

October 3 2025

Volume XXVII

Issue I

THE MARTINI



Ali Mozaffar



KICKASS



Editors' Note

Welcome back HWS,

We have an apology to make to each and every one of you. September was filled with hopes and dreams, but also with disappointment as the days continued to pass with no Martini issue in sight. The barriers to print that our editors were faced with throughout the month of September were unprecedented. The Budget Allocation Committee (we love you, keep giving us money) posed some challenges but so did the state of the world.

Our dedication to the people has thankfully kept us going and we could not be more thrilled to shove this new edition into your grimy little hands and open your world.

If you're a new reader, it's probably because one of us forced a copy upon you in Scandling. If this sounds like a position you were recently in, know that it wasn't just luck, but divine intervention. The magazine you hold in your hands will open your eyes, bend you over, and expand your mind. Your life just changed for the better.

P.S. We recently learned how to add fun borders to our pages so keep your eyes peeled for those!

Cheers,

Leah Henning & Valyn Mogensen





IN THE ISSUE

PAGE 8—

LIAM'S BEST HOLE

PAGE 12—

CHICKEN PATTY DAY

PAGE 13—

BURN THE MARTINI

PAGE 15—

CROSSWORD!

PAGE 16—

JOE DEVITO'S DEBUT ALBUM

PAGE 18—

HOROSCOPES &

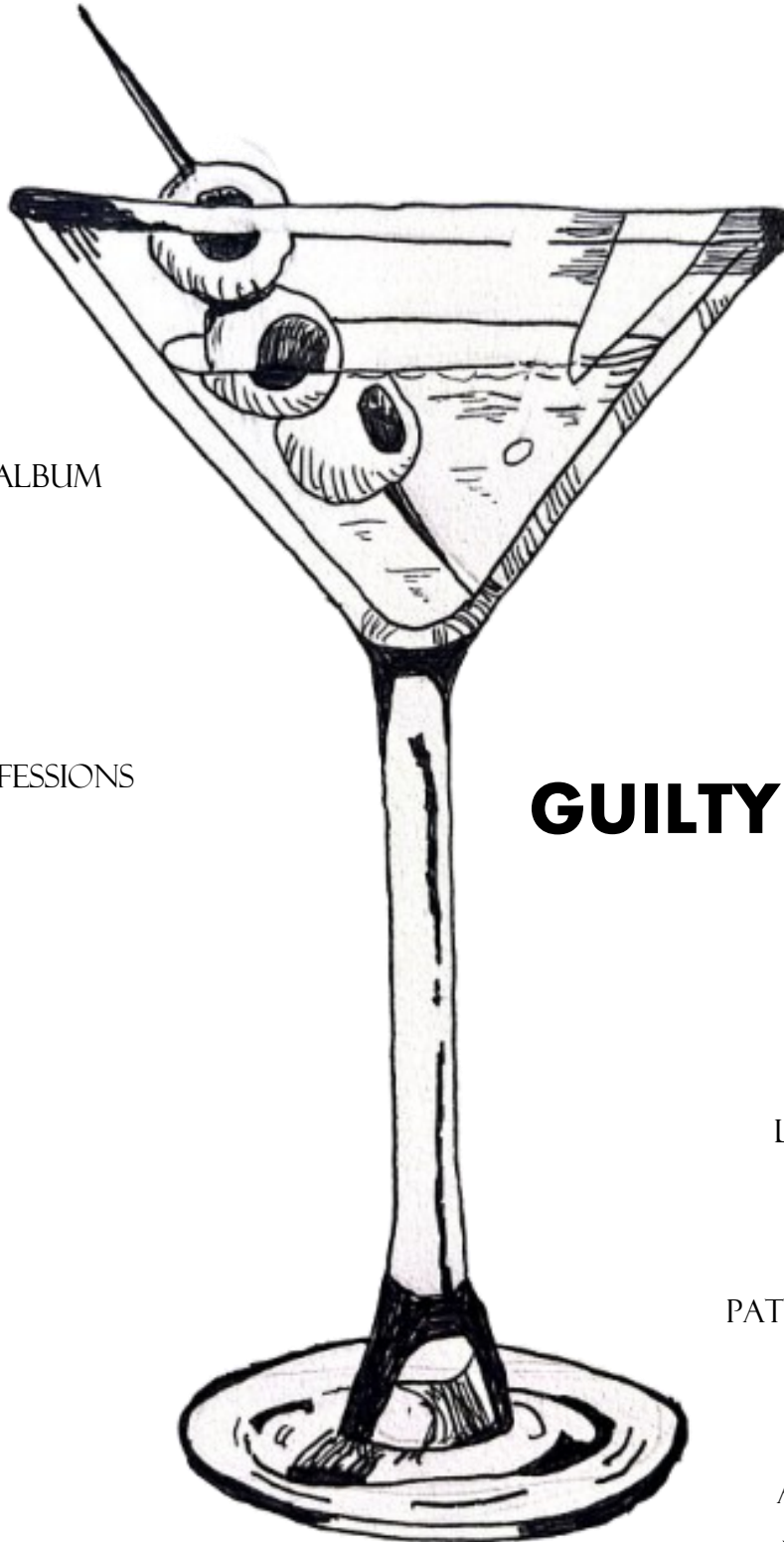
CROSSWORD KEY

PAGE 19—

DIRTY MARTINI CONFESSIONS

PAGE 20—

SNUS SOMMELIER



GUILTY PARTIES

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

LEAH HENNING

VALYN MOGENSEN

WRITERS

LIAM YOKANOVICH

LAURA THERIEN

WIL OZANNE

PAT MCGINN-HAMMER

ARTISTS

ALI MUZAFFAR

ANGELINA JORDAN

TIM TRAKHACHOV

BEN BRODNEY

KIRA ROZENBERG



MY BEST HOLE (OF GOLF)

LIAM YOKANOVICH



I am a golfer in every sense of the word, meaning that at the time of writing this, I've played four full eighteen-hole rounds of golf with some local range and par three practice before that. I tied myself the first two times I played, shooting a blistering 161 each time. On the second trip, my buddies and I decided to play best ball to make the experience less painful for all involved. However, it was during my second time playing that I hit what I'd consider my best shot to date. Here's how I prepared:

My friend Austin's West Virginian cottage served as our quarters for the night before our big day at the community golf course. The area this cottage was in goes by the title of "The Woods" (I have a straw hat with the name on it to prove it,) as you can imagine, its name comes from the terrain on which it stands: a terrain only navigated by

the "Bitches Mobile," Austin's spacious minivan.

The preparation for our big day on the green was extensive, involving swimming, cannonballs, reckless splashing, BB guns in the driveway, and my favorite meal: sandwiches and mac and cheese with a single slice of pepperjack cheese. (This recipe will be reviewed by our lactose-intolerant editor-in-chief in the October issue.)

