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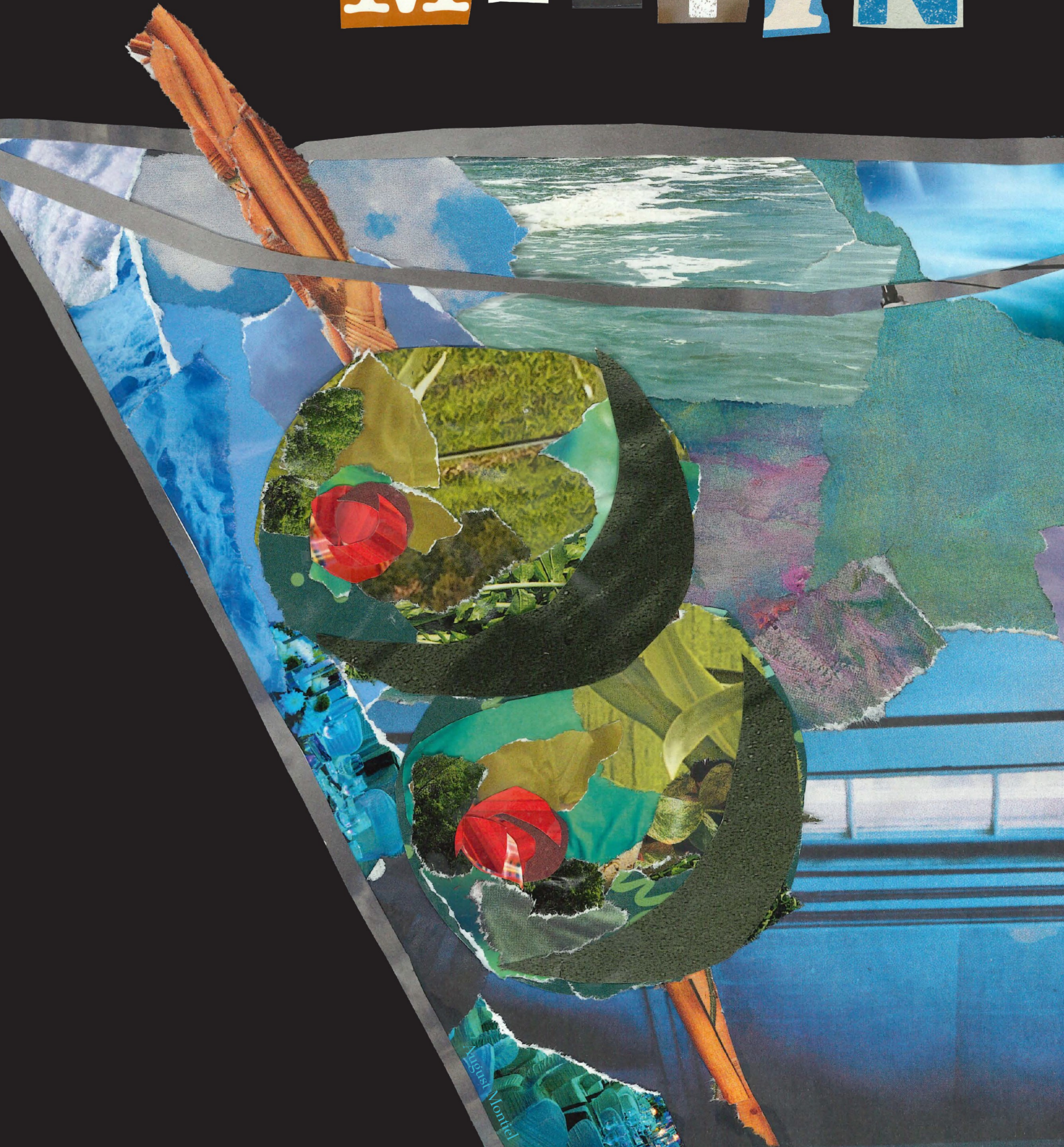
Issue II



