

CANT CASSELL  
CULTURE

Comedy Magazine  
No. 2

There's obvious statements and then there's "I'm here."

A NOTE

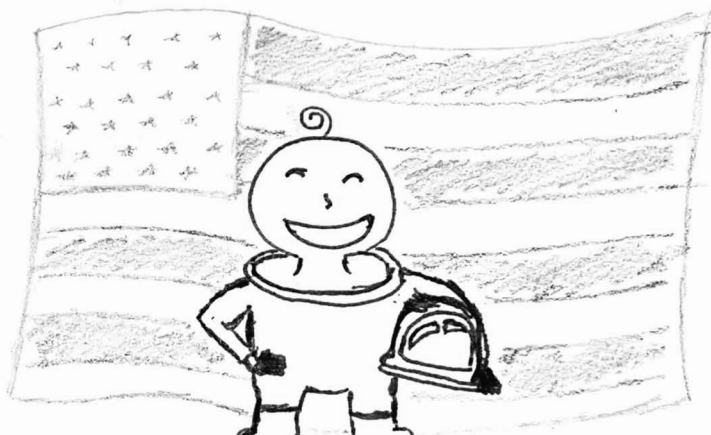
You never see adults with hickies. Or as our neighbors from the south like to call 'em, "hickories."

My wife asked if I wanted kids. If I wanted 2 more hooligans running around the house, I'd invite her parents over.



MAN IN NEW YORK CITY (IF MAN IN NEW YORK CITY WAS ANNIE HALL DIANE KEATON)

Hey, don't you know them things will kill ya! Cigarettes,, I'll tell ya. Last week I tried smokin, nearly passed out was so filthy. Gosh. Man. Hey! Watch it man! Watch where you're goin! Hey! The nerve on these people man, I swear it. Oh, *real nice*. Say excuse me for once would ya?! Geez Louise man, I'll tell ya, the nerve on some of these people man. Makes you shake your head. Hey! Taxi! I swear to God I'm invisible, these people, like they can't see me. Like I got a, a hat on that says "don't pick me up" or "moron" something like that. Man... I'll tell ya. If I was runnin the show thing's would be different, I'll tell ya. HeY! Watch it! Oh, the middle finger, real nice, real nice. Yea, Rudeness Without a Cause, starring you, Lames Dean! I'll tell ya.



I wanna be the first man IN the moon!

Newton got mean 'bout that apple tree.

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There I am, playing the harmonica in the school band recital, because they NEED me to. So I'm sitting down waiting for the big solo, and I—I blank. I don't even know what to play. I blow and nothing comes out, so I put my harmonica into my right pocket, spotlight still on me, and I start singing. A song I'd never heard before. Lord knows they hadn't either.

“A SONG... I SING!  
TO YOU... MY DEAR.  
A FLEDGLING IDEA,  
THAT NOW COMES CLEAR!  
A DEVASTATING ADVANCE  
THAT I HADN'T KNOWN TO BE TRUE,  
THIS, THIS IS A SONG, THAT I SING,  
TO YOU.”

I think that they loved it. And because my harmonica solo was – just that – a solo, everybody had cut out. The folks in the band themselves were expecting a collection of noises out of this mouth organ, but instead received a short vocal solo. I was cued in with the absence of noise, and I was to cue them back in with the stoppage of the harmonica. But who knew WHAT to do now. The conductor was on the defensive end now, as the audience was clapping. They thought that that was the end of the song. And the conductor yielded!

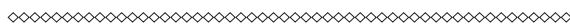
What was sure to be a gag has turned into a triumph. And I am at the receiving end. “That was a bold move, Chase,” is all that the conductor says to me, and we are dismissed. As we bandlings flood out into the crowd of happy parents and happy grandparents, I'm greeted by astonishing attention.

I had imagined it last night on my pillow: I was going to collect lots of “That was a good bit in the middle there!” or “I loved that harmonica!” as the rest of the band was going to resume at the end of my solo, and I would thus be remembered but by no means the star of the show. As it appeared now, I was the host of this party, everybody moved into the peripheral.

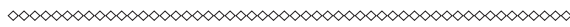
And I didn't know how to feel bad about this. When all the kids told their parents that this wasn't planned, that this was completely my doing, it was only more impressive. I had created a steam-engine locomotive without even realizing it. My reputation had now preceded me. This was surely, by the audience's favor, far better than completely choking and doing nothing.

The theater of it. I remember it all extremely. I wonder if my own amazement with myself was as great as the awe that those parents had when they found out that the song was something original.

They're just giving the power back to the states, what's the big deal??



