

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

SMOKING ISSUE

SEPT/OCT 1996



*Ceci n'est pas un
Squelch*

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOTT'EM

WELCOME, FELLOW GOLDEN BEARS and Bearettes, to the Smoking Issue. Here at the Squelch we always do our damndest to stay on the cutting edge of what's hip, hot and happening. And smoking is hot, especially when mom presses a cigarette into your arm and yells, "Wake up, drive me to Bingo!" A recent study, administered by the People who Study these Sorts of Things, says that teenage smoking is up. The same study also conclusively proved that smoking is, in fact, cool. My love affair with cigarettes began in England last year. We had flirted before, but it was in London that we consummated our relationship. It was either cigarettes or heroin (they're about the same price over there), but I wanted something that I could do in bars. — BP

Yah, it seems there's so much more being smoked these days: menthols, beedies, cloves, weed, and Tupac. But tobacco's still my favorite. It's just like sex — if I don't get a little bit every day, I get horrible headaches. That, and if I go overboard with either, I wake up with a nasty taste in my mouth. Oh, and also, if you smell your hands after smoking or sex, it's gross, like... [Mr. Cook dashed off for a "cigarette"] — Eds.

My two cents worth. — MKT

I'm giving up smoking next week as part of my new pledge to be one with god. Also, my parents keep calling and leaving messages that say, "Are you smoking? We know you are." It's going to be hard to give it up — the morning wheezing, the bloodshot eyes and the unbelievable amounts of phlegm — but I'm going to give it the old college try. They may rescind my English major membership but ya gotta live life on the edge. Maybe now I can find a new oral crutch, like, say, French-kissing tailpipes. Kudos to you, Ben, for staying in the Club, i.e., the Club of people who do things that are life threatening in small increments. — KA

You mean, like, doing it with you? HA! — BP

[Slap!] — KA

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
READING THE SQUELCH CAUSES LUNG CAN-
CER, HEART DISEASE, EMPHYSEMA, AND
MAY COMPLICATE PREGNANCY. HOW CAN
YOU RESIST?

September-October 1996

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

Tobacco is a filthy weed
That from the devil does proceed
It drains your purse, it burns your clothes
And makes a chimney of your nose.

— Benjamin Waterhouse

Dear Editors,

It's time to write a letter to the
editors or chew bubble gum, and I'm
all out of gum.

— D. Nukem

Dear Editors:

In light of the recent attacks on
the cigarette industry, we would like to
deny allegations that smoking is detri-
mental to one's health. Due to an
overdose of fresh breathing air, the

Surgeon General suffered a momen-
tary relapse of his days of youth and
inexperience when issuing these so-
called "warnings". For further proof of
the positive impacts of smoking please
see any decent 50s movie and the Re-
publican National Convention.

— R. J. R. Reynolds

Dear Editors,

Smoke 'em if you got 'em!
— The Reverend Horton Heat

Dear Editors,

How on God's green earth do
you plan on killing this space?

— Conveniently Curious

SCRATCH N' SNIFF

We here, smoking at Squelch headquarters, have always strived to provide an interactive sensual experience. After all, what's living in Berkeley without the smells? So scratch away on this specially scented paper you little monkeys...



Model Airplane Glue



Foreign Exchange Student



Apricot Ale



Kimchee



New Car Smell
(Fine Corinthian Leather)



Post Coital Bliss

- JC

Doesn't that make you want to have a cigarette?

Squelch Scratch n' Sniffs: Tested on convicts, never on animals.

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Alive with Pleasure.
Since 1991.

Marlboro Persons
Karen Ahn
Jason Cook
Ben Pershing
Honey Shor-Posner
Matthew Kevil Thomas

Coming to Where the Flavor Is
Merrin Morse
Jason N. Rosenbaum
Ayala Ben-Yehuda

GPCs
Renuka Rayasam, Pat Trombley, Stuart Graiwer, David Kahalili, Shlomy Kattan, John Rauschenberg, Jason Zimring, David LaCross, Leah Platoni, Tea Leoni, Gilbert Guerrero and Tim.

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The events chronicled herein are based on actual occurrences. Certain characters and dialogue have been liberally exaggerated (wait - time out - isn't it time for a delicious Phillip Morris product?) for dramatic and comedic purposes. For instance, "herein" shouldn't really be considered a word (SMOKE DAMN YOU, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SMOKE!) whereas it may have hitherto been thusly construed as such. Lawyers suck.

This issue of the Squelch was made possible by a generous grant from the Phillip Morris Corporation, which we hope arrives soon, as the payments on our jetskiis are overdue, and the support of readers such as yourself, without whom we wouldn't have been able to write run-on sentences.

Play ball!

The Heuristic Squelch represents the views of absolutely no one. Therefore, we are at a loss as to where you should direct your letters of complaint. Frankly, we're pretty offended ourselves.

NEW STEAL NEWS!

McDONALD SUCCEEDS THEN!

After months of deliberation, the UC Regents have decided that the next chancellor of UC Berkeley will be none other than Ronald McDonald. Ronald accepts the honor, promising that under his tutelage, UCB will be a place for "Food, Folks, and Fun!" His former deputy, the Hamburglar, expressed doubts about the new administration, "It's all politics anyway. And what's with that fucking Arch Deluxe™?"

SMOKING NOT A CARCINOGENIC ACTIVITY

The surgeon general declared today that smoking salmon, beef, pork, and other meat products does not cause cancer; it can, however, rob it of its natural flavor.

BIKE STOLEN NEAR BERKELEY CAMPUS

Surprise, Surprise.

SAOBA HOLDS FIRST MEETING

Students Association is planning to hold its first meeting next Tuesday. They wouldn't disclose the location of the meeting, because they don't want you to come. Their table in Sproul will be empty.

PRINCE OF NORGE GETS PROPS

The crown prince of Norway officially claimed the small part of People's Park that UC regents had honorably awarded him. Gauloise Page

According to one regent, a rich heartless bastard, "It was the most we could do to repay his country for years of mistreatment." The Prince responded, "Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot." *Exeunt*

UNBOMBER RELEASED

Ted Kascinsky was discharged from prison today after the F.B.I. admitted to botching the search warrant. Apparently, justice department officials misspelled his name in making out the warrant. An agitated Janet Reno read from a prepared statement, "How the fuck did those idiots misspell 'Ted'? I'm cracking skulls."



MMMMMM MMMMMM GOOD

The USDA recently released its revised dietary guidelines for children. The new Food Guide Pyramid recommends infinity plus one servings of boogers, 2-3 servings of sand (preferably urine-

enriched), and 2-3 servings of belly lint. Foods that they are warned to "use sparingly" are crayons, chapstick, and paste, as they fall under the "fats, oils, and sweets" category. "A well balanced meal, along with regular cootie shots, should ensure optimum health," said a spokesman.

