of my chubby newborn cheeks, when she picked my Mandarin nickname, little clementine: “橘橘.” She tells me she knew I would be her favorite, her lucky little clementine. As I grew older, I never lost that feature: the cheeks like full moons that dimple when I laugh. Even after losing her, I still wear the name she gave me like a feeling I can’t shake.

The year after her death, when Lunar New Year rolled around, I couldn’t bear to go back to the Asian grocery store or unwrap a clementine. There was nothing I could do to feel “lucky” when the year before we had done everything right to prepare, and here I was left without my Nai Nai—now only the scent and memory of her, stained on the holiday I once loved most.

I could not fathom that the woman who cut my hair, sewed me new clothes, sang with me as I rolled out dumpling dough, and picked me the sweetest oranges was no longer here. I could not face the idea that the woman who had taught me my language and life was the one whose photograph I would

be kneeling in front of, offering those clementines and incense to.

Nai Nai was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s ten years before my first Lunar New Year without her. At the age of six, I barely understood what Alzheimer’s meant. No one has the heart to tell a child that the woman who means the most to her would slowly deteriorate in front of her eyes, ripening and rotting like neglected clementines left out for months after the holiday.

And even if someone had told me, I never could have understood that Alzheimer’s would be the thing that would make her unrecognizable to me; that I’d watch over the years as she slowly lost the ability to walk, talk, relieve herself, and eat. Over these ten years, I’d visit my Nai Nai at her nursing home, laughing with her on the good days and caring for her on days worse than I could’ve imagined. I’d learn to embody the value of taking care, or “孝顺,” as the person who took my first steps with me hardly remembered how to take her last ones.

Even on the bad days, I never lost hope. When she could no longer walk, Baba and I brought New Year’s to her, bringing the decorations and festivities to the nursing home tables, picking out the best clementines we could find to share with the other members.

But nothing could have prepared me for the emptiness we would feel when she was gone, how everything that once felt vibrant and festive became another reminder of her absence.

I did my best to fill this silence and space where she used to be as I cut out paper “福” symbols to hang on my Canaday doorway, cut off my split ends, and took the Red Line

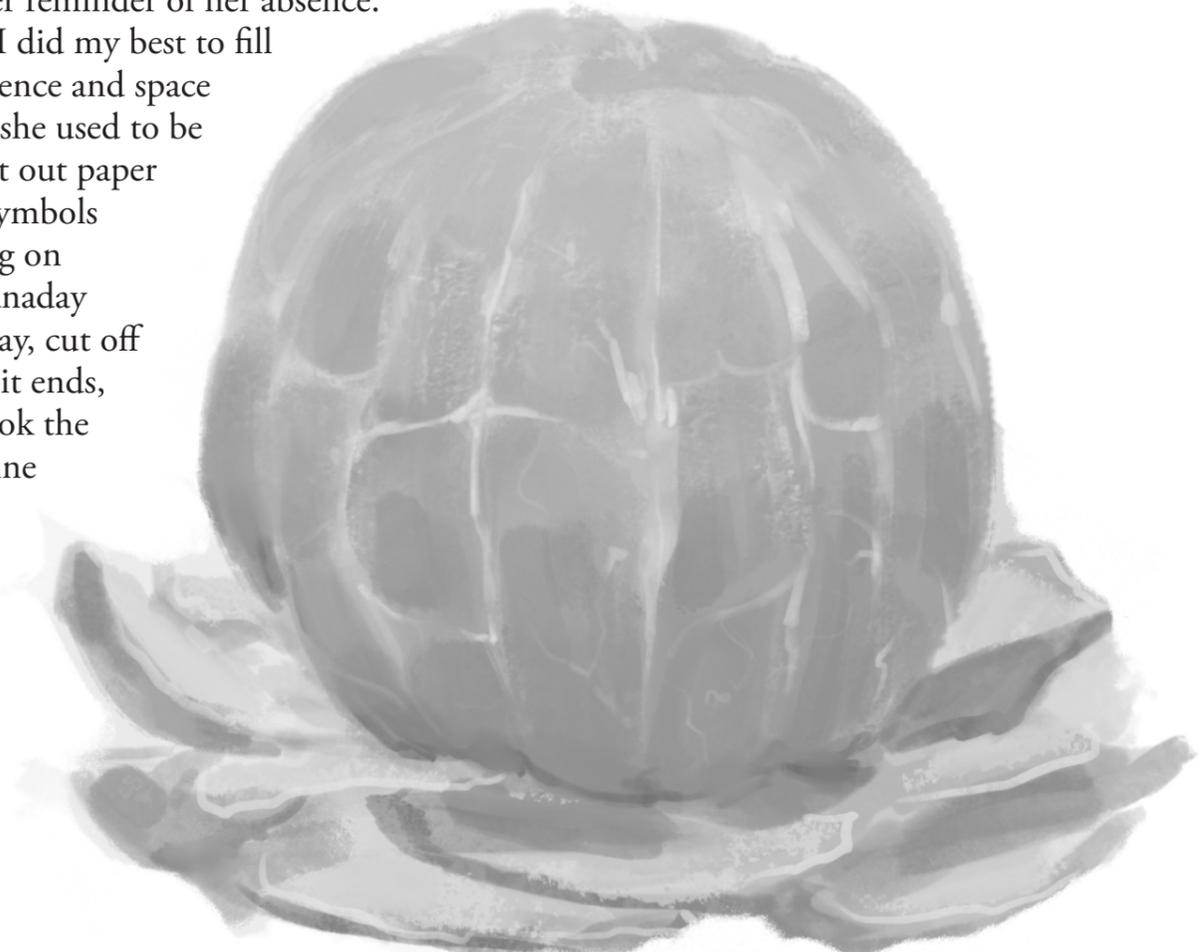
to pick out only the best clementines I knew my Nai Nai would approve of.

This year, as I returned to my childhood home for the holiday, I was overwhelmed with Nai Nai’s pervasive presence. My family and I practiced our annual love language as Baba prepared the lucky cabbages, Mama marinated the fish, and I rolled out dumpling dough as the careful harmony of tradition was restored—as we set out an empty place set at the head of the table for Nai Nai and opened the door to welcome in our ancestors. We knelt at their pictures and bowed our heads, offering an unspoken understanding, unraveling ourselves like the little clementines, praying because it was the only thing left that we could remember how to do.

Even after the incense had burned, the decorations were stashed away, and the holiday ended, I was still left with the sticky scent of clementines on my palms.

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**GRAPHIC BY CAMERON
BERNIER '29**



Bring Back Boy Bands

How the plurality of voices and sounds improves music culture.

BY CLORIS SHI '29

When my mom was in college, she was obsessed with boy bands. A defining cultural phenomenon of the late 1990s and early 2000s, these groups dominated the pop landscape at the height of their influence, gathering cult-like followings. My mom was among the many young girls lured in by the intoxicating cocktail of heart-aching ballads, really good-looking men, and sold-out tours.

After moving to the United States in the early 2000s, my mom acclimated to a quiet suburb on the southern edge of the “Golden State,” humming the Eagles’ “Hotel California.” She brought these tunes into my upbringing. Growing up, Backstreet Boys serenaded me with “I Want It That Way” on car rides home from elementary school; The Police sang on in “Every Breath You Take” on my way to soccer practice. English—my second language—became fluent for me through sappy choruses and “na, na-na-na, na-na” refrains in One Direction’s “What Makes You Beautiful.”

Just like my mom, I’ve gravitated toward bands—my favorite in college is The 1975. It feels serendipitous that the year 1975 is also the year my mom was born. An indie boy band in disguise, The 1975 is a Manchester-based alternative-rock band that rose to prominence in the 2010s and expanded its influence in the 2020s. Over the course of a decade, The 1975 has achieved five consecutive No. 1 studio albums on the U.K. Official Albums Chart, a streak starting with their 2013 self-titled debut. Their album “I Like It When You Sleep, for You Are So Beautiful yet So Unaware of It” became their second No. 1 on the U.K. Albums Chart and also topped the Billboard 200 in the United States—an achievement shared only by a handful of British acts, including The Beatles and Radiohead.

What drew me into their fandom was the lyrics—the lines are vulnerable, confessional, and provocatively honest. Listening to them showed me that music could be political and edgy and swaggering all at once. Their music is full of verve and vigor, bite and bicker. It sounds like people thinking, talking, fighting, and passing through life together. I love how unashamedly confident they are. Their journey hasn’t always been straightforward, receiving the title of worst band at the New Musical Express Awards in 2014. Still, they confronted obscene reviews by critics, leaned into a faithful cult fandom, and eventually won NME Best Band in 2020.

“What qualifies a boy band? If it’s hysteria, being surrounded in hotels and doing sell-out shows, then we’re a boy band,” lead singer and songwriter Matty Healy once joked.

But Healy misses some more fundamental features: a boy band is also defined by collaboration, communication, and community. In an era of increasingly fragmented digital spheres, boy bands feel like

relics of a past when plurality coexisted with monoculture, when millions listened to the same chorus at the same time.

