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Hydro Tech correspondent StinkBud lays out the plans for a simple yet highly effective pot-production system, including step-by-step instructions from start to finish.

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Take the pothead pilgrimage of a lifetime to the 22nd Annual HIGH TIMES Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam, featuring the greatest marijuana and hashish on Earth, trips to the city's best coffeeshops, seminars with leading cultivators, the world's most incredible marijuana expo, and performances by Slightly Stoopid, Gomez and Barrington Levy, among other high-quality musical acts.

66 THE NUGGET LIST

BY NICO ESCONDIDO

Talk about things to do before you die—you've just gotta smoke these nugs! Straight from Amsterdam and the 2009 Cannabis Cup, here are the year's winners, complete with eye-popping photos and a detailed rundown on each fine herb, as tested by our very own strain gurus. The verdict? We'll just say the competition gets better each year, and let you be the judge of which one's best!

76 CANNABIS CUP EXPO

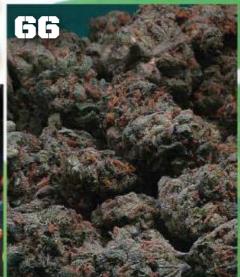
BY NICO ESCONDIDO

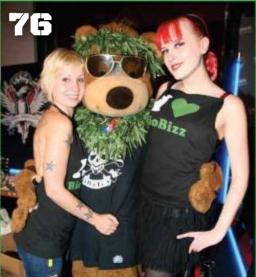
Take a trip through the stoniest trade show on Earth with senior cultivation editor Danny Danko and sample the many new marijuana-related products, from cutting-edge grow equipment and nutrients to the most innovative smoking devices around.

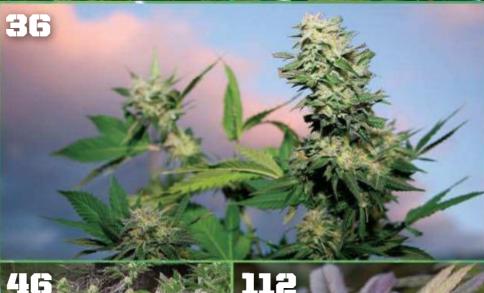
84 *HIGH TIMES* INTERVIEW: RICK SIMPSON, MEDICAL-MARIJUANA MARTYR

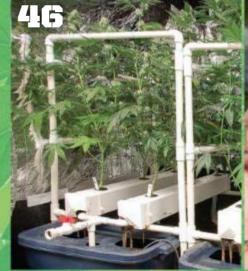
BY PAT BYRNE

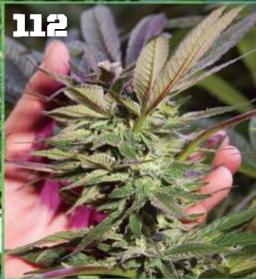
We talk with the 2009 Freedom Fighter of the Year in Amsterdam—the day before his home was raided by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.











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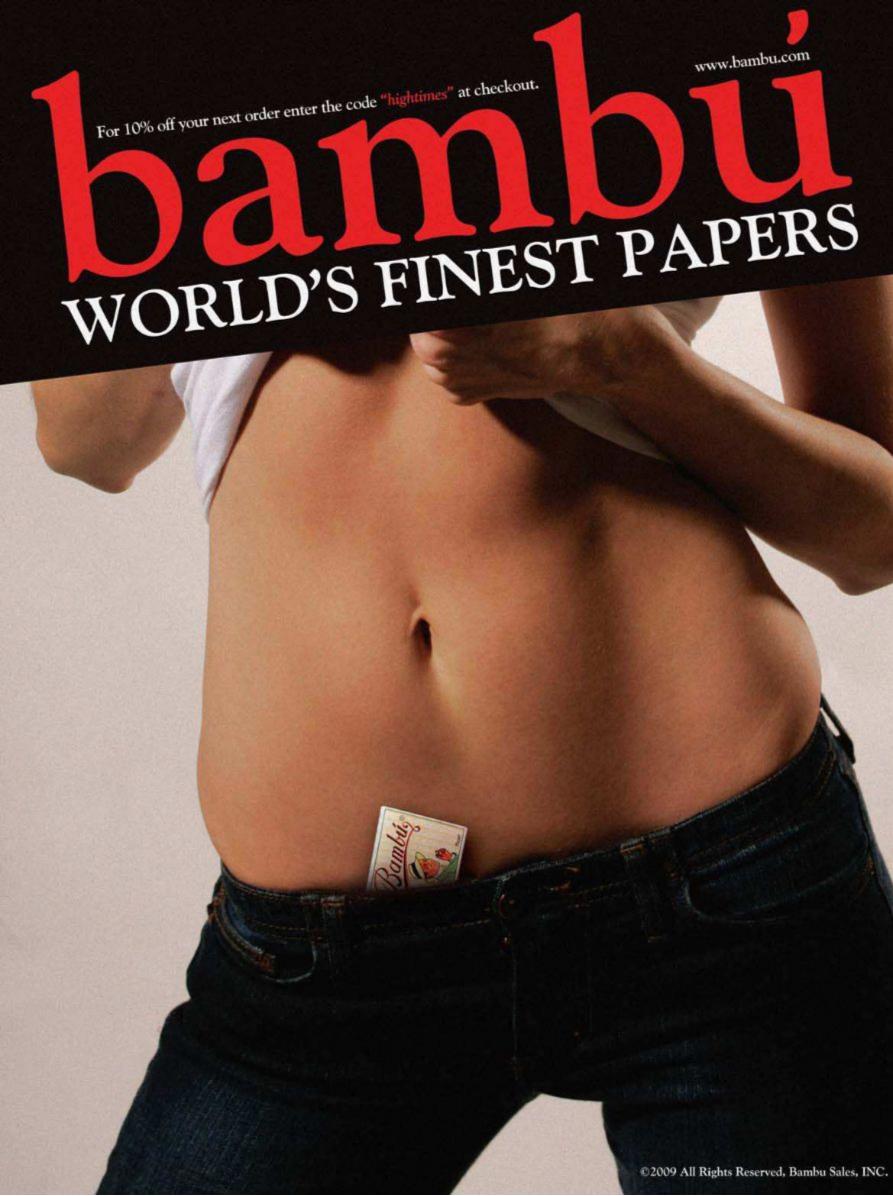
Pix of the Crop; Cannabis Clinic; Munchies; NORMLizer; Freedom Fighter; Ask Dr. Mitch; SSDP; Beginner Outdoor Growing; Dear Danko; Tip of the Month; Grow Quiz; Calendar.

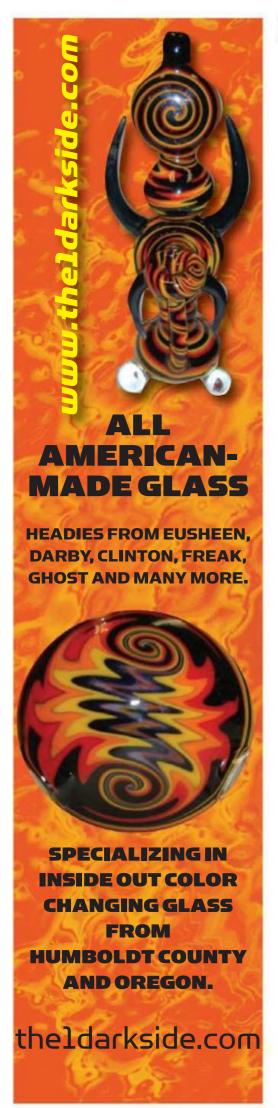
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COVER: KENT SEA STRAIN: SUPER LEMON HAZE CENTERFOLD: BRIAN JAHN STRAIN: ASSORTED

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SUBMITTING PIX

I was wondering what the deal is for submitting pictures on the site. Is that specifically for the Pix of the Crop, or do you guys pick out a couple to put in the magazine along with your own? If not, is there a way to submit pictures for the mag, 'cause I know I've got something I haven't seen on the site or in the mag for a while. You won't be disappointed.

Diggs

All Pix of the Crop photos are reader-submitted. Send your photos to mailbag@hightimes.com.

SIMPSON SAVIOR

I just finished reading the January edition of HIGH TIMES, and I was absolutely floored by your article on Rick Simpson and his research. My brother suffers from a rare skin disease known as scleroderma; it's a disease that started in his hands and now afflicts much of his upper body. There is no definitive cure, and he slowly loses motor function in his hands and arms as the skin hardens to rock. I am writing to ask if you could inform me as to how Rick Simpson actually makes the oil (his final product and treatment), in a technically descriptive manner. My goal is to reproduce his oil and see if it has any positive effects on my brother's condition. We intend to administer it topically and orally. If you don't have the information, I would greatly appreciate your help in contacting Rick so I could ask him myself if he'd be willing to share his "recipe" with me.

Jared

For more info on Rick Simpson, read our extensive interview on page 84.

SWEET PIECE

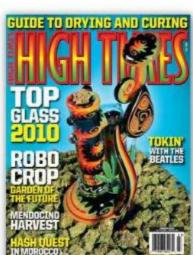
I was wondering about the name of the glass that the professor is holding in your "Marijuana: The Real Smart Drug" article (Jan '10 HT). I have a similar one, and I always wondered who made it. A local headshop told me possibly Crush or Hvy, but it has no stamps. It really does look similar to the one on page 18 in that issue.

Daron

Professor Craig Hightower is holding a piece made by Hvy Glass. Check out myspace.com/420hvyglass.

NO PILLS ... POT!

I know there's no way for anyone out there to verify my story, but take my word for it: I had been up puking all night long and into the morning. My doctor hadn't called me back yet, and I decided to see if Mary J. really does do some of the things people say it does medicinally. Two bowls of good dank later, I feel great! That feeling of wanting to throw up and not being able to went away, and between the dank and some Sprite to combat my dehydration, I'm feeling so much better. Somebody legalize this already! Oh, and somebody get me a pizza!



WHAT? ARE YOU CRACKED?

In your January issue, you guys bashed the name of the Green Crack strain, but I think you missed the point. I understand why you guys don't want to associate drugs and marijuana, but I believe the name has nothing to do with potency—it's the plant's characteristics that keep people coming back for more and feeling like they never have enough. From what I've heard in the community

about it, I think it's properly named.

Hot Rod

Um, we think you just made our point for us: Should a preference for a great strain of pot be equated with the behavior of a crack addict? Check out page 13 for other bad strain names.

I have a serious beef with your mag. Don't get me wrong—I'm a longtime reader who loves the articles, the interviews and, best of all, the Q&A's. My beef is with your—and everyone else's—use of the term "dope" or "drugs" when referring to weed. I don't do drugs, dammit—I smoke weed!! I also take offense at "pothead"—just a little too much like "crackhead" for me.

In the spirit of political correctness,

A.C. Canada

If you see the words "dope" or "drugs" in the magazine, it's usually the government talking, not us. However, these pejorative terms are sometimes used for comic effect—for example, Cheech & Chong use the word "dope" freely. Many cannabis smokers object to a number of other words as well, including "stoner," "pot" and even "marijuana."

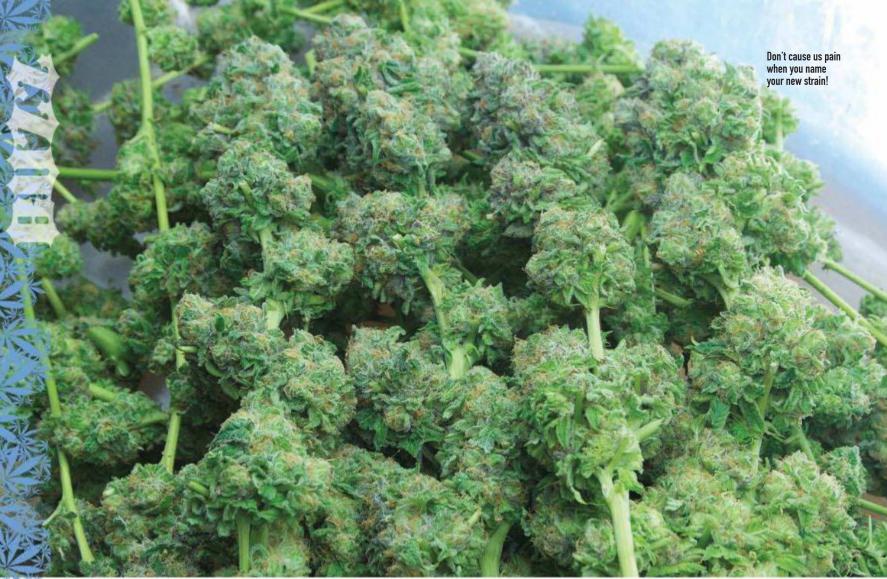
DOWN WITH BROWN

I am a very heavy smoker, and I also hold a very physical full-time job, so I' m not a lazy smoker. I'm from Denver, CO, known as the "Mile-High City" for one obvious reason: WE GET WAY BLOWED UP HERE!!!! Anyway, I happen to smoke just regular-ass schwag. It's all I can afford if I want to smoke a lot—plus when you're at 5,280 feet above sea level, any type of smoke will get you higher up here. I want to say, first, I love your magazine and, second, it's perfect. But here's my idea: How about a section in your monthly bible dedicated to just schwag? I would love to be a contributor, as I do know all about it. I'm sure there are plenty of other smokers just like me who can relate to what I'd have to tell them. Just a smokin' thought.

Ζ

Send your letters to: Feedback c/o HIGH TIMES, 419 Park Avenue South, 16th floor, New York, NY 10016. Email: hteditor@hightimes.com. We reserve the right to edit for length and clarity.





MORE STINKY POT NAMES

We've already criticized "Green Crack" (Jan. '10 HT) as a poor choice for a strain name. But let's be fair: There are many more spectacularly bad names for pot out there. Check these out!

CAT PISS

Obviously coined by a cat owner who rarely changes the kitty litter. It's a clone-only strain; some say it's a Trainwreck cross. To be fair, many smokers say it *does* leave a very cat-piss-like odor after a joint is burned.

HEROJUANA

Every bit as bad as "Green Crack." It's an *indica*-dominant hybrid and smells a bit like Bubba Kush. So what's next? Amphetaweed?

CHEM DOG

Hands down, one of the best strains ever. However, the name of this stellar Kush strain leads many to believe that buckets of Miracle-Gro were dumped on the plants.

PLANEWRECK

Has enough time passed that 9/11 jokes are now acceptable? Somebody with a macabre sense of humor came up this one. Planewreck is a Trainwreck x Afghani ... get it?

ROADKILL SKUNK

Although it conjures up a somewhat nauseating image, this classic strain from the '80s, also known as RKS, is a one-hit wonder—a quick and powerful high! It's super-stinky, too, hence the name. Everyone will know when you've bought a bag.

BABY DIAPER

What an enticing name! Some of the HT staff have actually smoked this strain. Many of us won't smoke with them anymore.

JFK (JUST FUCKING KILLER)

Speaking of macabre, a top grower thought that "Just Fucking Killer" would be a memorable name for his latest creation—and it plays off the initials of an assassinated president! "Just Fabulous Kind" would have been a bit less tacky.

PUSSY KUSH

Oh, puh-leeze! Was this really necessary? If turnabout is fair play: Would you be interested in smoking some Penis Kush?



THE HITS JUST KEEP ON COMING!

When you're hot, you're hot—and pot definitely is. An October Gallup poll found that 44 percent of Americans now favor the full legalization of marijuana. That's an increase of 13 points since 2000. Experts predict that if public support continues to grow at this rate, most Americans will favor legalization by 2013.

Further demonstrating America's increasing affection for cannabis is the recent government survey reporting that pot use by baby boomers (ages 50 to 59) has increased from 5.1 percent in 2002 to almost 10 percent in 2007. Also, according to the recent National Institute on Drug Abuse survey, teens are using pot more while turning away from cigarettes and alcohol.



Just before Christmas, US Customs agents posted at Los Angeles Harbor inspected a shipment of Christmas ornaments from China. Santa must have fucked up, though, because those Christmas ornaments were actually 316,000 glass bongs. The Feds, of course, played Scrooge, announcing that the importer was under investigation, though no arrests were made. Customs spokeswoman Cristina Gamez reminded everyone that it's illegal to import or export drug paraphernalia in the United States.

So we've heard. But then why are headshops all across the US being flooded with poorly manufactured and potentially harmful glass paraphernalia made in Third World sweatshops?



SNOOP AND MARTHA GET BAKED

Just before Christmas, Snoop Dogg appeared on *The Martha Stewart Show* and helped out in a cooking segment. While they prepared brownie batter, Snoop noted: "Trying to make some brownies—but we're missing the most important part of the brownies."

"Which is, which is, which is?" asked Martha.

"No sticks, no seeds, no stems," replied Snoop.
Stewart understood. "You want green brownies."

"The greener the better," declared Snoop.



IDITARCO IDICCY

The grueling dog-sled race known as the Iditarod spans 1,150 miles across Alaska, from Anchorage to Nome. Mushers and dog teams travel across treacherous country in sub-zero temperatures, often in the dark. The race, which begins March 6, can take over two weeks. But Iditarod Trail Committee officials have managed to put a dent in all of the fun. This year mushers will be tested for drugs and alcohol—which means three-time Iditarod champion Lance Mackey won't be able to toke up.

Mackey is a throat cancer survivor and holds a medical marijuana card. Additionally, Alaska law allows for personal possession of up to one ounce of marijuana, provided the use occurs at home. Mackey says pot helps him stay alert and focused through the 1,100-mile race, but says it's "ridiculous" to think it gives him an edge. "It's a dog race, not a human race. It doesn't affect the outcome of the race," he says.

Iditarod dogs have long been tested for performance-enhancing drugs, but never humans. Mackey says he'll give up pot temporarily rather than ask for an exemption: "I'm going to pee in their little cup and laugh in their face."

TOP 10 HOTTEST GUYS AT THE CUP

Vaporella returned from Amsterdam gushing about the great ganja-and the guys! Herewith, her Top 10 Cannabis Cup Crushes:



1. Erik

Advanced Nutrients' go-to guy. A David Beckham look-alike—need I say more? But whatever you do, ladies, please make sure not to bend it.



2. Josh from Underground Originals

The real *Big Book of British Smiles* would include his. No matter what anyone says, the UK is A-OK.



3. Appea

One of the PowerZone's finest. This salt-and-pepper-haired bouncer may look tough, but he's just a pussycat. Show him your French inhale and maybe he'll flex for you.



4. Anonymous

After the Expo ends for the day, head to the Melkweg for a night of beers, buds, bands—and batting your eyelashes. One of the security guys (who asked not to be named, only described) is a sex-pot extraordinaire. Look for two facial piercings and the milky-cocoa-colored skin. Yup, that's him.



5. Emille

While working at the Cup, the HIGH TIMES staff likes to unwind at the Whiskey Bar. Inside is Emille, who is extra-easy on the ol' red eyes. And he's 21, so for young 'uns, he's the catch of the day.



6. Ritchie

PowerZone's sexy owner is always clad in a seed-company shirt one size too small. If you catch him while he's working the bar, be prepared for a wink garnish.



7. Lawrence

You can't miss this yummy, muscley Checkpoint Charlie inspecting your pass at the door. Have it out and ready: He's gonna find out who's naughty or nice.



8. Adam

You can recognize this co-owner of TH Seeds by the beard. I'm not generally a big facial-hair fan, but seeds and stems and Hoodlambs, oh my! I do have a thing for lisps and earplugs. Meow!



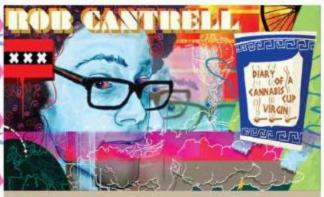
9. Jet

At the Cup, you'll see former Cannabis Castaway Jet Baker emceeing or doing one of his Jet raps about puffing. You can't miss him ... or his baby blues.



10. Arjan

During the Cup, Arjan is *everywhere* on behalf of the Green House, kissing hands and shaking babies. The King of Cannabis can water my plants any day!



My first trip to Amsterdam was a memorable one: Less than two hours after I arrived, I was onstage hosting the official opening ceremonies for the 22nd Annual Cannabis Cup—right after toking up on some super Dutch weed called Headband in the HIGH TIMES green room. I vividly remember looking out on the crowd and seeing the blue, green and red stage lights reflecting off a huge, dank cloud of herb smoke that hung over the large international audience.