SPONSORED BY THE LETTERS A AND A

Joining clinic regulars Robert Downey, Jr. and Kelsey Grammer,

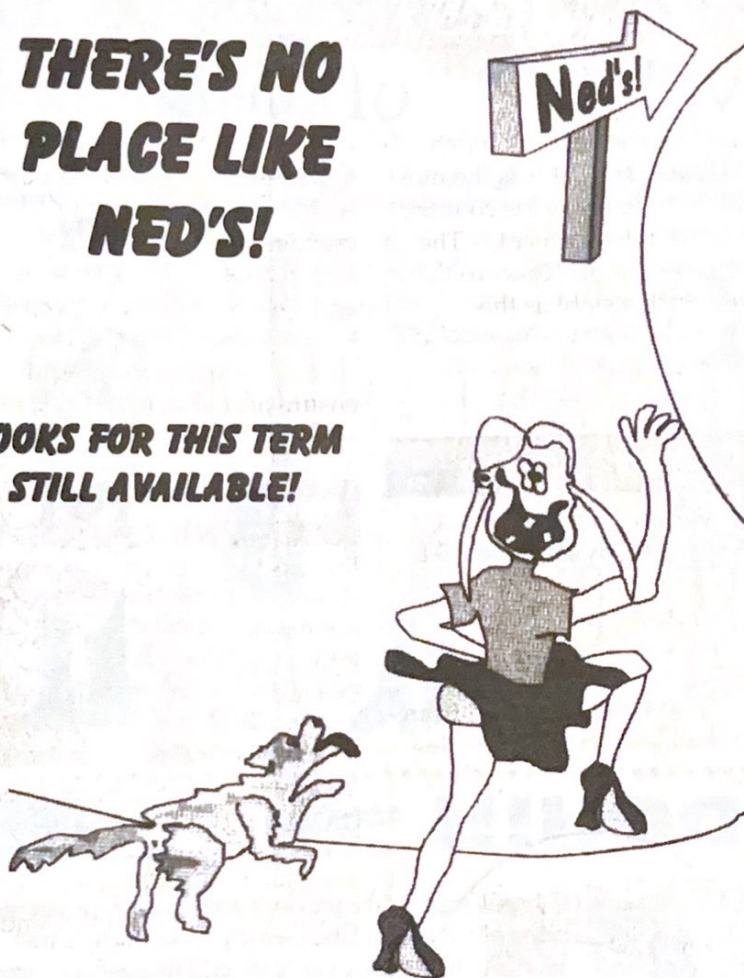


beloved Sesame Street muppet Grover checked into the Betty Ford clinic last Monday. Apparently, to combat a "recurring" amphetamine and alcohol addiction. The Hollywood establishment expressed little surprise at the news. "It was pretty damn obvious," said an unnamed CTW employee, "when you looked at his behavior. A lot of people thought those unscripted 'Super Grover' acts were funny, but people in the know found it terribly sad." The Betty Ford Clinic has "seen its share" of Sesame Street muppets, regularly treating Snuffleuffagus (barbiturates) Cookie Monster (marijuana-related eating disorders), Guy Smiley (ecstasy), and Big Bird (pedophilia).

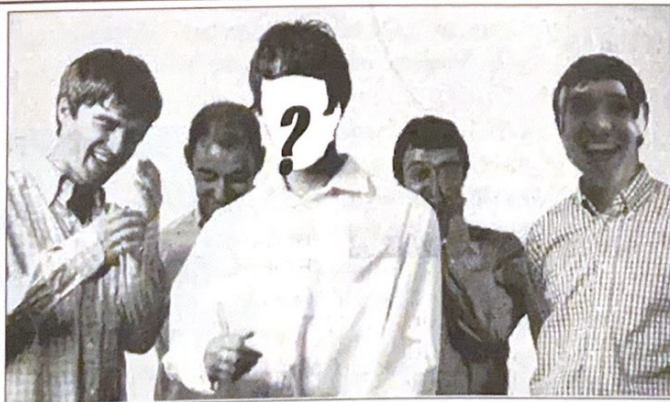


**THERE'S NO
PLACE LIKE
NED'S!**

**BOOKS FOR THIS TERM
STILL AVAILABLE!**



BANCROFT NEAR TELEGRAPH 204-0900



OASIS FANS - THIS COULD BE YOU! THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH AND EPIC RECORDS PROUDLY SPONSOR THE LIAM GALLAGHER REPLACEMENT SEARCH.

(FAMILY MEMBERS AND BLUR NOT ELIGIBLE)

September-October 1996

TOP TENS

Top Ten Good Times to Smoke:

10. After masturbating
9. After lighting cigarette
8. After good sex
7. During bad sex
6. While roommate has sex (in the hall)
5. After human sexuality course
4. While in a crowded elevator
3. When your plane's about to crash.
2. Before a brush fire
1. While changing your baby's diaper

Top Ten Little Known Jesus Facts:

10. Was actually the *daughter* of God
9. Middle name was Horace
8. He still sometimes enjoys dialing the 976 lines and when they ask him his name he says "Morton"
7. Once bowled a 179 at the Nazareth Bowl-o-rama
6. When he was 6, he fell down a stairwell and really scraped his knee up pretty bad
5. Is a HUGE Green Day fan
4. Other kids used to taunt him about being a bastard
3. Could benchpress 350lbs.
2. In a jealous rage, once lied and told Jezebel "I'll see you in hell!"
1. "He" was actually a large black woman

Top Ten Things Overheard at Poetry Readings:

10. Don't I know you from Wall Berlin?
9. Excuse me - are you pretentious or effeminate?
8. I like the ones that rhyme.
7. Where's Doctor fucking Seuss?
6. You hate your Mom too?!
5. There once was a man from Nantucket...
4. I got a Longfellow for you...
3. But this one goes to 11!
2. Liquor before beer, never fear..
1. Speak for yourself, white man

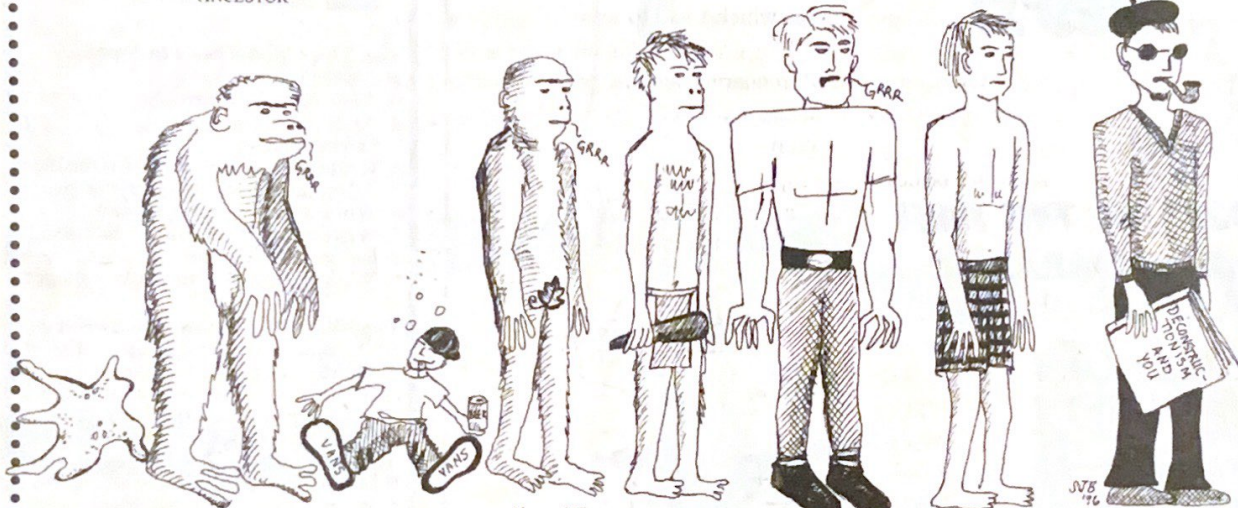
Top Ten Books Recommended by the American Dental Association:

10. Portrait of the Dentist As a Young Man
9. Plaque Like Me
8. Barbarians at the Colgate
7. Mill on the Floss
6. Roots Canal
5. The Pasteland
4. Even Dental Hygienists Get the Blues
3. 100 Years of Dentistry
2. Cavity's Rainbow
1. The Plaque

Silk Cut Page

The DEvolution of M~~an~~

- ① AMOEBA ② COMMON PRIMATE ANCESTOR ③ FRATERNICUS (FRAT BOY) ④ A. AFARENSIS (EARLY HOMINID) ⑤ HOMO ERECTUS ⑥ ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER ⑦ HOMO SAPIENS (MODERN MAN) ⑧ HOMO SNOBBIENS (POST-MODERN MAN)



BROUGHT TO YOU ONCE AGAIN BY HELEN TARNATION. BUT YOU KNEW THAT, YOU CHEEKY MONKEY!