Despite the success that The 1975 has achieved, boy bands—and broadly, bands as a genre—are disappearing from the top of the charts. In the first half of the 1980s, bands together occupied the number one spot for 146 weeks on the U.K. singles charts. However, in the first five years of the 2020s, that number has shrunk to just three weeks, one of which honored The Beatles’ comeback single “Now and Then.”

Across rock, jazz, folk, and even large-scale pop groups, bands are increasingly absent from chart dominance. One reason for this disappearance lies in modern music consumption.

First, streaming platforms prioritize singles over albums. Music discovery is driven by algorithms that reward constant output and rapid engagement. The success of new releases depends less on a cohesive album cycle, which bands are strong at, and more on virality and frequency of production. As a result, solo artists are structurally advantaged because they can release music more quickly. They can cultivate a tightly controlled personal brand, pivoting when trends go out of style. It is easier to market one face, one backstory, and one aesthetic than a collective of competing personal narratives.

Bands, by contrast, move at the pace of conversation, negotiation, and compromise. They require rehearsal, compromise, shared calendars, and the division of both creative authority and profit. This slow process is beautiful, contemplative, and meditative; it emphasizes art, which requires putting heads together, combining talents, and building a whole bigger than the sum of its parts.

Furthermore, economics reinforce this shift to one-man acts, as streaming revenue through Spotify, Apple Music, and other platforms is much thinner than the margins once supported by physical album sales. As a result, for young indie musicians, independent production is both aesthetically and financially optimal.

Technology has further compressed the need for collectivity. In the 1960s, to produce music loud enough and layered enough to fill a dance floor, you needed a band with drums, bass, guitar, and voices all present at once. Today, software enables a single producer to program percussion, synthesize strings, stack harmonies, and master a track to commercial standards, even from a dorm room.

I have a friend who has turned his Pennypacker Hall suite into a makeshift studio, producing music that sounds professional and polished. He trades files with his Australian mate sixteen hours away. His two-man band exists through this digital magic.

With the convenience of individual production, bands must now justify their existence artistically—and that justification is essential to the health of the music industry

itself. Plurality of sound, thought, and emotion is inherent to a band with multiple physical bodies. At the sonic level, multiple performers create heterogeneity by using instruments of varying frequencies and negotiating tempo and phrasing. Music critics also praise participatory discrepancies—small mistakes in music production that inevitably come with human collaboration. These errors showcase groove, idiosyncrasy, band chemistry—the best parts of the artistic experience.

At the cultural level, plurality in individuals within a band multiplies identification. Each member becomes a distinct point of attachment, as individuals identify with celebrities with different personalities, or even different ethnic, sexual, and familial experiences. Marketing research suggests that multi-member groups expand demographic reach precisely because they offer multiple personas—one member may be more shy, charismatic, edgy, funny, or serious. Choosing a favorite band member signals a form of social belonging, even while maintaining differentiation among the fan base. In middle school hallways and online forums alike, that allegiance brings people from all walks of life together.

Even through high school, after long days at work or school, my mom and I would slip into our respective One Direction personas, belting karaoke late into Friday nights. She claims her favorite; I claim mine. The ritual bridges her early thirties and my early tween years. Our voices sound almost identical when we’re singing the chorus of “Live While We’re Young.”

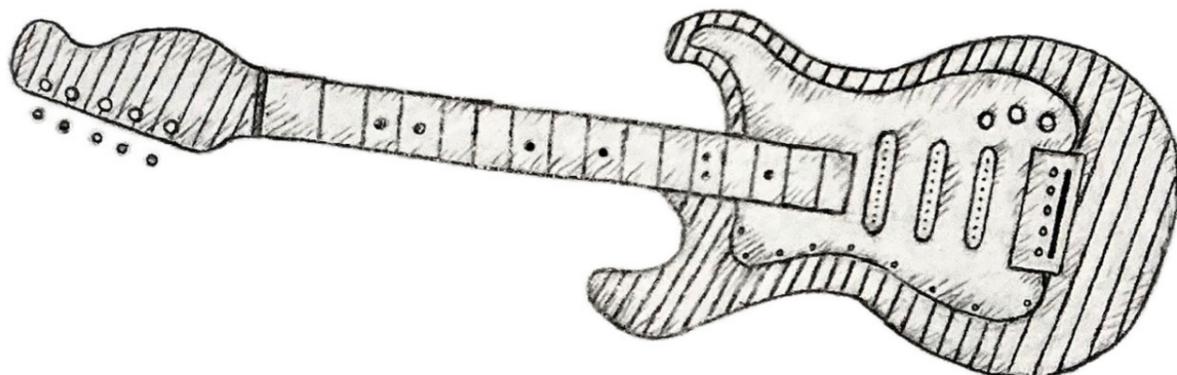
As bands recede from the charts, so too does this structure of shared identification. Boy bands once created reference points across classrooms and continents, establishing a global monoculture. Now, we inhabit algorithmically curated micro-genres—bedroom pop, sad girl autumn, city pop—and hyper-personalized playlists, designed by ourselves and our musically-similar confidants. Technology has broadened the modes of production and widened the fields of taste, but it has also fractured the listening public, shattering a culture of music where a handful of artists dominated. We still love music, but now, we do so often alone, through headphones, within our own self-feeding circles.

In the hit song, “About You,” The 1975 repeats, “Do you think that I have forgotten? Do you think I have forgotten about you?” Underneath, “don’t let go” echoes. It sounds like an elegy, an *ubi sunt* mourning for the death of a mode of music.

We no longer need bands to be loud so that we are immersed in sound. But, we still need boy bands for the friction of collaboration, for the beauty of shared imperfection, for the simple fact that harmony is the presence of multiple voices sharing the same air, at the same time.

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FANS ON SPOTIFY.**

**GRAPHIC BY JAMES FOSS
'29**



A 24-Hour Improv Extravaganza

Harvard's top (and only) Harold improv group presents all day and night entertainment.

BY KALVIN FRANK '28



"For twenty-four hours, we will not sleep. We will not eat. We will not urinate.

That is my promise to you. We will only improvise comedy." This is what co-captain Jack Flynn '26 of Three Letter Acronym said to the audience as the troupe began their 24-hour improv marathon on Feb. 21.

Kicking off at 8:00 p.m., captains Flynn and Katie Silverman '27 led TLA through its first hour of the team's long journey to bring a day of laughs and joy to improv lovers on campus. Undergraduates watched as TLA performed a variety of games throughout the night at the Signet Society building, a club founded on fostering artistic disciplines.

The 24-hour performance returned after a pandemic-related hiatus. TLA alumna Haley Stark '25 shared a brief history of the event and its significance. "The 24-hour [show] concept is something that's built into the TLA club Constitution on this campus," she said. "[It] was written into our original doctrine that TLA was going to commit to the 24-hour show annually, and then COVID happened, and then I started here, and we [had] not done it, and I'm so happy that this particular group was game enough to do it."

"[TLA] is a group that was founded on unconventional improv practices. It's a group that, from its beginning, has been a coalition of people who wanted to 'prov' outside the norm," Stark continued. "The 24-hour show, just in its idea, is such an outrageous bit to anyone who hears about it, and TLA is nothing if not a group that commits to absurd, outrageous, and impressive bits."

As I walked into the opening of the show, it was unsurprising to find a very large crowd of around 100 people cheering on the energized cast as they embarked on their marathon.

Flynn introduced the group as "Harvard's number one 'Harold' improv show, and top two if there was another one." TLA then promised to perform 24 Harolds throughout the night—one at the midpoint of every hour—and 24 of their classic "Sex with me is like..." improv games before the end of each hour.

A Harold starts with a word chosen by the audience. Three TLA cast members then share a monologue from their life they associate with the word. After these (typically comical) stories are shared, the entire troupe joins to bring one scene to life, weaving together each storyline—the product is often chaotic and hilarious. Throughout the performance, various signals, such as a clap, can signal scene changes or cut scenes (similar to "Family Guy," if the group references a past or future event, they may cut to a mock of it). There is absolutely no planned-out plotline,

but somehow Harolds seamlessly blend three narratives based on the actions of about ten improvisers on stage.

Following the first Harold, the still-energetic group moved on to the "Sex with me is like," game—another TLA specialty. This raunchy activity lines up the troupe members at the front, as they take one word from the audience. Once decided, members take turns (in no particular order) coming to the front to somehow make a connection: "Sex with me is like the Library; I put my wide-in-her," a TLA member jested. The game brings great laughs, and honestly is hard to describe outside of just watching.

As the clock struck nine, I left the show to continue to Widener Library—actually, I promise. Unfortunately, I was not built to watch, let alone perform improv, for 24 hours. I later returned at around 1:00 a.m., and to my surprise, the room was filled with about 75 people. It seemed that TLA had a dedicated fanbase that remained with them into the wee hours of the night. Even though this brief check-in was highly enjoyable, I needed a good night's rest to fully appreciate the comedic effect of this stellar crew; I departed at 2:00 a.m.

As we moved into Sunday, I returned to the Signet space twice before my third and final watch of the day at 7:00 p.m.—the closing hour. Throughout the first two visits, even as the formerly packed room was rather empty, there was a notable attendee each time.

