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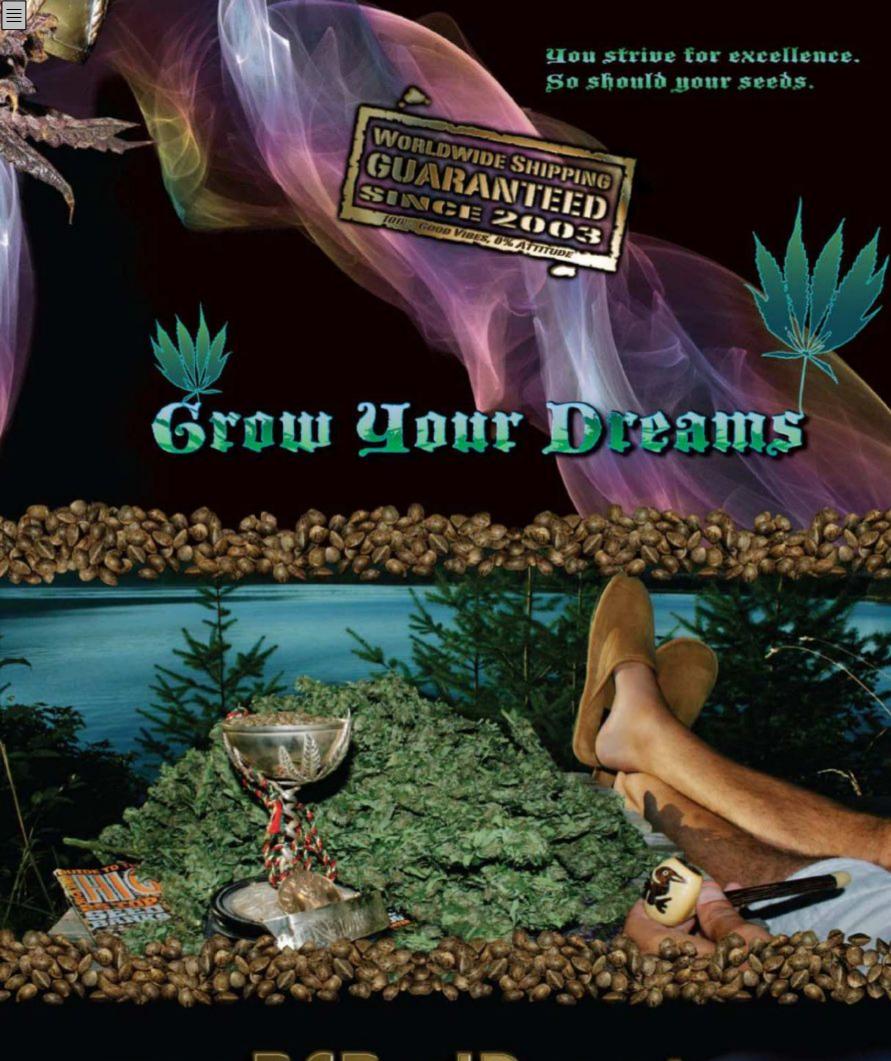
Sensi Seeds takes great pride in the fact that The Dutch Bureau of Medicinal Cannabis (national supplier of legal medicinal marijuana to pharmacies) uses Sensi Seed Bank genes and strains.



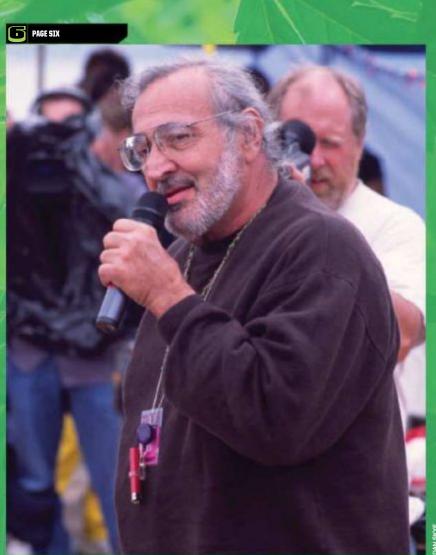
These varieties and other famous Sensi creations are now available as feminised seed-strains!

> 'The Sensi Seed Bank is the most comprehensive cannabis genetics bank in the world and it is, from a medical point of view, essential that it remains functioning and intact. It is a little like preserving the rainforest because we know there are potential medicines there which must not be destroyed.' Dr. Lester Grinspoon (December 1996)





www.BCBudDepot.com The seed bank you can bank on.



Several weeks ago, I called Jack Herer just to catch up on his latest projects. "Why aren't you covering Rick Simpson?" he asked, sounding a bit annoyed. Although I'd heard of Simpson and even watched a few of his YouTube videos, I'd been waiting for some other journalist to write the definitive Rick Simpson article. After all, Simpson claims to have cured numerous cases of cancer with marijuana. Sooner or later, I knew these claims would have to be either confirmed or refuted.

A few days later, I was on a plane to Nova Scotia. But before I left, I called my old friend Valerie Corral, founder of WAMM (Wo/Men's Alliance for Medical Marijuana), who operates a hospice in Santa Cruz for terminal patients. Valerie wasn't familiar with Rick, so I suggested that she try and find some Stage 4 cancer patients who might be interested in testing Simpson's revolutionary oil treatment. Valerie also had some doctors check out Simpson's YouTube videos, and, of course, everyone just laughed when they watched them. I remembered what Jack had told me: "I didn't believe it when I first heard about it, either. But the human evidence is out there."

Shortly after returning from Canada with this story, I got the terrible news that Jack had suffered another heart attack. As I write this, the world's greatest hemp activist lies in a coma, and we don't know whether he will ever wake up. Jack had just finished a new edition of The Emperor Wears No Clothes, and the most important thing about this new edition was the inclusion of a chapter about Rick Simpson. They were both planning a European tour together, including an appearance at the Cannabis Cup in November. Now it appears that Jack will not make this tour.

This issue is dedicated to Jack, especially the hope that he makes another miraculous recovery. And thank you, Jack, for urging me to investigate the biggest story of my life. No one can ever replace the Moses of the marijuana movement, but I'm happy that at least I know the direction you wanted us to move in, and that was to spread the news: Cannabis cures cancer.

Best wishes,

Creative Director



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National Advertising Office:

419 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 16TH FLOOR NEW YORK, NY 10016 (212) 387-0500

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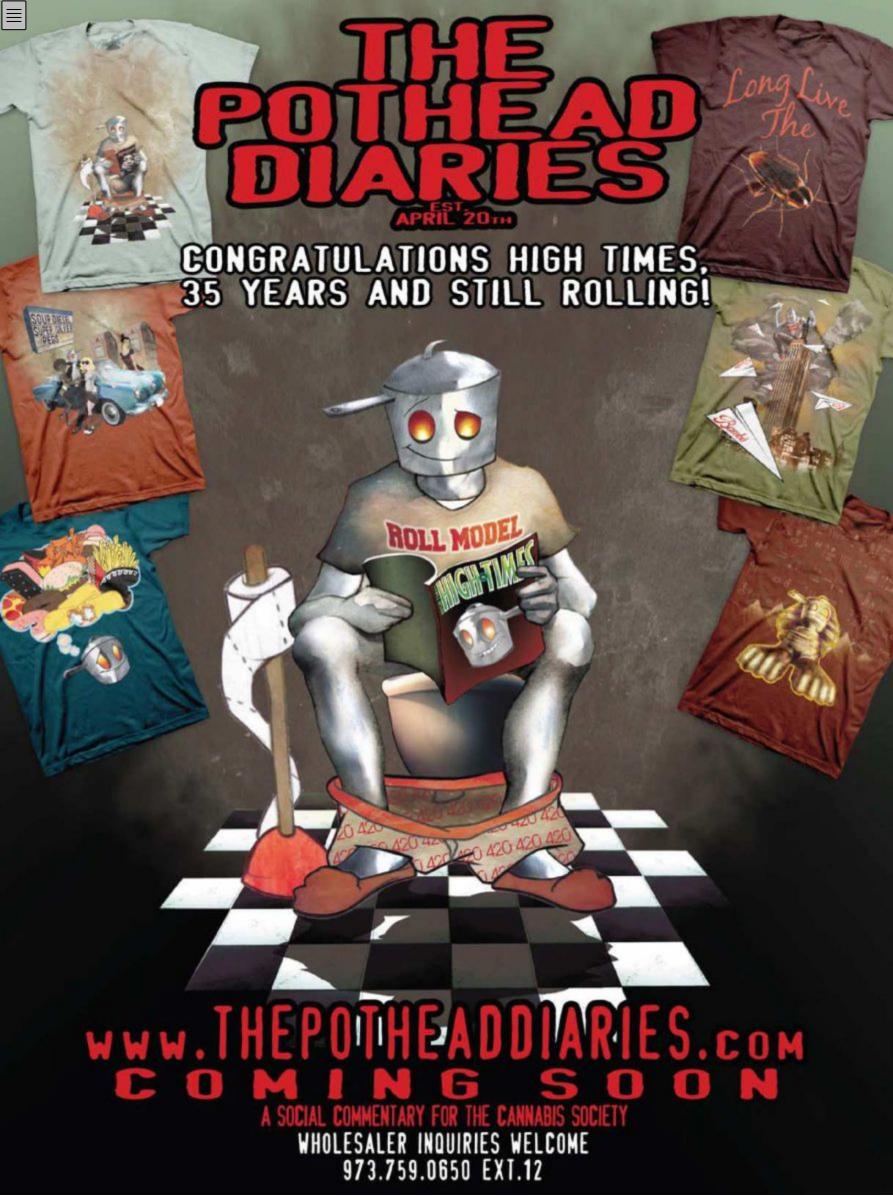
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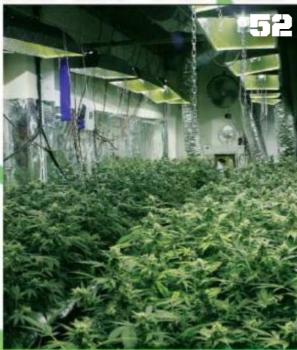
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HIGH TIMES



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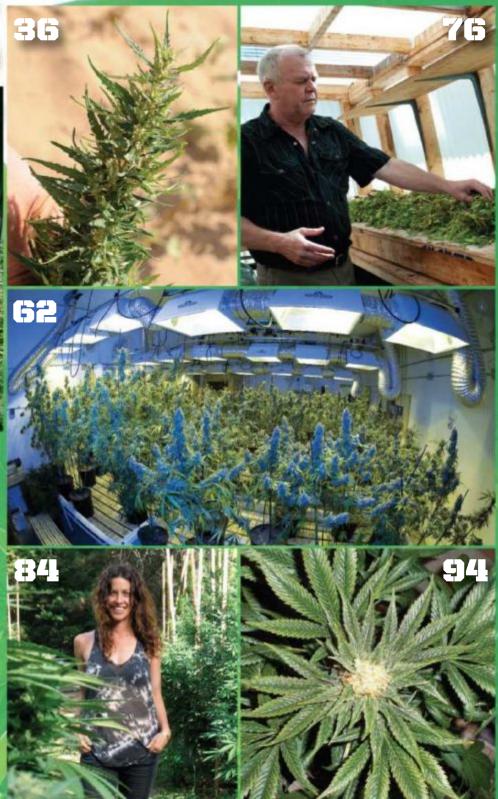
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Why is the Canadian government persecuting him, why does the media ignore him, and where is the American Cancer Society when you need them?

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She's one of the top female recording artists of all time. But Alanis Morissette is more than just a rock star: She lives her life according to her own ever-evolving code, which includes an unabashed affection for cannabis. Check out Alanis in the gardens of NoCal!



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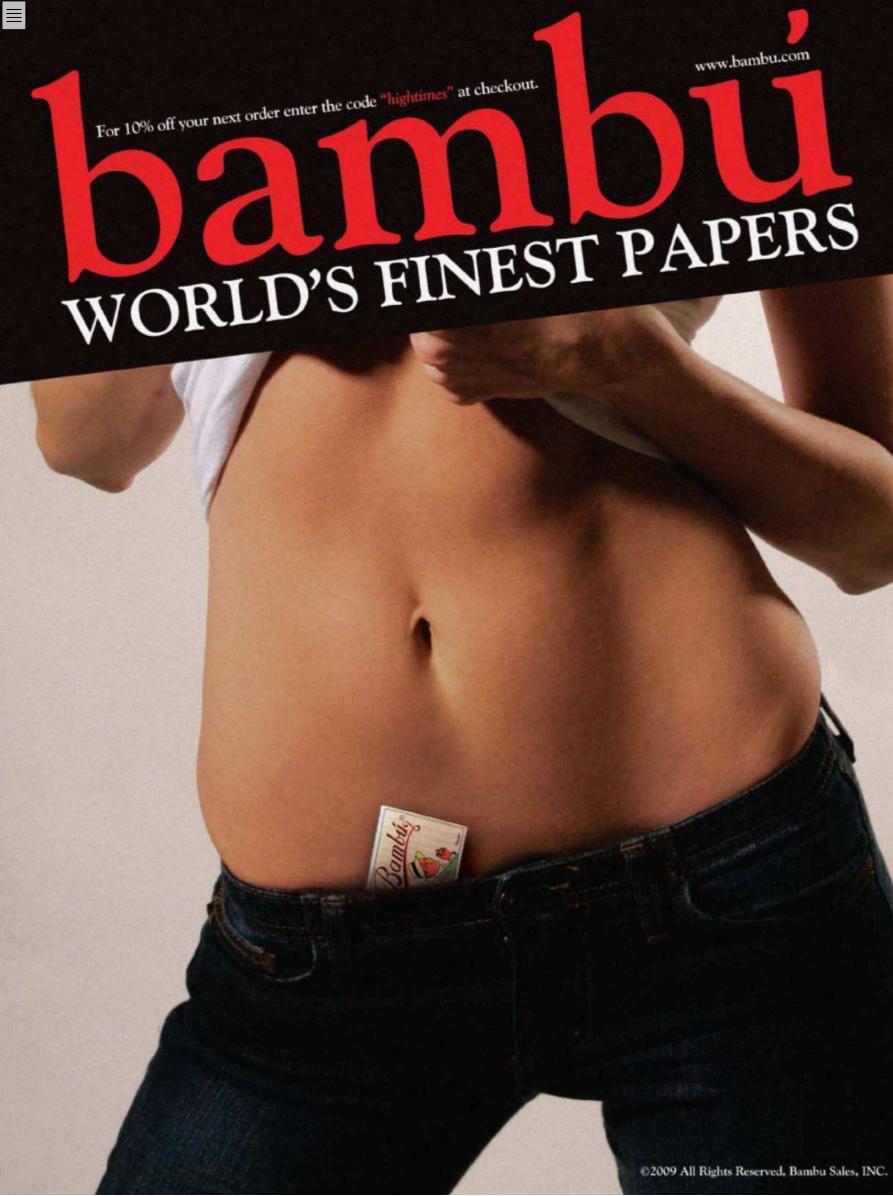
EDITED BY DANNY DANKO & NICO ESCONDIDO Pix of the Crop; Cannabis Clinic; Munchies; NORMLizer; Freedom Fighter; Ask Dr. Mitch; Growroom Security; Gear/Hot Products; Dear Danko; Grow Quiz; Tip of the Month.

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BURNING BOOK

Have you guys ever thought about a smokable magazine? Maybe not a whole magazine, but like a centerfold page with a perforated edge—maybe a nice picture of the harvest that you can tear out and roll your favorite smoke in?

That would make a subscriber out of me!!!

Jake

VETERANS FOR POT

I am writing as a supporter of medicinal use. I deal with chronic pain from surgeries I

incurred while on active duty. Ever since my recent medical discharge, marijuana has allowed me to use far fewer opiate painkillers and has given me a chance to live a normal life. As a veteran, I am proud that I've served our great country with honor, and now I deserve to enjoy the life I have always dreamed. Our nation should allow us to use cannabis to ease the pain from injuries we received while serving in her defense. I recently joined a group called Veterans for Medical Marijuana Access (VMMA). I was wondering if you knew about them or have ever featured them? There are so many men and women out there in a similar situation—people who were injured in the service of their country and now have no option but taking pills and more pills. I'm hoping that if you mention VMMA, more veterans will join it and create a louder voice for medical cannabis. Thank you for what your magazine does on behalf of all those patients who look forward to the day when we can access something for relief that won't kill us

Navy Vet

Thank you for your service, Navy Vet. We're currently working on a feature about veterans and medical marijuana. If you (or any other vets) have a story to tell, please feel free to send an email to bobbyblack@hightimes.com.

CANCER CURES

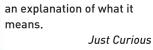
The Washington Post recently did an article on a study that says marijuana does not cause cancer and can even reduce the risk of cancer in tobacco users. It also kills aging cells that could become cancerous. I really think you should report on this topic. I love your website and magazine and believe that this is something your readers should know about.

juggeest

We completely agree, juggeest. Check out our feature on Rick Simpson, the cannabis-oil cancer crusader (page 76), for more on this topic.

O.G. BREAKDOWN

This will probably sound like a stupid question, but what does "OG" stand for? I see and hear the term used everywhere but have never seen



There are rumors that "OG" stands for either "original genetics" or "organically grown," but the truth is that "OG" is short for "original gangster"—a person who has been around the way for quite some time.

ODOR CONTROL

My friends and I have been debating this among ourselves for quite some time now, but none of us can be

entirely sure, and it's something you'd definitely want to be sure of. Can a drug dog smell through a perforated glass container or other airtight container? Thanks for your time—your magazine kicks ass!

ItsNORML420

Though some packaging might be totally odorproof, it's really the tiny particles on the outside of the container that can trigger a drug dog's nose. Be sure to clean the jar thoroughly before traveling with it, and do not open it until you reach your destination.

STONER JOBS

First of all, I'd like to say that I'm a huge fan of the magazine and all the great pictures you guys print each month!

In response to your "stoner jobs" list from the October '09 issue, I thought I'd share one that my roommate and I have coincidentally been compiling over the past few months. It hangs on the wall between our beds, and while it does include "weed farmer" and "medicinalgoodies baker," we also came up with Christmas-tree farmer (plant trees, wait 15 years, let people cut their own); driver's-ed instructor (get driven around, brake when necessary); owner of a children's bookstore; telephone customer-service rep for anything ("Could you please hold, sir?"); substitute high-school teacher; pizza-delivery man (preferably in a small town); owner of a miniature golf course; children's-book author/illustrator (write 10 sentences, spread them over 50 pages and call it a day!); announcer for high-school sports games; radio DJ for a light-FM station; carnival-ride operator (simple rides only-no Ferris wheels!); owner of a consignment record shop; and traveling children's puppeteer.

Ah, the possibilities are endless! Keep up the good work!

Sarah in MA

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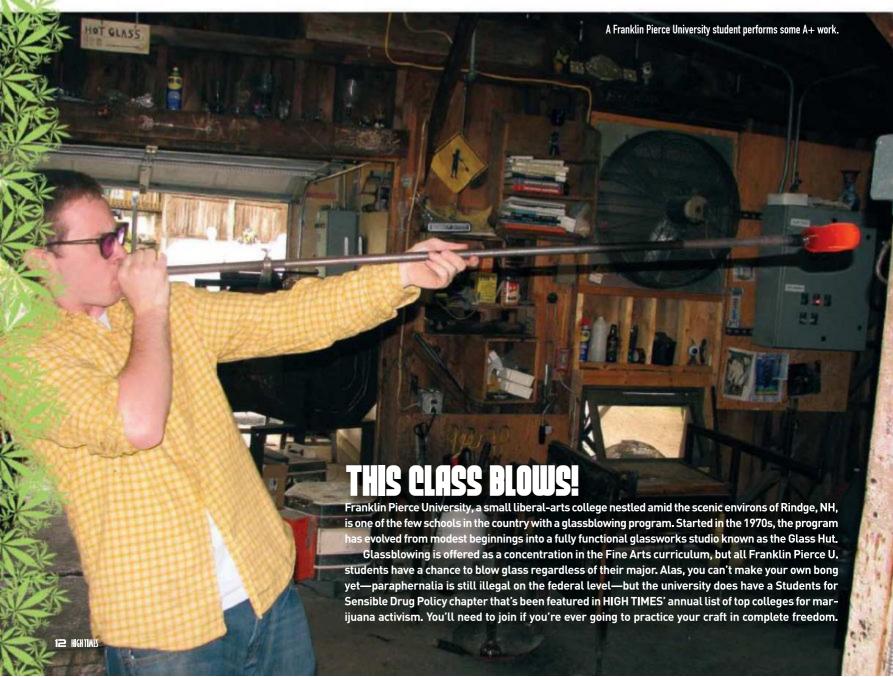


Folks, we gotta do a better job of naming pot. This fabulous strain—believed to be a Skunk #1 crossed with an unknown *indica*, created in the early '90s—was tagged with the hideous moniker "Green Crack" at some point in time. Sure, it's potent and delivers a sweet, fruity flavor. And growers report it's one of the fastest-flowering strains around. And stoner stars like Snoop and the Kottonmouth Kings sing its praises. But we do ourselves no favors by equating cannabis in any way with a toxic, dangerous substance like crack cocaine. So we've come up with the alternative: Herewith, Green Crack shall be known as Green Fluffy Bunnies. Everyone must comply!

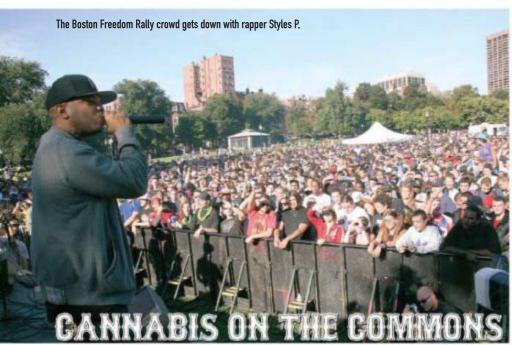
BID A FINAL **FAREWELL TO PRIVACY** Technology is not your friend. Phillips Electronics has developed a new, intrusive device for cops to use when drivers are stopped. A "suspect" will be required to spit into a small receptacle for saliva collection. The receptacle is then inserted into a testing device, which uses nanotechnology to determine (within 90 seconds) whether the sample contains any cocaine, heroin, amphetamine, methamphetamine or cannabis. Philips

announced that the device would debut

in Europe by the end of 2009.







The annual Boston Freedom Rally celebrated its 20th anniversary this past September 19 with a record high attendance and record low arrests. Event organizer Keith Saunders of the Massachusetts Cannabis Reform Coalition ("MassCann" for short) estimated that some 70,000 people passed through the park during the course of the day, peaking at over 30,000 around 4:20. Even the Boston Police Department was forced to admit that it was about as peaceful and pleasant a crowd as could be imagined.

Thanks to the passage of last year's Question 2 ballot initiative—which effectively decriminalized up to one ounce of cannabis—there were only three arrests made (for distribution). There were, however, another 100-plus citations issued for possession (a \$100 ticket) and numerous random (and most likely illegal) personal searches conducted. But the BPD's efforts were frustrated by the vigilance of pro-pot journalists (such as the "King of Pot") and other rallygoers, who followed the cops around with microphones and video cameras, calling them out on any harassing behavior.