The Heuristic Squelch is dedicated to news and humor that is both accurate and meets the standards of well enGLeshh. If an article, that we or someone else publishes, is thought of as wrong or misleading, than we, via that party, will take steps, as is fit, to be really verbose, and prolix for that matter, in apologizing – such that the meaning is confused, and no one cares. Go Bears.

In the last issue, we erroneously reported that Chancellor Tien was having sex with sheep. We regret the error and any harm it may have caused him and his flock.

The Squelch staff apologizes for phallic (a/i)llusions.

During last midterm, we inadvertently answered 'c' for questions 16 and 21. We meant to answer 'a' and 'd' respectively. We apologize.

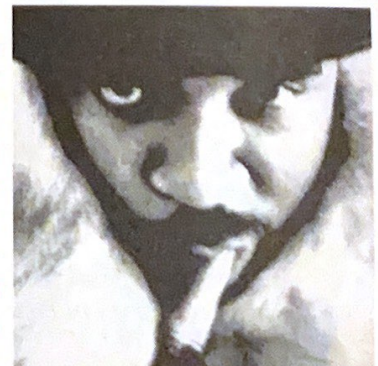
It was erroneously reported that Chancellor Tien was also singlehandedly responsible for the scourge of crack cocaine in urban America. We now realize that this may not be true. However, we reserve the right to blame someone for this problem, as it bothers us.

September-October 1996

We apologize for the previous and egregious misrepresentation of the role of Übermensch in Nietzsche's transvaluation of the ontological tension Schopenhauer exposes between the imperative of Kantian critique and the Hegelian dialectic. "Raging blonde Teutonic beasts shall descend," should have read "Raging blonde Teutonic beasts shall reign." Duhhh.

Correction: Darling, I was wrong – I was using her to get to you. Please come home, bring Mookie.

Last issue, we inadvertently attributed the quote, "Baby girl's age is the same as her waist, deuce-four, my taste." to Sir Mix-a-Lot. Said line was, in fact, uttered by Poet Laureate and Berkeley resident, Robert Haas. We regret this unfortunate error ☐



Kool Page



STALKING KEANU

BY KAREN ANN



The Setup:

The tip came from my friend's father's old drinking buddy, referring to 'a bar where He hangs out.' The Plan commences. I just want to see him, to ask a few questions like, "Can I touch your face?" and "You don't really think you can do Shakespeare, can you?" Mockery greeted My Plan, e.g., "You must be desperate." One concerned friend asked, "Do you need a job, maybe some place you can keep busy? My mom needs her cats groomed."

I took a week off from the bustling bakery industry and persuaded my friend Greg to do the same. (That was easy - he'd just been fired.) For personal reasons (like the unreasoning fear that someone may find Keanu before I do) I refuse to disclose the name of the bar except to say it is in Southern California, and not too pretty or hip a part. Keanu: you can afford to go upscale if you can afford to turn down Speed Two for your awful band.

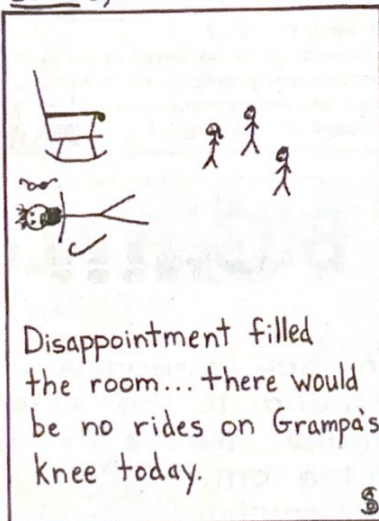
My plan was simple. Upon His entering, I would either A) Faint and drool in a religious ecstasy B) Start crying spontaneously and then sink into deep despair after realizing a major and slightly pathetic life goal C) Mumble a request for his autograph and stare at his poreless face. My MAIN goal was to handcuff myself to his leg. For people who are saying, 'Christ, this desperate woman would do anything for his attention,' I congratulate them on their razor sharp perception which was obviously a key reason for admittance into this fine university.

The Operation:

First: costumes. Greg picked leather, in hopes of picking up cute boys in case

Keanu didn't show. I decided on a lovely linen shift in Weathered Stone (Tweeds catalogue) and a serious pair of fuck-me pumps which I had to toss after 3 hours since they drained all the blood from my head, rendering me incapable of movement and cantilevering my ass so severely forward that the look screamed "osteoporosis" instead of "sexpot". Next: fake names (in case our devotion was mistaken for fan-crazed deviancy.) Greg decided on "G" after his #2 idol. "G."

Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



from the James Bond movies, although I thought people would mistake it as homage to the shampoo "Gee, Your Hair Smells Terrific." I selected "Aphrodite", hoping that She would be by my side, but Greg kept calling me "Aphro." I finally settled on the discreet "Titchuba." Greg started calling me "Titty" but it was already the third day of the hunt; the die was cast.

The Sting:

Day 1: We walk into the bar, a lovely establishment, all wood and dim lighting

and heavy, heavy smokers. The sunlight streaming in from mucus-smeared windows caught the drink stains at a delicate angle. Hard-drinking types (who looked like dock workers or maybe extras from the latest Kurt Russell movie about evil union laborers who plan to dynamite their grommet factory until Kurt and his wise-cracking but lovable minority sidekick step in to save the day) filled the bar. G. and I order a drink. We critique the deplorable hygiene levels of our fellow patrons. A few 'regulars' arrive. G. sidles up to one. G: "I hear Keanu Reeves comes into the bar." Regular: "Yeah, him and his faggot friends. Why - you waitin' for him?" Eight o'clock - G. writes down the names of the patrons to report to Act Up.

Day 4: G. and I bring in cards and 'Twister' to alleviate boredom. Another "regular" approaches and makes a vague gesture at the table. He asks G., "How much?" G., thinking he is asking about the drink: "Three bucks." Regular: "You kidding?" G.: "No." Regular: "Is that a special deal?" G.: "No, that's what it's always cost." Regular: "Why? She got diseases or something?" G. and I realize a terrible error has been committed. The day's stakeout is over. The "regular" gets belligerent but I use my mouthful of Sprite to look like I am foaming at the mouth. We leave without further incident. G. suggests that I start carrying my handcuffs in my purse. I argue accessibility but accede his point.

Day 6: Hostile rumbles directed towards our table gradually become louder. The bartender serves me wearing gloves. My linen shift has become stained; G. complains that his nipples chafe against his leather shirt. We are bone weary, despair-

CONTINUED ON VIRGINIA SLIMS
September-October 1996

TOP TENS CONT'D.