Undergraduate Celina Varchausky '28 challenged herself to be at the show for all 24 hours. As a guest the entire night, she let me in on one of the most touching observations she made. "[The production] really shows the commitment of Harvard students, as [they] will show up to support their friends," she said to the "Independent." "The people that I've met are super willing to be there for you."

"A lot of recurring jokes are 'wink' inside jokes for the people who have been

there," she added.

Leading into the last two hours of the show, some TLA members and alumni reflected on their experiences completing the marathon performance.

Members Hudson Brown '28 and Callie Loeffel '28 offered a comedic reflection on the magnitude of their achievement. "People get together to do amazing things. Einstein at [age] 26, the Lakers in 6 [games], and TLA in 2026, it's just one of those moments," Brown said.

"It'll go down in history, like when they discovered gravity," Loeffel concurred.

One of the most impressive parts of the event was the preparation of food, sleep, and care for the members. Speaking with the captains, Flynn and Silverman, I learned that the TLA troupe had an entire system in place to ensure all its members were safe. "[We] created sort of a tentative hour-by-hour schedule for the whole thing, and also made sure that people were getting the right amount of breaks," Flynn said.

As the show entered its final hour, what looked to be the largest crowd I witnessed packed in. The visibly exhausted TLA members pushed on to end the night, conducting a Harold on the ironically audience-given word "marathon" and finishing off with one last game of "Sex with me is like."

As the clock hit 8:00 p.m., the team had accomplished an amazing feat: planning, directing, staffing, and pubbing a show that went on for 24 hours. Best of all, through audience donations, the team raised \$348.52 for St. Francis House, a homeless shelter in Boston.

TLA brought back a unique event that pleased large crowds and raised hundreds for people who need it most. I couldn't speak highly enough of a group that dedicates so much time and effort to an event that is so positive for campus culture.

If you didn't get the chance to hit up the TLA 24-hour show, follow their Instagram to see one of their many regular-length shows, or stay tuned for next year's 24-hour show.

In the words of Silverman, "Yeah, we're bringing this back."

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"INDEPENDENT."**

**GRAPHIC BY NESHAMA
RYMAN '28**





“Unbound”: Ghungroo 2026

Ghungroo 2026 brought the Agassiz Theatre to life last weekend for its 38th annual performance.

BY MEENA BEHRINGER '27

From Feb. 19 to Feb. 21, at the Agassiz Theatre, Harvard Undergraduate Ghungroo celebrated the beauty of South Asian culture and its enduring spirit. Bringing together over 300 students for Harvard's largest student-run production, “Unbound”—this year's theme and show title—celebrated the collaboration and community behind each creative act in the almost four-hour-long show. Split into three acts, Ghungroo delivered contagious excitement and enthusiasm from both the performers and audience members, showcasing a variety of dances, skits, and other visual and musical performances.

Originally founded by Harvard College's South Asian Association in 1988, Ghungroo is an annual student-run showcase and tradition. This year, three of the four shows sold out, with Saturday night's tickets gone in a record three days after going on sale.

Under Executive Directors Arya Prasad '27, Drima Patel '27, and Salini Pillai '27, “Unbound” featured a remarkable six skits, five spoken word recitations, five musical performances, and 19 dance acts. The different performances flowed together, varying from skit to spoken word to music and even runway modeling, keeping the audience laughing or clapping along.

“[‘Unbound’] is about allowing each and every one of us to move freely, guided by care for one another,” explained the Executive Directors in the show's playbill. “[It] is a celebration of the many ways people show up, contribute, and create together ... Even with the various acts and diverse performances, Ghungroo is a collective act that brings together creativity and culture.”

Executive Producers Karan Shah '27 and Saanvi Malkani '27, who also serve as Co-Presidents of the South Asian Association, oversaw all backstage logistics, publicity, and organization to lead the performance. Both have grown through the ranks of Ghungroo since freshman year.

Shah alluded to hours of rehearsals and logistical planning that went into the massive undertaking that is Ghungroo. Over 29 regular choreographers and 22 senior choreographers orchestrate each dance alone. “There is so much work that gets put into running a show—in terms of painting each set, in terms of choreography, dance, to see how the acts actually come out one after another, right to get the microphone ready for every eye.”

The first two acts featured a variety of traditional dances, acts, skits, singing, and even modeling, followed by the third act, which was marked by seven senior dance performances. Traditional dances and music, including Classical Dance, were intertwined with performances with Bhangra, Harvard's undergraduate competitive South Asian dance team, as

well as more contemporary styles like South Indian Dance. Skits, including “Ghungroo Weekend Update,” “Dancing with the Desis,” and spoken word, were scattered throughout the night, touching on themes of identity, relationships, and even politics—all through a South Asian lens.

With South Asia accounting for about 25% of the world's population, Ghungroo's 19 dance performances reflected a wide range of cultural or regional influences. Choreography based on existing dance styles included Classical, Cinema Pop, Diasporic Fusion, and more. Considering many areas of South Asia boast their own robust artistic flair, Ghungroo also features dances entitled “Punjabi,” “Nepali,” and “South Indian,” to name a few. Each reflected a different part of the immensely vast South Asian heritage and styles—a whirlwind of red dupattas, iconic Bollywood songs like “Ringa Ringa,” and the rhythmic clack of painted dandiya sticks dazzled the evening.

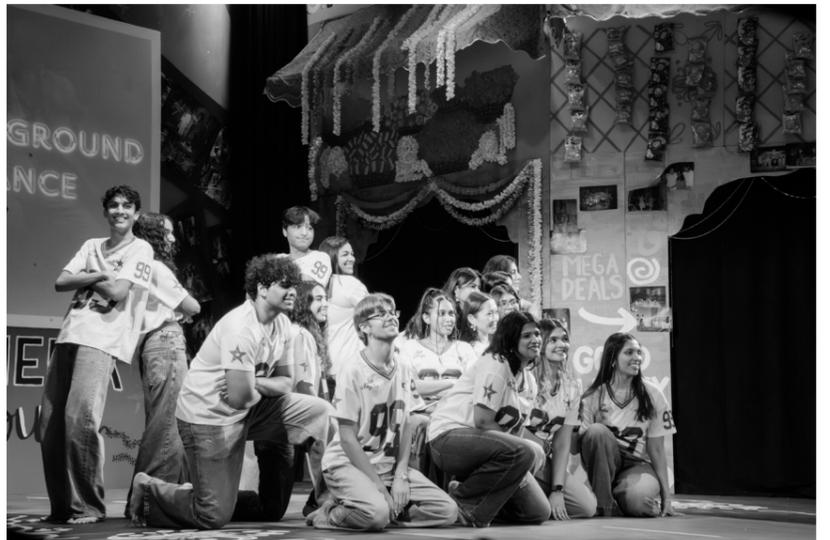
“Ghungroo looks at all regions and countries of South Asia. It looks at all types of dance ... it looks at all types of comedy,” Shah explained. Classical styles like Kathak and Bharatanatyam shared the stage with influences such as in Diasporic Fusion.

The sets are a hallmark of Ghungroo—and are all student-created. All performers contribute to building and painting the lively stage, which is a work of art itself. From the stage floor to the walls, the sets blended visual arts, sculpture, and other physical elements that heightened the cultural atmosphere. This year, Ghungroo chose to theme its set as a South Asian market. The set included a “Bangle Stall,” featuring real Indian bangles and a 3D “Snack Wala,” nodding to scenes commonly found while roaming the streets of a South Asian city.

Ghungroo's tech team further enhanced the show experience by bringing all the lighting and visual effects to life. “There's so many people, and so [many] things happening behind the scenes that you might not see but [should] appreciate,” Shah added.

Shah and Malkani emphasized the uniqueness of the Ghungroo community in their address to the audience at the end of Act 1, highlighting the special bonds formed between all members involved as they worked together to create a spectacular performance. That enthusiasm and love for one another and the South Asian and diaspora culture were evident throughout the night, both onstage and off.

As the performers concluded their segment, whether it be dance or a skit,



smiles and laughter erupted on stage. They embraced each other, ran to congratulate one another off stage, and supported the other performers and groups. Even clearer was the togetherness—the unbound collaboration that made the show possible.

This Ghungroo bond also remains strong with its alumni, a testament to the show's enduring spirit and tradition. It is an important reminder of how far Ghungroo and the South Asian community have come at Harvard. This year marked a record number of alumni returning, as a result of the Executive team's extensive outreach, bringing back recent graduates, past Producers, and even Director alums from the 1990s.

“38 years ago, when Ghungroo first started, it wasn't a Harvard-only production. It was actually a conglomeration of Boston area schools ... because there weren't enough South Asians at Harvard,” Shah said. Now, the show features over 300 Harvard performers, including more than 160 seniors—nearly 10% of the class. And the show has stretched even beyond the South Asian community, welcoming people of all identities to take part and celebrate.

“To see non-Brown people dance at the songs that I was raised in, eat the food I was raised on during intermission, or have that same vibrant energy and love ... makes me feel very warm inside,” Shah reflected.

