

A HISTORY OF QOÖL

The first Qoöl; imagine Minna (at half of it's current size) with a trippy art show, a crappy borrowed sound system, a dj booth teetering on a shaky wooden structure twenty feet in the air, and about 7 people, three of them dancing, one of them staring at art, two doing homework, and the last one passed out at the bar. The vibe - awesome. A chill space to enjoy cutting edge music. Spesh, always a leader on the bleeding edge (at least according to his mother), had been run out of the trendiest SF dance spots for his distinctly (at the time) un-San Francisco like futurey progressive music. Solution: start your own night, at a convenient time for yourself (how does 5-9pm on Wednesday sound? Thursday is music studio night, Tuesday is laundry night, etc.), do it for dirt cheap, and see if people come.

Sound like a recipe for disaster? That's what Jondi thought. Convinced that promoting a party would be an inordinate waste of time and resources, would lead to financial ruin, and would generally be a pain in the ass, Jondi lobbied against the idea of a weekly happy hour branded by the Jondi & Spesh partnership. But after attending a few nights, Jondi got hooked as well. "E-ka" (the happy hour's 2nd name) became a Jondi & Spesh production.

By this time ('97 or so) the party had grown - to over twenty people! Always generous at heart, Jondi & Spesh wanted to let all their friends in to the party for free. Slight problem, the party was already free - for everybody. So a three dollar cover charge was implemented, Pieter the Crazy Dutchman was hired to run the door, and get-in-free "Qoöl Qards" were issued to practically everybody who came in contact with Jondi & Spesh (no, not supermodels and flyboys - more like music producer geeks, artists, and homeless couch-surfing visionaries in need of a haircut - in case you haven't got it yet, Qoöl is a haven for the un-cool, a nexus of the late-bloomers, the ambitious yet awkward, the Paxil popping charismatics, etc.).

A strange thing happened when the cover charge was implemented, the party exploded in size. Don't ask us to explain why, we still don't understand it. Chalk it up to the uniquely wack psychology of human beings.

Around the same time, Jondi & Spesh started Loöq Records (now home to recording artists such as Momu, Reza, The Activity, and the ever-elusive Lasse Loöq). "Qoöl" was art director Xian Matthew's creative nomenclature for the new, bigger, better party. Qoöl, almost overnight, had become a churning mass of humanity grooving to artfully mixed pounding tracks played by San Francisco's finest DJ's. Spesh, Gil, Hyper D, and Kimon, held down the original "resident" slots, while top notch guests from San Francisco, as well as occasional international superstar drop-ins, kept the music uber-vibrant.

As expressed in the article by Kylen Campbell (see below - "A Night of Qoöl"), it's a night focussed around the music, but really about the people. Qoöl has become more than a party for many people - it's a community, a family of like-minded phreaks, dance-nation patriots, and old-school hardcore PLUR types.

Last summer, Qoöl got a little out of control. Despite the best efforts of the door staff, with a line around the block, the club often felt more like a sardine storage unit than an underground techno happy hour. Since the tragic (and sobering) events of September 11th, however, the party has returned to some degree of normalcy. Once again there's space to dance, room to move your elbows, and you can often even see across the club to the other side of the room. The night still tends to end with a packed dance floor of hooting and hollering, sweaty, happy Qoölians, and we hope it does for some time.

A NIGHT OF QOÖL

by Kylen Campbell (excerpted from a longer article)

Well last night (Wednesday, September 19, 2001) I witnessed something that blew my mind... As most of my friends know, I spend my Wednesday evenings at a gallery/club called 111 Minna for a happy hour party some friends throw at which I occasionally spin. It's progressive house, techno and trance and by 6pm there's a line to the end of the block--seriously. It's always at least fun, sometimes extravagantly excellent: dancing fiends, friends, drinks, good music. Well and so but last night I arrive a little late (8:30) and on the approach to the door...well it takes 15 minutes for me to get to the door because I can't turn around but be grabbed by someone who gives me a BIG GOOD HUG and we catch up. Turn around, another one. Get to the door, can't even get in because another good friend had grabbed me and given another excellent hug. By the time I snaked in (I "really" wanted some wine) I had been mightily hugged (and returned each one, of course) like SIX times in 15 minutes. I was smiling broadly, thought of a friend's recent email regarding alienation and thought, who's alienated? Not this guy! I'm in the lap of a freakin' family.

