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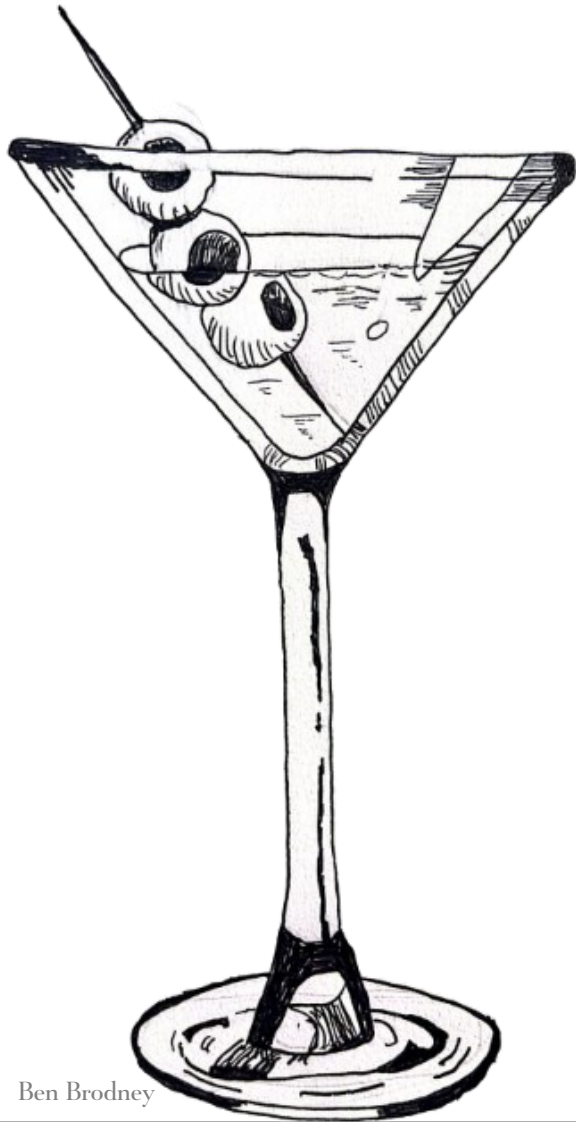




Editors' Note

Dearest Readers,

It seems you have all noticed that December came and went with no issue and it's about time we address it. On November 30th, us EICs were recognized for our hard-working and dedicated nature in a letter from Mr. Santa Clause himself, which detailed that we were being drafted to work in his workshop for the 2025 holiday season! At 5'4", I thought that I could avoid the draft and therefore be able to craft and distribute the issue, while our other (shorter) EIC spent nights screwing and gluing. The cut-off, however, had been raised to 5'4" and before we knew it, we were both on the backs of reindeers gearing up to spread joy around the globe, and joy we did spread.



Upon our arrival back to campus, we could see that we had neglected you for far too long. Some of you may have run into the arms of the *Herald* for comfort but we're back now and we forgive you. For the Martini's 21st birthday this year, the BAC has generously promised to give us 21% of the Melly fund and we couldn't be more excited to spend this money on boats, booze, and broads while you all read about it in our magazine. A special thank you to all who have supported us in the face of recent slander (as we do nothing about it). You have the loyalty of men in love with strippers but we appreciate you and we hope you enjoy this spectacular first issue of 2026!

Cheers,
Valyn Mogensen and Leah Henning

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



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ADDICTION TO DIGITAL STIMULATION

IS SHRINKING OUR CAPACITY FOR DEPTH AND FOCUS

SAM SKLAR

We are increasingly relying on digital stimulation, and it shows in our lack of focus.

In a social age defined by pings, alerts, and doomscrolling, our capacity for serious thinking is quietly eroding.

A reader could once settle into a long essay, and a thinker could sustain attention on a problem until insight dawned. Today, the dominant mode is distraction: the quick hit, the interrupted sentence, the feed refresh. That shift matters—not just for productivity, but for how we think, how we engage, how we form convictions.

The voices you monitor—Victor Davis Hanson, Heather MacDonald, Christopher Rufo, Julie Kelly, Cheryl Forbes, Justin Barclay, Miranda Devine, and many more—even if their writing isn't always about attention spans—reflect this underlying concern: the collapse of depth and the triumph of immediacy.

Our technology does not merely present us with more content—it rewires our attention.

The smartphone, the tablet, and the ever-available app are designed to capture immediate attention, trigger quick reward, and pull us into loops of superficial engagement.

The result: Our mental habit gets remodeled. We wander rather than stay. We skim rather than sink.

The research supports what many feel. For example, one survey found that people self-interrupt nearly half of their digital sessions, and some average just 40–50 seconds before shifting to something else. Our neural networks—built over years of reading, reflection, and uninterrupted thinking—are being challenged by a “tsunami of digital distractions.”

How does that manifest?

At an individual level, students find long-

form reading difficult; professionals find deeper tasks harder to sustain; writers struggle to hold a line of thought; and readers give up halfway. At a cultural level, the pace is compressed: media bites, social-media outrage, rapid cycles of attention replace sustained arguments and serious deliberation.

Heather MacDonald, through her writing, has repeatedly warned that academic and cultural institutions are increasingly valuing sensation over substance, the shallow over the serious. Meanwhile, Victor Davis Hanson—though not writing specifically about digital attention—continually sounds an alarm about cultural boredom, the decline of sustained effort, and the collapse of institutions when seriousness gives way to ease.

What is at stake is more than interrupted sentences—it is our capacity for depth.

Depth is the ability to read a long text, engage with complex ideas, hold contradictions in mind, follow an argument to its end, reflect, pause, and re-think.