Watching the stage was a euphoria of color, music, and—above all else—love for one another and for the South Asian identity that radiated throughout the theater.

Hearing the songs that once played at my grandparents' house, seeing clothes that reminded me of those I tried on at home, and feeling immersed in an explosion of my identity made Ghungroo all the more meaningful.

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**PHOTO COURTESY OF ZOE
LI-KHAN '29**

Chosen In Good Taste

On aesthetic taste, explored through a self-Socratic method.

BY ELLIE GUO '29

About three years ago, my high school music teacher told the story of when his wife walked down the aisle to “When I’m Sixty Four” by The Beatles. Somehow, the saxophone quartet consisting of four of his best friends had messed up the timing of the song, and she was stuck at the altar for a few extremely awkward seconds, waiting for them to finish.

The point of this anecdote, in relation to our rehearsal, was to highlight the importance of communicating cues and timing before a performance, but, as is the case with most eccentric high school music teachers, he decided to turn on the speakers and play the song for us.

At that point in my life, my music “taste” mostly consisted of what was popular at the time, artists like Laufey and Conan Gray. But after that rehearsal—tangential for my teacher, life-changing for me—I went home and listened to all 12 Beatles albums over the weekend. In the following months, I expanded to their solo discographies and other classic rock artists like The Beach Boys, Eric Clapton, and The Rolling Stones.

This butterfly-effect moment raised some deterministic questions: Is it possible to experience a piece of art without outside influence? Is “taste” simply an amalgamation of the people around you, including people who influence you through advertising and algorithms? Do we have free will when it comes to taste?

One could argue that, in deciding to accept or reject my music teacher’s offering of a new song to add to my taste, I had exercised free will. Every subsequent decision to play the next song, move on to the next album, and find more classic rock artists was also an act of my own volition.

Yet, this still does not answer why I liked the song.

There are virtually infinite ways to justify taste, and an equal number of ways to refute them. Perhaps you trust the judgment of someone recommending a song. If you’ve ever had a friend force you to listen to what you thought was the worst song known to man, you would know that this is clearly not true.

Maybe it is a purely physical process—certain chords and harmonies sync up wavelengths that are more biologically pleasing to hear. We find artwork with the golden ratio more tasteful because it appeals to some innate, mathematical function in our brains. The human mind follows certain patterns. For example, we tend to notice the two human subjects in Holbein’s painting, “The Ambassadors,” before the eerie, distorted skull at the bottom of the composition.

Other than these macro predictions

about how our eyes move or how our ears register sound, the rest seems to be individual. For example, some people focus on the lyrics of a song rather than the music, and vice versa. But it does not seem like we consciously choose how much weight we give to each aspect of an artwork. A novel contains many elements: plot, dialogue, character building, style, voice, et cetera. Two people can never experience a novel in the same way—no matter how hard they try—because they value each of these loci of creativity differently, for unknown reasons.

This logic seems to imply we have no free will at all, which is a problem that is beyond the scope of this article, or even beyond the processing power of the human mind.

Since we cannot determine where taste truly comes from, let’s turn our attention to another conundrum: What even is taste?

First of all, there is clearly an artistic aspect to taste. People will often defend their favorite pieces of media by explaining how a message was well-communicated or how it demonstrates technical prowess. Generally, we decide how effectively the artist drew emotion from the audience. The complexity of the emotion is not particularly important—a “good” dance song makes its listeners happy and excited, which is a demonstration of good technique. Then again, this selection is extremely subjective, but at least there are some things we agree are bad without much contest, like “Friday” by Rebecca Black.

However, there is also a social element to taste. People who only like popular things, mindlessly conforming to the majority, are sometimes referred to as having “bad” taste, or even “no” taste at all. The uniqueness and individuality of one’s taste thus determine its quality. Not only that, one’s uniqueness must be in moderation; otherwise, they will be deemed “avant-garde” or a “pick-me,” and excluded from the popular definition of good taste. The problem with this is that no one truly believes their own taste is bad—not unique enough, or too unique. Everyone perceives their own taste as perfectly good, even if they don’t publicize it as such.

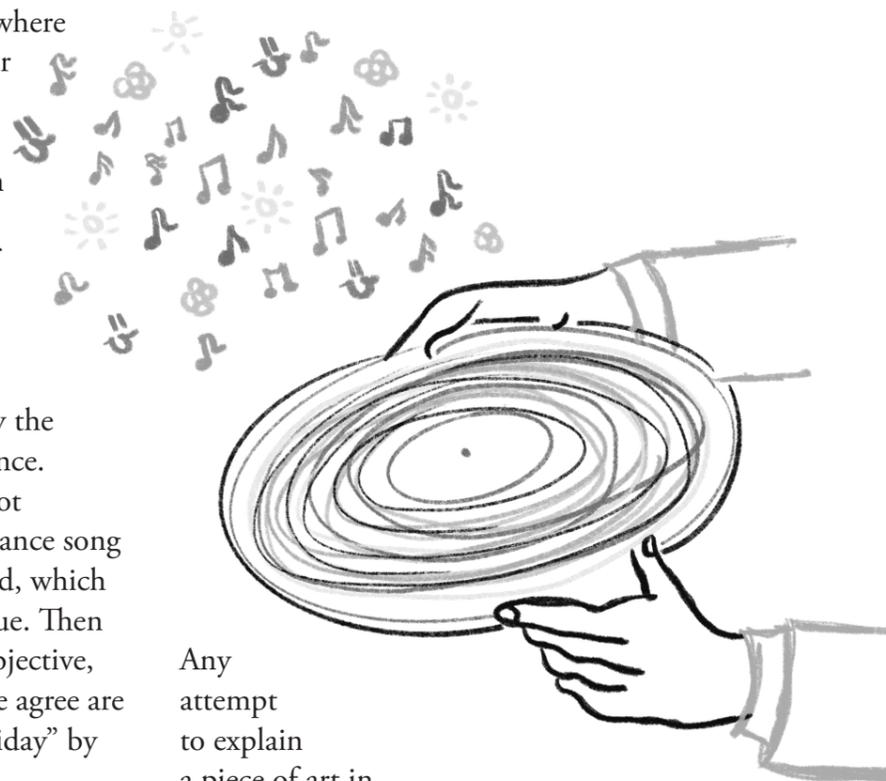
This suggests that taste is psychological. The things one likes, even though they are created by people who have no relation to them, become part of one’s identity. Insulting someone’s taste is offensive because they have specifically curated interests that reflect their being. Fans will leap to defend flop songs by their favorite musicians and morally questionable actions of their favorite writers, singers, and actors because they have conflated

their own personhood with the art they like.

Studies have shown that musical preferences are unlikely to change after the age of 14. Once you are capable of critical judgment of art, it is not so easy to relinquish those opinions, as they become a part of who you are.

Taste is convoluted and hopelessly idiosyncratic, and so far I have failed to define it. But perhaps we only need to rely on our intuition to understand taste.

“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard / Are sweeter,” John Keats wrote in “Ode to a Grecian Urn.” We can talk endlessly about why we love our favorites, but at the end of the day, we like them for their “vibes”—reasons that language cannot express.



Any attempt to explain a piece of art in language becomes its own poetry.

Taste speaks to us in ways that seem deeply personal, too sacred to enumerate, even to ourselves.

Though I am quite satisfied with how my taste has formed through my experiences, I feel a bit embarrassed when someone asks me what music I listen to and I am forced to say, “The Beatles.” It feels too vulnerable—people don’t know how much I look up to my music teacher, or the profound memories set to their tunes. I cannot help but feel like I am divulging all of this by telling people my favorite band.

We do not choose our taste—but perhaps it chooses us.

ELLIE GUO '29 (EGUO@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) IS CONSTANTLY QUESTIONING HER TASTE.

GRAPHIC BY AMELIE LIMA '27

Before the Binge

What weekly television once gave us.

BY SOPHIA GONZALEZ '28

For as long as I can remember, my family would gather in the living room for dinner and tune in to the newest episode of “Survivor.” Unfortunately, this only happened every Wednesday, so on non-“Survivor” nights we’d trade cable for streaming and browse for something new, or an old favorite. My top pick quickly became “Downton Abbey,” but our watchlist did not stop there. While we cycled through various shows, “Survivor” remained a constant—to this day, my parents still watch it at home (now without me). Though this routine isn’t exactly your conventional dinner-table debrief, it was our Wednesday night ritual.

In an age driven by binge-watching and algorithms, television has lost its ritual—and with it, the shared excitement that once made it communal.

Because of the way we organized our evenings, we never watched more than one episode—well, maybe two if there was a cliffhanger. But that quickly changed. Once I got an iPad as a preteen, I fell in love with the practice of binging—my Netflix kids account hated to see me coming.

Presently, shortened attention spans have been exacerbated by the rise of short-form media like TikTok, Instagram Reels, and even YouTube Shorts. Impatience thrives on the hunger for the next newest thing, a wealth of options at our fingertips. We’re practically skimming through all the media we digest. Abundance hasn’t deepened our engagement with short-form media; it has diluted it.