...Oh but it hardly ends there, my lovelies... I make my way to the bar noticing that it's more crowded than ever (SF'ers take note, cuz you know the place). I end up double fistng cuz well, a guy needs a drink, doesn't he. And I let the crowd wash over, the drink warm me and I chat amiably (after more hearty, de-alienating hugs) with friends. I walk somewhat absent-mindedly through a passageway to the room where lives the dancefloor...

And... OH, MY, GOD... I've been raving a long time, have seen some amazing events, and know this particular club REALLY well, have seen it go off and have even been the DJ MAKING it go off. But nothing prepared me for what I saw--for what I heard--for what was happening in that room... Dance music (early house and techno) started out as a life-affirming act in the face of not getting to have a life in the shitty, alienating world. Dance music NOW is like this bloated, decadent thing where you pop a pill and dance and believe me, it's FUN, it's a fuckin' BLAST, but it lacks that vital energy that says, "I'm dancing for my LIFE, here! I'm dancing for YOUR life. We are HERE together, it's as real as it gets, it's hot, it's sweaty and we are DANCING for each other's lives..." THAT is what was going down at 111 Minna one full week after 9/11. The most raw, genuine, life-affirming night of dancing that I've experienced in possibly years (since I saw Fatboy Slim at the Justice League 1997...and this topped it)... Simply amazing. And beautiful. Kind of excruciating. Definitely joyous and rich and real... Never have I seen such an elegantly perfect moving human sculpture that says, as Tuttle said in Gilliam's "Brazil", "We're all in it together, kid!"... Yes. Word. Thank you thank you thank you.

interly

3 | www.looq.com | Published by Jondi & Spesh | Xian Design

Jondi's Computer Corner

How to make an umlaut.

First of all, not every font can make umlaut letters. And with those that do, some of them can't make umlaut capitals. Sucky, huh?

To make an "ö" on a Mac, type option-u, then o. Like this: ö!

To make an "ö" on a PC, type alt-0246.

Okay, time to practice. Type the word Sööperqöö! Now type it in capitals, like this: SÖÖPERQÖÖL.

Tricky, huh? You can't use the caps lock, you've gotta type option-u, shift-o to make the "Ö".

There you go. You're fricking Northern European now!

ö

PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC PHILISOPHMORICAL HOGWASH

by Dr. Boinke Gradstuddenta

The perceiving entity, self-conscious information processing network, biological (and inevitably eventually artificial) holon/sub-holon coalescing into a metanetwork but not yet independently intelligent superorganism /society, human, homo-sapiens sapiens (aka Cro-Magon with a suit) navigating through a unique neurologically constructed reality matrix overlaid with cooperative consensus derived "beliefs and principles" (aka superego/conscience /worldview) and underpinned with preservation and species-replication behavioral algorithms (aka id/instinct /"beast-within") can nevertheless re-route most pleasure seeking motivations/drives/desires towards subtler auto-feedback mechanisms, in essence hacking the self/identity matrix /personality sub-routines to service directly the pleasure/satisfaction circuits and for all intents and purposes disassociating "happiness" from external stimuli/events/"reality," the purpose of such a pursuit in fact having nothing to do with pleasure itself but rather to unleash the behavioral constraints imposed on the organism by its own constructs, to achieve a higher degree of autonomy /freedom/self-determination, and ultimately to join others in a communal pursuit of collective neurological autonomy, socially, politically, but most importantly directly (face to face), in an environment that encourages and facilitates the excruciating "throwing-off" of outmoded/inefficient/inelegant/unfun personality subroutines, an environment rich in artistic and multi-sensual stimulating (literally electrifying) modes, and equally rich in like-minded self-evolving actively meta-programming individuals to commune with, these criteria and more being met by the Qool Happy Hour at 111 Minna Street in San Francisco every Wednesday from 5pm-9:45pm.

Rejection hurts. We here at Loöq know this. That's why, unless under the most extreme of circumstances, we try not to do it. Chances are, unless you're psychotic - wait, scratch that - unless you're dangerously psychotic, you'll be welcomed with open arms onto the dance floor of Qool every week. The Q-list is for those who find Qool to be a little bit more than just a retreat from the mid-week mundane, a place to have a beer or a couple cocktails, and tap your foot to some quality tunage. The Q-list is for those who find inspiration on the dance floor every week, for those whose second family is the Qoolios smiling at you when the house lights go up and Spesh is waving his final record in the air. Do you belong on the Q-list? Don't let us stop you. Simply send your submissions to q-list@looq.com. After we've done judging and dissecting every aspect of your physical, emotional, and spiritual character we'll let you know if you've earned your spot.