When we arrived at the course and began playing, the expectations I had for myself were quickly met: many attempts at hitting a ball while other golfing sigmas drove golf carts in the scenic background. I was playing like dog shit scraped on the sidewalk of a suburban neighborhood. But that all came to a screeching halt at hole eleven. Imagine this: A par three, around 115 yards, over water (distance is exaggerated for dramatic effect).

The green up ahead was considerably lower in elevation than the tees. Each tee box, starting from the reds and going back to the blacks, would increase in elevation, and I believe there were three total tiers that you could walk to using the built-in steps. I've always played from the whites, so I teed up around the middle level. I'm not sure how far I hit each of my clubs (because (a) I don't check, and (b) they are far from consistent), so I just pick whatever feels right given the distance.

For this hole, I think I picked my trusty nine iron, a club that once belonged to my grandfather. I have since upgraded to a goodwill set, which I purchased for about fifty big ones. At this point, it was just me and the ball. I raised the club and brought it down for my swing. Perfect contact. I launched that little fucker straight up, and it came straight down, landing a few feet behind the hole, creating a nice little divot. But that's not all. I managed to give this ball backspin, which is something I don't think I'll ever achieve again. I watched as it started to roll back toward the hole—It looked like it was going to go in, but it stopped just a foot short (disappointing but still super hype). My other friend, Lex, told an old (drunk?) guy behind us what had just happened. It was pretty obvious that he didn't really care, but he still told me “good job,” the validation I had been searching for. When we had first gotten to the hole, Austin reminisced on how one of his family members previously had an impressive hit on this very hole many years ago. Although Austin shot 158, I think, on this round (beating me by three), I was still able to uphold his family legacy of hitting a brilliant shot on what was maybe hole eleven, most likely because he probably hit his ball into the water—but who's checking? We walked down to the green, and I tapped that sucker in for birdie. This was my first and is still my only birdie today. I don't think I have ever even shot par on any other hole. That's how goated this was. We finished out the round as usual and then drove

home to gather our belongings. The only other important note from this story is that on the way home, we stopped at Sheetz and got wacky sandwiches! I got something stupid with like, jalapeno poppers on it or something because they let you just dump anything you want onto the sandwiches when you order them on the iPads.



