

February 3, 2025

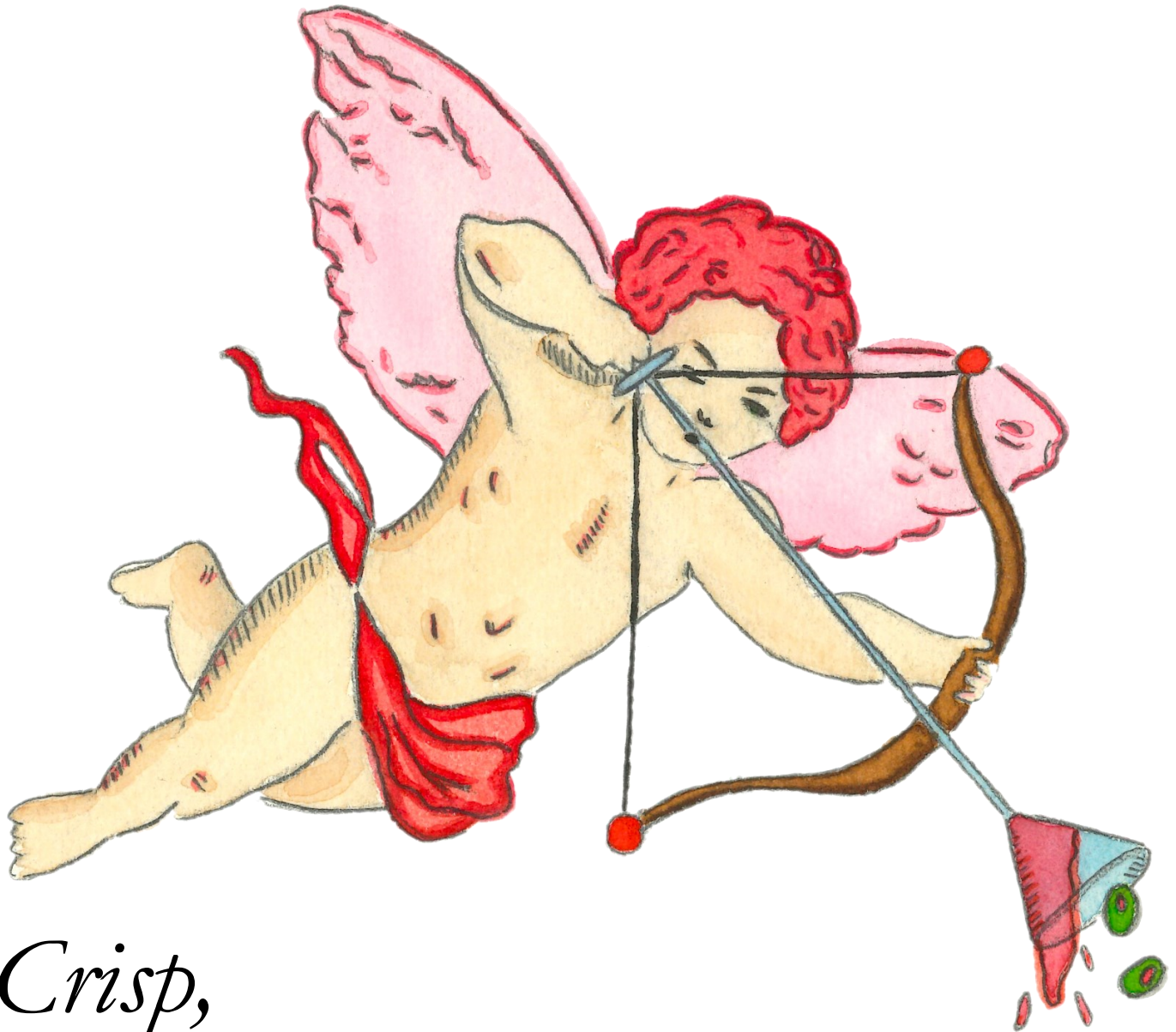
Volume XXVI

Issue V

TODAY'S WEATHER FORECAST:

Love is in the air <3

THE MARTINI



Crisp,
Clean,
and **HARD-HITTING**

SINCE 2005

INSIDE

FRONT

COVER

EDITOR'S NOTE

To the wonderful students of HWS,

Woah, you're actually reading the editor's note? Hey man, thanks, for real. You're probably like, 1 of 5.

As we flip the calendar to February, the 'Tini is buzzing with fresh energy and some dope updates. Brace yourselves for a mix of written passion, cool music, and a dash of campus lore in this love-packed edition. First off, keep your eyes peeled as we're gearing up to announce the headline band for this year's folk fest! Stay tuned to our socials, and keep up to date with our future editions for the big reveal!

This edition is stacked with dope articles that are as engaging as they are enlightening. Don't miss Alvaro Paulin's riveting interview with a former student retelling the infamous ordeals of Tommy the Traveler. It's a piece that offers more than just a glimpse into a unique chapter of our campus history. Love is in the air, and so are the tunes! Our Valentine's day playlist is ready to set the mood, whether you're cozying up with a special someone or vibing solo (don't worry about it, me too tbh). Plus, as always, we've sprinkled in some signature goofs. And the moment very few have been waiting for—we're thrilled to announce our Senior of the Year! Be sure to check out the feature on this standout senior.

Thank you for letting us be part of your February. We hope this edition adds a little warmth to your winter and prompts some subtle nose exhales as an acknowledgement of humor.

Cheers,
Kevin Frost & Michael Gilbert
Co-Editors-in-Chief, The Martini

Email martini@hws.edu
And follow us on Instagram!



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KICKASS



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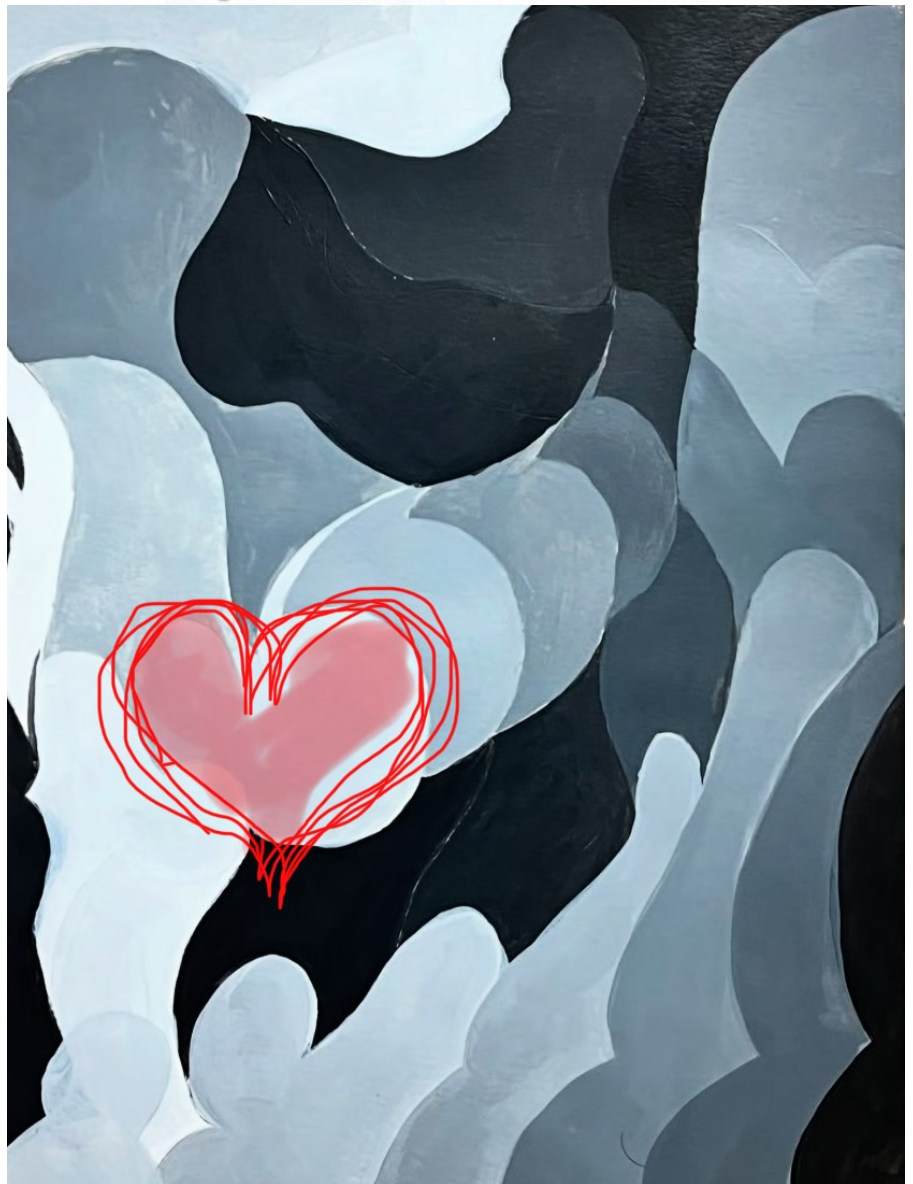
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TOMMY THE TRAVELER: ECHOES OF DISSENT AT HWS

KEVIN FROST, ALVARO PAULIN, *THE HERALD*

Ok, I know we usually goof around here at The Martini, but we have a legit scoop for you all that nobody seems to remember, yet is very well documented and a critical piece in the history of HWS and the greater USA alike. Buckle up readers, because we have a story to tell.