I work as a groundskeeper at the cemetery. I work the night shift most days. I don't like calling it the graveyard shift though, that makes it sound scary.



“I dipped my Nalgene in the Connecticut River” - Donny Dartmouth



- AB '25

If the moon landing truly did happen in 1969, then why isn't there a picture of them holding the day's paper to prove it?

- MP '24



Oh yea? Tell that to my sheet metal heavy fucking paper airplane.

*\*THUNK\**

BUSY JOHNNY DO

It was then, then, right there, I saw it, she was right there, in front of me, gosh she was beautiful I can just see it in my eyes right now, she was there in front of me, just dazzling. The bathroom door was open, she was, well she was on her phone, we had ordered appetizers. So she went to go wash up or what so have you so then I was at the table and she runs diagonal to the table and goes into the Ladies restroom, but the Ladies restroom is slightly open, I guess that's just how it is, I'm not an expert on Ladies restrooms and this was my first time at this place. Fruit flies on the table, and she's in the bathroom. Nachos hit the table and I'm at the table, do I start eating? No! Hell no!?! What's wrong with you man? She's looking at the mirror real long-like. Like there's somethin' wrong here, her phone is put away she's just at the mirror now. Both arms are fully extended, fingertips pointed towards her abdomen, palms on the surface of the table, and she's lookin at herself, probably into those pools of blue eyes she's got, Fiji water tropical getaway all expenses included private island private jet. She's looking at herself, and she smiles. A little cute little smile. And I'm here, you know, nachos on the table and hands in my lap. Did she even want these nachos? Gosh, I ordered them for the table for us. On a date?! What an idiot, gosh. haha. Man. I guess, when things are bad in life it's funny, but when they're really bad, they're really funny.

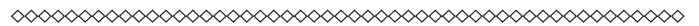


THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

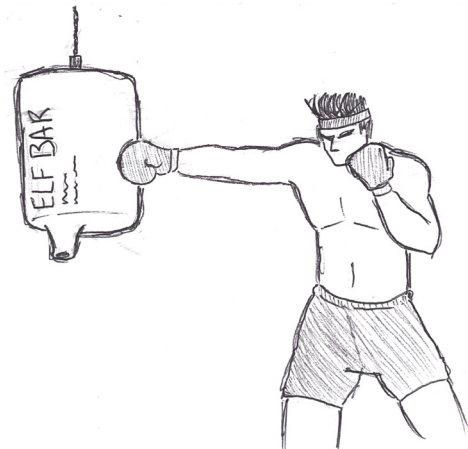
What's my novel about, you ask?  
Why, great question. It's about a whale, a great large whale and my quest to help somebody with an ivory tusk for one of his legs to kill this motherfucker. But it's got a twist.

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All the sudden, nows a days, even tellin' somebody "bless you" when they's sneezing, that kinda thing'll get somebody cancelled, you don't be careful enough.



What's next, healthy popcorn?



BRO LET ME HIT. THAT.

-MP '24

So I'm dating my massage therapist, so what?

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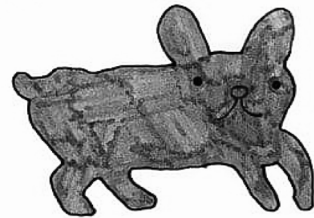
I've been putting on sunscreen as deodorant lately. This way, when somebody tells me I smell bad, I raise my arm, point to my armpit, and put them in a GUILLOTINE CHOKE.

AD MAIOREM DEI GLORIAM

Wow, don't the last time come too soon! Thank you for that lovely introduction Sister Mary Magdalene, it was almost as lovely as your confessional meditation sessions last year! Wow... graduation day. When Father Peter asked me to speak, I admit that at first I was scared, but then I was happy. I remember four years ago, meeting everyone for the first time. Molly, back when she still had braces. So long ago! Peter and his dad's Jeep! Good times in that thing, huh Pete? Ha! I think I speak for everyone when I say that we are all going to miss you guys. You two are crazy! Remember when Molly broke her arm back there? How did that even happen! Or freshman year, when Tucker fell during the Stations of the Cross! It was a crazy loud fall! Four years ago, I joined the swim team with no intention of winning state, but I am so glad I did. It almost made it worth all the five AM practices! No but seriously, I met my best friends in the whole wide world on that team. And my boyfriend, who is pretty great, I guess! No he really is. This school shaped my life for four years of my life, and to that I say, Go Saints! Thank you all and Godspeed!

Oh, what's this CD? Bob Dylan Live 2021 in Colorado Springs?? This place is a gold mine!

