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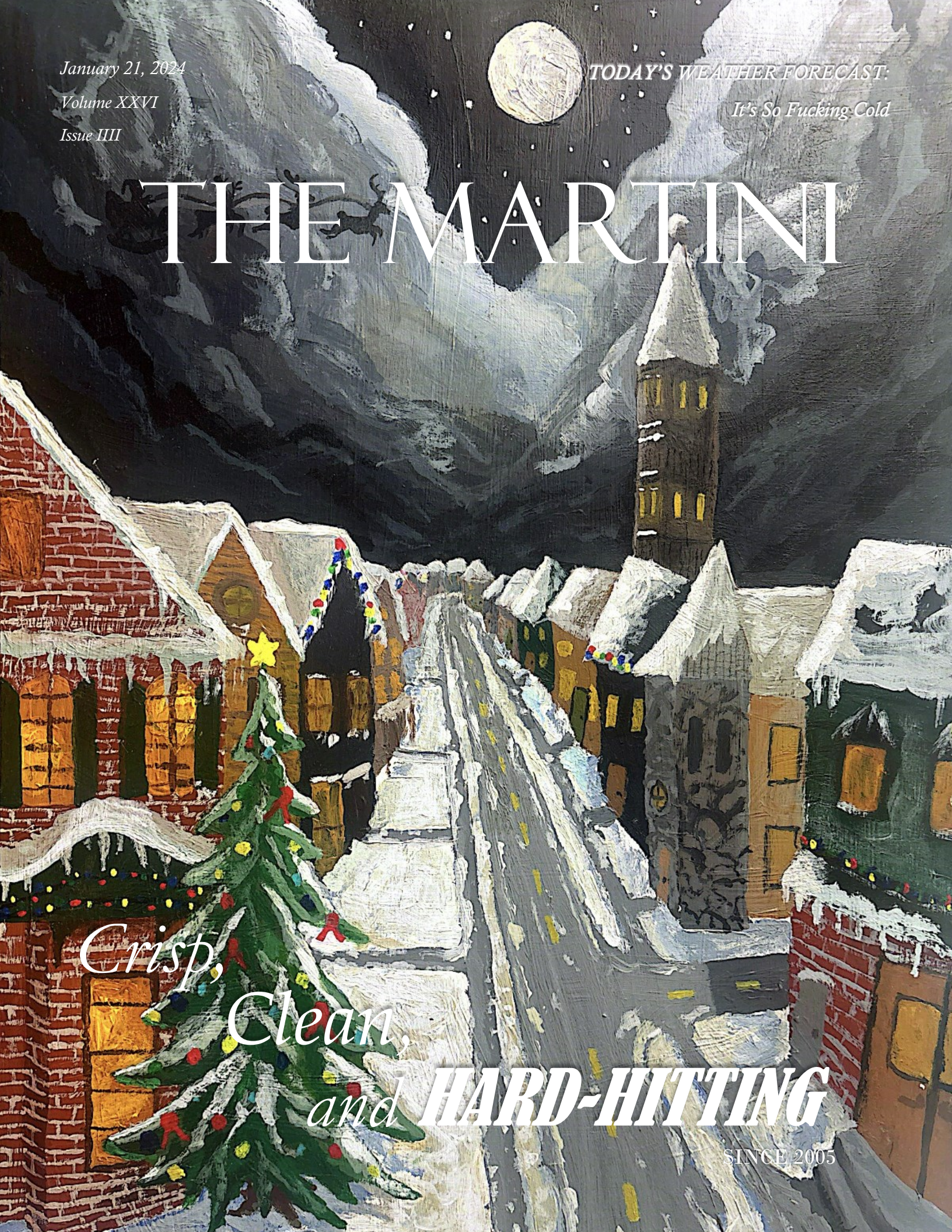
TODAY'S WEATHER FORECAST:

*It's So Fucking Cold*

# THE MARTINI

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

SINCE 2005



# VOTING IS LIVE



Scan the QR code to vote on which  
HWS senior deserves the title

**SENIOR**  
of the  
**YEAR**



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

To the wonderful students of HWS,

Welcome back to the swing of things after what we hope was a restful and rejuvenating winter break. It's genuinely exciting to see the campus bustling with energy again, and we've truly missed the lively spirit that each of you bring. Whether you traveled far or stayed cozy at home, We hope you return recharged and ready to tackle what lies ahead with enthusiasm (or tolerance, depending on the class).

As we all settle back into college life, we find ourselves in a reflective mood—it's our final semester, after all. Time flies, doesn't it? Here we are at the beginning of the end of our college days. It feels a bit surreal, but there's no room for sentimentality just yet—not with so much left to enjoy and experience. Let's keep the energy high and the laughs coming, squeezing every bit of fun out of this last semester together.

This edition of The Martini is ready to kick things off with our usual flair, and we hope it adds a little extra joy to your days. Here's to a final few months filled with memorable moments and to making the most of every single one.

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



Email [martini@hws.edu](mailto:martini@hws.edu)  
And follow us on Instagram!  
[@martini.the](https://www.instagram.com/martini.the)



# The Guilty Parties



Cover art by  
Ben Brodney



I do not give Facebook permission to print anything off my computer

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SEAN MADDEN

## AND...

READERS LIKE YOU!



nymphoutofwater Follow

fuuuuck that is my circus. are those...? yep... those are my monkeys..... goddammit.