Worried that your writing skills might be lacking? Afraid you won't get your point across? Here is an example of a previous submission to guide you. This submission covers all the bases (and more): blatant flattery, a detailed character profile, educational background, hobbies, sexual preferences, and even some veiled threats thrown in for a little, how shall we say, oomph:

FREE NIGHTCLUBBING - COME AND GET IT

by Jackie von Treskow

"Jondi and Spesh are totally hot, and hearing them spin is a sensual, mind-blowing experience. Qool at 111 Minna was a favorite, necessary, after-work decompression session. But Octane 5 transcended new heights of techno-organic bliss, and fulfilled several erotic fantasies at once (cheers with cute floppy hats, Asian fetish soft-porn, and naked Ewan McGregor with a semi hard-on). No, I was not on ecstasy that night. No, I'm not a big DJ slot. Well,

I was once a big clubber (D.C., Paris, Amsterdam, New York), but after a 3 years studying Tantric meditation in a Tibetan Buddhist retreat center, I calmed down considerably and now tend to go out only for "special" events, e.g. Burning Man related venues, Mystic Beat Lounge events, Mystic Family Circus shows, Cellspace fundraisers, Qool at 111 Minna, etc.

I'm very selective about the events that I go to, because I have a low tolerance for shoving crowds, ass-grabbing assholes (and there are relatively more of them at commercial, high-profile events) and rude event staff (as I've experienced at [Ed. - venue name removed to protect the innocent]).

I love going to parties where there's amazing music and people are fabulous, sexy, friendly, and respectful. I feel at home around tribal trance new age ravers (OK, if the nappy-dread smell gets too intense, just light up some sage, or something else). I am most happy in places where a woman can walk around wearing nipple twizzlers, a G-string, and big feather headress unbothered and admired (unless, of course, she explicitly wants to be molested). I am ecstatic in places where boys can go shirtless and wear adorable fake-fur cow print chaps. I cherish parties that include seniors, older hippies, hi-tech consultants, truck drivers, art students, you name it, all raving out to amazing beats, because they love the music.

I want to go to more of these parties.
I want to know more of these DJs.

That's why I want to be on the Q-List.

Dance is sacred, sensual, spiritual, and transcendental. I dance salsa, Middle-Eastern belly dance, moving on to fire-dancing. I've been to 40 countries and speak 4 languages (to varying degrees of fluency). I'm a photographer, scuba diver, yogini. I am the embodiment of female primordial wisdom. I have a degree in International Politics, and am doing a Masters in Business Administration. On certain nights, I'm a diva.

So, if that's not cool enough for the Q-List, may you rot in hell but before that, may you be tied face up somewhere on an African plain and may every animal on the continent slide up to you and drag his ass over your face.

Just kidding."

ARE YOU A QOÖLIO? TOP TEN SIGNS YOU ARE A WEDNESDAY FREAK!

10. You've gone out clubbing. Your next move? Watch the 11 o'clock news in your living room, of course.

9. You think a boys bathroom line in a club is supposed to be longer than the line for the girls.

8. When you're out of town, no matter where you are, you crave dance music and cocktails at 5pm West Coast time.

7. You've considered calling in a bomb threat at your own place of work so you could escape your deadline and head straight to Qool! (Do not attempt! This is very, very bad!).

6. You actually think 45 minute DJ sets are normal (some of you will never get this one! -ED)

5. A second room was added to Minna two years ago. You do not yet know this.

4. Problem. Your parents are in town from Wisconsin on a Wednesday night and you need your fix. No Problem! Without a second thought you just bring them along and subject them to 5 hours of "nightclubbing"!

3. You have no idea what's on primetime television on a Wednesday night.

2. It's 9:55pm on Wednesday you're stamping your feet with your hands in the air chanting "one more song!". Then you realize you're in a grocery store check out line.

1. You've been dancing for awhile at 1015 when you look around and suddenly think, "My God! What have they done with the art?"

QUESTIONS TO THE REZZIES:

Top 5 Tracks of 2 2?
Musical Predication for 2 3?
Favorite Condiment?