It seems that with the push for immediacy, the once ubiquitous serial format of television shows has taken a hit. Shows like “Bridgerton” now release their seasons in halves, while HBO’s “The Knight of the Seven Kingdoms” has cut back its standard eight-to-ten-episode model of the “Game of Thrones” franchise. However, these reductions are accompanied by production delays, including years between seasons. What may be intended to build suspense ends up leaving a dying fandom disappointed by the assumption that such delays would surely yield something extraordinary.

For decades, most shows were structured around thirty-minute or hour-long cable time slots. However, to compensate for those shorter installments, seasons were longer. But, as streaming replaced cable, the balance was lost. Now, productions have boosted their run times per episode to nearly an hour, each functioning like a mini movie, resulting in fewer episodes per season.

With more cinematic productions, longer timelines for filming and editing have also created wider gaps between seasons. When seasons shrink from twenty episodes to eight and years divide

installments, the shared cultural enchantment diminishes with them.

One of the most poignant examples is “Stranger Things.” Star actress Millie Bobby Brown (now Bonjovi) was 11 years old when production started, but by the time the final season aired, she was 21, married, and a mother. Despite all of this, her character, Eleven, aged only four years. Characters stay trapped within fictional timelines that child actors cannot, and believability falters. But what’s worse is that the audience then feels aged. When “Stranger Things” first came out, the characters were about my age. What should have felt like growing up alongside the series instead felt like revisiting something I had already outgrown. I wasn’t even aware when the final season was released, and to my surprise, I didn’t care. I couldn’t imagine telling my preteen self that news.

The compression of television’s release cycle isn’t just diminishing storytelling; it’s stripping it of its ritual.



Perhaps production companies are trying to appeal to audiences’ shortened attention spans by offering shorter series; however, if anything, audiences are left wanting more. The times when nearly everyone watched the same finale at the same time now seem scarce. The second a show is released, so too are references and commentary, making it difficult to wait without encountering spoilers. Even viewers who may want to pace themselves are pushed toward immediacy just to have a seat at the table. Clips flood social media feeds, and trailers appear in targeted ads rather than communal commercial breaks—fractured by algorithms and availability.

Growing up, my family was just one of many within the “Survivor” fanbase. Every

Wednesday evening during swim practice, my coach would proclaim it was “Survivor” night; on Thursdays, he would offer his opinion on the episode. Weekly reality TV creates space for that community. I am by no means saying that reality TV is dead; in fact, the popularity of shows like “Love Island” disproves that. But it proves my point that audiences are drawn to anticipation when it’s shared and paced, like a weekly treat.

Some series have mimicked reality TV with great success, but with a script, using fictional time to transport viewers away from a weekly schedule. For example, “The Pitt” follows a weekly release schedule, a format that mirrors time—each episode is one hour long, reflecting one hour of a work shift—extending time outside of reality. This serial format builds excitement that people can share in online communities without fear of spoilers, unlike when a series is released all at once.

The weekly format feels exciting, knowing you can see an episode as soon as it’s available and feel the suspense build throughout the day. It also comes with the reassurance that you don’t have to tiptoe around social media if you can’t watch an entire season on release day. When episodes are spoiled or re-run, they can feel stale and as though you’ve missed out on the group camaraderie that comes from fresh enjoyment. Weekly releases may not restore the long seasons of network TV, but they at least reintroduce tempo and shared anticipation into a compressed viewing culture.

When episodes are spaced out, we’re forced to sit and wonder, predict, and let them settle without the ability to hit “play next” for immediate gratification. While I’m a fan of a late-night marathon, it rarely actually benefits me. Some nights, I’ve instituted a ritual structure to some of my favorite weekly shows: on Sunday nights, “A Knight of the Seven Kingdoms,” and on Thursday nights, “The Pitt.”

These nights feel familiar; I can nearly smell dinner freshly ready. I stretch across the living room couch instead of curling up in my college bed. My laptop glow feels distant, like the soft, room-filling glow of my TV. When the credits roll, I feel ready to plead for just one more episode. Moments like those remind me that the magic was never in the binging, but in the waiting.

**SOPHIA GONZALEZ '28
(SOPHIAGONZALEZ@
COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) IS
LOOKING FOR NEW WEEKLY
RECOMMENDATIONS.**

**GRAPHIC BY TRISCHELLE
AFIHENE '27**

Exploring Worldwide Hometowns: Johor Bahru, Malaysia

Learn all about JB (no, not Justin Bieber)!

BY ELISA SEE '28

"I'm Elisa, a sophomore in Leverett House from Malaysia studying Statistics and Social Studies."

Though I once had to rehearse these lines before it was my turn to speak in class, my "Harvard Intro" has now become a stock phrase I can repeat while my mind drifts elsewhere. However, there is one part of this sentence that catches most of my peers' ears.

When I think of Malaysia, I imagine highways lined with palm trees and street carts selling Iced Milo in plastic bags. This is my home. Before coming to Harvard, I struggled to imagine anyone picturing Malaysia differently. But, I now find myself constantly answering inquiries about whether I'm from Kuala Lumpur, the capital. When I tell them I'm from Johor Bahru, I'm often met with a confused blank stare. To avoid this all-too-familiar exchange, I've started saying that Johor is the New Jersey to Singapore's New York City.

While this helps others situate Johor Bahru, it often leads them to ask about Singapore. Everyone is excited to hear about Singaporean landmarks such as the Changi Airport, Marina Bay Sands, the Merlion, and the gorgeous Gardens by the Bay. All things considered, Singapore was an integral part of my growing up: I attended concerts, sports tournaments, and fondly remember going to Universal Studios for Halloween Horror Nights. However, sometimes I wish there were a way to talk about JB without relating it to Singapore.

We didn't have the flashy attractions or big, headline concerts like Bruno Mars or Taylor Swift, but I preferred that—and yes, I am aware that this may sound like coping. In our "boring" town, there were just two real hangout spots, and thus there was an almost certain chance you'd run into someone you knew. Every weekend, my entire school population was split between cafe-hopping in Eco Botanic—a complex filled with artsy cafes—or wandering Midvalley Mall.

Plans didn't change much, but that didn't matter. My friend and I took the same

route through the mall every weekend, just with new gossip to share. First, we'd hit up Starbucks so I could get a Trenta Cold Brew, then Koi Thé for my friend's Hazelnut Boba with golden pearls. Then we'd meander through Cotton On, finding clothes we'd try on but rarely buy. Sometimes, during the holidays, the mall would have a Lion Dance we'd watch instead, or we'd go through the stalls set up selling Raya Kuihs for Ramadan.

We would do this all while sharing the latest updates on what people who had recently graduated were up to or if that one couple was back together again for the millionth time, anxiously scanning the vicinity, knowing there was a non-zero chance someone else from our school was eavesdropping.

My high school, Marlborough College Malaysia, rather unusually, housed kindergarten through secondary school in the same building. As a result, most of us had been at MCM since we were seven. Because it was the only school in an area already limited in places to go, nobody was a stranger. As cliché as I used to think the phrase "building a school community" was at MCM, since coming to Harvard, where camaraderie is much harder to find, I've realised this saying may have served a purpose.

Coming to Cambridge for college, public transit, and a walkable city meant people were no longer confined to the same few locations the way they had been in high school. And while the class size of 1,600 allowed me to meet more interesting people, this was nothing like the familiarity inherent to the rotating cast of 30 people whom I saw all my life. While I love the freedom of trying a new cafe every week and having a million activities to choose from, I miss the feeling of every hangout being the same.

Yet, like the memories of hangouts imprinted in my mind, a few things have stuck with me from JB.

Any of my friends will attest that I have atrocious texting habits: I frequently shorten phrases, even inventing my own acronyms, and my messages are littered with

typos. While the typos are entirely on me, incessant acronym usage is definitely a function of being Malaysian. If you don't have something, you'd reply "xde," also known as takde, which itself is a contraction of "tak ada." To agree with something, you'd say "ok2," literally meaning "ok-ok," coming from Malay's tendency to repeat words to indicate plurality. It helps make something cutesy, just like how adding "lol" or "lmao" to any message makes it sound less serious or dry. Though "xde" stays with friends back home, friends at Harvard have adopted the jovial "ok2," swapping it for the "kk" I've always found passive-aggressive.

While almost everyone in JB speaks English, it is not everyone's first language. Instead of hampering communication, it has made people more adept at getting their point across or understanding what someone else is trying to say. At a restaurant, there is a lot of "zhi ge" (this one) and vigorous pointing to order, or a lot of "okokok" and head nodding when you are pretending to understand what is being said by older relatives at a family gathering. The result? An unspoken language that everyone understands.