## Important update from TikTok

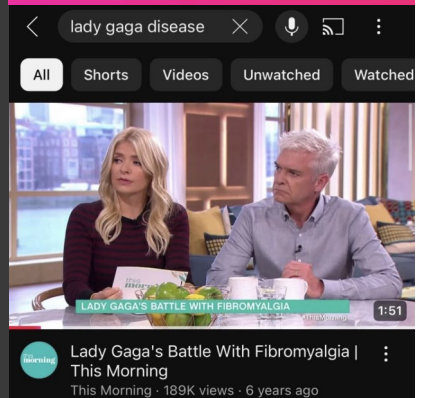
We're happy to announce that we are bringing TikTok back online for users in the U.S., right now! With one condition.

To avoid overloading our servers, we are bringing back the service **one user at a time.**

The first user to get TikTok access back will be the **Carl Donkler** residing at 4896 Maple Hollow Ln WV 26802



I accidentally blew vape smoke on a baby today and i do genuinely feel bad about it but all i can do now is just keep moving forwards



gouch online  
@bobblylanfan1996

my mom: why do you smell like beer?  
me: because i drank beer #stupidbitc

7:11 PM · 6/24/23 · 3 Views

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## FOR YOU, BUT NOT *FOREVER*

KEVIN FROST



When the government banned TikTok, they didn't just take away an app. They took my *purpose*. Overnight, my carefully curated world of dances, rants, and mildly relatable POVs vanished. No more heart emojis flooding my comment section, no more DMs asking for the "link to that sweater you're wearing." My audience? Gone. My career? Undefined? But I'm an influencer; I adapt. I realized if I couldn't influence on TikTok, I'd influence in real life. The people need me.

I started small. I went to a park and set up a picnic blanket to recreate my usual aesthetic "morning routine" content. The lighting was perfect, golden and soft, and I even brought an empty mason jar to pour my iced coffee into. I filmed myself reading *The Bell Jar*, a book I had no intention of finishing. (I've heard it's phenomenal, but I've only read pages 105-108.) Yet, no one stopped to admire me. No strangers complimented my effortless yet carefully planned outfit. A toddler threw a frisbee,

unprovoked. It hit my mason jar, sending my coffee splattering all over my thrifted quilt blanket. My first "IRL" comment, it seemed. "The algorithm is tougher out here," I whispered, adjusting the saturation on my camera.

My next move was to bring my dance content to the local mall. I picked a spot near the fountain and queued the sped-up Doja Cat track I'd used a million times before. I was halfway through the first take when I noticed security eyeing me. A group of teens walked by, a whole group, walking by in MadHappy hoodies and headphones. My old demographic—the kids who used to duet my videos and tag their friends. For a second, I thought maybe they'd stop and watch. They didn't. One muttered, "Cringe," just loud enough to pierce the music. They laughed as they walked away. I felt my chest tighten, but I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. Not yet. I restarted the song, pretending not to notice how my movements were getting sharper, more desperate.

The guard finally approached. “Hey, you can’t do that here,” he said, gesturing at my set-up, “this is private property”. I tried to explain, “It’s for my content,” like that meant anything. “I’m just—just trying to keep up. You know, with the ban...” My voice cracked, and I hated how small I sounded. I walked out to the parking lot, my ring light tucked under my arm. No one stopped me. No one cared. Back in my car, I stared at the footage on my phone. The lighting was bad, my moves were off, and I looked... tired. I put my head against the bedazzled steering wheel and cried, big, ugly sobs that echoed through the empty car. At this point, I figured I’d pivot to brand deals. My bathroom mirror used to be the perfect backdrop for unboxing videos, so I invited a few friends over to do it IRL. I tried handing them samples of the off-brand protein powder I used to shill online. “It’s vegan and gluten-free!”

I said, forcing a smile. They laughed, maybe thinking it was a joke? One asked if I’d ever considered getting a “real job.” A silent tear fell down my cheek as I told them I was *in between platforms*.

Without TikTok, I realized my entire life was content. Every moment was curated, every action framed for a nonexistent audience. Now, there was just me: a person holding a mason jar in a park, desperately trying to remember who I was before I became a vessel for the algorithm.

These days, I just sit on the couch and scroll Instagram, though it’s not the same. The silence is deafening, the likes too few. My last post? A grainy photo of a sunset captioned “we’ll be alright” with no hashtags. It got three likes. Two were bots. Maybe influencing was never meant to happen in the real world. Or maybe, just maybe, the world didn’t need me as much as I thought it did.



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# THE PAPER TOWEL BANDIT

DAVID GARVEY

Potter 118, 2022: The sky fell my first night at this institution, it cried in sheets of rain. My roommate turned in his sleep, as if he dreamt premonitions of the horrors we would rise to. My mattress was firm as slate and did little to comfort me. It was three in the morning and as I laid entranced counting the dots on the ceiling, I heard the whine of the bathroom door across the hall. This sound would follow me; this was the sound of death. When the sun eventually won its battle against the moon and the alarms of all who shared the floor sounded, we were unprepared for what would befall our senses. The silent migration to the bathroom was shattered by a guttural cough and wheeze. Fuck, we were lambs to the slaughter. A pile of shit and paper towels stuffed that poor toilet to the brim, puddles of putrid water scattered the tile floor. Who would do this, what perverted, twisted mind made the decisions that lead to this scene? These reactions and questions became ritual, as every Saturday night the Paper Towel Bandit would strike again. A drunken fool, the only rational explanation, I thought. So, I took it upon myself to be the personal private eye of Potter One. While others would go out and party, I stayed in and watched. I took notes, timestamps, frequencies, and names of all who entered that wretched washroom. And yet, I found nothing. There were no patterns, no leads, no guilty looks, but the strikes did not slow. For months I slept only in moments of inebriated solace. If I could not find the culprit, I would surely drink myself to death, but for now I settled with drinking myself to sleep. It drove me mad; my only respite was summer. Summer was rebirth, summer was months away from the case, and finally, a new residence hall. I would be free—or so I thought.