"I love Amsterdam!" I told the baked assembly. "All I do is smoke weed and drink coffee all day ... yes, I am scared and jittery all day long! Coffee and weed, and sometimes mushrooms—but if you're going to do mushrooms, do them for the spiritual reasons. Never get physical on mushrooms, and definitely never masturbate on mushrooms: It can be very traumatic to see your own dick explode in your hand!"

The super-stoned crowd ate it up—one of the best times I've ever had onstage. The next day, I hit up a couple of coffeeshops and found the experience far more civilized than ducking behind a smelly dumpster with a one-hitter like a crack addict. Instead, I was able to stroll into a safe, warm coffeeshop and ask for a bong. The bongtender even put fresh water in it for me. Then I ripped a couple of smoky tubes and had an excellent espresso.

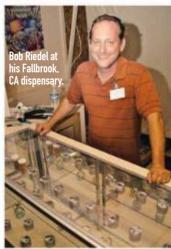
Coffee and weed, yes indeed! Cheers to the Cannabis Cup, Amsterdam ... and you!—**Rob Cantrell**

SPRING CLEANING

If you're a dedicated pot smoker, then you know what gunk buildup is like in your bowl. Usually, you're forced to unbend a paper clip or use the point of a pen to scrape out the burnt residue of a sticky bud. Not any longer. Smoke Better is marketing the most ingenious line of devices that we can remember (which really isn't very long, it turns out)—spring-loaded pipes! Who'da thunk? The Better Bat self-cleaning one-hitter and the Eject-a-Bowl allow you to push up the bottom of your pipe bowl and get a hit of fresh, clean bud for every toke. Spring forward into a new age of stonerdom! Check out smokebetter.com.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

What does a responsible business do when it wants to help out in the community? It joins the local chamber of commerce. And that's exactly what Mother Earth's Alternative Healing Cooperative in Fallbrook, CA, did. Bob Riedel, the co-owner of the dispensary, said that when he submitted his application, it became a hot topic of discussion for the chamber—so much so, in fact, that the Fallbrook Chamber of Commerce had its members take a vote in order to decide whether Mother Earth's



should be admitted. In the end, said the chamber's executive director, David Bergeson, it was a matter of allowing "a legitimate business recognized by the state" to operate. He added that the chamber "had no logical reason to reject their application."

Riedel immediately donated \$500 to the chamber's Christmas-parade committee and made plans to have reps from his dispensary ride in a parade vehicle.

A NEW POT U.

Following in the footsteps of Oaksterdam University, America's first institute of higher learning dedicated to the study of cannabis cultivation, MedGrow Cannabis College in Michigan has now opened its doors, offering a six-week course on medical marijuana that covers all the basics of successful cannabis cultivation. The course costs \$485, and the primary textbook is Marijuana Horticulture: The Indoor/Outdoor Medical Grower's Bible by Jorge Cervantes. Nick Tennant, the college's 24-year-old founder, says: "This state needs jobs, and we think medical marijuana can stimulate the state economy with hundreds of jobs and millions of dollars."

SHOW HIN

HIGH CLOSING COSTS

In December, reports surfaced that Lil Wayne was having problems moving his upscale pad in Miami. Why? It seems that Lil Wayne likes to puff—all the time. A prospective buyer told the *New York Post*: "A



member of Wayne's posse opened the door to the overwhelming smell of marijuana. Two hot, rap-video-looking girls were walking around in nothing but a bra and underwear, blasting hiphop. We just went in and looked around and tried not to stare. He had a perfectly organized closet of crisp T-shirts on hangers, neatly stacked piles of XXL magazine"

Well, neatness counts.

Jolie hates Brad's buds.

GANJA GOSSIP

Maybe more kids will help—because, according to a new book, there's trouble in paradise. In Brangelina: The Untold Story of Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, author lan

Halperin writes that the two fight constantly over lots of things, including his pot use. In several interviews last year, Pitt declared that he hasn't been smoking pot for a while now—but film director Quentin Tarantino begged to differ, citing Pitt's possession of a righteously huge slab of hash during a meeting prior to making *Inglourious Basterds*. The book also dishes that Pitt drinks and cheats on Jolie, and that she has the temper of "a cobra."

A FALCON FALLS

In December, Atlanta Falcons defensive lineman Jonathan Babineaux was busted for possession of 40 grams of pot during a routine traffic stop in Atlanta. Violating the NFL's substance-abuse policy could



result in a four-game suspension for Babineaux and a huge dent in his paycheck. Nevertheless, Babineaux played in the Falcons' next game and, by all accounts, played well. Meanwhile, he still awaits his punishment from the league.

Though we do have to wonder: If pot is indeed "dangerous" and a player smokes it a few days prior to a game, wouldn't the NFL be well advised to shield the player from endangering himself and others by keeping him out of the game? Or maybe NFL players who get caught with pot are punished simply because it's bad publicity.

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PORTLAND'S CANNABIS CAFE

Local activists blaze an Oregon trail.

Well known to everyone in the medical-marijuana movement for her infectious smile and endless enthusiasm, Madeline Martinez, executive director of Oregon NORML, has opened the Cannabis Cafe, an Amsterdam-style coffeeshop in Portland for qualified registrants of the Oregon Medical Marijuana Program and members of Oregon NORML. Cannabis is not sold at the café, but after paying a monthly membership fee, patients can vaporize or smoke their own on the premises, as well as share medicine with other members. The Cannabis Cafe features comfy couches and a pool table and serves meals and light snacks. All proceeds benefit Oregon NORML, the statewide chapter of the nation's oldest and largest marijuana-law-reform organization.

"The response has been overwhelming," Martinez says.

"We're excited to be able to provide a safe place for patients to medicate that is out of public view and within the guidelines of the Oregon Medical Marijuana Act."

So far, Portland police have received no complaints and say the café is not under any special scrutiny. Martinez opened it in late November, not long before her organization hosted the 2009 Oregon NORML Medical Cannabis Awards, an annual event that names the top medical strains (as chosen by local patients) and also features seminars, concerts and a holiday gift bazaar. This year, Purple Urkel took the highest honor, followed by Afghani Bullrider and Limon.

The Rick Bayer Award was presented to Sunil Aggarwal, Ph.D., who spearheaded the passage of the American Medical Association's recent policy reversal on medical marijuana. Activist John Walsh was named Freedom Fighter of the Year to honor his 25-year history of gathering signatures for a host of citizen initiatives and ballot measures, most recently OCTA (the Oregon Cannabis Tax Act for 2010).

Guest speaker and Native American activist John Trudell spoke eloquently about our movement: "Medical marijuana is not about profiteering—it's about a true medicinal need. I admire the energy of your creative intelligence. This movement is a model for accomplishing goals. And it isn't just about resistance, but non-cooperation. The children of the plant reject the prevailing mindset, and we will not cooperate!"

The Oregon chapter will also be hosting the 2010 National NORML Conference in the fall. Martinez, the recipient of the 2007 Pauline Sabin Award for women's leadership in the cannabis movement, promised: "You just wait. We've got plenty of surprises for our honored guests!"—Dave Bienenstock & Danny Danko

THE ART OF LEONARD PELTIER

A Native American political prisoner paints behind bars

Leonard Peltier, a member of the American Indian Movement, has has been wrongly imprisoned for 32 years.. Convicted of the murder of two FBI agents following a shootout on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation in 1975, his case represents one of the worst miscarriages of justice in US history, wherein evidence was fabricated and witnesses were coerced to give false testimony. But behind bars, Peltier has be-



come a powerful spokesperson for Native rights and has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize six times. During his incarceration, he has developed ino a master artist. Add your voice to the growing call for his release by purchasing copies of his outstanding artwork.

Visit Leonardpeltierart.com and whoisleonardpeltier.info.



FINE DINING IN DENVER

A tasty way to get high in The Rockies.

Steve Horowitz says: "In a different life, I used to be America's magnet king. I sold hundreds of thousands of magnets to realtors. It was easy, over-the-phone sales, and it was a great advertising tool for them."

Well, we all know what happened to America's real-estate market. Suffice to say, realtors pretty much stopped buying magnets over the last 18 months.

So what does a deposed magnet king do? After investigating Colorado's burgeoning dispensary scene, Horowitz concluded that there wasn't a very wide variety of edible medicine available for patients. Sure, there were great chocolates and brownies, but what about a menu of dishes that would please a host of discerning palates?

Steve freely admits that his first loves in life are food and cannabis. So opening the Ganja Gourmet in Denver—America's first full-menu cannabis eatery—was a natural step. "We're fun, relaxed and chill," Steve says. "We're here to improve people's lives. And we've got fabulous food: salads, pizza, lasagna, hummus, jambalaya, paella, with a lot more dishes in the works."

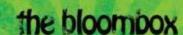
Two chefs and four budtenders oversee the kitchen. There is one menu proviso, however: You're only permitted to order one dish every 45 minutes. Because each dish is made with one full dose of cannabis medicine, the Ganja Gourmet imposes this safety precaution to prevent any adverse reactions. However, more than one menu selection is allowed on take-out orders.

Steve's next move is to use the Ganja Gourmet as a springboard for forming a nonprofit foundation that will facilitate easy access to cannabis medicine for veterans and those on disability. "I'm a patient myself," he says. "I've been dealing with ADHD since I was a kid, and I've been using cannabis as medicine since I was 17. I know how difficult life can be when you're deprived of the opportunity to participate fully. I hope I can give others that opportunity."

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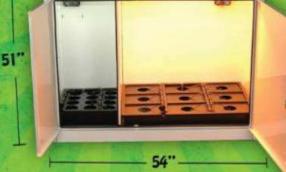
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T ARCHIVE, SUE SIRI

Medical Marijuana: A Note of Caution

by Lester Grinspoon, M.D.

Dr. Lester Grinspoon is associate professor emeritus of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and the author of *Marihuana Reconsidered* (Harvard University Press, 1971) and *Marijuana: The Forbidden Medicine* (with Dr. James B. Bakalar, Yale University Press, 1993). This op-ed is a response to an article that appeared in the January 2010 HIGH TIMES, "Rick Simpson's Hemp-Oil Medicine," written by Steve Hager, HIGH TIMES creative director.

Like everyone else who has been working over decades to ensure that marijuana, with all that it has to offer, is allowed to take its proper place in our lives, I have been heartened by the rapidly growing pace at which it is gaining understanding as a safe and versatile medicine. In addition to the relief it offers to so many patients with a large array of symptoms and syndromes (almost invariably at less cost, both in toxicity and money, than the conventional drugs it replaces), it is providing those patients, their caregivers, and the people who are close to them an opportunity to see for themselves how useful and unthreatening its use is. It has been a long and difficult sell, but I think it is now generally believed (except by the United States government) that herbal marijuana as a medicine is here to stay.

The evidence which underpins this status as a medicine is, unlike that of almost all other modern medicines, anecdotal. Ever since the mid-1960s, new medicines have been officially approved through large, carefully controlled double-blind studies, the same path that marijuana might have followed had it not been placed in Schedule 1 of the Controlled Substances Act of 1970, which has made it impossible to do the kind of studies demanded for approval by the Food and Drug Administration. Anecdotal evidence commands much less attention than it once did, yet it is the source of much of our knowledge of synthetic medicines as well as plant derivatives. Controlled experiments were not needed to recognize the therapeutic potential of chloral hydrate, barbiturates, aspirin, curare, insulin or penicillin. And there are many more recent examples of the value of anecdotal evidence. It was in this way that the use of propranolol for angina and hypertension, of diazepam for status epilepticus (a state of continuous seizure activity], and of imipramine for childhood enuresis (bed-wetting) was discovered, although these drugs were originally approved by regulators for other purposes.

Today, advice on the use of marijuana to treat a particular sign or symptom, whether provided or not by a physician, is based almost entirely on anecdotal evidence. For example, let's consider the case of a patient who has an established diagnosis of Crohn's disease but gets little or no relief from conventional medicines (or even occasional surgery) and suffers from severe cramps, diarrhea and loss of weight. His cannabis-savvy physician—one who is aware of compelling anecdotal literature suggesting that it is quite

useful in this syndrome—would not hesitate to recommend to this patient that he try using marijuana. He might say, "Look, I can't be certain that this will help you, but there is now considerable experience that marijuana has been very useful in treating the symptoms of this disorder, and if you use it properly, it will not

hurt you one bit; so I would suggest you give it a try, and if it works, great—and if it does not, it will not have harmed you."

Dr. Lester Grinspoon

If this advice is followed and it works for this patient, he will report back that, indeed, his use of the drug has eliminated the symptoms and he is now regaining his weight; or that it doesn't work for him but he is no better or worse off than he was before he had a trial of marijuana. Particularly in states which have accommodated the use of marijuana as a medicine, this kind of exchange is not uncommon. Because the use of cannabis as a medicine is so benign, relative to most of the conventional medicines it competes with, knowledgeable physicians are less hesitant to recommend a trial.

One of the problems of accepting a medicine—particularly one whose toxicity profile is lower than most over-the-counter medicines—on the basis of anecdotal evidence alone is that it runs the risk of being oversold. For example, it is presently being recommended for many

types of pain, some of which are not responsive to its analgesic properties. Nonetheless, in this instance, a failed trial of marijuana is not a serious problem; and at the very least, both patient and physician learn that the least toxic analgesic available doesn't work for this patient with this type of pain. Unfortunately, this kind of trial is not always benign.

In the January 2010 issue of HIGH TIMES, Steve Hager published an article, "Rick Simpson's Hemp-Oil Medicine," in which he extols the cancer-curing virtues of a concentrated

(he dropped out of school in ninth grade), ap-

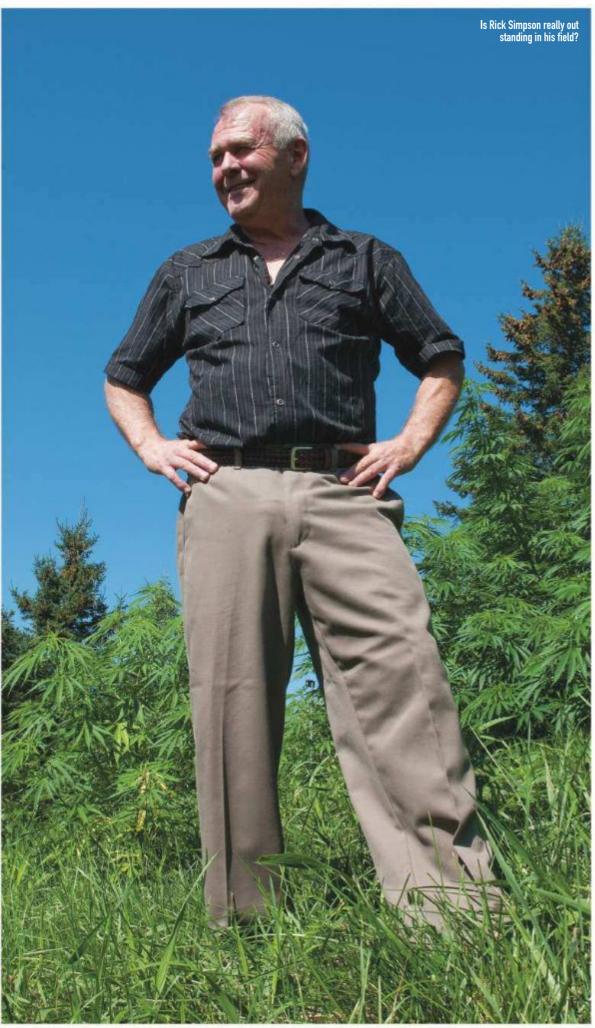
form of marijuana which a Canadian man developed as "hemp oil." Unfortunately, the anecdotal evidence on which the cancer-curing capacity is based is unconvincing; and because it is unconvincing, it raises a serious moral issue.

Simpson, who does not have a medical or scientific education

parently does not require that a candidate for his treatment have an established diagnosis of a specific type of cancer, usually achieved through biopsy, gross and histopathological examinations, radiologic and clinical laboratory evidence. He apparently accepts the word of his "patients." Furthermore, after he has given the course of "hemp oil," there is apparently no clinical or laboratory follow-up; he apparently accepts the "patient's" belief that he has been cured. According to Hager, he claims a cure rate of 70 percent. But 70 percent of what? Do all the people he "treats" with hemp-oil medicine have medically established, well-documented cancer, or is he treating the symptoms or a constellation of symptoms that he or the patient have concluded signify the existence of cancer? And what is the nature and duration of the follow-up which would allow him to con-

clude that he has cured 70 percent? Further-

more, does this population of "patients with



cancer" include those who have already had therapeutic regimes (such as surgery, radiation or chemotherapy) which are known to be successful in curing some cancers or holding at bay, sometimes for long periods of time, many others?

There are patients who have a medically sound diagnosis of pre-symptomatic cancer (such as early prostate cancer) but who, for one reason or another, eschew allopathic treatment and desperately seek out other approaches. Such patients are all too eager to believe that a new treatment, such as hempoil medicine, has cured their cancer. Unfortunately, this cancer, which was asymptomatic at the time of its discovery, will eventually become symptomatic, and at that time the possibility of a cure is significantly diminished, if not no longer a conceivable goal.

This lesson was brought home to me when I was asked by the American Cancer Society,

'There is no present evidence that [cannabis] cures any of the many different types of cancer.'

-Dr. Lester Grinspoon

during a period early in my medical career when I was doing cancer research, to participate in an investigation of a man in Texas who claimed that a particular herb that his grandfather discovered would cure cancer. I was able to locate two women who had well-documented diagnoses of early (asymptomatic) cervical cancer who had decided not to have surgery but instead went to Texas and took the "medicine." When I first met them some months after each had taken the "cure," they were certain that they were now cancer-free. With much effort, I was able to persuade them to have our surgical unit perform new biopsies, both of which revealed advancement in the pathological process over their initial biopsies. Both were then persuaded to have the surgery they had previously feared, and there is no doubt that this resulted in saving their lives.

There is little doubt that cannabis now may play some non-curative roles in the treatment of this disease (or diseases) because it is often useful to cancer patients who suffer from nausea, anorexia, depression, anxiety, pain and insomnia. However, while there is growing evidence from animal studies that it may shrink tumor cells and cause other promising salutary effects in some cancers, there is no present evidence that it cures any of the many different types of cancer. I think the day will come when it or some cannabinoid derivatives will be demonstrated to have cancer-curative powers, but in the meantime, we must be very cautious about what we promise these patients. *



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.

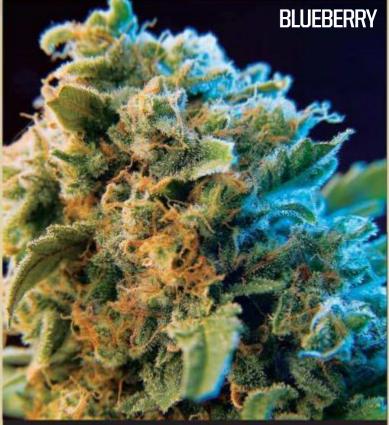
CURRENT US PRICE INDEX: \$374 (last month: \$368; YTD: \$363)

CURRENT KIND INDEX (\$350+ PER OZ): **\$451** (\$414, \$437)

CURRENT MIDS INDEX (\$150-\$349 PER OZ): \$271 (\$296, \$280)

CURRENT SCHWAG INDEX (\$1-\$149 PER OZ): \$97 (\$108, \$96)

STATE	CITY	STRAIN	PRICE
ARIZONA	Phoenix Tucson	Power Plant Blackberry Northern Lights	\$500 \$350 \$345
CALIFORNIA	Gridley Sacramento	UK Cheese White Widow Jack Herer	\$200 \$225 \$400
COLORADO	Denver	Cheesel G-13 x Haze Bubbleberry Sour Diesel	\$300 \$400 \$350 \$400
FLORIDA	Tampa Bay	OG Kush	\$400
IDAHO	Coeur d'Alene	OG Kush Grape Ape	\$280 \$300
ILLINOIS	Chicago Quincy	Mazar White Rhino White Widow	\$400 \$500 \$380
INDIANA	Lafayette	Hog	\$400
LOUISIANA	Baton Rouge	Trainwreck Schwag	\$500 \$80
MAINE	Bangor	Mids White Rhino	\$220 \$280
MARYLAND	Baltimore	Purps White Widow Chronic Jack Herer	\$350 \$400 \$350 \$425
MASSACHUSETTS	Boston	Kush East Coast Sour Diesel C-99	\$550 \$550 \$500
MICHIGAN	Clinton Township Detroit Livonia	OG Kush Jack the Ripper AK-47 Blue Cheese	\$420 \$450 \$500 \$300
MONTANA	Ennis	Mid-Grade	\$400
NEBRASKA	Lincoln	Sensi Star Super Lemon Haze	\$300 \$300
NEW JERSEY	Newark	Purple Diesel	\$550
NEW YORK	Buffalo	C-99	\$420
OHIO	Loveland Mansfield	Woody's Haze LSD	\$350 \$400
OKLAHOMA	Tulsa	Sweet Tooth	\$500
OREGON	Eagle Creek Portland Milwaukee	G-13 Purps White Shark	\$320 \$280 \$260
TEXAS	Austin Dallas	Afghooey Mango	\$400 \$300
VIRGINIA	Fredericksburg	Red Dragon	\$800
INTERNATIONAL (pr	rices listed in Canadian dol	lars)	
CANADA	Regina	Blueberry Kush Juicy Fruit	C\$280 C\$225

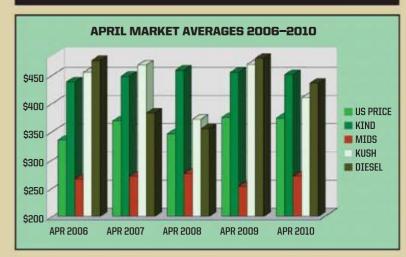


MARKET ANALYSIS

Once again, it's Kush in the top pot spot for the month. Perennial runners-up Diesel and Purps were also well represented in April, and after a two-month absence, Haze returned to the list of most-submitted strains this month. Meanwhile, White Widow cracked the top five for the first time in 2010 (last appearance: November 2009). The top five submitted strains (with average price) were Kush (\$410), Diesel (\$436), Purps (\$370), Haze (\$350) and White Widow (\$335).