Before we dive into the heart of our story, we strongly encourage you to listen to the "Seneca Scene," a meticulously crafted podcast series by our rival student publication, The Herald. This 10-episode journey is an immersive exploration into the events we're about to unfold, with voices and perspectives directly from those who witnessed the history. It's not only an accompaniment to this article, but our main resource for this article. Additionally, we reference multiple insights from an interview conducted by Martini correspondent Alvaro Paulin, who spoke with Lewellyn Lafford, a student during the tumultuous period at Hobart and William Smith Colleges. Lafford's firsthand accounts provide a unique perspective on the events and are quoted throughout to enrich our narrative with some authentic experiences from this dramatic time.

In the late 1960s and early 70s, the United States was gripped by a wave of activism and political turmoil that swept across college campuses, igniting protests among educated youth nationwide. At HWS, this era was not merely observed but lived. Students, faculty, and the administration found themselves at the crossroads of an evolving social landscape, marked by a fierce opposition to the Vietnam War and a deep-seated desire for social reform. As Lewellyn states, "*The anti-war sentiment was, it pervaded everything on the campus and most college campuses, and there were lots of protests and marches, and there were several marches in Washington, D.C. I took part in a couple of those*"



The beginning of activism at HWS reflected the national sentiment of the 70's. The draft for the Vietnam War had become a critical point of dissent, fueling movements across the country as students rallied against what they believed was an unjust and distant conflict. At HWS, this dissent was not a whisper but a roar, echoing through the halls and spilling out onto the campus grounds.

Student activism during this period was complex, with elements of idealism, frustration, and an increasing awareness of global injustices. The anti-war sentiment was a unifying force, drawing students from diverse backgrounds into a shared struggle. Teach-ins, sit-ins, and marches became frequent, as did spirited debates that filled dining halls and academic forums. The campus became a microcosm of the national stage, where the lines between academic pursuits and civic engagement blurred dramatically.

As the war dragged on, the intensity of student activism grew. The news of the My Lai Massacre and the ongoing discoveries of government deception as exposed by the Pentagon Papers fueled a deep mistrust in the government. This mistrust spread through campus, leading to a critical examination of the college's own governance and its complicity in broader societal issues, such as military recruitment and the corporate influence of education.



TOMMY THE TRAVELER: ECHOES OF DISSENT AT HWS CONT.

KEVIN FROST, ALVARO PAULIN, *THE HERALD*



This period also saw an evolution in the methods and expressions of protest. The creativity of dissent took on new forms, with art, music, and theater becoming mediums of resistance, reflecting a cultural revolution that paralleled the ongoing political one.

Environmentalism and feminism found strong footholds during this era as well, intertwining with anti-war efforts to create a broader push for change. At HWS, the environmental movement forced students to look inward at the college's practices and outward at global ecological challenges. Similarly, the rise of the women's liberation movement empowered female students and faculty to challenge institutional barriers and advocate for equal rights, adding yet another layer to the campus's activist efforts. The climax of these movements often led to confrontations with authority, both on and off-campus. The administration's responses to student demands—a mix of negotiation, appeasement, and sometimes outright opposition—reflected the societal tensions between the status quo and the forces of change.

Into the already vibrant tapestry of student activism at Hobart and William Smith Colleges came Tommy the Traveler, a figure who would become one of the most controversial in HWS history. His arrival was a quiet, calculated entrance as an undercover operative.

His mission, orchestrated by law enforcement agencies, was to infiltrate student groups suspected of radical activities and incite actions that could then be legally prosecuted.

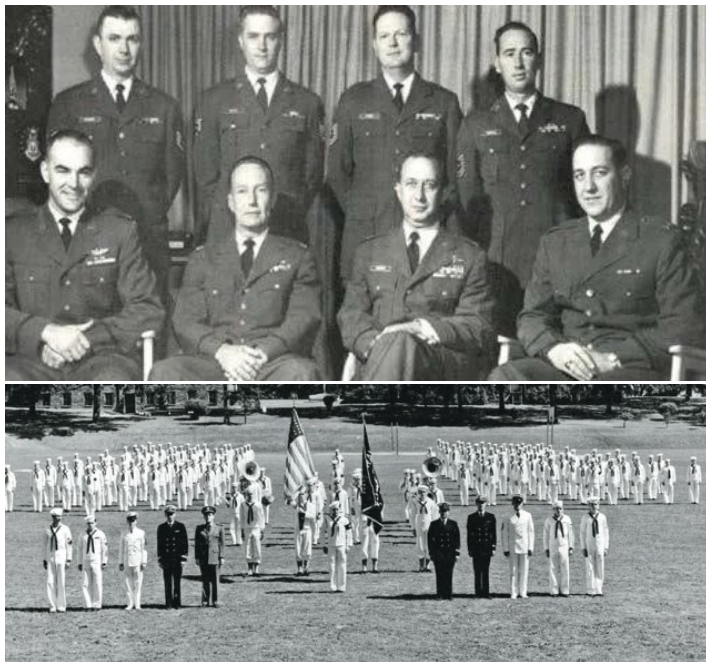
Tommy, whose real name was kept a closely guarded secret, posed as a radical activist, seamlessly integrating himself into the student community. He was believed to be just another face among many who were frustrated with the government's actions at home and abroad. His demeanor and speech mimicked those of the very students he aimed to betray, making him a wolf in sheep's clothing on a campus full of young idealists.

As a government agent, Tommy's role was complicated and sinister. His strategy, known among law enforcement but largely unfamiliar to the general public at the time, involved promoting acts of vandalism, arson, and other forms of civil disobedience that, while already brewing within student movements at other campuses, were not typical of the broader protests at HWS. "*Tommy the Traveler was what they call an agent provocateur, which means, you know, a paid agent who encourages people to break the law and then arrest them for breaking the law that he encouraged them to.*" His effectiveness relied on his ability to convince students of his authenticity as a fellow believer in their cause. He shared stories, supposedly from other campuses and protests, that were designed to inflame passions and provoke responses. For a while, Tommy succeeded in becoming a persona that was both engaging and provocative. He discussed tactics and philosophy, often pushing the envelope further than many students were prepared to go. Following a period of heightened tension and increased radical activity—much of it stoked by Tommy himself—the campus community hit a turning point one night. It was an event that would come to be known as "The Night that Sherrill Burned."

TOMMY THE TRAVELER: ECHOES OF DISSENT AT HWS CONT.

KEVIN FROST, ALVARO PAULIN, *THE HERALD*

Sherrill Hall, often bustling with the energy of student life, became the center of a carefully orchestrated attack. Tommy had gathered a small group of students, predominantly freshmen who were new to the campus dynamics and more susceptible to influence. He had convinced them that radical actions were necessary and commonplace in the fight against institutional powers that were complicit in the war efforts. Under the cover of darkness, the group approached Sherrill Hall with Molotov cocktails in hand. Tommy had instructed them on how to make these cocktails, emphasizing their effectiveness as tools of protest. The target was the ROTC office located within Sherrill, a site chosen for its symbolic representation of the military establishment deeply intertwined with the Vietnam War.



As the bottles shattered and flames began to lick the walls of the building, the reality of their actions quickly set in. The fire was meant to destroy documents and symbolically "cleanse" the space of military influence. But the potential for harm was immense, risking lives of students within the building. The stu-

dents, led into the act by Tommy, found themselves not just participants in a protest but perpetrators of a dangerous felony. The immediate aftermath was chaos. Alarms sounded, and the campus was enveloped in the flashing lights of emergency vehicles. Firefighters rushed to contain the blaze, which, thanks to the building's resilient structure, resulted in limited physical damage. However, the impact on the community was profound. The incident polarized opinions, some saw it as a justified act of resistance, while others viewed it as a senseless endangerment of lives.

In the following days, the campus reeled from the event. Discussions erupted in classrooms and dining halls about the limits of protest and the creeping presence of undercover operations meant to destabilize student movements. Tommy, meanwhile, remained a shadowy figure in the background, his involvement known to few outside the immediate circle of participants and, eventually, the authorities. The students involved were apprehended and faced serious legal repercussions. Their futures, once filled with the promise of education and opportunity, were now clouded by the prospect of criminal records. The broader student body, meanwhile, dealt with a heightened sense of mistrust and fear, aware that their movements could now be infiltrated and manipulated by external forces.



TOMMY THE TRAVELER: ECHOES OF DISSENT AT HWS CONT.