THE MARTINI



tHe
MaRTiNi



August Vontel

Editors' Note

Dearest Readers,

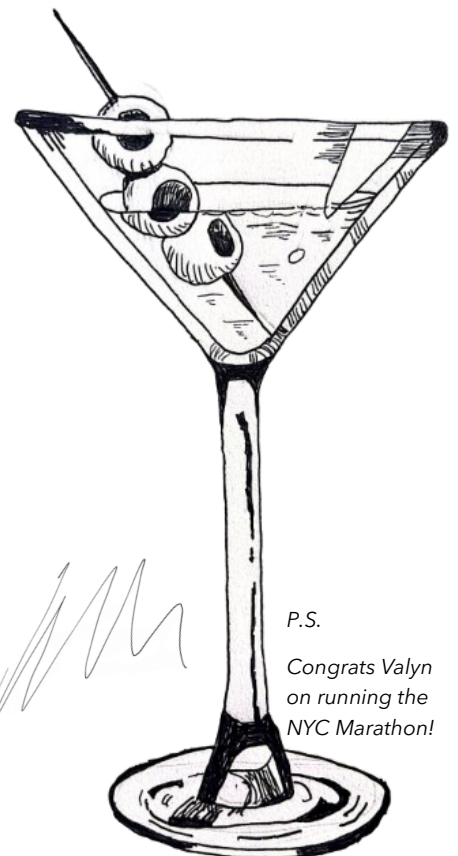
Despite the business that comes with midterms—and more so, Halloween—we're pumped to have pulled off yet another issue of your favorite magazine. October came and went in a flash, the end of the month especially blurry in our memories. Fall festivities brought our campus together, from homecoming all the way through last week's Halloween bender. Since having (half of) Sunday to reflect on the love and unity here at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, it's become ever more clear to us the vital role this magazine plays: dividing the student body.

This November, we say *screw giving thanks*, and instead, encourage you to *count your blessings* before our society officially crumbles. One honorable staff writer, now in witness protection, blows the whistle on a deep state operation led by our "own" President. Under the assumption that our readers are still on a high, we're bringing you back down to Earth (which is definitely flat, by the way). Consider this issue our way of soft-launching *The Martini's* shift from satire to conspiracy theories. That said, we were sure to soften the blow with the usual crossword and student sex confessions—oh, and a borderline smut fan fic about the hot new B&G guys.

Lastly, we'd like to shout out the newest members of the 'tini team. You guys may not be the future of journalism, but you sure are the future of this magazine. We leave you with this: At *The Martini*, it's not creativity or quality that matter. As long as this publication is up and running, we can continue embezzling BAC funds to pay for a Martini yacht, which we plan to whip around on the next boat day.


Love,
Your (exhausted, but rich) editors

Leah Henning & Valyn Mogensen
Co-Editors-in-Chief, *The Martini*



P.S.

Congrats Valyn
on running the
NYC Marathon!

An abstract painting of a face, rendered in a style reminiscent of Vincent van Gogh's 'Olympia' or similar expressionist works. The face is composed of thick, swirling brushstrokes in a rich palette of warm colors: deep reds, oranges, yellows, and browns, contrasted with cooler tones of blues and greys. The eyes are particularly striking, with one eye appearing more defined than the other. The overall effect is one of intense emotion and dynamic movement.

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HOROSCOPES

An abstract painting by Kira Rozenberg, featuring thick, expressive brushstrokes in a rich palette of reds, oranges, yellows, blues, and greens. The composition is dominated by large, swirling, organic shapes that create a sense of movement and depth. The background is a mix of dark and light tones, with the foreground elements appearing more vibrant and detailed.

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MARK GEARAN: DEEP STATE AGENT

ANONYMOUS



Mark Gearan is a deep state operative employed by the wealthy Elite to test our college-aged voter minds and the effects of subliminal messaging on our innocent little brains. He's in it with the lizards to confirm their ability to control our minds.

Dearest readers: you must *wake up*. That man is a wolf in *wolves' clothing*—look at those spiffy suits. ARE YOU ALL BLIND? Just read his emails; it's right under our noses, and we are mindlessly enabling him.