Index Watch: While the Mids and Schwag indices were down from their previous month's average, the US Price and Kind indices finished April above both their previous-month and year-to-date averages. However, while the US Price Index increased only slightly from March to April, the Kind Index experienced a significant jump in average price (+37) over the same period.

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



White Widow - \$225 Gridley, CALIFORNIA

"All this medicine is very high-quality; the price reflects how flooded the market is here at the moment. God bless Nor-Cal!"

Deep Chunk x Strawberry Cough - C\$250 St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador,

"Grown organically indoors. Dark in color and full of trichomes, these fruitysmelling nugs provide a powerful, uplifting cerebral high." Woody's Haze - \$350 Loveland, OHIO

"Woody's Haze is a local Midwestern legend. The massive colas offer some seriously skunky buds, with a taste to die for!"

OG Kush - \$420

Clinton Township, MICHIGAN
"There is some dank OG Kush finding its
way into everyone's bowl around here.
Some serious sticky-icky, fluffy and
light green, that seems to burn forever!
Well worth the \$420 an ounce."



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Baffington Levy

Reggae legend Barrington Levy's incendiary performance at this year's Cannabis Cup almost didn't happen. Stranded in Jamaica just a day before the show, Levy relied on a little help from his "friends in high places," including party hosts DNA Genetics and Seedless Clothing, in order to grease a few wheels, get him on a plane, bring him into the Netherlands and, shortly thereafter, lead him onstage. From there on out, Levyone of the most energetic and herb-praising performers in reggae—knew exactly how to please a crowd full of overly irie cannabis enthusiasts.

The highlights included an extra-stony take on the pot torch song "Collie Weed," the hit song "Murderer," and an encore that provided ample demonstration of the kind of vocal acrobatics that first helped Levy earn his fame as one of the creators of dancehall.



much to the delight of the diehard fans smoking up a storm in the front rows, not to mention the many new recruits that the band won over among the stoned masses gathered in Amsterdam. On hand to headline the official Cup party thrown by Barney's Coffeeshop, this critically acclaimed British quintet offered up some kind words for their host's Vanilla Kush strain between numbers as they worked their way through a wellpaced, tightly executed set of songs spanning a now-decadelong career.

After winning the prestigious Mercury Music Prize for their first album in 1998, Gomez built a loyal following at home and in Europe, which they've been extending stateside the past few years with high-profile gigs at Coachella, Bonnaroo and Jam Cruise, plus a recent slot opening stadium shows for Pearl Jam.

Highlights from their Cannabis Cup performance included an ironic encore of "Get Myself Arrested," Gomez's musical critique of the UK's nonsensical pot laws. Naturally, nobody was getting arrested in Amsterdam—at least not for cannabis.



Yellowman

Yellowman had the good fortune to arrive at the Cannabis Cup in the middle of the day, just when HIGH TIMES was taking possession of all the sativa strains entered into the Cup by seed providers the world over. Prized for their soaring, uplifting and energizing high, sativas take weeks (even months) longer to mature than indicas and typically yield far less, making them highly sought after by true cannabis connoisseurs.

Sativas are also, apparently, the ideal smoke to fuel a nonstop leaping and singing reggae performance. After accepting a mixed bouquet of powerful sativas prior to his show, Yellowman literally jumped onto the stage and sang his heart out, keeping the energy level eternally set to "high," even to the point of busting out a few rounds of jumping jacks between numbers. The highlights included a sativa-inspired, dancehall-paced take on "Sinsemilla," Yellowman's inspired ode to high-grade ganja.





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Douglas Valentine was a professional tree surgeon until 1981, when he began a career as a writer and investigative reporter. In 1990, he published *The Phoenix Program*, an account of the CIA-sponsored assassination program during the Vietnam War that resulted in over 26,000 deaths. Some of the characters from the Phoenix Program were later recruited into various drug-enforcement agencies, and Valentine's research—the basis for two books on the US government's War on Drugs—has followed the deep political connections among drug overlords, organized crime and the intelligence agencies that secretly support them. In 1994, he uncovered evidence that bolstered actor Woody Harrelson's efforts to appeal the conviction of his father, Charles Harrelson, for the murder of a federal judge (the appeal was ultimately unsuccessful). Valentine is also proud to have worked for the family of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His latest book is *Strength of the Pack: The Personalities, Politics and Espionage Intrigues That Shaped the DEA* (Trine Day, 2009).

Where does the CIA-Mafia connection begin?

When the United States invaded Italy during World War II, the Mafia paved the way. Narcotics agent George [Hunter] White was instrumental in establishing this link: There were a lot of agents from the Bureau of Narcotics who helped create the OSS during the war. They needed the Mafia in Italy; they needed the Corsicans, who were part of the resistance against the Nazis. So they formed close relationships during the war.

So when the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs [the DEA's immediate predecessor] was created in 1968, John Ingersoll [the first BNDD head] was put in charge of cleaning up corruption in New York Cityand he only got about halfway through the job when they arm-chaired him out of that mission, correct? Well, it started to become a morale problem—there's inspectors climbing all over the place, and everybody's afraid of bending the rules. Everyone knows when you're a case-making agent, as soon as you get out on the street, those rules go out the window. And you can't have all these corruption investigations going on, so Ingersoll decides everybody's clean. But at the same time, he goes to the director of the CIA, Richard Helms, and to John Mitchell, the US attorney general, and they decide to secretly hire a group of about 20 CIA agents. The CIA is getting out of Vietnam, and it has a lot of extra guys.

Weren't these guys brought in to do "wet work" like Phoenix? They were supposed to assassinate foreign

drug dealers?

Well, yeah—but they also create this secret "anti-corruption" program, and they don't tell anybody in the BNDD. They integrate these CIA officers into the BNDD, and they assign one to each of the regions to spy on the big bosses. But it's a cover for a CIA-BNDD operation to assassinate and capture drug dealers. The Rockefeller Commission found out about it and wrote a little bit about it in 1975. They were supposed to make corruption cases, but they never did. And, of course, [the commission] never talked about the fact that it was a cover for what they were *really* supposed to do.

Did they actually kill anybody?

I've heard of as many as 150 assassinations. I asked Ingersoll about a \$150 million slush fund related to this "corruption" unit, and he said, "Yeah, that was an operational part of it." And that's one example of how the CIA's influence in drug-law enforcement is pervasive: National-security interests always supersede federal drug-law enforcement. My book follows this corruption unit into the intelligence functions of the DEA.

It took them years to penetrate the Brotherhood of

One of the guys that was in on that was Terry Burke, who brought Timothy Leary back from Afghanistan.

Burke became acting administrator of the DEA. He was a CIA officer in Laos, and he was recruited into this corruption unit. I spent a lot of time talking to Terry Burke.

He was in Laos in '64 and '65, working for a guy named Tony Poe [Anthony Poshepny], who I also interviewed—Tony Poe ran the base in Laos that the CIA was flying drugs out of. Dennis Dayle ran the CENTAC program [short for "Central Tactic Unit," the federal anti-drug strike force within the DEA] and said every important case could have been carried further, but the CIA blocked it. The CIA has no idea where the drug money goes, right? They can look through a satellite and see the color of your eyes, but they can't find out where this drug money is going?

How did you get involved with Frank Olson and MK-

I filed an FOIA [Freedom of Information Act request] with the CIA for its records on MK-ULTRA and, through a fluke, the CIA sent me unredacted documents, including George White's diary. Narcotics agent George White was hired to run an MK-ULTRA subproject. These documents came and had the names of everybody involved, so I just went out and interviewed them.

Knowing how sneaky intelligence operations are, couldn't they be planting agents—so-called "whistle-blowers"—in order to salt disinfo and put mud in the investigative waters?

Yeah, they are always muddying the water. That's why it's so important to stick to facts and what you know to be true. [Former CIA head William] Colby liked me, and he introduced me to a lot of guys who were senior CIA officers. And they told me all sorts of incredible inside stuff. After two or three years, I'd walk up and I'd meet a CIA officer, and they'd think I was CIA.

Because you were friends with Colby?

It's being deceptive, but that's how you get the story.

So there are agents who think you're undercover, planting stories?

Probably not any more, ha ha ha. But they did for a long time, and some of them probably think I'm still just maintaining an elaborate cover. *

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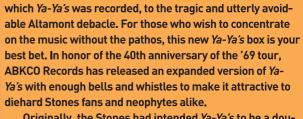
(ABKCO)

Coming as it did smack in the middle of the Rolling Stones' greatest string of studio albums—Beggar's Banquet, Let It Bleed, Sticky Fingers and Exile on Main Street—the rush release of the 1970 live album Get Your Ya-Ya's Out! was bound to be a bit of a disap-

pointment. Regardless, there's a ramshackle charm to it as the Stones struggle to reinvent themselves as a touring unit after a threeyear hiatus from the road, several drug

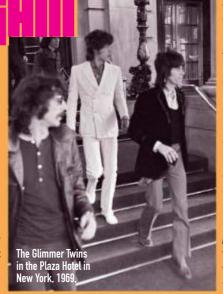
busts, the expulsion and subsequent death of Brian Jones, and the introduction of guitar wunderkind Mick Taylor. Within a few years, the Taylorera Stones would reach their live apex, but at this point, there's still the distinct presence of a learning curve.

The ultimate document of the 1969 tour is the Maysles Brothers film Gimme Shelter, which charts the journey of the "greatest rock'n'roll band in the world" from the triumphant Madison Square Garden shows at



Originally, the Stones had intended Ya-Ya's to be a double album that included tracks by their opening acts, B.B. King and Ike & Tina Turner, but that would've went against the quickie cash-grab spirit in which their record company had originally conceived it. (It's unlikely any vinyl document of the '69 tour would have been released, had not the audience-recorded bootleg Live'r Than You'll Ever Be started moving units in the sort of numbers that make corporate hacks ask themselves that fateful question: Where's my piece?) So now we get the B.B. King and Ike & Tina sets, which are both decent but not particularly revelatory, as well as the real reason that most people are going to make the \$50 sacrifice to obtain this box: a bunch of unreleased

Stones stuff—five bonus tracks and a short DVD of concert outtakes and backstage tomfoolery, including brief cameos by Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and the Grateful Dead. I'm not sure why they chose to throw the bonus tracks on a separate disc as opposed to presenting the whole concert in its proper order, or why they went with the out-of-tune acoustic numbers for the DVD instead of something that rocked a bit harder. But these are minor flaws to an otherwise superb reissue.—Chris Simunek



PRIESTESS

Prior to the Fire

(Tee Pee) ***

"We're Priestess, and we're going to fuck you!" This was

the rallying cry with which Montreal r.o.k. stallions Priestess opened their shows for years, and it was a promise they consistently made good on: Live, this band is one of the most obliterating I've ever seen ... and I've seen them a lot. Prior to the Fire, their sophomore effort, leaves me feeling a little more fucked over than fucked, unfortunately. Whereas their previous album, 2006's Hello Master, was a quartz mine of hard-rock hooks, at least half the songs on PTTF feel overwrought or, I guess, overwritten.

There's no question these guys are ridiculously talented musicians, and that's certainly in evidence here-just check out the bass on "Sideways Attack," or the drums on, well, any song-but tracks like "The Firebird," "It Baffles the Mind" and "We Ride" come off as standardissue stoner rock, and in that mold, run long and deliver little memorable riffage. There are some diamonds, though, including the flangeintro'd "Ladykiller," the strangely nostalgic "Murphy's Law" and the closing, speed-metaltinged "Trapped in Space and Time." The true standout here is aptly named "The Gem," with its Thin Lizzy-style twin quitars that dissolve into a brief, repeating hot metallic riff before thundering full speed ahead, ripping and destrovina

Overall, this album sounds like it was written by a band who felt under pressure to be great. Since they already were great, I'm gonna get what I can out of this and eagerly await their next release.—Polly Watson

JONATHAN LETHEM

Chronic City (Random House)

When critically acclaimed writer and MacArthur "genius grant" recipient Jonathan Lethem publishes a new, herb-

infused novel called Chronic City, HIGH TIMES' resident literati get excited. In his earlier Fortress of Solitude, Lethem brought a masterfully restrained take on magic realism to the New York of the 1970s, following the adventures of a pot-smoking street kid named Dylan as he blazes his way through a wasted adolescence on the seedy side of the Baked Apple—a great read from cover to cover, right down to the obscure HIGH TIMES reference buried deep in the text.

In Chronic City, Lethem returns to Gotham, this time setting his story among the political and social elite of Manhattan's Upper East Side. Chase Insteadman, a former child actor turned celebrity boyfriend (albeit to a female astronaut stuck on a space station), lives off of old sitcom royalties, finding his only comfort in the high-end marijuana provided by one of New York's many pot deliverymen. Once a particular variety called ICE begins to produce some rather unusual effects, and an escaped tiger begins ransacking the city, any sense of conventional reality quickly unravels for Chase and his friends.

When Chase starts referring to marijuana strains like AK-47 as "brands," we want to believe it's the character who's confused and not the author-but by the end of this sprawling novel, we realize it must be both. While the writing shows flashes of Lethem's previous brilliance, the "half-baked" plot makes little sense.—David Bienenstock

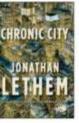


(XL Recordings)

This quartet of Columbia University grads emerged in early 2008 with

one of the most feted debuts of the year, boasting an intoxicating blend of chamber-pop savoir faire, indie-pop whimsy and Afro-pop rhythms that sounded like they were cadged directly from Paul Simon's Graceland. Despite the hype and a vaguely precious comportment, the self-titled disc was utterly winning.

Two years later, Vampire Weekend has lost none of their luster or peculiarly alluring charm. Contra expands the combo's palette without sacrificing the vibrancy or immediacy of their adventurous, hooklined arrangements. Though it's a wonderful listen from start to finish, several numbers absolutely leap out, demonstrating more show-stopping appeal than anything they've released to date. Foremost among these is "Cousins," whose pulsing Latin rhythms race with dancehall fervor over a rubbery bass line and a cascading surf guitar that verges on "Wipeout." "Holiday" is nearly its equal, bounding with ska-inflected energy reminiscent of the first couple of Police albums, sidling into a warm baroque-pop break in which singer Ezra Koenig imagines vacationing in a troubled post-invasion beach republic-but no worries, ugly Americans: "I've got Cutter spray and a healthy sense of worth." "California English" finds the band indulging their reggaeton impulses over a calypso groove; "Taxi Cab" brings a graceful, balladic piano and cello-driven sway; and the bass-heavy "Giving Up the Gun" throbs like a house anthem with a funk undercurrent, all beneath Ezra Koenig's rarefied tenor croon. The band's balance of world-music vigor and sophisticated pop poise sparks a joyous frisson that sweeps you along in its wake.—Chris Parker







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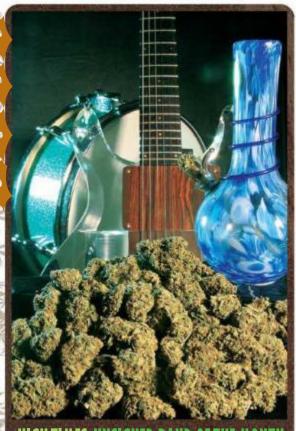
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BY BOBBY BLACK

When you've been to as many Cannabis Cups as I have (this November made 14), they tend to all run together. Consuming that much coffee, cannabis, hash and Heineken makes it all too easy to lose track of exactly what happened when. But once in a while, a Cup comes along that is truly unforgettable. The Seventh Cup. back in '94, my first time on an airplane; the 10th Cup, my first time as a celebrity judge; and the 19th Cup, when I met the love of my life, Vegas Price. This was one of those Cups.

This year, instead of working the event for HIGH TIMES, I opted to take some vacation days and made a deal with CS Travel. In exchange for my flight, I got to work alongside my honey as one of their travel reps—registering judges, working their expo booth, and hosting two events: a party on Saturday night (Amsterdam ThunderFunk) and a munchie-museum tour on Tuesday morning (Spacecake a Go-Gogh).

There were many memorable moments during this wild, weed-filled week: Our friends Derry and Sissi became grandparents, and I saw a tattoo of my face on a fan's arm. At the Melkweg, we blazed backstage with Slightly Stoopid, and Vegas made her runway debut at the TH Seeds fashion show. At the Expo, I watched a smoke rocket blast off, hit an eight-foot vapor bag, and experienced a total meltdown after a hit of hash oil from the Vapor Swing.

But smoke wasn't the only thing in the air this year. In case you didn't know, there's another kind of "stone" that Amsterdam is famous for: For around 420 years now, it's also been known as the City of Diamonds—a nickname it lived up to at this year's Cup. You see, on Tuesday, Pyrx lead singer Blaze1 proposed to his longtime girlfriend (and former Miss HT April 2008), Aiesha. Then, at 4:20 on Wednesday, a lovestruck young stoner named Carl commandeered the mic from MC Jet Baker and popped the question to his girl Vicki right there in the middle of the PowerZone.

Over the last few months, it seemed like everyone Vegas and I knew was getting engaged. Now, with these two cannabis couples taking the plunge right in front of us, it was more evident than ever that she was feeling left out.

'By the time we get engaged," she pouted wistfully, "people will be able to get married on the moon!'

Thursday was Thanksgiving, the Cup's grand finale and, most importantly, our three-year anniversary. Backstage after the awards show—not far from where we had our first kiss-I gave her my gift.



"Happy anniversary, baby," I said, handing her a card. Inside were two tickets to a lovers' candlelight canal cruise.

After a long 4:20 victory party at the Greenhouse the next evening, we headed out for the dock, It was so cold and rainy that she was reluctant to even go-complaining she wouldn't be allowed to smoke on the boat. We snuck a few hits of Headband Kush on the dock before boarding, then poured some wine and got comfortable. Unfortunately, with its fake electric candles, crappy cheese and absence of music, the cruise wasn't quite as romantic as I'd envisioned. I guess I'd have to provide the romance myself. I waited anxiously until almost an hour into the cruise—and then for a pause in the tour guide's spiel—to make my move.

"Crazy, those two couples getting engaged at the Cup, huh? You're not disappointed by your anniversary gift, are you? I hope you weren't expecting more

No, I'm not disappointed," she lied.

"Well, you know what they say," I said, fishing the tiny black box from my pocket: "Good things come in threes." With that, I dropped to my knee, and with a tear in my eye and a quiver in my voice, asked her to be my wife.

She gazed at me in loving disbelief, and as her welling tears picked up the flicker of the candle reflecting off the diamonds, they filled her eyes with fluid fireworks.

"I would be honored!" she sobbed.

With trembling hands, I pulled the ring from its velvet enclosure and slipped it onto her finger. Just as I did, as if on cue, the tour guide came back on the microphone and said: "We are now passing under the famous Skinny Bridge. The legend says that anyone who kisses underneath the Skinny Bridge will be together forever."