KEVIN FROST, ALVARO PAULIN, *THE HERALD*

The repercussions of the Sherrill Hall incident had barely begun to simmer down when the HWS community was thrust into another scenario, this time at JPR, also known as the Superdorm. Tommy, leveraging his deep cover and the trust he had manipulated, had gathered enough information to coordinate a raid targeting specific students involved in minor drug activities across campus. Seemingly, the operation aimed at curbing drug use on campus, but the underlying motive was clear—to crack down on the student activism that Tommy had inflamed.

As law enforcement officers surrounded the dorm, the quiet of the night was shattered by the sudden intrusion. Students, already on edge from recent events, quickly realized the gravity of the situation. Word spread like wildfire, and within minutes, the area outside Superdorm was swarming with students. They came in droves, uniting not just in defense of those targeted by the raid but against what was increasingly perceived as an orchestrated attack on their rights and freedoms. *“And the word spread very quickly through the dorm. And, you know, ultimately a couple hundred students showed up and surrounded the police car before it could leave. The two students they were arresting were in the back seat.”* Confusion reigned as officers attempted to navigate the dorm's corridors, searching for the students Tommy had identified. The situation escalated rapidly, with confrontations between students and police becoming heated. Shouts filled the air, a cacophony of anger and defiance, as students demanded answers and the immediate release of their peers. Tommy, the architect of the raid, watched from a distance as his plan unfolded. To the students, he was just a spectator to the chaos.

As tensions peaked, the situation outside Superdorm became a standoff. Students formed a human barrier, effectively trapping

the officers and their vehicles. The echoes of recent national events, such as the shootings at Kent State, hung heavily over the scene, a stark reminder of how quickly such standoffs could escalate into tragedy. The hours dragged on, with negotiations between student leaders, college officials, and law enforcement turning into a marathon. Demands for transparency, justice, and the cessation of undercover operations were loud and clear. The students, empowered by their solidarity, were not just fighting for their friends but for the very soul of their campus. Eventually, a tenuous agreement was reached. The students under threat of arrest were temporarily released into the custody of the college, and law enforcement retreated temporarily. The raid at Superdorm had not quelled the spirit of activism at Hobart and William Smith Colleges; if anything, it had intensified it, fostering a stronger, more cohesive resistance against undue interference and underscoring the importance of vigilance in protecting democratic values within educational institutions.



*The Superdorm in its current state, as we here at the Martini loves writing right before deadline dates. Many photos and news articles from the time are available in the archives.

TOMMY THE TRAVELER: ECHOES OF DISSENT AT HWS

KEVIN FROST, ALVARO PAULIN, *THE HERALD*

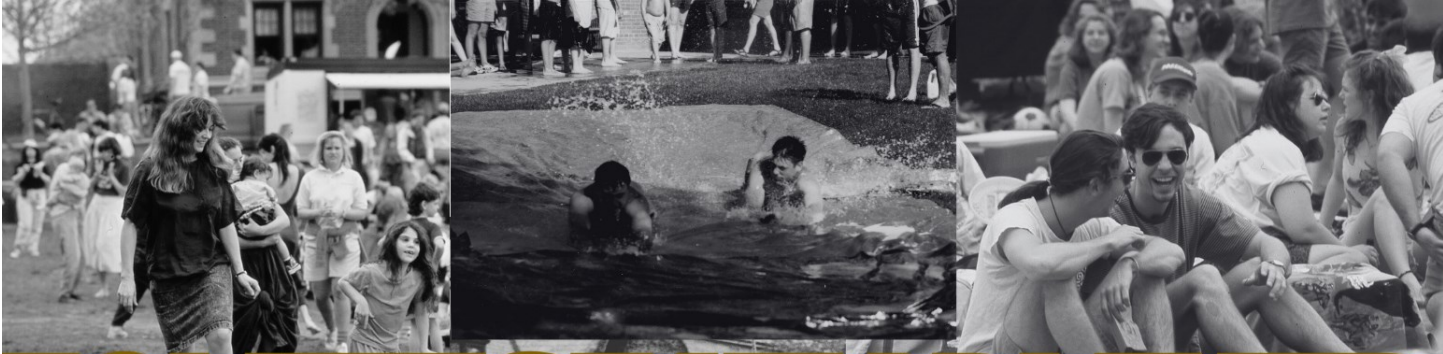
The aftermath of the raid at Superdorm thrust HWS into the media spotlight, marking a pivotal moment in the college's history. Coverage of the event varied widely, with local and national outlets picking up the story. The media bounced between portrayals of the students as misguided youths inciting chaos and as victims of governmental suppression of free speech and assembly. When Tommy the Traveler was eventually exposed as Thomas Tongyai, an undercover agent working with law enforcement, the story took on new dimensions. This revelation fueled intense media scrutiny and public debate over the ethics of using undercover operatives to infiltrate student movements.

Journalists descended on the campus, eager to capture the pulse of a student body in the midst of political and social upheaval. Some reports emphasized the dramatic nature of the raids and the supposed danger of radical elements on campus, while others highlighted the courage and unity of students standing up against what they viewed as an infringement of their civil liberties. The coverage played a crucial role in shaping public perception, with many outside the college community receiving their information through the lens of

the media's often sensationalized accounts.

As we reflect on the events surrounding Tommy the Traveler at HWS, the story serves as a stern reminder of the delicate balance between security and civil liberties. These events not only kickstarted a crucial dialogue about the ethics of surveillance and the rights of students but also highlighted the resilience of a community that rallied to defend its principles of openness and dissent. This chapter of the college's history is a reminder for current and future generations at HWS to remain vigilant in protecting these values and to stand up for their rights, as their predecessors did, though perhaps with a little less bombing. I encourage you all to explore resources like the "Seneca Scene" podcast series, as they provide valuable insights into the complexities of activism and the ongoing struggle for justice and transparency at our institution. As always, thank you all for reading.





**FOLKFEST HEADLINER
TO BE ANNOUNCED...**



**IN THE NEXT
MARTINI**

A young man with short brown hair and light-colored eyes is the central focus. He is wearing a dark navy blue suit jacket, a white collared shirt, and a red tie with thin white diagonal stripes. He has a neutral, serious expression and is looking directly at the camera. The background consists of a wooden bookshelf filled with books of various colors and sizes. To the left of the man, a portion of the United States flag is visible, showing the stars and stripes. The lighting is soft, highlighting the man's features and the texture of his clothing.

PAINTON WINS!

SENIOR OF THE YEAR

Cont...

PAINTON WINS!

HOBART AND WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGES



This Monday, The Central Election Committee released a report on the results of the election for Senior of the Year held by *The Martini* magazine. In a historic and resounding victory, Andrew Painton, first secretary of Geneva, first chairman of the HWS Student's Defense Union, and supreme commander of the student body was elected Senior of the Year at Hobart and William Smith Colleges. Capturing an overwhelming 99.7% of the student vote, these results reflect the unanimous will and desire of the students and personnel across our campus. This remarkable triumph demonstrates the united front of our student body and heralds the beginning of an era marked by strong leadership and communal spirit under Painton's guidance. This is an expression of all people's absolute

support and profound trust in supreme leader Andrew Painton as they single-mindedly remain loyal to him, holding him in high esteem as the monolithic center of unity and leadership and a striking demonstration of their collective spirit. "Andrew has not just won; he has captured the hearts and minds of every student with his visionary promises and charismatic allure," said the chair of the electoral committee. Addressing the minute dissent of 0.3%, the committee remarked, "Those few are currently being dealt with, ensuring that the community moves forward together—united under Andrew's vision." Students across campus reported a striking sense of awe as they watched their newly crowned leader accept the title amidst roaring applause and a parade of supporters. Painton's acceptance speech was nothing short of revolutionary, filled with promises of grandeur and an academic year that "will be etched in the annals of HWS history." With every word, Painton reinforced his vision for a campus united under a singular, ambitious goal, driving home the promise of a year marked not only by achievements but also by the solidification of a disciplined, robust community. Under Painton's leadership, the Colleges are poised to enter a period of unprecedented prosperity and innovation. His platform, inspired by a blend of visionary foresight and practical initiatives, promises to usher in a golden era of academic and extracurricular achievement. Painton has committed to fostering an environment in which every student's potential is fully realized, paving the way for groundbreaking developments in student governance and campus life.



IS FIZZ ALL THAT IT SEEMS TO BE?

KEVIN FROST



There was a time when Yik Yak was the defining voice of campus hearsay at Hobart and William Smith. It wasn't official, it wasn't particularly reliable, and it most definitely wasn't productive. But, for better or for worse, it was where students went to see what people were talking about. As an anonymous, location-based message board, YikYak gave students a platform to share everything—from Saga complaints to grade struggles to straight-up rumors. It was a mix of opinions on school happenings, political arguments, and good old relatable college memes stolen from Twitter. But as anyone who's ever been on an anonymous app knows, things didn't always stay lighthearted. At its peak, rumors and shit talk spread so aggressively that the school consistently had to get involved. More than once, all-campus emails warned students about "the dangers of YikYak and anonymous websites", pleading with people to stop using it to harass their peers. In one instance, a student was basically bullied so hard on YikYak that the school personally reached out to check on them. It was messy. But that's what made it *exciting*.