Among this year's guest speakers were MMA wrestler Toby Grear, Miss New Jersey 2006 Georgine DiMaria, Miss HT 2007 Sarah Newton, NORML founder Keith Stroup, SAFER's Mason Tvert, plus our own Danny Danko, Bobby Black and Rick Cusick. The performers included Superpower, Prospect Hill, Graveyard BBQ and DJ Slim, as well as hip-hop heavyweights Big Shug and Termanology and a surprise appearance by rapper Styles P, who led the crowd in a chant of "Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it!"

Which, of course, they did.



VAPORIZING VIXEN OF THE RING

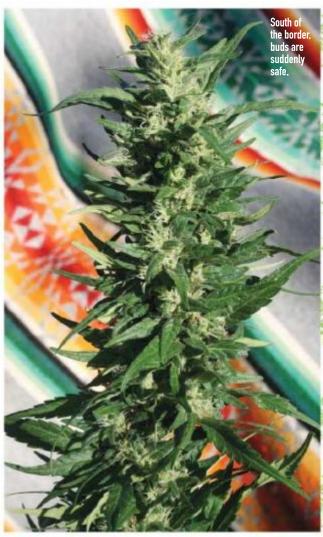
All Shelly Martinez ever wanted was to be a professional wrestler, have her own action figure and perform at Wrestlemania. But though she realized her dreams as a WWE star, she also injured her back.

During rehab, her doctor prescribed Soma (carisoprodol), a muscle relaxant, to ease the sleep problems she was having due to muscle spasms. Long story short, she began abusing the drug without realizing it. After overdosing, reality set in and she quit cold turkey.

That's when she ran into wrestling superstar Rob Van Dam, who educated her on the benefits of cannabis for the body and the environment. At first she balked, but when she finally did try pot, it was "one of the best days of my life."

Shelly adds: "Cannabis not only became a more healthy solution for my pain, anxiety, insomnia and headaches, but it changed my spiritual life. Cannabis opened my mind to things those naughty pills would mask. Cannabis aided me to see my life in a raw way and conquer all the poison that was in it. I also feel my spiritual growth with God wouldn't be as solid as it is today if it weren't for cannabis."

Check out Shelly's signature line of vaporizers at shellymartinez.com.



Mexico: *Hola,* Decrim

In the midst of a brutal war being waged by the nation's drug cartels, Mexico has decided to decriminalize small amounts of drugs. This past August, the Mexican government announced a law that permits possession of approximately five joints, four lines of coke, two grams of opium, one hit of LSD, one-fifth of a gram of Ecstasy or meth, or one-tenth of a gram of heroin. People detained with those quantities will no longer face criminal prosecution or be subject to extortion-prone cops who threaten small users with heavy jail time. Bernardo Espino del Castillo of the attorney general's office was quick to point out: "This is not legalization. This is regulating the issue and giving citizens greater legal certainty."

Either way, sounds good to us.

RHODE ISLAND RULES!

At only 1,200 square miles, it's our smallest state, but that hasn't stopped Rhode Island from taking the title as the pot-smokingest state in the union, with a rate of 16.12 percent of the population age 12 and over toking up at least once a month. RI wrested the title away from Vermont, which was the top state last time around but came in second this



year, at 15.75 percent. In fact, four of the six New England states placed in the top five in this government survey, which was conducted from 2006 to '07: New Hampshire took third place and Massachusetts finished fifth. Hey, you gotta get through those long winters somehow. Interestingly, Rhode Island also took the top spot in cocaine use.

ONE-HIT Wonders

For as long as pot has been illegal, stoners have found ingenious ways to take their pleasure on the sly. The one-hitter has been an enduring staple of surreptitious tokers everywhere. But if you're forced to skulk around trying to stay high, why not do it in style?



Check out the sleek new line of one-hitters called Bottle Bats by Jetpack Mule. They may look like tiny beer bottles, but look again: That ain't beer on the labels. Instead, each differently colored Bottle Bat is branded with a top strain of bud. Smoke up on Acapulco Gold Star, AK-47, Grandmaster Kush, Northern Lights, East Coast Sour Diesel, Skunk, White Widow and the legend himself, Jack Herer! *Visit jetpackmule.net for the entire array of smoking gear.*



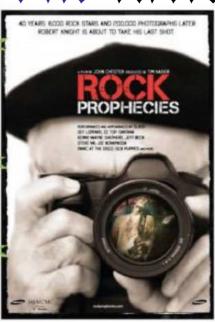
BROWNIE BUZZ

On the HIGH TIMES Radio Hour a few years back, host Callum Francis phoned Duncan Hines, Betty Crocker and the Pillsbury Doughboy in order to ask some basic questions about using their products to make pot brownies. The reactions were, let us say, mixed—some of the spokespeople chuckled, others threatened legal action. Corporate-brownie dudes can be sensitive. So why even bother making brownies

with the mixes proffered by food conglomerates that are happy to ignore or diss a major segment of their client base? Bake your brownies using the first-ever mix created specifically for the cannabis crowd. The Amsterdam Bakery's brownie mix will delight both stoners and chocolate connoisseurs (who are often one and the same). Get buzzed on the rich premium-chocolate taste and the simple, easy-to-follow recipes.

Available online at amsterdambakery.com, along with a selection of Amsterdam Bakery merchandise.

THE KNIGHT OF ROCK



The new rockumentary film *Rock Prophecies* chronicles the life and career of Robert Knight, one of the world's most celebrated rock'n'roll photographers. Over the past 40 years, Knight has snapped pictures of just about every major rock icon imaginable. Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Aerosmith, ZZ Top—Knight has shot'em all!

Every bit as impressive as Knight's vast photo archive are the close personal relationships he's forged with many of these legendary artists. This is nowhere more evident in the film than when he visits the notoriously reclusive guitar god Jeff Beck at his castle in England. It's an eerily comic example of life imitating art, virtually identical to the scene in *This Is Spinal Tap* where Nigel Tufnel proudly shows off his guitar collection.

Knight would later put his high-level connections to good use by seeking out undiscovered talent and helping them make it to the top. His quest for budding greatness led him to two artists: the young blues-guitar prodigy Tyler Bryant and the Aussie pop rockers Sick Puppies.

Overall, Rock Prophecies is cool, touching, inspira-

tional and loads of fun. When we asked Knight about the rock icons he's blazed with, he replied: "You may not believe this, but I've never smoked a joint in my life."

That's okay, Robert—we couldn't possibly hold it against you!

THIS MONTH IN CHAPTER STATE OF THE STATE OF

WOODY FOR WEED-AS ALWAYS

Woody Harrelson laid it on the line in his recent *Play*boy interview: "I've seen it printed that I'm a marijuana activist, and I understand that, but it's really just something I enjoy.



Folks may have a drink. People may want to pop a pill before going to a party—that's not for me. I like the mellow vibe of herb, its uninhibiting effect. For me, it's a better drug than any of the others, and since we're all drug addicts, I don't think it's a bad choice." Woody added: "Whether your drug is sugar, coffee, sex, exercise or religion—everybody has something."



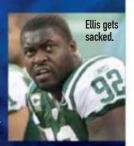
MORE POTTER POTHEADS

Josh Herdman, who has appeared in all six of the Harry Pot-

ter films as Slytherin House bully Gregory
Goyle, was snapped recently lighting up a
major-league joint. But he's not the first Potter
actor who's been linked with weed: Last April,
we found out that fellow cast member Jamie
Waylett is a grower—or was. Waylett, who plays
Hogwarts bully Vincent Crabbe, was busted for
10 plants. In July, he was sentenced to 120
hours of community service.

OUT OF BOUNDS

If you're looking for the definition of "cruel and unusual punishment," check out the National Football League. Sean Ellis of the New York Jets was arrested in Decem-



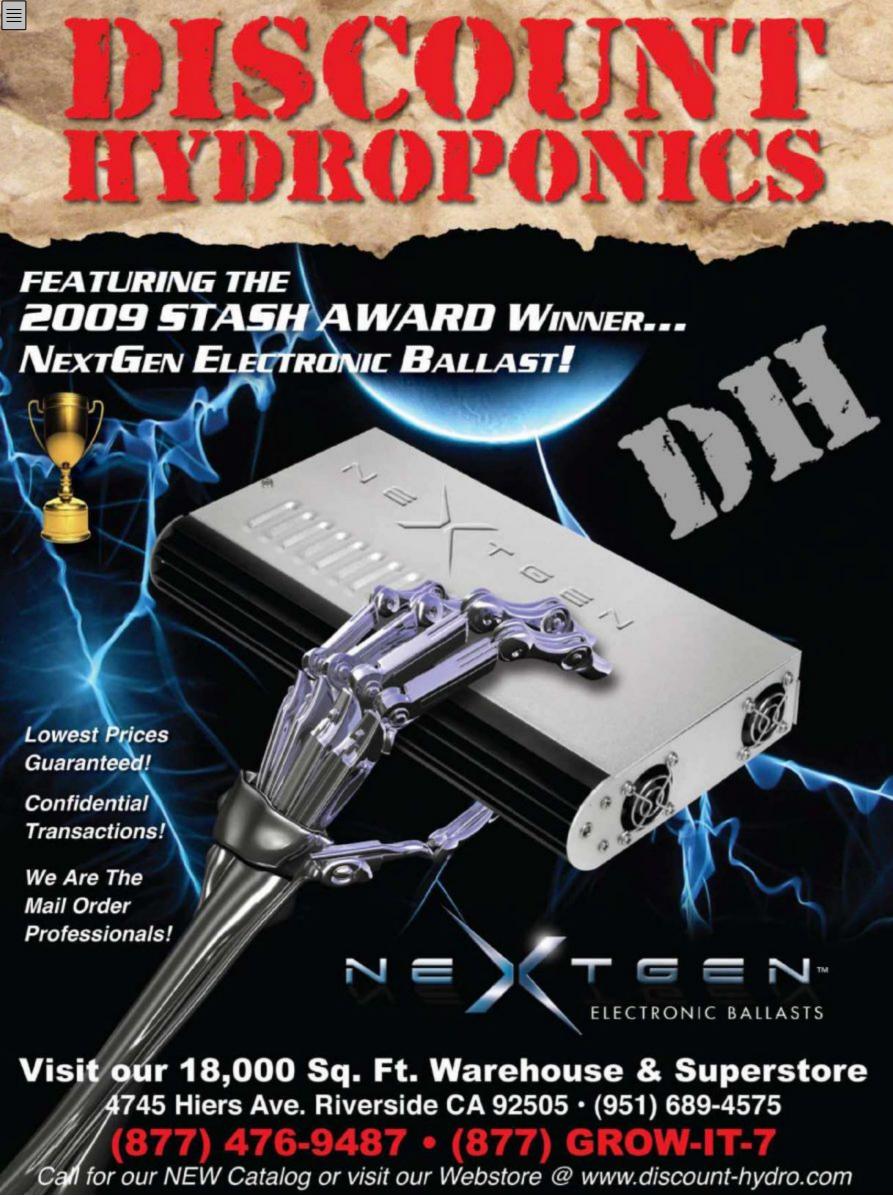
ber 2008 for pot possession following a traffic stop. His punishment for violating the league's substance-abuse policy: suspension for the first game of the season and a fine of \$100,000.



JACKSON'S DEMISE

It's fairly obvious by now that Michael Jackson depended heavily on pharmaceuticals to get through his life. Following his death, police searched the singer's house and found

temazepam (used to treat sleeplessness), empty bottles of the sedatives lorzaepam and diazepam, and numerous other empty pill bottles. But two bags of pot were also found—which, we respectfully submit, would have been far more expedient in treating his problems had he relied solely on medical cannabis.





Marc Emery, Canada's best-known cannabis activist and entrepreneur, was jailed on Sep-

Marc Emery, Canada's best-known cannabis activist and entrepreneur, was jailed on September 28. He awaits extradition to the US, where he will serve a five-year prison sentence for selling pot seeds across the border. Emery, who is also the publisher of the Canadian marijuana magazine *Cannabis Culture*, was busted in 2005 along with two associates on drug and money-laundering charges stemming from the operation of Marc Emery Seeds, a company that shipped millions of seeds across North America. Canadian activists are furious with their government for its cooperation with US authorities in arresting Emery. As he was led away, his wife Jodie wept. Emery shouted to the crowd: "I love you, Jodie Emery! Plant the seeds of freedom! Overgrow the government!"

SAN DIEGO GETS SACKED

Last month, we reported on the precarious legal situation of many California medical-marijuana dispensaries in "Siege on SoCal." Shortly after we went to press, dispensaries in San Diego, CA, were raided by local law enforcement.

New US Attorney General Eric Holder stated in February that federal agencies would no longer interfere with—but instead would respect—state medical-marijuana laws. Activists in San Diego were accordingly hopeful: In early September, the City Council voted to implement a task force that would create recommendations for regulating the collectives and cooperatives, which would in turn aid law enforcement in its supervision of the medical-marijuana community.

However, the San Diego Police Department declined to participate in the effort and instead took part in a multicounty task force that raided and shut down over 20 marijuana collectives, cooperatives or dispensaries in San Diego County. Once again, the raids were characterized by mass destruction of property on the part of law enforcement, with dispensary showcases being

smashed and other property damage maliciously inflicted. And contrary to the Obama administration's earlier promises, DEA agents accompanied the local cops and offered their assistance. Following the raids, the San Diego District Attorney's office released a statement promising a "targeted and coordinated effort to stop illegal drugs in the community."

Local officials in San Diego County have been fiercely resistant to accepting medical marijuana ever since the passage of Prop. 215 back in 1996. In fact, the Board of Supervisors filed a lawsuit to block the requirement that the county offer legal protection to medical-marijuana users, pursuing the case all the way to the US Supreme Court. Last May, they lost that appeal when the court refused to hear the case. In other large cities like San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles, access programs have been implemented, with varying degrees of success. But San Diego, from the county government to the district attorney's office, has continued its blatant refusal to recognize state law and implement guidelines for medical-marijuana dispensaries.

JUSTICE IN COLORADO

A medical patient leaves court with 34 ounces of medicine.

Jason Lauve, a legal medical-marijuana user in Colorado, won a landmark victory in August when he was acquitted in Boulder District Court of felony marijuana-possession charges, making him the first medical-cannabis patient in history to win a jury trial in Colorado.

Jason, a freelance 3-D animator, was seriously injured in a ski accident caused by an out-of-control snowboarder in 2004. He is in severe, constant pain and uses cannabis as an inexpensive and safer alternative to dangerous and addictive narcotics.

Colorado's Medical Marijuana Law, enacted in 2000, is an amendment to the state constitution that allows patients with debilitating medical conditions to use cannabis as medicine if their physician recommends it. In 2007, the police raided Jason's home because of an "anonymous" tip. Even though Jason presented them with his valid Colorado Medical Marijuana Registry ID, the cops still seized 34 ounces of medicine and charged him with felony marijuana possession.

After almost a year of delays, the case finally went to trial. The prosecution argued that Jason had too much medicine on hand: The state constitution specifically exempts up to two ounces of marijuana and six plants from prosecution. For greater amounts, a patient is allowed to present a medical-necessity defense at trial. Jason testified that he was sifting cannabis trichomes off the buds to ingest in food, a therapy that requires a much



larger amount of cannabis than smoking does.

His attorney, Rob Corry, argued brilliantly in his closing that Colorado's Medical Marijuana Law does not set limits on medical necessity and that a patient can possess *any amount* of cannabis that he or she finds necessary. The prosecution failed to present any evidence that the amount Jason had was not medically necessary.

The jurors agreed: After only three hours, they acquitted him on all charges, and Jason left

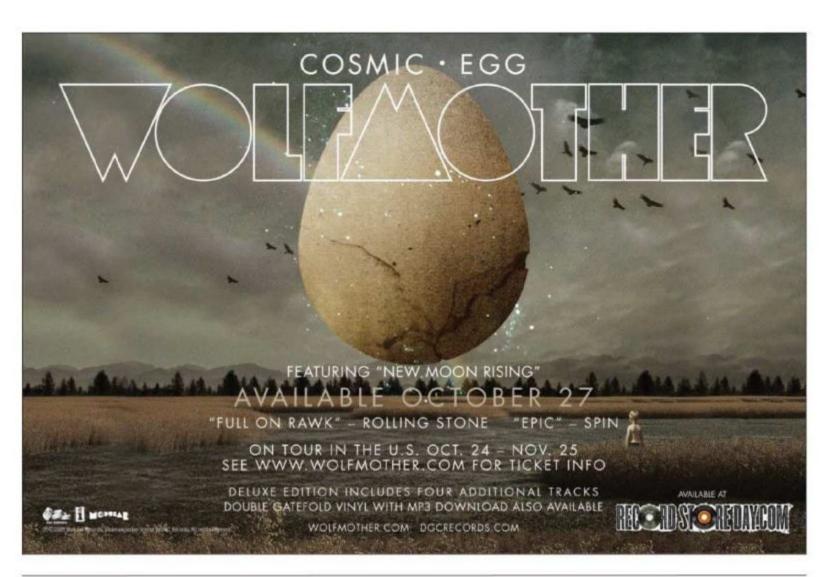
the courtroom with all 34 ounces of his medicine. In an interview after the acquittal, the jury foreman said that Jason "could have had a ton" and the jury still would have acquitted him. While the jury's verdict doesn't set any legal precedent, it does send a strong message that it will be very difficult to convict patients in Boulder County for possession of any amount of medicinal cannabis.

The case was historic from a spiritual perspective as well. The Rev. James Marks of the Hawaii Cannabis Ministry had just arrived in Boulder to open a new THC ministry. Reverend Marks found Jason's supporters anxiously awaiting the verdict outside the courthouse. He performed an anointing ceremony, in which he blessed Jason with a Hawaiian cannabis anointing oil created from a formula found in the Old Testament. Literally seconds after Jason was anointed, a cell phone rang with the news that the verdict was in.

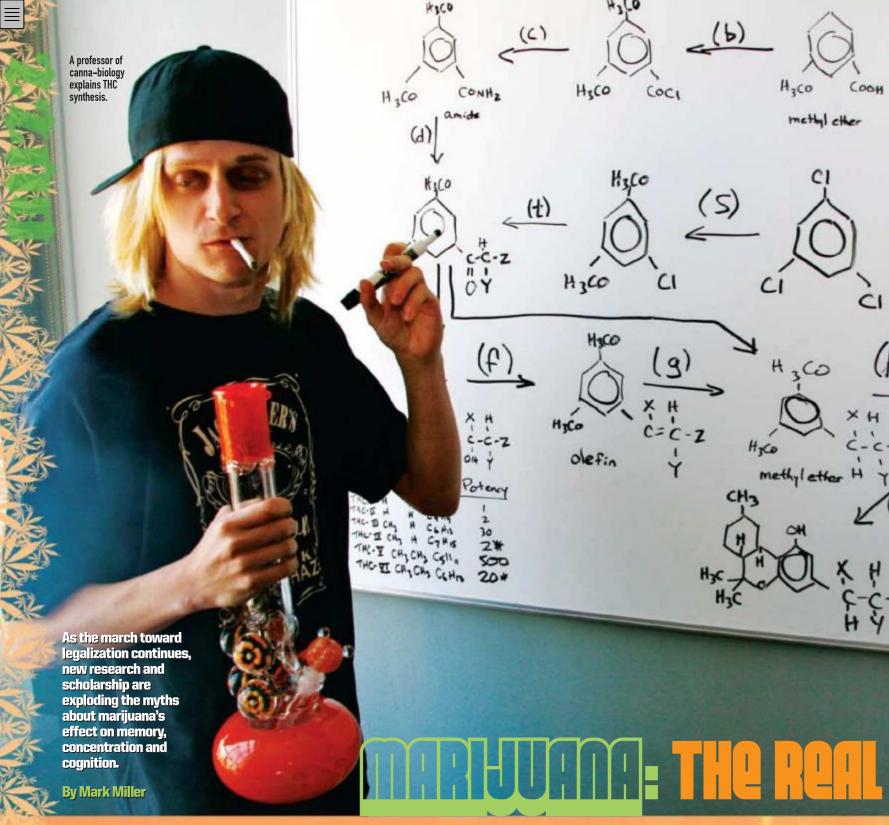
The Colorado 420 Coalition was responsible for rallying supporters to Jason's cause outside the courthouse. These activists have now formed the Colorado Medical Cannabis Policy Group, which will work with local officials to more clearly define med-pot policy in the state in order to protect patients and caregivers from local and federal prosecution. As for Jason, despite the courtroom victory, he says he doesn't want any other medical-marijuana patient to have to go through what he did just to take his medicine.—Laura Kriho

Visit colorado420.com.









In the latest salvo fired in the War on Drugs, logic and truth have been challenged by the inane "Above the Influence" campaign. A multi-pronged print, TV and Web operation, it promotes adherence to a drug-free lifestyle as the ideal living situation (the name refers to being "above the influence" of drugs, or sober, as opposed to being "under" their influence, or stoned).

Judging from the prominence of the pot leaf you see when you first log on to the "Above the Influence" website, as well as the content of their TV bromides, it's clear that the primary drug being targeted here is cannabis. This in turn suggests that pot is the most dangerous drug that teens and young adults face in 2010. But is this really the case? Or are we seeing yet another futile, propagandistic attempt to stem the momentous medical-marijuana tide sweeping the nation?

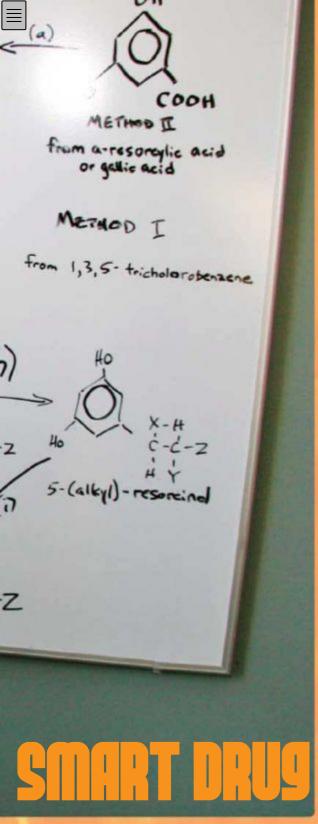
The website insists that being "above the influence" leads to experiencing life "with a clear

mind." But one hallmark of a "clear mind" is concentration, the cognitive process by which one selectively pays close or fixed attention to certain aspects of a given environment, often to the exclusion of all others. Concentration is vital in many aspects of our day-to-day existence, everything from performing potentially dangerous tasks such as driving to meeting a creative deadline. So the key question here is: Does pot aid or diminish our powers of concentration?

One starting point is the controversial issue of driving or operating machinery while intoxicated. For over a decade, studies have shown that cannabis use does not necessarily impair driving abilities and may quite possibly do the opposite, potentially benefiting drivers.

One such report, "Marijuana and Actual Driving Performance," released in 1993 by the US Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, flat-out states that marijuana has been found to be involved "much less often" than alcohol in vehicular accidents. And in the majority of cases where marijuana was involved, alcohol was a contributing factor. Included among the eye-opening conclusions of the study: "There is no evidence that marijuana, in current consumption patterns, contributes substantially to the rate of vehicular accidents in America."

Another study, this one released in May 1998 by Adelaide University in Southern Australia, found that drivers who used alcohol overestimated their performance quality, whereas those who used marijuana *underestimated* it. Experimentally, the evidence suggested that alcohol encourages risky driving, whereas pot actually promotes *caution* and *contemplative driving*—two indicators of focused concentration. Interestingly, the Australian government made it difficult to obtain copies of the report in the months that followed, thanks to the controversy generated by its pro-pot conclusions.