And with that kiss, our fates were sealed. After the cruise, my new fiancée and I headed back to Barney's Uptown, where our HIGH TIMES family was waiting to celebrate

our engagement with lots of bubbly, bubble hash and bitterballen. We partied long into the night, but no matter how wasted we got, I knew that this was one night—one Cannabis Cup—

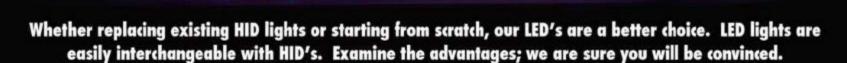
we would never forget. *

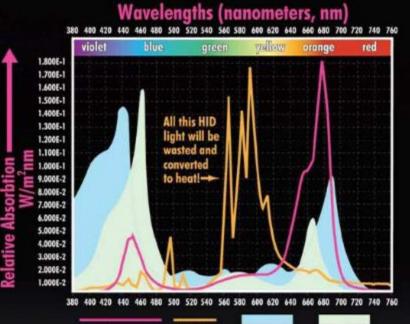
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VIVA PERON!

America's medical pot pioneer weighs in on California's dispensary scene.

By Paul Krassner



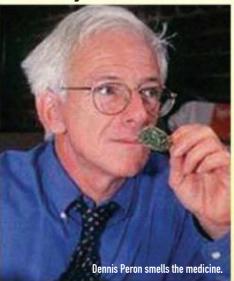
What triggered the transition in you, from being in the Air Force during the Vietnam War to leadership in the medical-marijuana fight?
The easy answer is "I got busted"—and every time I got busted, I got mad, and every time I got mad, I focused on some-

thing constructive to do with the anger ... like running for California governor (garnering 100,000 votes), writing Proposition P, the 215 initiative, or starting a dispensary and a movement.

The more complex answer involves the intense pain and anguish I felt and encountered, first in Vietnam, and later as the AIDS epidemic ravaged my community. Time and time again, I saw marijuana assuage searing mental torment and wracking physical pain. As John Lennon sang, "Whatever gets you through the night is all right"—and marijuana sure helps a lot of people through the night, whatever their ailment. So for goodness' sake, let's get this simple hemp painkiller legalized!

As the co-author of Prop. 215, what's your take on the crackdown on those dispensaries making a profit? Because profiting violates the law you helped create

Profiting is not within the spirit or the intent of Prop. 215, and I do not support profiting in the dispensary sector. On the other hand, marijuana is a large cash crop and a commodity, so pricing fluctuates. The law of supply and demand is always at play—some years, the harvest is better than others; some seasons, supplies dwindle drastically till the next harvest comes in. At such times, prices will surely rise. I guess what I'm getting at is that the issue of profit vis-à-vis the medicinal-marijuana trade is relative and not always so clear-cut. I would have to know much more about the finances of the individual dispensaries to give you a more informed answer here.



By definition, marijuana provides efficacy to such a broad spectrum of human maladies and conditions_that one can safely say that all marijuana is medical.

You've said that all marijuana is medical. Would you expand on that concept?

I always knew all uses of marijuana are medical. Marijuana may be used for the treatment of disease, the relief of pain, and for healing purposes, including the relief of asthma, glaucoma, arthritis, anorexia, migraine, multiple sclerosis, epilepsy, nausea, stress; as an antibiotic, an anti-emetic and/or as any healing agent, or as an adjunct to any medical procedure for the treatment of cancer, HIV infection and so on. By definition, marijuana provides efficacy to such a broad spectrum of human maladies and conditions—from anxi-

ety to HIV infection and heart disease—that one can safely say that all marijuana is medical.

But aren't you playing into the hands of those who claim that if marijuana as medicine were decriminalized, it would create the wedge for the decriminalization of marijuana for recreational purposes?

No ... like I said, all uses of marijuana are medicinal.

Finally, what question would you like me to ask

"As a creative person—one on the leading edge of American culture—how has marijuana been of support to you in your continuing endeavors?"

Would you care to answer your own question?
Coming from a large family, I always enjoyed having a lot of people around—and what brings people more together than pot? Nothing. It fit so perfectly into my commune-loving, pot-loving, restaurant/resort/pot-club brain that it all came naturally. Leading a movement was never my thought, but that quote from Margaret Mead always haunts me: "Never doubt that a small group of dedicated citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."

Paul Krassner is the author of Who's to Say What's Obscene?—Politics, Culture and Comedy in America Today. (No, it's not a multiple-choice question.) Check out Paul's C-SPAN appearance at http://bit.ly/46okng.

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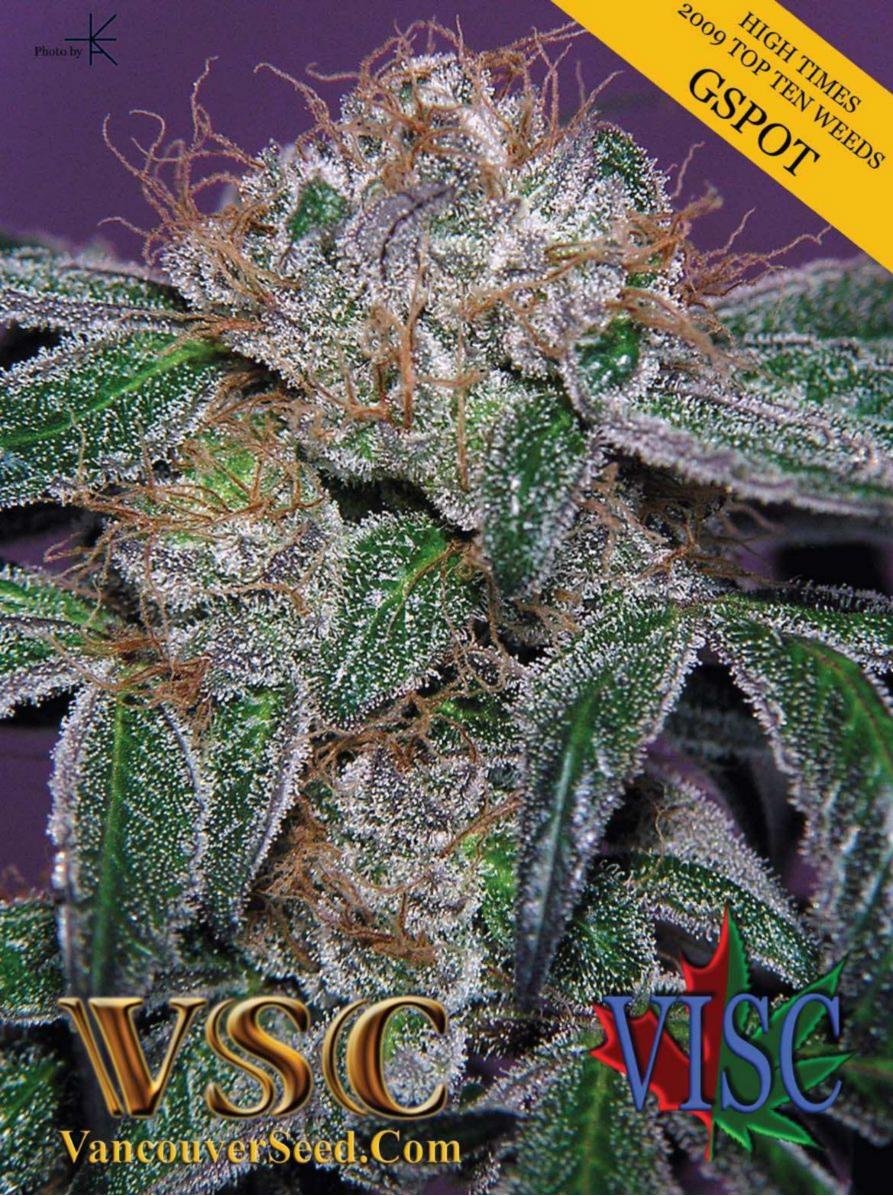
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Montana is vast and quiet, except for the ever-present wind blowing across the land. Its wide-open spaces and rugged scenery evoke a profound sense of reverie. This is what's called "God's country." Naturally, the buds growing in His backyard are nothing less than glorious. Story & photos by Dan Skye

Our truck bounces across the farmland.

A tall, rangy farmer in his late twenties is at the wheel. The sun hasn't quite risen above the mountains on this chilly fall morning in Montana.

The wheat and alfalfa crops have been harvested, and the adjacent hay fields are now dotted with bales. This spread, about an hour outside of Helena, comprises 1,500 irrigated acres, but the farmer's land holdings exceed even that. He confides that one of his favorite pastimes, after the crops are in, is to drive out into his fields with a cup of coffee and a joint, stop the truck, and just

listen to the sounds of a day beginning in Big Sky country. But his morning meditation will be postponed for a few minutes today.

Up ahead, a herd of antelope lazes in the grass. With the approach of the truck, one member of the herd rises. His uneasiness is quickly communicated to the rest of the animals and, in seconds, the entire herd has



A herd of antelope on the run from stoners.

risen and is hastily moving away.

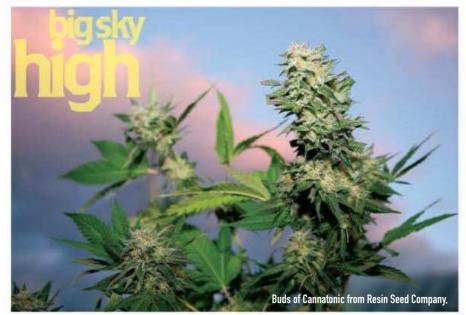
"Let's give these guys their morning exercise!" the farmer laughs. Then he smashes his foot down on the gas pedal.

There's no actual chance of catching the herd—and what would you do with an antelope herd anyway? We hit 60 mph in the open field, but the antelope race as a single entity, always swerving away from our forward direction. It's futile, but definitely fun.

In time, the herd is racing in a wide circle around us. Eventually, we stop, but the antelope

don't: Their brains are hard-wired for flight, so they continue their dizzying orbit around the truck. Finally, one dude begins to slow down, then trots to a standstill. Soon others follow suit, and shortly, everybody stops. The antelope stare at us warily, waiting for our next move. But that's all there is.

We light our joints, drink our coffee—and listen.



The unofficial moniker for Montana is "the Last Best Place." Here, antelope, deer and elk literally outnumber the people. Montana ranks fourth in area among the states, but its population is only 900,000. Forty-six of Montana's 56 counties have been designated "frontier counties," with a population of less than six people per square mile. There's plenty of elbow room here—room to grow. And that's what this Montana farmer does.

Six years ago, Montana became the 10th state (there are currently 14) to allow patients to use and grow marijuana for medicinal purposes. Voters approved the measure by a whopping 62 percent. Under the law, patients and caregivers are required to register with the state's Department of Public Health and Human Services.

But the law is restrictive, if not downright unworkable: Patients are only allowed to possess up to one ounce and grow up to six plants. Or they can designate a caregiver, who can grow six plants and possess one ounce on their behalf (which begs the question: If you grow more than an ounce, are you legally bound to destroy what's left?).

As in Colorado, the state's residents were slow at first to acquire their medical cards. But now, over 4,000 residents are legal cannabis users, with an additional 2,000 registrants expected over the next six months. Also, 221 Montana doctors are now on record as having recommended cannabis for their patients.

Right now, there are also approximately 1,500 registered caregivers. Many have begun to open storefronts—but these are not part of a California- or Colorado-style retail-access model, in which legal med-pot users are free to purchase medicine from the dispensary of their choice. Caregivers in Montana can only provide to patients who have specifically designated them as

'When you're driving a harvester for hours, the best way to stay sane is to smoke.'

providers. However, some are pushing the envelope and selling to any patient, as long as they're statecertified

Angela Goodhope is a cannabis advocate who was instrumental in passing Missoula County's

"lowest law-enforcement priority" pot law. She is also on the county's executive board. She looks askance at those caregivers who are flouting the law.

"It allows some caregivers to monopolize business, which leads to over-charging," she says. "It's not that I oppose the model of allowing caregivers to sell to anyone registered with the state, but it's a *process*. This model of safe access has to be introduced in a responsible way to the community so that people are educated and understand what's going on. I wish caregivers would work with policymakers to achieve these goals.

"Because the Montana legislature meets every two years—next in 2011—caregivers who don't follow the rules give legislators plenty of time to come up with bad bills, which we end up playing defense on," Goodhope continues. "Remember, we have a lot of poor people in this state. They deserve an alternative medicine at a low price."

The fact is, of the 1,500 or so registered caregivers, very few handle 20 or more patients—which probably makes Ray Rae's Medicine one of the biggest caregivers in the state. Many would argue that it's also one of the best.



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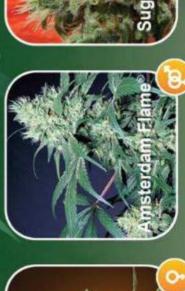
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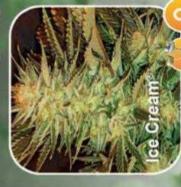




























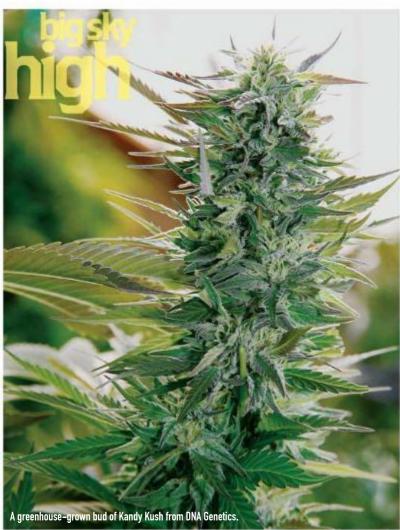
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Now in its third year of business, Ray Rae's is run by that lanky wheat and alfalfa farmer we just encountered—he who chases antelope herds—along with his brother. With a patient list of 150 and growing, Ray Rae's has quickly become known throughout southwestern Montana as the top provider of high-quality medicine. Since the brothers offer 30 to 40 different strains of pot at any one time, it's no wonder that their patient numbers are on the rise.

Between the pot, alfalfa and wheat, their farm is a 365-day-ayear operation. As we drive across the open land back to his farm-house, the farmer tells me: "Truthfully, none of our crops takes precedence over the others. We tend to all of them equally—I can be in the greenhouse one day, out in the fields the next. We run our own alfalfa-pellet mill right here; that's a big operation. Our hired hands work with farm equipment, but they trim plants, too. There's always something that needs taking care of."

The brothers are fourth-generation Montanans whose original family homestead (circa 1870) still stands—built before Montana even reached statehood. They confess that their affinity for pot was well known among their neighbors long before the state's medical-pot law was passed.

'Hired hands work with farm equipment, but they trim plants, too.'

"When you drive a harvester for hours, the best way to stay sane is to smoke," our farmer says. "The cab is air-conditioned and sealed up against the dust. When you stop, you open the door, jump down, and a cloud of pot smoke pours out. I remember one neighbor asking my dad if he thought it was a smart thing letting his sons drive \$200,000 machines while they're 'all high on that marijuana.' I remember my dad told him, 'Oh, yeah? They can farm circles around you."

He says that when he and his brother first became registered caregivers, the neighbors weren't especially pleased with their prominent new grow op, either. "But now," he adds, "most people realize that legal medical marijuana hasn't changed anything. People have come around."

Behind the family farmhouse sits a barn-sized Clear Span greenhouse brimming with plants. Outside, a cold wind whips across the fields at a steady clip, but the greenhouse temperature is controlled at a balmy



72 degrees. (Greenhouses aren't always adequate protection from the Montana elements, though: An early October cold snap saw temperatures rise no higher than 15°F for a week, while dipping well below zero at night. Buds nearest the greenhouse walls took a beating. The brothers also plant an additional 60 plants annually, guerrilla style, "just for shits and giggles"—but between deer, hail and windstorms, they're lucky to harvest 15.)

The greenhouse is rife with Cheese strains from Big Buddha Seeds; the patients who purchase their medicine from Ray Rae's report that strains like Big Buddha Cheese, Cheesus, Blue Cheese, Bubble
Cheese and G-Bomb offer demonstrable relief from their ailments.
DNA strains are also prominent:
Shark's Breath, Kandy Kush and LA
Woman. Plus there's Great White
Shark and K-Train from Green
House Seeds, as well as Blue Venom
from G-13 Labs and Cannatonic
from the Resin Seed Company.

The Ray Rae's brothers are always experimenting with crosses, one of their most potent being Blue Widow, a Blueberry x White Widow. In fact, they're hard-pressed to come up with names for the new strains produced from Cheese x Cannatonic and Sour Diesel x Bubblegum.





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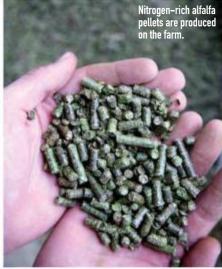
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These Montana farmers are firm believers in growing from seed in soil. The seeds don't go into the ground till June, and harvest takes place in late October. "Plant any earlier," I'm told, "and you'll be wrestling with 16-foot plants."

The secret for their superb pot may lie in the alfalfa pellets produced right here on the farm. They're rich in nitrogen—essen-

tial for healthy growth in leaves, roots and stems. The preparation of the soil entails auguring down six feet and then nourishing it with a blend of cow and chicken manure and these miraculous pellets. "It's a time-release thing," the farmer explains. "A lot of fertilizer gets sucked up by the plant right off the bat, but the alfalfa pellets nourish the soil for weeks."

The brothers prefer Roots organic soil, which works well with Montana dirt. All fertilizers are ended at six weeks; then, anywhere from four to six weeks before harvest, an "extreme flushing" process begins to purge the pot of the remaining chemicals.

All the same, a greenhouse operation is subject to the whims of the



weather. What do you do when the skies really *are* cloudy all day—darkly overcast for three days running? So Ray Rae's operates a substantial year-round indoor grow as well, using the exact same soil components as their greenhouse. Although they tried aeroponics for a while, with no real complaints, both brothers and patients agree: The yield, quality and taste of pot grown in soil is simply superior.

Here, Montana Sour Diesel (a cross of two Sour D's from Seattle and Arcata, CA)—along with Lavender from Soma Seeds, Blue Widow, Arjan's Super Lemon Haze, more Cheesus and LSD from Barney's—comprise only part of the gamut of strains being raised in Ray Rae's three-growroom operation.

This year, Ray Rae's will be opening a storefront; the brothers are still deciding on a town. Ray Rae's already serves patients in Bozeman, Helena, Missoula, Butte and Great Falls. However, the word "serve" here connotes quite a bit more than what other caregivers deliver.

First, Ray Rae's prices are unbelievably low: \$200 to \$300 per ounce, in sharp contrast to the prices of other caregivers in the region, who are charging anywhere from \$350 to \$550 per ounce.

Also, because the patients in need of medicine are often poor or unable to drive, caregiving at Ray Rae's entails delivering the medicine straight to their door. It's hardly uncommon for Ray Rae's staffers to drive a thousand miles per week serving patients.

"For some people, getting medicine can mean a three-hour drive. I just think that's unfair," our Montana farmer says. "We try to develop a special relationship with our patients. Some of them live in remote places, and they don't have a lot of contact with other people. When I show up, I always have a stash ready for smoking, and I bring a bong, vaporizer or pre-rolled joints—whatever their preference is. These people are my friends." **















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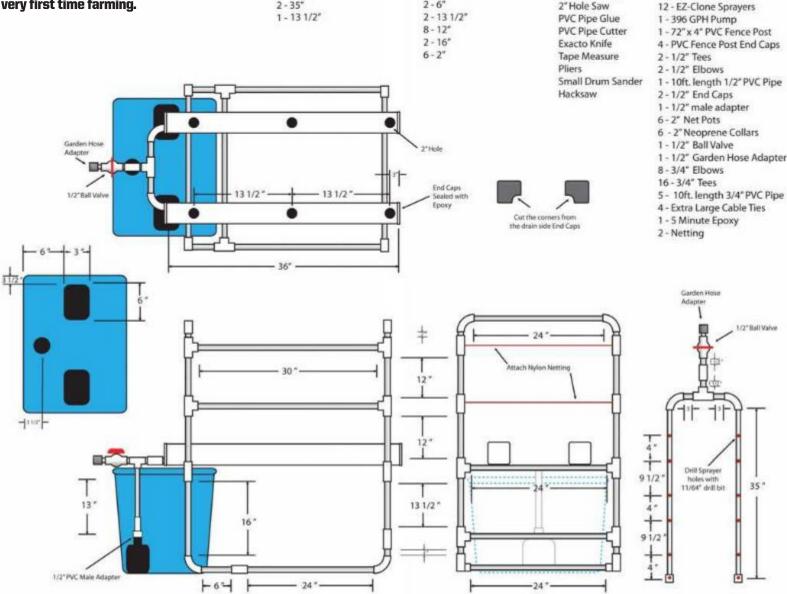
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Anyone can now grow their own medicine using aeroponics. It's as easy as baking a cake-and a lot more fun, too! If you follow these simple instructions, you can harvest a pound of buds from just six plants your very first time farming.