Gil:

1. Angel Dust - Twisted Playboys - Avant
Guard (UK) 2. Time Crash (Slide remix) -
Triple X - Dragonfly Records 3. Tangens -
Pseudump - G records (UK) 4. SeeSaw -
Slacker/Lookything - Juke Box in the Sky
(UK) 5. Hypnotized - Osker G and Stryke -
Hooj Choons (UK)

Punk Rock attitude seems more relevant,
S.F. remains dance tuned.

Mustard

Hyper D:

1. Losing My Edge - LCD Soundsystem -
DFA (US) 2. We Are All Made of Stars -
Moby - whatever label he's on these days
(US) 3. The Rapture EP - DFA (US)
4. NAG,NAG,NAG - Cabaret Voltaire
REMIX - NovaMute 5. Anything on
GREYHOUND!

Less machines, more human operators,
more happy accidents, less "HOUSE"

VEGIMITE! (with sharp English mustard a
close second, but you probably figured
that!)

Jondi:

1. Gaston and Rowell - Summer Skies -
POD (UK) 2. Cass - Mind Rewind (Momu
Remix) - Sabatage (UK) 3. Electric Tease
vs. Mosquito - Sensation - Distraekt (UK)
4. Tom Magnan - Chutney - Bedrock (UK)
5. The Activity - Phreq Atak - Loöq
Records (US)

Hooky, cheeky, atmospheric, pop music

Olives

Spesh:

There were too many great tracks in
2 2! Here are a few - selected at
random, that rocked Qoöl in 2 2 (some
are just being released this year):

1. Sound of the Floor (Superchumbo's
Leadhead Dub Rmx), - Menace, - Plastic
Fantastic (UK) 2. Mind Rewind (MoMu
Remix), - Cass, - Sabatage (UK) 3. Playing
Dirty (Jondi & Spesh Remix), - Chuck &
Roll, - CD-R (Forthcoming in 2 3 on
Loöq) 4. Strange World (Jondi & Spesh
Remix), - Greed Featuring Leslie, - SOG,
(CH) 5. The Dive (Original Mix), - Momu -
TP (forthcoming in 2 3 on Lo öq US)

Creativity and eclectic sets will rule in
2 3.

Sambal (it's a very hot Indonesian chilly
paste!)

Scott Carrelli:

1. Wavy Gravy - Sasha - BMG (UK)
2. Mind Rewind - Cass (Momu Mix) -
Sabatage (UK) 3. Western Approaches
Atlantic Breaks Mix - Paco & Frederic -
Majestic Music CDR (UK) 4. Inside Your
Mind - Bluephase - CDR (Australia)
5. Ultrasound/Ultrasound vs. Aqualung -
White Bootleg (UK)

In the future I predict that I will spin at
Michael Jackson's wedding to a cloned
version of the Elephant Man.

Fresh Horseradish or Wasabi

Mark Musselman:

1. Loverman - Urban Dwellers - Blackwatch
Mix - Pitch Black (US) 2. Cass - Mind
Rewind (MOMU Remix) - Sabatage (UK)
3. MOMU - Sunside (original and rock
candy mix) - Bedrock (UK) 4. Luke Chable -
Sealers Cove (4.4 and breaks mixes) -
Zero Tolerance (Aus) 5. Chuck and Roll -
Playing Dirty (Jondi and Spesh Mix) - Loöq
(US)

Beautiful tech trance with
breaks...Melbourne Massive continues to
rule.

Relish, of course.

LOÖQ RECORDS GIVAWAYS

Qoöl is often heralded, and even more often criticized, for donating money to The SETI Institute, which, although it has 501(c)(3) non-profit status and receives no public funding, is often thought of as not a "real" charity. After all, looking for aliens doesn't feed the hungry, shelter the poor, educate the ignorant, or save dolphins.

The truth of the matter is, we at Loöq Records think those other things are important too, and we give our money away to a wide variety of causes, mostly through our "secret" party, Loöq Hard, which in 2002 donated half of it's profits each night to a different charity, each one of them suggested by Qoöl's such as yourself.

While our selections may reveal our (and your) left-wing bias in some cases, hopefully even the staunchest conservatives will be able to find a cause on this list worthy of a fraction of their door fee.

Some recent winners include: San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness (Street Sheet), Bay Area Scores, Buckleup Project, SETI@home, Center for Independent Living, The Earth Island Institute, The Surfrider Foundation, The S.P.C.A., The Writers Corps of America, The American Red Cross, Dance Safe, and The Green Party of California.

Got extra money? (HA!) Loöq Records encourages you to be optimistic and give what you can to a charity you believe in.