So here we find that alcohol—the legal, socially acceptable drug-leads to irrational, out-ofcontrol behavior behind the wheel, while marijuana—the banned and officially lambasted substance—can actually promote vigilant driving.

But what effect does pot have on similar or related cognitive-functioning issues in long-term recreational users? A 2003 report bearing the imposing title "Non-Acute (Residual) Neurocognitive Effects of Cannabis Use: A Meta-Analytic Study," published in the Journal of the International Neuropsychological Society, detailed the results of a study conducted at the University of California at San Diego, home to the Center for Medicinal Cannabis Research (CMCR). Employing a careful analysis of 15 previous studies, CMCR examined the data collected on 704 longterm pot smokers and 484 nonusers. Among the findings: While perceived difficulties in learning and/or memory retention suggest that long-term

marijuana use can cause selective deficiencies, these were of negligible impact.

The study's lead author, Dr. Igor Grant of the CMCR, pointed out to Reuters that since some pot smokers also drink or use other, harder drugs, those substances—either by themselves or in combination—may be causing the cognitive issues often attributed solely to cannabis.

And while living with a "clear mind" might be fine for the good times, what about coping with the inevitable hardships and tragedies that accompany any life? In 2001, a significant study was conducted at the University of California at San Francisco by Dr. Roger Nicoll, professor of cellular and molecular pharmacology and physiology. Entitled "Endogenous Cannabinoids Mediate Retrograde Signaling at Hippocampal Synapses" and published in the journal Nature, the study concluded that endocannabinoids are important in

ameliorating the bad feelings and emotional pain triggered by reminders of past unhappy experiences. (Endocannabinoids are neurotransmitters or signaling compounds produced naturally within the human body; they activate cannabinoid receptors in the brain that are also triggered by consuming cannabis.) The researchers suggested that when these receptors are low in number or experience issues with release, maladies such as post-traumatic stress disorder, phobias

and certain forms of chronic pain can arise.

This could certainly explain why some people smoke pot when they're anxious: to help activate those receptors. Further extrapolating from the study, the relaxation associated with cannabis likely benefits a person's concentration as well, be it while balancing a checkbook or designing a website. Contrary to the notion that pot smokers get high with nothing more in mind than vegging out in front of the TV and scarfing munchies, many people regularly use pot in order to enhance their focus on what might otherwise be a tedious or

Dr. Nicoll declined to comment on these wider-reaching implications, but he did tell HIGH TIMES that his findings established that endocannabinoids—despite being unlike any other signaling compound—have their "own job" to perform as neurotransmitters. This may even include the creation of new memories—as opposed to the traditional notion that pot impairs shortterm memory.

The idea that pot may have profoundly different influences on memory than previously surmised was also substantiated in a 2008 study conducted at Ohio State University, in which psychologist Gary Wenk and his research staff gave synthetic THC to aging rats. They found that THC lowered inflammation of the hippocampus, the area of the brain associated with short-term memory. Even more surprising, it may have also spurred the formation of new brain cells—a far cry from the well-worn myth that "pot kills brain cells."

Despite the anti-cannabis propaganda of the last 70-plus years, there have always been rational perspectives on pot and mental acuity. As far back as 1944 (in the days when "marijuana" was spelled with an "h"), the New York City Mayor's Committee on Marihuana noted that "chronic users" (no pun intended) averaging seven joints a day for eight years showed "no physical or mental decline." Thirty years later, a 1974 study titled "Neurophysiological Assessment of Undergraduate Marihuana and LSD Users,' which appeared in the Archives of General Psychiatry, concluded that even heavy pot use caused no detrimental effects on learning, perception or motivation in the study's subjects during the year the research was conducted.

In 2007, scientists at the Department for Forensic and Traffic Medicine at the University of Heidelberg, Germany, researched the effects of

Heavy pot use

caused no

detrimental

effects on

learning,

perception

or motivation.

cannabis on the driving of a 28year-old man with attentiondeficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD). He had previously had his license revoked for driving under the influence. However, in his first mandated meeting with a psychologist, he exhibited abnormal, maladjusted behavior with impaired concentration while completely sober. He was then allowed to drive while stoned under test conditions after using a cannabis compound. By the second test, he had shown

marked improvement in reaction and perception speed, visual orientation, and sustained and undivided attention, scoring "average" to "above average" on all of these tests. (And keep in mind that for someone with ADHD, "average" is pretty damn good.) While this is still an isolated case, the researchers suggested that THC "may have performing-enhancing effects" in others with ADHD.

To get to the root of these issues, more studies are clearly needed. Marijuana's beneficial effects on the human body and mind are so varied that the US government should be committing significant research funds to all of its various possible applications.

But to return to where we started: So what exactly are the benefits of being "above the influence"? As far as the campaign's promoters are concerned, it seems to boil down to being part of the status quo and never viewing the world through "alternative" eyes. If stale conformity is the best that the "Above the Influence" crowd can offer, it's not going to do much. If their intent is to steer minors clear from harmful drugs and alcohol, fine. But let's face it: The campaign is an obvious propaganda mill with a heavy bias against marijuana, medical or otherwise.

ence" of cannabis not only provides a different view of our day-to-day world, but it assists in sharpening concentration and augmenting cognitive prowess as a whole—all of which makes it easy for pot smokers to rise above the influence of anti-cannabis propaganda.



CTATE



Trans-High Market Quotations (THMQ) reports pot prices by the ounce, strain and location. To submit prices, go to the THMQ link at hightimes.com.

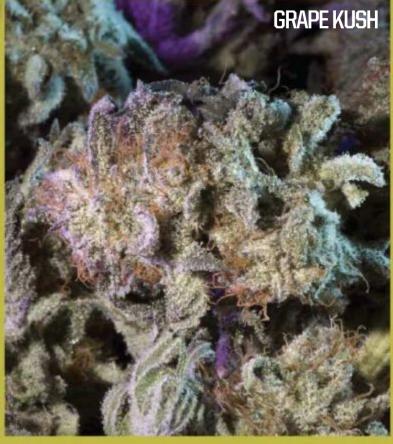
CURRENT US PRICE INDEX: \$367 (last month: \$361; YTD: \$367)

CURRENT KIND INDEX (\$350+ PER OZ): \$441 (\$435, \$441)

CURRENT MIDS INDEX (\$150-\$349 PER OZ): \$301 (\$268, \$301)

CURRENT SCHWAG INDEX (\$1-\$149 PER OZ): **\$101** (\$60, \$101)

STATE	CITY	STRAIN	PRICE
ARIZONA	Phoenix	Bubba Kush C-4 Purps x Sour Diesel	\$400 \$350 \$350
CALIFORNIA	Pismo Beach	OG Kush	\$370
CONNECTICUT	Greenwich	Purple Kush Chem Dog Cali Skunk	\$450 \$450 \$400
FLORIDA	Lake County	Blueberry	\$450
HAWAII	Maui	Chem Dog Diesel	\$400 \$370
KANSAS	Beloit	Pineapple Express	\$480
MARYLAND	Bowie	Granddaddy Purps Super Silver Haze	\$600 \$500
MASSACHUSETTS	Boston Wareham	Sour Diesel Jack Herer	\$350 \$480
MICHIGAN	Detroit	Schwag	\$100
MINNESOTA	St. Cloud	Juicy Fruit	\$340
MONTANA	Billings	Sweet Tooth	\$300
NEBRASKA	Omaha Lincoln	Blackberry Kush LA Confidential	\$380 \$280
NEW JERSEY	Newark Trenton	Cali Grape Ape Amnesia Haze AK-47	\$500 \$475 \$400
NEW YORK	New York Upstate	Afwreck Blueberry Headband White Widow OG Kush	\$400 \$460 \$320 \$425
NORTH CAROLINA	Cullowhee Statesville Wilson	Trainwreck Purps Super Lemon Haze Mr. Nice	\$380 \$420 \$400 \$550
OREGON	Eagle Creek	Super Silver Haze	\$320
PENNSYLVANIA	Pittsburgh	Mids	\$120
RHODE ISLAND	Providence	Mids	\$120
SOUTH DAKOTA	Rapid City	Maui Bud	\$560
TENNESSEE	Chattanooga Nashville	Easy Ryder Sour Diesel	\$400 \$480
TEXAS	Dallas	Master Kush	\$400
UTAH	Salt Lake City	White Shark Trainwreck	\$320 \$320
VIRGINIA	Fredericksburg Richmond	Granddaddy Purps Sour Diesel Kush	\$520 \$480 \$400
WASHINGTON	Vancouver	Green Ice	\$200
WISCONSIN	Appleton	Sour Diesel	\$375
WYOMING	Cheyenne	Strawberry Cough Snowcap	\$450 \$400
INTERNATIONAL (prices in Canadian dollars)			
CANADA	Edmonton Wainwright Whitby	White Widow Purple Kush Jack Herer	C\$300 C\$250 C\$220

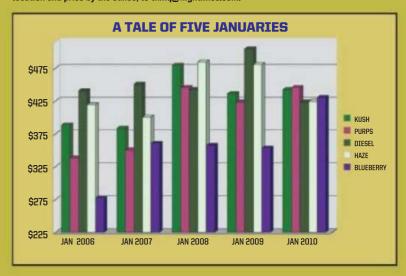


MARKET ANALYSIS

Kush is back as the month's most submitted strain. Despite Diesel grabbing the top spot in December (for the first time in 14 months), Kush easily reclaimed its crown at the start of the new year, finishing with nearly twice as many submissions as any other strain. The top five submitted strains (with average price) were Kush (\$442), Purps (\$445), Diesel (\$423), Haze (\$424) and Blueberry (\$430).

Index Watch: While all indices finished above their previous month's average, the US Price and Kind indices experienced only a marginal increase (+\$6). Additionally, despite this bump, the January 2010 averages for US Price and Kind were identical to their 2009 averages. However, the Mids and Schwag indices finished well above their previous month's average (+\$33 and +\$41, respectively), as well as their average price for 2009.

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you're smoking. Submit your strain information, including location and price by the ounce, to thmq@hightimes.com.



Bubba Kush - \$400 Phoenix, ARIZONA

"Been getting killer Bubba Kush and Granddaddy Purps in Phoenix. Pretty sure this bud is coming straight from California. The Bubba is very strong—literally as soon as I open the jar, my house reeks of Kush!"

C-4 - \$350

Phoenix, ARIZONA

"Golden buds with some hints of dark green. Pungent smell with very strong, almost narcotic high. Slightly hashy flavor with some hints of sweetness. Best used as a nighttime smoke because of the intense couchlock high that this strain produces." **G**randdaddy Purps - \$600 Bowie, MARYLAND

"Light green buds ravished in a whirlpool of purple, leaving you with a sweet, candy-like taste."

Cali Grape Ape - \$500 Newark, NEW JERSEY

"No regrets! Large thumb-sized nugs, frosted nicely. Smells like grape jelly when ground up and tastes the same."

White Widow - C\$300 Edmonton, CANADA

"Ridiculously expensive but rank-ass stuff. Some of the best bud I've ever had-one of a kind for sure."









THE 2009 *High Times* stony Awards

Though a blizzard of great pot films was released in 2008, the following year, unfortunately, witnessed a major downturn in the genre. As a result, the biggest breakthrough moment for cannabis in the popular media in 2009 occurred not in theaters, but on television, as Seth MacFarlane stunned viewers with a wildly pro-pot episode of his hit show Family Guy. In 2009, Family Guy was even nominated for an Emmy for Outstanding Comedy Series—the first time an animated series has been nominated for this award since The Flintstones back in 1961. By Steven Hager and Natasha Lewin

STONER OF THE YEAR

Brian of Family Guy

The dog in Family Guy has long been known for his intoxicating ways, as he is often seen silently drinking martinis and watching television with his dysfunctional family, the Griffins. The soft-spoken Brian often plays the role of Greek chorus, delivering intelligent asides while being mocked by the rest of the family. "Pot is illegal because William Randolph Hearst ran a smear campaign," Brian points out early in the 420 episode. Head of household Peter responds by farting loudly and saying, "There's your smear campaign!" And the show takes it from there: Moments of historical clarity regarding pot are sprinkled throughout, always delivered by Brian. After being locked in jail for possession of a small bag of weed, Brian organizes a legalization rally in the show's fictional town of Quahog, RI. When the rally fails to inspire a sympathetic audience, baby Stewie helps Brian concoct a musical-theater revue titled Everything Goes Better With a Bag of Weed. The segment features Brian and Stewie playing the title song on a makeshift xylophone composed of dozens of bongs, after which they blast free bags of weed to the entire town out of a cannon. The rally is so successful that the mayor of Quahog quickly signs a law making marijuana legal-but after the townspeople become perpetually stoned, the law is overturned, even though the crime rate has virtually disappeared.

This is the first time that an animated character has been named Stoner of the Year by HIGH TIMES.

STONETTE OF THE YEAR

Kristen Stewart

Best known as the demure heroine Bella Swan in the *Twilight* film series, Stewart earned her reefer recognition when she was photographed smoking a bowl on her stoop with a pal. Stewart was also seen showing off her pot pride when a picture of her in a marijuana-leaf bikini emerged. But it's not just her out-of-the-closet greendom that has garnered Stewart the coveted Stonette of the Year title—it was also thanks to her portrayal of the dope-smoking, space-cookie-baking character Em Lewin in *Adventureland* (see our choice for Stoner Movie of the Year) that she topped our cheeba charts. Congrats, Kristen!

STONER MOVIE OF THE YEAR

Adven**tu**reland

This year's offering from Superbad director Greg Mottola is all about young love, summer jobs and getting high. More of a dram-edy than a comedy, Adventureland wins as Stoner Movie of the Year by cramming weed into any and every scene possible—including a stony supper with the parental units. Our 2009 Stonette of the Year, Kristen Stewart, steals the show baking chronic cookies for her pals at Adventureland to wolf down while they work, resulting in a tripped-out bumper-car ride. Adventureland is not only the best (and pretty much only) stoner film of 2009, but it's also a perfect excuse to get high and take a marijuana-movie adventure of your own.



Best Ty Show

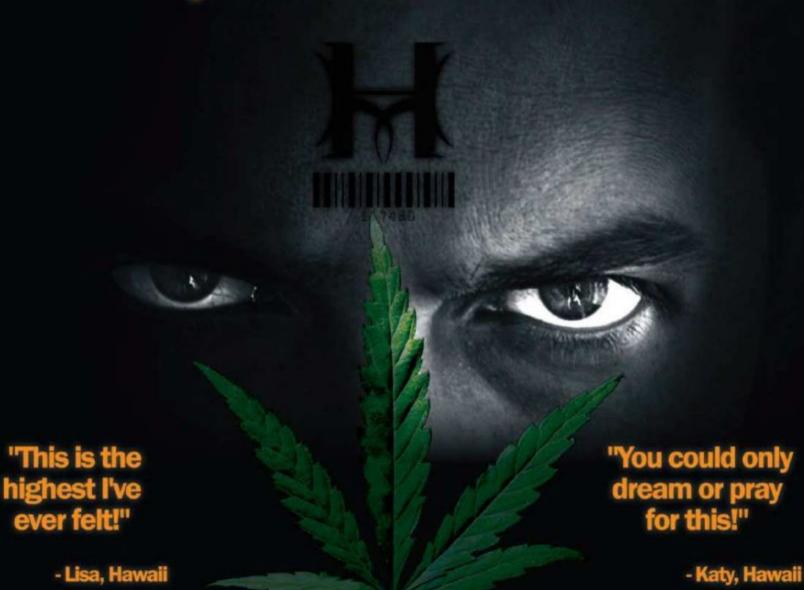
Attack of the Show: 420 Special

No cable network has embraced April 20th like G4-TV, which has continued its tradition of the annual 420 special. Last year, the *Attack* hosts visited Negril, Jamaica; this year, they journeyed to Australia and Humboldt County. The show also featured a segment on the 21st Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam. *

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PAUL IS DREAD

The Easy Star All-Stars smoke out Sgt. Pepper. By Justin Hampton



Deep within the catacombs of West Hollywood's Key Club, Ras I Ray, the bass player for the reggae-rock concept outfit the Easy Star All-Stars, recalls his genuine surprise upon first seeing the cover for their tribute to the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper, here redubbed Easy Star's Lonely Hearts Dub Band (Easy Star Records). Granted, the original Sgt. Pepper cover art did feature a handful of marijuana plants in front of the bass drum, but not an entire forest of them.

"I was like, 'Wow, they really pushed it to the max, with the herb everywhere,' he recalls, his mammoth dreads

practically brushing the floor as he laughs. "But it's good, because it's like: 'I get high with a little help from my friends'? Yeah, we really get high with a little help from my friends!"

Thanks to their Jamaican-flavored reinterpretations of rock's most beloved LP's, the All-Stars have developed a passionate following among both roots-reggae and classic-rock audiences worldwide. Originally conceived by Easy Star label heads Eric Smith and Len Oppenheimer and lead All-Stars music producer Michael Goldwasser as a means to expand reggae's listenership, the All-Stars first took on Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon in 2003, pairing reggae greats like Frankie Paul and the Meditations with ingenious reworkings of the

contemplates the ether. well-known source material. The band brought more star power (namely Toots and the Maytals, Horace Andy and Citizen Cope) as well as a greater musical range to bear on 2006's Radio-

dread, their cover of OK Computer. Listeners responded by purchasing 250,000 cumulative units to date. In addition, the band has also landed gigs like Glastonbury, Fuji Rock and even the wedding reception of former pothead/NYC Mayor Michael Bloomberg's daughter. "We're enjoying the ride," Ras acknowledges modestly.

Given the band's fondness for concept LP's, their Sqt. Pepper redo appears inevitable in retrospect. "From the time that we released Dub Side and people were talking about 'What are you guys gonna do next?', Sgt. Pepper's was being suggested—even from the audience," Ras recalls. The production proved almost as grueling as the Beatles original, but resulted in some unique collaborations, such as the airy, dub-inflected Matisyahu showcase "Within You Without You" and Steel Pulse's soulful "Good Morning, Good Morning." All in all, it was a fitting addition to the All-Stars' musical canon, as Ras observes: "It's not as dark as Dub Side and Radiodread-more like light and happy and simple, but still saying something."

Fans, take note: Though Ras generally speaks for the band, everyone has something to say when the interview turns to the subject of pot. On the EP Until That Day—the band's only release of original material to date-both Ras and Jamaican-born DJ vocalist Menny More praise the sacred herb in all its forms in songs like "The Finest." The band's fetching female vocalist, Kirsty Rock, has even written a song

"I get high with a little help from my friends"? Yeah, we really get high with a little help from my friends!'

called "High Times," and later that night, the All-Stars will perform trombonist Buford O'Sullivan's "The Vaporizer," prompting a sea of lit

lighters in response. Menny calls the band's pot anthems "herb-an music," and while each member has a preference when it comes to toking (Ras likes his Trainwreck, while Menny swears by Silver Haze and Grape Ape and O'Sullivan enjoys less aggressive strains like Purple Haze), Menny opines that the band retains an abiding

love for marijuana in general. "Herb was made to smoke everywhere in the world," he says. "[It's] the healing of the nation, so whatever. You have apples in Jamaica and you have apples in America. They're all apples.'

It's possible that the All-Stars might one day devise a concept LP on the subject. Several ideas have already been kicked around: "Story of a band that goes into a van and tours the West Coast, plays a show ... "O'Sullivan jovially tosses out as an example. But Ras stresses that in the end, it's all about the love of the music itself, for both the band and their audience. So in response to those who dismiss the group as a mere marketing gimmick, Ras insists that they're looking at it the wrong way. "We don't want to be pigeonholed as a classic cover band—because you can easily fall into that, basically doing the types of projects we're doing," he says. "Reggae is such a universal-type music that it transcends all boundaries. We're just giving the people what they love—just reinterpreting it where the people can really accept it as something genuine." *







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THE BLACK DAHLIA MURDER DEFLORATE THE MASSES BY ZENA TSARFIN



At the outset, the Black Dahlia Murder appear to be your prototypical death-metal band. Their music is imposing, their lyrics are ominous—and, for fuck's sake, they have *murder* in their name. Yet as their recent DVD, *Majesty*, revealed, the Detroit-based quintet are a happy-go-lucky bunch who tend to behave like a weed-fueled, musically inclined version of the Trailer Park Boys when they're not busy ripping it up onstage.

"We're always smoking—constantly," admits vocalist Trevor Strnad. "It's a ritual for us, something that brings us together." All that bonding over buds has also kept the Black Dahlia Murder a tight, cohesive outfit over the course of four albums since their inception in 2001—but it's not as if these guys are all Kumbaya and rainbows. As one listen to their latest album, *Deflorate*, proves, the Black Dahlia Murder's love of marijuana hasn't dulled their edge. Studded with rampaging riffs, gurgling vocals and blistering blast beats, tracks like "Necropolis," "A Selection Unnatural" and "I Will Return" sizzle with an urgency that's rarely felt among today's crop of so-called "extreme" acts.

Perhaps the only thing that matches BDM's love of weed or metal is their propensity for silly behavior on tour: cross-dressing as the Scooby Gang onstage, throwing impromptu dance contests, even stalking minor celebrities like Rob Lowe, who's shown up at their gigs with his sons in tow—all generally taboo behavior for serious metallers.

"If someone were to just

LEGALIZE

hear us, they'd probably think we were from Europe, had hair down to the ground and never smiled," says Strnad, eschewing the stereotype that all death rockers are humorless. Certainly, the last thing some fans would expect to see is the maniacal growler dressed up as his favorite plant in a plea for legalization, but to him, it's just another way to show support for the movement. "To me, marijuana is so tied with music," he says. "It expanded my horizons musi-

Still, for all the touring high points, Strnad remains puzzled by some of his fans' behavior: "A lot of kids that want to smoke with us have horrible weed—I've never smelled good pot being smoked at a concert." Which, of course, brings up a troubling question: "Why do people bother smoking terrible weed?" *

cally when I started smoking."



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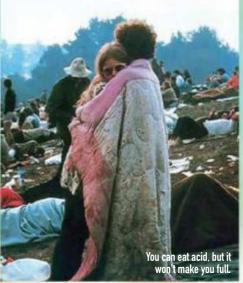
VARIOUS ARTISTS

Woodstock-40 Years On: Back to Yasgur's Farm

The baby boomers' seemingly endless ability to congratulate themselves for being the first generation in American history to embrace sloth as an ethos is at once appalling and dreadfully boring. Woodstock was not a trip "back to the garden"; in fact, it was a giant step down the food chain. Think about it: What other animal likes to roll around naked in the mud before they get their fuck on? You got it. Oink, oink. The moon landing is something that deserves to be honored 40 years later; Woodstock is not.

"But what about the tunes, dude? All those crunchy jams?"

Another Woodstock fallacy is the notion that there was a whole lot of good music to be heard there. Only the Who and Jimi Hendrix put in solid sets from end to end. There are other scattered moments: I like the Airplane's version of "Volunteers," and Sha Na Na were pretty cool. On the other hand, I find David Crosby's whole "We're scared shitless, man!" attempt at humility disingenuous. In the years following this gig, Crosby would smoke so much cocaine that they actually had to sew an-



other person's liver into his body to keep him alive. How boomer is that? And I don't care what anyone says, Joan Baez's voice is like listening to a cat trying to scratch its way out of a chalkboard box. Ten Years After and that endless "I'm Going Home" dirge? Leave already! And I think Ravi Shankar might actually be retarded. Watch the movie: The way he bounces back and forth with that goofy smile on his face while he plays the same five notes over and over reminds me of this autistic guy I see on the bus sometimes.