Top Ten Food-Oriented Songs:

10. Jesus Cooked My Hot Dog -Ministry
9. Cherry Pie -Warrant
8. Feed You Tonight -INXS
7. Orange Crush -REM
6. Mysterious Maize -U2
5. Sole to Squeeze -Red Hot Chili Peppers
4. Heart-Shaped Lox -Nirvana
3. Head Like A Roll -NIN
2. Burger in My Hand -Soundgarden
1. Hey, Macaroni! - Los de Rios

Top Ten Things Overheard at Star Trek's Thirtieth Anniversary:

10. Scotty, I've got to have more fiber!
9. Make your speed thirty miles per hour, Sulu.
8. Shatner's hairpiece looks more like a tribble every year.
7. How come Scotty can't set the clock on the VCR?
6. Kiptin! I've lost bladder control!
5. Those "Next Generation" kids never call, never write...
4. You humans are highly incontinent, Captain.
3. The Klingons are playing bingo off our port bow!
2. Scotty, next time please transport my pants as well.
1. Let's just say we don't call him "Bones" anymore.

Top Fourteen Pink Floyd Songs to Have Sex to:

14. Careful with that axe, Eugene
13. In the Flesh
12. Empty Spaces
11. Waiting for the Worms
10. Welcome to the Machine
9. Mind Your Throats, Please
8. Father's Shout
7. On the Run
6. Wish You Were Here
5. Mother
4. Take up Thy Stethoscope and Walk
3. Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun
2. Comfortably Numb
1. The Narrow Way

Top Ten Rejected Cigarette Brands:

10. Basic
9. Mammal
8. Virginia Phatz
7. Labor Strike
6. Gauloises
5. Galoshes
4. Penzoil
3. Salem
2. American Genocide
1. Aquanet

Top Ten Ways to Make a Man Go Down on You:

10. Order
9. Ask
8. Tell him it's sponsored by ESPN
7. NO FEAR
6. Hidden Crackerjack Prizes
5. Drink a lot of beer and tell him it's a new kind of keg (frat boys only)
4. Tell him you lost your contact lens

Marlboro Page

TEACHING YOUR KIDS TO SMOKE THE FUN AND EASY WAY

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD BE A SOCIAL OUTCAST!
Teach your child to smoke with this helpful tool! Smokin' Susy will help your child to be cool on playgrounds and in prisons everywhere! Susy comes in 3 versions:

Light Susy — The beginner's model comes with two very special features. Start out your child with the Susy that smokes, talks and bums cigarettes all in one smooth move. Smokin' Susy in Light will teach your child all the necessary basics, like inhaling without coughing, hiding unsightly nicotine stained fingers and stealing money from Girl Scout Meetings to fund her habit.



Regular Susy — The next step up! Regular Susy will teach Little Tommy and Janey how to blow smoke rings in nothing flat! For advanced learners, you can flip the "Mount Etna switch." Extra Feature: "The French Inhale." Watch the smoke slide up Susy's nostrils with Continental flair. (Beret and Mime tape not included.)

Unfiltered Susy — Also nicknamed "Achy-breaky Susy," the highest step in this educational kit features Susy at the most advanced level: watch Susy walk into a Country-Western bar, complain about her late alimony payments, and chain smoke an entire pack! (Not recommended for children under 8 years of age. Merle Haggard cassette not included.)

BIG BALLS A PLUS (YES, WOMYN TOO)

Practice Random Acts of Kindness and Submit Material to the Squelch (and remember to smoke). We are always looking for submissions in the form of stories, artwork, fake ad ideas, and anything else you can come up with. Please do one of the following:

- (1) An Editor-in-Chief
- (2) Come to one of our meetings in 122 Wheeler on Tuesday nights at 8 pm
- (3) E-mail ideas and material to: morgan@uclink or pinole@uclink.berkeley.edu
- (4) Real-mail stuff to (no more pipe bombs you assholes):

The Heuristic Squelch
P.O. 4575
Berkeley, CA 94704-0575

September-October 1996

Thoughts From a Freshman On The First Few Weeks Of Berkeley

by John Rauschenberg

FIRST OF ALL, I'D LIKE TO SAY MY youthful idealism hasn't been crushed yet. It's still waiting in line.

However, I have learned many useful things that casual visitors do not know about Berkeley:

When waiting in line to pay fees, it speeds up the process if you pull down your pants and bend over before you get to the front.

It's actually quite easy to see your Chem 1A professor, if you have a nice pair of binoculars and a good imagination.

Actually, if you have a good imagination, you shouldn't be wasting it on that. Try imagining that that cute girl in your history section doesn't get an expression like she just ate the residence halls' "meatloaf" every time she looks at you.

No need to actually meet your suitemates if your computers are already networked. You can just kill each other with Doom.

Berkeley: where intelligent, talented people of diverse backgrounds come together to claw, bite, and god-knows-what else each other for the last copy of Zen in the Art of Civil Engineering.

Don't walk with your head down. It makes you a good potential target for rapists, or worse, Christians. (It's not that I have anything against Christians in general. I just wish those aggressive ones would go away, the ones that are always smiling to show their rows of razor-sharp teeth. You don't need to tell me that those are heathen-eatin' molars.)

Yes, you are going to have to sell the Beamer. I mean, you gotta have that math book.

When you make a bad joke (see preceding item on list) it's best to just tell everyone that they don't get it on as many levels as you do. Then just look real nonchalant. Try humming.

Hmm hmm hmm, that's me in the corner...hm hmm in the spotlight, losing my humor...trying to keep writing for the Squelch...

Now to speak of a very serious subject: your desk lamp. It's so much more valuable than you ever could have believed. Repeat after me: "I worship you, O giver of light, helper with studying, and best friend. I will never give you a light bulb with more than sixty watts." What, you haven't established a relationship with your desk lamp yet? Trust me, it understands all

your problems. Bonus: if it's adjustable, then you can make it look like its always nodding its head in agreement with you. Also, your desk lamp is much more interesting to talk to than your roommate the EECS major (although it does have the same posture). And unlike many other students, it has the good sense to shut its mouth when it doesn't know anything.

On a completely different subject, I have found that an incredible amount of Berkeley is myth. There are classes, teachers, rooms, even entire buildings that fail to materialize. My theory, which I have given much thought to, is that the ants have taken them.

Ah, it's all becoming clear to you now, isn't it?

Here's a little-known fact: Advil enhances your mental abilities. Two, and those physics problems make much more sense. Three, and those physics problems are really one of those Magic Eyes—and oh, the 3-D image you're seeing (and the naughty, naughty pleasure you get from it)! Five, and those physics problems are playing in a band with John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix, and Rick Starr, doing a great cover of 'The Presidents of the United States' "Peaches."

In other news, four o'clock, last seen waiting in line for a reader, failed to happen today. Check again tomorrow after 3:59.

In other, slightly more intelligible news, I just realized that our childhood is gone. But maybe if we all yell really loud for an encore, it'll come back out on stage.

Freshmen beware: do not, I repeat, do not, believe any seniors telling you that you need to go to the orientation meeting at the bottom of the swimming pool and tying a big concrete block to your foot "for a ticket." Incidentally, a big thank you to the water polo team. You're real lifesavers, guys.

Meanwhile, back in the basement of some maze-like, godforsaken building:

"Hi, how can I not help you today?"

"Uh, I need to be crushed by reality."

"You need what?"