**MEET THE GUYS OCT 4:
URICK STADIUM 11-2
FROELICH HALL 3-4**



TEAM SEN



**RETURNING TO THE LAKE WITH
4 HOBART ALUMNI, 3000 MILES ACROSS**



MECA NAVY



*HERE THEIR JOURNEY BEGAN
S THE ATLANTIC, \$500,000 FOR CHARITY*

AN ODE TO CHICKEN PATTY DAYS

LAURA THERIEN

At the end of last semester, I was made aware of a tragedy. Seven days a week, ten hours a day, for the entirety of the Spring 2025 semester, Saga had chicken patties. It has taken me all summer to get my thoughts pulled apart and pieced together on this matter, and so, fellow Statesmen and Herons, here they are:

I've had my fair share of trials and tribulations with the Great Dining Hall of Saga. Sophomore year, I lost countless hours to the Embodied Living house's basement bathrooms. No, not from food poisoning (though that happened too) but from everyday sagache. I fear I am not alone in this troubling Saga aftereffect. One Yik Yak user says, "Tell me what I did to Saga to deserve the pain ripping through my asshole rn." Another states, "Saga food got my butthole speaking parseltongue." As a result, I spent most of last year writing Saga off. I paid too much money buying groceries at Wegmans, I ruined relationships with my dirty dishes, and I ate caf bowls like nobody's business. But freshman year, freshman year, we lived like kings. High on the unlimited power of the mandatory Finger Lakes Meal Plan, we swiped just for swipes' sake. We hit breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We sat at the same three tables and ate the same three meals.

Don't even get me started on *the Saga sit*. It was a cultural and social experience. It wasn't always good, but it was home. And just like when your mom makes your favorite home-cooked meal, Saga had Chicken Patty Days.

Let me set the scene. It's November

2022. It's raining. It's Thursday morning. You might be hungover. Either way, you're a little sad. There's a howling wind tunneling through campus. You're walking out of class, and as you follow the masses towards Saga, you pull out your phone in an attempt to appear less like a loser with no friends. You open Yik Yak, and the first post you see is all you need: "It's chicken patty day." A light turns on inside your soul. You call your mom and tell her you love her. You open your group chat, three texts come in at the same time, and everyone's buzzing. One Hobart student remembers chicken patty days as the thing that stopped him from transferring: "I was just having the worst week. I had the forms filled out and everything. And then, oh god, those chicken patties. I couldn't leave." Sodexo, you've ruined many things. But I draw my line at a permanent chicken patty station. I'm disgusted at the thought of chicken patties every day. The juiciness of the meat, the flatness of the patty, and the sponginess of the bun. It's all gone. Too much of a good thing. Ruined.

To the classes of 2028 and 2029, I am so sorry. The excitement of chicken patty day was unmatched; I've never quite been able to reach that high again. Alas, my friends, maybe

this article was for nothing—I have just received some good news. The status regarding permanent chicken patties has yet to be established this for semester. However, a credible source has let me know that no chicken patties were present at lunch today.



SCANDALS, SPARKS, & THE DEATH OF SATIRE: BURN THE MARTINI

ANONYMOUS



Listen up, you conniving class of 2028. As an esteemed contributor of *The Martini*, I call upon you to reflect on our class's greatest strengths (your summer internships and month-long vacations proved perfect for this). While I was wasting my own summer trying to appear just busy enough not to be scolded, I accrued an immeasurable amount of time for musing on the achievements of our first year at the colleges.

We left quite the mark, our accolades including, but not limited to: arson, arson (again), hazing *accusation* investigations, and, you guessed it—more arson! In just a short nine months, our class has allegedly set ablaze the Big Three: Shitty Sherril, super dorm JPR, and Dirty Durfee (don't fret, the bathtub was not affected by the flames). You guys really have a knack for this stuff; It's like you're trying to fill a punch card, except it's just Geneva Fire Department's Saturday evenings! If only this curiosity in sparking flames could spark some curiosity and attendance in the classrooms. Lest I forget the Herons! You, too, have caused quite the stir on YikYak: a collection of lint fires, baking disasters, and burning microwaves atop the hill. Way to reinforce our fiery legacy!