And I'll tell you something you might not know from looking at this new Woodstock set: The Grateful Dead played a 39-minutelong version of "Turn On Your Lovelight"—in the rain. I don't know about you, but if I were tripping on bad acid and something like that went down, I'd make the slaughter on Cielo

Drive look like a Tupperware party.

I applaud anyone who walked away from this event with an understanding of "Peace, Love and Music" that still reverberates to this day. But for most, the hippie thing was just a fad. Twelve years later, it was cocaine and junk bonds; today, it's Botox and reverse mortgages. Ultimately, these six CD's are a monument to self-indulgence. The best five songs are all on the original triple LP that you can buy for five bucks at any flea market.—Chris Simunek

LIGHTNING BOLT

Earthly Delights

(Load)

If a V-8 engine and an electrical transformer consummated their

forbidden love, it might produce a thunder like Lightning Bolt. This hard-charging experimental noise-rock duo from Rhode Island erect a nearly indomitable fortress of sound from concrete chunks of cacophonous guitar, while their epileptic rhythms are like a meth addict's heart. Inhabiting the same universe as Hella, Lightning Bolt manage an odd, majestic elegance somewhere between the chaotic white noise of the Boredoms and the primal crush of Om. Just as Sonic Youth wove coherence into their dissonant early symphonies, Lightning Bolt sneak melody and groove into the wall-razing throb and distorted blaze of riffage.

Like stepping into a mirrored room lit by neon signs, it can take a moment for the senses to adjust to the informational overload and recognize the design hidden within the strobophonic sibilance. Vocals aren't much more than reverberating grunts and howls operating as another instrument amidst the thumping, hypnotic churn. A three-piece when they started 15 years ago, Lightning Bolt trimmed down to a duo two years later, around the time they broke out with their critically acclaimed fourth album, Hypermagic Mountain (2005). They continue to mix relatively concise efforts like the spacey, two-minute tinkling buzz of "Rain on the Lake I'm Swimming On" and the spidery gossamer screech of "Flood Chamber" with six-minute howitzer blasts of psychedelic rumble like "Nation of Boar." The disc concludes with the epic 12-minute freakout "Transmissionary," a concert of twisted metal like a runaway icebreaker clearing a path through rush-hour traffic.—Chris Parker

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Where The Action Is!-Los Angeles Nuggets, 1965-1968 (Rhino)

When Lenny Kaye compiled the original Nuggets collection in 1972, its arrival was refreshing. Rock music had become increasingly pretentious and boardroomed, and by unearthing garage rock and a few proto-experimental gems from the mid- to late '60s, Kaye planted a seed that would later grow, a-snarling, into punk rock. Where the Action Is!-the fifth box set in the series—focuses on mid- to late '60s Los Angeles and is divided by disc into four categories: LA and SoCal garage rock, studio concoctions and, lastly, tracks of an evolving, sophisticated musicality.

The first half of this box consists of bands featuring guitarists who couldn't tune their instrument to save their life. What may have refreshed in 1972 seems corny and dated in 2009, suggesting that artistic expression is judged differently according to the time. (That is, if one calls "Riot on Sunset Strip" by the Standells "art.") On the other hand, strong harmonies are ubiquitous, making one wonder what happened—Fleet Foxes excepted—to the lost craft of group singing. While the studio disc is intriguing, it's the last disc that sheds most of the period-piece embarrassments. Of the lesser-known acts, Jesse Lee Kincaid's "She Sang Hymns Out of Tune" is a lovely example of an intelligent arrangement embellishing an arresting melody.

But the finest cuts contained herein are by bands called the Byrds, Love, Spirit, Buffalo Springfield, the Mamas & the Papas, and the Beach Boys. In other words, there was a damn good reason most of these nuggets were consigned to obscurity.—Michael Simmons

CLETUS NELSON

Depression 2.0: Creative Strategies for Tough Economic Times (Process Media)

"The sky is falling!" "The econ-

omy is crashing!" "The end is near!" Politicians, pundits, economists and experts of all stripes are shouting these warnings and more from editorial pages and prime-time news programs. While it all sounds much like previous warnings of impending disaster, this time they might be right.

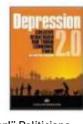
Cletus Nelson's Depression 2.0: Creative Strategies for Tough Economic Times is the fourth title in this publisher's "Process Self-Reliance Series." "We've been living beyond our means for far too long," Nelson writes about US society, "and now the bubble has burst. This book concerns itself with how we can cope with the painful national hangover that we can call Depression 2.0."

Chapters cover such topics as alternative means of raising cash, not to mention how some municipalities have eschewed the dollar in favor of creating their own local money systems, often based on bartering. He also discusses home-energy solutions designed to severely reduce your bills-or even remove you from the grid altogether if you feel like making that radical a move. And that's Nelson's main point: The way things are going, radical moves will become an absolute necessity in some areas.

"Above all else, hopefully this book will foster a spirit of free-wheeling experimentation," he adds. "While each of us will likely experience numerous false starts and missteps on the road to self-sufficiency, every setback has the potential to plant the seeds of future successes."

-Preston Peet

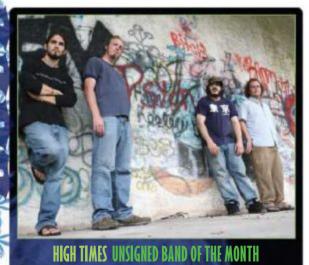




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PSYCHEDELPHIA

Psychedelphia are a four-piece psychedelic/progressivejazz fusion band based on the outskirts of Philadelphia, PA. Although not technically classified as a jamband, they have taken the jam scene by storm, incorporating elements that few have thought to bring to the table. As many new listeners are finding out, Psychedelphia are one of the best groups on the jamband scene today, and it's no surprise that their fan base is growing by leaps and bounds.

While Psychedelphia fans (who have dubbed themselves "Illies") await the band's highly anticipated first full-length studio record—due for release in the spring of 2010—many live bootlegs have made their way as far as San Francisco. The "Illlies" continue to follow this group all over the Northeast for late-night/sunrise sets that demonstrate the band's ability to take music in a new direction.

A tour is now in the works to support the upcoming release, and new fans will not be disappointed with Psychedelphia's live shows: Their energetic and improvisational performances are certain to leave audiences wanting more. This is a group dedicated to carrying on the tradition of bands like the Grateful Dead, the Allman Brothers, Phish and Bela Fleck. Keep on the lookout for a visit to your area in 2010.

For more info on Psychedelphia, including audio samples and tour dates, visit hightimes.com/psychedelphia.



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LEGACY OF BRUTALITY

Thrash legends Testament take Sirius XM by storm.

Rebelling against all the spandex and makeup of the LA glam scene in the early 1980s, a number of bands from the San Francisco Bay Area took a rawer, more no-nonsense approach to their metal. Their relentless riffage and angstfueled, socially conscious lyrics were the hallmark of what became known in the mid- to late '80s as "thrash" metal. Among these pioneers of power were Metallica, Death Angel, Exodus and Testament.

Over the next two decades, Testament would cement their status as thrash icons, releasing eight albums and touring with heavyweights like Anthrax, Megadeth, Judas Priest and Slayer. Throughout their numerous lineup changes and personal challenges (including singer Chuck Billy's being diagnosed with cancer in 2001), they never lost their passion, integrity or legion of devoted fans. But now, with original members Alex Skolnick, Eric Peterson and Greg Christian (along with '90s drummer Paul Bostaph) returning to the fold and the release of their first studio album in nine years, Testament are back to reclaim their electric crown. In celebration of this renaissance, the band appeared for a private interview/performance session on Sirius XM Radio's Artist Confidential last summer. And thanks to some friends in "high" places, I was able to score an invitation to this exclusive event.

The band was set up inside the large glass studio in the Sirius lobby. I quickly secured a seat in the first row of folding chairs and waited anxiously until they were ready to go. Testament started off the show with "Over the Wall," a classic from their first album, The Legacy, then talked about how they'd shot the song's video (their MTV debut) guerrilla-style at Alcatraz.

'We didn't have a permit," Peterson recalled. "We just came in with a tour group and shot it when security wasn't looking."

Next, they played the title tracks from their second and third albums, The New Order and Practice What You Preach. I'd brought my old vinyl copy of the former, and caught the band's attention when I held it up during the song. Then came their mosh anthem "Into the Pit" (also from The New Order) and "More Than Meets the Eye" from their latest album, The Formation of Damnation, which they recorded at Billy's home in the NoCal suburbs.

During the next break, host Lou Brutus asked whether they'd ever had any "Spinal Tap moments," and Billy recollected a close call involving cannabis in Texas.



"The person hired to be our driver was this 17-year-old kid who turned out to be a pot dealer," he explained. "While we were driving to the hotel, we got pulled over by the police. So the cop finds a bunch of weed on him and all this cash on me and says, 'You must be the supplier.' I had to explain to him that I was in a band and just came from the venue. He said, 'Testament, huh? I've heard of you,' and luckily, he let us go. But he made the kid throw away his pot and stomp on it, and the kid got fired."

When the show was over, I lined up in the lobby with some of the other fans to take a picture with the band and get my album signed. I whipped out my silver Sharpie and started collecting their signatures. As they passed the album around, I got to talking with bassist Greg Christian, who, after learning that I was from HIGH TIMES, confided that he was a medical-marijuana user.

"I had really bad stomach ulcers," he said, "and weed was the only thing that helped."

offered Christian a joint of Granddaddy Purps, but before I could dig it out—or get the final signature from Billy, who was still holding my album—the publicist herded the band into the green room. I quickly reached into my bag and fished out my silver Tightpac with the joint inside, then slipped past security and followed them in.

"Here, this is for you guys," I said, holding the silver Tightpac out to them. Billy, who still had my album, mistook it for a marker and took it from me. As he pulled off the cap, the joint fell out in his lap.

'Whoa—this isn't a marker!" he laughed. He then handed the album to me and the joint to Greg, who immediately turned to me and said, "Let's go outside and smoke this." And smoke it we did—right in front of the building. Fortunately, there were no cops around this time. 🝁

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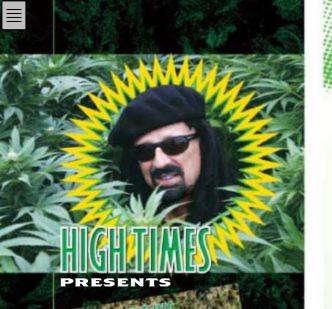
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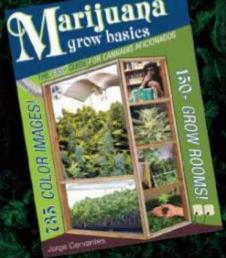
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An Interview With Tom Ammiano

A West Coast lawmaker shares his plan for legal pot. By Paul Krassner

California Assemblyman Tom Ammiano has introduced a bill not only to address the state's economic crisis, but also to begin a discussion on how best to regulate its largest cash crop, marijuana, which brings in an estimated \$14 billion a year.

Q: Barack Obama has said, "I don't think that [legalizing and taxing marijuana] is a good strategy to grow our economy." How would you respond to him? A: "I don't know what you're smoking, Obama, but what the hell are you

talking about, man? You were telegraphing this through your campaign, and [Attorney General] Eric Holder made a really good move about no more raids of medical-marijuana dispensaries." So Obama may have had a brain fart, but he really needs to understand what we are talking about and what his message is gonna be. Just like with the gay-rights thing, where he's going too slow, I hope he picks up speed on this and is also versed in it, because it's kind of contradictory. I don't doubt his commitment to this issue, but I'm wondering when he's gonna prioritize it.

The Republicans are so negative, but actually the Democrats have been tough on pot smokers....

Bill Clinton said: If you're a doctor and you recommended it, you lose your license. I have a friend who has AIDS—he lives in Washington, and he spoke to the NIH [National Institutes of Health] about a very esteemed doctor that's been treating him who had to play this game. He had to say to him, "You need to change the brand of your cigar," which was code for "You need to smoke marijuana," because it was right after Clinton said that. What the hell kind of oppression is that?

A violation of the First Amendment, if anything. Yet this is landing in the hottest places. Milton Friedman, conservative economists and the Wall Street Journal said this needs to be done. There's a big libertarian streak here, too, so it might be the perfect storm: a political will, bipartisan populist economic concerns, and the Feds lightening up. The best scenario would be to make it a states'-rights issue—but in the meantime, California's out of the gate early. "Oh, but federal law pre-empts it" ... I've gotta be candid here: Since when has San Francisco given a fuck about that?



Paul Krassner and Tom Ammiano.

An editorial in the liberal *LA Times* said that such a law "would do nothing to increase tax revenues in the absence of federal action, and would probably only further enrich the state's marijuana black market."

This was the first editorial; it appeared the day after I introduced the bill. And actually, there's a very conservative guy who writes for the Sacramento Bee; he did a follow-up editorial where he said we should do this. There was a little giggle about it, because this guy's against everything—he's pro-life—and so we talked to the reporter, who then did a follow-up story. And he told us: "What you think is the old LA Times editorial board is gone because of all the takeovers" ... that there is some new beat on the desk, and they knee-jerked this editorial that cited all those lame fallacies. In the meantime, all these conservative papers were endorsing it. Go figure.

How would pot be regulated for those who grow their own?

I think the way the bill is written now—and we're amending it as we go along—it allows people to do home growing. I don't know what the amount is offhand, but it would be sufficient. The law is pretty liberal about all that—it takes that stigma off it, the enforcement and the cops-and-robbers aspect out of it. There's all kinds of accommodations made everywhere. We're never gonna have monolithic approval, but we'll get there. I think we'll be okay. **

In 1994, Paul Krassner performed at a benefit for Ammiano's campaign for city supervisor at a gay nightclub in San Francisco. Patrons called to ask if Krassner was gay. The owner replied, "He's not gay, but he is queer." Visit paulkrassner.com.

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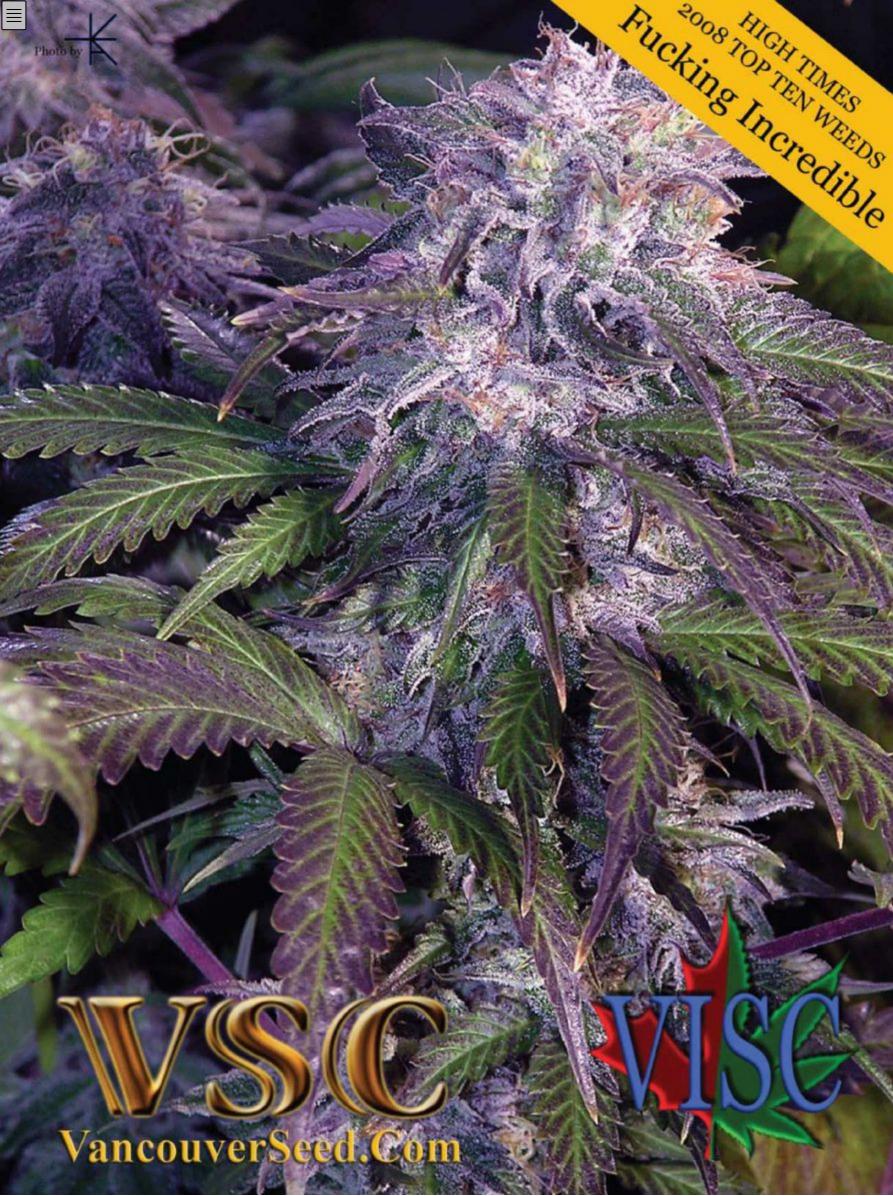
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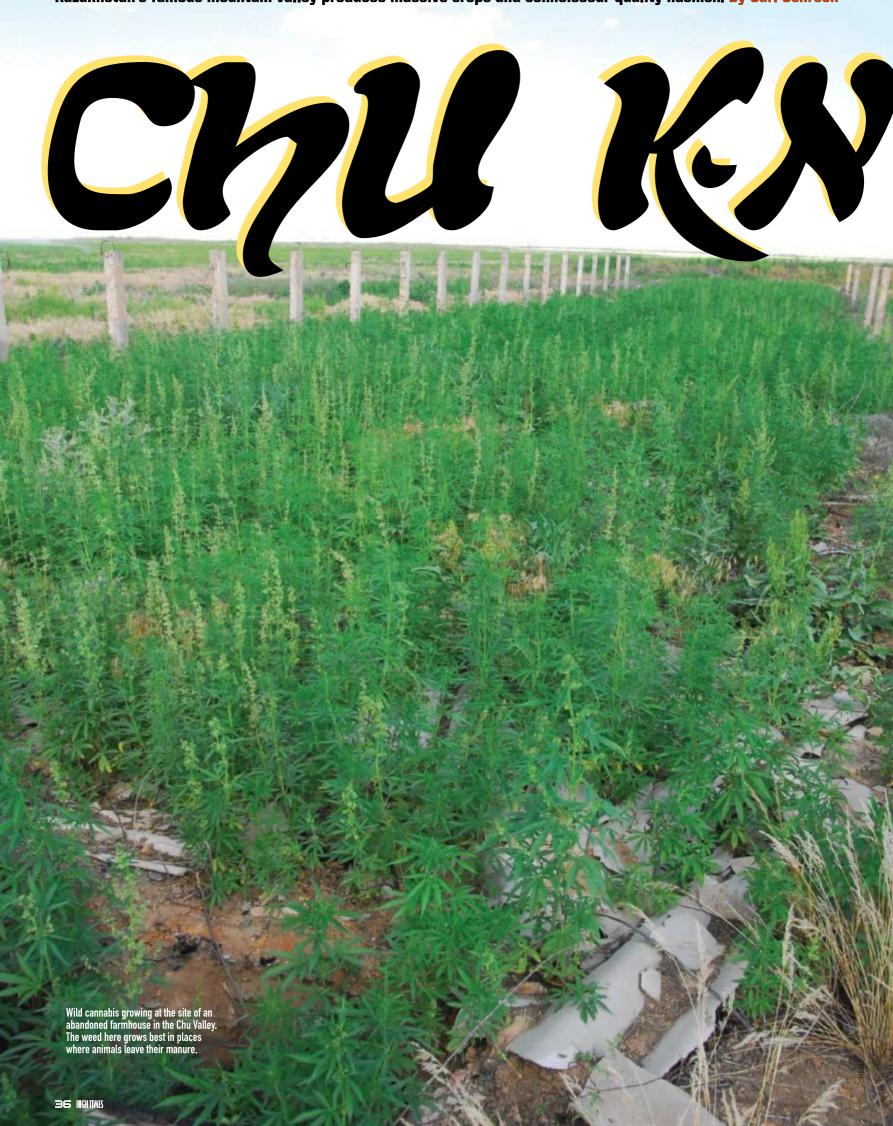
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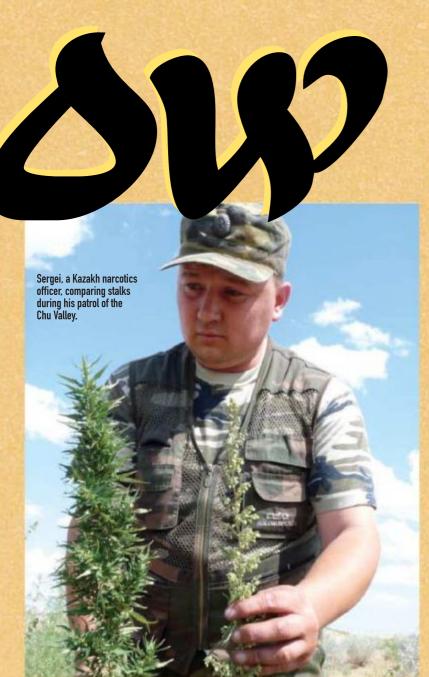




Kazakhstan's famous mountain valley produces massive crops and connoisseur-quality hashish. By Carl Schreck







In the mountains of Kazakhstan
The caravans drive on
With Chu Valley ganja
Late at night until the dawn
—Kazakh rap group D-Rap

or pot smokers in the Russian-speaking world, there's no more hallowed ground than the rolling, arid plains of the Chu Valley, a sprawling steppe where cannabis grows wild across 540 square miles. A good friend from Kazakhstan once described it to me as a magical place where one can frolic in acres of brilliant green pot fields. So when the kind folks at the Kazakh Interior Ministry offered me a guided tour of this cannabis Eden—albeit conducted by narcotics officers—it was, obviously, an offer I couldn't refuse, whatever my qualms about the criminalization policies that my hosts were paid to enforce.

Oleg Gorbunov, who publishes under the name "Oleg Weedy," is the author of the *Cannabis Encyclopedia*, the only volume of its kind in the Russian language. He grew up in Soviet Ukraine but has lived in Belgium for the past 15 years. According to Gorbunov, the natural potency of Chu Valley pot was legendary all across the Soviet Union.

"When I was growing up, everyone knew that the best stuff comes from the Chu Valley. It was very rare and not so cheap. You could get local weed, but Chu weed—that was the real shit," he recalled. "Everyone knew that just a tiny bit of Chu Valley hash sprinkled into a papirosa cigarette was enough to get three or four guys high for hours."



The years go on and the mystery never stops How did Chu end up with these wondrous crops? —D-Rap

No one knows exactly how long cannabis has been growing in the Chu Valley. Some locals speculate that traders brought the seeds centuries ago from modern-day Pakistan while traveling along the Silk Road.

"The wind supposedly blew the seeds all over the place, and it's been growing around our parts ever since," said Kuat Zhapabayev, an affable senior drug-enforcement officer, speaking to me over a lunch of horse meat, traditional ribbon noodles and more horse meat. "It's grown here all these years, and there is no way to destroy it."