Digital stimulation, by contrast, trains the opposite habit: urgency, distraction, and transaction. We become consumers of content rather than dwellers in ideas. That shift degrades not only reading and thinking, but also creativity, judgment, and civic engagement.

Consider a professional commentator or public intellectual. To grapple with a topic—education reform, foreign policy, criminal justice—one needs sustained attention, sources, reflection, and revision. But when attention is fractured, the default becomes the tweet, the viral clip, the blog post optimized for clicks. The broader argument becomes the casualty.

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For example, a college student today may navigate five apps, three browser tabs, and two messaging platforms within an hour of studying, and that is being generously low. Each transition brings a cognitive cost—research finds that after an interruption, it may take up to 25 minutes to return to the original task.

Multiply that across classes, across the workday, and the opportunity for deep engagement vanishes. The structural design of our digital tools rewards novelty, refresh, and the next notification—not reflection, not pause, not immersion.

What can be done?

The good news: Depth is not surrendered to technology—it can be defended and cultivated.

First, individuals can reclaim blocks of uninterrupted time: disable notifications, set aside the phone, close irrelevant tabs, and create ritualized segments of “deep work.”

Second, educational institutions and workplaces can restructure to accommodate fewer interruptions: bunching communications, creating “no-device” zones, and elevating tasks that require sustained focus.

Third, culture broadly can revalue slow reading, extended discourse, and quiet reflection. The commentators you read reinforce that serious culture arises not from the instant, but from the enduring.

VDH’s warnings about institutional complacency imply a parallel for our attention: If we allow the triumph of the superficial to become normal, we train ourselves toward mediocrity.

If MacDonald’s critique of institutions losing seriousness resonates, then we should

consider: What about institutions of attention—our minds, our day, our attention budgets? If they lose seriousness, the consequences are not merely academic. We become people comfortable with fluff, conditioned for the superficial.

The stakes are real.

For the student, it means shorter attention spans and weaker critical thinking.

For the professional, it means less capacity for deep work, less innovation, and less insight.

For society, it means vapid discourse, citizens conditioned for quick takes rather than considered judgments, and institutions more responsive to viral outrage than to reasoned deliberation.

Those are not mere hypotheticals—they are emerging patterns. The question we should ask ourselves is: Do we still want to think deeply? Because the tools at our disposal—and the economy of attention that surrounds them—are designed to push us in the opposite direction.

We can resist.

We must consciously build environments that allow for depth.

We must recognize the cost of constant digital stimulation—not just in lost time, but in lost habits of mind. The commentators you follow are telling a consistent story: Serious writing, serious thoughts, and serious culture depend on sustained attention; when attention is credibly for sale to the highest-click bidder, serious culture weakens.

As we scroll on and check the next notification, we should remember: Our attention is the raw material of our minds. When we let it slip for the scroll, the buzz, or the refresh, we betray not just our time—but our capacity for depth, for insight, and for being more than passive consumers of digital content.

The world needs thinkers, not merely scrollers. The culture needs deliberation, not just distraction. And it begins with the simple act of choosing to look up, to stay, and to think.

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ALUMNI UPDATES

VALYN MOGENSEN

Kevin Frost '25

"I am currently working as a beach ranger on Martha's Vineyard, where I spend my days monitoring wildlife and pedestrian activity while reporting on habitat conditions. Most of the area I cover is fragile coastal dune, home to several threatened and endangered species that require close attention and protection. All for the modest sum of fifteen dollars an hour. Thanks, Hobart degree."

Please feel free to reach out to Kevin with any and all employment opportunities.

Michael Gilbert '25

"Hello Martini readers. I am officially an Uncle now, living in the real world. After graduating as an Environmental Studies major, I planned to work in sustainable food, combining my passions for the culinary and environmental worlds. I even had an internship offer in that space (at Hershey—and yes, I briefly considered accepting solely based on the hypothetical access to free chocolate). Instead, I ended up moving to New York City and now work in the audiobook and digital media space. I'm currently an account manager and play a big role in the behind-the-scenes operations that move books from publishers and authors to listeners. It's not where I expected to land, but in hindsight, the pivot makes a surprising amount of sense. Funny enough, I went from helping publish the Martini to now working partially in the publishing industry. Never saw any of this coming, but here we are. Weirdly, it feels like an unexpected continuation of the magazine—just with a lot more work and more spreadsheets. Maybe we can get Leah to record an audiobook version of the 'tini someday. Looking back, I'm grateful for the winding path (even the road not taken with unlimited

chocolate). Who would've thought that a student magazine would end up being such a good experience for professional life—or that this is where I'd land? That I'd be 2-0 in my basketball league?! While I'm now well removed from HWS, I'll always be excited to see how the magazine continues to evolve and what unexpected paths it inspires next. Adulthood is great, but enjoy HWS while you can. You'll miss the circle of people around you more than you think, so don't take it for granted. Get involved. Say yes to things. And maybe even write for the Martini—it's one of those experiences that sticks with you long after you leave campus."

Abby Schneider '24

"I live in my hometown of Brooklyn, NY. I work as an assistant in a law firm, where I hone my skills of following up, touching base, and circling back! On the weekends, I volunteer for literary organizations and work as a bartender at a Brooklyn movie theatre, where I make beautiful martinis for my community. I still love to go to the movies, black out at country music concerts, bike ride, go to bar trivia, write about culture, and other silly things! Unfortunately, these silly things do not include Zoom Tan as there's no Zoom Tan in NYC, and I die a little inside when I get a text with an amazing spray tan deal I can't use. To overcome this hold in my heart, I've been getting very much into doing somersaults and talking about making more TikToks. I've felt most rewarded by my one-in-a-million cat, Baby Boy, my Instagram food account that I share with my brother, hanging out with my buddies, and working on a binder of my favorite tweets, which I will cherish when the internet inevitably crashes. Roll Bart!"