After realizing our great strengths in dramatic demolition, I began to ponder. It'd only be fair to assume some of you are look-

ing for the next opportunity to introduce the next inferno. Yay, camera-free campus? Well, not anymore. For the sake of public safety, Serg has installed numerous security cameras in campus common spaces and residence halls. But although setting our residence halls on fire has been made difficult, *The Martini* still stands as a target.

This pillar of collegiate satire and raunchy confessions has remained alive for over 25 years. It would seem our duty as the class known for ruining good things (Mug) to... ***DESTROY The Martini!***

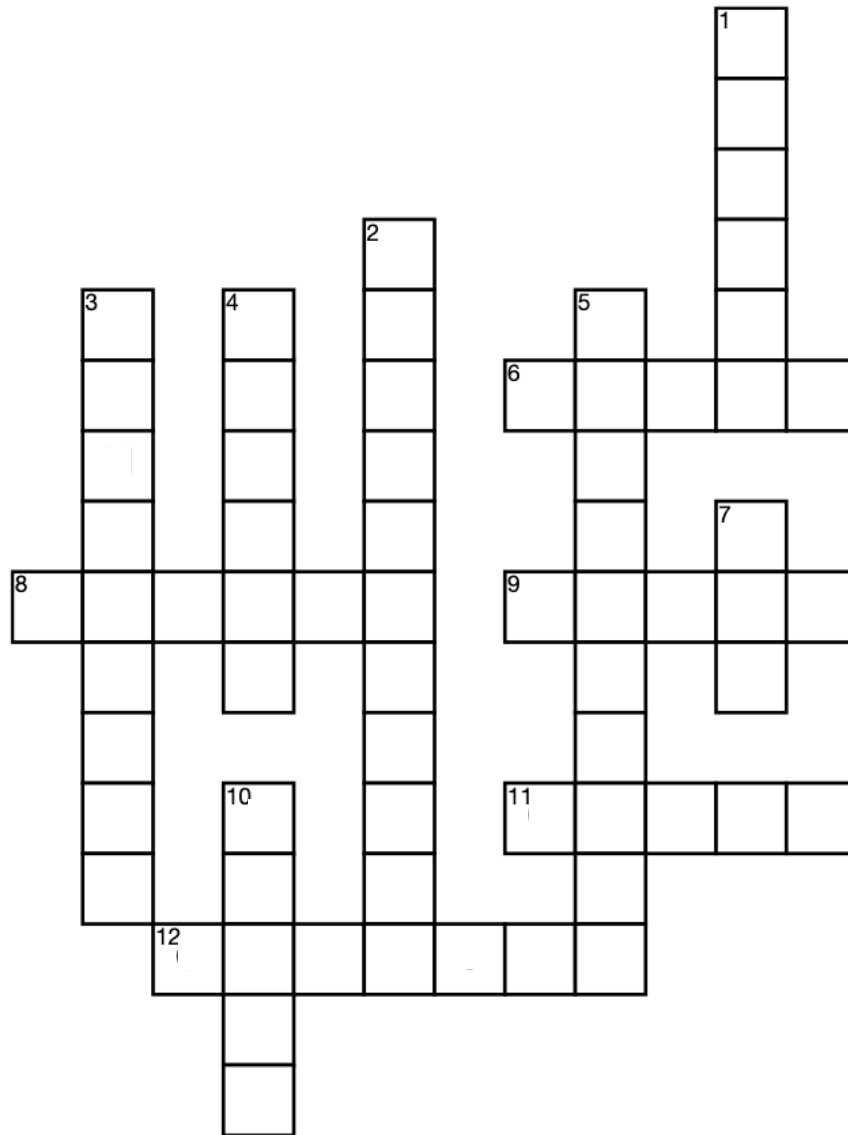
Burn the copies shamelessly shoved in your face as you enter Scandling Center! Just in time to stand in a mile-long line for mildly edible food? Hey, at least you have a mildly entertaining waste of paper to keep you occupied for the next hour.

Go ahead, sell your Martini merch to the highest-bidding alums on Facebook. Throw that copy you found at the bottom of a bag on move-in day where it belongs: in the trash! Now set the trash on fire! Join the ranks of the Class of 2028 contributors moving to stain the legacy of *The Martini*.