Indeed, the authorities' efforts to eradicate Chu Valley pot have consistently proven futile. There have been sporadic burning operations, but the plants simply sprout up again thanks to their deep roots. Using pesticides would seriously threaten the local ecology, experts said.

Many accuse the police of being financially involved in the Chu Valley drug racket and say they have little interest in seeing Chu pot disappear. Numerous law-enforcement officials interviewed for this report denied profiting off the drug trade, though several sources told me that the cops' paltry wages—anywhere between \$300 and \$500 per month for drug cops in the region—do make corruption a tempting means to feed the family.

Most of the Chu Valley's weed is wild cannabis known locally as dichka, whose THC content reaches a moderate 3.5 percent. Chu weed connoisseurs, however, praise the dichka for its pleasant high and minimal "hangover." A few days before I discovered these traits for myself, I mentioned to a regular pot smoker in Almaty—Kazakhstan's cultural and economic capital—that I rarely smoke pot because of the mental sluggishness that usually overwhelms me the following morning.

"You've clearly never smoked our weed," she said alluringly.

Local authorities first registered the presence of cultivated *Cannabis* sativa imported to the Chu Valley from India in 1926. Soviet officials saw little need to criminalize Chu Valley pot until 1969, when getting stoned became an increasingly popular pastime among the local youth. By the 1980s, much more powerful strains of cultivated sativa from India and Pakistan began flourishing there.

The Kazakh Interior Ministry estimates that the Chu Valley currently produces around 140,000 tons of marijuana and 5,000 to 6,000 tons of hashish each year, most of which is used locally or trafficked to Russia, typically via the nearby city of Shu, one of Kazakhstan's key railway hubs. It's unclear exactly how far west the herb makes it, though officials told me that a drug runner recently arrested in the Russian republic of Tatarstan was carrying Chu Valley hash destined for Western Europe.

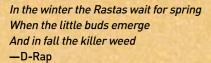
But there was a catch.

"The bricks of hash had the image of a camel stamped onto them. Turns out that our hashish makes it to Europe and is sold there as Pakistani hashish—our Chu hash!" said Zhapabayev, who currently heads up the "Delta Valley" unit in Kazakhstan's Dzhambul region. This is a team of fewer than 30 drug cops charged with patrolling the 500-plus square miles in the valley where wild cannabis grows.

With so few men, only a couple of vehicles and a single helicopter that's prohibitively costly to keep fueled at their disposal, it's virtually impossible for Zhapabayev's unit to put a dent in the drug trade that thrives in the Chu Valley.







The most prized product of Chu Valley cannabis is known as *ruchnik*, and it's made from the resin harvested by lightly rubbing the leaves of the plants between one's hands. This resin is subsequently molded into a clay-like mass and then packed into matchboxes for sale. Smokers typically break off a tiny chunk of the powerful resin and mix it into a cigarette.

The harvest season begins in May, when droves of small-time entrepreneurs infiltrate the valley and collect the stalks using scythes and sickles. Because the Kazakh drug police bolster their numbers in the valley during the harvest for their annual "Operation Poppy"—which runs through October—these illicit farmers have developed numerous strategies and tactics to avoid detection.

Instead of moving the product out of the valley immediately, the harvesters dry the stalks in the sun on the spot, wrap them in large plastic bags—sometimes 10 to 15 on a given run—and bury them in the sand. Beginning in November, after Operation Poppy has ended and most of the police checkpoints have been dismantled, the traffickers return to dig up their buried booty to convert into smokeable marijuana and hash.

According to the clean-cut, steely-eyed Kazakh drug cop who drove me from Almaty to Shu, the harvesters commonly dig foxholes in the steppe in which they hide—complete with foliage to cover their primitive underground forts—in order to evade police detection when they're not hacking down stalks. Earlier, my guides had taken me to a police precinct in one of the valley's most fertile areas, where wild pot grows on approximately 330 square miles of sand.

Local drug police, together with border-patrol officers, had detained a





man and a woman who had been caught harvesting the local weed out in the pot fields. They had crossed the border from Kyrgyzstan and walked dozens of kilometers into the Chu Valley, where they had been living illegally while collecting the stalks and packing them into bags.

I had to avert my eyes as the suspects were peppered with questions, so depressing was the sight of two dirty, impoverished migrants drawn into the business in the hope of earning some chump change from traffickers. Both said they had collected the stash—some 500 kilograms between the two of them—for personal use, though a border guard said they were merely trying to fend off trafficking charges.

"They live short lives," the border guard told me grimly. "There's no other work for them."

President Nursultan Nazarbayev, the iron-fisted leader of this mainly Muslim republic, is one of the few post-Soviet politicians to publicly propose examining the merits of decriminalization. In 2002, Nazarbayev's justice minister said that the Kazakh president had ordered his subordinates to "study the experience of several countries where there has been a gradual legalization of drugs, including in Holland, where there are cafes openly selling marijuana," the Russian state news agency Interfax reported.

Given the notoriety of Chu Valley pot across Eurasia, the Kazakh government could seriously bolster its coffers and the local economy by setting up a cannabis-tourism industry complete with Amsterdam-style coffeehouses, according to Naubet Bisenov, a trained nuclear physicist and independent economic analyst based in Almaty. Hundreds of thousands of wealthy tourists from China and Russia, where the drug laws are severe, would flock to Kazakhstan to smoke Chu Valley weed.

"We're talking about an annual billion-dollar industry," Bisenov said.

"That's not even including rich Russians from Moscow and St. Petersburg—
just the Russians from Siberia would bring in \$500 million a year."

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In an online interview last year, however, one of President Nazarbayev's key confidants, Yermukhamet Yertysbayev, the Minister of Culture and Information, seemed to put a damper on that by insisting that cannabis legalization ran counter to Kazakh "values and mentality."

"In Holland, for example, they've introduced same-sex marriages, the sale of marijuana and euthanasia," Ertysbayev said. "That would be impossible for us."

Like most post-Soviet countries, Kazakhstan has maintained its harsh drug laws, though the government stresses that its strategy is aimed at preventing and treating drug addiction while throwing the book at traffickers, who can face life sentences for large-scale smuggling and other serious drug offenses.

There are no precise figures on how many of Kazakhstan's 17 million citizens are regular cannabis users. In and around the Chu Valley, however, locals say almost everyone smokes.

"I would say around four in every five people in our city use it, regardless of social status, religious beliefs or race. It's what unites all of us," said Grand, a Russian-language musician with the group D-Rap, a kind of Central Asian Cypress Hill based in the city of Taraz, on the southwest end of the Chu Valley cannabis belt. "The beauty of Chu pot is that it helps you relax at the end of the workday, eases stress, puts you in a good mood—and in the morning, you feel clear-headed and rejuvenated. You can't say the same for alcohol."

The champions of smoking kick-ass chronic, Live right here in Kazakhstan, that's not ironic.

-D-Rap

No one has done more to simultane-ously slander and advertise Kazakhstan in the West than British comedian Sacha Baron Cohen in his role as the cretinous, roaming Kazakh journalist Borat Sagdiyev, most famously in the 2006 film Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan.

Not surprisingly, the movie's vicious portrayal of the country pissed off a lot of people here, among

them Jantemir Baimukhamedov, a popular musician and entertainer known simply as Jantik.

A former Kazakh Foreign Ministry translator, Jantik, 37, has been promising for almost four years now to give us a cinematic response to *Borat*. But he needed an intriguing hook, something that would help boost his project's popularity beyond the enormous borders of this sparsely populated country. Enter the Chu Valley and its psychotropic produce.

"Chu is a brand," Jantik said in an interview in a posh resort village in the mountains above Almaty. "So many of our directors have spent millions of dollars on movies that never made it anywhere, because the world isn't interested in the Kazakh people—what do they care? But when you bring herb into the picture, suddenly everyone is interested."

Now in post-production, Jantik's labor of love is called *Shu-Chu*, a play on the respective Kazakh and Russian spellings of "Chu" as well as a phrase that means "I'm joking" in Russian. Slated for release by the end of 2009, *Shu-Chu* will chronicle the chaos and lawlessness that followed the collapse of the Soviet Union, focusing on a group of street punks who get involved in the Chu Valley drug trade.

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In researching the screenplay, Jantik collected dozens of tales about the valley from locals. But separating legend from fact isn't always easy in the Chu Valley. Take, for example, the most famous harvesting technique associated with the valley: running naked through the pot fields and using every inch of exposed flesh to collect smokeable resin from the leaves.

It's an enticing image—one that jibes with the popular image of the valley as a paradise of nubile virgins running bare-breasted through verdant fields of pot so dense that it's impossible to wade through them without a readymade hallucinogen sticking to your skin.

That was precisely my vision of the place, but laying my eyes on the valley for the first time, I discovered a much more austere reality. Most of the cannabis here grows sporadically in small patches all over the desert steppe, alongside scrub foliage and small stretches of sand dunes.

"You can see, it would be impossible to run naked through here and collect any resin on your body," said a senior search-operations officer named Bais, who took me, in the local parlance, "into the sands."

In his 13 years as a drug cop in the region, Bais—whose resemblance to a Latin American junta leader belies his incredible generosity and hospitality—said he's never seen the storied nude runners in action, though local citizens and other drug-enforcement officers insist on the veracity of the tale.

The Chu Valley cannabis crop was unusually poor this year, Bais and his fellow officers told me, speculating that heavy rains earlier in the year had prompted competing vegetation to sprout up quickly and crowd out the pot.

We spent most of the day in the valley zipping around a network of dirt roads at dangerous speeds and traveling from farmhouse to farmhouse, where the cannabis was growing better than in uninhabited spots thanks to the manure left by grazing animals. During their inspections of the farmhouses, the officers would examine the pot patches to see if any of the stems had been sliced off, indicating harvesting either by the farmers themselves or by nighttime raiders. Shepherds roaming the valley can prove particularly problematic for the police to apprehend. Using a sickle, they harvest the Chu Valley weed while still on horseback and then disappear into the steppe like a mirage.

The farmers we visited were less than excited to see our two vehicles pull up, though they always offered refreshment from the large tin barrels they

used to store water drawn from their deep desert wells.

As evening approached and a surreptitious high I'd copped earlier in the day began to dissipate, we set up camp in a clearing next to a small patch of two-meter-tall cannabis plants. A beefy officer named Sergei skinned a rabbit that he had shot and proceeded to make stew in small iron cauldron over an open fire.

We sat around taking vodka shots and sopping up stray broth from the stew with thick chunks of white bread. Then we loaded up the gear and drove 80 kilometers through the valley to the main road and on into town.

Several kilometers from our hotel, we stopped off at a roadside convenience store to pick up some beers. As we got back in the car, I noticed a single small stalk of Chu Valley cannabis that one of the cops had wedged under the windshield wiper earlier in the day to demonstrate how easily drug users could dry fresh pot for illicit purposes.

The wind was blowing, but the stem didn't budge as we peeled out of the parking lot and sped toward the distant lights of the city. \checkmark



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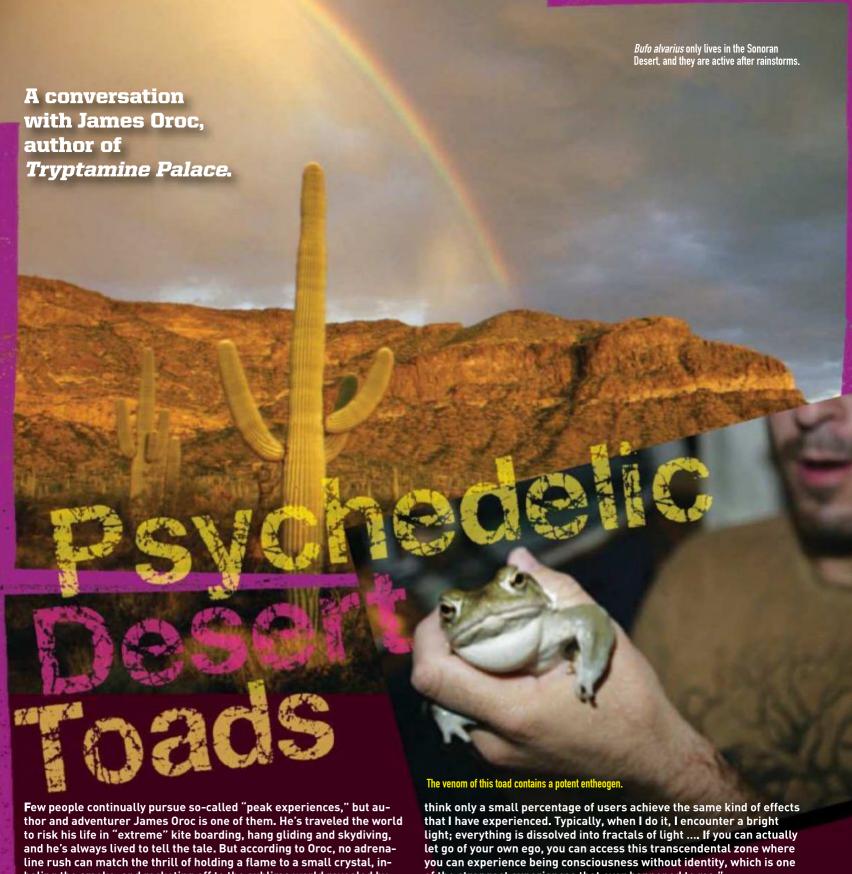
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haling the smoke, and rocketing off to the sublime world revealed by 5-methoxy-dimethyltryptamine, or 5-MeO-DMT.

Similar to DMT in its chemical configuration, 5-MeO-DMT produces a wholly different trip. Users of DMT may encounter the infamous "selfactualizing machine elves," exotic goddesses and vivid, comical visions, but the 5MDE (short for "5-MeO-DMT experience") is often a bewildering "white hole." As Oroc points out: "Not everybody gets the effect of 5-MeO-DMT. Some people get a white hole where they don't really experience much at all," but often the trip does happen and simply isn't remembered. In fact, says Oroc, smoking 5-MeO-DMT takes one into a transcendental zone, outside of thought, which makes it a very difficult thing to try and explain, but it is closest to the definitions of the true mystical state that I have read [about].'

In his book Tryptamine Palace, Oroc recalls and eloquently describes his own 5MDE's, which at one time were frequent: He smoked 5-MeO-DMT "probably two or three times a week for several months, when I was living at my home in the Caribbean and I didn't have a lot of distractions." He describes it as overwhelming in a way that no LSD or mushroom trip ever can be. A 5MDE "is different for everybody, and I

of the strangest experiences that ever happened to me.

Dissolution of the ego seems to be a common theme among 5-MeO-DMT users. The zenith of the experience is reaching a field of energy that Oroc believes is nothing less than evidence of a divine consciousness underlying everything in the universe. His series of increasingly powerful experiences caused him to cut back on his 5-MeO-DMT use, but he was motivated to research all of the aspects of what he had encountered, a process that led him to write Tryptamine Palace.

'I was an atheist before my 5-MeO-DMT experiences, and after the first experience, I felt that I had come across a source of energy that I could only identify as 'God'—it was the word that attached to it, even though, previous to that, I would have said I don't believe in God. I had to discover a way to rebuild my worldview, so I posed a series of questions to myself. One of them was: 'Where does that source of powerful light come from that was inside my brain?' I delved into Terence McKenna, Alexander Shulgin, and then I looked into mysticism, quantum physics, that sort of thing There's a theme in mysticism that identifies consciousness with light, so that started me on my path.

This path led Oroc to seek 5-MeO-DMT not just in its synthetic form,



How should I relate my experience of toading? Should I tell the whole mad tale of that supreme entheogenic adventure? The nonstop insanity that began the moment Yaron's olive-green bio-fuel bus screeched to a stop outside the terminal at LAX, and I stepped aboard and walked right past him at the wheel, since he had shaved off his beard and hair and I didn't recognize him from our 10 minutes together in a Los Angeles taxicab eight months previously? Need I write about the hours we scoured the Sonoran Desert in a fruitless search, until we were forced to think like toads—become toads—lying for hours at night in the hot mineral springs of Paradise trying to decide where to search for our subterranean gods, then driving for miles each day in the searing hot sun on tips or Yaron's wild hunches?

Hunches that took us to places like the blind canyon where we drove up into some desert version of *Deliverance* and an ancient naked hippie—whom Yaron claimed to know—emerged from an animal-hide-clad dome, his baggy skin brown as dirt from the sun. Who, even though he didn't seem to recognize Yaron, still

Our first *Bufo alvarius* netted us half a gram of dried venom.

took us down to visit his friend who knew about toads—an asexual crone of considerable size who had obviously suffered from a life of wear and tear.

She told us that the *Bufos* came out like flies when she watered the gardens in the morning. And that she had a pet toad who often lived under the very seat that I was sitting in, which she wouldn't have minded us milking, but he had disappeared a day or two before. Upon seeing the obvious disappointment in our faces, she then informed us that she had stopped smoking toad venom herself, on account of the fact that it made her want to do LSD, and there wasn't any more good LSD around—at least not in those parts. As if that might be some kind of a consolation.

I could tell you all about that first fruitless week of toad hunting: about living on the bus, about Paradise and the incredible complex of hot springs there. Or how I accidentally killed the first Bufo we found, hitting it on the road in a rental car at dusk while on our way to one of Yaron's "secret" toading sites. This event so completely freaked out the superstitious hippies I was with, who were convinced that I had doomed our expedition entirely, that we had to bury the giant toad unmilked, along with some of Yaron's most precious crystals.

But none of that story really belongs here. That all belongs in some other yet-to-be-written book, one that I tell friends will be

but in its organic form as well. This potent entheogen is found in great quantity in the venom of *Bufo alvarius*, also known as the Sonoran Desert toad. As you can read in our except from *Tryptamine Palace*, "toading" in the desert is "a great deal different than hanging out with your bros doing a bunch of random drugs that someone purchased from an anonymous dealer and whose origins you'll never really know."

Not since Terence McKenna have I read a book on entheogens that was so thoroughly entertaining, well-researched and informative—and with a mind-blowing hypothesis at its core. Oroc concludes that the field of energy he encountered during his 5MDE's is actually what's referred to in mysticism as the Akashic records, or in quantum mechanics as the zero-point field, "a new, emerging field of physics [that] ... talks about a field of energy that many believe underlies all existence. That is the source of [the] biophotonic emission [from our DNA]," he adds, as well as "the source of all the energy in our universe that is coming out of this inexhaustible sea."

So if you're looking for a book that skillfully weaves together mysticism, cutting-edge science and far-out storytelling, *Tryptamine Palace* is "highly" recommended.—Elise McDonough

To read the extended interview with James Oroc, visit hightimes.com/oroc. Oroc is also the author of a book of pot-related short stories called Passport to Argotia. The "toading" excerpt is from Tryptamine Palace, published in 2009 by Park Street Press.





Toading

called *The Lunatics I Have Known.* What I will relate is how we found our first big living *Bufo alvarius*, just minutes after I had declared that it didn't really matter if we found any toads at all—since the trip to Mexico on my Israeli host's bus had been crazed adventure enough for anyone—and that I no longer cared whether or not we found the living source of the most powerful entheogen known to humans.

Less than half an hour later, there he was—sitting right beside the giant hot pool that we had been swimming in every night—a fat green toad as big as a soup plate. After the days traversing the desert, we were shown that we hadn't needed to move inches, let alone a mile. He just sat there looking at us, at well past midnight, even though *Bufos* generally come out at dawn and at dusk. What this fellow was doing up so late, I will never know. Not fifty yards from where we had ceremoniously buried the toad I'd accidentally killed, this very living *Bufo* obligingly jumped between us, as Yaron and I shouted and laughed like the pair of naked fools we were until we finally managed to grab him.

Taking him straight back to the bus, we milked his venom over a pane of glass, pressing on the glands behind the head and on the legs until the milky white liquid spewed out as if we had popped a massive pimple. It formed puddles that dried by morning into a white crystal more synthetic-looking than anything I had ever seen. Yet it was purely organic and contained up to 15 percent 5-MeO-DMT. We knew that we could carefully milk him twice within a 12-hour period and then let him go (apparently, after two milkings, the glands are empty and require four to six weeks to refill fully). Even after such treatment, the bored ancient seemed utterly unperturbed by the whole affair, perhaps only thinking, "Here we go. Bloody humans again!"

Our first *Bufo alvarius* netted us half a gram of dried venom. From then on we would find a couple of toads a day until we left, by walking the perimeters of Paradise with a flashlight and a cooler at dusk and dawn. Eventually we had two or three grams of the crystallized venom—enough so that we could sit down by the pool and think about smoking something sacred, something that had not been bought from any dealer, nor isolated by any chemist, something sought after and hard-earned, one of the rarest treasures known to humanity. We had milked an ancient and carefully scraped up crystals more precious than diamonds: our alchemical white gold.

When the flame hit the venom in the pipe, we could smell that same unmistakable smell and experience that same unmistakable gateway, that same intense fractalization of reality; but somehow it was miraculously softer, smoother, and—dare I say it—more organic. Somewhere between my intake and my transportation to that other land, while I was holding my breath with the smoke tickling my lungs, with that transportation just a moment away, I realized—no, I knew—that I had reached the tip of the entheogenic iceberg.

It was as if I was being told: "You have followed the great road, and this is the reward for your diligence—these are the wonders you will be shown. Everything in your life has led up to this one moment. You are following the most sacred of paths, and if you are fortunate, you will realize a timeless truth—one that can only be experienced, not explained. Words just cheapen it, because it really just is, and you can become One-With-That. Now you must relax and let go—into the light. And that which can be so difficult on the rocketship of pure 5-MeO-DMT is as light and easy as a cloud on the grace of nature's gift from the venomous toad."

Aum...breathe. Aum...be. Aum...breathe. Aum...be. Aum...
What good is quantum physics compared to that, you might ask? What good are all the works of genius compared to going out into the desert and milking Bufo alvarius toads, sitting by a pond, and for a brief window in time experiencing a truly different dimension of reality—perhaps even marveling at the wonder of becoming one with G/d?