What do you call someone who has tattoos? A tattoo-haver? A tatoow owner? Usually I just call 'em, 'cos I got a thing for people with ink.



- AB '25

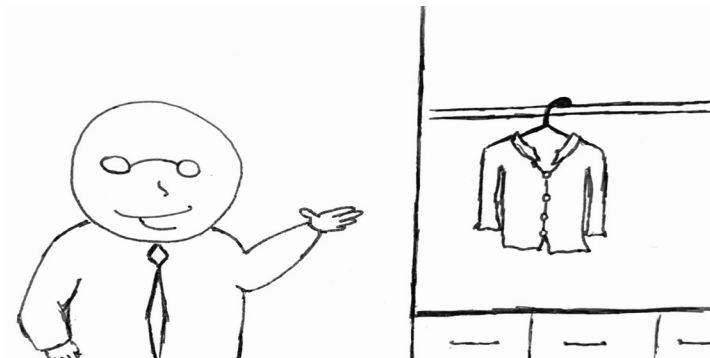
"It was actually right here in this spot that I got mugged"

...

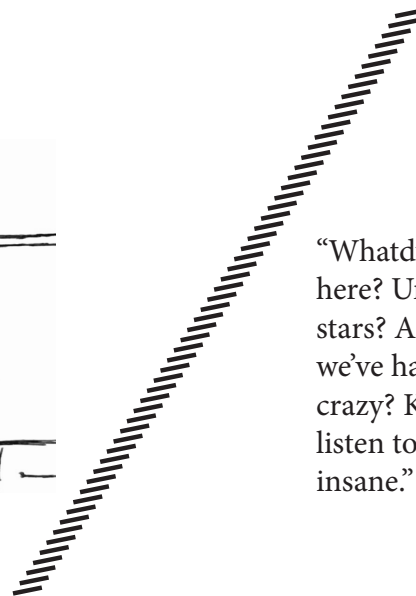
"Night just like this one too."

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Everybody loves a rags to riches story, but, of course, nobody likes calling their story rags.



"For instance, *this* is a shirt you can wear to have sex in"

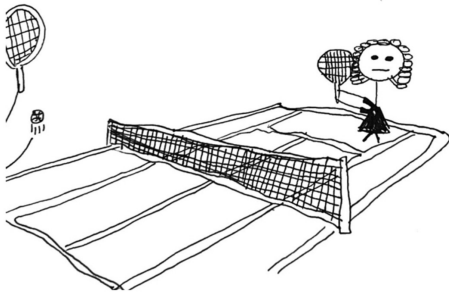


"Whatdya mean? Kiss here? Underneath these stars? After the fun night we've had? What are you crazy? Kiss here? Kiss here, listen to you. You sound insane."

A CONTEMPORARY AND TIMELY REVIEW OF THEODOR BALT'S 1952 MASTERPIECE UNTITLED #67, A NEAR-BLANK CANVAS PAINTED WITH TWO STREAKS OF RED AND A BOLT OF BLUE, CONTROVERSIAL AT THE TIME FOR ITS REJECTION OF FORM OR MEANING (IN THE STYLE OF THE LATER ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISTS SUCH AS STILL, POLLACK, AND ROTHKO), BUT TODAY, GIVEN THE PROGRESSION OF MODERN, POST-MODERN, AND HYPER-MODERN ART, AN ALMOST QUAINT MICROCOSM OF THE BOUNDLESS OPTIMISM OF AMERICAN POSTWAR ART, ESPECIALLY THE ART OF WHITE MEN IN NEW YORK CITY, THOUGH TO BE FAIR BALT WAS PROBABLY CLOSETED, WHICH MAY HAVE CAUSED HIS ART TO BE UNFAIRLY IGNORED IN FAVOR OF OTHERS (SUCH AS STILL, POLLACK, AND ROTHKO), OSTENSIBLY TO BE PUBLISHED ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BALT'S DEATH FROM LUNG CANCER, BUT IN REALITY WRITTEN BY AN ART PROFESSOR WHO ATTENDED A CONTEMPORARY GALLERY SHOWING THAT THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND LAST WEEK AND WAS STRUCK BY A TERRIBLE SENSE OF THEIR OWN AGE AND MORTALITY, THE INEXORABLE PROGRESSION OF TIME, AND THE FLEETING CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUTH, WHO IS NOW SEEKING COMFORT IN THE RADICALISM OF THEIR PARENT'S GENERATION AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR EXAMINING PRESENT TRENDS IN ART, AND IS ABOUT TO SUFFER A STROKE

Does anyone else smell burnt toast? suerihfdjb

- JR '25



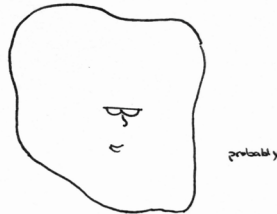
"Justice is served"



"Justice is served."