The Martini does not condone any forms of vandalism, arson, violence, or any other actions that negatively impact campus facilities and/or the wellbeing of students, faculty, or staff.

CROSSWORD!

This took a *scary* (haha) amount of time to make, so I don't want to hear about whatever problems you have with it. Fill out your stupid crossword and shut the fuck up.



ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF

Across

6. I'm scared of the Bills _____
8. _____ on the Dance Floor
9. This witch wants to ride your _____
11. I'm craving a cup of warm apple _____
12. Listening to guys plan their group _____ is almost adorable

Down

1. Best Halloween frat party
2. No one will shut the fuck up about her new album
3. This filmmaker's made like a hundred claymation halloween movies

4. Bitches wear a slutty version of this traditional dress to Oktoberfest parties
5. Anyone bother going to the Sig _____ darty this year?
7. The sound a fat fucking cow makes after eating too much candy
10. I gave the Red Cross a pint of it the other day

JOE DEVITO'S POST-POST-MODERNISM

PATRICK MCGINN-HAMMER

Reality is in a weird place right now, and Joe Devito has something to say about it—

many things, in fact. Hailing from Queens, Devito's debut album, *Me Joe I Am*, draws on the timeless rhetoric of Bob Dylan and the other once-modern-but-now-old troubadours (explicitly calling on the Tambourine Man in his single "Who Do You Love?"). He has a call to the folkloric, the dumbly comedic, the saccharine, but also to the finely post-modern modes of sarcasm, irony, and hyperreality. The songwriting on display here is like an infant butterfly arising from the gnarled folk-punk chrysalis—call it Proto-post-folk-punk.

From the first seconds of *Me Joe I Am*, I was taken aback by his effortless ability to make one guitar sound like two, picking at the speed of lightning while singing at the speed of molasses. He breaks our hearts in less than four minutes, without remorse, and then in the sequel, "Who do you love?", he shoves us into another romance all too soon, never breaking for eulogy. "The shoes on my feet were a gift from my mom//made in a sweatshop in Vietnam", he offhandedly comments, intersecting romance



with a problematic lust for life. And no solutions whatsoever are provided until the track "The Garden", when he uses nearly the same chords that broke our heart before to tell us "I saw the garden//you saw the tree//I bit the apple//you bit me".

This collection feels meticulously, if recklessly and viscerally, envisioned—a marriage of old and modern songwriting that signals new beginnings for folk. This here is the old, weathered American cowboy redeemed by romance, but told in 2025 by a guy who's never touched a horse, nor seen Amarillo

skies, who's prescribed SSRIs, and whose Bible is surely read off an app or a website. Nowhere is this story told more clearly than on my favorite track, "Elegy," a lament that ends with an absurdly foolish "woohoo" which can be heard as much as a moment of courage as of resignation. For all its self-awareness and unashamed pursuit of connection, this EP is so starkly opposed to every love song on the Hot 100 today that it hurts to listen to, causing all of the superficiality that engulfs it to combust.



ARE YOU CRUISING OR DRIVING?
MINI 20 VISITING NOX ME



KR

Kira Rozenberg

OCTOBER HOROSCOPES

We hope that your lives haven't turned into complete chaos over these past few months without the guidance of Martini horoscopes. If they have, don't worry! The Martini is back to shed light on the answers within you all along. But don't trust us, trust the 112-year-old psychic medium/tarot reader/astrology expert/cat lady we drop a band on every month to write these horoscopes.

Scorpio: You know you look good; flaunt it. But also notice what occupies your mind when you aren't so busy worrying about what's on the outside.

Sagittarius: Embrace your elusive nature—it's the source of your mysteriousness. That said, try bringing a friend with you on that next random side quest. Make more shared memories.

Capricorn: You wear a suit of mirrors. You want the people around you to see everything but you. Stop distracting them by opening their eyes to the universe and start letting them see you.

Aquarius: Keep that head down, sweetheart. It's not quite over yet, but it will be soon.

Pisces: You don't know it yet, but you're out of the hole. Trust that it will all work out, even if you can't picture how.

Aries: Stop making excuses. It doesn't matter if it's fear or laziness; it's keeping you from reaching your true potential.

Taurus: Perhaps you're going a bit too easy on yourself. Team up with an Aries and motivate each other to get shit done.

Gemini: Aren't you a bit too old to refer to yourself as a "Swiftie"? Stop making loving Taylor Swift your entire personality. Who are you?