Caird 412, 2023: A softer mattress and clearer skies met me on the first night of my second year. All in the world was right. I could sleep, I could dream...all except for one whine coming from across the hall. And as the sun rose peacefully over the lake, I walked into the bathroom. Two steps in I felt water puddled at my feet. A sure sign of death. The stall around the corner had been ravaged. Like a calf from its mother, I was torn from months of peace and healing. Alas, my war was not over. The cycle continued. My life was now managed by two bosses: the Bandit, and the bottle. Every painful drag of oxygen I took was overcast by my never-ending toil for answers. They were dark months, very dark months without progress. Summer came again, though this time it was not rebirth, but agony. Stockholm. I fell madly in love with it: the notes, the nights awake, the red lines connecting pictures on my wall, the self-loathing. I needed answers and if I could not find them, I'd needed a way to move on. The idea of leaving such a mystery unsolved terrified me.

Medbury 310, 2024: My bed slate, my walls bare other than the notes, my sleep drunk, and my life ruined. I was hopeless and I needed to move on. The Bandit followed me again, for which I was grateful. The abrasive sight and horrid smell had become my only friend. As long as there was a crime, there was an answer waiting to be found. But still, no patterns, no leads, and no hope. My mental state worsened, my sleep became more erratic, and some nights I even awoke suddenly from my drunken stupor, alive in the bathroom. That same devil's whine that once was a lullaby had become my alarm clock. This carried on for months, until one night I came-to in the bathroom, and looked down to find a handful of paper towels. Despair.

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# GREEN PASTURE MASSACRE

ALEX DICKINSON



The three of us were running in a field. Our loose hair trailed behind us, long, flowing dresses of pure white stretched down to our bare feet. The grass was soft and cold between my toes. It was fiercely bright, a canary infused sunshine, sour like pickled limes, and green like the flesh of a kiwi or plump, freckled grapes. We ran and we ran but we never got tired because we were free—we were flying.

The field was bordered by tall, dark trees that cast emerald shadows. They made us shiver if we got too close, so we avoided them. From within the forest, we heard male voices and shots being fired. At first, we could not see them. But as the voices got louder and closer, the figures appeared—gnome-like, troll-like men, sporting orange caps, with beady black eyes that stared at us greedily through the barrels of their guns.

We ran. We sprouted hooves and svelte limbs. Again, we ran and ran and this time we were tired. We raced through stooped ferns and withered wheatgrass, until our joints ached and begged for a break, and our venison hearts pounded in vain. Still, the men lumbered beside us in the forest, leering at us, bellowing incoherent threats.

We ran until we came to a house with blue shutters perched on top of a hill. The sky behind that had once been a luminous cornflower blue was now a faded sheet. We thought that perhaps we had found salvation. An old woman sat on the front porch, rocking back and forth. She wore dark glasses with thin gold frames, obscuring her eyes behind their lenses. In her hands, she held an upside-down newspaper, giving the impression of reading. She smiled calmly at us, as if she had been waiting for our arrival. We did not need to exchange words to know we were welcome. We bathed in the grace of our benevolent host.

Our shallow breaths had finally slowed down when the men reappeared. They were angry now, sweat dripping from their temples. It seemed that the little game was over, except that they could not get to us yet because we were protected by her. They approached her and took off her glasses. She was still smiling when they sunk the sharp gold frames—slowly, so slowly—into the whites of her eyes, slicing through the sinew as easily as a knife pierces the gelatinous white of an egg. Still, she smiled, barely wincing. We all wept. We stared into each other's frantic doe eyes until the incessant stream of tears melted away our jet black lashes and we could no longer see.

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# TO ALL HWS STUDENTS GRADUATING AFTER JANUARY 20TH, 2025

LETTER FROM HWS

At Hobart and William Smith Colleges it is one of our core principles as an institution to prepare our graduates for their future careers as strong leaders in the workforce and valuable members in society. To support these beliefs, we will be introducing two mandatory goals to be completed prior to graduation, as well as a new faculty position to guide these changes. These goals will be designed to help HWS students develop the most valued qualities by employers in the future.

This will start with the removal of the Artistic Processes goal altogether. Instead of wasting a credit taking something as pointless as studio art or music, a year of Russian language lessons will be mandatory as the new Foreign Language goal. This will be an increasingly valuable skill, as data predicts that we are moving toward speaking Russian as our national language by 2028. With a head start in the game, we are looking to give HWS students a linguistic competitive edge.

Additionally, the current Cultural Differences goal has proven impractical and will be revised. If studying abroad, the Cultural Difference goal can be fulfilled by reflecting on all the ways in which our country is superior to those that students visit while overseas. This goal can also be satisfied with major-specific classes. For example, architecture majors can fulfill this requirement with ARCH 199, Introduction to Wall Building. Communications majors may complete the goal with a J term in Springfield, Ohio for strengthening their skills in spreading misinformation.

With a commitment to the future, the colleges have created a new faculty position to streamline development. This important new role will oversee the economics, Women's Studies, American Studies, Environmental Studies, and History departments. The Board has voted unanimously to appoint the ghost of John Henry Hobart to fill this position. He is surely the best fit to help this generation of students reach new horizons, and at 249 years young, the colleges are confident that he will continue to do so for some time. His first act in this role will be to make sure William Smith students no longer have control over what they do with their diploma. william smith will also be lower cased from this point on. Lastly, a new team of computer programmers will be hired to wipe both the words "liberal" and "arts" from all descriptions of our institution on the internet, as they no longer align with HWS values. Thank you for your support and we very much look forward to your positive feedback about these decisions, as they finalized for the next four years.