- MP '26

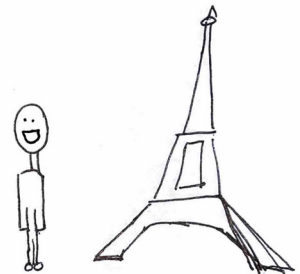
My ex-girlfriend was a Reese's  
Pisces. Born in March, smelled  
like peanut butter.



A missing persons search  
don't sound like my idea  
of a good party.



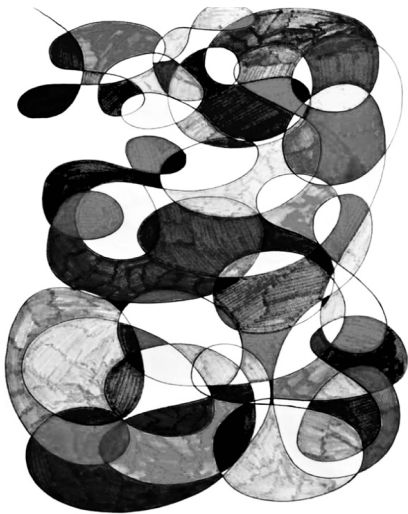
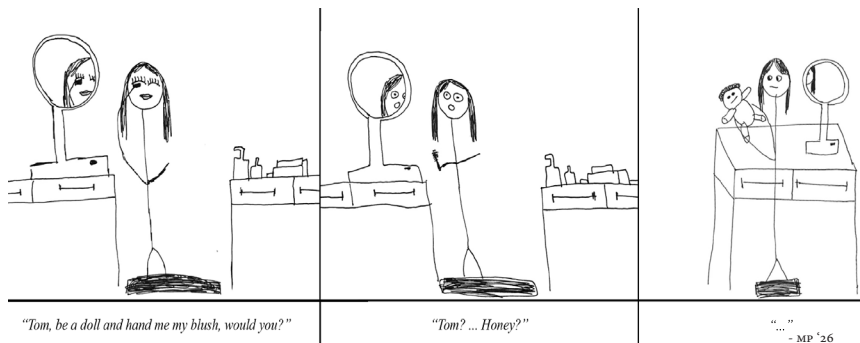
Nows, back in my day I  
walked 54 miles to school  
each day as the crow flies.  
But if that crow was walkin'.



"Oh, Colin went to France!"

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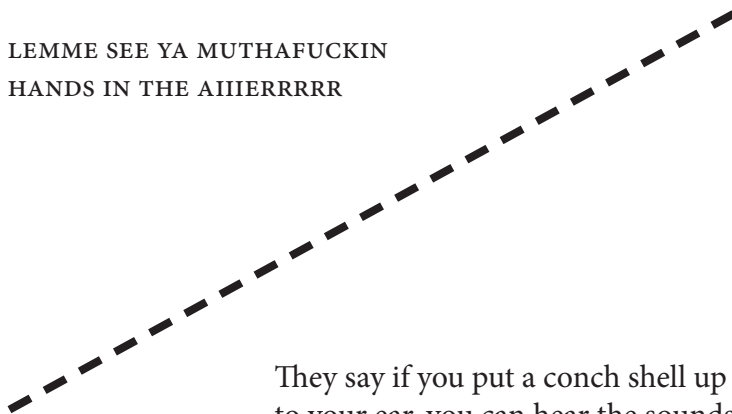
Imagine walking out of an airport and you see a guy with a sign that says like "Springsteen" or Carly Simon or somebody famous.



- AB '25

Your Honor? The only *CRIME* Tonya Hardings "*GOONS*" committed was being *TOO* good for the sport of Figure Skating.

LEMME SEE YA MUTHAFUCKIN  
HANDS IN THE AIIIIERRRRR



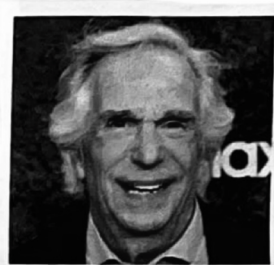
They say if you put a conch shell up to your ear, you can hear the sounds of the ocean. Yet lately, I've only been hearing my lunch sack of a husband complain about fire drills.