1/2" PVC Pipe Lengths:

2-11/2"

2 - 35"

3/4" PVC Pipe Lengths:

8 - 24"

4-30"

2-6"

Tools List:

Electric Drill

11/64° Drill Bit

Parts List:

1 - 18 Gal. Rubbermaid

Ruffneck Container

Aeroponics for Stoners

Spread the Love

I've seen with my own two eyes the medical benefits of marijuana. My mission started after losing my father and aunt to cancer. Those experiences really opened my eyes to the suffering not just of the victims, but also of the family members. For every person with cancer, there's a whole loving family also affected.

My problem is that I can only help so many people by myself; I'm limited to how much medicine I can grow. That's why I've decided to make my growing techniques available to everyone for free. Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and he'll probably get lost at sea. That's why it's better to teach the man to grow-it's a lot safer. With my system, you will never have to buy medicine again. The only thing that I ask from you in return is to follow the StinkBud motto and "Spread the Love."

Aeroponics Made Easy

So let me guess: You've heard all about aeroponics. Sure, everyone says the growth rates are amazing, but you have to be a genius to use it. Maybe you heard it was complicated and hard to set up, or that you have to be a chemist to make it work. Well, I'm here to tell you that everything has changed.

Before you can grow some plants, you need to build your system. It may seem daunting at first, but if you just follow my step-by-step guide, you'll have a killer system going in no time. Just try not to smoke too much pot while you're building it—but if you do decide to build your system while "herbally challenged," you might want to buy a couple of extra lengths of pipe (just in case).

The first thing you need to do is buy all the materials. I always recommend supporting your local hydro shop. If they don't carry what you need, ask them to—I'm sure they'll be more than happy to take your money. Try to work out a deal with them: Tell them you'll buy everything you need from them if they give you a discount; tell them you'll name your first child after their store. You might be surprised at how much money you can save—not to mention that you'll be helping the local economy.

The pump, sprayers, net pots, collars, netting and nutrients can be purchased at a hydro store. The fence posts, PVC pipe and everything else can be found at your local hardware store. Once you have all the materials, it's time to start building the system.

Step 1: Cut the PVC pipe to length.

- 1.1 Cut the following lengths of ¾-inch PVC pipe. These will be used to build the frame:
- 8 24"
- 4 30"
- 2-6"
- 2 13-1/2"
- 8 12"
- 2 16"
- 6 2"
- 1.2 Cut the following lengths of ½-inch PVC pipe. These will be used to build the sprayer assembly:
- 2-3"
- 2 1-1/2"
- 2 35"
- 1 13-1/2"

(I always like to count my fingers after I cut a bunch of pipe. You know, just in case.)

Step 2:Cut and assemble the fence posts.

- 2.1 Cut the 72" fence post in half to 36". Measure the holes according to the plans. Cut the 2" holes using a hole saw attached to a drill. Clean up the holes using an Xacto knife.
- 2.2 Take your hacksaw and cut two small slits on the edge of the drain end. Take a hair dryer and heat up the bending point. Take a pair of pliers and bend the lip down. This will help the water drain into the reservoir better.
- 2.3 Take one of the end caps and put fiveminute epoxy on the inside of the cap. Now slide the end cap onto the fence post. Run another bead of epoxy around the outside edges of the end cap. Be sure to let the epoxy harden.
- 2.4 Use acetone to clean all the epoxy off the rug and your clothes. Please don't take a bong hit with all those acetone fumes floating around. If you do, remember: Stop, drop and ... I always forget what comes after the "drop" part. They need to make the third word rhyme with *stop* and *drop* for us stoners. I don't know, something like "Stop, drop and flop"
- 2.5 Now take your other two end caps and use a Dremel tool to cut out a place for the sprayer assembly to go through. No need for glue on the drain end: Just set the end cap on the fence post and you're done.





Step 3:<u>Assemble the support frame.</u>

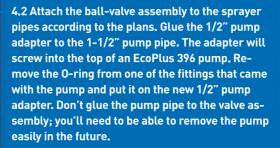
3.1 Start by assembling each side of the frame according to the plans. Now join the two halves together using the 24" pieces. If the frame looks good, go ahead and glue everything together using PVC cement. Place the fence posts on the frame and secure them using large cable ties.

3.2 Run two layers of netting across the support frame and attach them to the frame using cable ties.



Step 4: Assemble the sprayer wand.

4.1 Take the two 35" lengths of 1/2" PVC pipe and measure the sprayer holes according to the plans. Drill the sprayer holes using an 11/64" drill bit. Attach and glue the end caps to the sprayer pipes. Now glue the elbows to the sprayer pipes. Make sure you align the sprayer holes correctly with the elbows. You want the sprayers to be pointing up.



4.3 Screw the EZ-Clone sprayers into the sprayer wand using a pair of pliers. No need to tap the holes; the sprayers will screw right in.































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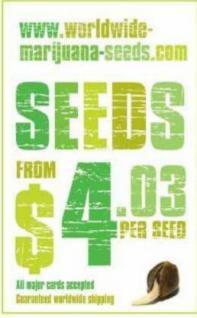
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Step 5:Cut and assemble the reservoir.

5.1 Start by measuring and marking the lid according to the plans. Cut the holes using your 2" hole saw. Cut each corner of the large holes and then connect them using a utility knife. Remember, pot and knives don't mix well, so avoid hitting the bong until after you put the knife away.

5.2 After you cut the holes in the lid, clean them up using a drum sander on a hand drill. Make them nice and pretty! That's all there is to assembling the main sections. Now all you have to do is put it all together.

Step 6: Assemble the final aeroponic unit.

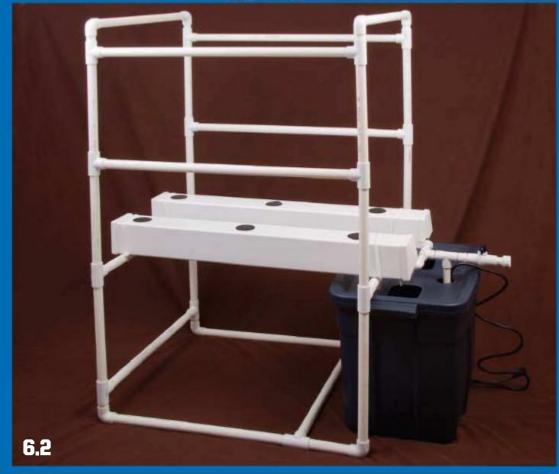
6.1 Slide the sprayer assembly into the fence posts and put the end caps on.

6.2 Put the pump into the reservoir and screw in the 13-1/2" pump pipe. Place the lid on top with the pipe sticking out. Run the power cord through one of the holes in the lid.

6.3 Slide the reservoir under the frame and into the proper position. Attach the pump pipe to the ball-valve assembly.

There you go—you should now have a completely assembled aeroponic unit. See, I told you it was easy!





Time to Grow

Now that you have your StinkBud Jr. assembled, it's time to fill 'er up! The first thing you need is good genetics: Without a good marijuana strain, your project will be doomed to failure. Do you want to end up with the Michael Jordan of buds, or some blueskinned, banjo-playing dirtweed? It's all in the genes. Think about it.



You need a plant that grows well indoors under artificial light. This usually means finding a nice *indica* strain. As much as I love the high of a good *sativa*, I find they tend to grow too tall and take forever to finish. I grew some Skunk #11 that actually took longer than forever to finish—it was more like infinity + 1. [They should just put an infinity sign next to the harvest times of some *sativa* seeds!]

Your best bet is to find a good clone. Many medical-marijuana-friendly states have ways for growers to obtain clones. Some states, like California, have clones available at the local dispensaries. If you can't find a cutting, then your only option is to buy seeds. All states have plant-limit laws, so you're better off buying feminized seeds—that way, you're guaranteed to end up with a female and not waste any of your precious plant allotment on males.





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Starting From Clones

If you're starting from clones, then you're stoked! All you need to do is put the 3-inch-tall clone in a net pot with a collar around the stem. Place the net pot into the StinkBud Jr. System and you're good to go. Make sure you spray the new clones for pests with neem oil before you put them in your system—it's always better to be safe than sorry. If you're starting from seed, there are a couple more steps involved.

Starting From Seed

First, soak the seeds overnight in a glass of water. Take them out and put them between some damp paper towels—try not to forget about the seeds and let them dry out (duh). Within a day or so, the seeds will pop roots. Take the seedlings and place them in Rapid Rooter plugs. Take the plugs and drop them into the net pots. Now put the net pots into your StinkBud Jr. System. Put an upsidedown net pot over the seedlings to keep the water from spraying out.

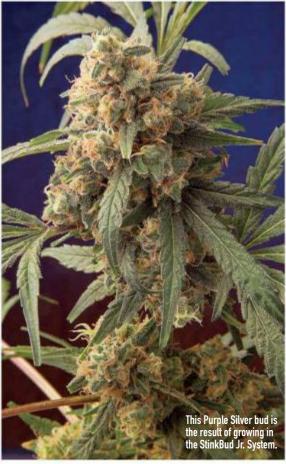
Within a few days, you'll see a taproot emerging from the bottom of the plug. Slowly and very carefully, break open the plug and remove the seedling. Take the seedling and slide it into a collar. Now place the collar into a net pot and put the seedling into the flowering system. Go ahead and start your nutrients at 1,500 ppm. At this stage, you want your light set to 18 hours on and six hours off.

Mixing the Poop Soup

Now it's time to mix up some food for your babies. The first batch we'll make will be the vegetative formula. This same mixture will carry the plants through the first two weeks of flowering. Here's the formula:

Botanicare Nutrients:

250 ml Cal-Mag Plus 175 ml Liquid Karma 550 ml Pure Blend Pro Grow



Mix all of the nutrients together in a gallon jug and top off with water. Shake well! Always check your water first: If your local water is above 200 ppm, then you need to use a reverse-osmosis machine to clean it before use.

Add 15 gallons of water (approx.) to the reservoir.
 Add the nutrient mix until the ppm meter reaches 1,500 ppm.

3) Adjust the pH to 5.8.

 Set your cycle timer to one minute on and five minutes off.

Time to Flower

All it takes to start the process of making buds is setting your light to 12 hours on and 12 hours off. Within two weeks, you should see the flowers start to form. Now's the time to switch to the flowering nutrient formula; you will use this through the entire final stage.

Botanicare Nutrients:

250 ml Cal-Mag Plus 175 ml Liquid Karma 550 ml Pure Blend Pro Bloom 175 ml Sweet

Mix everything together just like you did with the vegetative formula. Always shake the mixture well before you use it. Empty the reservoir and clean it out.

1) Add 15 gallons of water. (approx.) to the reservoir.

2) Add the nutrient mix until the ppm meter reaches 1,700 ppm.

3) Adjust the pH to 5.8.

Watch your plants closely. If they stay light green, you may need to increase the nutrient dosage to 2,200 ppm. If the leaves start to curl down like a bird's claw, this means your nutrient solution is too high and you need to lower it. Once you have your strain dialed in, you will never have to mess with it again; just watch the numbers and keep them in check.

We're Getting Close!

Your plants will grow like crazy over the next two months. Toward the end of eight weeks, start checking the trichomes closely (those are the tiny crystals all over the buds and leaves). As soon as they start to turn amber in color, it's time to flush your plants. A small magnifying glass works great for checking your buds.

The Best Time Is Harvest Time

Everyone loves harvest time! Time to reap the rewards of all your hard work. Just kidding—what hard work? It doesn't get any easier than this! Chop the girls down and hang them upside down in a cool, dark room. Check on them daily. When the stems snap between your fingers, it's time to trim. Grab a bunch of your friends and put them to work. It's actually kind of fun—I like to rent a movie and have some munchies nearby. Just don't get a scary movie or someone could lose a finger!

The Family

Welcome to the StinkBud family! Being a StinkBuddy means more than just growing medicine for yourself; follow my instructions and, before long, you'll be able to help others in need. That's where the true joy of the StinkBud Jr. System comes in. Always remember our motto—"Spread the Love"—and be sure to visit the StinkBud family at stinkbuddies.com.

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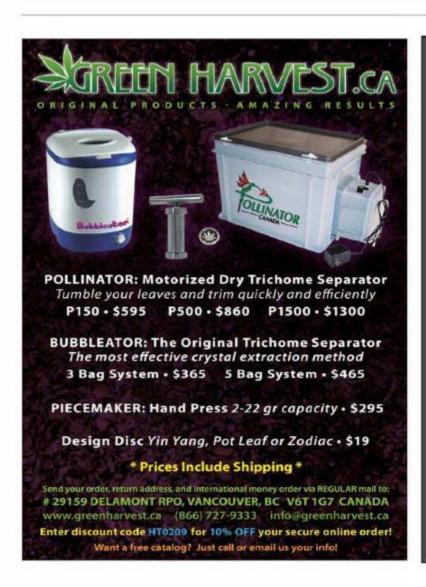
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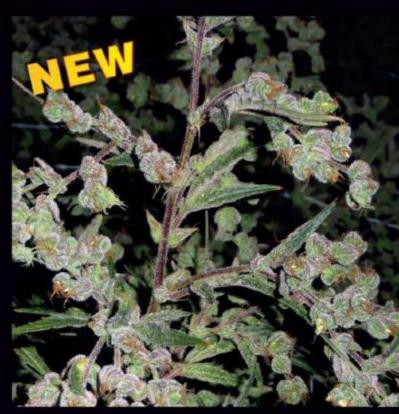


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Adventure at Amsterdam's annual pot party, the 22nd Cannabis Cup!

By Murphy Green

"I accidentally brought pot from New York!" one of my cannabis colleagues exclaims. "Crappy pot, too ... old, dry dust in a crumpled-up baggie I must have forgotten about in the bottom of my luggage."

Freshly arrived in Amsterdam, the HIGH TIMES staff takes a moment to relax and regroup at the Dolphins, a centrally located coffeeshop with free Wi-Fi and an underwater-themed decor. The 22nd Annual Cannabis Cup, still a few days away, will see the induction of Tom Forçade, HT's pot-trafficking founder, into the Counterculture Hall of Fame, and our conversation appropriately centers on this year's theme: the "Smuggler's Cup."

We're sipping tiny coffees, smoking the local herb and discussing our various smuggling faux pas, intentional or otherwise. "I once brought a tiny chunk of Strawberry Cough hash into Costa Rica between my toes," a member of the art department confesses. "But I'd never bring anything back into the States."

Since we all now work for a notorious drug magazine, and our names are probably listed in some secret government files somewhere, we're justifiably paranoid about moving illegal plant matter around the world. But plenty of other pot-lovers still do—some out of necessity, some for money, and some for the illicit thrill. In the heady tradition of Tom Forçade, many dedicated breeders and growers continue to risk their freedom to smuggle seeds, pot and hashish past the authorities—even here, in the

global center of cannabis freedom. One adrenaline junkie attending the Cup even plastic-wrapped live clones and concealed them in his luggage, facilitating the spread of New World genetics back in the Old.

"But why smuggle pot *into* Amsterdam?" you might ask. "Isn't that like bringing sand to the beach?" Well, not really—at least if you're a breeder or grower who wants to prove that your "sand" is the best in the world, including everything that's on offer in Amsterdam's famous coffeeshops. A couple of Californian judges, who traveled more than 7,000 miles to attend, even brought their most prized purple strain along with them, just in case they got homesick—an endeavor that brought the whole concept full circle, or (more appropriately) back to its roots.

Founded in 1988 by longtime HIGH TIMES editor in chief (and current creative director) Steven Hager, the Cannabis Cup began as an international homage to the '70s-era harvest festivals once held in Northern California. The Cup has since grown into the world's premiere marijuana event, drawing up to 3,000 judges from all over the globe to sample the wares of Amsterdam's competing coffeeshops and vote for the best cannabis and hash among them. The weeklong festival also includes a pot-industry trade show, daytime seminars, musical entertainment by some terrific bands and artists, and a separate contest for cannabis-seed providers worldwide, split into two categories (indica and sativa) and presided over by a select panel of expert judges.





cannabis couples

Whether you're a part of "Marijuana Inc." or just an everyday head on the pot pilgrimage of a lifetime, you'll quickly discover that everyone at the Cannabis Cup not only loves pot, but potheads too. In fact, many "cannabis couples" have met and fallen in love while in Amsterdam. It's easy to introduce yourself to an enticing stranger here, since you already share something in common—a high-level appreciation of the herb.

Several HIGH TIMES staffers have formed committed relationships that started at the Cannabis Cup. In fact, my own partner is a co-worker, and our passionate affair began behind the registration booth four years ago, where we were thrown together working 10-hour days. Senior editor Bobby Black also met his match at the Cup, and this year he proposed to his girlfriend, Vegas Price, on a romantic canal cruise.

The most public example of reefer romance took place at the PowerZone, home to the world's biggest marijuana trade show and exposition. Conspiring in advance with Cannabis Cup MC Jet Baker, Carl Shaw, a first-time judge, got hold of a live microphone while standing in the center of the crowded convention floor. His girlfriend, Vicki—fully acclimated to the atmosphere in Amsterdam—at first looked highly confused. But when Carl dropped to one knee, she understood, and tears of joy started

flowing even before he had a chance to pop the question.

"This day will never be forgotten for both of us," Carl told us a few days later, as the happy couple prepared for the bittersweet journey home. "This has been a dream vacation!"

Science has apparently never tested the premise, but there's plenty of anecdotal evidence to support the common-sense notion that couples who share a love of cannabis stay together longer and have more satisfying relationships. After all, it isn't called the "peace pipe" for nothing, and who can stay mad when there's a jar full of Kush to help set the mood for reconciliation?

With plenty of parties, concerts and activities—all of it set in the midst of one of Europe's most romantic cities—the Cup's a perfect place for lovers. Even if you arrive solo, or with a few of your best "buds," you'll quickly find yourself sharing the love of great cannabis, and you'd better come prepared to add your own thoughts on the running debate over what exactly is the "best of the best" that Amsterdam has to offer. Judges purchasing an official Cannabis Cup pass get to vote for their favorites from among the cannabis and hashish entered by 29 different coffeeshops, ideally visiting each one (or at least same pling their goods in an informal session with fellow judges).



Return to the Temple

As a behind-the-scenes organizer and Temple Dragon Crew member, my return to the Cup this year was a happy one—last year, I was forced to remain stateside due to some legal issues, the terms of which didn't exactly allow me to leave the country for two weeks to indulge in nonstop cannabis smoking.

Happy to be back where I belong, my most important task at this year's Cup was assisting HT photographer Brian Jahn as he catalogued more than 100 distinct samples of pot and hash for posterity. Next, I helped code the entries to make sure the judges wouldn't be influenced by the real name of the strain or the breeder who had submitted it while making their decisions. Since I saw the samples prior to coding, I couldn't share my opinions with anyone doing the judging, which freed me up to silently observe everyone else as they sniffed, rolled and sampled their way through the jars.

So how exactly do you determine the "best in show" when evaluating nearly 30 kinds of cannabis? Every HT staffer has developed his or her own method, whether based on dog shows, tournament brackets, Olympics-style 1-to-10 scoring, or some more improvised method of elimina-

tion. And with the arrival of the Berkeley Patients Group, all of our best methods came face to face with the BPG's newly developed system for a more scientific cannabis evaluation.

A pioneering dispensary led by longtime medical-marijuana activist Debby Goldsberry, the Berkeley Patients Group has operated openly in California since 1999. After 10 years of providing safe access for thousands of medical-marijuana patients, the BPG has recently teamed up with scientist Victoria Garzouzi to design a bioassay sheet to help people evaluate cannabis using specific sense criteria. With this new system of "organoleptics," the dispensary hopes to train buyers to rate the quality of cannabis flowers more effectively than can be achieved with expensive laboratory testing.

The bioassay form tasks a cannabis tester with rating the taste, odor, appearance (trim, structure and resin), density (fluffy or dense), and dryness of a given cannabis sample on a scale of 1 to 6. Tastes and smells are also noted (as sweet, savory, salty, sour or bitter), and there's a descriptive section asking whether the medicine was uplifting or sedative. A graph section asks the patient to draw

a line indicating the strength of the medicine over time, and also to guess at the THC percentage.