Then, sometime in 2023, Yik Yak mysteriously went offline. When it came back, it wasn't the same. The app introduced a major change: posting now required a verified school email. This small tweak effectively killed the one thing that made YikYak what it was... true anonymity. Engagement *plummeted*. What was once a constant feed of campus chatter became something of a quiet, and somehow, more negative space. Sure, the app still existed, but it had lost much of its appeal. It was still a place where people occasionally went to keep up with campus gossip, but it felt different—less spontaneous, less funny, and more like a dumping ground for complaints.

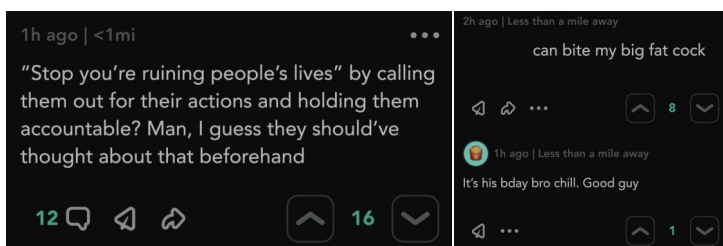
Dear Campus Community,

As many of you know, Yik Yak is an anonymous social media application that allows any user within a certain geographic area to post content. We write today to remind you about the potential for abuse of the application, the harm anonymous posts can cause, and to remind you of resources available on our campus.

Yik Yak's reporting features allow users to report conduct as "bullying," "threatening," "explicit sexual content," "hate speech," "doxxing" (using real names), "self harm" or "other." When reported, posts that fall into these categories of conduct appear to be removed relatively quickly.

Because Yik Yak is not affiliated or endorsed by HWS, it is virtually impossible for the Colleges to identify specific users. Nevertheless, in the past, the Colleges have been able to work with local police and Yik Yak to identify those who hide behind anonymity to violate our community standards, and when possible we have upheld and enforced those standards. We will continue to do so.

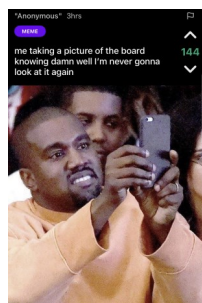
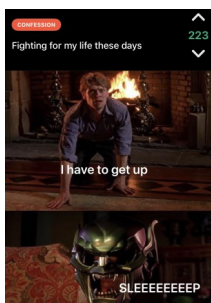
Hobart and William Smith have no tolerance for harassment, direct threats, defamation or other forms of unprotected speech that interfere with our students' access to an education and our employees' rights in the workplace. As part of a community, we ask all members to uphold those values.



IS FIZZ ALL THAT IT SEEMS TO BE?

KEVIN FROST

Then, out of nowhere, a new player entered the scene. An Instagram account, @fizz.hws, began following countless students. Their first few posts? “1,000 followers and we’ll drop the app!” Hmmm, engagement farming. Cringe. The account never actually hit 1,000 followers, but Fizz launched anyway. By the time it arrived at HWS, Fizz had already spread to other schools like Union, Yale, Fairfield, and GW. Nothing near the likes of our prestigious Hobart and William Smith Colleges, but notable nonetheless. Something about it felt off from the start. The posts? Suspiciously generic. They weren’t specific to HWS, or even particularly niche. They read like cliché “college humor” that could apply to literally any school.



They genuinely feel like stereotypical college meme madlibs. Also, the upvotes? Weirdly inflated. A solid Yik Yak post might scrape together 45 likes, you could hit 150 if you really dropped a hot, steamy banger. Yet somehow, Fizz posts are racking up 400+? At a school where the entire student body could fit in a couple of lecture halls? Either HWS students suddenly got way more enthusiastic about semi-anonymous posting, the entire freshman class is seriously digging this new app, or something fishy is going on. But most importantly, it’s just not funny. Fizz feels manufactured, and it’s hard to trust. Maybe it’s a company trying to inflate its own numbers to fake engagement and make some money off of us. Maybe it’s mining student data. Whatever it is, it doesn’t feel organic.

There’s something inherently interesting (though admittedly a bit destructive) about students being able to speak freely, without fear of judgment, on an anonymous platform. As social media continues to blur the lines between public and private interaction, platforms like YikYak and Fizz are examples of how students navigate digital spaces to express ourselves, for better or worse. Whether it’s venting about classes, sharing absurd campus moments, or yes, even engaging in gossip, the ability to post without a name (or student email) attached allows for a level of honesty that face-to-face public interaction simply doesn’t offer.



At the end of the day, Yik Yak may have its glaring flaws, but at least it’s real. Students talking to students, no artificial engagement. Fizz, on the other hand, feels like a forced experiment, and frankly, HWS deserves better.

And as always...

THE MARTINI CITES YIK YAK AS A CREDIBLE SOURCE

WHO WILL STEP UP TO BIG CHOCOLATE?

ANONYMOUS WHISTLEBLOWER



Every February 14th, Cupid readies his arrows as people all around exchange gifts, flowers, and sweet notes. At the heart of this tradition is chocolate, wrapped in red and gold, the promise of love and affection. But there's more to Valentine's Day than meets the eye, thanks to the conglomerates at Big Chocolate. This chocolate *corporatocracy* (had to drop that on ya) has cleverly tied its sweets to the day of love.

Valentine's Day has ancient roots, tied to Roman festivals and a Christian martyr named Valentine. Saint Valentine, the name behind the holiday, refers to a few different Christian martyrs of the same name, the most famous being Saint Valentine of Rome. He was a priest in the 3rd century, who according to legend, performed weddings for soldiers who were forbidden to marry under the Roman Empire's laws. Much of his life and acts are shrouded in mystery, leading to various embellishments being made about him over centuries.

But the link between Valentine's Day and chocolate is much more modern and far more commercial. It wasn't until the mid-20th century that chocolates began to be marketed as the gift of choice for this romantic day,

thanks to strategic advertising campaigns by major chocolate companies. By promoting chocolate as a symbol of love and luxury, Big Chocolate found a yearly sales event that now significantly contributes to annual revenue.

As you savor each sweet bite this Valentine's Day, consider the transformation of this holiday. What began as a celebration of love and saintly sacrifice has evolved into a lucrative venture for these evil fucking chocolate conglomerates. If we want to preserve the true spirit of Valentine's Day, it's high time for someone to step up and stop these chocolate conglomerates from brainwashing us into stuffing our faces with chocolate and profiting from our indulgence—someone like Luigi Mangione.



CANS FOR BANDS

MICHAEL GILBERT



The moment I step into Wegmans, I see the recycling machines. I see people feeding empty cans and bottles into the slots, their receipts printing like little lottery tickets. I always wondered how much money they were making. A thought struck me, how much could I *make in one semester*?

Hypothetically, if I went to the frat houses every weekend to collect their empty beer cans, how much cash could I make off of them? This thought experiment is based on realistic math, and I'm here to crunch the numbers and see how much I can make off of a bunch of frat dudes.

From my observations, your standard frat produces about 200 cans per party. Now, depending on your state's redemption value, each can nets 5 or 10 cents. That's \$10-\$20 per party. On any given weekend or weekday, at least three frats are spending their time sipping on their favorite beverage. That means \$30-\$60 every Friday and Saturday night, and let's not forget those who also participate on the weekdays. Over the course of a give or take 16-week semester, that's \$480-\$1,280, just sitting there waiting to be collected.

As groundbreaking as this is, there are some logistics to think about...it is not glamorous. Sure, the frat houses practically overflow with aluminum gold after a Saturday

night, but getting it all is no easy task. First, there's the trash. You do not often catch many recycling bins in these locations. The cans will mostly be buried under solo cups, pizza boxes, and questionable puddles of vomit, probably. You'll have to dig. By the time you've filled one bag, you'll have touched things you'll never stop thinking about. Then there's the problem of transport. Cans are deceptively bulky. You might think, reader, that a few trash bags would do the trick, but by bag three, you're tired and sick of stupid fucking cans. Add in the occasional crushed can leaking stale beer down your pants, and the day ends sourly.

The Wegmans bottle redemption machine is no paradise. You'll show up with your bags of cans, only to find the machine already occupied by someone feeding cans at a glacial pace. When it's finally your turn, you'll spend the next 45 minutes feeding sticky, crumpled cans into a machine that's just waiting to jam on you. By the time the machine spits out your receipt, you're exhausted, sticky, and rethinking your blank LinkedIn account. You clutch your hard earned \$20 like it's the lottery and you get ready to do it next weekend.