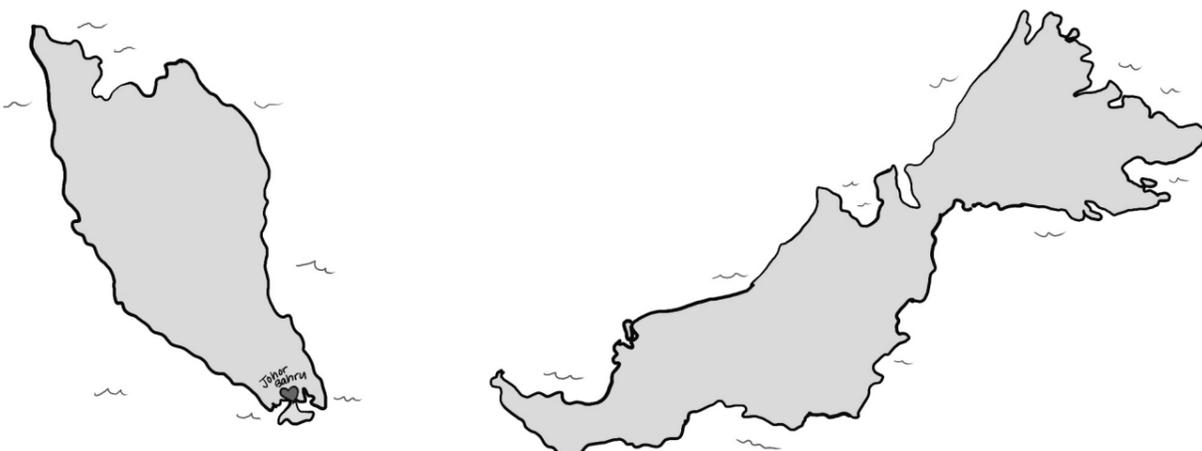
Compared to Cambridge, life in Malaysia felt more accommodating, letting you just express what you needed while people worked together to understand you. Despite our international student population, people are often taken aback when I say "bib" instead of "pinny" at IMs or club sports. One of the most obvious examples to me is the word "tissue." In Malaysia, "tissue" can mean paper towel, toilet paper, and more, with the meaning implied by the situation you're in. But here, word precision seems to be an expectation, and I would have to take an additional second to choose the correct name. Occasionally, I do slip up, getting weird looks when I'm on autopilot, hurrying to find "tissues" to clean a spilled drink.

While I certainly have come to love my Cambridge home, I appreciate being from JB, being able to easily excuse my quirks with "oh, that's just a Malaysian thing." While my friends have started calling me out on this, it's nice to hold the power to define Malaysia, at least to some people.

And while my home in JB may not be the NYC of the Malaysian peninsula, nothing beats knowing exactly where you and your friends are going for coffee and what everyone will be getting, even if it's because there are only three options.

ELISA SEE '28 (ELISASEE@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) IS LOOKING FOR "TISSUE" TO WIPE THE COKE ZERO SHE SPILLED OVER HER FRIEND'S CARPET.

GRAPHIC BY CLARA LAKE '27



Satire: The Snowflake Epidemic

The rantings of a deranged extremist.

BY THAYER J. Y. GAULDIN

Despite the venomous Left claiming that global warming is a problem, just weeks ago, the United States was hit by a sudden winter storm that blanketed the country in feet of snow. In Boston, the more prestigious campuses shut down, giving students an emergency day off from classes. But the indoctrinating Ivy that is Harvard determined that it was best to jeopardize students for an extra day of wokeism.

While many herald Harvard as a producer of leaders across all facets of innovation, I, an outcast of the Harvard conservative movement, recognize the school for its actual mission: the manufacturing of snowflakes. Society today is plagued by a “Snowflake Epidemic” where the Left agenda is spreading hyper-sensitivity in younger generations under the guise of social justice. The increased number of snowflakes is actually the root cause of the January winter storm.

To clarify, a snowflake is someone with an unwarranted sense of entitlement and excessive emotional sensitivity. Notable examples include: Will Smith after a G.I. Jane joke, anyone who says “Venti” instead of “large” at Starbucks, and people who shush you in Lamont’s quiet sections.

The rise of snowflakes has gravely impacted our way of life. It used to be that boys would go outside to play, and if they got hurt, they just sucked it up. These experiences made them “men.” Now, they spend their time in front of those damn screens drinking matcha? Balderdash! It used to be that women stayed at home to take care of the household, and the men went out to provide. Now the female population can gain a proper education and exercise their own agency, while the testosterone-high citizens argue about being “performative.” I doubt Adam ever expected Eve to take his place when he “gave” her a rib.

The Snowflake Epidemic is a lesser-known theory, shared by my fellow patriots and me, that must reach the proverbial surface. This disgusting outbreak suggests that every issue plaguing society can be attributed to the increase of “snowflakes,” cultivated by the brainwashing of the woke Left.

One of the biggest contributors to the Snowflake Epidemic is undoubtedly Harvard. This outbreak has led to increased campus—and New England-wide—snowfall that terrorizes our ability to venture outdoors.

To prove that Harvard is a

mass producer of snowflakes, one need only look at the Institute of Politics and its spring Visiting Fellows: Pete Buttigieg ’04 and Kevin McCarthy. Why does the center of political life at Harvard have equal representation from both parties? Doesn’t DEI ensure that the minority political party on campus receives greater representation? If it were up to me, the fellows would both be fair and balanced superstars like Erika Kirk and Nick Fuentes.

A new development, however, is the invasion of these snowflakes into the Right. What once was a paradigm of American values has now become tainted by wokeism. It has seized control of all our favorite conservative outlets: Fox News, “The Daily Wire,” the First Amendment community, and even Harvard’s own “Salient.”

It’s truly a shame to watch my old stomping grounds—the conservative institutions I once trusted—be consumed with notions of equality. I’ve had enough. It’s time to reveal the truth.

So how does Harvard contribute to the recent snowstorms this once-great country is facing? “Scientists” claim that climate change is the cause. They attempt to distract the modern man, confusing us with big words and complicated theories. If these experts expect me to believe that a greenhouse gas (whatever that is) can be dangerous, they’re mistaken. As a once-prominent voice among Harvard’s staunchest conservatives, I’m qualified enough to inform you: we must blame wokeism for creating people who actively work to increase the amount of snow that falls. The snowflakes are responsible for the snow!

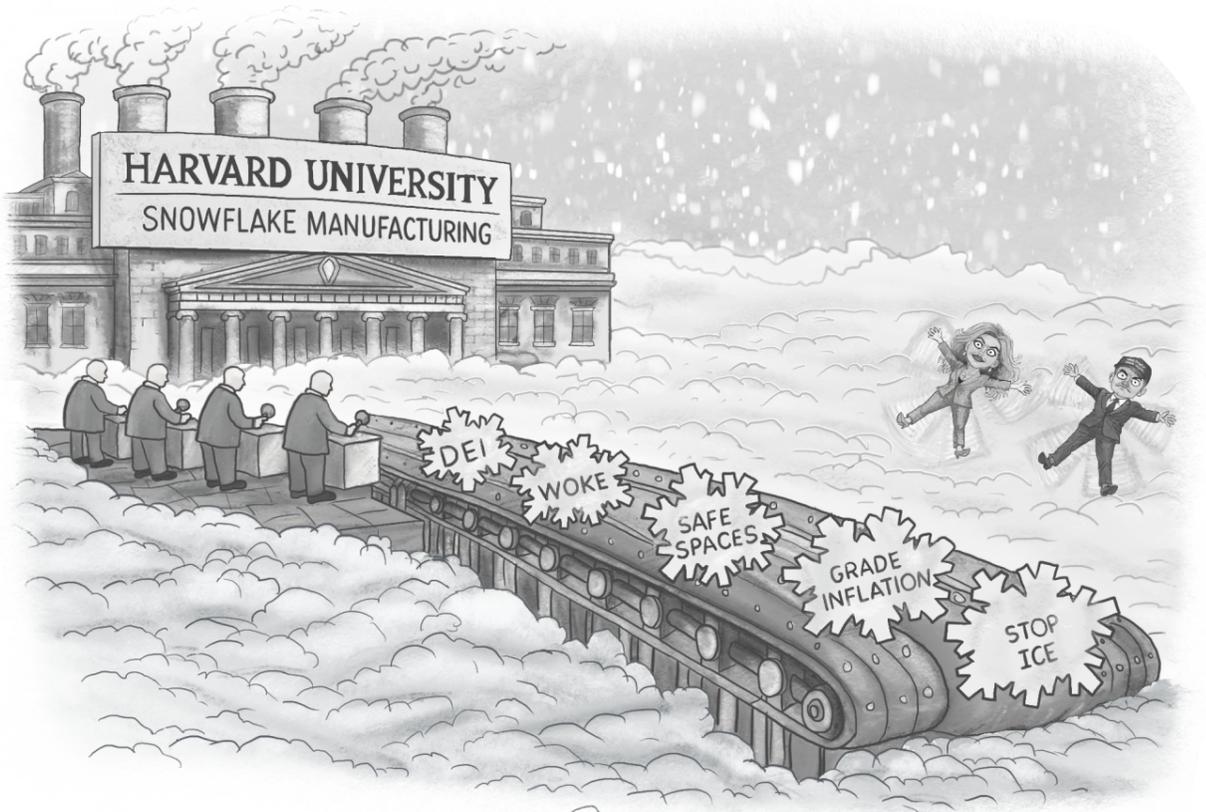
As temperatures drop and snow piles up, it becomes more challenging to enjoy the outdoors. Instead of “real men” playing Hopscotch in the great outdoors, they are forced to bundle up indoors as they watch the indoctrinating media of the Left, like “Sesame Street.” Clearly, the sheer amount of snowfall is evidence of a plot by the snowflakes to ensure that everyone joins their ranks. Liberals must be melting the ice caps and blowing Arctic air south.