The overflowing cornucopia of cannabis that is the Cannabis Cup proved to be the perfect place for the Berkeley Patients Group to test-drive their new forms under extreme conditions. Back home, they evaluate cannabis from hundreds of growers every year, rejecting over 50 percent of what they see. But this was the best pot in the world, and plenty of it, to be evaluated in only a few days, and the BPG members still had to find time to run their booth, host a seminar, see the city and hit a few of the parties, too. Needless to say, without such a scientific approach, things could have gotten a little confusing somewhere between the seed-company sativas and the imported hash.

As an example, when legendary Apple Records artist David Peel first arrived in the official HT testing temple and saw all those coded jars of lush, pungent nugs, he stared in disbelief for a moment before declaring, "I'm used to smoking Yippie dirtweed!" and digging right in. Sure enough (and true to his word), after an hour or so of random sampling, the stoner-songster was taking a nap, unaccustomed to such potent pot.

GLOBAL GANJA GATHERING

Meanwhile, at the PowerZone, the pre-registration was up and running, and the earliest arrivals among the judges were picking up their passes, T-shirts, guidebooks and maps so they could get a jump-start on the coffeeshop crawl. Senior editor David Bienenstock, author of *The Official HIGH TIMES Pot Smoker's Handbook*, greeted many of those newly arrived and helped them to get oriented.

"I asked almost everyone where they were from, and was amazed to meet stoners from all over Europe, North America, South America, Central America, Asia, Russia, Alaska, Hawaii, the UK, and even a small group from Australia," Dave told me that night as we ate our communal staff dinner. "I love finding people who've just arrived straight from the airport, and it's their first time in Europe, and they haven't even been to a coffeeshop yet. I make sure to smoke them out on something really special and give them a little advice on how to make the most of their trip."

All around the world, this has been a huge year for the advance of marijuana freedom. No wonder we had more vendors and sponsors this year than ever before. By the time the PowerZone Expo opened, the massive space was filled with seed companies, bong and vaporizer manufacturers, cultivation-equipment suppliers, hempolothing companies and other representatives of the stoner-industrial complex, one of the few business sectors capable of thriving despite a down economy. In this sense, the Expo can also be viewed a potential job fair, or at least a great place to make contacts within the pot industry.

Floyd. The All-Stars capped off the night with a dubbed-out encore of Radiohead's "Karma Police."

Now that the Cup had officially begun, the race was on to sample as much cannabis as possible before the voting closed in four days. Shuttles whisked the judges from the PowerZone to different shops around the city; many more would make the journey on foot or bicycle, crisscrossing Amsterdam to visit exotic-sounding shops like De Dampkring, De Tweede Kamer, De Rokerij, Katsu, Bij and many more. Ninety-six of the stoniest hours of their lives lay just ahead

For our select panel of expert judges, however, the fun and adventure of the Cup comes mixed with a heady sense of responsibility, since they're solely responsible for picking the winners from among the 27 *indicas* and 29 *sativas* entered by nearly 30 different seed companies representing Holland, Spain, Canada, the UK and the US. HIGH TIMES staffers were constantly on hand to coordinate and assist the judges in this daunting task, fetching grinders, papers, vaporizers, clean pipes, refreshments and hemp wicks for lighting all those bowls and bongs without butane.

The *indicas* were given code names drawn from vegetables, while the *sativas* were styled as different fruits. When presented with the jars, the judges ooh'ed and ahh'ed, cracking open the seals and sniffing samples of "Lime" and "Pineapple" while gazing in wonder at all those perfectly manicured buds. The resin glands from each sample were studied under the microscope, and those jars that looked and smelled best were lined up for special consideration.

Grinding the buds offered the best chance to



satiya showdown

Opening night at the Melkweg drew a capacity crowd of judges, competitors, celebrities and special guests for the official opening ceremonies hosted by David Peel, followed by a performance from the Easy Star All-Stars, the laid-back reggae band best known for transforming songs by Pink Floyd, Radiohead and the Beatles into groovy, spaced-out jams. "Ganja is the healing of the Earth," lead singer Eliot Martin declared before drifting into the band's version of "Time" by Pink

assess the bouquet. Then it was time to roll up, inhale and ponder the deeper questions: What makes this particular strain unique or different? How does it make you feel? Does it burn well, leaving a clean white ash? How does a vapor hit of the same sample taste?

After two solid days of testing, it was time for the final *sativa* showdown. At high noon, the BPG crew arrived at the Temple and, in a power session, narrowed the final seven contenders down to just three, code-named Mandarin, Persimmon and Date.

Taster's choice

Seven coffeeshops with the top pot in Amsterdam rated by our panel of expert potheads (in no particular order).



Boerejongens

Located outside the city center, this shop and its new satellite, Bij, continue to tantalize pot palates with an extensive se-

lection of premium-quality hash and herb. It's definitely worth a trip there to try the S5 Juice, a hairy, reddish strain with an uplifting high.



The Dolphins

Located near the Leidseplein, this funky, undersea-themed shop was always well liked for its convenient location and late

hours—but this year the weed became a reason to visit as well! White Dolphins sent a warm buzz throughout my whole body, and induced the kind of cottonmouth that was alleviated by a delicious fresh mint tea.



Mellow Yellow

Established in 1967, Mellow Yellow is Amsterdam's oldest coffeeshop, but the staff has kept up with all the current

trends in cannabis. Their S5 Haze sample was perfectly grown and recaptured the tasters' nostalgia for the '70s.



420 Café

This old-school, wood-paneled Dutch barroom has been converted into a cannabis café with a pool table in the back.

It's only a few minutes from Central Station, so stop by and try their crystal-laden 420 Kush.



De Kroon

Situated across the street from the 420 Café, this shop offers an excellent selection of hash from Morocco, Asia

and Holland, plus a weed menu with many promising *indicas* and *sativas*. This year's entry, OG #18, was as good as any Kush in California.



Ocean

Another newcomer to the Cup, this shop is located outside the city center, away from the touristy parts of town and in

the midst of a real Dutch neighborhood. While they don't offer more than a few types of cannabis and hash, what they do have in stock is of exquisite quality. Taste the real-deal Silver Haze while you still can!



De Tweede Kamer

A cozy and comfortable shop with an extensive menu, De Tweede Kamer consistently offers great cannabis, and this

year's G-13 Amnesia tested extremely well among the expert pot panel.

californicating at the cup

Back at the PowerZone, growers interested in furthering their cultivation skills lined up for a seminar featuring Erik from Hydroponics Secrets and Don and Aaron from DNA Genetics. Now among Amsterdam's top seed breeders, the DNA boys arrived not so long ago as refugees from the Drug War back in the States. But with all the freedom sprouting in Cali these days, Don and Aaron (the "D" and "A" in "DNA") can finally start to fantasize about their eventual return.

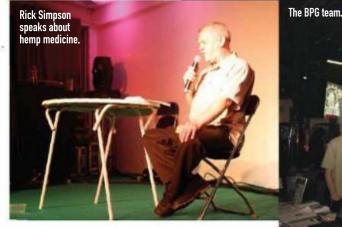
"We want to be back in LA," Aaron assured the seminar audience. "If you legalize, we'll be back in California, where we belong."

Those curious about the medical-marijuana scene in Cali stuck around for the Berkeley Patients Group seminar, which offered an in-depth look at the





Amsterdam's hash queen, Mila, holding a photo of her kiddie-pool sized isolator bag.



day-to-day realities of running one of the state's most highly regarded medical-marijuana organizations. By developing an integrated social model, the Berkeley Patients Group has won the support of the local community to such an extent that their 10th anniversary was dubbed "Berkeley Patients Day" by a unanimous vote of the City Council. After chronicling their challenges, setbacks and successes over the years, the BPG clearly communicated to their listeners that a victorious medical-marijuana movement depends on community involvement and political action. Beyond providing patient services such as counseling, yoga and massage, the BPG offers legal information, quality control, security and a culture that emphasizes knowing your civil rights.

Looking forward, the BPG spoke about how to apply their tactics to the legalization of cannabis for adult recreational use, as well as the importance of proving the safety of a whole-plant medicine. To this end, they created the Medical Cannabis Safety Council, which addresses issues related to packaging, nomenclature, contaminants and pesticides, creating a type of regulation system that parallels the FDA's. If marijuana

activists can establish these kinds of self-regulating organizations now, the wider society will eventually accept that successful systems already in place can maintain control over cannabis access and quality.

Celebrating 10 Years of Service

October 31, 1999 - Octob

The day's seminars came to a close with Rick Simpson, who expounded on hemp and cannabis as the "rational answer to the problems of the human race" and railed against the Canadian and US governments, Monsanto and the pharmaceutical industry. Simpson asserted that "the cure for cancer has been known for years" and that the essential oil of the cannabis plant is the key to fighting this deadly disease. As our Freedom Fighter of the Year, Simpson exhorted all courageous, freedom-loving people to rebel against the corruption of a government that supports pharmaceutical companies as "drug dealers to the public," and championed instead a self-sustaining, do-it-yourself regimen of empirical healing (see interview on page 84).



By day, the judges divide their time between the Expo, the coffeeshops and Amsterdam's many other attractions—but at night, everyone congregates at the Melkweg. On Monday night, Barney's Farm threw a huge party, flying in Gomez, an awesome UK indie-rock band, for a night of Vanilla Kushfueled jamming. Up in the balcony, the entire HT crew reunited to swap war stories, while Gomez tore through their hits as well

as songs from their latest album, A New Tide.

On Tuesday, after the sativa judging and before the indica round, we enjoyed a hash interlude. The imported hash was code-named after different kinds of rock, while Nederhash was named after various bodies of water. As we surveyed the Granite and Quartz and Antarctic and Mediterranean samples laid out on the table, it occurred to me that all these "imports" should instead be called "smuggled," since they arrived clandestinely from exotic locales in India, Kazakhstan, Morocco, Afghanistan and Nepal.

As if on cue, Mila—Amsterdam's resident hash expert and proprietor of the Pollinator Company—popped into the Temple to offer her well-informed thoughts on which fragrant resins were indeed the most sublime. After examining and smoking the Nederhash, she concluded that the Antarctic (Hemp Flower Concentrate), Indian (Royal Jelly) and Pacific (Strawberry Ice) were her favorites.





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Dank side of the moon

Floating on a fragrant breeze of hashish, we returned to the Melkweg for a huge party thrown by the Green House to promote their Cup entry, Super Lemon Haze. Californian reggae-rockers Slightly Stoopid headlined the event, jamming through everything from mellow tunes appropriate for a relaxing 4:20 smoke-out to face-shredding punk anthems that made the crowd erupt into a grinding, whirling mosh pit.

So how do you follow Slightly Stoopid at the Cannabis Cup? That question was answered

Barrington Levy

sings through a

smoke cloud at the DNA Hotboxxx party.

the next day at the Expo, when TH Seeds continued their tradition of mindblowing theatrical stunts. Inspired by this year's theme, TH Seeds chose the moon as their next smuggling destination, and put together a multimedia presentation to document the mission to launch their own strain into outer space, including a giant fake rocket





that spewed tons of real cannabis vapor.

The launch was scheduled for 4:20 p.m. At the appointed hour, Adam and Terry from TH Seeds, clad in white Hoodlamb spacesuits, launched an LED-light-powered spacecraft that spewed THC from its tailpipe, annihilating the crowd with pure vapor from the company's Dark Star strain.

That night, Barrington Levy—flown in all the way from Jamaica—performed for the judges at DNA Genetics' Fourth Annual Hotboxxx Party. So many joints of Headband Kush were circulating that the entire venue looked like it had been set on fire. After roaring through a show composed of hits like "Too Experienced/Under Mi Sensi" and "Please Jah Jah/Black Roses," the reggae superstar retired to the backstage area to enjoy a big spliff of his own.

Back at the Temple, the *indicas* had been unleashed, and the expert judges prepared to tackle another round of cannabis testing. Once again, the microscope came out, the bioassay sheets were filled in, and the favorites slowly emerged. At high noon on Thursday, the judges convened for a final meeting on the *indica* strains, and the offerings were culled down to the three winners.



Yoting Day

Meanwhile, the PowerZone featured another day of cultivation seminars, including Derry from Barney's and HIGH TIMES' own Danny Danko. Plus, with the voting deadline fast approaching, a line of judges snaked across the Expo floor waiting to make their voices heard in what proved to be a hotly contested election.

I conducted a few exit interviews and discovered that most of the judges had made it to most of the coffeeshops, but only a hearty few had managed to run the gauntlet and visit all 29 listed in the guidebook. Still, every judge was irie and happy, especially since, after casting their ballot, they received a shiny "I Voted!" sticker, plus free magazines, rolling papers, hemp wicks and leftover nuggets from the Temple judging sessions.

AT 4:20, A THE ROCKET LAUNCH ANNIHILATED THE EXPO CROWD WITH PURE YAPOR.

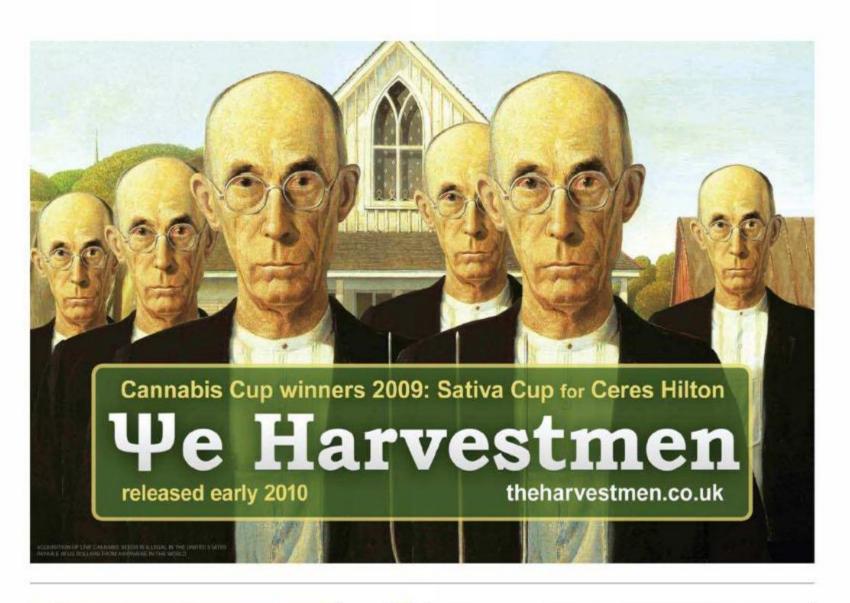
Since we use an ingenious, simple and foolproof computer system to sort out the ballots in quick progression, we can avoid looking at the returns until the moment of truth, after the last vote has been counted. Only then could I reveal the secret codes and share my opinions with everyone else: "Eggplant was really Motivation from Paradise Seeds, and, wow, yeah, look at those crystals"

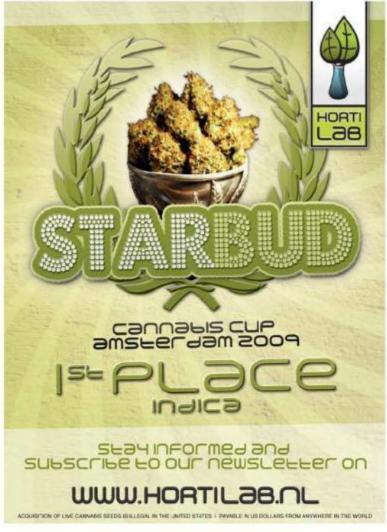
Then it came time for the closing ceremonies and the awards show at the Melk-weg. Behind the scenes, tensions ran "high" as Vaporella and I ran through our final preparations for the stage show, making sure plaques, medals and Cups were all in place, filling out cards, and coaching presenters on how to pronounce the names of the winners.





BRIAN JAHN (3), DANNY DANKO (2), LARRY GR







Winners Revealed

Of all the amazing and creative innovations showcased at the Expo, only three could hope to win the title of "Best New Product." Judges voted the Strain Hunters: India Expedition DVD from the Green House as their third-place favorite, with the Incredibowl taking second place, and the totally stonifying Vapor Swing selected as the winner, after the folks demonstrating it successfully stoned countless judges during the week.

Next came the seed-company awards. The code names were stripped away and the real identities of the sativa-competition winners were revealed. Third-place "Date" was a perfectly grown Purps from BC Bud Depotdeeply colored, with bright crystals and an amazing flavor. Second-place "Persimmon" was Super Lemon Haze from the Green House—yet another triumph for this popular strain. But first place went to a surprise entry code-named "Mandarin," a sticky specimen of incredible potency, with an uplifting buzz that made it the runaway favorite. We were all amazed to discover that

it was Ceres Hilton from the Harvest Men, who had unfortunately been busted while smuggling their entry from the UK. Luckily, a second shipment of the strain had arrived in time—and we sincerely hope that winning a Cup makes any subsequent legal troubles worthwhile.

The indica contest was also infused with new blood that made the judging a surprise and a delight. All-Star Genetics, a newcomer from the Netherlands, won third place with Kushdee, while second place was snapped up by the excellent OG #18 from Reserva Privada. But first place, once again, went to another unheralded contender, Starbud from HortiLab, which arrived so heavily encrusted with crystals that it proved difficult to roll in a joint.

Next up was the coffeeshop hash. After Mila shared her personal favorites, she announced the winners in the import category: third place went to Amnesia, for their Azila hash, followed by a second-place medal to Barney's for the decadent Triple Zero, while Green House took the Cup again with a championship-level Rif Cream. Then it was time for the heavy-hitting Nederhash-some of these specimens cost up to 50 euros per gram, so you definitely want to know what's worth your cash. Judges voted third place to the Grey Area Crystal, an unpressed hash made of gland heads and stalks, and second place to Green House Ice; making a well-deserved first-place finish for the Nederhash Cup was Barney's Royal Jelly.



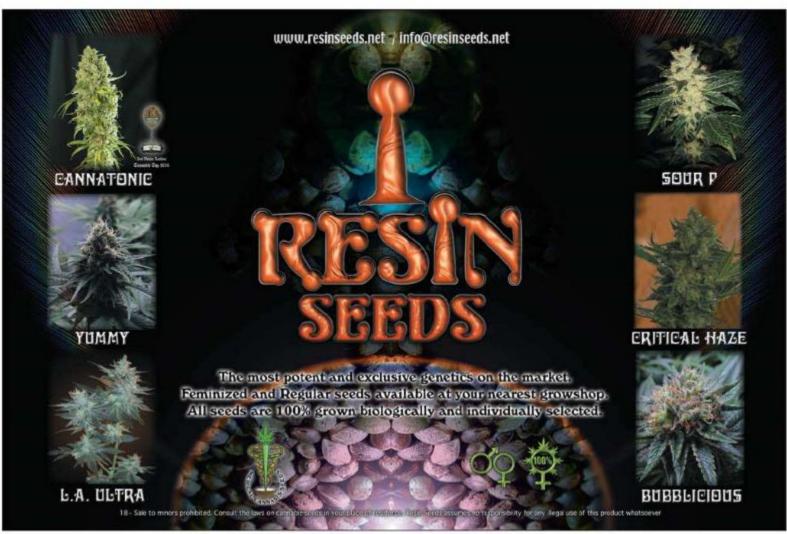
to another Kush variety, this time Vanilla Kush from Barney's. But the

2009 Cannabis Cup went to the Green House, who won for the second year in a row with Super Lemon Haze, a feat that has occurred only once before in the Cup's history-back in '98 and '99, when Arjan won back-to-back Cups for Super Silver Haze.

Taking the stage, the jubilant King of Cannabis proclaimed, "We have won the War on Drugs!" Hopefully, the Customs officers waiting in airports from San Diego to Philadelphia will soon heed that declaration and cease shaking down potlovers in search of smuggled seeds and souvenir chunks of hash.

Tom Forçade left the world a valuable legacy when he gave us HIGH TIMES magazine, and we will continue to celebrate and support the counterculture he represented for another 35 years. Although we can't officially condone flaunting international protocols, I'm happy to think about all the seeds that have doubtless been scattered around the world by Cup attendees, bringing pieces of Amsterdam back to Canada, Japan, Brazil, Italy, South Africa and the US, as well as all the new smugglers who have been inspired to subvert worldwide pot prohibition.