● MY WHITE WHALE

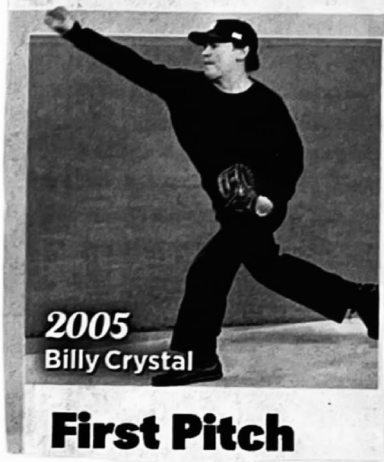
● Call me Earnest, because that's who I am.  
 ● A few months ago, I think, I walked into  
 ● a saloon on the westside of Tombstone,  
 ● Arizona. Having no particular interest  
 ● for me back in Missouri, on account of  
 ● my wife and children having been lit on  
 ● fire by wandering Jayhawks twelve years  
 ● ago now, I thought I would ride about a  
 ● little and see the dusty part of the world.  
 ● It is the way I have of driving off the  
 ● mind and regulating the lungs. Whenever  
 ● I find myself growing pale about the  
 ● face; weak in the knees; whenever it is  
 ● it a humid, suffocating July in my chest;  
 ● whenever I find myself involuntarily  
 ● pausing by abandoned Union hospitals;  
 ● and especially whenever my consumption  
 ● gets such the upper hand of me, that  
 ● it requires strong physical principle to  
 ● prevent me from deliberately stepping  
 ● into the street, and coughing blood into  
 ● every spittoon I see- then I account it  
 ● high time to get West. This is my substitute  
 ● for the whiskey and the gin and the  
 ● tonics and antibiotics. With a philosophical  
 ● flourish Ishmael takes to the sea; I  
 ● lean towards the sunset.  
 ●

Some people smoke cigarettes after sex.  
Personally I drink pedialyte.

Eddie Vedder's got that *CLASSIC* Evanston,  
Illinois accent.



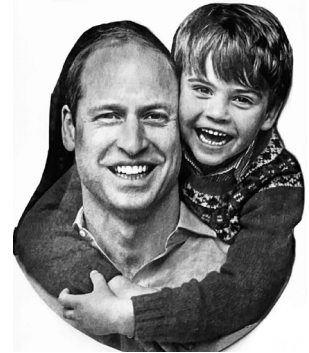
One day I am going to have long thin grey hair and stare into a camera lens on Malibu beach. They'll flock to me, asking about the fame and the glory, and I'll talk about God.



Editors: Connor Norris '25 and Lulu Alonso '25

CONTRIBUTORS

- CONNOR NORRIS '25
- LULU ALONSO '33
- JONAS ROSENTHAL '25
- MARLEIGH PETERS '24
- LAIRD HAMILTON
- MAISIE PIKE '26
- AMELIE BRADLEY '25



COVER ART: EVAN MARION '26

ADVISOR (per COSO guidelines)  
MATTHEW OLZMANN

PURPOSE

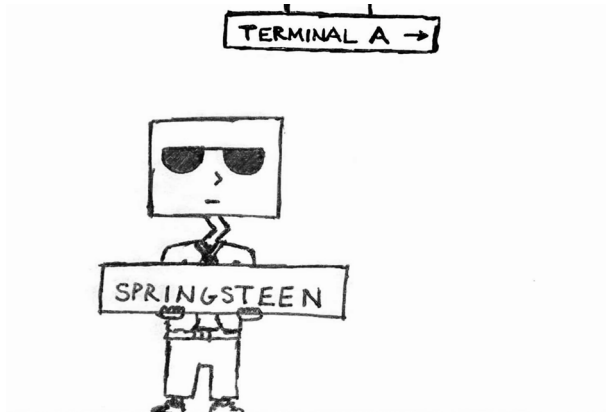
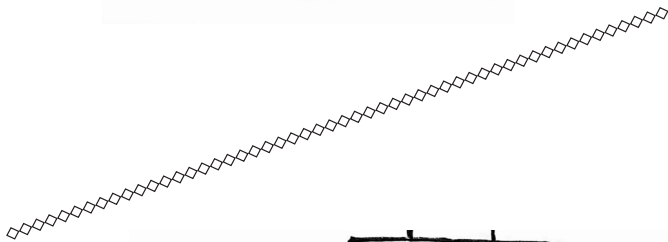
BASED IN

Hanover, NH 03755, USA

At some certain, undisclosed Ivy League institution

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AUGUST, 2023



"I'll smoke cigarettes, and I don't give a damn what you say about it!" Says the person slowly killing themselves....

Good evening! And welcome to Second Hand Cigars.

Sure, take one down. Pass it around, even. We've still got 98 bottles of beer on the wall.

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I will never die