In his announcement of the *seventy-million-dollar* Melly family donation, he spells it out for us: "... the... m...o...on... l...and...i...n...g... W...a...S... st...a...ge...d... i... s...a...W... it..." Does he think we are fucking STUPID?

Do you think that little of us? Are we all just helpless little hamsters to you? Come on, MARK; I see right through you. All buddy-buddy with the Clintons, a part of their so-called "tolerant left".

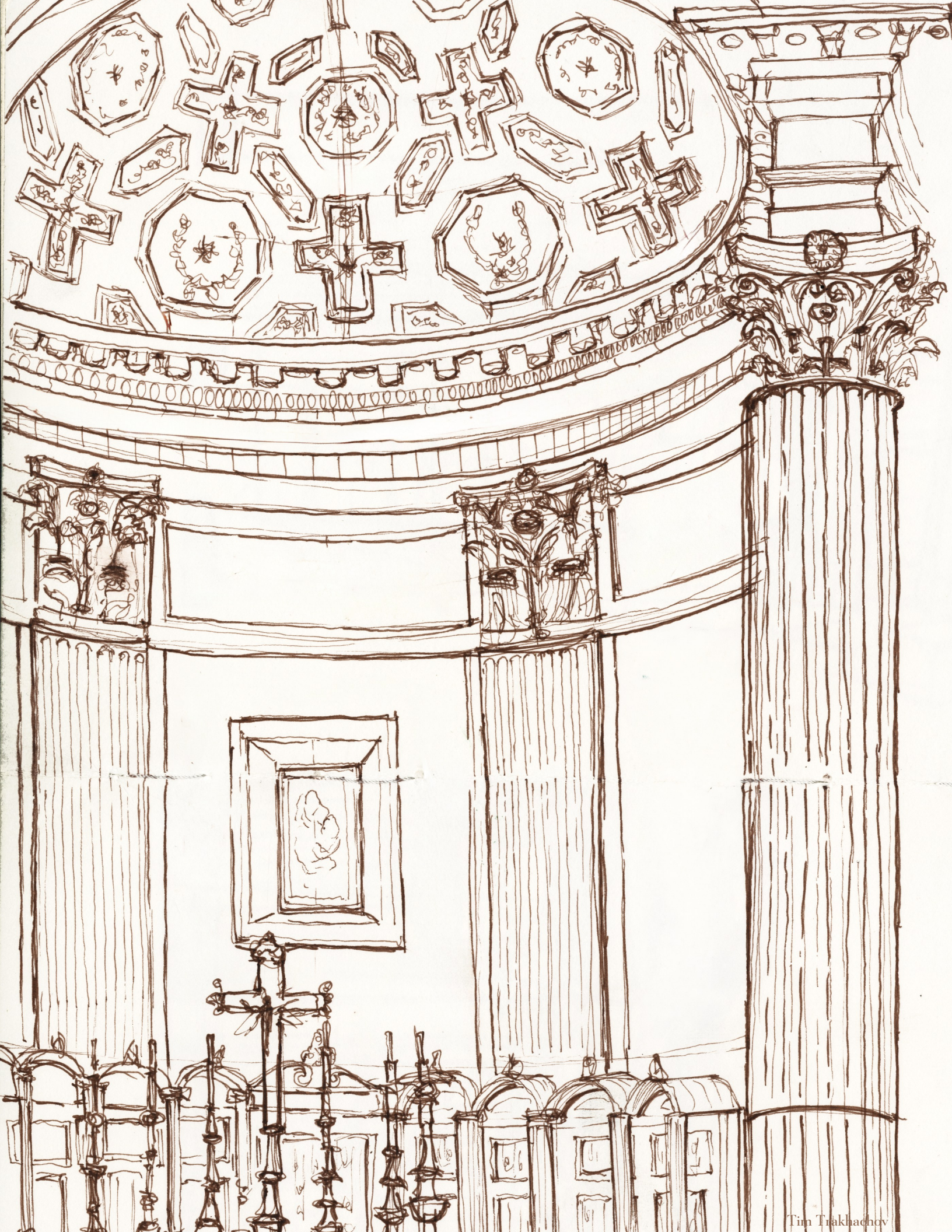
Students: I beg you to open your weary eyes. Who the hell works for the President and the Peace Corps, becomes the president of some unassuming liberal arts college, then leaves to go to Harvard, of all places? DO NOT get me started on Harvard and those Boston fuckers sneaking around, hiding the Ice Wall maps and outer continent documentation in their archives.