But in the end, it's all worth it, right? You've turned the environmental neglect of frat guys to cold, hard cash. Over time, the numbers add up. With enough hustle and dedication, you could theoretically pay for a



PAVE THE QUAD

VALYN MOGENSEN



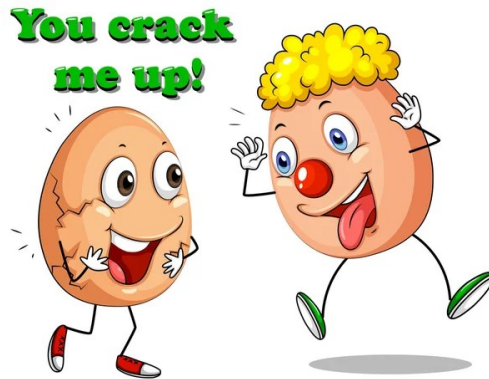
I bring to you an idea that has the potential to change the HWS experience entirely: PAVE THE QUAD. This change could open doors to new collegiate sports such as four square, cops and robbers, tag, and hopscotch, giving students who may not have had access to these games a place to play. Concrete is proven to be easier to care for, and even reduces the risk of slipping, mudslides, and lawnmower accidents. This field of cement would also serve as a cost-effective solution to the constant upkeep of the grass which one can only assume costs thousands of dollars a year in maintenance. Although some may miss the country club-esque landscape of this beautiful campus, to them we say, where else would the kids play but an unsettlingly large, sunken, concrete space? It is truly a win-win for this campus and its eager residents. In a survey taken this past fall, there was a unanimous call

to petition for a recess in the middle of the day, during which students would be able to blow off steam in a playful environment. Recess also has the potential to lower general chaos on campus as students' energy would be spent on schoolyard games. One student said of the proposed improvement to campus "It's hard to go bar hopping when the hopscotch exhaustion sets in," another student going as far as saying "Honestly, duck duck goose is more fulfilling than a keg stand." The display of student enthusiasm for a communal space is completely unheard of when it comes to the grassy quad, only emerging when concrete and recess games are introduced. Paving the quad would be an incredible improvement but it needs your support to become a reality.

#PAVETHEQUAD

MY PROBLEM WITH IDIOMS

DAVID GARVEY



The invention and refinement of language is the single highest achievement of the human race. Our ability to share and understand complex and emotional languages is what separates us from our cousins in the mammalian world. With language, we pass on stories, share recipes, wage war, and spread love. Words have built and capsized empires, giving power to the people and taking down oppressors. And once we began to use the abstract to define the real world, we were destined for the stars. Simply put, idioms rock. However, they are outdated and in need of some changes. For example, “like a bull in a china shop” is used to describe someone reckless and wild. The concept is solid. But when was the last time you’ve seen a bull? When was the last time you stumbled upon a china shop? As a matter of fact, when’s the last time you’ve seen a bull and a china shop within a 50-mile radius of each other? The point is that we are withdrawn from the subjects, which creates a lack of understanding of the stakes of a bull being in a china shop. If we use the same structure, we can create a modern saying that everyone will be able to appreciate. I propose “like a drunk driver in a maternity ward” as the replacement. Now *those* are stakes everyone can appreciate. Now that you understand the concept I’m going to rattle off a few idioms and my proposal for their modern replacements.

“Small strokes fall mighty oaks” ~ This one could

be fixed through personal customization, depending on both the size of your oak and the size of your stroke. For example, Kevin Frost, Kevin takes incredibly small strokes, but his oak is in no way mighty. Kevin should from now on use “Small strokes fall measly oaks.” Whereas I could still get away with using the original.

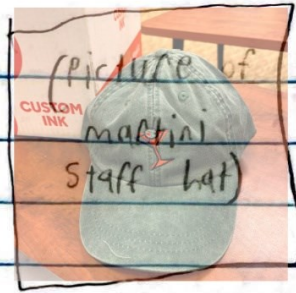
“Chew the Cud” ~ Another idiom from the bovine realm. This is my first time coming across this idiom, and apparently, it means “to contemplate something deeply.” I’d be ok with just scrapping this one, but for the sake of a sound article I propose “Gnaw the pen cap.” I think it delivers in the modernization department and adds an academic twist.

“My name is mud” ~ Dr. Mudd was the physician who treated John Wilkes Booth after he shot Lincoln and jumped off the balcony. After he was arrested as a conspirator his name and reputation were ruined. To update this, replace mud with any person in Hollywood or the music industry. Odds are that eventually, it will come out that they went to a certain island or attended specific parties.

These are just five of many idioms, so I challenge you to make some up yourself. Language is fun and should be treated as so; it’s never that serious. This goes out to the person who complained about the grammar in the last edition, screw you, no one cares you know how to properly use a semicolon.

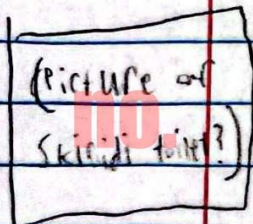
Gimme dat martini hat
by: Liam Yakanovich

oh staff hat
oh staff hat
where could you be?
I want one so bad,
its important to me.



I'm making this poem for just one free hat,
Some may think I'm ^{cruel} but I don't see anything wrong with that.

I'll end this poem now so its not too much effort,
I'm just gonna cap this hat,
and idk what rhymes with effort.



Shout out Ohio Aidan, best hampoline jumper I know
rip this magazine up to find the hidden message

THE SILENCE OF THE INSTAGRAMS

ANONYMOUS

As a woman, I have faced plenty of discrimination. I have been silenced before, so it came without shock when it happened again recently, in response to a simple Instagram post for a school account takeover. The incident took place on Election Day of 2024. On this difficult day, I felt it was my responsibility to lighten the mood and bring laughter to the few people watching. This intention inspired my first post of the day. There was a cold plunge on that particular November morn' which I decided to document with a photo that I comically captioned, "Tits are wicked cold but it's a good way to start the day". The majority of viewers giggled, even texting me to tell me that they were amused by it and that they were glad to see that I was exuding personality on this account.

Unfortunately, the administration felt differently. An email notification quickly appeared on my phone, telling me to "be mindful of this audience and how you are presenting and representing both us and yourself through the language and photos that you choose today". I felt misunderstood. My only intention had been to raise spirits, and although the argument could be made that there were other ways to do so, I did what I could with what I had been given, all while remaining true to myself. I immediately deleted the post with a heavy heart, jealous of my male peers who had posted stories from their travels on the account to the same effect as my post.

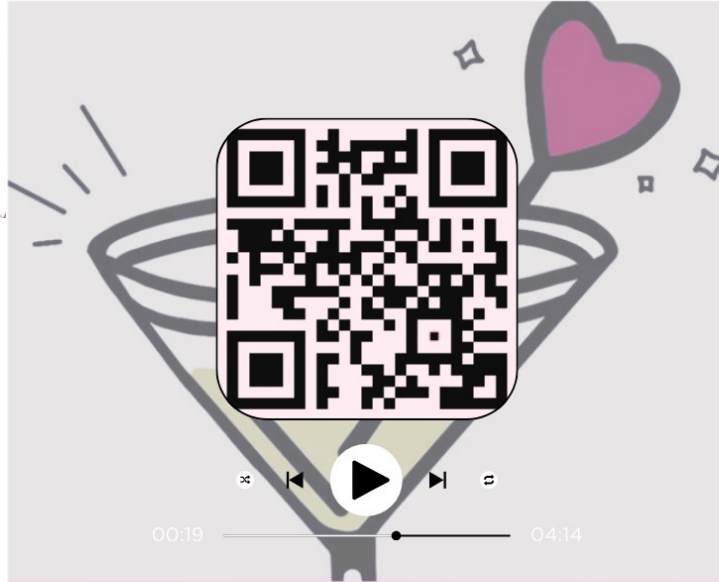
I persevered, and I was able to continue posting without issues until that evening. In response to a comment asking if I had a hard time adjusting, I posted a silly photo of a friend and me. Posted around 7 pm, I was leaning over to peer

through a small peephole, my friend (jokingly) placing her hand on my derriere, smiling at the camera. I felt this was just right; silly but still completely harmless. I did not anticipate the response I would get. At 8:06 pm, an inside source at the headquarters in charge of the account kindly reached out to warn me of tensions in the office. I advised to be more mature with the content I was posting and to adhere to the email sent to me earlier that day. Thankfully, I received this warning before a second email and was able to remedy the situation before an extradition warning appeared in my inbox. I had single-handedly fueled a fire back at headquarters, and the only thing I could do was log off and wind down. After a few satisfactory glasses of pinot grigio, I went up to my bedroom with my tail between my legs, accepting defeat.

As I laid in bed, I wondered: is there still such a thing as freedom of the press? Had my institution been so self-conscious of its image that it had resorted to the elimination of freedom, trust, and a little bit of harmless fun? Hobart and William Smith Colleges is a unique place built on community. The lessons learned, memories made, and friends earned here are a collective experience; it is the reason I came here. We learn as one and we *laugh* as one. Please, HWS, give us the freedom to connect, speak, and lend our viewers a glance at our personalities in the documentation of our day-to-day lives. Our time here is not as long as we like to think; we must make it count.