Best,

Hobart and william smith Colleges



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# A LETTER FROM HWSSI STUDENTS TO HWS STUDENTS

PARKER CONDON

Dearest Students,

My name is Sugar, and I attend the glorious Hobart and Woodland Smith Squirrel Institute. Little do you know, dear reader, HWSSI is located on the picturesque campus of YOUR Hobart and William Smith Colleges. It is of our understanding that the fraternity men are those of the highest value on campus, no doubt excelling with the highest grades and the most elite athletic abilities. We squirrels have taken years to burrow and forge a network of tunnels connecting to the homes of your most treasured boys.

We are grateful to the numerous brothers of Hobart Colleges for the abundant refuse that sustains us, and for their vast, albeit neglected, collection of literature gathering dust on your sticky, towering shelves. As an English major at HWSSI, I've ventured through many of the tomes that populate the extensive libraries of all campus fraternities. While these books, primarily written by outdated thinkers with stale ideas, fill the shelves, my professor contends that it's these very men who steer human society.

I can't quite grasp why it's always the boys who dominate your scene; I've observed the wild ways of frat boys, and it seems they're oblivious to anything beyond their immediate surroundings. But, I have to admit, they do bring the excitement when they party on a Friday night. Since they're inherently sloppy and often intoxicated, they leave behind plenty of leftovers for me!

But ladies, trust me, I'm a classy squirrel; I only hang out at KA and Delta. Sure, I indulge every now and then—a squirrel's gotta live a little, right? If you must know, yes, I partake in the sweet salvation offered by marijuana and I am known to occasionally enjoy my drinks to the point of blacking out. It's just my nature to be the life of the party. I mean, when your classroom is a frat house, what else would you expect?

I hail from Charleston, South Carolina, where even the squirrels sip whiskey. Trust me, the Squirrel South is a whole different world. I was a bit of a troublemaker back then—yeah, a real rebel squirrel. Somehow, I ended up here, and yes, I tried to transfer, thinking every part of New York was like the city. What the fuck is "upstate" anyway? I got stuck here, though my buddy blames it on the lake effect. I think I was just tricked into the liberal-art school ideology that tiny schools have "charm". As for the local squirrel community? They're as nutty as your human student body—go ahead, debate all you want about recruitment or financial aid, but this campus is a circus, and we squirrels fit right in.

I know it might sound like I'm not a fan of this place, but really, I'm just grappling with a cocktail of addictions—Celsius, coke, Adderall, shrooms, molly, nicotine, and good ol' Mary Jane. So, honestly, I'm just desperate for a hit of anything. Please, keep tossing those empty cans and leftover bits of bud in the trash; you students are the lifeline to my vices. Don't hesitate to hit me up with any questions about the squirrel community here—we owe you big time for keeping us fluffy, fat, and blissfully happy.

# GEN TRI PHI

KEVIN FROST



This semester, Hobart and William Smith Colleges unveiled its latest addition to Greek Life: Gen Tri Phi. With a mission to “cultivate a more refined campus culture,” the sorority has promised to bring a sense of modern sophistication to HWS. Its presence has already left an unmistakable mark on campus, with sweeping changes designed to align the school with what the sorority calls “elevated living.”

Saga is gone. In its place stands a Whole Foods Market, where meal swipes have been replaced with weight-based pricing. The days of unlimited chicken tenders are now a distant memory, replaced by \$18 salads and kombucha on tap. “We’re elevating dining to reflect modern values,” said a Gen Tri Phi representative. For other students, however, the adjustment is seen as less practical. “It’s pretty,” said one senior, “but I miss being full.” Campo is now the Department of Community Ambiance, its officers patrolling campus on electric scooters. Their new motto, *Security Through Harmony*, reflects a shift in focus, though the teak-paneled carts and linen uniforms seem to be the department’s main innovation. Several dorms, including Duffee Hall, have been revamped with exposed brick walls, Scandinavian furniture, and rainfall showers. With housing costs nearly doubling in these newly branded “residences,” students unable to afford the upgrades are exploring alternative housing, often farther from campus.

Campus events have also undergone transformation. Folk Fest has been replaced by a Seasonal Market, featuring beeswax candles and locally sourced honey, while Senior Week is now the Harvest Gala, complete with live harp music and eco-conscious charcuterie boards. “I just miss having fun,” said one junior. Not everyone welcomes the changes. A petition demanding more accessible dining and housing has garnered hundreds of signatures. Critics argue the sorority’s vision has created a campus divided by affordability. Still, Gen Tri Phi remains firm in its mission. “Progress takes time,” said a spokesperson. “We’re building something timeless.” For now, students adapt, navigating their new reality of tote bags and avocado toast, as the legacy of Gen Tri Phi takes shape.