Ohhhhh, you want a reliable source? Watch the news, you snowflakes—and not that CNN liberal bullshit. Watch Fox like a true, red-white-and-blue-blooded AMERICAN. Enough

with enabling outlets that can't be bothered to deliver *logic over lies* to the people. People who, by the way, are done listening to the sissy, soy milk-drinking liberals ruining this nation.

These unemployed lefties contribute nothing to our society but delusion and complaints—but then expect steak and lobster for dinner. Oh, sorry, I forgot: they're probably boycotting steak because the cow farts are melting the icecaps or whatever. Let's all eat flowers and tree bark instead! I digress.

Anyway, as I was saying: while working at Goddamn Harvard, Gearan somehow gets a building here named after him, then returns to Hobart and William Smith Colleges as president. It just doesn't add up. He's tricking us, and we're letting him get away with it. You think Fish is a real person's last name? WRONG. It stands for Federal Institute for Subliminal Hormones. You know how they get these hormones into our bodies? Through the water Michelle Obama so desperately wants us to chug—under the guise of a friendly reminder to "stay hydrated". All the while, the only thing we're *staying* is *asleep*. This institution markets the "Lake Effect" to hide the deep state agenda in plain sight, drawing students to the lake like moths to a flame, distracting us from the dangers they subject us to with something beautiful and blatantly obvious. Do you still feel comfortable on this campus now knowing that the Fish Center is a secret deep state headquarters for major mind-control experiments? At this rate, Saga will have seed oils on tap next semester. When we stand up to Mark Gearan, only then can we dismantle the deep state.



KNIGHT IN NAVY ARMOR

ANONYMOUS

Sorry if this is sexual harassment.

Summer had come and gone even faster than usual, but it wasn't a summer worth trying to hold onto, anyway. I swerved into the Gearan Center parking lot and claimed the spot of yet another innocent professor. I sensed the movement of Sig brothers descending their back lawn ahead of me, but I couldn't be bothered to lift my head. *Here I go, another year of college without one decent relationship*, I thought to myself. To be fair, it wasn't solely the selection of men at this school—every lonely day that passed left me more and more convinced that I was the root of my own problem. I sighed and nudged the car door shut with my hip. Avoiding the noise pollution of the Sig brothers (who I was now walking behind) and the humid, early September air, I quickened my pace. I watched them turn left toward the quad, as I continued straight.

I tried to take in the view through the opening in the brick wall. A smile spread across my face when I saw the greenery. *The campus grounds are looking more beautiful than ever*, I noted. I could've sworn that the flowers were fuller, the trees were taller, and the colors more charismatic. *I wonder what's changed?* I didn't spend too much time on the thought, choosing instead to enjoy it before another upstate winter wipes it all away again. A gust of wind blew in from the east, rippling through my thin white linen pants and silk camisole. *I wasn't smart enough to wear my hair up, but at least I wore a good outfit for such a hot day*. Keeping my brisk tempo, but