SHUT THE FUCK UP



Will You be My Valentini?



Martini Magazine



Every Little Step
Bobby Brown



Outstanding
The Gap Band



Don't Walk Away
Jade



Turn Your Love Around
George Benson



Let It Whip
Dazz Band



I'M LISTENING TO THE NEW MARTINI PLAYLIST

Art By Parker Condon

HWS PARKING PETITION

AUDRIE FAZIO

Entering senior spring, I've seen many complaints about and solutions for the superfluous issues at Hobart and William Smith Colleges. From the Saga conveyor belt fragrance to mysterious trolls in the lib bathrooms, one inconvenience has remained at the forefront of student body concern, as baby freshies who can't even drive to super seniors who can't even drive: parking. In honor of a dear friend who collected parking violations for sport, at times purposefully getting ticketed to test the system, it's time to take the lots back once and for all.

Logistically speaking, there are many ways to improve the spot availability at this institution, never mind the potholes that might take my car out of commission within 1-2 business weeks. As a current Odell's resident, we begin with the fight for spots in my home-front battleground. All proficient drivers, the strife to park close to our warm homes has become the bravest trial that turns innocent youth into vultures lingering for the next victims departure—haunting, stalking, and waiting for those red taillights to turn on so that we might not have to walk the extra 40 feet from the far lot. Granted, you can try walking from the far lot to your warm home in converse during a blizzard, but it is not for those with weak ankles or the walking pace of a mother at state fair. I see only one practical solution: paving a lot over Odell's Pond. Gently dusted with snow and frolicking geese, it's so beautiful that it's asking to be paved over. Same goes for whatever is going on in front Coxe Hall. I don't see a need for all that grass and it's time we relinquish the lawnmowers from their perilous duties.

No, this is not an exaggeration. If you

wish to save Odell's Pond and the Quad from pavement paradise, I also wish to hear how you have been actively using each space to benefit the true Hobartian agenda. Do I see you sun-tanning at Odell's Pond? Watching the snapping turtles float by on a lazy Saturday afternoon? Do I see you taking the time to roll down the hill of the Quad or hosting midnight picnics for local drunkards? Do. I. See. You. Using. Either. Conveniently. Flat. Piece. Of. Earth. To. Reference. Phallic. Imagery. In. The. Snow? My friends, the days of the pond and Quad are already far gone—let us now park our cars in peace.

I remember the holy days of freshman year, being lucky enough to get one of the three spots closest to Jackson Hall. I also remember not getting any spots and parking in the gravel lot where my pea-sized car got stuck in the snow and had to be heroically crane lifted in the sky by Campus Safety after a long evening at the arts campus (true story). I remember texting my dear friend whenever I left a spot in the Deco Upper Lot so they could steal it in time and avoid getting yet another violation for creating a fake spot (even though it worked most of the time). I remember receiving my first \$75 ticket, still pinned on my bulletin board and unpaid because it was definitely not my fault (like, for sure not at all).

With many hours spent teaching myself how to parallel park on Pulteney Street, subsequently giving up, and watching others do the same—I wonder if there will ever be a change to the HWS parking system. We got free laundry, a new science building, and some dope flags for the lampposts, but when will we have that perfect vacant spot to whip into with our windows down and hearts finally opened?



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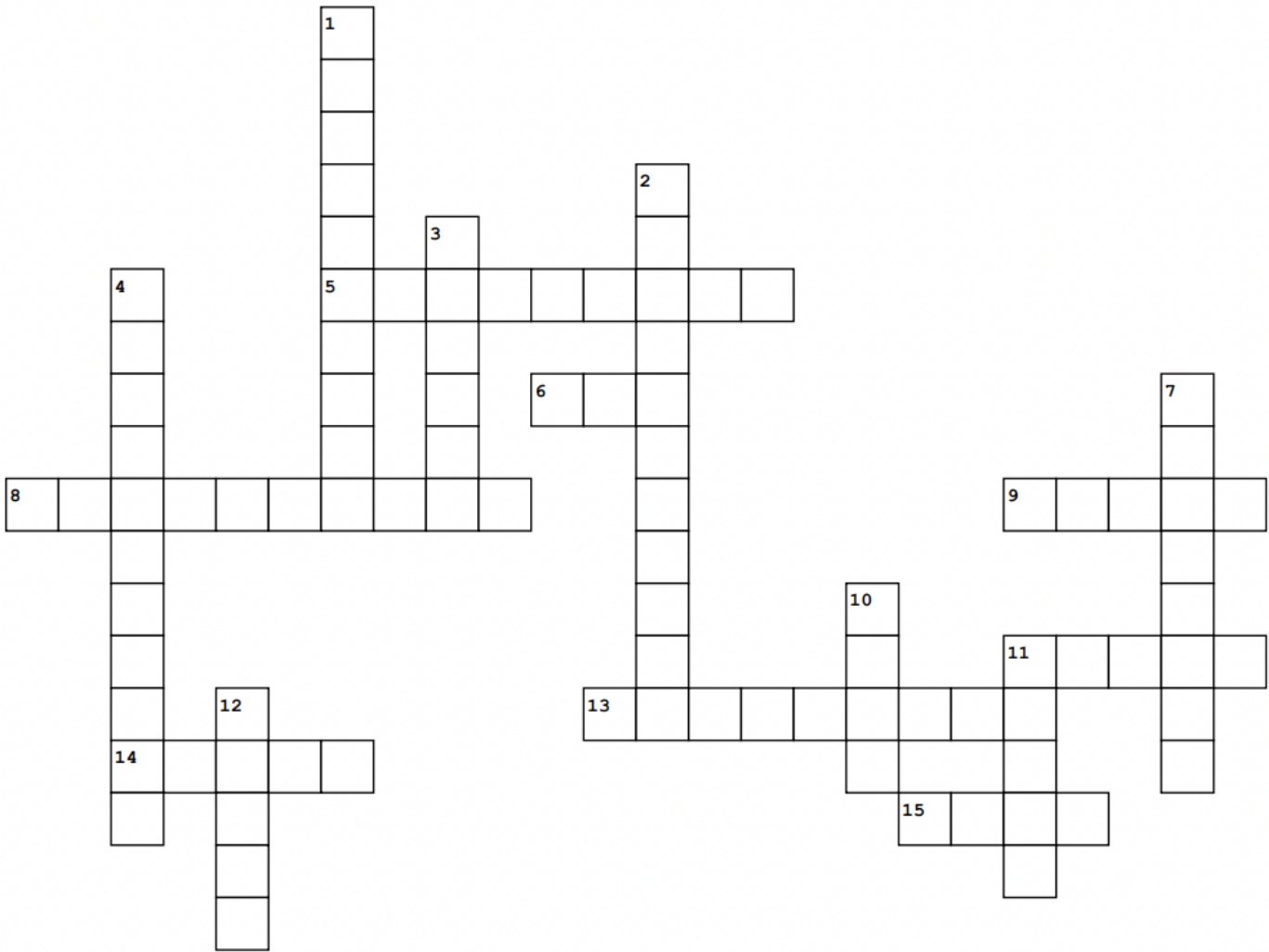
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CROSSWORD!

A VERY MARTINI CROSSWORD PUZZLE

According to recent surveys, individuals who engage in solving crosswords are 38% more likely to find romantic connections, suggesting that intellectual pursuits might just be the secret ingredient to attracting love. No cheating!



ACROSS

5. WINNER OF THE 2025 ROSE BOWL
6. BODY SPRAY REVERED BY MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS
8. GUMP DESCRIBES LIFE LIKE BOXED _____
9. SYMBOL OF LOVE FIRED BY CUPID
11. ROMAN GOD DEPICTED AS CHUBBY CHILD

DOWN

1. WHICH U.S. STATE PRODUCES THE MAJORITY OF AMERICA'S ROSES FOR VALENTINE'S DAY?
2. AUTHOR OF FAMOUS LOVE STORY, ROMEO AND JULIET
3. DESCRIBING A ROOM AFTER ONE'S ROOMMATE HAS BEEN EVICTED
4. CHOCOLATE, OYSTERS, FIGS, AND GINSENG
7. MAKING OUT, BUT FOR BRITISH PEOPLE
10. OFTEN PRODUCED 9 MONTHS AFTER

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 17

BROGAN'S GAME REVIEW: RISK OF RAIN 2

BROGAN DIETSCHKE



Oh, I bet you guys didn't think I'd get my own monthly column, did you? You can't escape me. I am a parasite infesting the Martini. My rants on niche video games are inevitable. In this month's installment, I have a game that is very near and dear to my heart. Dare I say it might be my favorite game of all time?