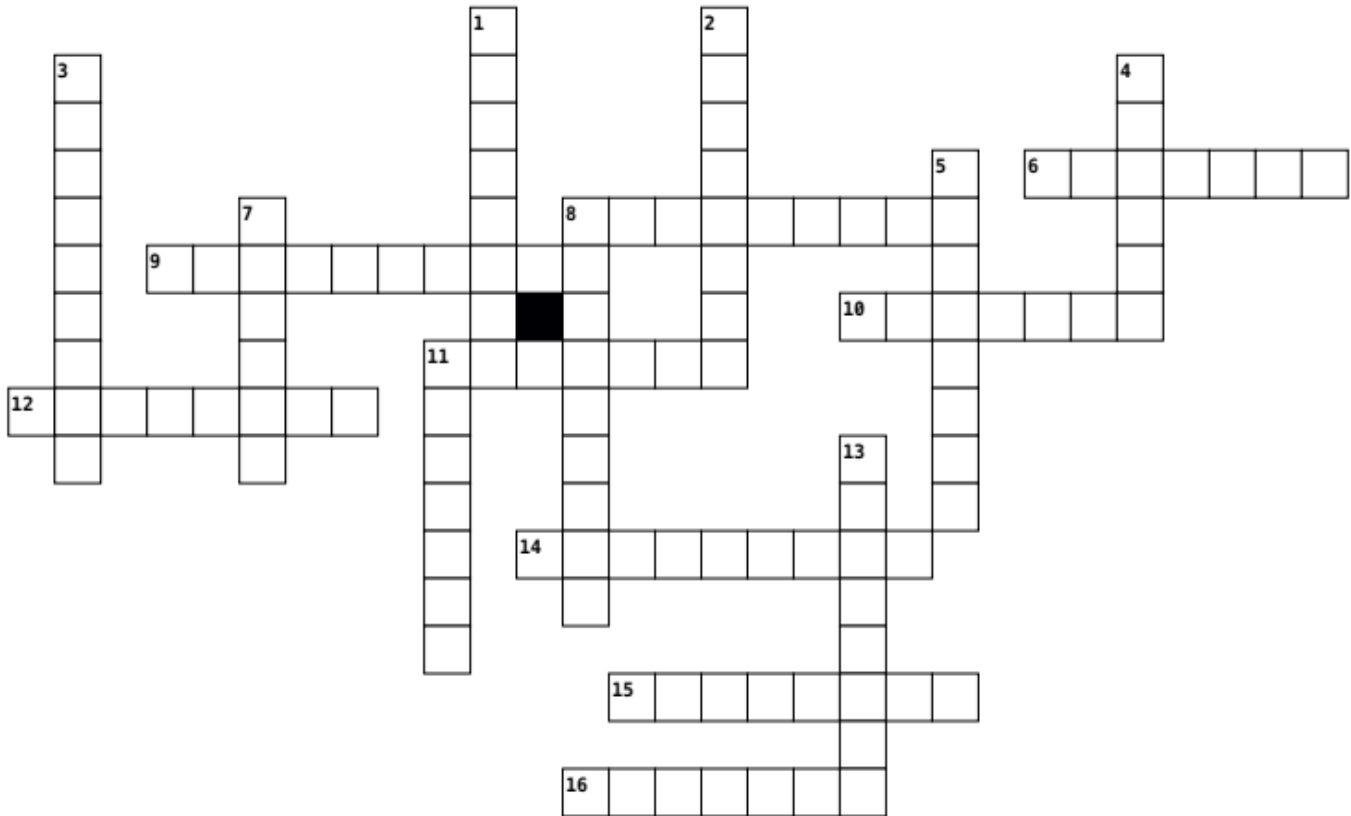


# CROSSWORD!

## A VERY MARTINI CROSSWORD PUZZLE

As you know, crosswords of the past have typically been wrong in some way or another. But that was last year, and we have since improved. That said, we feel confident that you will enjoy playing the first Martini crossword of 2025! There's no chance this shit is wrong.

As always, no cheating!



### ACROSS

6. CELEBRATED WITH THE SINGING OF "MA'OZ TZUR"
8. INVOLVES PLAYING WITH A DREIDEL
9. OBSERVANCE THAT INCLUDES THE PRAYER "HANERIROT HALALU"
10. RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION THAT SPANS EIGHT DAYS
11. COMMEMORATES THE MIRACLE OF OIL BURNING FOR A LONG TIME
12. JEWISH WINTER FESTIVAL INVOLVING CANDLES
14. INCLUDES A MENORAH
15. A TIME TO EXCHANGE GIFTS
16. OCCURS IN KISLEV OR TEVET, AS PER THE HEBREW CALENDAR

### DOWN

1. HOLIDAY FEATURING NIGHTLY BLESSINGS
2. A CELEBRATION OF LIGHT
3. TRADITIONAL FOODS LIKE LATKES ARE EATEN
4. CELEBRATION OF JEWISH HEROISM
5. A TIME WHEN JEWISH FAMILIES GATHER
7. INCLUDES BETTING WITH GELT
8. COMMEMORATE THE REDEDICATION OF THE SECOND TEMPLE
11. HOLIDAY SPELLED MULTIPLE WAYS
13. THE "JEWISH VERSION" OF CHRISTMAS

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 17

# BUDGET CUTS WON'T WIPE OUT HWS SURFING

ANDREW PAINTON



Many students would cite Seneca Lake as their favorite spot on campus. In fact, a recent survey by The Martini found that over 99% of HWS students have visited Seneca Lake at least one time. Despite the athletic teams, researchers, and sunbathers who enjoy our lake, none are more passionate than the HWS Surfing Club. 2025 marks the fifth year that the Surfing Club has attracted beach bums to our shores, yet it may also be the last.

“This club is one of the main reasons I chose HWS, and I think many other students in our club would agree,” says Peter “Paddle Pants” Jones, the president of HWS Surfing. “Every day - and I mean EVERY day after classes end we wax our boards and head down to the lake and we... well you know... we wait.”

The problem our surfing club suffers from is certainly not any fault of their own, but due to uncooperative weather conditions over the past five years, surfable waves are just hard to come by. Despite a palpable desire among members to “rip some sick tube,” their luck has been washed away. Student Government has made the difficult decision to reallocate funds from the HWS Surfing Club towards “any other club that wants the money, so long as they actually do something for once.”