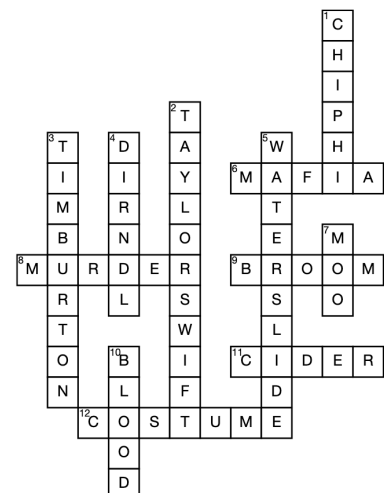
Cancer: You're like a deaf golden retriever. Keep the positive intention, but try to listen better.

Leo: Change is on the horizon, and you know it. In the past, you've been afraid to celebrate too soon. Allow yourself to get excited for once. It's happening!

Virgo: Gotta give you some credit, you've definitely matured; keep that momentum going.

Libra: Stop leaving people hanging. It's time to either reach out or set them free for good this time.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS



DIRTY MARTINI



Leah Henning

Valyn Mogensen

Back to school means back to no good...

“My dad’s situationship walked in on me mid-makeout.”

“I got too drunk at my internship happy hour. Still got the return offer.”

“I shit in the ocean because I had to go so bad, not knowing that poop floated, and watched in horror as the whole beach saw my shit floating around.”

“One time at a high school party, when I was eighteen years old, I made out with a 24-year-old arsonist.”

“I crop dust people I don’t like.”

“When I’m too lazy to go to the bathroom I pee out my window on my least favorite roommate’s car.”

“One time I was riding a guy’s face and he was saying how wet I was and how good I tasted and then he started saying it tasted like blood and then I got up and I had totally bled all over his face and everywhere and then he kept going.”

“I miss my ex.”

“I had a crush on a girl just because she sent feet pics.”





SNUS SOMMELIER

LEAH HENNING



I tried holding onto summer for as long as possible with 1 1mg Cool Tropical Zyns. What I got was a wake-up call.

One late August afternoon, my best friend and I sat outside at our favorite diner waiting for the check. Downtown Summit, NJ, was quiet; everyone was either back at school or savoring the last good days down the shore. The breeze diluted the heat from the sun. My stomach hurt from laughing so hard (and also from shoving diner food down my throat). *Could this day get any better?* It was a stupid question to ask myself, because unless I'm already packing a double upper decky, the answer is always yes.

I rummaged through my purse, debating the right snus to punctuate my meal. Staring back up at me was the

exotic aqua and gold Zyn container, still sealed and ready for its debut. I studied it, like a female bird watching a male do his zesty mating dance. The more I stared back at the container, the more I was convinced. *This is the one.*

The first thing I noticed about these pouches is how white they are; almost reflective under the summer sun. Pure, synthetic nicotine. *It's so beautiful.* I shook the container to aerate the pouches properly. I started my voice note (I take this shit seriously). My nose met the tin halfway; I inhaled. What wafted into my airways can only be described as a sharp sweetness. By that point, I

was practically foaming at the mouth. Without further ado, I threw in two pouches. Here are the voice notes that followed:

Minute one:

"Immediate gut movement. No head rush."

Minute three

"My gums are burning, my teeth hurt in my head. My skull is turning into ice, and it hurts. It's giving me a headache because it's so cold. I feel it burning through my gums, which is a feeling I've missed. It's burning a hole through my gums. No flavor in my spit, which I like."

Minute four

“I’m now in pain. It’s a physical, topical pain, with literally no other positive side effects, and I don’t know that I can last until something happens.”

Minute five

“I want to take these out so bad. Purely because I’m getting a brain freeze, except it’s stemming from my gums. I feel very cold all over my entire body now. And I have a headache like no other. It’s reversing my masseter botox as I speak.”

Minute ten

“I’m about to spit these out. The flavor is now in my mouth. You know when you eat arugula or pineapple and you’re like—why is this eating away at my tongue? That’s what I’m feeling, so I guess that’s where the ‘tropical’ aspect comes in. I feel like I’m being punished, but I’m not sure for what. Still no buzz. Just discomfort. Pure discomfort. We’re rushing to a bathroom.”

Minute eleven

“I will leave them in because I need to know what happens next, and that’s my du-

ty as a journalist. You’d better be grateful because I’m not liking this at all. Now sucking on a pineapple lollipop to mask the flavor of my own spit. I’m not doing well. And for all the wrong reasons.”