"To be...crushed...by...reality."

"Oh, you need to go to 140 Sproul Hall for that. Just try to get there before the ants do."

All right ☐

TOP TENS CONT'D.

3. Cut his legs off at the knees
2. Tell him he doesn't have to get off the couch to do it
1. Tell him to eat out or he cooks

Top Ten Reasons Why It's Cool to Be the Prince of Norway:

10. Unlimited use of ðmlauts
9. Tell everyone you're related to Hamlet
8. Get to hang with Fresh Prince
7. Free ice at Oslo 7-11
6. Norwegian Wood
5. Get your own top 10 list
4. Free luxury box at Vikings games
3. Get to wear fur without feeling guilty
2. You will eventually be FKAPN (Formerly Known as the Prince of Norway)
1. Herring!

Top Ten Secret Martha Stewart Sex Hints:

10. Hire a maid
9. Hire a hooker
8. Save X-mas ribbon for decor de bondage
7. If you run out of KY Jelly, mix 2 parts Vaseline with 1 part Mazola
6. Baking soda kills unpleasant odors for men AND women
5. A can of Pam Cooking Oil and a few drops of English Leather makes an aromatic and sensual body massage oil
4. Tell him you have a homemade pie he can eat
3. Saran Wrap ideal for autoerotic asphyxiation
2. Measuring spoon for spoonin' out the lovin'
1. Don't put cock ring in the microwave.

Top Ten Ice Cube / Shakespeare Collaborations:

10. Halmet, Pimp of Denmark
9. The Swapmeet Merchant of Venice
8. Troilus & that Ho Cressida
7. MACKbeth
6. The Fly Wives of Windsor (featuring Yo-Yo)
5. The Wrong Two Gentlemen of Verona to Fuck With
4. YOthello
3. Coolio Ceasar, A Tribute
2. A Midsummer Night's Drive-By (featuring TuPac)
1. Anthony & Cleopatra Jones

Top Ten Things Produced by Monkeys on Typewriters:

10. =20o;;svburrohnvj;zkp,
9. bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonbronnontonnerronnntuonnnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooordenenthur-nuk
8. The Daily Cal
7. calvanks94t80zvxooin;zdf
6. ueo9iurkelnlkljdl
5. noiaeutg.lknV aijveo;irmi
4. tamv p'qjl ba a'c
3. fmoi4;ngvai ;ou renik
2. 89aryc=7tpsvhy
1. To be or not to be, that is the question...

NO, THAT'S WHAT YOUR MOM SAID: A **Civilized** DEBATE

con Ayala Ben-Yehuda y Jason Rosenbaum

A.B.: The Squelch felt that the perennial debate between the sciences and the humanities deserved some consideration. So why don't you start off, Jason?



J.R.: People in the humanities bathe more, but they also smoke more, so everyone winds up stinking equally.



A.B.: See, that's your problem: you're so concerned with equilibrium and balancing equations that you don't get the broader picture which humanities offer.

J.R.: Well excuse me, but I happen to think that the laws governing the way the universe

operates happen to be pretty broad.

A.B.: The only thing that's broad in this room is your ass, you joystick jerking, Cyberball-playing emasculated linearthinking pig. All you nerds do is sit on your stained Snoopy sheets and play Doom all day.



$\geq \sqrt{\pi}$ CALGEBRA $\pi \sqrt{\geq}$ BY JASON ROSENBAUM

- The Jewish Student Union + The Muslim Student Union = The Self-Hating Jewish Student Union
- Cal Berkeley Republicans + CAL-PIRG = CAL-PURGE
- The Campenile + Annapurna = the biggest goddamn penis ring you've ever seen
- Dwinelle + Haas Business School = the Winchester Mystery House
- excrement - taste² = DC food
- The Coalition to Defend Affirmative Action by Any Means Necessary + the ROTC = The Coalition to Defend Human Freedom Against COBRA
- Students for the Truth - the truth = ASUC Senate
- KKG = GAP
- Leonard Nimoy - soap = EECS major
- CSU + CSA + CSO \geq the number of students at Berkeley
- Wall Berlin - Euro-trash = no business
- UC Berkeley - UC Riverside = UC Berkeley
- The Golden Overtones / The Tele-Bears lady = The Golden Monotones
- the astronauts' favorite fruity beverage + a nurse with an aspirin = the Tang Center
- Fraternity - beer = Cal Berkeley Republicans
- Chancellor Five x Chancellor Two = Chancellor Tien
- Eshelman x Wurster = Chernobyl
- Chemistry 3B - Black Lightning = D
- normal student / 6 years at Berkeley = that guy in the pink leotard riding the unicycle
- shower in the dorms - sandals = ebola virus
- the Hate-Man + Political Correctness = The Oft-Misunderstood Man
- Osski + too many pre-game vodkas = horrible half-time mauling
- CALBGAY + ROTC = Don't ask, don't tell
- Cal football team + skirts = Cal cheerleaders
- Football field + real grass = who gives a shit?
- Cal fight song - lyrics = UCLA fight song
- Tod Bozeman + female student = lawsuit
- The Daily Cal + readers = the Heuristic Squelch

September-October 1996

J.R.: Hey, chill out you pseudo-deep-thinking, overanalyzing till everything loses meaning, eventual greeting card writing, lawyer wannabe, bullshit artist. You can bag on computer games all you want. All I know is that I don't have to answer the question, "Oh, What's that?" when I tell people my major.

A.B.: Well, you Star Trek convention going, friendless, dateless, monkey-spankin' to David Duchovny photos downloaded off the "I Want to Have an Alien Love Child" home page, virtual life-leading techno-monkey. You think you're Captain Kirk but you're really just a Klingon.

J.R.: Fine, bitch. You want to play hardball, we gonna play hardball. Say goodbye to your paper on the existentialist analysis of the reason Proust doesn't rhyme with Faust. I'm deleting your hard drive.



A.B.: Well, fine... Then say goodbye to your social life because I'm the only person you talk to who isn't digitized anyway.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west Cheers
the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's Ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and brides;
Magnificent in Stramboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or in the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

—Lord Byron, poet, smoker, and effete tosser

Top Ten Rejected Franklin Mint Plate Series:

10. Selena (including rare autopsy plates)
9. Unabomber victim series
8. The Evolution of Cher post-operative series
7. The Women of Todd Bozeman
6. U.S. License Plates
5. Kathy Lee Gifford's sweatshop friends
4. Menudo: Where are they now?
3. Mapplethorpe!
2. Great moments in Cloyne hot tub history
1. PYT: The Boys of Michael Jackson

Top Ten Messed Up Pickup Lines:

10. Is your father a baker? 'Cause you got a great ass.
9. Do your feet hurt? 'Cause if they do, I can pick you up and hold you against the wall.
8. That sweater's very becoming on you. I'm going to go masturbate now.
7. If I could rearrange the alphabet, I'd do it so we could go fuck right now.
6. (Checks her clothing label) Just as I thought. Made in Taiwan.
5. Am I seeing double or are you just fat?
4. Is that a mirror in your pocket? Can I use it?
3. That's a really nice dress. It would look good on me.
2. Have you ever thought about modeling? I think about modeling a lot.
1. Why do you come here so often?

Top Ten AT&T Promotions:

10. A chicken in every pot
9. Pot
8. Chicken
7. Chicken potpie
6. Ummm... chicken is good
5. We're hungry
4. Let's get some chicken
3. Who's driving?
2. Shotgun!
1. You have to see the car!