When you smoke the venom of the Sonoran Desert toad, you enter a realm beyond the limitations of any human language, a place where even the wildest ranting of an afflicted mystic or the maddest fantasies of a theoretical physicist both fall universes short of describing the knowledge implicit in that omniscient tryptamine zone. In this place, all the words in the world are like a desperate message in a solitary bottle, thrown into an endless sea. **



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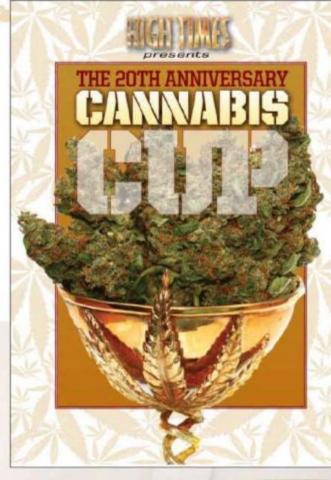
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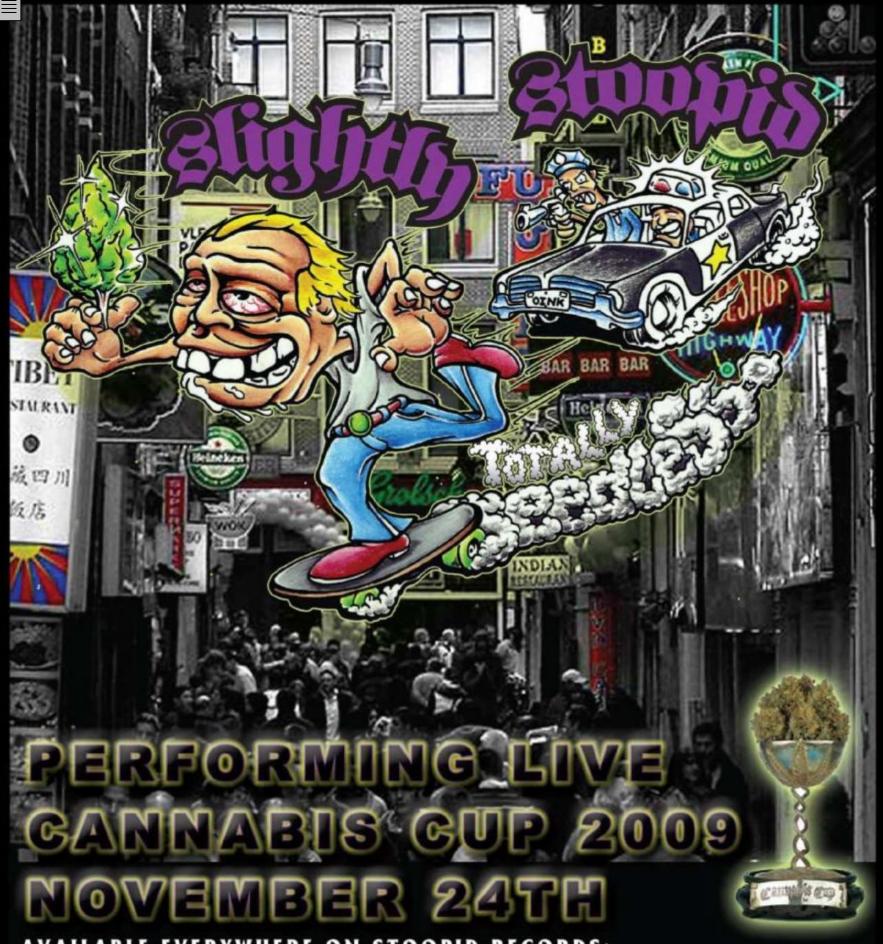
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Great news! Highly efficient indoor pot growers (like you?) can yield a fresh batch of fully matured buds every three weeks by separating vegetative and flowering plants and setting up a perpetual harvest. Your precious indoor cannabis will also be protected from heavy rains, wilting heat, violent windstorms and other destructive acts of nature. Plus, since you will create and maintain the entire environment in which your clandestine crop grows, with time and patience—not to mention trial and error—you can eventually dial in everything your indoor garden needs to flourish, including ample light, water and nutrients, fresh air of the optimal temperature and humidity, a proper growing medium and, above all, enough TLC to produce the abundant THC (and other cannabinoids) that will make your homegrown harvest the envy of every stoner you meet.

Just don't tell them you grew it at home! Information about your secret garden exists on a need-to-know basis, and pretty much *nobody* needs to know unless they share the risk. Never forget: One of the major downsides to growing pot indoors is that, unless you're a licensed medical-marijuana provider, you are now living in an active crime scene. Check out "Staying Safe Inside" on page 108 for an in-depth look at how to keep your operation safe from law enforcement, thieves, landlords and nosy neighbors. It starts with keeping your big mouth shut, no matter how proud you are of the latest batch of sweet and sticky Sour Diesel that's currently drying in your closet.

Meanwhile, what are the other potential downsides of indoor cultivation? For starters, you've got to go out and get a bunch of stuff that outdoor growers get for free, like lights, bulbs and ballasts to replace the sun; fans and filters to replace fresh air; and enough plastic siding to seal off your artificial environment. You've also got to figure out how to safely supply the electricity required to run your energy-intensive lights, fans and filters. By the way: *Always* follow the manufacturer's instructions and safety procedures, and *never* steal electricity from the power company, which is both unsafe and a common way to get caught. Responsible indoor growers keep themselves and their neighbors safe!

The total upfront costs of setting up your growroom will depend on the size of your operation and your specific needs. If you want to grow head stash in a closet and know how to stretch a dollar when it comes to do-it-yourself projects, you can invest a few hundred dollars and yield enough to keep you and your best buds stoned in perpetuity. For a good idea of how to construct a slightly larger but still barebones indoor garden, check out "The \$1,000 Growroom" at hightimes.com/thousand_growroom/.

Of course, all that stuff's necessary only if you decide to go through with it. Indoor marijuana cultivation is a serious undertaking, requiring extensive planning and sustained commitment. If you don't have a safe place to grow, the knowledge to succeed, and the attention span to stay focused on your plants and their needs—well, then the best decision you'll ever make as a grower is not to plant. For the rest of us, there's no more important "product" to acquire than accurate, reliable information. This beginner's guide should provide you with a solid overview of what's involved in a successful indoor marijuana-growing operation, but that's only a start. Check out hightimes.com/beginners/ for more information, or consult Jorge Cervantes's excellent books and *Ultimate Grow* DVD's.



LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION!

No decision will impact your indoor garden more than where you plant. Every possibility you consider will have its advantages and disadvantages, and these will affect what kind of growroom you build, how many plants you can grow, how much they will yield, and whether or not you get caught. Plan out your entire grow cycle in advance—vegetative growth, flowering, harvest, drying and curing-to make sure you've got enough space to do things right. After all, you're going to be making a sizable financial investment, putting in hours of labor and taking a legal risk, so you'd better plan carefully to ensure that the sweet, skunky reward at the end of the grow rainbow will make it all worthwhile.

Basements

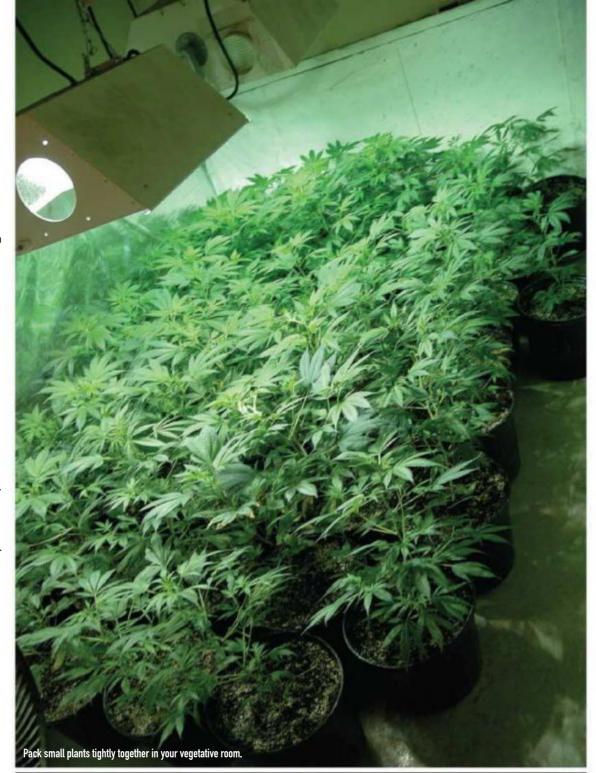
All things being equal, there's no better place to grow than the basement. Sounds, smells and light can all be easily concealed within a basement. Staying "underground" will also help you keep the temperature and humidity steady throughout the seasons, and many basements already have running water and are well equipped for installing grow lights. Look for a portion of the basement that's large enough to support your needs, and then look for ways to conceal it—ideally behind a locked door. Make sure the "off-limits" portion of the basement doesn't contain the fuse box or power meter, and also that it doesn't block access to the stairs or exits in a way that would violate fire codes.

Attics

A difficult-to-access attic can also provide a good space for growing cannabis. Since heat rises, it's more difficult to keep your attic growroom cool than in a basement, and the slanted roof will likely give you less room to work with. You may also have trouble getting water to your plants. Still, attics often go unnoticed and rarely arouse suspicion.

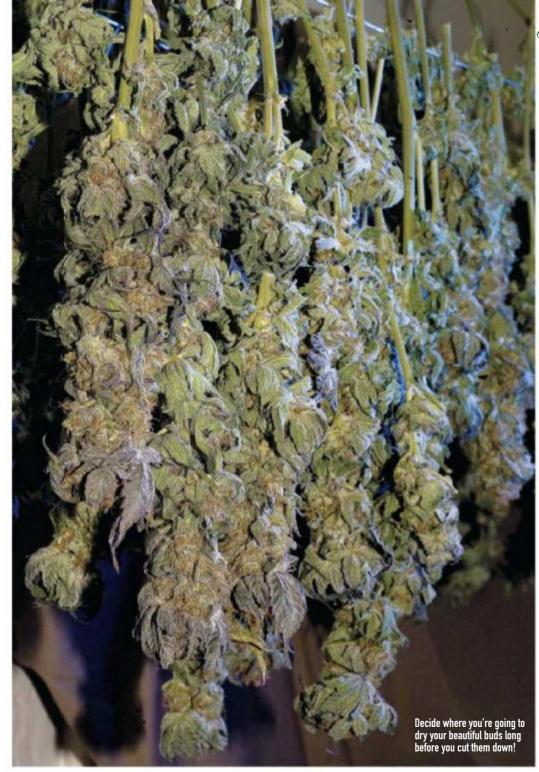
Closets

With one light, one fan and four to six plants, you can turn almost any closet or small storage space into your own private Humboldt County. Your microclimate garden will still have to supply all of your plants' basic needs, but growing less allows you to focus more and produce small successes instead of colossal failures. You will also have smaller upfront costs, and can thus allow yourself a "learning curve" of trial and error before moving on to bigger projects. In the meantime, be sure to choose a closet that's out of sight and out of mind, as you will no longer be using it to hang your clothes.









PERPETUAL HARVEST

As mentioned earlier, one of the major benefits of indoor growing is the perpetual harvest. By dividing the overall operation into separate areas, highly efficient cultivators can simultaneously maintain vegetative plants, flowering plants and drying buds. This way, by the time your current crop has finished drying (a seven- to 10-day process), your next round of buds is ready for harvest, your next round of vegetative plants is ready to move into the flowering room, and your current batch of clones or seedlings is ready for vegging. This technique not only increases your total yield over time, it also spreads it out so that you don't have an overabundance of bud followed by a long drought.

Sounds a bit complicated, but it's relatively simple once you're up and running. First, divide your available space into one room for flowering (budding) plants and another for vegetative growth (which includes seedlings or clones). Since flowering plants are much bigger than vegetative ones, your flowering room should be roughly

twice the size of your vegetative room.

Vegetative plants can take 18 to 24 hours of light a day, an artificial sunbath that gives them the most energy possible to develop into mature plants (a process that normally takes around three weeks indoors). When you move these same plants into the flowering room, the light cycle changes to 12 hours of light followed by 12 hours of darkness. This shorter "day" tricks the plants into thinking it's autumn, which, in nature, is when they begin to flower and develop seeds in order to maintain their genetic line and grow again next spring.

Don't worry, though—since you're only growing female plants, your budding beauties will never be pollinated and therefore will not grow seeds. The secret is eliminating the male plants from your garden, either by killing them off when they're still seedlings, or by propagating your garden with clones taken exclusively from female plants. For an in-depth look at this *sinsemilla* ("without seeds") growing technique, check out hightimes.com/sinsemilla/.



SOIL VS. HYDRO

Another major decision that you must make in your garden—long before you plant a seed or take a clone—is how to get water and nutrients to your plants. While it's tempting to think that having big, bad high-intensity lights running nearly nonstop will give your garden all the photosynthesischarged energy it needs, savvy and experienced horticulturists can tell you that all the fancy lights in the world won't save thirsty plants or undernourished ones. To keep your cannabis happy and healthy, you must provide water and proper nutrients directly to the roots. Using soil as your grow medium will give you an experience similar to outdoor growers. Indoor growers also have the option of going hydro.

First, let's start by killing off a common misconception: Hydroponics isn't a kind of super-potent mega-weed, but simply a method of growing marijuana (or any other plant) without soil, generally in a soilless medium like rockwool, peat moss or expanded clay pellets. When done correctly, hydroponics can get water and nutrients to your plants' roots more quickly and efficiently than soil, providing a precise diet of essential nutrients and thus yielding a faster-growing, heavier harvest. But hydro's also far less forgiving than soil—make a mistake and, like a downhill skier who catches an edge, it will be difficult to regain control.

For first-time or novice growers, it's usually best to go with soil until you get your roots wet, but if you've got easy access to a hydroponics system and enjoy tinkering with gadgets, don't be afraid to try hydro. Check out HIGH TIMES next month for our annual Hydro Report.

GENETICS

One of the best reasons to grow your own weed—indoors or out, using soil or hydro—is that you get to decide exactly what strain you want to raise. No longer tied to the whims of supply and demand, you can smoke a joint of your favorite herb every night of the week at a fraction of the cost, and without ever having to track down a dealer. As a grower, however, choosing your favorite strain involves a lot more than just what kind of kind you like to smoke.

The genetics found within your seeds or clones will play a huge role in determining not just the taste, smell and potency of your herb, but also how quickly and how tall the plants grow, their resistance to heat, insects and disease, their overall yield, and, perhaps most significantly, their flowering time (i.e., how long they will need to bud before harvest). Think long and hard about these factors before making a decision. For instance, if you have a small closet with a low ceiling to grow in, find a strain that stays short and bushy. If you've had problems with powdery mildew in the past, consider finding a strain that's resistant to it.

A "research and development" trip to Amsterdam can help sort out the choices, if you've got the budget and the time. Otherwise, check out hightimes.com/seeds/ for more information on how to find top-quality marijuana seeds.



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LIGHTS

The most expensive and difficult part of setting up your indoor growroom involves finding and installing artificial lights capable of re-creating the sun's intensity and spectrum. You will need to determine the right kind of light for you, figure out how many you'll need in your growroom, match them with the proper ballasts and bulbs, carefully plan their installation, and keep the juice running to supply them with quite a bit of electricity.

Remember, bigger isn't always better! Using the most efficient equipment available, keeping the bulbs clean, and positioning the lights as close to the plants as possible without overheating them will yield the most grams of bud harvested per watt of energy consumed. Use a simple handheld light meter to measure the output of your lights once installed, making sure to check at various locations so the light is spread evenly throughout the growroom. For a quick test, place your hand at the top of your garden's canopy (i.e., just above the plants)—if it's too hot to keep your hand there comfortably, your lights are too low.

Running grow lights is a significant expense and far from "green" when it comes to its impact on the environment. Check out hightimes.com/lighting/ for an in-depth look at choosing the right equipment and operating it efficiently in your growroom. There is a variety of lamps to choose from, depending on the size and needs of your room and the stage of growth your plants are in.

Metal Halide

These highly efficient lamps create an artificial white light by passing electricity through vaporized metal gases. Metal halide (MH) lamps provide your plants with the light spectrum they need, will work with a wide range of bulbs, and support both vegetative growth and flowering plants. Make no mistake: This is a serious piece of equipment that you will need to use and maintain properly.

High-Pressure Sodium

These lamps operate by passing electricity through vaporized sodium and mercury, which causes them to emit an orange-tinted light comparable to the harvest sun. Since the shorter days that accompany the harvest sun are what triggers flowering in outdoor cannabis, high-pressure sodium (HPS) lights are often used for budding plants. The "red" end of the light spectrum, which HPS lamps provide in abundance, promotes flower production, which means fatter, denser buds. HPS lights also last longer and stay stronger than MH lamps, with less maintenance required.

Compact Fluorescents

A souped-up version of the fluorescents found in many offices, compact fluorescent (CF) lamps create light by passing electricity through gaseous vapor. Ideally suited for closet gardens, these incredibly efficient lamps produce sufficient lumens to support vegetative growth with only a tiny fraction of the energy consumption and heat generated by MH and HPS lights. This means CF lights can be placed far closer to the plants, greatly reducing the need to ventilate and/or cool the growroom. Ideal for growers with a limited space or on a budget, CF lamps can also be used for flowering plants, but will prove far less productive in terms of yield than MH or HPS lights.

CALI CROWERS

Finally. You can now buy the absolute best of the best hydroponics systems, lights, and LED's from Cali Growers Wholesalers. The legendary suppliers that sell ONLY award winning and top of the line hydro equipment are opening their doors to the public. They give you the absolute best prices and products because they work directly with manufacturers AND growers, and demand every product they sell comes with a 3-5 year warranty. If they don't sell it, do your research. If they sell it, make sure you get it!



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- 2. Dimensions Be aware of misleading pictures. Realize that 24 inch deep cabs grow 33% more than generic 18 inch deep ones. The major factor of how much you grow is by Heighth, Width, AND Depth of your cabinet.
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- 4. Ease and Expertise Make sure your system is user friendly and the company knows what they are talking about. Your cabinet should come and look professionally assembled, automated, and easy to grow.



Supercloset scored a perfect 10 out of 10.

- 5. Net trellis and adjustable lights- you grow up to 50% more when using a net trellis. A bonus is if both the light and veg. chamber is adjustable to allow for maximum heighth and lumen intensity.
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- 7. Good Warranty- Make sure the company backs your investment with at least a 3 year warranty and excellent lifetime customer support - for free.
- 8. Made in USA That is if you are in the US. For obvious reasons, such as supporting the economy, it also means not worrying with US Border Customs and such when dealing with your warranty and replaceable parts.
- 9. Customer Support- Prompt phone and email service, knowledgeable support and replies. Accredited by the Better Business Bureau with little to no complaints over the past 3 years. Friendly and helpful is also a must.
- 10. Options- Make sure you have the choice to switch from soil to hydro, and can decide between ebb n flow for taller units, and aero for the shorter ones. Pay attention the details. Now save a year or two start growing!

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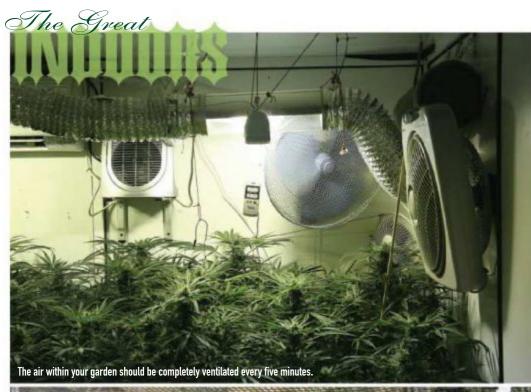


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LEDs

Light-emitting diodes, or LED lights for short, emerged recently as an eco-friendly alternative to high-intensity discharge (HID) lighting. Although they use much less energy, the costs of the new units are still high and the technology is still in a developmental phase. Look for prices to go down and lumens to increase in the future—but for now, these new systems aren't outperforming CF or HID lights in the growrooms we've seen.

Ballasts

High-intensity grow lights, particularly MH and HPS systems, create a large amount of heat and excess energy while operating. Ballasts limit the amount of current sent to these lamps, preventing heat from building up to unsupportable levels and burning out the bulb. Always make sure that your ballasts are in good working order and have been designed to operate with the particular lamps and bulbs you're using. Different manufacturers and specs can make this a confusing process, so ask for professional help at the hydro store and spend a little extra money to acquire high-quality ballasts.

Bulbs

Always use a bulb that's designed to work with both your lamp and your ballast. Improperly matched equipment will be inefficient at best and dangerous at worst, so pay careful attention to this when buying your gear. Bulbs come in a variety of sizes that may be used for growing cannabis (up to 1,500 watts), but bulbs in the 400-to 600-watt range are most efficient, particularly in smaller rooms. Remember, giving your plants more light than they either need or can use will not make them grow any bigger or faster.

Keep your bulbs immaculately clean, as dust on the surface can significantly reduce output, and never touch them directly with your hands, as your fingers will leave behind an oily film that blocks light meant for your plants. Bulbs will slowly lose their brilliance over time, so check them often with your light meter.

Reflective Hoods

No matter what type of lamp or what size bulb you use, the name of the game is getting as much light to your plants as possible. Installing a reflective hood over your lamp will take otherwise wasted lumens and reflect them back down into your garden. Look for a reflective hood that spreads light evenly across the growroom, even if that means spending a little extra money to get a high-quality piece of equipment that's bound to save you lots more money down the road in increased efficiency and bigger yields.

AIR CIRCULATION

The air within the garden should be circulating sufficiently to gently flutter the leaves on your plants, which helps to promote the healthy exchange of oxygen for carbon dioxide that allows your plants to "breathe" and contributes to photosynthesis. Common types of oscillating desk fans or their equivalent should be placed strategically throughout the room to ensure an even circulation of air.

EXHAUST FAN

All of the air in your growroom should be completely ventilated every five minutes; otherwise, heat and humidity will build up to levels that stunt plant development. Removing stale air from your growroom starts with installing an exhaust fan as closely as possible to your ventilation opening, which can be either an existing window, airshaft or chimney, or something that you construct yourself. The less ducting there is connecting your fan to the opening, and the fewer turns that ducting makes, the more efficiently your system will operate. Also, think about security when installing ventilation: The vent should not offer the world a view of your growroom, and the fragrant air that escapes it must be filtered if odor is an issue.

HARVEST

Since you've planned carefully, you already have a safe and secure space set aside to hang all those magnificent buds you just cut down—right? Drying cannabis requires cooler temperatures and far less humidity than will be found in your growroom, not to mention total darkness. The ideal location will have enough room to spread out your buds so that air can pass between them, helping to dry them thoroughly and evenly. A closet will work for most indoor grows, but you may need something bigger depending on the size of your harvest. Keep the temperature around 70°F and the humidity near 50%. Circulate the air with a fan, but do not point the fan directly at your buds—and never dry high-quality cannabis in direct sunlight.

You should also keep in mind that your cannabis will never smell more fragrant (or incriminating) than immediately after harvest.

Take all the precautions necessary to ensure that you're the only one enjoying the aroma. For more information on how to keep your precious buds potent and mold-free throughout the drying process, as well as how to cure them properly, check out hightimes.com/harvest/.

BLAZING

Actually, we're going to assume you already know how to get blazed—but first you've got to get growing in that indoor garden. Remember, it starts with a solid education in the cultivation arts, and that starts at hightimes.com/beginners/. *

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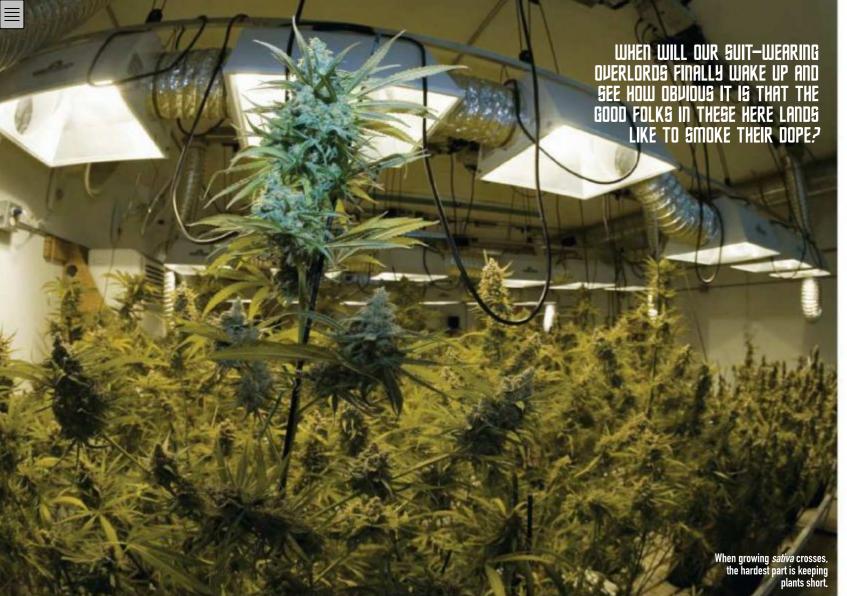
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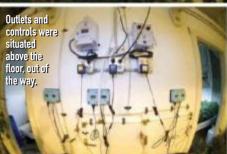
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Some might say, "Wow, 20 pounds every two months—how could anyone move that kind of weight?" Well, in California, 20 pounds can disappear in a single day. No kidding. I've talked to the owners of a dispensary that was moving over 50 pounds a *week*. There are hundreds of medical clubs now, and more opening every day. Just think of the demand nationwide. When will our suit-wearing overlords finally wake up and see how obvious it is that the good folks in these here lands like to smoke their dope? I don't care if they're potsmoking college kids or terminally ill patients: Marijuana is a miracle drug that helps millions of people worldwide.