savoring the last solitary moments of my walk to class, I closed my eyes and took a few deep breaths as I passed between Gearan and that one building I've never entered. "Oh my—," I stopped short, dropping my bag and opening my eyes. I had walked directly into the sprinkler. Even though it had only been one second, I was already completely soaked. I studied the damage. My pants, once loose white linen, were now a translucent film clinging to my thighs. The saturated silk of my camisole melted into my skin. As the realization set in that every contour, every freckle, every goosebump of mine was on full display, a presence swooped in behind me. Confusion replaced concern as a big canvas jacket landed around my shoulders. I felt a hand on my lower back and let it guide me down into the basement of the building I'd never entered. Once in the safety of shelter, I paused to catch my breath. My shoes squeaked as I did a full one-eighty and found myself standing face-to-chest with an unfamiliar set of broad shoulders. I watched the chest expand and contract before me and took a sharp breath of my own. I sucked in the sweet pheromone-filled air. My gaze shifted upwards, searching for the face that belonged to the navy-clad body before me. "Are you alright?" A low voice asked me. I looked up into his eyes and parted my trembling lips to answer, but I seemed to have lost my vocabulary in the abyss of his gaze. The hairs on my arms stood and I took a sharp breath, feeling my nipples harden beneath the thin camisole that once hid them.



TO BE CONTINUED...

I JUST WANT TO CHECK MY EMAIL

DAVID GARVEY

"Have you tried Copilot?" Fuck you. I just want to look at my email, but no, there's a new AI tool that thinks it's being helpful by "Signing you out," which is the exact opposite of what I want to happen. I do not understand how it reached that conclusion. Ok, ok, I'm finally out of the loop. Now I'm signing in... "Have you tried Copilot?" I'm going to throw my computer off a bridge. I hate AI.

We used to be cool. We used to do sick shit. Can AI recreate Tony Hawk's 720, or do a backflip in a monster truck, or tightrope walk over Niagara Falls? No. So why should I want it to manage my files? They are my files, and I want to edit them and move them as I please. "Welcome to Copilot," my ass. AI was funny when I'd get weird videos on Reels at three in the morning. Goddammit, I watched AI-generated ads while watching the Yankees vs. Red Socks game—that's dystopian as hell. Is AI cool? Hell yeah, but I don't need it to watch baseball or check my email. I swear, in my mind, I'm burning a datacenter down, but I won't, because then I'd go to jail, and that place sucks.

Even while writing this, I still can't open my email—but I was able to get to Word somehow? So I can be directed to Word when trying to open my email, but not be directed to my fucking email? Mark my words: two more weeks of this, and I'll be making up conspiracy theories about Palantir trying to stop free communication by making it really inconvenient to access our inboxes. I basically believe this already, but I promise that soon, I'll be shouting

about it from a soapbox on the quad.

We are at the point where AI actors are being sold to us. We're told that it's the next step in film; it's the last. I promise you, reader, if I ever go to the movies and see that AI slop on the screen, I'm going to the woods, lying down, and waiting for the birds to slowly peck away at my flesh. Of course, I'd probably have to pay a subscription fee just to get there.

We used to be cool. I still can't open my email. It's just all too much, and you know what? *We used to do sick shit.* I'm also to blame. This morning, the first thing I did was get a few scrolls in on Reels. *Can AI recreate Tony Hawk's 720, or do a backflip in a monster truck, or tightrope walk over Niagara Falls? No.* *Mmm, brainrot for breakfast.* Not to mention, I blow dick at spelling, and now spellcheck uses AI, *So why should I want it to manage my files?"* which I've been using the entire time I've been writing this. What was wrong with the old spellcheck? Give me back the old spellcheck! We are growing lazier every single day. We have so much *stuff*, and it's slowing us down. We are just floating around in the big ole' pool of excess. *I hate it, I hate it, I hate it.* And no, I don't want to go back to a simpler time; it sucked back then, too.

Maybe we should just call it. Maybe this is as far as the human experiment was meant to go. It's probably unethical to even keep going at this point. If I could just get into my fucking email, I would feel much better about everything. I don't want to use Copilot. But who knows, maybe one day it'll grow on me. I'll buy a Neuralink and a sign up for a ChatGPT subscription on that day—before downing a fat tub of sleeping pills and resting for a while.