THE BOOKS HIT THE STATESMEN

ANONYMOUS



This fall, the scholarly men of the Hobart Rowing team claimed their first national title in over twenty years! The last time the Hobart oarsmen found themselves atop the podium was in 2003, when they won the novice coxed four. However, the program has been making strides in recent years. These efforts paid off this fall when all forty-four members crossed the finish line with an average GPA of 3.04. Yes, you read that right, not just a 3.0, but a 3.04!

The news was broken on January 15th on the official Hobart Rowing Instagram page with the caption “Statesmen were hitting the books this fall.” Within the following days and weeks, it did numbers. That said, students were elated to hear about a program other than Hobart Hockey breaking records, *finally*.

At the time of our investigation, the post had reached 874 shares. Additionally, the AI-suggested search below the post was “D1 rowing teams with high team GPA?” One student left a heartfelt comment, “It appears the books hit the statesmen,” cheering the

team on for their feat of the lowest team GPA of any division-one men’s rowing team in 2025. Hip Hobart! However, we regret to inform readers that this genius comment has since been removed.

Other students brought their strong feelings to YikYak, comparing these grades to those of our campus Fraternities. Alas, none of the Greek houses could stoop to the level of the men’s crew team.

The news wasn’t exclusive to campus; it even made it to the top of The New York Times Sports Column. Sports journalist Jere Longman titled the piece: “Hobart College: The Harvard of Upstate New York reaches record low team GPA”. Going on to compare the mushy young minds of the Hobart crew team to the bright young minds of Harvard Boat Club, even stating, “It may take the oarsman all spring to become civilized frontier scholars, like the former crews of Hobart.” And so, we are left to wonder: How will the Statesmen rebound this spring?



WHERE HAS ALL FRUIT GONE?

NICK JONES

A long time passing; there are 132 different varieties of candy laid beautifully on display all throughout the cafe. This number doesn't even include chips, sodas, other junk food items, or the glorified candy bars—aka Cliff Builder protein bar that your closest gym bro eats to think he's hitting his macros.

College students are on the precipice of stress due to long hours and the need for their brains to function at a high efficiency. Thankfully, the cafe has approximately six healthy items to fuel our bodies properly.

I consider genuine healthy products to be without added sugars, inflammatory oils, food dyes, emulsifiers, or unnecessary additives. Such items include a mixture of expensive berries hidden in the coolers behind the candy, a \$5 melon cup with thirty cents worth of melon, and the remaining two snacks residing amongst the gluten-free area: roasted pistachios and salted plantain chips, whose company is oddly called banana. But a genuine thank you to Banana for caring and roasting your product in coconut oil.

Our search for food above dog-grade has left us famished, and we remember with delight our drink cooler, filled with Gatorades and Starbucks' finest. Today's feature: Starbucks coffee with 32 grams of

sugar—a great way to start your day! At least they put it in a fancy glass to limit the microplastics entering your body. Gatorade's products are next level, rife with sugars and carcinogenic food dyes to give their beverages that natural neon color. But on the bright side, for genuine sugar-free hydration, Gatorade created a water with added electrolytes...and a texturizing agent called disodium phosphate—known for having a detrimental effect on the kidneys and the increased risk of cardiovascular diseases. Thank you, Gatorade, for making even water unhealthy.

But why is this? Are cafe items truly based on the demand of students? Is there a greedy masterminded capitalist taking advantage of stressed-out college students? Is PepsiCo paying Sodexo thousands to advertise their Glacier Mountain Dew??? Do people even

drink Glacier Mountain Dew? Are they sleeping together?

All I know is that Saga speaks for itself; the fruit disappears as fast as the cookies at the other end of the bar. In no way am I advocating a candy purge, but if there are 132 candy options, then there should be 132 fruit options.

For an institution that prides itself on consequence, I hope Type II Diabetes isn't one of them.



I'LL GROW UP THIS SEMESTER

ANONYMOUS

I'll Grow Up This Semester at HWS hits different when you're a senior. Suddenly, every conversation starts with, "So, what are your plans after graduation?" as if I haven't already been spiraling about that exact question in the shower, at Saga, and mid-PowerPoint presentation for a class I barely understand. The air smells like desperation and pumpkin spice lattes. My LinkedIn notifications are haunting me. I've rewritten my resume seventeen times, and every cover letter sounds like I'm

trying to convince corporate America to take pity on me. "I'm a motivated self-starter," I type, while lying horizontally in bed watching some shitty Netflix original and pretending this counts as emotional multitasking. Everywhere you go, seniors are coping in strange ways. Some people are training for a marathon. Others are pretending to apply to grad school. Me? I'm just trying to figure out why I thought majoring in something with "Management" in the title meant I'd automatically become employable and mysterious. And then there's the social life, or what's left of it. When you go to a school this small, the dating pool has basically evaporated. So yes, I did hook up again with the same guy from freshman year. I don't even know if it was nostalgia or just the serotonin shortage talking. Afterwards, I just stared at the ceiling like, "Wow. Four years. Thousands of dollars. Personal growth? Minimal." Anyway, a few

weeks ago I took my senior photos for a school that doesn't even do a yearbook anymore. The photographer told me it was "digital now." How lame, I thought, as I tried to look candidly hopeful while wondering if I'd remembered to blend my concealer. But honestly, there's a weird kind of beauty in the

"I'm a motivated self-starter," I type, while lying horizontally in bed watching some shitty Netflix original and pretending this counts as emotional multitasking.

chaos. Everyone's a little lost, panicked, mildly delusional, and yet we're all still showing up. We're pretending to understand our capstone topics while sitting in freezing (or burning) classrooms that will never hold a

normal indoor temperature. So maybe I'll get my life together this last semester. Or maybe I won't. Maybe I'll just keep stumbling through this weird, wonderful, too-small-for-its-own-good campus until they hand me a diploma and real life actually begins. Until then, cheers to January, to mild identity crises, and to pretending adulthood starts later. Definitely this semester. Probably.