Originally developed by Hopoo Games and currently developed by Gearbox (evil), Risk of Rain 2 is a one-of-a-kind roguelike that pushes the boundaries of the genre. For those of you unfamiliar with roguelikes, the player is taken through procedurally generated levels and accumulates power over the course

of a "run". Death is permanent and will fully reset your progress. Most roguelikes typically have a final boss, or the option to "loop", which allows you to continue playing until the difficulty scales out of your reach. Due to their unique gameplay cycle, roguelikes must be replayable, otherwise it is easy for a player to lose interest or become rather disheartened by a late-game death. Risk of Rain 2 perfectly balances what the player can expect in a run with innate randomness and luck to ensure that each time you boot up to play, you're getting a different experience. A run of Risk of Rain 2 goes through multiple stages. After first landing, enemies spawn

incrementally, and when killed, provide you with gold that can be used to open chests that litter the stage. Each chest holds a single item of varying rarity that buffs your character in some way or another, whether it be through utility, healing, or damage. To progress to the next stage, you must find the teleporter and defeat a boss while it charges. After stage five, you can choose to either fight the final boss or return to stage one. Where Risk of Rain 2 shines is how its difficulty is interwoven into this path. The difficulty increases over time, resulting in a balancing act between getting more items and moving on to the next stage. My greed has



gotten the best of me more times than I can count. I've wasted countless minutes pursuing a chest on the other side of the map only to be rewarded with a bustling fungus (the worst item in the entire fucking game) and getting subsequently one-shot by the teleporter boss. However, there is nothing more satisfying than getting perfect items one after another, until there's nothing the monsters can do except pray for your forgiveness. You've never truly beaten Risk of Rain 2 until you delete everything on the stage without having to attack and the difficulty level is so high that the game breaks and nothing spawns anymore. Even if you think you're on a rampage, Risk of Rain 2 remains ruthless. Enemies with one-shot abilities are always lurking around the corner, and the final boss even has a phase where they steal all of the items you've worked so hard to collect. If Risk of Rain 2's loot system wasn't varied enough, there is a swath of different characters to choose from, all with unique abilities and playstyles. That is, except for Acrid. Acrid has the worst-designed kit of all time; I could write an entire article about how utterly garbage this waste of code is. Items that are completely useless for one character can be essential for another, adding another layer of nuance to how each run is approached. In all seriousness, the reason this game is so amazing is because of the shrines that let you gamble for items. There is no other game that I have consistently returned to as much as I have this one. Even if you've never touched roguelikes before, I cannot recommend Risk of Rain 2 enough. If this article ever graces the eyes of a Gearbox employee, I want you to know that if you put any blemish on Hopoo's masterpiece, there will be hell to pay.



MARTINI POP NEWS



Pop artist Katy Perry did a surprise performance at a retirement home in Gainesville Florida. Employees say that the senior citizens were noticeably distressed and uncomfortable.



Poot Lovato has announced that she will be the next head of the Department of Defense! D.C. officials say that her first project will be installing a soda machine in her office. We asked her what her favorite soda was; she told us to leave.



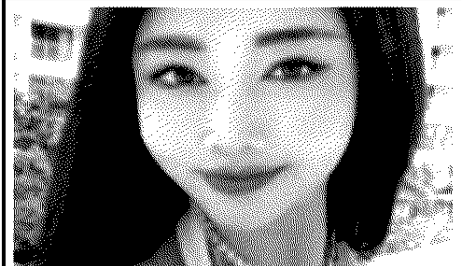
LADY GAGA



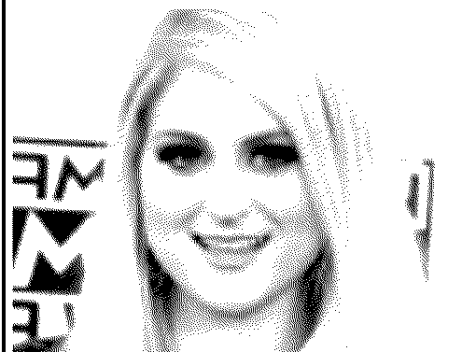
Former pop star Lady Gaga opens up about her car troubles: "I need new wiper fluid. It's too bad that all my fans are gay and have no idea how a car works."



Former governor of New Jersey, general secretary, and 2024 presidential candidate Chris Christie has expressed deep regret about his time in politics. "I hate America," he tells The Martini.



Jiafei, Prime Minister of Floptropica, has released a new makeup line called PRODUCT. Several factories have been shut down due to traces of plutonium found in the contour pallets.



Meghan Trainor expresses her recent excitement to headline the Super Bowl: "I'm so excited! I've recently gotten in contact with Amy Winehouse's publicist to do a possible duet."

DIRTY MARTINI CONFESSIONS



Hey readers, we're pumped to introduce our new column, Dirty Martini Confessions, where we expose everything about you—except for your names. Have anything to get off your chest? Send it in through the *anonymous* Google form! We're like priests,—but cooler, so no judgement.

“I was nonverbal for the first five years of my life.” Male, 22

“I shat myself in the library and my boyfriend had to bring me a new pair of pants so I could keep studying.” Female, 19

“When I was little I had a Captain America shield that I would carry around and wear everywhere. One day I was at my dad's softball game and I went to take a pee on a tree. I didn't realize that the shield was in the way of my stream, and my pee ricocheted back onto me. It completely soaked my clothes.” Male, 22

“Once I had period sex in my housemate's bed. I had to wipe bloody handprints off the wall and buy new sheets before they got back. They had no idea.” Female, 20

“I smuggled cocaine across the border from Peru.” Male, 22

“I had sex with my Uber driver in his car.” Female, 22

“I lost my virginity watching the Truman Show. I still remember everything that happened in the movie. 10/10 recommend (the movie).” Male, 22

“I lost my virginity in my friend's brother's bed (not to my friend's brother).” Female, 20

“I did meth in a [HWS Fraternity] bathroom.” Male, 21

“My ex boyfriend begged me to suck his toes and I did it.” Female, 19



FUCK WITH THE COVER ART? Enough to wear it?



Beige



Navy

We figured.



JANUARY HOROSCOPES

Okay, fuckers, I've had it up to here with all the complaints about horoscopes not coming true. So, I spoke to the stars, and they've given me real ass horoscopes. These are absolutely foolproof, star-certified predictions. I do not want to hear a SINGLE complaint this month.

Taurus: You are going to blink. A lot. Multiple times a day, even. No escaping it, it's written in the stars.

Gemini: At some point this month, you will realize that you need to charge your phone.

Cancer: You will eat. At least once. Probably more. Food consumption is in your immediate future.

Leo: This February, you will find yourself opening a door to either enter or exit a room.

Virgo: At least once this month, you will speak. Words will come out of your mouth and form coherent sentences.

Aries: A day is approaching this month

when you will look up at the sky and see either clouds or stars.

Libra: At some point this month, you'll need to tie a shoelace or fasten something similar.

Scorpio: At some point, you'll hear someone talking. It could be directly to you, or maybe just near you. Sound waves are inevitable.

Sagittarius: Gravity will continue to affect you. You'll remain firmly on the ground, unless you're jumping, of course.

Capricorn: You will think thoughts. Countless, ceaseless thoughts swirling through your mind, as proclaimed by the cosmos.

Aquarius: A sneeze is in your future this month,

perhaps more than one.

Pisces: At some point, you will use your phone to check the time.



CROSSWORD ANSWERS

1. California
2. Shakespeare
3. Single
4. Aphrodisiac
5. OhioState
6. Axe
7. Snogging
8. Chocolates
9. Arrow
10. Baby
11.
(A) Cupid
(D) Crush
12. Roses
13. TeddyBear
14. Alone
15. Kiss

SNUS SOMMELIER

LEAH HENNING



Welcome to the new Martini column, where I review different snus each month. This month, I'll be reviewing Nordic Spirit's Sweet Mint flavor. Nordic Spirit nicotine pouches come in four strengths: mini at 3mg, normal at 5.5mg, strong at 8.3mg, and extra strong at 10.5mg per pouch. I bought six tins of the extra strong with my last \$30 at Dublin Airport. I have to say that I was pretty disappointed that Nordic Spirit's idea of "extra strong" is 10.5mg, especially being that it's a product of Sweden, but it was a great deal and the highest strength I could find. I digress.