COOKING WITH SPESH

Spesh not only loves to DJ, he loves to cook too. Really!

Spesh's Comedown Roast Chicken

This one is great to eat with friends on a Sunday night after a "big" weekend - especially in winter. It's easy, cozy and tastes great with the red wine you should already be drinking when it's done cooking.

What you need:

One 4 to 5 pound chicken

About a cup of extra virgin olive oil

Old Bay seafood seasoning mix (comes in a square yellow can with a red top).

A nice big loaf of dense, crusty Italian bread

Rinse the chicken with water, pat it dry with a paper towel and set it aside. Rip the bread up into large (but still bite sized) pieces and place in a large bowl. Drizzle the bread with enough olive oil to coat it well, season to taste with the Old Bay seasoning and toss it like you would a salad. Place the chicken in the center of a shallow roasting pan or baking dish that is just a little bigger than the chicken. Take the bread and pack it super tightly all around the chicken. Keep squeezing and packing the pieces of bread in there until it's all gone. Drizzle a little olive oil on the chicken, season with a pinch of the Old Bay, and roast in a 325 degree oven for about 90 minutes. When it's done, remove the chicken from the pan. Stir the bread around the roasting pan a little bit, carve up the chicken and serve (serves 4).

Tastes great with a Caesar Salad! Spesh has a killer recipe for this too - just email info@loöq.com with your request.

We Can't Keep 'Em Straight Either

Qoöl is the matriarch of our party family. Plain and simple. However, over the years Loöq and Qoöl has given birth to many other parties, some have come and gone, some are here to stay. Enter Loöq Hard and Qoöl Saturdays. We know our monthly parties can get confusing.: "The first Saturday. Isn't today Qoöl Saturdays at Minna?" Or, "Loöq Hard is tonight, I'm totally in the mood to go to DNA after a long day at work." Be confused no longer loveies. Cut this out and put it on the fridge, because here is your guide to partying Qoöl style:

Loöq Hard:

Where: 111 Minna Street Gallery, off 2nd between Howard and Mission.

When: The first Saturday of the month, 10pm-2am.

What: Loöq Hard is Qoöl's mature brother who is all about the 4 hour set. Yea, you heard right, 4 hours of top-notch DJ talent that you can only find here. Loöq Hard is Spesh's monthly residency. Spesh takes his first Saturday session as his opportunity to hit the decks with the music which inspires him, moves him, and impresses him. It does the same to the feet moving of the dancefloor. Alternating Saturdays are set aside for a carefully chosen guest DJ. This a DJ who we believe deserves 4 hours of premium turntable time to show you what they are musically all about. Celebrating the cult of the DJ. Hold your breath - we've got Jerry Bonham bringing in the new year in January. Spesh laying it down in February, and Felix the Dog switching things up in March. Loöq Hard. 4 Hours of top notch DJ talent. Enough said. (shhhh! Don't tell anyone, but if you get there early free champagne awaits you on the bar - Ed.)

Qoöl Saturdays:

Where: DNA Lounge, 375 11th St. between Harrison and Folsom.

When: The third Saturday of the month. 10-4am.

What: Our excuse to be as unconventional as we please. The bratty little sister that's hyper, in your face, and you love to pieces. Qoöl Saturdays speaks for itself. Hosting a quick rotation line-up, hilarious random themes, a cover which won't bring tears to your eyes (\$10), and up-for-it clubbers exuding qoöl energy from every corner. What more could you want out of a Saturday night? Nothing really. Qoöl Saturdays doesn't need the hype, because...well, it is the hype.

Dear Readers,

You've just picked up the first ever issue of the Qool Quarterly. "What's it for?", you may be asking. Well, it's really just a party flyer for Qool. Only this time around, we decided to give in to the part of us that hates being "flyered" and put together something that, although potentially just as pointless, might also be fun to read. Moreover, we are quite sure that you care about things like what Spesh likes to cook for dinner on Sunday night, what 5 tracks were rocking Hyper D's world in 2002, and why Loq Records wants to have its name put on giant satellite dish. In fact, by now you may have figured out that this introductory issue contains a lot of horn tooting about Qool itself, but that's only so people who don't already know about the party can catch up to the rest of us happy hour clubbing loons (plus, we had to write all the stuff ourselves!). In the future though, we hope to shine the spotlight on all sorts of things you didn't know you wanted to read about while also giving you the scoop on Qool, the party that started it all.

Thanks for everything.