Every time you plant a seed, smoke a joint or harvest a plant, you contribute to a network of resistance, furthering the survival of cannabis in spite of official repression. In the immortal words of David Peel: "If life gives you lemons, smoke Lemon Haze!" The Cannabis Cup offers everyone a chance to become part of a special communityto feel a sense of love, belonging and camaraderie—and that's why I hope to see more people than ever at the 23rd Cup next year! *

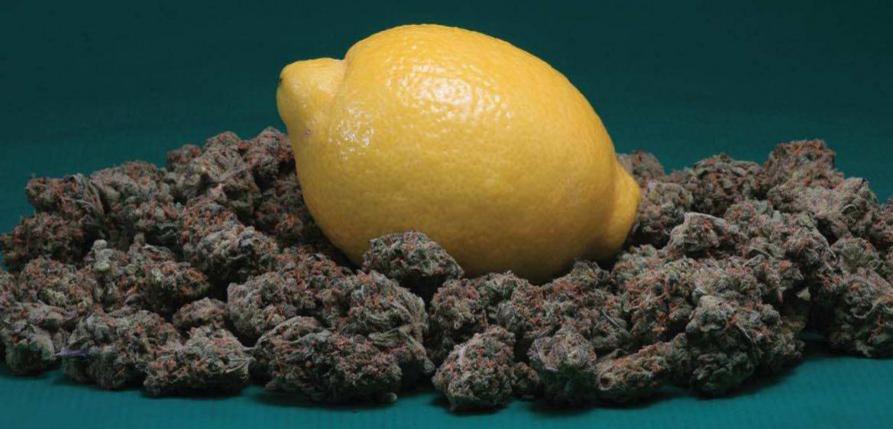


ACQUISITION OF LIVE CANNABIS SEEDS IS ILLEGAL IN THE UNITED STATES I PAYABLE IN US DOLLARS FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD



THE MILITURY

THE 2009 CANNABIS CUP WINNERS BY NICO ESCONDIDO



How It Works

Every year, the who's who of heavenly headies comes together from around the globe, meeting in Amsterdam—the Mecca of Pot—for the world's foremost cannabis competition.

Because of Amsterdam's relaxed attitude towards marijuana, the Cup can have several different layers of competition. The main event, known as *the* Cannabis Cup, is a contest among the cannabis entries from Amsterdam's most elite coffeeshops. Cannabis Cup judges—comprising anyone from the general public who purchases a judge's pass—visit each of these coffeeshops (individually, like a pub crawl) to purchase, smoke and then evaluate that shop's entry. At the end of the week, the judges return to the Cup's main convention hall to privately cast their votes. The winner is crowned as the Cannabis Cup champion.

Beyond the popular coffeeshops, Amsterdam also attracts a lot of excellent growers and breeders of cannabis. Because of this, many seed companies exist in or migrate toward this beautiful city, and so HIGH TIMES has incorporated specialized categories of competition geared specifically to these breeders and seed companies. The *Sativa* and *Indica* Cups are awarded to breeders who grow the best bud in each category. Only breeders with seed companies can enter these competitions, since the winning seeds must be readily available to the general public! Every year, a celebrity panel of judges is assembled to blind-test these entries and determine a winner. This panel is usually composed of experts in the cannabis industry as well as a mix of HIGH TIMES staffers (that think they are up to the challenge). Other celebrity judges include the likes of Tommy Chong, Redman and Ky-Mani Marley.

It should be noted that some coffeeshops also have their own seed companies and subsequently enter both or all three categories (not to mention the two hash categories). Thus, you will sometimes see a name or a strain that has garnered more than one award. Okay, got it? Then, without further ado: your 2009 Cannabis Cup Winners!

1st Place Cannabis Cup and 2nd Place Sativa Cup

Su**p**er Lemon Haze

Green House United Coffeeshop

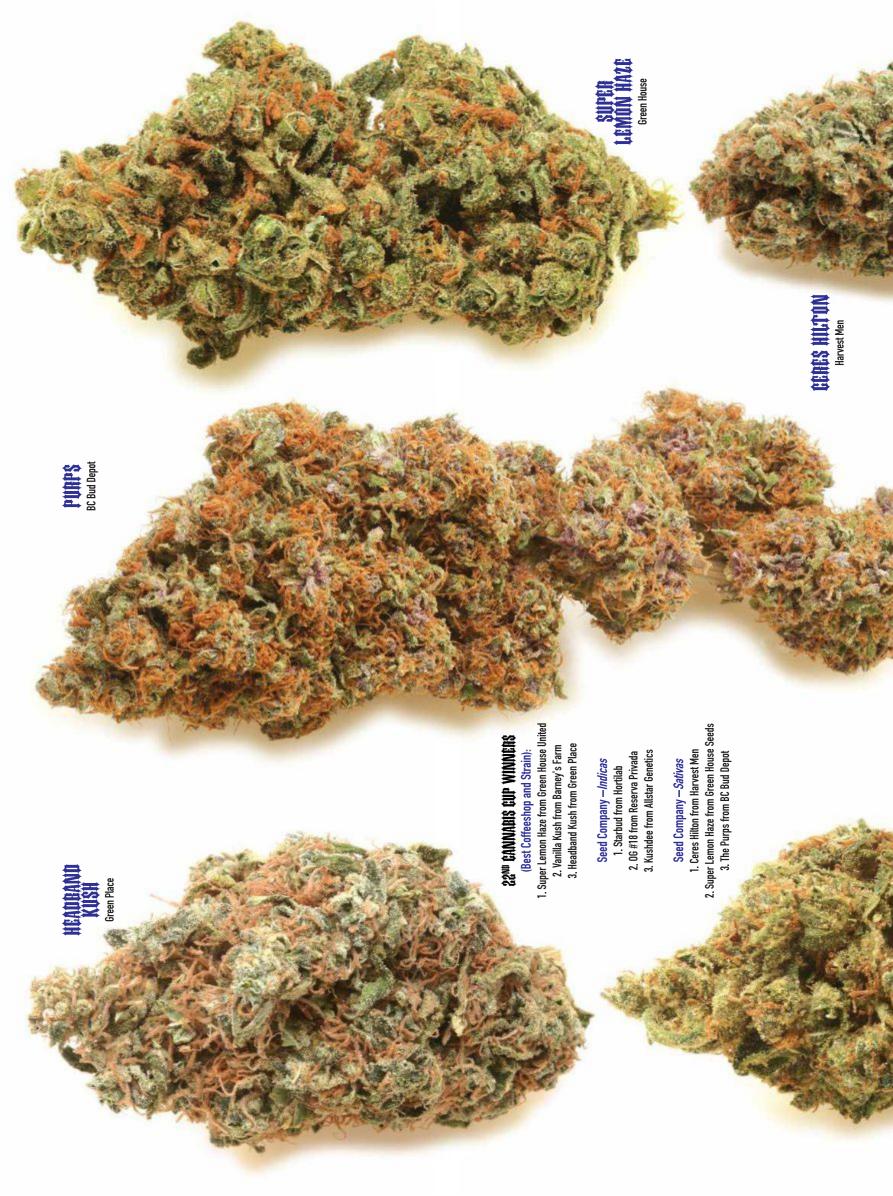
& the Green House Seed Company (Amsterdam)

Winning two years in a row now (for a current total of seven overall first-place finishes), the Green House coffeeshop has done it again. Repeating its entry from last year's Cup to defend its title, the Green House's Super Lemon Haze is now a two-time Cannabis Cup champion. The only other strain to win two consecutive Cannabis Cups was Super Silver Haze—also from the Green House—in 1998 and '99 (the 11th and 12th Cups)!

As you might have guessed, the citrusy lemon flavor, combined with one of Amsterdam's best Hazes, provides not only an excellent taste but a very smooth finish, making it one of the most popular smokes at the Cup. Its nose is pungent and sweet, and its high, while not overpowering, is as clear and uplifting as a super-sativa should be.

Congrats once again to Arjan and his entire team at the Green House. Not only did the Super Lemon Haze take first place overall for best coffeeshop weed, but she also placed second in the even more competitive *Sativa* Cup (breeders' category).











2nd Place Cannabis Cup

Vanilla Kush

Barney's Farm Coffeeshop

It's always a seesaw battle between the big guys when the Judges come to town and this year was no different. Finishing in a close 2nd Place this year was Barney's Farm with their unique Vanilla Kush entry. It's a rare flavor to stumble across, but leave it to Derry, owner of the Barney's Farm chain of coffeeshops and restaurants, to make the most of it once it was discovered.

The top vote-getter of all coffeeshop indicas, the Vanilla Kush has a powerful stone and might even be described as a very medicinal herb, suitable for muscle ache and pain relief. Its bouquet is soft in smell and carries a very lady-like essence. The taste, of course, is superb – refined and relaxed – much like the atmosphere at any of Barney's establishments. Part of the fun of smoking this variety is trying to place the flavorful notes on the palate – from the dominant wild vanilla and lavender tastes to the lighter accents of rose petals, sorrel and orange peel, this Kush is a class act.

Barney's Farm, who always rolls out the green carpet of herb hospitality at each Cannabis Cup really treated judges this year with their dense nuggets of red and gold Vanilla Kush. Look for it to start sprouting up stateside in 2010 as it will be a sought-after line for years to come!

3rd Place Cannabis Cup

Hea**d**ba**n**d **K**u**sh**

The Green Place Coffeeshop

Fast becoming one of the top coffeeshops in town, the Green Place has had two third-place finishes in as many years after joining the Cannabis Cup competition just last year. Going two for two against the biggest names in the game, such as Barney's Farm and the Green House, has brought a lot of attention to the Green Place and their bud menu.

After last year's immaculate Chocolope entry, the Green Place followed up with a beautiful Headband Kush entry in the 2009 Cannabis Cup. Using a roster of excellent local growers as well as superb genetics from Reserva Privada (DNA Genetics), this year's entry was a raw, Chem-smelling herb with a strong yet well-balanced high. Its aroma and outstanding taste immediately caught the attention of the judges.

Derived from genetics that originated stateside, Headband Kush comes from the Chem Dawg family and can best be described as a hybrid of the OG and Diesel lines. The dark green leaves dotting its dense nugs are trademarks of the original genetics. Adding even more appeal for the judges, this year's entry was extremely well trimmed and manicured. It should also be noted that choosing not to re-enter his winning Chocolope strain from last year shows a lot of guts and ambition on the part of Mo, the young entrepreneur and owner of the Green Place coffeeshop. Kudos to the Green Place yet again!



1st Place Sativa Cup

Ceres Hilton

The Harvest Men (UK)

Talk about a coming-out party—the Harvest Men, a newly launched seed company out of the UK, premiered their first strains at this year's Cannabis Cup ... and WON! Ceres Hilton, the first-place winner of the *Sativa* Cup in the breeders' category, took Amsterdam by surprise, giving the Harvest Men a very big win in their very first year.

Given their goal of "spreading great genetics all over the world at affordable prices," there's a lot to like about this up-and-coming seed company—not the least of which is their weed. The Ceres Hilton is a gorgeous, sweet-tasting herb that keeps you high for hours on end. With two exceptional parents, this lineage has serious potential. The mother is an Amnesia #1 female that came to England from Amsterdam and has been worked with over the last eight years. She was crossed with one of the powerhouses in the Harvest Men's genetic library—a male plant that is a hybrid of a pre-2000 Super Silver Haze (Cannabis Cup winner in both '98 and '99) and Jack Herer, a strain very similar to the SSH. This killer male has been used in several Harvest Men breeding projects before becoming the father of this year's top sativa, Ceres Hilton.

We here at HT are very excited—as are all Cup enthusiasts—about this year's onslaught of new seed companies entering (and winning) the competition. The Harvest Men's 2009 *indica* entry, the Prophecy, wasn't too shabby either and only heightens our interest in these new kids on the block. All in all, next year's playing field should be quite interesting with guys like these.

3rd Place Sativa Cup

The Purps

BC Bud Depot (Canada)

You know the name and they've been here before, taking home a third-place finish in the *Sativa* Cup in 2007. And if you know anything about the Purps, you know that when this strain is done right, it's one of the best-tasting and best-looking buds out there. This year was no exception.

Coming out of Canada, the BC Bud Depot has been refining British Columbian genetics for years now, and the Purps is a fine example. A sativa/indica hybrid that originally began as a Mendocino in-bred line (IBL), the Purps was out-crossed and worked over for two years until the breeders at BC Bud Depot had stabilized the new pheno and created an herb comparable to their earlier God Bud (which won first place in the 2004 Indica Cup). But the new lineage they created came out slightly sativa-dominant (60/40), giving it a powerful high.

As always, the dense nugs have purple running rampant all over the bud, and the deep purple-grape taste lingers on the palate long after exhale. This year's entry burned smooth, keeping its flavor to the very end of the joint, and finished with a fine white ash—unmistakable evidence of a well-flushed crop. Once lit, the judges never put it down.

1st Place *Indica* Cup

Starbud

HortiLab (Germany)

HortiLab—first year at the Cannabis Cup, first place in the *Indica* Cup. Exciting, to say the least, and impressive for sure! The young and talented HortiLab team hails from Germany and has been putting in diligent work with genetics from all over the world, waiting for just the right strain to present itself—and man, did it ever!

Starbud, a mystery strain to many, actually originated in the US: An accidental pollination in a Midwestern growroom resulted in the seeds from which this line was selected. Some guess that the lineage derives from the Chem Dawg family, due to its super-indica stone and the raw, dank reek that will open your sinuses the moment you smell it.

Judges at the Cup were immediately impressed with the Starbud's appearance: dark green leaves contrasting sharply with white, resinous trichomes and a few orange hairs. The taste has hashy overtures and a subtle sweetness to it. But it was the *indica*-heavy high that had everyone rolling a few extra joints for their late-night sessions. Plus the buds were exceptionally well manicured—adding bonus points to this professional product. We look forward to more from the guys at HortiLab and fully expect next year's entry to be even better.





Reserva Privada (Amsterdam)

Straight out of Cali and from the boys at DNA Genetics comes Amsterdam's finest OG yet, this time in the form of OG #18 from Reserva Privada—a DNA subsidiary comprising only their gourmet lines. Two years ago, Reserva Privada took third place in the Indica Cup with their #18, an earlier version of this year's OG #18.

While the OG #18 is technically the same as that #18 of '07 vintage, it's been officially renamed, since it was selected from a batch of OG F-1's and then refeminized. It must have been an excellent selection, because this #18 has only gotten better, if that's possible.

While the OG #18 is a little more on the sour side than true California OG goes, this version yields twice as much! If there's anything changed in the taste, it's not a bad thing, as this bud was reminiscent of the old-school Dawg that spawned the early OG Kush and Sour Diesel lines. Anyone looking for seeds to replace these lineages in their growroom should consider this strain as a very attractive option, especially if growing in Europe.

Allstar Genetics (Amsterdam)

Another astonishing indica entry at this year's Cup, the Kushdee showcased the refreshing side of Kush, with its myriad possibilities of hybridization. Boasting a much sweeter taste than your OG's and Sour D's, this was definitely not your mother's Kush

This Kushdee comes to us from Allstar Genetics, the seed-company affiliate of Stone's Café coffeeshop, who took home their first Cup in their very first Cannabis Cup appearance, winning third place in the indica category for breeders. (For those keeping score at home, that makes three out of nine winners this year who took home Cups with their first-ever entry!)

Bordering on the exotic, the flavor of Kushdee exudes a Super Silver Haze quality. This makes perfect sense, given that the stone is much lighter than your usual Kush/indica variety. The high is closer to 60/40—indica-dominant, but with a very cerebral feel. The taste also carries notes of Bubblegum, and the Kushdee has an excellent aftertaste. This entry was particularly pleasing to the eye and light in color, while the feel of the nugs was very dense. All in all, a gorgeous bouquet and an immediate favorite with the judges. *

new efect *a bond ! by Red Eye Glass



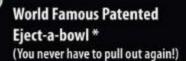
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76 HIGHTIMES

evitable future for us all in a world without pot prohibition?

With the sweet smell of sensimilla hanging in the air, the Cannabis Cup Expo offered booth after booth of exciting new products to the visiting day-pass buyers and judges alikemany of whom had arrived bleary-eyed straight from the airport, eagerly looking for a good time and a great high. Gift bags at the front desk included official HIGH TIMES Cannabis Cup T-shirts, maps and guidebooks to make sure the attendees knew where to find it all. From there, they were free to roam and wander the numerous displays, checking out the latest and greatest in weed wonders, as well as the excellent growing and political seminars.





Planting Seeds

Quite a few of the booths touted cannabis seeds, of course, and all of the usual suspects were there. Perennial Cannabis Cup winners Green House Seeds and Barney's Farm represented mightily, getting judge after judge super-baked with giant vaporizer balloons filled with their signature strains (Super Lemon Haze and G-13/Haze, respectively). Both companies also displayed their clothing lines, with hats, shirts, bags and accessories featuring their iconic logos and strain names.

Stalwarts such as Sensi Seeds (Jack Herer), Paradise Seeds (Sensi Star) and Serious Seeds (Kali Mist) showed off their proven and potent genetics, giving the assembled judges a taste of why they've been around so long and why they're here to stay. It's reassuring to know that companies that started in the late '80s and early '90s are still growing strong.

The Soma Sacred Seeds booth was continuously packed with people vying for face time with the man himself—Soma the master bud breeder, who dispensed nugs and knowledge to many an acolyte. Pipes were filled with Soma's special homemade hash, and quite a few farmers stocked up on quality seeds for future crops.

The TH Seeds crew always goes all out for the Cup, and this year was no exception. Along with their bong-hit-challenge chair and their line of

With the sweet smell of sensimilla hanging in the air, the Cannabis Cup Expo offered booth after booth of exciting new products to the visiting day-pass buyers and judges alike.

Attitude Seeds with their souped–up prize motorbike.

Hemp Hoodlamb clothing and accessories, they debuted a rocket ship that had to be seen to be believed—assuming you could get close enough to see it through the massive cloud of ganja vapor it created when they fired it up.

Resin Seeds was on hand to show off their super-sticky strains, including award winners such as Cannatonic, with plenty of judges stumbling away from their booth red-eyed and high as the proverbial kite. I had a nice chat with Big Buddha, proprietor of Big Buddha Seeds from the UK, who was busy unveiling some very interesting new crosses, including his Cheesus, Bubble Cheese and G-Bomb (all now available in feminized seeds). It was just a short trip from there to the BC Bud Depot booth, where I had a chance to sample their award-winning Purps and their new, even darker-colored Black. Canadian genetics were also represented by the Next Generation Seed Company with their Bonkers and Dynamite, as well as the brand-new Van

City Seeds out of Vancouver (or "Vansterdam," as the locals now call it).

DNA Genetics always come packing Cali flavors, and this year's C-13 Haze, Cannadential, Cataract Kush and Chocolope did not disappoint. Don and Aaron had their whole crew working hard to ensure that every judge got thoroughly baked, and they even unveiled a new and improved cannabistincture spray from Golden Glow in their booth.

I got to taste some Brainstorm Haze and Cannasutra while catching up with Ed and Harry from Delta-9 Labs. They filled me in on their new focus on *sativa*-dominant strains, which will certainly complement their flagship line of *indica*-dominant Sensi Star hybrids. The Green Place coffeeshop also had a notable spot touting their many flavors, all well grown locally with pride. Their booth and shop are a welcome new arrival on the Dutch dank scene.

Newcomers from the US West Coast, the Cali Connection created quite a stir among aficionados and connoisseurs with their emphasis on real Kush strains reminiscent of the LA and San Diego scene. Attitude Seeds also caused a commotion (literally), revving up and giving away a tricked-out motorbike.

From Spain came Positronics, remastered to provide quality genetics to the Iberian peninsula, and Dinafem, one of the originators of feminized seeds there, as well as one of the very first companies to help jump-start the cannabis industry in Spain—and now beyond.



Packing bongs for

the judges at the TH Seeds booth.

New Pot Products

2009 featured many new toys and gifts for the grower who has everything. Consider this year's Product Cup winner: the Vapor Swing, a special bowl attachment specifically designed for smoking cannabis oils and extracts. Heat up the titanium plate until it glows, drip some hash on it, and inhale the vapor for an instant and supremely powerful high.

Second place went to the Incredibowl I420, a futuristic steamroller-type inhalation device that provides bud blasts that hit quick and smooth. Rounding out the winners in third place was the new *Strain Hunters* DVD from the Green House, chronicling Arjan and Franco's journeys in search of rare ganja genetics throughout the world.

Aside from these award winners, there were many other cool products on display, such as the Laserizor, which allows its users to fire up their bowl or bong using an actual laser instead of a flame produced from butane or other harmful gas. BC Northern Lights introduced new touchscreen technology for grow boxes, which actually improves upon their

One of my favorite new products was the simple yet effective Digger, a unique innovation on the age-old one-hitter. Forget about not being able to get that last bit of bud out of your storage case—the Digger's blades chop up the nugs and force them into the bowl, deftly solving one big problem for stoners with this stealthy smoking device.