It's always interesting to see a new grow; I usually end up learning a thing or two. This time, I learned what it's like to be truly humbled by a garden. This growroom is structurally the cleanest-looking and most environmentally perfect that I've ever seen. Typically, growers have to deal with existing structures and make the best of them. In this case, the growers actually found a space and designed their own building. From architectural drawings through miniature models, this place was created from the ground up.

When it came time for construction, they called real contractors in—carpenters, plumbers, electricians, HVAC installers and finish guys. When constructing a grow space as big and as complicated as this one, it's best to use professionals to make sure you don't burn the place down or worse. But how do you find contractors for a grow factory? There are guys out there. They know what's going on, but they keep quiet and just do their job. And in the end, no live medicine shows up until the entire project is finished and things are running smoothly.

BENEATH THE HOOD

Walking into the garden, my first impression is: Nice.

There are three rows of lights, each outfitted with six 600-watt high-pressure sodium (HPS) bulbs. Six 4' x 8' hydro trays are being used—two for each row. These trays seem to be a standard in the industry, and they're perfect for hydro or soil. The trays are easy to clean and totally sterile; most folks end up building a wooden frame to support the trays, but these growers have found an even better solution. More on that later.

"What's your secret?" I ask the garden's proprietors, once the shock and awe have subsided from my face. They respond by laughing, and then they tell me that there isn't any one thing they can point to for their success, but rather a whole combination of elements.

The list of equipment needed to outfit an endeavor of this sort is mind-boggling. First, the whole area was framed like any house would be. All power outlets and cords were placed 8 feet or higher, which really makes the space easy to move around in. I notice the ceiling has stuff bolted all over the place. They tell me that when it came time to construct the ceiling, they framed it out, built it out of plywood, then covered it in sheetrock; this way, they can drill holes anywhere. Global Green House digital ballasts dominate the ceiling. Like I said, the main flowering room has three rows of lights, and each row is lit with a half-dozen 600-watt Sylvania Lu Super Sodium bulbs. Each of the three rows contains two American Agra Tech 4' x 8' trays, which hold about 10 plants each.

That makes a total of six trays for all their plants. You might think there would be hundreds of plants in this garden, but the grand total is actually less than 60. I noticed they have custom stands to support the large 4' x 8' trays. They ordered these from a company called West Coast Growers. The stands have metal frames that are powder-coated and really clean and sturdy. The whole thing shows up in a small box; turn a few screws and you're in business. They also have a $\rm CO_2$ generator, which is air-cooled and runs on natural gas. This is connected to a fuzzy-logic "brain" that, in theory, is supposed to maintain and regulate the carbon dioxide down to the parts per million (ppm). I've never really seen anything but problems with these "brains," but these guys seem to have no complaints.



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The veg room uses Sun Master 400 metal halide (MH) bulbs. They have a few Vortec 12-inch inline fans pulling 5,000 cubic feet per minute (cfm) of hot air right out of the lights. Hydro Farm Radiant 8-inch air-cooled reflectors house the bulbs, and power is distributed with several Custom Automated Products (CAP) MLC-8 40-amp, 120-volt triggers.

To keep the environment cool, they use an Excel Air 5-ton air conditioner with a UV sterilizer. Filtration is achieved by using a Mountain Air 14" x 56" 2,500-cfm carbon filter with a Fantech 12-inch FKD series fan. After the air is pulled out of the room, it's run through a charcoal filter and then passes through a Big Blue five-tube ozone generator. Once the air hits the ozone generator, it's forced through what can only be described as a large wooden sealed maze. This custom-built chamber is basically a huge wooden box; inside are slats that make the air move back and forth to allow time and space for the ozone-charged particles to fall to the bottom. Without this step, the particles would simply fly all over the place. After that, the air is expelled through a large vent in the roof. This process keeps any and all smells inside the growroom by creating negative pressure. Also in the room is a dehumidifier that pulls excess humidity out of the air and is controlled by a Green Air atmospheric controller.

For water filtration, they use a Hydro Logic Tall Blue sediment/dechlorinating filter with a Merlin Garden Pro reverse-osmosis (RO) system. That pretty much takes everything out of their water. Seriously—you could feed in freaking nasty pond water and out the other end would come crystal-clean water with 0 ppm. Way cleaner than spring water, RO water is ideal for indoor growers, since it has nothing in it but two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen; this way, you know you're starting from scratch. Unfortunately, because this process takes tons of time and is very wasteful (typically, seven drops wasted for every one drop used), a large reservoir is constantly being fed, which eventually fills three other reservoirs that water the plants.

THE GENE POOL AND BEYOND

At the heart of any good system is the genetics. These guys have tested quite a few strains before settling on Grape Ape, Blue Dream, Lemon Skunk, Blackberry Kush, Black Indica and Chocolope. As a rule, they never run a whole table of something new without testing a few plants first to see how they react in this environment. If the new strains do well, then they add a few more on. By the end of the second run, they usually know if a particular strain will work for them. This takes time, but to quote some words of wisdom they offered me: "Nothing is worse than dedicating space to a strain that someone says is 'the shit,' only to find out later that, yes, it really is just shit."

A separate vegetative room is off to the side of the main room. Here, they grow clones for up to six weeks before moving them into the flowering room. To these guys, the vegetative stage is all about building a foundation, so they focus on what's growing below the surface as well as what's growing above it. A variety of beneficials are added to their soil mix to promote strong root growth. They also foliar-feed their plants three to four times a week during this time, which promotes vigorous growth. With this much

veg time, the *sativa*-dominant varieties can get pretty big. To prevent this, they use Bushmaster. More on that later. For now, all the veg plants remain in 1-gallon buckets until they go into the flowering room, at which time they're put into 5-gallon containers. This transition period occurs three to 10 days before they switch to a flowering light cycle in the main room, allowing the plants to acclimate to their new environment and giving them the opportunity to express their roots in the new containers.

During this time, these guys focus on the root zone again by adding more beneficials. Here's a small list of the ferts they use during veg: Humboldt Nutrients' Master A&B, Verde, Sea Mag, Humic, Sea Cal, Falvoor Fulv, Prozmye, Honey Organic and Mayan MicroZyme. From Advanced Nutrients, they use Carbo Load, Barricade, Piranha and Tarantula. They follow the manufacturer's instructions for each of the fertilizers, always staying on the lighter side of the formula's recommended strength. Lately, however, they say they've been using the Humboldt fert schedule almost exclusively, with the exception of that added Bushmaster. Even so, they tell me they need to watch the levels with the Humboldt regimen, as the numbers can get pretty high. If so, they simply add water to dilute the formula.

They have a rule of thumb that any grower using soil might want to try: Every third watering, they feed the plants pure water. This means there are two feedings with fertilizer, followed by one that is straight $\rm H_2O$. The third watering is needed to flush the bottom of the buckets and remove the salts that can accumulate and build to toxic levels.

Once the plants hit the flowering room, they are, of course, given different fertilizers. The growers add Humboldt Nutrients' Big Up Powder and Big Bud, as well as Overdrive from Advanced Nutrients. They cut out the Verde and Carbo Load at week two of flowering. Once again, they follow the instructions and go easy with their food regimen, since sometimes adding less is better than going over.











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Just before the plants are ready to go into the 12/12-hour light cycle, the growers like to let them sit in total darkness for up to 36 hours. They believe this helps to promote quicker flower development; the Blue Dream reacts especially well to this treatment. Also during the beginning stages of flowering, they add the Bushmaster. But you've gotta be careful—I've never seen a product that can completely alter the growth of a plant like this one. It's crazy, crazy stuff. Bushmaster has changed their recommended doses since the company started a few years ago: They used to recommend 7 ml per gallon, but now it's down to 2 ml. These growers use 1 ml per gallon, and the garden is only fed twice with it at the onset of floweringno more, no less. This product can stop vertical growth entirely; I've seen it. They also cut their nutrient strength in half during the Bushmaster feedings and raise the lights for 24 hours after using it. At these weak dilutions, Bushmaster appears to make huge buds. These folks are the only ones I know who have mastered the Bushmaster. I saw plants sitting side by side that either did get the Bushmaster or didn't; the ones that did had tops up to five times the size of the un-Bushmastered plants.

The entire garden is foliar-fed every other day for the first two weeks of flowering with Colossal Bud Blast and Emerald Shaman. To check the pH and fert levels, they have a few high-tech gadgets up their sleeves. An IQ 150 soil pH meter and a Field Scout soil EC meter, both from Spectrum Technologies, keep things in line. A Quantum PAR light meter is also used to finetune the light-to-plant distances. Also, Hanna Gro-check continuous-read pH/ppm meters are used on all water-storage reservoirs. This lets the growers know exactly what's in the water at all times. As for individual plant pH,



they test each one and write the results on a white label, which stays on the plant. All pertinent information regarding the plants and growroom conditions are documented for later inspection and possible improvements.

They discontinue all nutrients at the beginning of week seven, and they always flower their plants into the eighth week, if not longer. For the last week or two of flowering, rather than leach with straight water, they add 10 ml of Humboldt Honey per every gallon of pH-balanced water. This molasses, they say, helps with resin production and adds flavor to the final product.

When it comes time to cure the harvested bud, they take no shortcuts here either. Many folks try to cut corners at this stage and get the product out as soon as they can. This is a big mistake, because curing is one of the most important stages. This is where the plant's intrinsic taste and smell are either nurtured and enhanced or unnecessarily destroyed. These growers hang-dry their bud. Once the stems are crunchy, they place everything into large plastic bins and let the buds cure for about five days. While in the bins, the flowers have the opportunity to

evenly dry out. At this point, they trim everything and put the flowers into large glass jars, where the buds stay for another week or so. This part involves *lots* of jars. The whole process can take up to three weeks, after which time the medicine is ready for dispensing.

So when it comes time to set up your new grow spot, it might be wise to consider going commercial. All your hopes and dreams can be had for the price of your life savings and putting your neck continually on the line. For those of you actually doing the deed, keep it real and stay safe! **



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Why is the Canadian government persecuting him, why does the media ignore him, and where is the American Cancer Society when you need them?

Story by Steven Hager Photos by Sue Siri

From the time he was 12 years old, Rick Simpson just wanted a job so he could make some money. He was smart enough to get by in school without having to open a book, so education wasn't something he took very seriously. After getting in trouble for supplying his ninth-grade teacher with a case of beer as a Christmas present, he dropped out rather than face the consequences from school administrators. At age 16, he went to work in the steel mills in Ontario, Canada. Two years later, he moved back to his hometown in Spring Hill, Nova Scotia, and got married. Before long, he had a job maintaining boilers for All Saints' Hospital. Then his cousin was diagnosed with cancer.

"They found a little bump on his rib cage and cut him open," Simpson says. "He went from 200 pounds down to about 130. In 1972, we were having a drink and he collapsed right in front of me. I knew damn well it had to be the cancer coming back. They gave him six months to live, and he made it through three. I was 22 years old and didn't know anyone who had died from cancer. He was down to about 50 pounds when he died on November 18, 1972. I used to shave him, and it was like trying to shave a skeleton."

Two years after his cousin died, Simpson was listening to his car radio when he heard the results of a medical study at the University of Virginia claiming that THC reduced brain tumors in mice. "I stopped my car and just stared at the radio," Simpson recalls. "At the time, I didn't smoke pot or anything, although most of my friends did. The guy on the radio was laughing like a fool. Like this was all a big joke. I never heard anything more about it, so I thought it must be a joke."

It was no joke. The Medical College of Virginia had been funded by the National Institutes of Health to find evidence that marijuana damaged the human immune system. Imagine



their surprise when the results came back indicating the opposite: Instead of hastening the death of mice implanted with brain cancer, THC dramatically slowed the growth of their tumors and extended their lives. The DEA quickly shut down this promising research. According to Jack Herer, two years later, President Gerald Ford would put an end to all public cannabis research and grant exclusive rights to major pharmaceutical companies to develop synthetic THC.

Fast-forward to December 1997: Simpson had been working at the hospital for 25 years and was covering asbestos on the boiler pipes with duct tape. He was using an aerosol spray that allowed the tape to stick to the asbestos. He didn't realize, however, that this spray was capable of causing a temporary nervous-system shutdown if the fumes were inhaled too deeply. And that's exactly what happened.

"Luckily for me, the boilers were shut off, or I would have been burnt to nothing," he says. "I

fell backwards off the ladder and struck my head on a steel loading ring. Of course, I don't remember any of that. When I came to, I was hung up in the pipes by the side of the boiler."

Simpson slowly made his way back to his office and fumbled around for over an hour trying to call for help, but he couldn't even make the phone work. Finally, another engineer showed up for his shift and took Simpson to the emergency room. When asked his name, Simpson had no response. He was taken to the trauma center and put on oxygen.

"It felt like my head was going to explode," he says. "I remember it looked like people were moving funny—they were kind of jerky. I told the doctor, and he just kind of shook his head."

After three hours in the trauma center, the sensation went away and Simpson was told to go home. He doesn't remember much about the next few days, including the drive home, but somehow he made it. When his next scheduled shift came up on Christmas Eve, Simpson re-





ported for work even though he was still feeling woozy. At around 10 p.m. that night, while still at work, Simpson's head began ringing. The ringing got louder and louder. By 3 a.m., he was back in the emergency room seeking treatment. When the nurse checked his blood pressure, she was so alarmed that she immediately gave him a pill and called a doctor. The ringing never went away.

"At lower levels, it's about 93 decibels," he says, "which is about the same as having a lawn mower running in your living room. I became very short-tempered. They tried every possible drug, but nothing worked. It got so bad I wanted to shoot myself."

Within a year, Simpson was having trouble remembering anything because he was taking 1,000 milligrams of Tegretol a day. Reading was out of the question, because by the time he got to the end of a sentence, he'd already forgotten what the sentence was about. Then, one day, he watched an episode of Dr. David Suzuki's *The*

Nature of Things, Canada's longest-running documentary series. The episode was about the enormous promise of marijuana as a medicine.

"I went right back to my doctor and asked if marijuana would help," Simpson recalls. "Of course, he told me it was bad for the lungs and still under study. So I went out and got some pot and tried it, and it worked better than anything they were giving me. So I went back again and asked for a prescription, but they still wouldn't give it to me."

By 2001, Simpson was a chemical zombie from all the drugs he'd been taking. But he was still determined to get legal medical access to marijuana, so he asked his doctor: "What would you think if I took the plant and made an essential oil, and then ingested the oil rather than smoked it?" The doctor agreed that this would be a more medicinal way to take it, but still refused to write a prescription allowing Simpson legal access to the plant. A few months later, the doctor informed him that they had tried every

possible treatment and nothing had worked, so Simpson was now on his own. He decided to stop taking pharmaceuticals and start eating cannabis oil exclusively.

"I didn't really believe the hemp oil could bring me back the way it did," he recalls. "But once the system gave up on me, I just continued making oil and taking it on a regular basis. The ringing was still there, but now I could live with it. Within a few months, people saw the difference. The oil controlled the pain, my blood pressure, and it allowed me to sleep. I lost weight and looked 20 years younger."

For many years, Simpson had lived with three suspicious spots on his skin—two on his face and one on his chest. "Yes, this looks like skin cancer," his doctor said upon examining them. In January 2003, the doctor surgically removed the spot near Simpson's eye and sent it in for a biopsy. A week later, Simpson was sitting at home when he recalled the 1974 news report about THC and cancer. "I knew I was supposed to go back and get the other two spots removed," Simpson says. "When I removed the bandage from the spot they had removed, I noticed it looked red and infected, and there was pus coming out of it. That's when the news report from 30 years earlier kicked in. I looked at the oil and I thought, 'Well, this is full of THC, and I've probably got skin cancer.' I put a little oil on two band-aids and covered the two little bumps. Four days later, I took the band-aids off and both bumps had disappeared."

Within a few weeks, the cancer that had been surgically removed reappeared. So Simpson tried the same treatment and got the same results: Four days after treating himself with the cannabis oil, the red bump was gone and the skin had completely healed.

Obviously, Simpson was overjoyed by the discovery, and he could hardly wait to share this information with his doctor, who had for so long resisted marijuana as a treatment for his head injury. So, after picking up his pathology report, he mentioned to the receptionist (who was also the doctor's wife) that he had something important to discuss with her husband. "I treated my skin cancers with hemp oil—" he began. But he'd barely gotten the words "hemp oil" out, he recalls, before the receptionist went ballistic: "The doctor will not go there!" she yelled. "The doctor will not prescribe this!"

"I felt like I was in the Twilight Zone," Simpson says now. "I'd just told her I cured my cancer, and she should have been interested. It was freaky."

Simpson soon made a visit to his mother's house. For years, she had suffered from weeping psoriasis. He applied the oil to her infected skin, and within a few weeks the sores were healed and the scales had disappeared.

Thus began the long journey of Rick Simpson and his miraculous cannabis-oil medicine. The fact that Simpson has always given this oil freely and without any charge has greatly en-







hanced his already-legendary status. "In the beginning, a lot of people didn't want to put the oil on their skin," he recalls. "In the first year, I treated 50 to 60 people for various skin conditions. The following year, I was treating a man with a melanoma cancer on his left cheekbone. It had been removed five times. It was a nastylooking thing—you could put your finger right into the hole. I told him I could heal it, but of course he didn't believe me. Three weeks later, it was completely healed. And that's when he mentioned to me he had glaucoma. I said, 'Well, hemp is the best treatment for qlaucoma.' He was the first one to start eating the oil other than me. At that time, he also had arthritis and had to sleep with a pillow between his knees. About two weeks after taking the oil, he stopped sleeping with a pillow, and his ocular pressure was already way down. When I started giving him the oil, the pressure was around 31 or 32. Last time I checked, it was 13 or 14."

Once Simpson started giving people the oil to take internally, it was only a matter of time before he tried it with cancer patients. Simpson became increasingly confident of the oil's healing properties after it was successfully used by several people with internal cancers. Even patients with Stage 4 terminal cancer—people who had been given only weeks to live—were miraculously brought back to health. Not only did the oil heal diabetic ulcers with a topical application, it also cured diabetes and allowed some patients to stop using insulin. Simpson kept treating patients until they got better, but he soon determined that a 60-gram treatment was necessary for serious illnesses. The oil is eaten as quickly as possible, starting with small doses until a resistance is established. Eating a gram of cannabis oil a day can be disorienting, but many adapt rapidly to the pharmacological effects.

'I told the zone commander, "People are suffering, and this stuff works." But I just kept running into brick wall after brick wall.

After Simpson successfully treated a woman with cervical cancer, she visited the local chapter of the Royal Canadian Legion to share her story. The Legion is a veterans' organization whose lodges function as unofficial town halls in remote areas of Canada. Rick Dwyer, the bartender at the Legion, was so fascinated by the woman's story that he asked her to invite Simpson to drop by.

"I met Rick in 2005," Dwyer recalls now. "He told me he could cure skin cancer and diabetic ulcers and other skin diseases. I didn't believe him, but I could see he was sincere, so I asked if I could go with him to visit some of the people he was treating. So I interviewed his patients, and there was no doubt there was *something* to what he was doing."

Before long, Simpson was treating members of Dwyer's Legion chapter, and the cannabis oil continued to show successful results against a variety of chronic illnesses and infections. As a past president of the organization, Dwyer knew the Legion's mission—to serve veterans and their dependents, promote remembrance, and act in the service of Canada—and he felt strongly that this included a responsibility to share the information about Simpson's oil with as many people as possible. Dwyer contacted the local public-health authorities and asked them

to investigate. He made calls to elected officials.

"Nobody would even come look at the evidence," Dwyer says. "I told the zone commander, 'People are suffering, and this stuff works.' But I just kept running into brick wall after brick wall." The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had already raided Simpson's property in 2003, after hearing reports that he was circulating cannabis oil. They seized all the plants in his backyard and confiscated his oil, but no charges were filed. In 2005, Simpson voluntarily returned to the RCMP office to drop off scientific information supporting his treatment, as well as a videotape containing interviews with patients. He made it clear to the RCMP that he intended to keep helping people who had nowhere else to turn. He continued to get plants to make the oil by working out trades whereby local marijuana farmers brought in their buds and split the oil they generated with Simpson. Most growers use shake to make water hash or hash oil, but Simpson is adamant that the best colas are necessary for making the best medicine for cancer. He will not make oil from shake unless it's intended for topical application only. He also likes indica-dominant strains, which means that although he prefers the term "hemp oil" for a variety of reasons, his medicine consists of the essential oil derived from flowering female Cannabis indica plants—i.e., THC-laden "hash" or "cannabis" oil.

Shortly after Simpson dropped off his video with the RCMP, the Mounties returned and seized 1,620 plants from his backyard. This time he was arrested and charged with marijuana possession, cultivation and trafficking.

Meanwhile, Dwyer's father had checked into the hospital with Stage 4 lung cancer. "He also had a bad heart and sugar diabetes," Dwyer says. "I remember telling him, 'Dad, don't take the chemotherapy—if you take it, you're dead.



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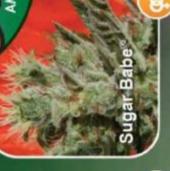
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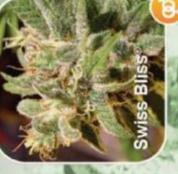














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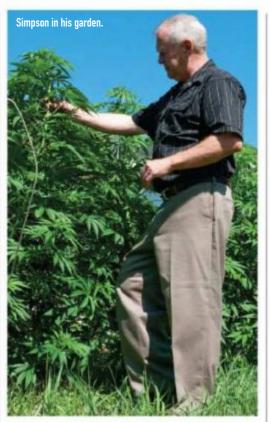
Go to Rick and get some oil and your chances of survival will be a lot better.' I remember my father looking at me, and what was he thinking? 'My son has no medical background.' Who's he going to trust?

"After his first chemotherapy treatment, he swelled up real bad. His legs swelled; his arms were full of fluid. He was suffering horribly. The doctors told us he wasn't going to make it. He talked to us and said the things a father says to his children when he knows he's going to die. I just kept thinking about the oil. I knew it worked on skin cancers and diabetic ulcers, but I wasn't sure it would work internally. So I called Rick and said my dad only had 24 hours to live, 48 at the most. Rick didn't know if it was too late. I think my dad wanted to die, he was suffering so horribly. It was like he was breathing out of a straw. I had a tube of oil in my pocket, and I remember thinking, 'I'll probably get arrested if I give this to him.' I asked the nurse to give him the oil, but she refused. The doctors didn't want to be responsible. So I put some oil on a cracker, and my father ate it. Then I left the hospital, and my brothers stayed on the death watch."