I began the experience by shaking the tin to aerate the pouches. With the mere cracking of the lid, before I had the chance to inhale, the

sweet mint scent enveloped my nostrils. The pouches are slim but rather cylindrical compared to the shape of the well-known Zyn, causing my lip to protrude slightly. Like other foreign snus I've had, the pouches also have a certain moisture to them that Zyns also lack. I threw in an upper decky and waited for the shards of glass to penetrate my gums and allow the nicotine to enter my bloodstream. As expected, the sweet mint provided a nice freshness, however, the flavor was disrupted by a quite potent salty note that sabotaged the taste so much that it made me shiver in distaste. I even had to go as far as to chew a piece of gum to mask the unfortunate flavor

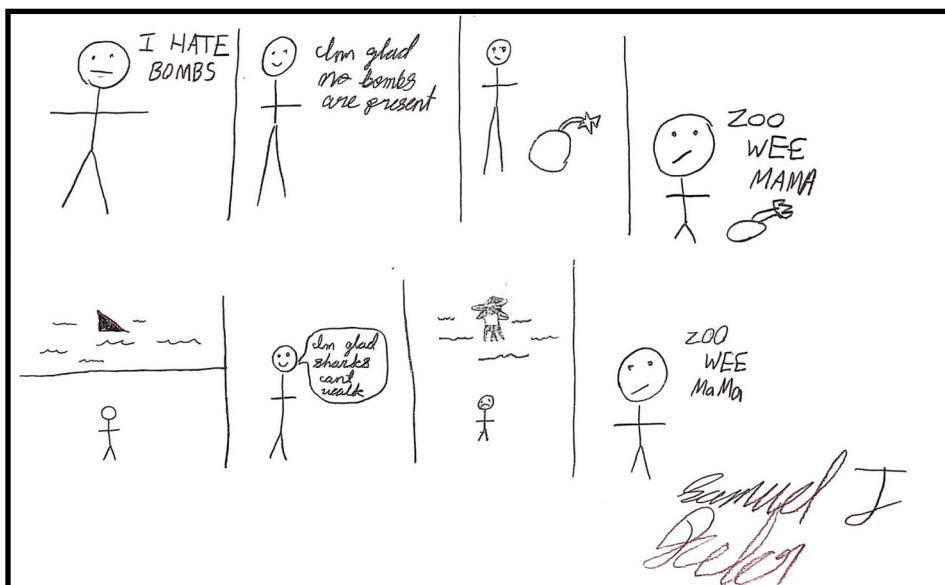
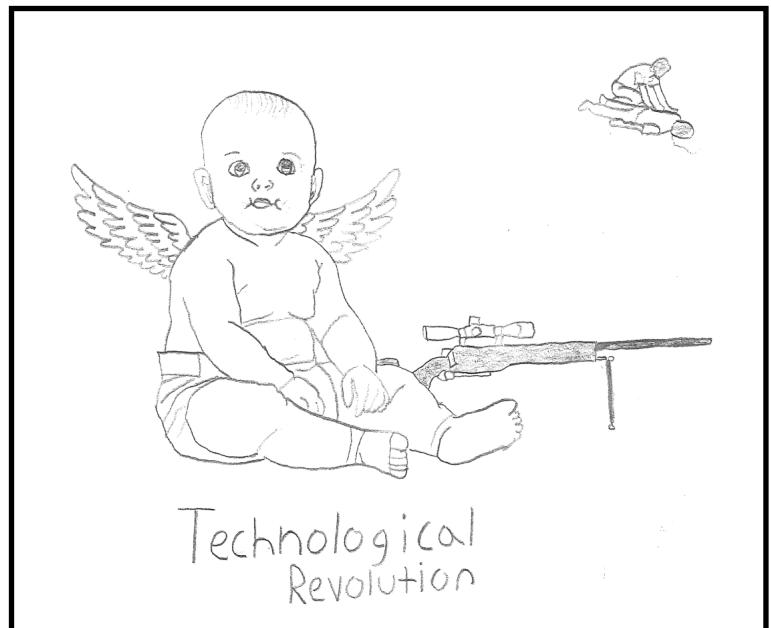
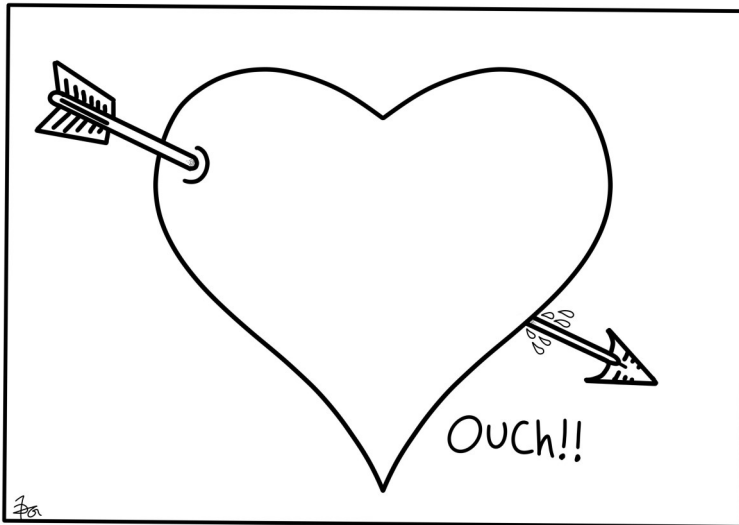
I felt as though I'd been waiting for far too long before it took any

effect. I was hoping for a nice fizzy feeling in my head, maybe a slight shakiness to my hands, but nothing. The pouch offered nothing more than a little energy boost, for which I may well have thrown in a Zyn. Overall, I'd say that Nordic Spirit's extra strong snus is a nice little boost for when you find yourself falling asleep in class or losing steam while doing homework (if you can get past the flavor or have gum on hand). I give Nord Spirit slim Sweet Mint strength: 4 (10.5 mg) a 4/10 on the snus scale.

Feel free to send recommendations of which snus you'd like me to review in the future. Till next month!

COMIC RELIEF

DAVID GARVEY, KEVIN FROST, IAN SELOVER, AND SAMUEL J PEELER





HUNDEREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE CURRENTLY WRITING FOR THE MARTINI



DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE ONE AMONGST THEM? YOU MUST SUBMIT.



MARTINI OF THE MONTH

Hello Students!

Valentine's Day is here, and whether you're celebrating or just trying to enjoy the onslaught of heart-shaped everything, we've got the perfect drink for you. Sweet, tangy, and just strong enough to make you say "*Maybe I should call her*". It's love in a glass!

THE LOVETINI



Ingredients:

- * 1 1/2 ounces vodka
- * 1 ounce pomegranate juice
- * 3/4 ounce fresh lime juice
- * 1/2 ounce Cointreau (or any orange liqueur)
- *

Instructions:

1. In a shaker filled 2/3 with ice, pour in the vodka, pomegranate juice, lime juice, and orange liqueur.
2. Shake to chill the cocktail for 20 seconds.
3. Strain the mixture into your prepared martini glass and enjoy!

Pairs well with: Fancy chocolates

Drink up, lovers.

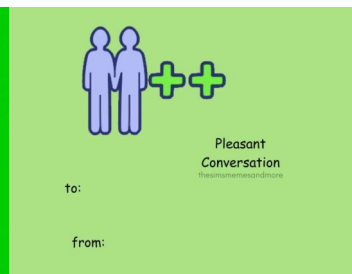
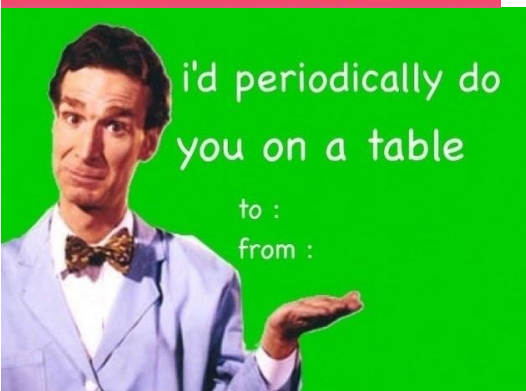
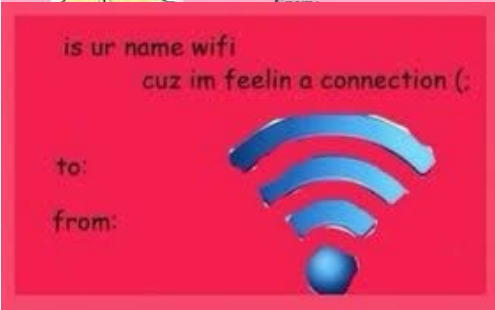
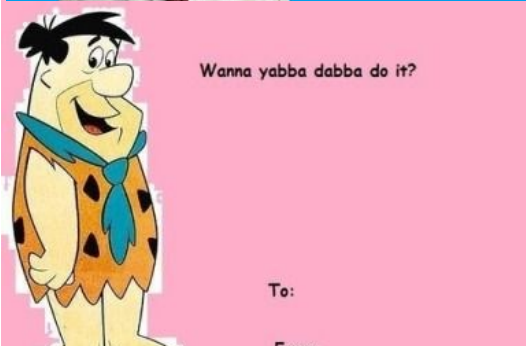
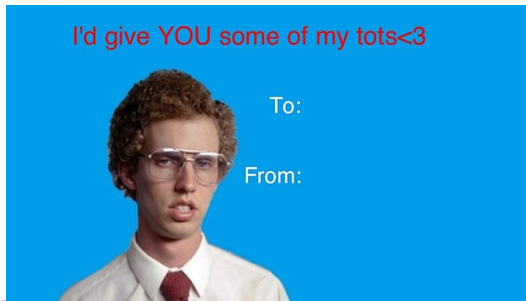


MAKE YOUR OWN VALENTINE!



TYPOS? WEIRD FORMATTING? ITS KEVIN + LEAH'S FAULT!

We're only human.



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