I did end up leaving the pouches in for thirty minutes, but I think it’s clear by now that I did not enjoy the experience. That said, I have to give credit where credit is due: 11mg Cool Tropical Zyns, although ineffective, pack a punch *sensation-wise*. To deliver a freezing, burning, tingling sensation to a user’s gums as she waits for a head rush should be, in my opinion, common courtesy across all snus brands. In hindsight, alt-

hough I was not overreacting at all when I tried this product, I was being an ungrateful little c*nt—because you know what I need right now? To feel something. And you know what would, without a doubt, help with that? 11mg Cool Tropical Zyns.

That said, I also have to take responsibility when it’s due; I recognize that my ability to rate the strength of snus is affected by my tolerance. So, although I wouldn’t use this snus for my own nicotine fix, it might be perfect for you (if you’re also willing to risk second-degree burns).

Overall, I’m grateful for this experience because it taught me something valuable. Whether it be an ass-flavored tin of snus, the ability to achieve a head-rush, or the gift of reading this column, appreciate what you have before it’s gone.

This snus pairs well with:

Pineapple DumDums
Sunglasses
Bathrooms
Best friends
Zolofit
Dentist appointments

Snus Scale rating: 4.3

Til’ November!

—Snus Sommelier

MARTINI OF THE MONTH: PUMPKIN SPICE ESPRESSO MARTINI



Fall is in the air. The leaves drop around you in the backyard of Red Door, where you've spent the majority of nights out, huddled with your friends to keep warm and shouting over each other. Here's a drink you can bring to the next soiree—no need to worry about spilling. If you do make it to Red Door, there will be no dancing. Pro-tip: too many martinis will lead you down the path of cuffing; you should refrain from this, as it always ends badly. To embrace the fall season, our few weeks of beauty in upstate New York before winter comes to suck us dry, get a little white girl wild, and make yourself a pumpkin spice espresso martini. And then another.

**THIS IS AN AI GENERATED IMAGE
OF MARK GEARAN DRINKING A
PUMPKIN SPICE ESPRESSO MARTINI**



**THE MARTINI IS A
HONEST MEDIA OUTLET
THE MARTINI WOULD
NEVER LIE TO YOU**



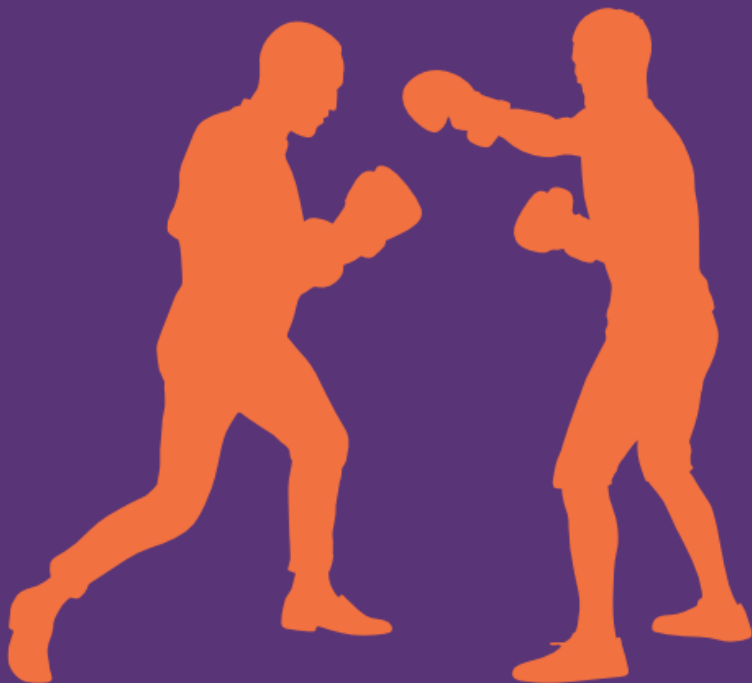
HWS FIGHT CLUB

RULE # 1 - DON'T TALK ABOUT FIGHT CLUB

STUDENTS AND FACULTY WELCOME

ALL AGES AND SKILLS ENCOURAGED

GENEVA HALL - TU/ TH 10PM



Typos? Weird formatting? Shove it up your ass!



Kara Walker

How about next time *you* pull the all-nighter? 28