When Dwyer returned the next morning, something truly miraculous had taken place: His father had slept soundly for the first time in weeks, and he continued to sleep throughout the day. When he finally woke up, he had a smile on his face. "I thought to myself, 'My God, he's got a chance, but I've got to get him out of this hospital," Dwyer says. An ambulance took his father home, and he continued eating the oil for the next few months. "He was breathing better and didn't want the oxygen anymore. The oil healed two sores on his legs. The fluid went out of his arms and legs. But what really shocked me was that his prostate was shot, and one day he asked the nurse to take out the catheter. She said he'd have to go back to the hospital to have it put back in, and that would hurt like hell. And I looked at him and said, 'Dad, can you pee?' And he said, 'Yes!' I told the nurse to take it out, and I watched him pee like a racehorse." Then something even more remarkable happened: "The nurse came to check his lungs one day and said, 'Clear as a bell."

After that, says Dwyer, "I decided to hold a meeting at the Legion and invite the politicians, the police and the media so they could meet the people who had been cured of cancer and other diseases. The meeting was just supposed to look at the evidence so they could draw their own conclusions."

But on the day that the meeting was scheduled to be held, Maritime Command changed the locks on his Legion chapter's doors and informed Dwyer that his rights and privileges had been revoked. The Legion hall would remain closed until a new executive committee could be formed. An anonymous phone caller to Dwyer's wife said ominously: "Tell Rick he's getting in over his head." She took the call as a veiled threat and broke down.



I had people cured of terminal cancer sitting in the court waiting to testify—they wouldn't let them on the stand!'

Dwyer is unable to recount this part of the story without breaking down himself. "I tell [Simpson], 'There's many a night when I wish I'd never met you,'" he says, wiping tears from his eyes. "'I wish you hadn't shown me what you showed me, because this has been a terrible burden on me'—especially when I meet people with cancer. I try to explain this medicine to them, but people are so close-minded. They talk about swine flu killing people? My God, cancer and diabetes are killing millions across the world."

Rick Simpson's trial in September of 2007 was a carefully stage-managed affair. Simpson had obtained 48 sworn affidavits from patients, but the presiding judge decided that no medical testimony would be allowed. "I had people cured of *terminal cancer* sitting in the court waiting to testify—they wouldn't let them on the stand! They wouldn't let me introduce any scientific evidence. I defended myself, and when I cross-examined the Mounties, first thing I did was hold up a copy of an interview I'd given to the Spring Hill Record from September of 2004, one year before I was charged. It was a full-page article detailing everything I was doing. Would a criminal have a full-page article in the newspaper detailing his activities? Then they brought out their expert. So I said, 'You are a marijuana expert for the RCMP,

correct? What do you know about hemp?' He said, 'Nothing, because hemp and marijuana are different plants.' I got out the book and read the law from 1923, which says nothing about 'marijuana,' but does call it 'Indian hemp.' So I shredded him—I beat them hands down, even without the medical testimony."

The jury needed only three hours to deliberate. But when Simpson was called back into the courtroom for the verdict, he noticed that the crown prosecutor wasn't in the room. A witness later told him that the prosecutor was seen departing the jury room right before the jury was brought back into the courtroom. It proceeded to find him guilty on all counts. "So I got in touch with the judge, but he wouldn't do a damn thing. They can tamper with juries, but not us. Then he called me into the side room before sentencing and said, 'Rick, the truth of the matter is that the government wants the researchers to bring this out.' I looked at him and said, 'If one of your kids was diagnosed with cancer tomorrow, what would you be looking for?' And down went his head. So we go back into the courtroom, and he says: 'In my 34 years in the legal system, I've never seen a case like this. There was no criminal intent.' He admitted the scientific evidence exists to back up what I was doing. Now I was facing 12 years in jail, but he gave me a \$2,000 fine and didn't even put me on probation, because he was getting a little bit of conscience. One time I used to be proud to be a Canadian; now that word means nothing to me."

Thanks to an Internet video titled Run From the Cure, which Simpson produced with filmmaker Christian Laurette, hundreds of thousands of people have been introduced to his cannabis-oil treatment. Early on, Jack Herer became one of Simpson's biggest supporters. "I first heard about Rick five or six years ago," says Herer. "I didn't believe him, and I knew all the cancer and THC studies that have been done—rats with all sorts of cancers were 100 percent cured and lived 40 percent longer than rats who had nothing at all." But when he looked at the human evidence, Herer changed his mind. "Now Rick has treated over a thousand patients—and there are others like him, like Ron Smith in Kentucky, distributing oil to terminal-cancer patients and having similar results. And Rick can't even come to the United States because of his conviction."

Unfortunately, not everyone is saved by the oil. While the HT photographer was taking pictures for this story, Simpson received word that one of his patients had died after only two days of treatment. Simpson estimates that his success rate with terminal-cancer patients is about 70 percent. "The ones that can't be saved are usually the ones who've had the most chemotherapy and radiation, or wait too long to start the treatment," he says. "They have to be able to stay alive long enough for the oil to start to work." In fact, most patients who un-





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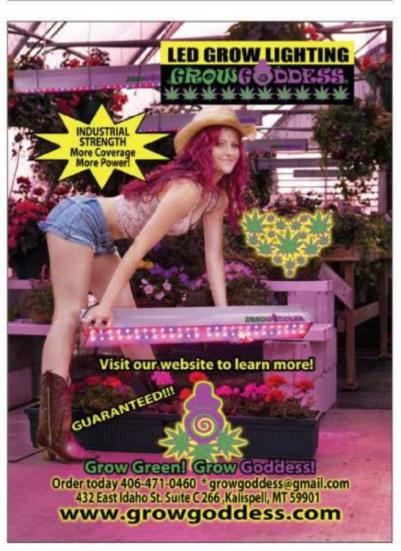


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dergo chemotherapy die from the treatment, not the disease. But because chemotherapy is a multibillion-dollar industry that supports some of the biggest pharmaceutilikely these corporations will give up this profit stream without a struggle, no matter how many dead bodies pile up.

The psychoactive chemical in marijuana promoted the death of brain-cancer cells cal companies in the world, it's un- by helping them feed on themselves in a process known as autophagy.

But the most amazing development in this story took place in April of 2009. Led by Manuel Guzman, a team of biochemists at the School of Biology at Complutense University in Madrid investigated the use of cannabinoids in treating cancer. Although similar investigations have been conducted on lab rats and tissue cultures many times since the original 1974 study in Virginia, this time the researchers used actual cancer patients and analyzed their results with methods used to gauge the progress of chemotherapy treatments. Their findings were published in the April 2009 issue of the Journal of Clinical Investigation and are available free online at jci.org/articles/view/37948.

The Spanish researchers had two patients suffering from recurrent glioblastoma multiforme, a fast-moving brain cancer. Using electron microscopes to analyze brain tissue taken before and after a 26- to 30-day THC treatment, the researchers found that the THC had eliminated cancer cells while protecting the surrounding healthy ones. The psychoactive chemical in marijuana promoted the death of brain-cancer cells by helping them feed on themselves in a process known as autophagy.

Strangely, little mention of this groundbreaking study made it into the national news. Instead, the media continues to run gutter-science reports on marijuana's cancer-causing effects, even though regular users of marijuana continue to have lower cancer rates than non-users.

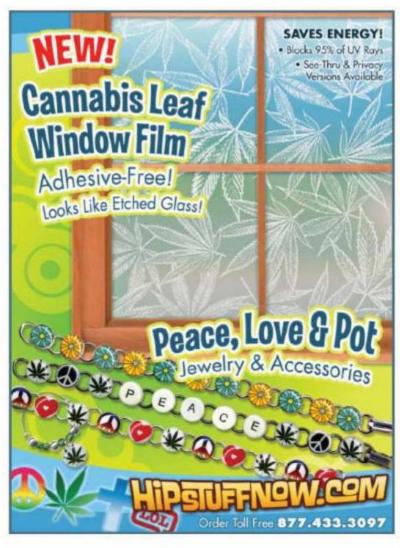
While working on this story, I got a call from longtime cannabis activist Joe Barton, who had been providing free oil to a throat-cancer patient in Woodstock, NY. After Barton delivered 25 grams of oil—nearly half the treatment—his home was raided by an Ulster County drug task force. The police confiscated all of the plants and oil, which ended the treatment prematurely. Six months later, the patient died. "The oil was working," says Barton. "His neck tumor had gone down, and he was talking normally again."

As a repeat marijuana "offender," Barton is now facing a 20-year sentence. 🕊















INTERVIEW BY DAN SKYE * PHOTOS BY TOM BALLANCO

Apart from show biz, she has dedicated her time to a number of good will causes from global warming to disaster aid. On a personal level, she has embraced her inner athlete... what happens when, at the age of 21, you release an album that goes on to become the highest-selling album by a female artist ever and the third best-selling album of all time?

Well, probably you go through some changes. Monster fame tends to do that to you.

Some handle it poorly. Others learn valuable lessons as they navigate the choppy waters. Alanis Morissette is one of the latter.

Maybe we knew she would be by virtue of the smart, searing lyrics found on her historic album, *Jagged Little Pill.* This was a woman prone to introspection, someone not averse to digging a little deeper than the surface.

Maybe the best evidence of her penchant for dissecting illusions is her hilarious April Fool's Day cover of "My Humps" by the Black Eyed Peas, wherein she lampoons her own distinctive singing style, drenching the song with overwrought emotionalism. This is a woman who takes life seriously—but not all *that* seriously.

Now 35, the Canadian-born singer has sold over 60 million albums worldwide. She's a fine actress, too, appearing regularly in episodes of last season's *Weeds*. She's also appeared in *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and *Sex and the City*, and acted in *The Vagina Monologues* on Broadway. And let's not forget her otherworldly performance as God in the film *Dogma*.

Apart from showbiz, Alanis has embraced her inner athlete and now trains for marathons. When *Weeds* ended this past fall, Alanis headed up to Northern Cali to help with the harvest. She and environmental lawyer Tom Ballanco (HT interview, Aug. '96) have been an item for nearly two years. And over the course of their relationship, her respect for cannabis has only grown. She took a break from her garden duties to talk with us.

You've involved yourself in a variety of artistic pursuits. Does music remain important to you? It's a life-force mover for me. If there's not music around me, I feel that my life force is stymied a bit. It's almost a mandatory aspect of life for me to have

It's almost a mandatory aspect of life for me to have music around, whether the music is coming through me or swirling around me.

Were you a showbiz kid? Was it part of your family experience?

Show business itself was not a big part of our family, although my dad was always a huge fan of Bob Dylan and Joni Mitchell and all of these beautiful writers. So certainly a respect for high-quality expression was a big part of living

in my house. But in terms of my family being part of the entertainment industry itself, we weren't.

I was so-called "gifted": language, drama, science and math—kind of an across-the-board thing. I started writing as a kid. When I started, I didn't know it would be songwriting; I was just writing. I really, actually consider myself to be a writer before anything else.

I put out my first record when I was 10 or 11, and I started a record company because, unlike today's climate, no one at that time wanted to sign a 10-year-old. So I just did it myself with money that I'd made from having acted in a television show called *You Can't Do That On Television*.

What's with those kid shows? Is everybody on drugs or what?

[Laughing] You'd think! You'd think! That kid show was really not a kid show—I mean, half of those jokes went over my head when I was that age.

Would you recommend a career in show business to kids?

No, I think a child in the entertainment industry is a form of child abuse. For kids who have to overstay their stay, beyond the fun aspects of their career, it's a version of abuse—absolutely.

If my kid wants to do it, there might be school activities that I would support them participating in, but in terms of becoming a workaholic at that age, I will be ... disallowing. They can do whatever they want; I wouldn't want to thwart any of their delicate, essential qualities that they need to express. But it doesn't mean they need to be expressed in a context where they have to work so arduously for so many hours.

How do you view your own career? You've had a lot of ups and downs—emotionally, at least. Has it been instructive?

I think I was not well prepared. I don't know if anyone can be. Maybe they can be if their constitution is a little stronger—I was a little sensitive. I was in a world of very high stimulation, projections, assessments, judgments, and all the little versions of violence projected toward someone who is in the public eye. I insulated myself. There was a lot of conflict for me regarding the illusory aspects of the industry. All of these brass rings were put before me, and I kind of grabbed them all in one fell swoop. Then, suddenly, there's that beautiful disil-



lusionment that comes after having fulfilled the "American Dream." You got it all—you've broken records, you're in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, you've won every award that can be won, sold millions of records

All of a sudden, I was left—I now see it as beautifully—with some of the bigger questions that had always been driving me the whole time anyway. It's taken a few years for me to get my bearings. Certainly, the fame itself has fantastically calmed down a little bit, so I can actually function somewhat as a human being. [Laughing]

How's the *Weeds* experience been? Unbelievable.

I was catching up on your episodes before talking with you. I just spent all morning watching you have sex.

Oh, really? That's great. [Laughing] Oh, God.

Are those scenes difficult to do?

Yeah! I mean, no. Not with Justin [Kirk], because Justin's a pro. He's the best. Working opposite Justin is a dream come true for me. He's not only one of the most talented performers I've seen—having been in *Angels in America* and other great work—he's so natural and so *born* to do it. He's also very generous, and was very attuned to my nervousness.

I kept pulling the card of "I'm green at this, you guys." And he'd say, "You're going to have to stop saying that, because you're not anymore." He'd just tell me: "You're doing it."

Has there been any backlash among your fans for being in a sexy, pro-pot show like *Weeds*?

No, and I wouldn't be receptive to it anyway. When I say yes to certain things, it's just such an unequivocal yes that I'm really not open to it. I don't really need to have anyone's feedback other than from the people I love in my life. And they're all celebrating it!

You've been romantically involved with Tom Ballanco for a couple years. Tom's a longtime hemp and medical-marijuana advocate. Has he influenced you?

I've always resonated with people who are on the front lines, who are pioneers—being in virgin snow. I've always felt that way about Tom and about the community around him—Woody Harrelson, Alicia Silverstone. I have a lot of friends around me who are very courageous and willing to "come out"—and Tom is definitely beyond the front lines.

Any fears that I had about cannabis were quickly assuaged. Now I feel like a professional! All my friends come to me with all of these questions, and a lot of my answers are based on what I've learned from Tom. I feel really grateful for that.

Any good cultivation tips?

Um, let's see: love your plants, talk to your plants—they're listening!

You might need to interview Tom for that one. I'm not the one! [Laughing]

How was the harvest season this past fall?

It's just so beautiful. First of all, I think it's great God work being a farmer and a gardener, period. Gardening in general, whether it's marijuana or any crop—working that directly with the earth is God's work.

You've become very serious about maintaining a

healthy lifestyle. Does marijuana use fit into it? For me, it does. I'm all about moderation—as best as I can be. As an artist, there's a sweet, jump-starting quality to it for me. I've often felt telepathic and receptive to inexplicable messages my whole life. I can stave those off when I'm not high. When I'm high—well, they come in and there's less of a veil, so to speak. So if ever I need some clarity, or a quantum leap in my own conscious-

But I have to be discerning, too. Just because the veil is removed doesn't mean that every message coming in is an accurate one. [Laughing] Just because I'm high doesn't mean that every mes-

ness, or a quantum leap in terms of writing some-

thing or getting an answer, it's a quick way for me



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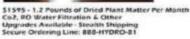
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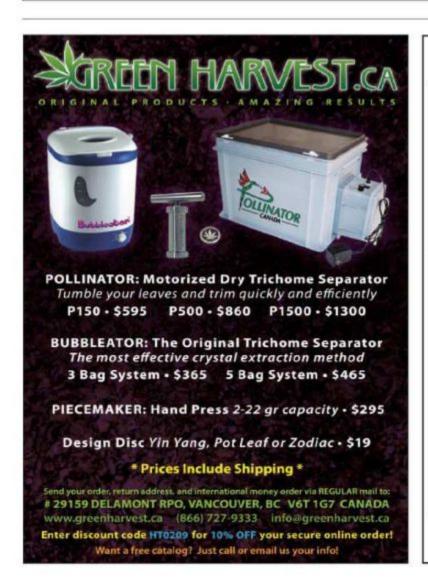
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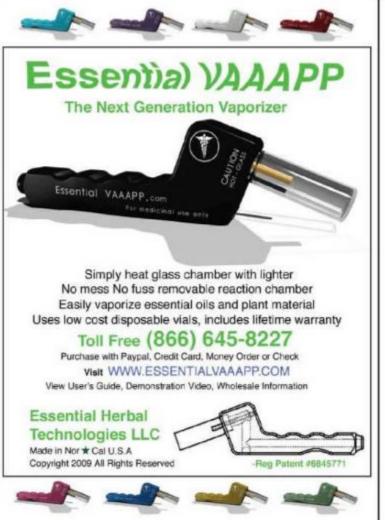
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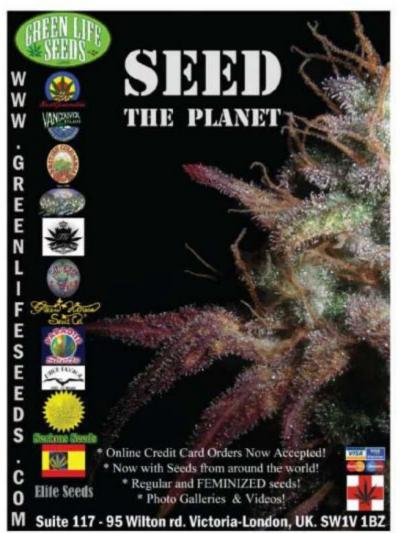








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sage coming is the word of God. It can also be that some of the false beliefs are a little louder as well.

I have a lot of friends who have wanted to specifically quit smoking marijuana because they felt that it was having a negative effect on their lives, and I absolutely supported them doing so. Then I have other friends who I've coerced into smoking because I thought it would be *great* for them.

It's funny how people who believe pot is having a negative impact on their lives somehow believe that, without pot, their lives will be rosy and successful.

Yes, I think it's a good idea to distinguish between essence and form.

You've often spoken about some of your past body-image issues. What can you pass on to our readers?
Well, I could talk for hours about it, but currently, there's no better way for me to view my body as an instrument rather than just an ornament than by really addressing athleticism. Becoming an athlete requires me to view food in a different way—to view it as medicine, to view it as fuel, rather than just as a way to comfort myself in an overwhelming life.

It's made me find other sources of comfort, whether it's me having the gonads to ask somebody for a hug or holding someone's hand. Touch is such a huge thing, and I know that food replaced that a lot for me over the years. As I've been able to bring my body to its best—for lack of a better term—the more I've accepted that this is what my body is, and this is the height of where it can go in terms of stamina and endurance.

I am doing my best, as opposed to overfeeding it or overindulging it ...

although indulgence is really fun and important, too!

Care to elaborate?

On one side of the fence, you have the recreational usage, the fun, the mind cracking open, affording a beautiful experience. But on the other side of the fence, there's that slippery slope—the addiction aspect. It all depends upon whose hand it's in and for what reasons it's being used. A lot of drugs, when used for the purposes that I'm describing, can be incredibly beautiful. But I can appreciate that they can turn into some people's worst nightmare.

I feel every addiction that humans have speaks directly to some need that wasn't fulfilled when we were really little. I literally want to write a chart that says things like "Marijuana soothes this particular thing" and "Food soothes that." We can serve a great purpose if we can get to what's going on underneath.

You're in the midst of writing a book. Yeah, I'm finally doing it. I have a deadline that will ultimately bring me to the end of the year—I'm in the middle of it right now. It's not a memoir; it's a combination of philosophy, anecdotes and essays, tons of Q&A, photographs—you can read it in a very linear way, or you can open it up anywhere and kinda go to town.

Why are you writing it now?

Because I feel very much as though every tentacle of what I need to do in order to feel really aligned, or what I need to express in order to feel super-inspired, or who I need to be around in order to feel really happy, seems to be in place. And it only took 35 years [laughing] ... pretty good.

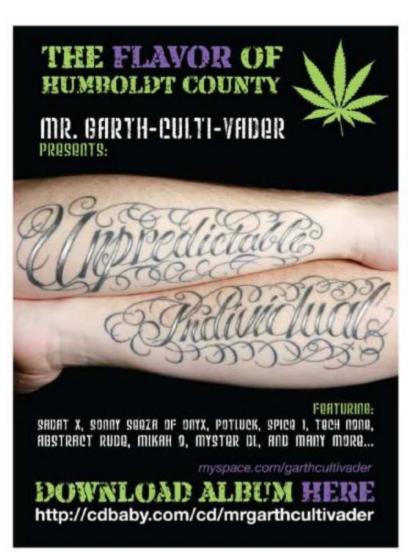
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Often, mathematicians and musicians say their thoughts are very structured. How is it for you?
I think very categorically, so I compartmentalize things. Everything is in charts—flow charts. Everything is very categorized in my brain, so it makes for great organization in my life. [Laughing] I also think in terms of color. When I meet people or I'm in a circumstance, I can describe it best though color.

You mean you see auras?

I wouldn't take it that far. I think seeing other people's auras is a little invasive. I could conjure it up, I'm sure—I feel psychic and telepathic and tuned in to all of that, but I have great internal boundaries. I don't tell people what color their aura is [laughing]—unless they really want to know!

What I do see, for example, is, if somebody is in a particularly difficult time, I'll see darker, denser browns, blacks, red and blue colors. People's energy translates to color for me.

Has this always been with you?

It's always been there. I had a shame about being really telepathic. There are a lot of different monikers for my archetype—or temperament. I had a lot of shame around it because I felt like a freak. Now, as an artist in Los Angeles, I guess I'm a good fit.

How's do you approach life now? Well, I'm a risk taker. But I'm con-

Well, I'm a risk taker. But I'm constantly counter-phobic—I'm constantly gripped by terror! [Laughing] But I'm always taking risks anyway. I just learned how to kite-surf in Maui. I'm constantly doing things that are terrifying; it's kind of been my way of life.

You were on the stage at Woodstock 1999. How was that for "terrifying"? It was pretty intense playing that show. I remember having to duck about every 30 seconds because there was an incoming glass bottle filled with mud being hurled toward my head. It was a very aggressive environment. I'm a huge fan of people moving the life force through them—my only objection would be a glass bottle hurtling toward my face. Then I might step off the stage.

Did you feel that the aggression was personal in any way, or was it just off-the-hook craziness?

Well, no—on a whole-life level, I don't think *anything* is ever personal, to be totally honest.

I did feel there was a lot of aggression, a lot of anger that needed to be expressed. I think we live in a society where we're not taught how to express those huge life-force emotions. We're taught to sublimate them, and they can show up in some very toxic ways. We're not taught how to channel that shit.

What insight can you impart about encountering the "life force"?

Spirituality isn't like a purse—it's not something you buy. It's not something you do on Sunday mornings. It's that whole, sweet thing of "We're not human beings having a spiritual experience; we're spiritual beings having a human experience." That's how I see it.

I think, when it comes to God, it's the one force or source that is not subject to duality. Everything's dualistic in this particular realm, and the life that animates it all is the one thing that is not subject to all of the dualism that makes this playground so interesting. *