New Bears' basketball coach Ben Braun gets ready for the team to suck this year.

REAL STORIES OF THE BEL AIR PATROL

BY AYALA BEN-YEHUDA

SO THERE I WAS, RIGHT, SITTING in my mom's car, pulled over on a poorly lit canyon road and lacking in gas. I was lost like a Whitewater file, lost like a Cal game (pick your sport), lost like a sorority girl after eating a "special" cookie at Cloyne - in short, I was drifting aimlessly and at the mercy of rapacious psychos, Republicans, and assorted opposing teams. I had been unintentionally cruising up and down Sunset for a half hour looking for the right cross street. While banging my head on the steering wheel in an expression of the utter wretchedness of my situation, I began to wonder how the hell I was going to get out of here without a Thomas Guide or a tow truck. Without gas or directions, I faced an utterly grim situation indeed. Ironically, I was on my way to see "Clueless."

So I rolled down my window, and, at great personal peril, began to wave wildly at passing cars, hoping they would help me, but unfortunately the only responses were "Fuck you!" and "Get out of the road, bitch!" Tears sprang to my eyes at their insensitivity. Also, my dad was going to kill me. But the last car—a shiny black BMW driven by a shadowy figure—came to my aid.

"Park over there, this isn't a good place to stop," he/she said, and I obeyed. The potential rapist got out of the car and it was - Susan POWTER?!? HEY!!! This was suddenly turning cool! She stuck her hand out at me. "Hi," she said, with vigor. "I'm Susan." I weakly shook Ms. Powter's fatless hand; her withered appearance brought back fond memories of starving Ethiopians circa 1985. I was looking at a flesh and (blood? Tab? styrofoam?) model for those stylin' T-shirts with a skeleton diagram over the chest. "Now calm down honey. Are you

lost? Do you need a phone?" "Yes," I blubbered.

The kindly blond crew cut led me to her car and let me use her phone while she and her hairy 20-year-old boyfriend/golddigger shared a private moment. I looked away and called my friend. "Uh, Alice, you're not gonna believe this, but Susan Powter is currently making out with some teenager in front of me. And I'm using her phone. We're friends."

After dear Susan Powter had figured out my intended location with Alice's dad, she decided to give it to me straight. I got the live, one-on-one version of the Powter Pep Talk, creatively applied to auto mechanics: "You know, you shouldn't drive without gas. You should always check your fuel level before you leave the house. OK?" Stupid is as stupid does, sir! I almost said, "Yeah, driving with a low fuel level was really insane, I should stop that," you know, some witty 'stop the insanity' banter, but nay, she was too intimidating. I didn't want to give the woman any lip; emaciated as she was in person, she could probably kick my ass anyway. But she was in no mood for levity. Instead she just directed me to the nearest gas station and bid me farewell.

As she drove off into the night, I thought, wow, out of all those assholes, Susan was the only one who stopped to help. She really does care. Even her shitty talk show on Lifetime was well-intentioned. Was there ever such a person, so selflessly devoted to others that she would stop on her way to undoubtedly important speaking engagements to help a mapless urchin? So internally complex that she could drive a BMW and file for bankruptcy at once? Newly enlightened, I got into the car and promptly ran over an opossum □

NOTHING TO DO IN BERKELEY?

by Peter Santos

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I AM GETTING awfully sick of hearing my fellow student whine about the fact that there is nothing to do in this great city of ours. Berkeley students are supposed to be some of the brightest and most creative minds that we have on this planet, and I am convinced that if all thirty-thousand of us sat down, we could each come up with at least one fun pastime each. Here are just a few of the ideas that I have in mind, and each one is followed by a helpful guide for those of you watching your costs.

Here's an idea that is fun and exciting, and will leave you and your pals in stitches for the whole week. All you do is take a severed head (preferably real), and a bunch of snakes (preferably boa constrictors or cobras). Place both of those items in your backpack, and go into your bag, open it up and watch the attendant squeal in fright. Both you and the fine library employee will sit and laugh all the night through. Cost: \$\$\$

This little bit of fun works best for those late afternoon classes, when every student in the course is craving for some food. Come into the lecture hall a good fifteen minutes before the course, and put a full buffet, including roast beef, sweet potatoes, and a full bar, right on the podium in the front of the room. Then stand at the door of the classroom and pass out plates to everyone as they enter, and you can bet when they see that food at the front of the room they'll know what to do. By the time the professor walks in, there's a potluck going on, and chances are that the Prof. will just take a plate and a big glass of vino, and forget all about all that "lecture" mumbo jumbo. Cost: \$\$\$\$

Here's an activity to lighten yourself up during finals week. Why not go in and

just take a Physics final for fun. Go in with a blue book, and pick up that final with pride from the TA. Then sit down for about fifteen or twenty minutes, scribbling whatever sort of givverish you like in the blue book. Finally, get up and hand in that final, with pride, having only needed one-tenth of the time that the other students will take. As you walk away from the front of the room, turn around and yell to the professor, loudly enough so that every student in the room can hear it, "Is that the best that you can do, tubby?" Walk out with a glum look on your face, and notice the looks of envy by every other person in the class. Cost: \$

This is a great little diversion for that time late in the year when research papers are due. Why not go into the Political Science department and take a nice fat fifty page paper, that a student had worked on all semester long, out of the TA's mailbox. Next, go home and type that victimized students name on a cover sheet, along with the title of their new final project "State Capitals of the United States, A Compulsory Look." For the fifty pages of text, simply write a state capital in eighty point font on each page; page #1-Sacramento, page #2-Tallahassee, etc. Put that gem of a paper right back in the TA's box, sit back, and gloat, knowing full well that you may have caused someone to not graduate. Cost: \$\$

Here is an activity that is fun for the whole dam family.

Go to Blockbuster Video™ on Friday and Saturday night, clearly the bread and butter of the video rental industry, and take old horrible movies and place them behind the covers of the new releases that are all checked out. For extra fun, do some weird combinations, like putting *9 1/2 Weeks* in the place of *101 Dalmations*, or have *Three Men and a Baby* sit in for *Showgirls*. Cost: \$

Great gambling, better meth! All at Squelch Casinos!



"Now we can buy back the kids!"

Ask The Pothead

by Stephen Janowsky

Note: "St." Stephen Janowsky, though a one-time Annapurna employee and Cloyne Court resident, is not a state licensed pharmacologist or therapist. — Eds.

Q: Dear St Stephen: I'm a Cal freshman who's never "smoked out" before, and I was wondering if there's any etiquette I should know before the inevitable comes...

—Jason Cook
Bowles Hall

A: Smoking out can be confusing, young Jason, especially since you're high. But you've got to keep your cool. That means not saying shit like, "I am eating my soul" before you take a hit, and so on. And don't forget the informative (and alliterative) "Seven Steps to Stoner Success".

1. The bong is not a microphone. I've seen too many novices blow their toker image by yapping on about God with a Graffix in their arms. Here's a clue: the other stoners aren't looking at you because you're interesting, it's 'cause they wanna see the plastic rotate.

2. The Kind is a terrible thing to waste. And an expensive thing to buy. So always have the decency to praise borrowed buds. Lauding the "fresh herbal overtones and nutty finish" of dry Mexy is a bit *mucho*, but the succinct "NAFTA's rad, brah" serves nicely in such situations.