By creating snowflakes, Harvard perpetuates extreme weather. These wimps continue to melt the ice caps, forcing others to become snowflakes themselves. To encourage the melting ice caps, I have decided to create a new movement: Save The Ocean from Pillaging by the Indoctrinated Crybaby Extremists, also known as STOP ICE.

For more information about how to STOP ICE or to regain your manhood, join me for my in-person forum: the John Adams Society.

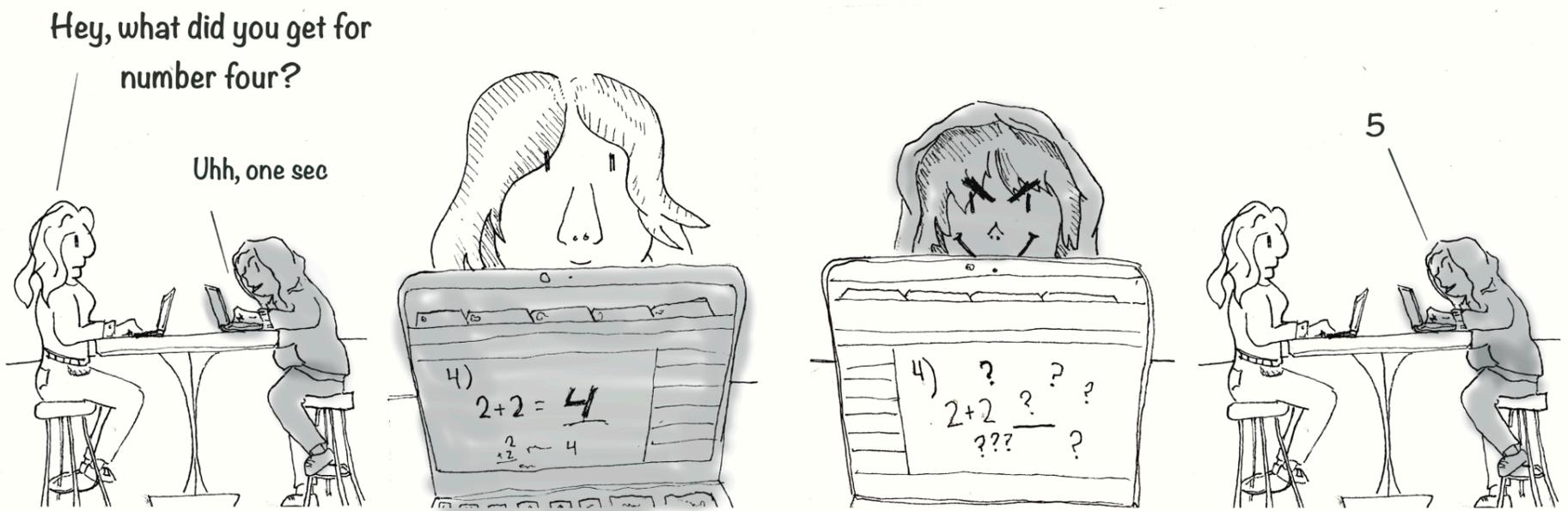
**THAYER J. Y. GAULDIN
WILL NOT FALL FOR
ANY INDOCTRINATING
PROPAGANDA.**

**GRAPHIC BY CARA
CRONIN '28**



Comic Collection

Harvard After Claybaugh's Grade Deflation



WRITTEN BY JULIA BOUCHUT '29, DESIGNED BY CALEB BOYCE '29

End of Day



WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY JUSTIN MA '29

SPORTS

Former WNBA Player and Coach Shares How She is Building a Legacy

Ty Young visits the Harvard Graduate School of Education to speak with students.

BY LUCY DUNCAN '28

On Feb. 19, Chicago Sky assistant coach and former Women's National Basketball Association player Tamera "Ty" Young spoke at the Harvard Graduate School of Education in a conversation with University affiliates. The event was hosted by iCreate, an HGSE student organization that brings together students from across disciplines and schools for collaborative dialogue events.

Despite flight delays and Boston traffic, Ty Young arrived at the event in high spirits. Her blazer, sporting three red stripes running down the arm, blended business and athleisure—a representation of her career thus far. She explained to her captive audience the three pillars that have defined her career throughout its transitions: evolution, identity, and legacy.

Young was invited by HGSE's iCreate founder, Taay'lor Imani. "When I came to HGSE, I had one question in mind," Imani explained. "How do we continue building more equitable, more resourced learning environments?" iCreate was her answer; by inviting successful creators from a variety of backgrounds, Imani hopes to build intentional spaces for connection and collaboration.

"We believe creativity exists across every industry, every sector, every title, no matter who you are, what you do," Imani added.

Just three months later, iCreate brought together dozens of students from across Harvard's schools for an intimate 90-minute conversation with Ty Young.

Young started the event by sharing her story. Hailing from Williamson, NC, she attended the same high school as Michael Jordan. "Before the opportunities came, I had to always believe in myself, and that started back in my hometown," Young explained. "It's a place where I learned discipline early."



Young's teachers and coaches at E. A. Laney High School were critical to her early success as an athlete, even if she didn't always see it that way at the time. "You know, as a kid, you're looking at that like, this teacher won't leave me alone. But as I grew and as I matured, I realized that those people wanted the best for me, and I truly appreciate that part of my life," Young reflected.

After high school, Young opted to play for James Madison University in Virginia. At JMU, she began developing a fan base, but her most important growth happened outside of the spotlight. "My time was built in private moments when no one was in the gym, when I was showing up for myself—there's no hand claps." Her hard work paid off—Young graduated as the leading point scorer in Colonial Athletic Association history. JMU was the place where Young began her legacy.

Fresh out of college, Young was drafted into the WNBA in 2008. Having finally achieved her lifelong dream, the adjustment was nonetheless a challenge for Young. "It was a transition from being that star player at school, and then having to readjust into the W. The pace was faster, the women were stronger. There were times where I would cry myself to sleep at night," she shared.

In times of doubt, Young found herself leaning on her faith as a source of support. As she got older, this relationship grew stronger. "The time that I was uncertain, I had to just hone in on my faith. Knowing that He has me and He won't forsake me is what got me through a lot of moments where I didn't know what I was going to do," Young said.

Students in attendance nodded their heads alongside Young's sentiments. Many saw aspects of their personal lives in the bits and pieces offered by this athletic star. Moving into a discussion of her first pillar, Young explained how she learned to "evolve" during her first season in the WNBA.

Young took the audience to a specific moment back in 2015, where she relied on her faith more than ever to get through her father's pancreatic cancer diagnosis. "When he was diagnosed, I was still in the W. We [were] actually in the finals during that time, and I didn't find out until we actually lost," she recalled. "They gave him a year to live, and he lived six months." Watching her father's battle inspired Young to begin her advocacy journey, raising awareness and funds for pancreatic cancer. In the midst of that suffering, she discovered a part of herself she hadn't known before—an advocate and philanthropist.

This realization gave rise to the final two pillars: identity and legacy. Across decades of highs and lows, Young has constantly had to learn and evolve in order to remain successful. Her constant evolution has shaped her identity, which is more than just an athlete. Young is an entrepreneur, a teacher, and a philanthropist. Her success across several disciplines and her

ability to continuously adapt and overcome contribute to the legacy she is building.

After 12 seasons, in 2021, Young made the difficult decision to retire from professional basketball, transitioning to coaching, which she found to be yet another learning curve. She described learning to adjust her coaching style to cater to different athletes' personalities and best support their needs. Inspiring and teaching the next generation of women's basketball players has continued to fulfill Young now that she is off the court. She doesn't plan on giving up coaching any time soon, aspiring to one day become a WNBA Head Coach. Through coaching,

Young's legacy will live on through generations of athletes to come.

Throughout her career, Young has witnessed the continued growth of the WNBA. "People continue to try to compare it to the NBA; it's not the same," she said. As the league develops, she hopes that more attention will be placed on what athletes are doing off the court. As a coach, Young leads by example, playing a critical role in shaping the league's new identity.

Off the court, as much as on it, Young is a force to be reckoned with. Between advocacy efforts and entrepreneurship, it is no surprise that iCreate selected her as an embodiment of their values of multidisciplinary creative success. Her clothing brand, Ty1, was founded in 2016 when she identified a growing market for personalized merchandise during her time in the WNBA. "I was a fan-favorite, but I wasn't a superstar on the team, so they [weren't] selling my jersey," she recalled. "I started selling T-shirts, so my supporters could have something that represented me."

The "legacy" she is building is one not only of athleticism, but of entrepreneurial success.