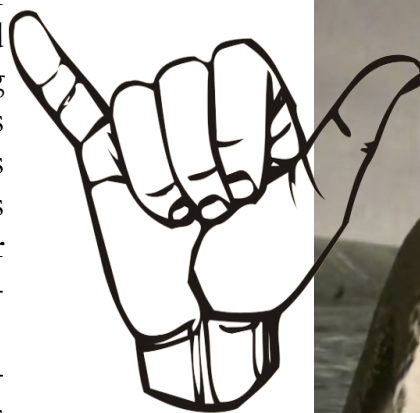
“It’s really unfair the way our club is being treated” argues Jones. “Every surfer knows

that the sea does what she wants. If she doesn’t want to give us any surf today that’s quite alright. We’re a patient bunch. We’ll come back tomorrow. Guess for now we’re stuck with some board waxing and wishful thinking. Flat days make the good days sweeter, right?”

The club, in proper surfing fashion, is said to continue without any money. Five years of their club budget has allegedly built up a healthy supply of unused surfing equipment, currently being held in storage. The optimistic attitude of all members of the HWS Surfing Club reminds us that sometimes the good things are worth waiting for.

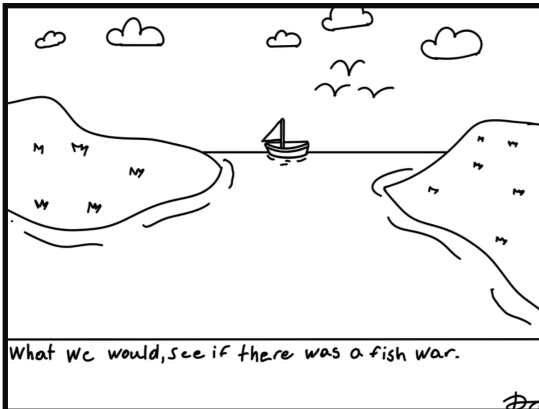
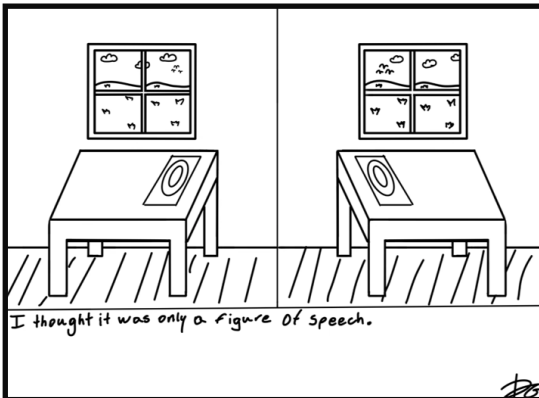
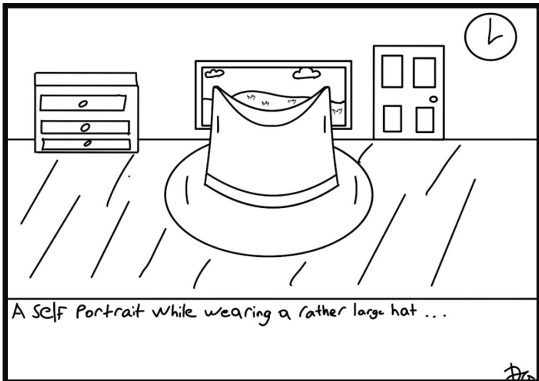
When asked if he has ever actually caught a wave on Seneca Lake, “Paddle Pants” Jones had no comment.

Hang loose HWS.



# COMIC RELIEF

DAVID GARVEY & KEVIN FROST



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## BROGAN'S GAME REVIEW: PREY (2017)

BROGAN DIESTCHE



I'm sure many of you spent your winter break pacing back and forth in your childhood bedroom for hours on end in sheer anticipation of reading another arduously long retrospective about a video game you've never played. Fear not! My unfiltered ramblings have once again snuck their way into another edition of this highly regarded, esteemed magazine.

Prey is the definition of a hidden gem. It's actually so well hidden that I forgot I owned it for the past four years. Developed by Arkane Studios and published by Bethesda Softworks, Prey is a unique take on the mind-

bending genre. The story unfolds aboard the Talos I, a neuromod research station orbiting the moon. Neuro-mods are pivotal to both the story and gameplay of Prey. Neuromods are brain implants that give humans instant access to new skills and traits, such as brute strength or the ability to play an instrument. Their only caveat is that once a neuromod is removed, the user's memory is wiped back to when they initially installed it. This detail plays a significant role, especially during the game's spectacular opening sequence, which I will refrain from spoiling on the off chance

one of you actually do play this game. Just know that it is cool as fuck. Once the game sets you loose on Talos I, you quickly learn that the station has been overrun with shadowy, amorphous aliens known as the Typhon. The Typhon come in various forms, from shape-shifting mimics to radioactive weavers, and were brought aboard the station to incorporate their unique abilities into Typhon-based neuromods. As you explore the space station's many divisions, you gradually learn more about the unethical experiments that are taking place, and the looming threat of the un-

and emails from researchers that document the station's downfall, such as a psychiatrist's session notes of a Typhon neuromod patient slowly losing their mind. This subtle storytelling method is one of my favorite aspects and is one of many similarities with the Bioshock series (if this edition gets 1 million likes Kevin said I can write an entire edition solely about Bioshock!!!). It is an absolute pleasure to explore Talos I, and even more so complimented by the variety of ways Prey lets the player approach gameplay. Right off the bat, you can choose to go find a way to self-destruct the Talos I, killing everyone on board to prevent the Typhon from ever making their way back to Earth, or you can just go find an escape pod for yourself. Oh, the locked door to the trauma bay? Yeah, you could go search for the keycard somewhere, or you can use the Gloo gun to build a make-shift stairwell to climb into the rafters and drop through the roof, or you can install neuromods to hack through the door's security, or you could use a mimic neuromod to turn into a cup and roll through the barred windows. The possibilities are truly endless and each presents its unique ethical dilemmas. Typhon neuromods offer incredibly strong offensive powers, but once installed, security robots recognize you as an alien threat and will attempt to kill you, too. Audio logs hint towards these neuromods slowly breaking down people's minds, so much so that even if uninstalled, a part of the Typhon never truly leaves.