3. Stoner Speech. Custom dictates occasionally speaking as you nasally exhale. This is hard. Ideally, you want to sound like an athsmatic fratboy on Vicadin. Try practising the phrases "Wannanother Hit?", "Idinkdashits cashed.", and "Recharge!" on your own. And don't forget the stoner's favorite word: "Ere!"

4. Only the greedy cough. Though sometimes, only the greedy get high. If you must cough or drool, my dears, kindly remove your mouth from the bongnozzle.

5. Be safe with child-proof lighters. Just say "no" to sketching out - by sparkin' those nugs with family-friendly butane. You'll thankfully remember "when to say when" the moment you forget a Bic's arcane launching sequence.

6. Freshpeople: Don't go to the D.C. when you have the munchies. Not unless you're wanting the infamous Grilled-Seasonal-Fish-induced 'shroom trip. Which is some heavy shit, mind you. Rumour has it the star freshman soprano of the U.C. Men's Octet did so in 1991. Today, he's Rick Starr.

7. You can never be too paranoid. Ah, how those nagging insecurities flood your crippled consciousness. Especially after a fuzzy marathon of *COPS*, *Real Stories of the Highway Patrol*, and *Rescue 911*. That knock on your door might be a fiending roommate - but maybe it's William Shatner with some coked-out L.A.P.D. friends. Better hide the buds. Don't forget to exhale ☐

STALKING KEANU CONTINUED FROM CAMEL

ing of seeing our prey. G. suggests renting "Dangerous Liasons" for inspiration.

Day 9: Desperate, G. and I skip the bar and drive to Keanu's agents' office, a 32 story steel-and-glass-edifice. To some it screams "power", but G. and I agree it only screams, "Compensation!" Inside, the fabric covered walls and the receptionist wearing shoes that cost more than my car manage to intimidate where the building could not. We pretend to be reps. from the Encino Shakespeare Festival and ask if Keanu wants to appear in 'Twelfth Night'. The receptionist purses her perfectly lined lips. She says, "Keanu loves that kind of stuff, but he's out of the country right now, so he can't make it."

I feel faint. Colored lights dance before my eyes. G. turns and says, "I hope you get syphilis," and stomps out in a huff. I start to hyperventilate.

Day 10: Greg is having a fit and refuses to see me until I dry clean his shirt. I am in an Oreo coma and refuse to see anyone, even my father bearing KFC. My mother

reports that the car's brakes and transmission are shot.

The Aftermath:

2 Weeks Later: Semi-recovering and able to tolerate daylight, I receive a call from my friend: "Yeah — he's in Japan! It was in the news." I shriek so loudly the receiver sends feedback. Relapse. I require large doses of peanut butter to get me through the night.

Dayna calls back later to tell me that she went temporarily deaf.

3 Weeks Later: I see "Feeling Minnesota" and get intestinal cramps. I call Greg. We temporarily halt the Great Hunt. Silence. Greg

says, "I hear he's real nice in person." I cry. We ban the big K. from future conversations until my recovery develops. 2 days later, I hear rumors that his band is touring and call Greg. We agree to rip off 'The Facts of Life' episode where Tootie makes a bust of Jermaine Jackson's head as an excuse to deliver it backstage. I perk up and start attending class. Suddenly, the future is bright again ☐



SHORT

CONVERSATIONS

I'm really good with cats — watch this.
Wait come back. Fucking cat."

"Oh no. It looks like I've sinned against God and therefore will 'surely die'."
"HA HA. Sucks to be you."

"You're patronizing me."
"I could never patronize anyone as wonderful as you."

"Have you seen 'A Clockwork Orange'?"
"No, but I saw 'Reservoir Dogs' and it sucked."

"Ooo — it's sticky."
"Your fault."

"How's it goin' man?"
"It sucks, I keep on having to pay for my mom's abortions."

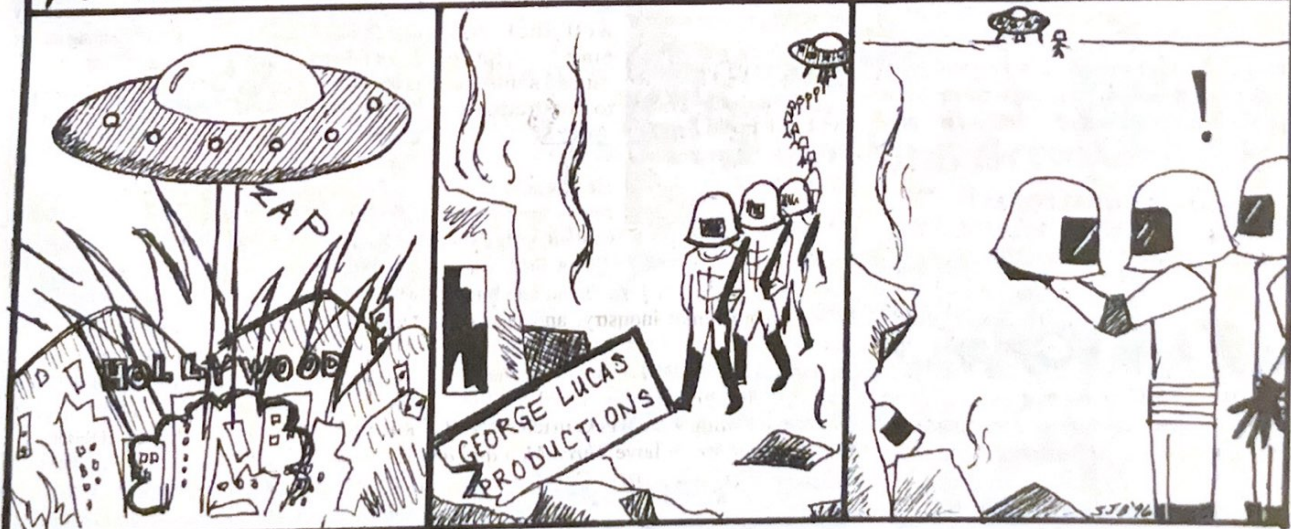
"How 'bout a date?"
"1492?"

"But I was going to Toshi's station to pick up some Power converters!"
"There's no yelling in Soda Hall, sir."

"Are you going to finish Ulysses?"
"Yes I said yes I will Yes."

WHEN THE WORLD SCOLLIED

S.T.D. - '96
"GODS - ROCK
THE AMERICAN"



Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



HE WAS CRAZY. I MEAN HE HAD TO BE, THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE ALWAYS CALLED HIM. And paranoid, that's another one I heard a lot. You can't really blame them for thinking that after hearing him talk. See, he was always saying that people were coming after him. He said that they were watching him, and they'd come for him any time now, so you just nodded and agreed, because what else could you do? That's why it was so weird, that day we were just sitting there and the game was at halftime and I was thinking about going out and getting more Pringles™, that's why it was so weird when it happened. They came in, in suits and masks and ridiculously dark black gloves, and they dragged him away, and the look on his face was just of resignation, like he knew this was going to happen, with a little bit of smugness, kind of like, "I told you so." And so he was gone, and meanwhile the game had started again. Man I was confused.

-BP

PERSONALS

Blonde Beauty knows how to work with wood...Call me and let me show you the secrets of the "Swedish melt." Sensual expert at all the special ways of making you tremble with a touch and can do things you wouldn't believe with spring hammers and lathes. I also paint houses.

SWM Republican Party Chairman seeks tele-genic, assimilated minorities to be continually spotlighted at the next Party convention. Must oppose affirmative action. Self-haters preferred.