VAIL BUYS BRISTOL MOUNTAIN

VALYN MOGENSEN



Last Monday, Vail Resorts officially closed on its purchase of Bristol Mountain, the pride and joy of Canandaigua (second only to the outlet mall). This move, which has been in the works for quite some time, was strategic for Vail as they look to pick up more *local spots*, *putting mom and pop mountains on the map for families who describe themselves as “comfortable”*.

While some skiers are stoked about this change in ownership, many Bristol Mountain locals are protesting, stating they will not be spending their money on lift tickets at Bristol, instead opting to spend double the price on touring skis, but at least they're making a statement. Bristol's previous management held out for several months, but were “just no match for an entity like Vail,” and it's not just folks who grew up here who are upset;

HWS alpine skiers are making their opinions heard as well. William Smith senior, Kate Brodrick says, “the next seven-year-old I see with an epic pass is going to be under my skis before they can say help,” and she's one of the nice ones, you should hear what Jack Meager said...

In the coming years, Bristol Mountain will see new gondolas on the Comet Express and Galaxy Express lifts, as well as a brand new chalet at the top of the “Comet” run where Disco Lines can play with faders and spray champagne at you. This chalet will offer après skiing activities accompanied by plenty of drinks to get you primed for your ski down the mountain—and your drive home! If you're looking to spend some days at Bristol next year, consider buying the Epic or Ikon pass, which will both be adding Bristol Mountain as a location beginning in the 2026-2027 season.

EIGHT INCHES (OF SNOW)

ANONYMOUS

I woke up to the *scraape* of a flimsy plastic shovel dragging against the sidewalk.

I checked my phone. The alarm was set for 8:30. 7:43 glowed back at me.

I let out a sigh and flopped onto my back. It was supposed to have snowed hard

overnight, though I didn't bother checking. Instead, I tried to cling to whatever warmth

lingered in the bed.

The night before, the wind howled outside my room, frozen gusts slipping

through the cracks of my janky Odell's windows. Even beneath my thick comforter, my

body trembled. If only I had someone to keep me warm. I dozed off, shivering in my silk

slip, limbs aching, longing for big arms to be held in.

I awoke again at 8:30, surprised to find I had fallen back asleep. I stretched out

instinctively, arching into the mattress as my cold muscles released their tension. "Fuck

I'm so tight", I moaned—much too loud.

A chuckle filtered in from outside my window. I caught my breath. The

shoveling continued. Why are they still shoveling? How much snow did we get? I left myself

curious, too embarrassed by my exclamation to look out the window and come face to

face with whoever overheard it.

Instead, I got ready for class.

I stood in front of the closet in a pale, delicate, lace bralette and matching panties

before deciding on a cashmere turtleneck and bootcut jeans. I pulled my long brown

hair into a messy bun and threw on the finishing layers: lug sole boots, a puffer that

swept my calves, and a chunky brushed wool scarf.

I half-heartedly searched my bag for car keys as I struggled to fit its handles over

my bulky shoulder. 9:22. Plenty of time, I was sure.

"Holy shit," I said as I closed the door behind me.

White swallowed the entire landscape. This was no dusting—inches—probably

eight, stacked atop each fence, bush, and car. I thought of the shitty little ice scraper in

my back seat, shaking my head. Not happening.

I walked toward Odell's South, glancing up at William Smith Hill on my way to

the lot. The sidewalk was a partially cleared path of treachery, slick snow pressed into a

sheet of icy gray matter. I searched for my car across the street, left to guess which pile

of snow belonged to me. I guess this'll be my workout for the day.

Frozen powder fell into my boots. My jeans were crystallized with ice and salt to

my knees. 9:35.

I studied the car, with only half its windows cleared, and all of the wheels caged

within walls of white.

"Screw it," I muttered, "I'm walking."

I had five minutes until class began, but I figured that in these conditions, I could

be a bit late.

I approached the road to cross over to the sidewalk, slowing down as a little

orange vehicle approached, stopping to let me pass. I smiled and waved, then blushed

after registering the driver. From a pair of broad shoulders, a solid arm stemmed to wave back at me.

My pulse quickened. He's letting you cross, MOVE.