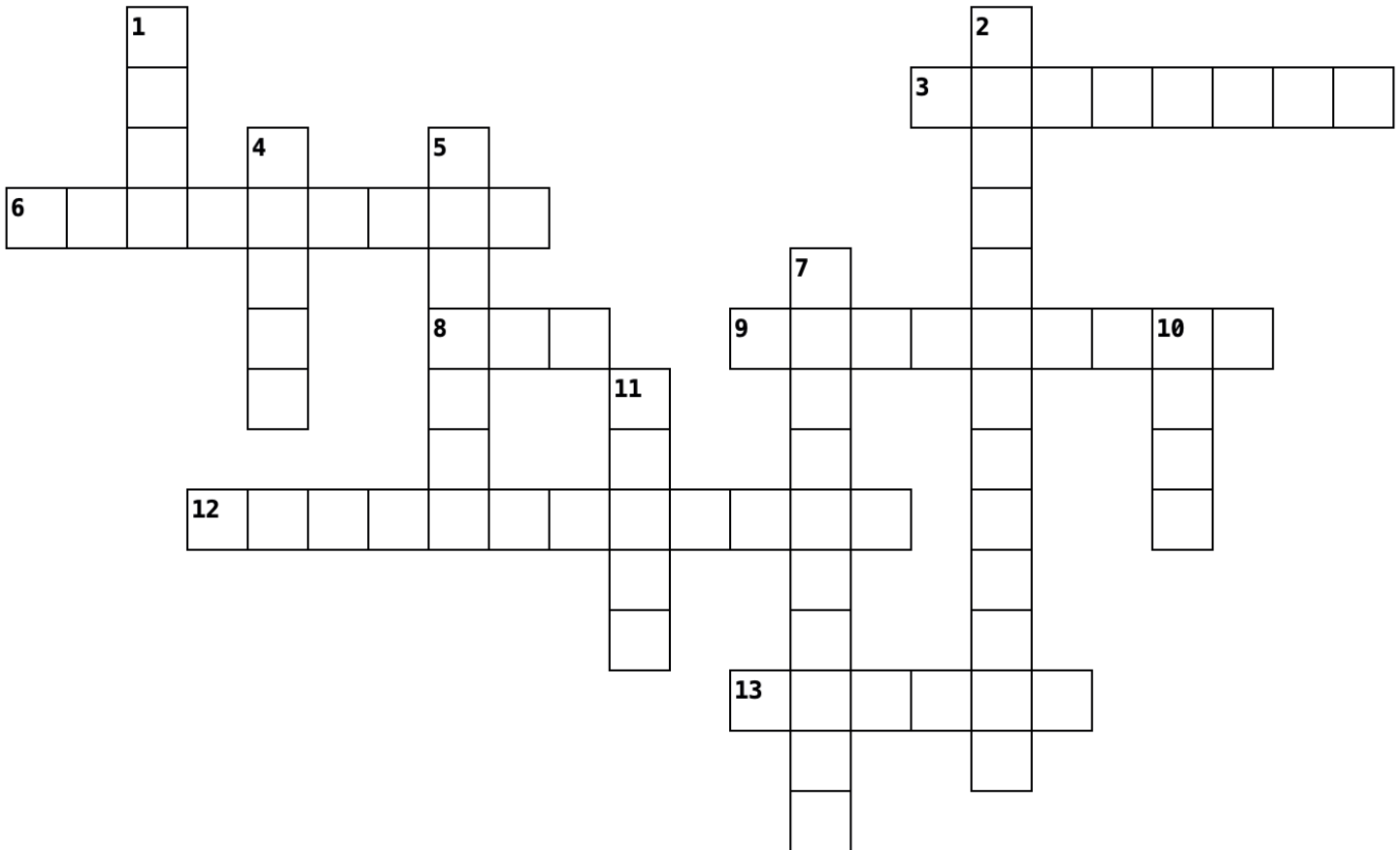
Holy shit, let me into my email.





CROSSWORD!