ORAL! ORAL! ORAL!

Oral surgeon seeks dental hygienist to work reception at his office. Why, what were you thinking?

IMPERSONALS

Person seeks anyone. Must be breathing. Send thumbprint and Social Security Number.

Me. You Call. Grunt-gunt. Ahhh! NEXT!

X CHILDRENS' PERSONALS π

MEET ME WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS, BABY!

I've got a giving tree. You got a missing piece? I've got a big O. I'll put a light in your attic. Come sit on your Uncle Shelby's lap.

JAMES HAS A GIANT PEACH.. and would like to share it with you.

ARE YOU THERE, GOD? IT'S ME, MARGARET...

and I'm hot and horny for you! SWF seeks messianic figure to guide her through adolescence.

COME INTO MY CHARLOTTE'S WEB.

I need a trumpet for my swan. No Stuart Littles.

MARVIN K. MOONEY, CAN YOU GET IT UP?

Come hop on my pop. I'll meet you behind the jungle gym, 3:00.

SUPERFUDGE!

You know what I mean, call me.

CURIOUS, GEORGE?? If you want to monkey around, give me a call. You can swing from my vines.

COME TO WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE!

Like my penis, for instance. Call me if you like hot hairy beasts with big teeth, or if you are one.

MARY POPPINS..

has got a spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down. Meet me at South Hall and you can brush out my chimney.

JACOB TWO TWO'S GOT A HOODED FANG FOR YOU.

SWM SWM wants wants someone someone to to have have sex sex with with. Twice!

STARGAZER?

I've got a swiftly-tilting planet that'll put a wind in your door. Gimme one shot and I'll put a wrinkle in your time.

COME BE LORD OF MY RINGS

Bilbo's got a dildo. Gandolf, hows your wand?

SO YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF

TRYING TO SCORE WHATEVER THE FUCK Norwegians have a lot of, we sucked up to his royal Norseness in a recent interview. Here's the löw-döwn:

Sq: So tell us, why aren't you wearing your crown? And can you set us all up with free NordicTracs™???

P: [in between drags of a filtered Gauloise] NordicTracs, no. But in Norway, I have always tried to *haalbeslaap danemark schwederin*, especially with the ladies.

Sq: Uh, okay. What does that mean?

P: Just keepin' it real, bro.

Sq: Oh. So tell us about the new album.

P: Yah, okay. I think it's a strong showing for a sophomore effort, with some really kind licks that almost bounce off of one another. It's a genre-defying fusion of urban Funkadelic and the *OslovianTanz*, the celebrated mating dance of the Norwegian Folk.

Sq: So you the Super MC?...

P: Yah! Say, would you like a butter cookie? [produces tin of Danish cookies]

Sq: [declining] Which of your ancestors do you admire the most, and why?

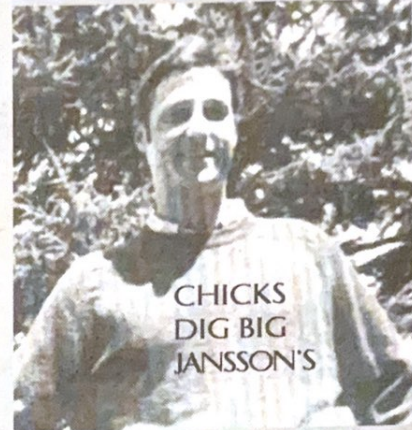
P: Yah, easy. King Sven XVII: A seminal influence on Scandinavian furniture design, and awfully good at raping and pillaging. You know those Valkyrie hats with the horns sticking out of them?

Sq: Sure.

P: Yah, King Sven invented it. All by himself. Butter Cookie? It's the pretzel shape.

Sq: [again declining] So, have you driven a Fjord lately? [snickering] And what do you hate most about America?

P: Vat? I don't understand, but your *verploopingden* "Swedish Chef" muppet is a politically-charged totem in my country. You *Yanquis* seem to enjoy stereotyping my people at every opportunity – all the while caring nothing about fine Butter Cookies, and ergo-



His Highness keeping it real.

nomie wood furniture. [pauses] And eighties supergroup *a-ha*.

Sq: Speaking of *a-ha*, how does Mags hit that one high note on "Take on Me?"

P: I think somebody squeezed his *taastikleden*, Yah?



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LIFE'S END CATALOG

A SQUELCH EXCLUSIVE IN CONJUNCTION WITH CAMEL CASH & CIGARETTES

SMOKING'S DA BOMB AND ALL, BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA BLOW ALL THAT WAD, WE AT R. J. R. REYNOLDS AND THE SQUELCH WOULD LIKE TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING BACK, ASIDE FROM EMPHYSEMA. SO TAKE A SNEAK PEEK AT THIS CATALOG, SMOKE LIKE FIENDS, AND SAVE THOSE C-NOTES FOR SUCH FAB ITEMS AS...



Smoking Barbie. You thought she had nice lungs? You have no idea... Check out this set. Smoking Barbie set comes with hairbrush, Barbie Cocktail Set, and a teensy little pack of Camel Filters to keep Barbie thin.

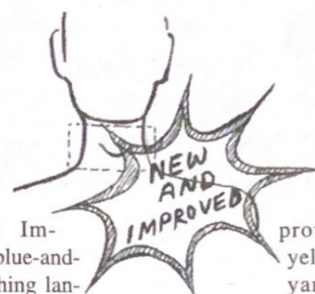
100 C-notes.



Roommates Who Won't Steal Your Cigarettes. The smoker's dream. Joe and coffeehouses across the nation and his gang scoured bars and virtuous souls. Their exemplary self-control has also been reinforced with gruelling hypno-therapy so that the mere thought of purloined tobacco makes them nauseous! Choose one of these colorful characters: Brandon, Patricio, Azure, or Arpi. *Supplies Limited.* 2000 C-Notes.



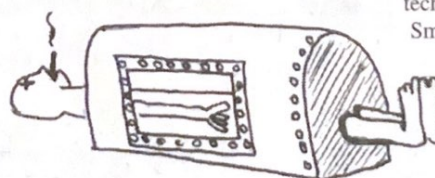
Break the Proof Lighters. Hands of the Bastard Who Invented Child-Proof Lighters. This is gonna be fun! R.J.R. Reynolds and Vinnie "the Cod" Garducci will host this jolly event for a few lucky winners. You'll get to scream clever epithets like "This one's for the lighters! This one's for the Tylenol Bottles! This one's for the children!" as your souvenir softball bats concurrently send Mr. Inventor a message he'll never forget. 1100 C-Notes.



New and Improved Voice Box. This blue-and-yellow beauty (with matching lanyard) now packs a whopping 30 watts of throbbing bass. An extra 30 C-notes gets you the amusing Celebrity Voices feature, including Bea Arthur, James Earl Jones, plus Patty & Selma from *The Simpsons*. 150 C-notes.



Smoked Meat Sampler. Your favorite deli selections in new flavors. Menthol Salami, Tar-coated Prosciutto, Un-filtered Mortadella, and Chunky Tumor SPAM are some of the exciting products in this handsome gift basket. A sampler bottle of English Leather is included free of charge. 90 C-Notes.



Iron Lung. Why wheeze when modern technology will do it for you? Smokin' Joe's antique dealer "coughed up" a couple of these classic 1950's, polio-inspired pressure chambers will simply make your living room. Polished chrome with aircraft aluminum trim. 900 C-Notes.