-The Editors



Our Bling-Bling

Their Bling-Bling

SETI Watch

As many Qoolies know, the Qool Happy Hour has been donating bucketfuls of money to a non-profit called The SETI Institute, for well over 5 years now. The Qool donations for 2001 alone were over \$10,000, rivaling those of Sun Microsystems and the estate of Rose L. Dobbs. While many people have pointed out that this is probably an idiotic waste of money, and that there are numerous more deserving charities (which we give to as well, now that you mention it, see "Charity" sidebar), we have stuck to our principles in our typical pigheaded manner, continuing to give the bulk of our profits to what could well be a giant wild goose chase in the sky.

So, you might be wondering, what does The SETI Institute do with those wheelbarrows of cash we Fedex them on a monthly basis? And what's in it for Jondi and Spesh and Loq Records? The short answer, they're building us our own personal radio telescope with our name on it. We kid you not. We won't actually own it, but it will indeed have a hefty bronze plaque with "Loq Records" engraved on it, for the lowball price of \$50,000 (which, uh, we're still paying off). This fully functional vanity sculpture will be part of a giant array of radio telescopes (the "Allen Telescope Array"), currently being assembled in Northern California, designed to singularly ferret out even the faintest whiff of extraterrestrial intelligence transmitted via radio waves from outer space. For some, "bling-bling" means gold chains, fancy cars, and Cristal champagne. For us, it's a big satellite dish sitting out in the middle of a field.

How, you might ask, is this different from the KLF burning a giant pile of cash in a symbolic display of something or other? Well, when it comes down to it, we at Loq Records want to be on the right side of history. We don't want to be that knucklehead who wouldn't contribute to Marco Polo's expedition because anything worth knowing existed already in Europe. This is big, people. Chances are that in our lifetimes we will have concrete evidence of the existence of an extraterrestrial civilization. It might be one voice we hear, it might be a chorus of millions of voices once we tune in to the right channel (chances are they'll be tuning in to our original broadcasts of "I Love Lucy" right about the same time).

For more information on The SETI Institute and the Allen Telescope Array, visit www.seti.org.



**DANCING
BY
ANY
MEANS
NECESSARY**

RAVER GUN CLUB



The Art of Hot Are Totally Cool

Dave Richardson and Chris Demetras are The Art of Hot. These two characters are bending the rules of dance music, following their inner muses, and generally setting out to forge their own brand of electro/house/breakbeat/pop music. In a recent productivity spurt, The Art of Hot has been spitting out a new track practically every week. Frontman Dave "Hyper D" Richardson says that the key for him is getting to work first thing in the morning, before he's fully awake. Studio whiz Chris Demetras (also known for some high profile work with DRC) and Dave collaborate in the infamous "Huccini Lab", a subterranean fortress of gear located directly on the San Andreas fault.

Chris and Dave finally found a label crazy enough to release one of their tracks. The hooky, kooky, retro-original, dance floor monster track "Disco Break" will be released on Lqo Records (the new Loq sublabel) in March or April of 2003.

Legal Stuff to Smoke in the Alley

-or-

Put Some Fruit In Your Hookah

Thinking of leaving the club for a quick toke but have a sneaky suspicion that smoking pot in a public place might still be illegal? Guess what... you're right! Given that crack, heroin, and K also fall into this category, your options are seeming pretty limited about now. Not to worry, here's a quick list of stuff that produces smoke when burned and won't (at the time of publishing) get you in hot water with Johnny Law:

- Those dry old Italian cigars that Krishna smokes (just ask him for one!).
- Beadies. These are made in India, look like they should be illegal and smell like burning leaves. Yum.
- Oregano. If you need the look and feel of the green stuff, this herb is where it's at.
- Dried fruit. It smells great. Using a full-on hookah (a giant middle eastern bong) will enhance the experience while making you the envy of the alley.
- A Pipe! Not those blown glass Haight Street jobs, but the kind smoked by men who wear cardigan sweaters. Be it "corn cob" or Sherlock Holmes, you're pure class with one of these.
- Old socks. They meet the legal requirements and burn great after sufficient drying.
- Cigarettes. Go ahead, you know you want one!



QOOL "CUT OUT AND SAVE" QOOLPON



AT QOOL, LOQ HARD
OR QOOL SATURDAYS AT DNA
ENTIRE QOOLPON MUST BE CUT OUT
EXACTLY ALONG LINES TO BE REDEEMED.
OFFER VALID THROUGH 3.31.03.