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet consectetur adipiscing elit. Quisque faucibus ex sapien vitae pellentesque sem placerat. In id cursus mi pretium tellus dui id convallis. Tempus leo eu aenean sed diam urna tempor. Pulvinar



Down

1. "I love my girl, but she loves magic more!"
2. That post-Saturday-night-out feeling
4. Lumpy, cold, and ruins your appetite on Thanksgiving
5. Changes quicker than YikYak's opinion of fraternities
7. Worst Thanksgiving morning family tradition
10. Fails you when you need it most
11. The Bills make me wanna

Across

3. This Wednesday night tradition is dead, but never forgotten
6. The worst parked cars usually have this plate
8. Number of joints I smoked before making this crossword
9. Furriest TV-event of Thanksgiving
12. Only undefeated fall sport on campus
13. This Canvas notification makes you jump

(answers on page 18)

MARTINI OF THE MONTH:

THANKS-GIVEN MARTINI



Ingredients

.5 oz Cointreau

1 oz vodka

.5 oz fresh lemon juice

1 tbsp cranberry sauce

Top with sparkling wine

Happy November, you drunk fools! With Jack Frost getting ready to nip at your nose (that little freak), you're gonna need something to keep you warm and get you through the last assignments before you go home and fight with your family. Sure, your mom may still have some trauma from her mother, and your dad might never feel like a "real man", but at least you can sip on this cranberry cocktail while you think about how you'll be different from your parents. Make that trip to Pedulla's and get pouring, because we've got a feeling this is going to be a rough one. Good luck.

THE STICKS IS A BONFIRE

PATRICK MCGINN-HAMMER

Now that Halloween has come and drunkenly passed—like wow, didn't that feel like a long wait just to go out in a \$25 polyester costume and be the same person—autumn is in full swing. Let me repeat: *Autumn*, not Christmas. I do not want to hear any sleigh bells jing-a-ling-a-linging, and please, no damn “All I Want for Christmas” until *at least* December 1st. *Bah! Humbug!*

Coinciding with the collective New England instinct to settle into hibernation this time of year, I've watched the leaves crisp, the sun clock out earlier, and AI technology grow only more advanced (like...what will college even be like for these first years? And when will our professors finally admit they know that most of the work they've gotten from us this semester is written by an LLM?). So, it's safe to say I've found myself more and more on my *naturalist* shit. Like: let me be born again on a sheep farm in southern New Zealand; like: reincarnate me in an isolated village where a statue is more powerful than Wi-Fi; like: run away with me in a van.

Amidst my first-world angst, Mother Mother has be-

come something of a manifesto for my sympathies with Thoreau, Jack London, and the like. Their style and sensibilities are unlike anything I've experienced in rock before. The band's three vocalists weave in a way that reminds me of the tri-guitar interplay of Radiohead, but their affection for traditional North American forms and folktales also feels strikingly Beatles-adjacent. In recompense, all these rock bands do share one essential trait: every album is a newly complex and intentional evolution.

The ethos of their senior album, *The Sticks*, is something so precise and nuanced. It draws on pop-rock ideas while incorporating grooves from folk, gospel, EDM, metal, and punk—all of which are woven together with clear intention, complimented with the supple use of an extravagance akin to that of a Broadway musical. The lyrics are honest and unpretentious, hiding nothing. The production is as vast as the forest and metropolis imagery it conjures, sometimes thunderous, sometimes sweltering.

Love and Christianity are both major themes here: Love is never treated as un-

“...one that leaves listeners to interpret whether they've been pulled closer to salvation, or tugged further away—or if salvation might only exist in the wild.”

complicated, but represented by metaphors rich with injury and pain. Christianity, as well, is neither dismissed nor mocked, but thoughtfully engaged. For example, through the description of a reverend as a businessman and couplets like, “I found Jesus//what a liar”. This is a concept album with a modern spiritual narrative surrounding nature and escapism; one that leaves listeners to interpret whether they've been pulled closer to salvation, or tugged further away—or if salvation might only exist in the wild.

So, as the leaves fall and my seasonal depression rises within me like some sort of zombie, I'll be curled up in my luddite fantasy, warming my hands at the bonfire of Mother Mother, throwing all of my troubles onto their *Burning Pile*.