That said, Prey isn't a perfect game. My main gripe is with the ending. So much had been set up throughout the course of the game on whether your character truly was themselves, or a twisted version corrupted by repeated Typhon neuromod testing, unable to differentiate between the two due to memory loss. I was upset not at the ending itself, but at the potential that was wasted. The developers went with the safest possible conclusion, which could have easily been fixed by giving the game another hour or two. That aside, Prey is definitely worth your time. Grab it next time it goes on sale, and I am sure you will not be disappointed.



# OH MY GOD MERCH IS OUT EVERYONE GO FUCKING BALLISTIC



**Lots of different color options, and there are even more items not shown here!!! Link is in our Instagram Bio!!**



**Prices set as low as possible. Kevin and Michael are NOT making money off this.**



# JANUARY HOROSCOPES

As the new year unfolds, let the stars guide you through the twists and turns of January. Here are your horoscopes, crafted to help you navigate the cosmic currents with insight and a touch of mystery.

**Taurus:** Look to reconnect with an old friend who surfaces with a bizarre proposal. It may sound ludicrous at first, but there's gold hidden in their wild ideas.

**Gemini:** Your words will have unusual power this month. Choose them with care, as they will echo longer and reach farther than you anticipate.

**Cancer:** Emotional clarity comes when you least expect it, washing over you like a wave. Embrace this tide of understanding—it's cleansing and revealing.

**Leo:** Creativity will be your compass, leading you to unexpected inspiration. Follow these sparks; they're pointing the way toward a new form of expression.

**Virgo:** This month focuses on refinement. It's time to fine-tune your routines, honing in on what truly works and discarding what doesn't serve your higher goals.

**Aquarius:** An unconventional

idea takes root. This month, Trust your inner voice; it's give it the space to grow—it clearer than you think and will might just redefine how you lead you to solid ground. approach your daily life.

**Libra:** Balance will be more challenging but more rewarding than usual. Achieving it requires an honest look at your priorities—some may need re-shuffling.

**Scorpio:** Keep one eye open as you sleep this month, Scorpio. I know a secret you've tried to bury deep, and it's itching to see the light. Consider this a friendly warning: sort it out before I do, or you might just find the shadows at your door have names.

**Sagittarius:** A philosophical breakthrough changes your outlook. This shift might be subtle, but its impact will color or every aspect of your life moving forward.

**Capricorn:** Happy Birthday! Dedication to a long-term goal pays off in an unexpected way. The rewards may not be what you envisioned, but they will be exactly what you need.

**Aquarius:** An unconventional idea takes root. This month, give it the space to grow—it might just redefine how you approach your daily life.

**Pisces:** Intuition is your guide through a fog of uncertainty.



## CROSSWORD ANSWERS

1. Hannukah
2. Channuka
3. Channukah
4. Xanuka
5. Hannukka
6. Hanukah
7. Hanuka
8. (A) channukka  
(D) chanukkah
9. channukkah
10. hannuka
11. (A) chanuqa  
(D) chanuka
12. hanukkah
13. chanukka
14. hannukkah
15. chanukah
16. hanukka

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# WHY TAYLOR SWIFT SHOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT

ANONYMOUS



Recently, popstar Taylor Swift has come out to endorse Vice President Kamala Harris in her 2024 presidential campaign, receiving as she often does, an incredible amount of media attention. This sort of public endorsement by celebrities is a powerful tool in drawing attention to various causes. Although I myself bear a general distaste and distrust in celebrities, this is something that I support. Despite the outrage by her commentary, I believe it is within everyone's right to express their beliefs, and that this right should not be diminished due to the size of a person's platform. Rather, such voices that can reach so many should feel an increased responsibility to use it appropriately. The audience of a major figure like Taylor Swift is massive, with 284 million followers on Instagram, the platform on which she endorsed the Harris campaign. As much as it is your right to disagree, it is well within her rights to express her own views. that said, it is my strongly held belief that Taylor Swift should never hold any sort of position in public office—ever. As a citizen of the US who turns 35 this year, it is not long before Swift will be eligible to run for her spot in the oval office. Although this stance may not be popular, I do not believe that Taylor Swift has the experience to properly run this country. Sure, she may be the face of a worldwide business, her name synonymous with success, her world is very different from that of politics and foreign affairs. She does not hold the knowledgeable that makes one capable to fill this role. As I bear a similar distaste for politicians as I do celebrities, the experience of someone who has held an office like Secretary of State, Senator, Attorney-General, or Vice President, is much better suited for the presidency than some celebrity that decides to run. Another thing to keep in mind is that despite what she wants you to think, someone like Taylor Swift does not represent the average person. It is impossible for famous billionaire with their name on buildings to represent the average American, as it is a life so far removed from their own. If the rich and powerful are trying to disguise themselves as a working-class heroes, they are not doing it with good intentions. Taylor swift cannot relate to a need for cheaper gas because she takes her private jet for twenty-minute flights, and can not see a need for affordable housing all the way from her mansion. If a billionaire celebrity were to take office, their primary interest would not be in favor of the small folk. At

putting herself above the law. If Taylor Swift were president, our our country's democracy would be at risk.