Yet another funny and interesting way to partake was offered by the Lollipipe, an actual edible and disposable smoking device that gives new meaning to the term "sticky buds." And Grassroots Inc. created the official embroidered HIGH TIMES Cannabis Cup hats, as well as a bunch of other hats and gear for hip heads.

The hash-making seminars at Fresh Headies were followed by epic hash-smoking sessions with Bubbleman himself. The ultimate new hash-making product, however, had to be Mila's new kiddy-pool-sized Isolator bags, which are rumored to create hash chunks the size of soccer balls! One perfect new way to consume all that gooey hashish is the Essential Vaaapp from Essential Herbal Technologies, who also debuted their Eclipse Water Vape, which adapts their system to any water pipe.

Ganja growers perused plant foods from Atami, Humate Supreme and industry giant Advanced Nutrients Europe, with their latest organic and hydroponic base nutes and supplements. All of these pot-farming products are sure to improve the quality and quantity of our harvests. The

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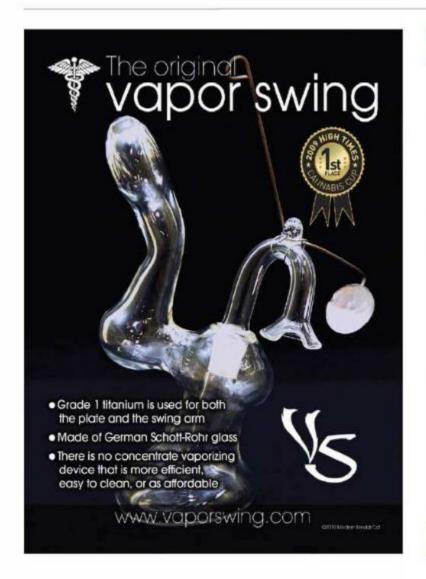
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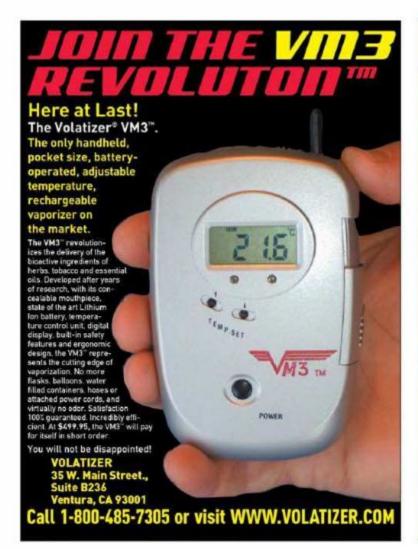
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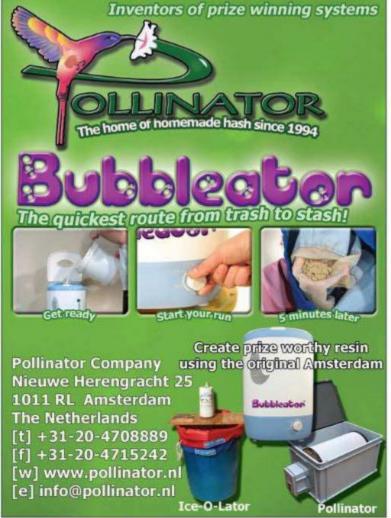
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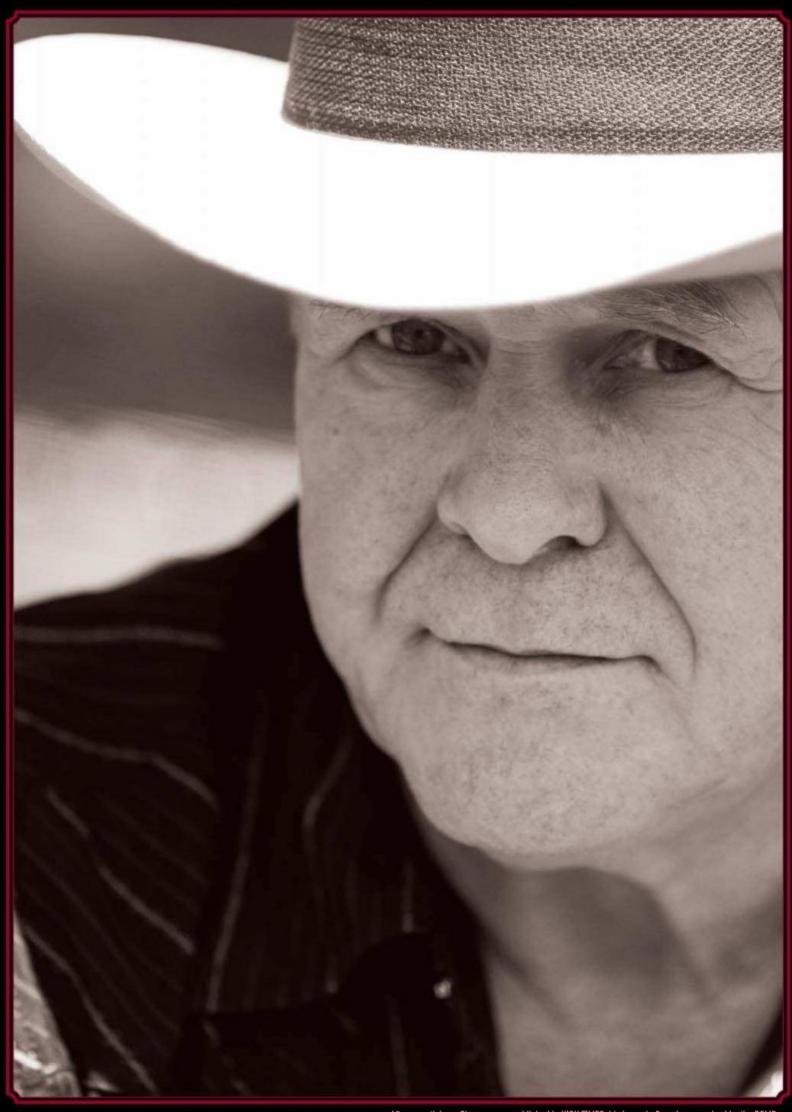
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 $\label{prop:eq:after an article on Simpson was published in HIGH TIMES, his home in {\it Canada was seized by the RCMP. }$

In the following interview, Mr. Simpson is expressing his own ideas and opinions; HIGH TIMES makes no representations as to the validity of his claims or the procedures he employs.



The HIGH TIMES Interview with Rick Simpson by Pat Byrne * Photos by Sue Siri

Is cannabis oil a cure-all? Rick Simpson thinks so. For the past seven years, Simpson has been growing cannabis in his backyard in Canada, making an essential oil and then providing it free of charge to cancer patients and others with a wide variety of ailments. Simpson was interviewed last November shortly after he arrived at the Cannabis Cup; an article on him had just been published in HIGH TIMES ("Rick Simpson's Hemp-Oil Medicine," Jan. '10), and he had recently finished a triumphant tour of Eastern Europe. After years of being ignored, Simpson was finally getting some attention.

Upon being escorted into the Cannabis Cup Temple, Simpson picked up the Freedom Fighter hat from the altar and softly said: "This hat should be given to Jack Herer. I guess they're going to give it to me this year, but it should go to Jack for a lifetime for what he's done." The passing of the Freedom Fighter hat has become the marijuana equivalent of the Nobel Prize, representing the greatest achievement in cannabis activism for the year. In 2009, this award went to Simpson. The day after this interview, Simpson's home in Canada was raided and seized by the **Royal Canadian Mounted Police.**

Who are you, and why are you at the Cannabis Cup? My name is Rick Simpson. I live on Little Forks Road, just outside of Maccan, Nova Scotia. The reason I'm here is because about 35 years ago, I heard a report on the radio about THC killing cancer. Years later, I was injured in an industrial accident,

with a head injury. I went down the chemical highway and, by the time 2001 come, I was basically a brain-dead zombie from all the chemicals.

But that report I'd heard about THC, the active ingredient in marijuana, had been found to cure cancer ... actually, in 1998, I'd seen a show called The Nature of Things with Dr. David Suzuki. It showed a lot of different patients who were smoking marijuana for their treatments, and it was helping them. After seeing the show, I went out and got some marijuana and smoked it. And it worked better than anything the doctors were giving me. But the problem was, they wouldn't give me a prescription. I asked them over and over: "I need a prescription." I didn't want to break the damn laws. But they wouldn't give me one. So by 2001, they basically just wrote me off: "There's nothing more we can do. We tried everything. You're on your own."

So they wouldn't give me a prescription—because, by that time, I had switched over to oil. In fact, I'd even asked my doctor about it. First thing, he denied the prescription again. So I just looked at him and said, "What would you think if I took that plant and made the essential oil from that plant and ingested it as opposed to smoking it?" And he said, "I think it would be more medicinal" ... but still, no prescription.

What happened next?

I went on the oil after I was done with the chemicals. In a few months, it brought me back. It detoxifies you. I lost weight. You start feeling a whole lot better. And everyone around me noticed it. But I'd always had these areas on my body, three of them, for 10 or 15 years. I had one near my eye, one on my cheek and one on my chest. I always called them barnacles, but I figured they were skin cancer. So I went into the doctor's office in late 2002, and he looked at them. And he said they looked like cancer. But the one next to my eye they were worried about, so they sent me in, and I had that surgically removed.

One week after the surgery, I took the bandage off. It was all infected—it was pretty ugly. So just as I was looking at it, that report from 35 years ago popped back into my head: "THC, the active ingredient in marijuana " Well, the oil I make is full of THC. And the horrifying part here is that I almost didn't do it. When I looked at the oil, I thought, "If this really worked, of course they'd do it." That's what you'd have to think. So I went down to the bathroom and put it on the other two areas. Four days later, pulled the bandages off—both areas, just pink skin, totally healed. Within seven weeks, the one they had surgically removed, it came right back. Anyone who's had basal-cell carcinoma, they know what it looks like. And they know what it feels like. Bumps up, bleeds a little, and it feels like you got splinters in your face. And same thing-one bandage, four days later ... that'll be seven years ago in February. I've never

treated them since. So nobody can tell me this stuff don't cure cancer.

But see, at the time, I went to my doctor's office right afterwards and I got the pathology report. Stated right there: basal-cell carcinoma. That's skin cancer. But when I was in the doctor's office, I told his wife, who was the receptionist-I said, "I'd like to get back to the doctor and talk about something I'm working on." And she said, " Well, what's this about?" "Well, those cancers I had. The other two, I was supposed to go in and have them removed. And the one that they surgically removed, it grew right back." And I said, "I cured them all with hemp oil." The minute I said "hemp oil," she just went rigid. "The doctor will not go there! The doctor will not prescribe that!" And I was standing in the waiting room with five or six other people, and this woman is acting like a lunatic. I got into my truck that day, and I was driving home and I thought, "What's going on here? I'm telling my doctor that I cured my cancer with hemp oil, and they don't want to hear nothing about this?" Thus begun my strange journey down life's highway.

Did you contact the health authorities?

I went to every political party in Canada, including two federal ministers of health. Both of them were contacted extensively. I went to Dr. David Suzuki himself-W5, Marketplace, The Fifth Estate [three prominent news programs in Canada]. Canadian Cancer Society. We even went to the United Nations! Nobody would lift a finger. Nobody would even come look at the evidence. So I just continued on doing what I was doing. But I did it in such an open way—I wasn't trying to hide this. I was growing the plants and producing the medicine and giving it away. So I treated hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of people for nothing. Or actually thousands, I guess. But with the raids in 2005 and 2006, that really threw a crimp into things—because by 2005, I would have had enough to treat between 400 to 500 terminal patients from my backyard that I was going to give away. And it was the same thing in 2006.

What happened that you couldn't treat the patients?

Well, the Mounties come in and raided me in 2005.



'The truth is, everybody in the world should be using this oil. Every man, woman and child should be taking that medicine every day....And then diseases like diabetes and MS and cancer and a whole array of other diseases could be prevented entirely.'

I went in and I gave them a videotape in May of 2005 of the meetings we'd had at the Maccan Legion. And there's cancer patients on it and everything. And I also asked that a few local politicians be charged with criminal negligence resulting in death because they wouldn't investigate this. And I asked the RCMP for everything that they confiscated so I could make more medicine for people. And three months later, the same detachment came and raided me. Pack of crooks, the whole bunch of them—just government thugs, really. But the thinking has changed over the times. I've gone through court cases and all the rest of it, but I have a lot of public support. People are starting to come in behind me. It makes it very difficult for the system to deal with me now, because I've got support worldwide.

But I'd given up hope. News media? I thought somebody out there had to be honest. I mean, I went to them all. I ran in two federal elections in Canada against the local member of Parliament on this issue. When they let me speak, the audiences just sat there with their mouths open. But nobody said a word. Nobody come at me. Nobody questioned me. They couldn't believe what I was saying, but there was nobody coming back at me. So it was a really weird trip, believe me. But then I started realizing just how asleep people really are. And it takes a real jolt to wake a lot of people up. But since we put "Run From the Cure" out there, I think that video might have saved me from going to jail.

Tell me a little about the video, like when it started and when it got posted?

Well, we put out "Run From the Cure" on the 25th or 26th of January 2008, so it's going on almost two years now. A young man in Amherst, Nova Scotia, named Christian Laurette, he produced it.

We worked on it together. Even he, when he came down to meet me, he didn't believe it. He was suffering from scoliosis, a bad spinal problem. After he sat there the whole day and watched all these patients go through, at the end of the day, he looked at me and said, "This can't be true!" I looked at him and said, "Christian, shut off your brain and believe what your eyes are telling you."

But all day long, I'd seen him keep moving in his chair. And I could see the pain on his face. And just then he moved, and I seen the pain again. And I looked at him and I said, "What's the matter with you, kid?" And he said, "Well, I got scoliosis." And I said, "What does the medical system say?" "In 1999, they wanted to do an operation on my back, but they'd only give me a 50-50 chance of walking again. So I live with the pain." Now, this guy was only 29 years old at the time. So he looks at me and says, "What would this oil do for this?" 'Course, me, I said, "Fix it." If I had taken a black marker and wrote "disbelief" all over his face, it couldn't have been more plain. But I gave him one tube of oil. About a week later, I was in a shopping mall in Amherst. He come up to me and said, "Rick, five hours from the time I took that oil, I haven't had a pain in my back since. This is unbelievable!"

So he came out to the house about a week later—it was funny, he comes *roaring* in. He's a big guy anyway, and he come through the door like that, with his hands on his hips, and he looks at me and says, "Are you telling me you can cure scoliosis?" And I just looked at him and laughed. I said, "No, Christian, I never said that." I said, "Look, you've lived with a back condition all your life that doesn't allow you to do the things that ordinary people do. So therefore, you have no muscle structure in your back to hold yourself up. When you take the oil, it will kill some pain, it will do some

healing, but most important, it's going to allow you to build these muscles up." And that's exactly what he did, and today he can go without the oil.

Did he drink the oil or rub it on his back?

No, you eat it. You can use it topically for open wounds or skin conditions, moles, warts ... I just take the oil, put it on my finger, scrape it off on my teeth. It's like a thick grease anyway. Then I just take a cold drink of water and flip it off my teeth and it goes down like a pill. The truth is, everybody in the world should be using this oil. Every man, woman and child should be taking that medicine every day. When I was a kid, it was cod-liver-oil capsules. Well, with the mercury that's in the cod these days, I think we'd be better off if we just took hempseed-oil capsules, then put in a small amount of THC-and even school children, give it to them. And then diseases like diabetes and MS and cancer and a whole array of other diseases could be prevented entirely.

But what happens is that, if we have somebody with terminal cancer ... and most of the people that come to me are stage four; they've been chemo'd, they've been radiated-you know, "Go home and die." Those are the people that, nine times out of 10, show up at my door. First thing I tell them is, "Educate yourself." Big money has controlled the damn system forever. They've known how to cure cancer since about 1850. The governments have gone along with the big money to keep it from the public, so they could fill their damn pockets. And, of course, the government runs the legal system, the medical system, and all those other systems that give us nothing but shit "So eat your chemicals and die, while we deny the most medicinal plant in the world that makes the most wonderful medicine on the planet. We deny that to you. But enjoy your chemicals." Well, thank you. I appreciate that.

So these people that come to you with stage-four cancer, are they cured after this?

A lot of it depends on the people themselves, if they follow the protocols properly. The odd one comes that has had no radiation or chemo, but their cancer is extensive, so the medical system says, "Go home and die. We'll put you on palliative care." Now people like that, unless they wait until the day before they are going to die, nine times out of 10, we cure them—and the ones that come badly damaged with chemo, around 70, 75 percent. If they take the protocols properly—take the damn oil—about 75 percent can be saved. But there is 25 percent that has been so badly damaged

And we've had this happen: They've been taken right into the medical system, and the medical system has said they're cancer-free. We cured their cancer. There is no question. But if you've got extensive damage from chemo and radiation, if you've gone through that route, take more oil—'cause you got to undo all that damage. And if you don't really pound the oil into you, what happens? The damage through the chemo comes back and kills you. But it's not the cancer. You don't have cancer anymore.



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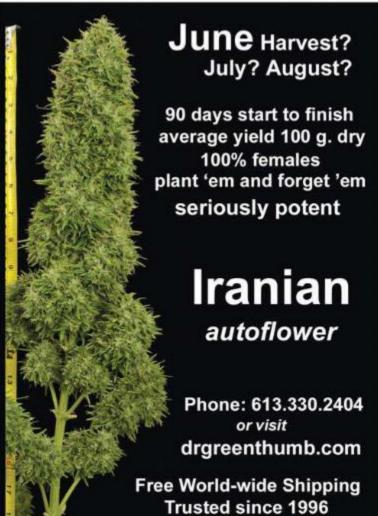
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Do you also recommend a proper diet?

Oh, yeah. First thing I say: raw fruits and vegetables. Juicing machines. Massive doses of vitamin C, megadoses. Raw honey-stay away from sugar. Steer clear of sugar and milk. The only thing I still eat is eggs, for the protein. But I've had people who've had good results with a substance called wheatgrass. I recommend that to people. Three or four people with cancer told me they had good results with it. When it's natural, I think it's not a bad thing to pass along. And something else I tell everybody: eat the seeds of two apples every day. And that's something I've been doing myself for years. It's a good dose of B-17—also known as laetrile. And laetrile in its own right has a good track record with cancer.

But to be brutally honest, most people that come to me? They don't do what I say. They take the oil, and the oil cures them. They didn't change their diets in most cases. And the same thing with lung-cancer patients. When they come to me, I tell them: ingest the oil and use a vaporizer. But it seems a lot of people don't like vaporizers. So I've had all kinds of lung-cancer patients come. Wouldn't use the vaporizer, but their lung cancer was cured just from ingesting it. Because we're literally flooding the body. You see, the medical system, if it was any damn good—for decades, with their rats and their guinea pigs and laboratories, they've been giving these animals cancer, let it develop, and then shoot it full of THC. Little inoculations. That kills the cancer. But they just can't make the leap to a human, can they?! Now what the hell would a dying man or woman have to lose? But the medical system can't go

I wish I could inoculate tumors that would certainly be a whole lot more effective than the way I do it. But the only thing I can tell people is to literally flood their body. And the standard cancer treatment is 60 grams as fast as you can take it, and it usually takes the average person about 90 days to ingest the 60 grams of high-grade oil. But I have seen people, I've had three or four people, who have done the whole 60-gram treatment in 30 days and cured their terminal cancer in 30 days. The faster you get it in, the faster you're cured.

That's stage four?

Yes. I was in the Czech Republic for about three weeks. About three weeks ago, I got back home. And when I was there, there was a seven-year-old girl dying of terminal leukemia. She was on her deathbed. And we made the oil while we were there, and I started giving her the oil. And we just got an email, four or five days ago, and she is now cancer-free.

My God, that's insane!

That's our system! A woman with ovarian cancer came to see me. She said, "You'll never guess who sent me." I said, "Would it be your doctor?" She said, "No, but I know a doctor that sends people to you." Yeah, there is one. She says, "Two of my friends are narcotic officersthey told me I should come see you." And I was on the radio in June, in the Maritimes in Canada, and it was a big, top radio show, and they asked me, "What do you do?" I said, "I'm growing in my backyard." And I told everybody in the Maritimes I was growing it again. Not one cop came near me this year. They all stayed away. So it's like they want the cure too. But the way they're looking at this, they should be marching with us. They are working for the bad guys. It's the same with the military, because they got the military involved looking for the pot crops now.

I'm just an ordinary man. I never wanted to get famous or anything. As