I ran across the street, lucky not to lose my footing. Trusting the traction of my winter boots, I began to jog up the hill. I whipped my head around for one last glance at the burly man who drove the orange mobile—suddenly, I was feet-up. Pain exploded behind my eyes. I'm not making it to class today—the ringing in my ears drowned out the rest of the thought. The world went dark. I blinked my eyes open. A foggy breath blew hair out of my face. Am I in the air? My eyes shut again. Keys jangled. A door clicked open. Warmth, finally. I shivered, then felt my body pulled in tighter. A hand under my thigh raised me higher, as the one between my shoulder blades pulled me in, then climbed to cradle the back of my neck. I fought to lift my pounding head, but I was too weak. God, it hurts so bad. I let it fall into the warm, solid chest next to me. I was out again. I adjusted myself on—a sofa? The shower turned on, then heavy footsteps approached. A warm shower, I need a warm shower. The leather sofa squeaked softly, each shiver. I managed to open my eyes. The room shifted, and a broad silhouette came into vision. I looked down to find that the snow I'd slipped in had melted into my clothes, leaving me soaked. The man rushed toward me. "You're awake. How do you feel? We need to get you warm." I panicked at his questions, only able to focus on the pain in my body and his musky scent. His eyes scanned me. "Can you stand?" His brows

furrowed with concern as he searched my eyes for an answer. I remained silent as I tried to move. I winced. His big hands wrapped around my shoulders. "That's alright, you're alright." "S-s-s-so c-cold," I managed. Suddenly, I was in his arms again, headed toward the shower. "You don't have to stand in there, but I need you to get warm," he said softly. He placed me carefully on the floor within crawling distance to the shower. I peered down at my tight cashmere turtleneck before attempting to pull it off. I moaned in discomfort. I can't do it. A tear rolled down my cheek. "I'll wait until you're done," he reassured me, about to shut the door behind him. "Wait," I called out. He turned, examining my tiny, trembling body. He walked toward me and knelt to my level. His hand held my chin steady as his big thumb wiped my eyes. "I-I need-I need help," I struggled. "Please." He tilted his head and gave a half-smile that took some of my pain away. His eyes travelled down my body, as if coming up with a plan. He let out a heavy breath. "Ok," "I'll help," he said, as one hand unbuttoned my jeans.



This one is dedicated to our fans at the Herald. XOXO

PATCH: Irreverently Sincere, Sincerely Irreverent

PATRICK MCGINN-HAMMER

As the semester winds down, and as I inch closer to my January graduation with the same confused determination as a Roomba approaching a staircase, I've been thinking a lot about pivots. Invention. *Reinvention*. Closing chapters. Opening new ones. All that sentimental crap people tell you you're supposed to feel.

And then, into my life, entered PATCH, a newcomer in the rap universe. His debut mixtape, *IMADETHISIN₃DAYS*, released December 11th across Spotify, YouTube, and Apple Music. The mixtape is available for now (QR code included below, because nothing says "the future of music" like scanning a box of printed digital static).

PATCH's first mixtape dons the time-tested trinity of successful debuts—unfiltered, hand-built, and strangely luminous. It's a record that seems to understand its own origins: a burst of energy produced between November 2nd and November 6th, with bookend tracks salvaged from an older folder on his laptop, as though the mixtape were waiting for him before he was ready to make it.

The result is a 21st-century artifact of pure impulse. PATCH told me he

attended all his appointments during the three-day mania, working "every second [he] wasn't in class," which feels like the kind of detail artists rarely admit anymore. There's a monastic quality to the whole story—albeit the monasticism of someone who composes in dorm lounges, emails professors at 2 a.m., and stores beats next to old drafts of essays.

The tape itself is surprisingly cohesive, given its speed. PATCH operates in a pop-rap sphere, but there's an unmistakable sweetness and volatility to the sound. Imagine reaching into a bag of Halloween candy: some flavors pleasantly synthetic, some sharply sour, some dense and rich, and a few with a bitterness that surprises you. In this way, the mixtape feels like an experiment in what happens when creativity is treated as a physical reflex rather than a deliberate act.

As someone who has observed PATCH's emergence closely, I find the duality less a gimmick than a lens through which to view the work. The mixtape contains both the earnestness of a first attempt and the awareness of someone studying their own technique in real time. It is irreverently sincere, and it is sincerely irreverent—an artistic temperament

many young artists share, but that few articulate so plainly.

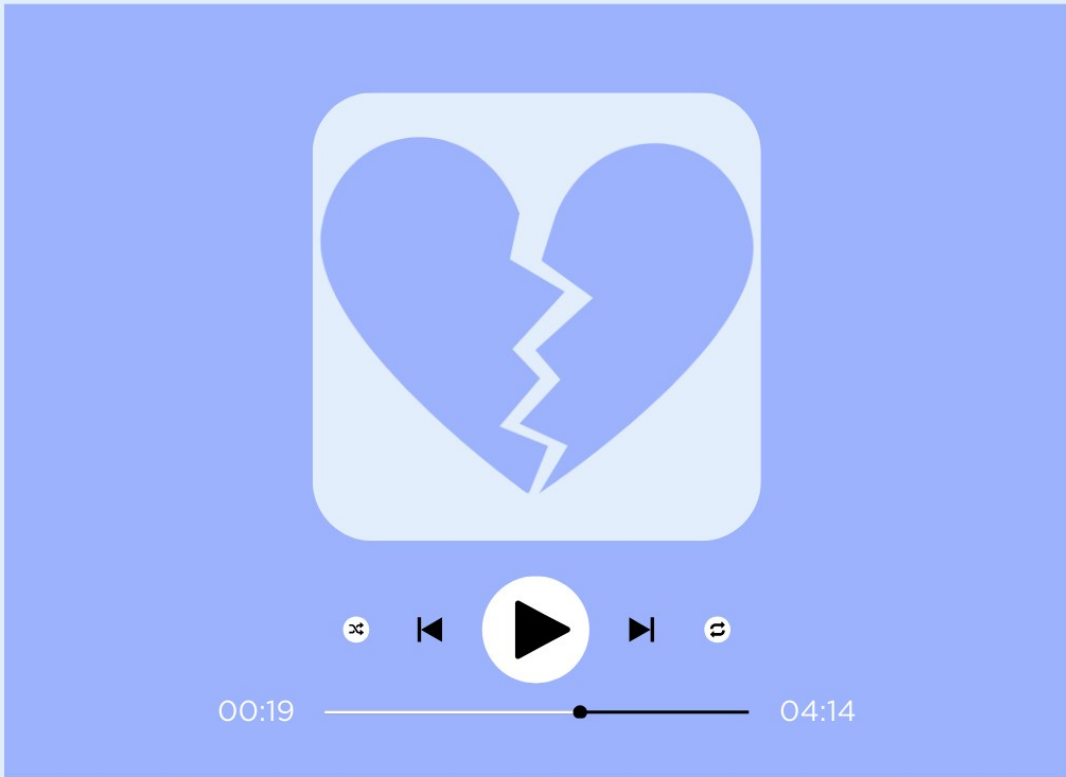
"...when an artist trusts instinct more than infrastructure, and when a persona is used not to conceal the self but to reveal it indirectly."