#thesticksisabonfire







DIRTY MARTINI

CONFESSIONS



Leah Henning

Valyn Mogensen

“When I pulled out of her *** there was **** on my **** and I stuck it in her mouth.”
Male, 21

“When I was thirteen, I jerked off to a drawing of boobs.”
Male, 20

“I broke up with my long-distance boyfriend for a frat guy who now won’t even talk to me.”
Female, 19

“My ex used to crush my Adderall and snort it because it helps get it up after going out.”
Female, 20

“I decided to be abstinent after the first guy I fucked this year.”
Female, 21

“I just walked past a tour group smoking a spliff.”
Male, 19

“I lasted one month in Alcoholics Anonymous.”
Female, 21

“I was making breakfast for my girlfriend and her 71 year-old dad walked into the kitchen with his 20 year-old boyfriend wearing nothing but bathrobes.”
Male, 19



COMIC RELIEF

WINTER ARC (ONE DAY OR ONE DAY)

MEREDITH COLLEN & LILY LIFLANDER



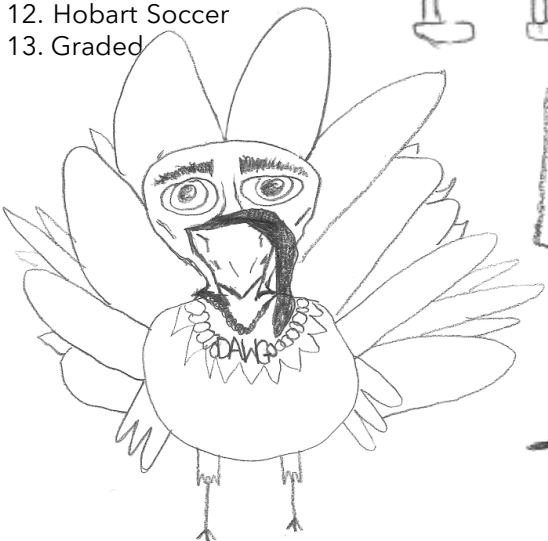
ANSWERS

Down

1. DFCW
2. Sunday Scaries
4. Jello
5. Weather
7. Turkey Trot
10. Wifi
11. Shout

Across

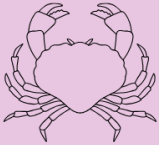
3. Mug Night
6. New Jersey
8. Two
9. Puppy Bowl
12. Hobart Soccer
13. Graded



ALMOST TURKYE
DAY.. OR BLACK FRYDAY!
TO the Divas WHO Celebrate

November Horoscopes

Aries: Trust your instincts! Be accepting of transformations in finances—maybe it's best to stop going for Grey Goose and pick up some Mr. Boston's.



Gemini: MERCURY IS IN RETROGRADE! Make sure to think before you act.

Pisces: Be honest with yourself and commit to your inner truth. This is a powerful month for healing and bowling.



Libra: Make sure to stop by the Waterloo Outlets. This month should intensify your need for material security.



Sagittarius: This month is a fresh cycle of growth and adventure. You may find you have a fascination with tap dancing.

Capricorn: LOCK IN. Use this month to plan carefully and act with purpose.

Aquarius: It's time to discover yourself. Go for a walk by the lake and call your mom.

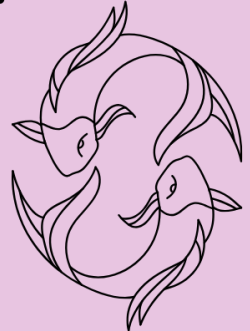
Taurus: It's time for some personal growth—reassess your values and release what no longer sparks joy.

Cancer: Let's be introspective this month. Focus on long-term healing and take an everything shower.

Virgo: Take some time for yourself! Your intuition is correct.

Leo: The Scorpio Sun should be energizing your private life...you may feel called to reconnect with family, friends, and old hookups.

Scorpio: It's time for a reset. Embrace change and join the fishing club.



Typos?

Wierd
formatting?

Shove
it
up
your
ASS
<3



Kira Rozenberg

It's literally the Monday after Halloweekend. What did you idiots expect?