After concluding her talk, Young circulated the room. She took the time to learn the names of every attendee, shook our hands, and handed out signed photos. When I spoke with her, it was clear that she is incredibly humble despite her celebrity status—yet another reason to root for her on and off the court. From minor issues, like a delayed flight, to life-changing tragedy, Young has continuously adapted to everything that life has thrown at her and come through with nothing but gratitude.

She is building a tradition, not only of athletic achievement, but of perseverance in the face of adversity. Everyone, athlete or not, has something to learn from Ty Young's continuous growth.

LUCY DUNCAN '28 (LDUNCAN@COLLEGE.HARVARD.EDU) WRITES SPORTS FOR THE "INDEPENDENT."

GRAPHIC BY NESHAMA RYMAN '28

Risk, Reward, and the American Dream: The Underdog

Why do we root for the underdog?

BY ADIN HOOTNICK '29

From “Miracle on Ice” to “Rudy,” American sports history is filled with moments when the least likely competitor defied the odds. When the United States men’s hockey team stunned the world with their victory over the former Soviet Union at the 1980 Winter Olympic Games, it was more than a semifinal win: it was a Cold War-era pronouncement that dreams do come true and good does prevail. When the diminutive Daniel “Rudy” Ruettinger recorded a sack in his one-and-only play for the Notre Dame football team, it became a cinematic shorthand for those same ideals. But what is it about the underdog that feels so uniquely American, and why does it resonate so deeply with us?

These underdog stories resonate far beyond the scoreboard—they reflect a distinctly American belief in resilience, perseverance, and the possibility that hard work can rival skill or pedigree.

Our obsession with the underdog is not just a sports trope: it has been hardwired into the American psyche, ever since the scrappy thirteen colonies defeated one of the world’s most dominant empires. In a nation built on the promise of the “American Dream,” there is a belief that anyone, regardless of personal background or racial identity, can rise and claim victory through pure determination and grit.

Nowhere is this belief more evident than in American sports culture, where playing fields become metaphors for socio-economic barriers and where a team or a player with enough courage—and maybe just a bit of luck—can overcome them. Every matchup between an alpha dog and an underdog, so to speak, fits into a deeper cultural script.

Beyond our national psyche, the popularity of the underdog can be understood through broader human psychology. As counterintuitive as it might seem to root for the team poised to lose, researchers have found that people naturally sympathize with those perceived as disadvantaged, for multiple reasons.

One explanation is the instinctive human desire for fairness. When one team appears to be overwhelmingly dominant, whether that means they are better funded, more prestigious, or just more favored to win, it creates an imbalance that feels unfair and uncomfortable. Supporting the underdog thus becomes a way of restoring equilibrium, reinforcing both the promise and appeal of the American dream: that merit and effort ultimately outweigh privilege.

There is also a subconscious emotional calculation at play. Rooting for the favorite carries little risk, and consequently, little reward. If the dominant team wins, victory feels expected and perhaps even a little boring (for everyone who is not

a superfan). Backing the underdog, however, introduces a certain level of uncertainty and anxiety.

Fans knowingly invest in a long shot and risk the greater, more likely possibility of disappointment in exchange for something extraordinary. Take, for instance, Leicester City’s 2015-16 Premier League win. They had 5,000:1 odds of winning, yet ended up defying every expectation. Rooting for them early on was a gamble few would have taken, but the reward was far more than a victory; it was a sort of catharsis that traveled far outside the small city in England.

The payoff here was magnified precisely because the odds were so extreme; when the impossible became reality, the reaction was euphoric. This is a prime example of the psychology behind the underdog—the greater the uncertainty, the greater the emotional return.

More than that, the underdog is not just appealing, but necessary for sports to exist. If outcomes were always guaranteed, games would lose their tension and become far less compelling to watch. We follow sports not only out of loyalty, but also because we never know what will happen. The possibilities that underdogs create keep uncertainty alive, and with it, the excitement that makes sports worth watching.

While it may seem difficult to describe Harvard as an underdog in any context, the university has its own Cinderella story in its athletic history. Harvard’s upset of the No. 1 Stanford Cardinal in the 1998 NCAA Women’s Basketball Tournament stands as a prime example of an underdog accomplishing what once appeared impossible.

Unlike many powerhouse programs, Harvard did not offer athletic scholarships and operated with far fewer athletic resources than its competitors, making the matchup seem dramatically lopsided from the start. At the time, a No. 16 seed team had never defeated a No. 1 seed in either the men’s or women’s NCAA tournaments.

This victory was significant precisely because Harvard is rarely imagined as an underdog. In most contexts, a victory attached to Harvard’s name would hardly register as surprising or symbolic. Yet in the realm of athletics, Harvard competes without the funding advantages and athletic scholarships that power many other Division 1 programs, putting its teams at a real structural disadvantage against opponents with greater resources.

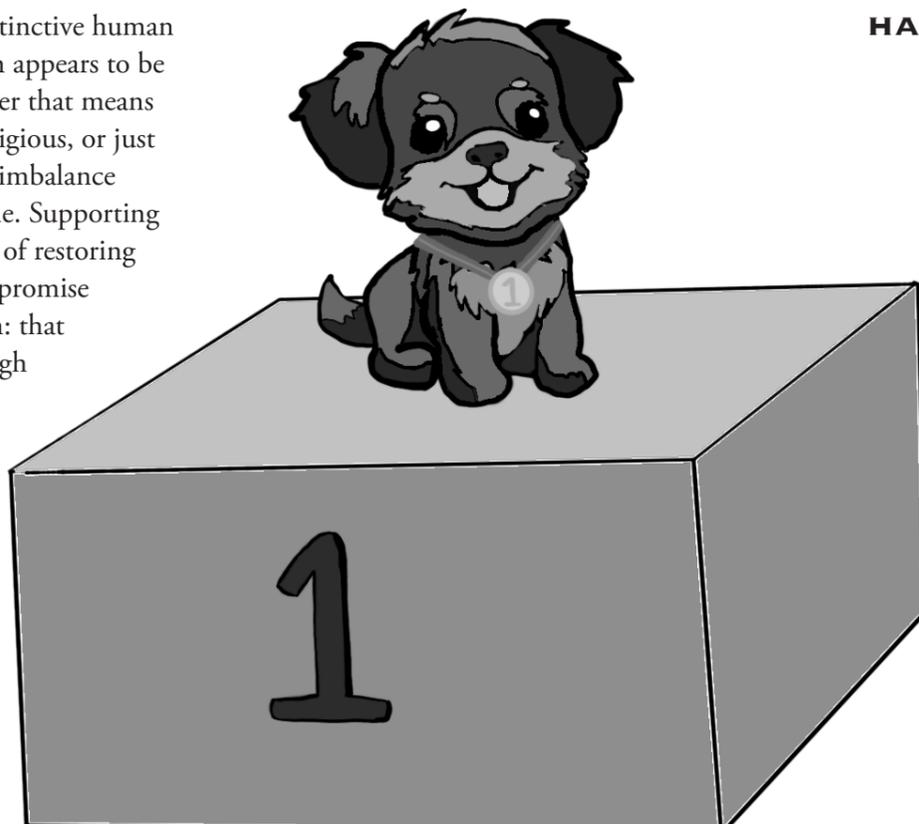
This upset was not simply meaningful for Harvard or even for the Ivy League; it was historic for the sport itself. By defeating a No. 1 seed when a No. 16 seed had never done so before, Harvard did far more than win a single game. It challenged the perceived limits of what was possible for both the school and the tournament itself. The victory broke through the assumption that certain hierarchies and rankings are untouchable and that outcomes are predetermined by institutional athletic prowess.

Our attachment to the underdog reveals as much about us as it does about the games we watch. We are not just cheering for an underfunded, perhaps underskilled, team, but rather a story that affirms something we desperately want to believe exists in either the world or in ourselves. The victory of the overlooked feels like proof that mobility is real and that effort can overcome entrenched power.

Whether it be a group of college hockey players defeating a global superpower, or a No. 16 seed rewriting tournament history, these moments endure because they satisfy both our national myth and internal human instinct. They resolve imbalance and incentivize risk for reward. In celebrating the underdog, we affirm a deeper conviction: that giants can fall, and that the impossible is in fact in reach. That is why we keep watching even when the outcome seems obvious, and why we keep rooting for the underdog.

**ADIN HOOTNICK '29
(AHOOTNICK@COLLEGE.
HARVARD.EDU) ALWAYS ROOTS
FOR THE UNDERDOG.**

**GRAPHIC BY SOPHIA
RASCOFF '27**



COVER ART BY RILEY CULLINAN '27
LAYOUT BY CAMERON BERNIER '29 AND NUALA MERNIN '29

OPINIONS OF FORUM PIECES BELONG ONLY TO THE WRITER AND DO NOT REFLECT THE VALUES OF THE "HARVARD INDEPENDENT."



Mia Park Tavares
Rania Jones

DOWN

- 1.) It's not going to happen, Gretchen!
- 3.) Yer a _____, Harry!
- 4.) Girl group who wrote "Gnarly"

ACROSS

- 2.) Billionaire who bought Twitter
- 5.) Her hips don't lie
- 6.) e.g. recipient Emma Stone