IMADETHISIN₃DAYS is not overly polished, nor does it pose itself to be. Instead, it is a document of speed, intuition, and identity-in-motion. It captures what can happen when an artist trusts instinct more than infrastructure, and when a persona is used not to conceal the self but to reveal it indirectly.

Well, that's all, folks! That's all from me. Thank you, readers, and thank you to The Martini, most of all our fearless Editors, for a successful semester of music critiques. This is Patrick, signing off for the semester—and, soon, for undergrad. Hope you all had a Happy Holiday! Happy Birthday, Happy Belated Thanksgiving, etc.







FOR LONGING

The Martini

Sad Valentine's Day



In Spite of Me
Morphine



If I Could Make You Care
Cardinals



Real Love
Big Thief

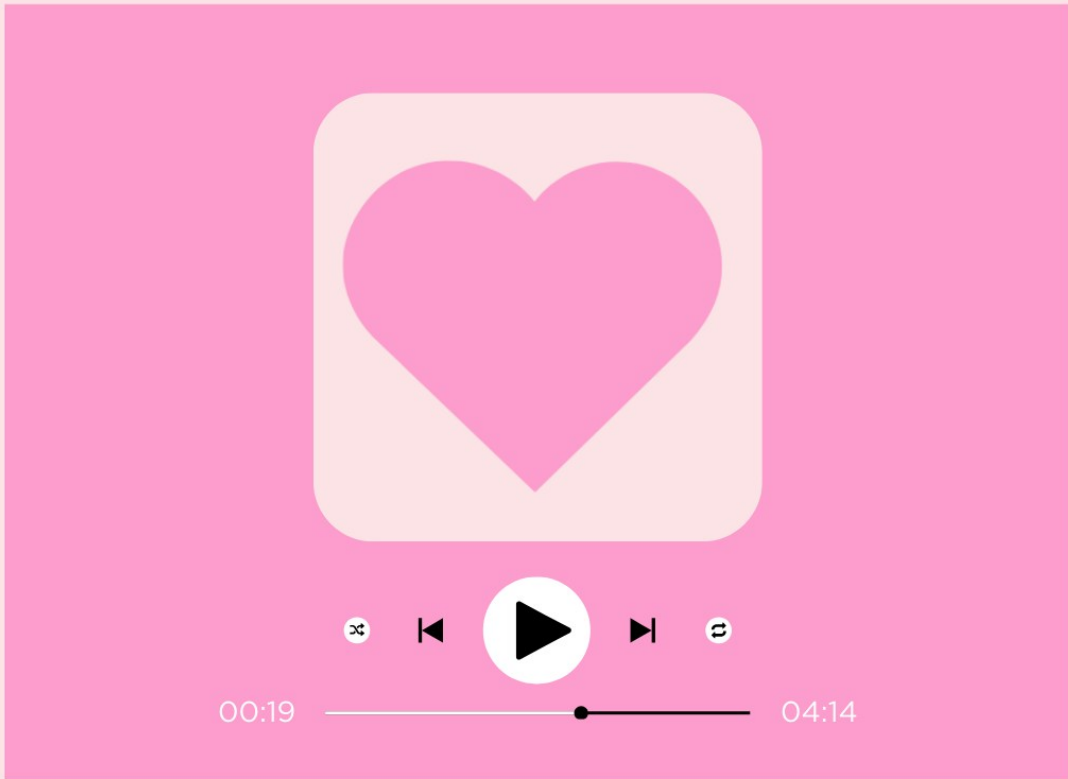


You Know
Laura Marling



What Do It Mean
Lord Huron





FOR LOVING

The Martini

Happy Valentine's Day



I Found a Reason
The Velvet Underground



She's the One
The Beta Band



I Found You
Alabama Shakes



Fade Into You
Mazzy Star



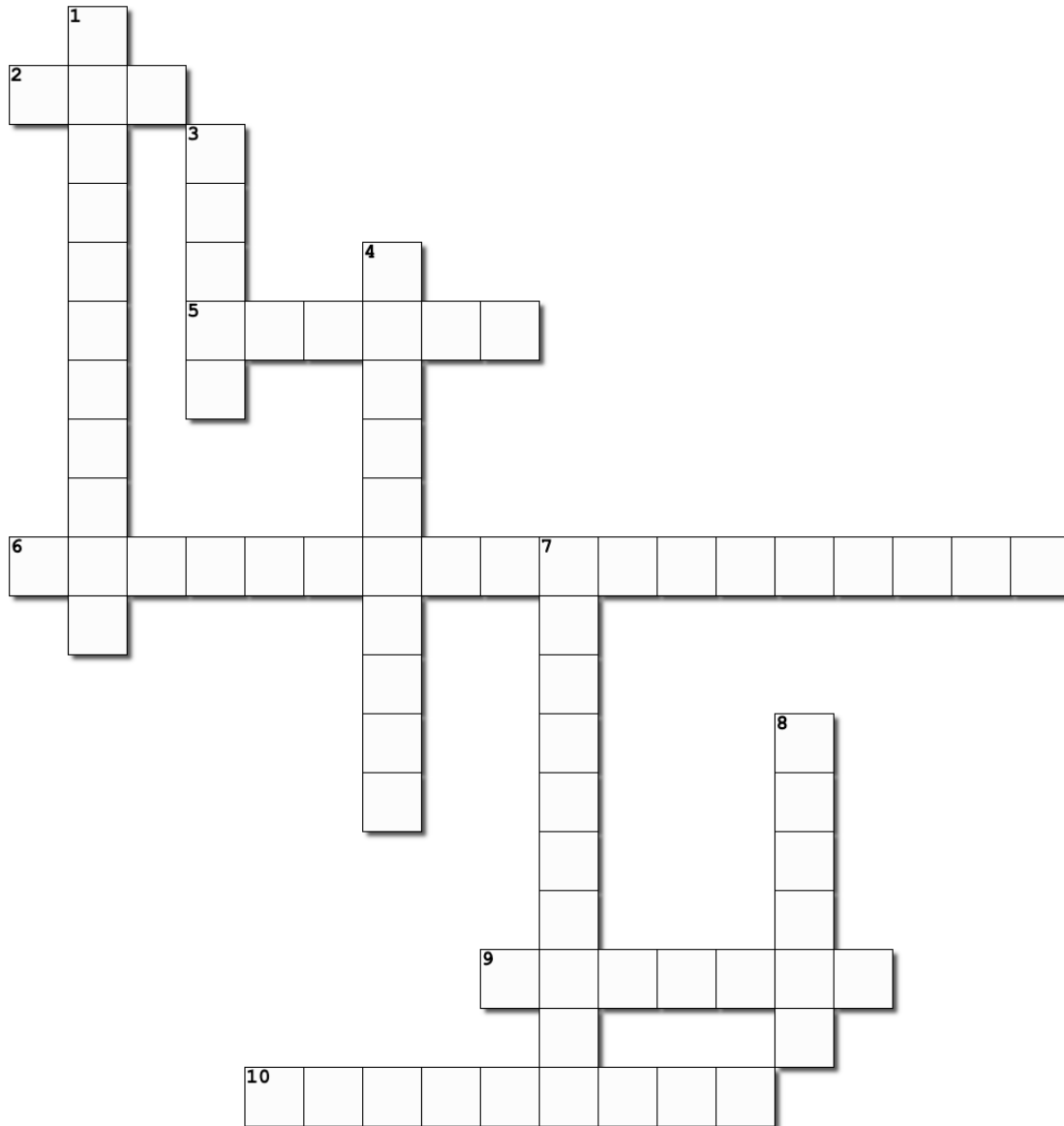
This Feeling
Alabama Shakes



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

(answers on page 21)



Across

- 2. Only place where you can purchase an alcoholic bev on campus
- 5. Most jealous publication on campus
- 6. Most loved statue on campus
- 9. What did you miss most in December?
- 10. Favorite class among seniors

Down

- 1. Temperatures lately
- 3. Thing you do with your family while home for break
- 4. Best cook on campus
- 7. Team whose alumni keep coming back
- 8. Winter activity on William Smith hill

MARTINI OF THE MONTH:

THE ROSE-TINI

Ingredients:

2 ounces French dry vermouth

1 ounce Kirschwasser

1 tsp raspberry syrup

Garnish: brandied cherry

Stir with ice

Pour over chilled glass

Enjoy!