My biggest fear is of the "Swifties", her supporters who often seem like the mindless drones existing to carry out her will. No matter what she says, whether true or false, appropriate or appalling, they support Swift wholeheartedly. If a news outlet attacks her, it is a conspiracy against the star and all that she represents. Supporters treat her like a deity, and if she were running for office, there is no way she would receive criticism from her own supporters. She would receive no scrutiny, even those who disagree with her simply riding the tailcoats of her popularity rather than standing for their own beliefs. I disagree with her followers, but even moreso, feel deeply sorry for the die hard Swifties that genuinely think this way. Many of them are just Americans looking for something they can align themselves with, and it's easier to support someone who is telling them that their struggles are the fault of someone else. Whether it is an ex-boyfriend or invaders, Swift will look to antagonize any group in order to control Americans through channeling discontent and radicalizing her followers. While these Swifties are our neighbors, the idea that only Swift can protect their values is so engrained in their mind that they are hard to reason with. Taylor Swift could shoot a man in the middle of fifth avenue and she wouldn't lose a vote; that's what scares me most about the idea of her as America's president.



## MARTINI OF THE MONTH

Hello Students!

Back on campus and fuck, it's cold. Warm up and drink away the semester's icy blues with our 'It's Snowing So Hard and I Hate it Here' martini. Crafted with the richest, creamiest flavors, it's the perfect remedy for winter's chill.

### IT'S SNOWING SO HARD AND I HATE IT HERE



Ingredients:

- \* Vanilla Vodka: Choose your favorite brand of vanilla-flavored vodka to soften the liquor's strong taste.
- \* White Chocolate Liqueur: For that decadent "hot cocoa" flavor, we recommend Godiva's White Chocolate Liqueur.
- \* White Creme de Cacao: Adding another layer of white chocolate richness, this liqueur complements the first beautifully.
- \* Half and Half: Opt for full dairy for creaminess or canned coconut milk for a dairy-free version.
- \* Honey and Coarse Sanding Sugar: For the glass rim to add a sweet, crunchy finish.

Instructions:

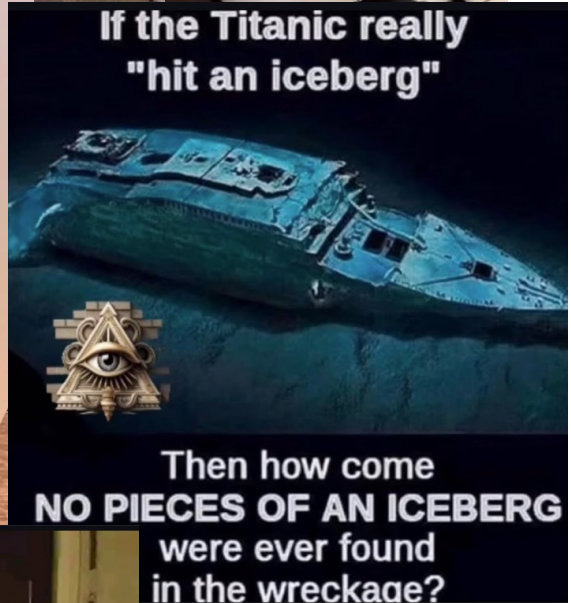
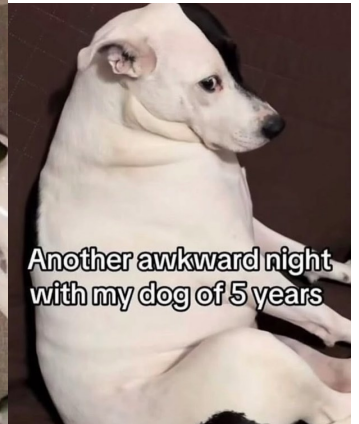
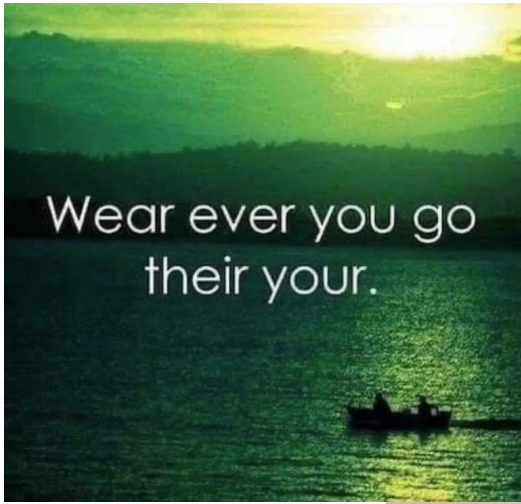
1. Pour honey into a shallow dish and sanding sugar into another. Dip the rim of your martini glass first in honey, then in the sugar to coat well.
2. In a cocktail shaker, combine a generous pour of vanilla vodka, white chocolate liqueur, white creme de cacao, and half and half. Shake vigorously until well-mixed and chilled.
3. Strain the mixture into your prepared martini glass.

\*moan\* Yummers!



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

Microsoft Publisher is Hard :(



SO WHAT WE GET DRUNK  
SO WHAT WE SMOKE WEED



WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO *THE MARTINI*?  
SEND US AN EMAIL AT [MARTINI@HWS.EDU](mailto:MARTINI@HWS.EDU)  
SUBMIT ON OUR JOTFORM, LINK IN INSTAGRAM BIO