‘Tis the season of love and watching your ex’s Instagram story with his new girlfriend (and then watching her Instagram story). Lucky for you, HWS students belong to a long but distinguished line of drinkers, and this is one of our biggest holidays of the year! Some of you have found love just in time, and others have fallen back into old patterns with a certain someone from your past... no matter the situation (or situationship), you should probably buy a drink for your friends because god knows they’re tired of hearing about it. It’s time to decide between one of our festive playlists and get pouring. Love is hard, but drinking this martini isn’t.

DIRTY MARTINI



Leah Henning

Valyn Mogensen

Welcome back to campus! Your unholy daddies are so pleased with how busy you dirty sl*ts have been since winter break. Your peers have a lot to confess, and you pervs are lucky enough to read about it.

"I got back with my ex, who banged my best friend." M, 21

"I made an HWS Crushes post telling a man to ask me out and stop hesitating, and he asked out the other girl he was talking to." F, 19

"I'm in love with my physics professor (it starts with an H)." M, 19

"I fucked a guy on a raw frat mattress." F, 20

"A man led me on while bragging about talking to three other girls while name-dropping me. Do not trust these Hobart men." F, 19

"I fucking hate that EMS guy." M, 22

"I hate Taco Bell." F, 22

"I'm in a lavender relationship." F, 20

"I've never watched Star Wars (I never will)." M, 19

"I told a guy I was on birth control but I never was." F, 20

"I make plans on how I'll run into my crush." F, 19

"A guy left me with purple lips and bruises on my cheek. Bro was actually hungry." F, 21

"In high school my sneaky link's family thought I was her GBF." M, 22

"I've been in the same long-distance situation for three years." F, 21

"One time, my friend was so drunk, throwing up out of a ChiPhi window, and she threw up in my pink cowgirl boot. Vomit all over my leg." F, 20

"One time I got so drunk I threw up out of a Chi Phi window mid-party and got puke on my friend." F, 20

"One time, a teaching fellow made me say 'happy black history month, I love you, black king' before helping me."

"I got so drunk at the baseball formal and slapped a random man's ass."

"I had a situationship with the campus coke dealer my freshman year."

"I started going to church. I'm Jewish, if that tells you anything about how I'm doing lately."

"I was talking to someone for three months, and he came over and we did the Martini crossword. He ghosted me after that."

"My teammate told me I seem like I would let a guy snort coke off my tits."

"I had to puke so bad and was so embarrassed that a guy held my hair and pulled trig with me."

"I don't care that he fucks up my Ph, I'm still gonna hit."

"I'm pretty sure my lax neighbors saw my ass when I was fake tanning."

"I fucked my ex" (three different people made this confession)

"I blacked out on a Tuesday and took a girl home"

"I got so drunk on a Thursday night I got hit by a car"

"My roommate is getting with a guy who is almost _____ ugly. I don't know how to save her. Sorry, lol"

"One of my slinks called me while another slink was inside of me. I still picked up."

CONFESS

YOUR

SINS

HERE:



Across

2. Only place where you can purchase an alcoholic bev on campus (**pub**)
5. Most jealous publication on campus (**herald**)
6. Most loved statue on campus (**elizabethblackwell**)
9. What did you miss most in December? (**martini**)
10. Favorite class among seniors (**wineclass**)

Down

1. Temperatures lately (**fuckingcold**)
3. Thing you do with your family while home for break (**fight**)
4. Best cook on campus (**marygearan**)
7. Team whose alumni keep coming back (**basketball**)
8. Winter activity on William Smith hill (**skiing**)

Snus Sommelier



LEAH HENNING

This morning, I strolled into my 100-level management class (I'm a senior), already filled with dread. Why? Because I knew it would be the longest hour of my life, because I was surrounded by underclassmen, and because it was still fucking brick out and my car wouldn't start. And then, as if a message sent from the heavens, I overheard, "Punxsutawney Phil saw his shadow." *Let's fucking go.*

I'd planned to retreat to my room and stay there until my next class coaxed me out, but on my walk back from Stern, things were looking up: I didn't lose feeling in my feet or ears, the sidewalk was unfreezing, and the sun was blinding. *Could it be? Was Punxsutawney Phil wrong?*

I didn't waste any time contemplating; instead, I jumped on the enthusiasm

train and rode it all the way to Geneva Smoke Shop in the Hamilton Square shopping center. As the sales associate and I studied just about every Zyn flavor behind the glass (naturally, I requested the strongest option), I found myself eschewing his minty suggestions. Peppermint, spearmint, cool mint—I wanted none of it, for something in my heart told me: *It's summer, bitch.* I walked out of that place with a fucking snus smoothie in my pocket, but today, I review the strongest of the bunch: Icy Blackcurrant Zyns.

I'd like to begin with a disclaimer that, although the package says "XX-Strong," these things are only 12.5 mg each. *Womp womp.* Maybe one day I'll treat myself to an overseas order for some more potent stuff, but until then, you and I will both have to

suffer through this p*ssy bullshit. Shall we?

I punched my thumbnail through the dotted line and traced it along the entire circumference, taking the time to explore what initial aromas might arise. A dark, sugary scent crept in ever-so-gently. With genuine pleasure and anticipation, I popped the lid off and took a whiff, only to be thrown back by reactionary convulsions in my chair. *WHAT THE FUCK?* It smells like someone took a dipstick, let it soak in someone's ass for a while, ground it up into a powder, and threw it in a snus pouch. This is some Sour Ruby shit all over again. Do you know how many times I had to brush my teeth so it didn't smell like I was giving rim jobs left and right? Fuck me. Still, I'll try them for you, my dear readers. The further away I pushed

the container, the less ass-like and more fruity it smelled (though I've never tried black currant and can't speak to the authenticity of the flavor). I sighed; it was time. I plucked two pouches from their resting place and lifted my top lip. I took two deep breaths, drying my gums to avoid slippage. Before even placing them, I noticed that these motherfuckers are the driest wet pouches I've ever come

across—and you know I love my European slim-wet style snus. Yet another disappointment. I started the clock at 11:53 and waited. 12:00. Literally nothing. This is why I hate dry pouches. Guys, I don't even have the patience. Should I put in a third? I'll put in a third. I'm gonna need lip injections to make room for the number of pouches it takes to FUCKING FEEL SOMETHING, DAMNIT. 12:08. Still nothing. I'm

pissed. I wasted my money. It's still winter. My mouth smells like a toilet. I have a paper to write, but I did this shit instead. Fuck me. Fuck you. Fuck Icy Blackcurrant Zyns. Fuck whatever wuss decided Americans can't have real snus. I refuse to rate these because they don't deserve to exist. Usually, when I'm pissed off, I can count on snus to take the edge off, but no. Don't buy them. Just don't.

WARNING: THIS PRODUCT IS ASS.



HATE THE MARTINI?

NOW YOU CAN FLAUNT IT!



SHOP MARTINI MERCH
CHECK OUR LINKTREE
@MARTINI.THE

deadass.

I'd save all my olives
for you.



To:

From:

My thoughts of you
are dirtier than
this martini.



To:

From:

I'd let you stuff my olive.



To:

From:

Martinis are murky,
Olives are green,
This Valentine's Day,
Let me make you cr**m.



To:

From:



**TYPOS? WEIRD FORMATTING?
SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS.**

**WE'RE OVER
YOUR OPINIONS.**