

(12) United States Patent

PH(X) et al.

(54) METHOD FOR GENERATING SMALL BUBBLES FOR A SMOKE-FILLED AIR STREAM

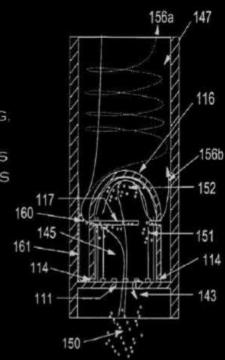


(10) Patent No.: US 6,935,345 B2

(45) Date of Patent: Aug. 30, 2005

ORIGINS

IN THE FALL OF 2001 A UC BERKELEY MECHANICAL ENGINEERING STUDENT DEPARTED FROM THE FIRST DAY OF HIS PRODUCT DESIGN CLASS WITH THE ASSIGNMENT OF MAKING AN EVERYDAY OBJECT BETTER. THAT EVENING, HE REALIZED THAT THE PRODUCT IN THE GREATEST NEED OF IMPROVEMENT WAS SITTING IN HIS HAND. PROTOTYPES OF A BETTER WATER PIPE WERE MADE WITH THE AID OF HIS FATHER, A PIPELINE ENGINEER, AND WITHIN WEEKS THE WORLD'S FIRST PERCOLATED WATER PIPE WAS BEING PRODUCT TESTED AT UC BERKELEY AND STANFORD UNIVERSITY. PATENT PAPERS WERE FILED IN FEBRUARY 2002 AND GRANTED IN AUGUST 2005 WITH THE ADDED IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORLD'S FIRST SPLASHGUARD. IN THE PROCESS PH(X) WAS BORN.



How IT Works

HUNDREDS OF CULTURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD HAVE USED WATER TO COOL AND FILTER VARIOUS SMOKE STREAMS FOR MILLENNIA. DURING THIS TIME THE BASIC WATER PIPE DESIGN CHANGED VERY LITTLE. PH(X) RECOGNIZED THAT THE PRIMARY VARIABLES AFFECTING THE EFFICACY OF WATER PIPES ARE THE RESIDENCY TIME OF THE SMOKE IN THE WATER AND THE TOTAL INTERFACIAL SURFACE AREA BETWEEN THE BUBBLE AND THE WATER. TO MAKE A BETTER WATER PIPE PH(X) FIRST INCREASED THE RESIDENCY TIME BY CREATING MULTIPLE CHAMBERS IN THE ONCE EMPTY BORE OF THE PIPE. IT THEN INCREASED THE TOTAL INTERFACIAL SURFACE AREA BY SPLITTING THE SMOKE STREAM INTO SMALLER BUBBLES AT EACH LEVEL. THE NET EFFECT OF THESE INNOVATIONS IS A COOLER AND HEALTHIER SMOKE STREAM THAT MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE BELIEVED.

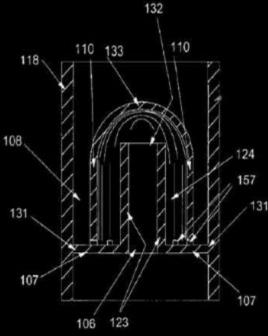




Now Available in HD

PH(X) HAS SET A NEW BAR IN ITS CONTINUED PURSUIT FOR A MORE FUNCTIONAL WATER PIPE WITH THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PROPRIETARY HONEYCOMB DIFFUSER. THE HD PLATE CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF HOLES TO MAXIMIZE DIFFUSION WHILE MINIZING DRAG. THE HOLES ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO PREVENT CLOGGING AND THE PLATE IS THICK ENOUGH TO ENSURE YEARS OF ENJOYMENT. THE HD FEATURE IS AVAILABLE ON THE FULL PH(X) PRODUCT LINE.







BLOWN IN CALIFORNIA

EACH PH(X) PIPE IS BLOWN WITH PRIDE IN GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA BY THE WORLD'S FINEST SCIENTIFIC GLASSBLOWERS. PH(X) GUARANTEES THE QUALITY OF ITS PRODUCTS AND THE SATISFACTION OF ITS CUSTOMERS.

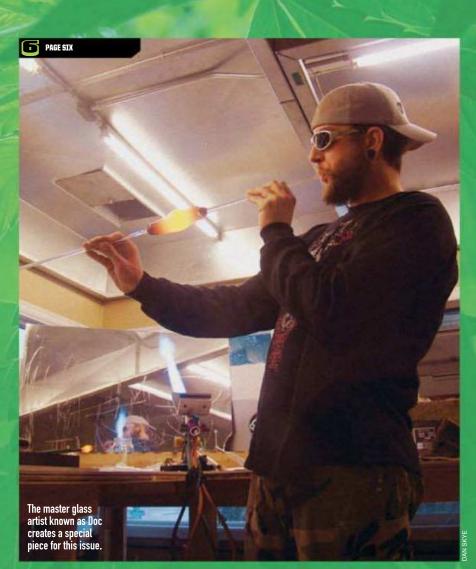
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www.BlownInCalifornia.com





WWW.BCBudDepot.com ACQUISITION OF LIVE CANNABIS SEEDS IN ILLEGAL IN THE UNITED STATES PRYABLE IN US DOLLARS FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD



For over a decade, HIGH TIMES has chronicled the evolution of the glass-smokeware industry. We've watched the merchandise in the marketplace morph from simple, relatively unadorned glass tubes to pieces that will flat-out drop you in your tracks.

The degree of artistry and imagination exhibited in today's glass-pipe art inspired us to ask the industry's top artists to create some pieces exclusively for our annual glass issue. Our only requirements were that they pay homage to the cannabis plant and that they look like smokeable pipes.

The result: some absolutely off-the-hook art. But, truth be told, our staff at times couldn't determine exactly where the actual homage to pot existed in the pipes. And finding the bowl and mouthpiece on some of this smokeware was a bit like playing Where's Waldo?'

No matter: All of us ooh-ed and aah-ed over every one. For me, a person with a long and tragic history of breaking glass smokeware during photo shoots, this issue was a smashing—er, terrific—success. All of the pieces were returned to the artists intact.

We especially want to thank Eric Ross for "Unity," the fabulous bubbler we selected for our cover. "Unity" took five days for Eric to complete, and the techniques he utilized include tech, flat cane, basket weave, classic pipe-making designs and double-layer reversals. His palette of color was made up of Rasta gold, red crayon, jet black, green dwarf, clover, red, silver and blue dichro. Eric says: "I can't express how thankful I am to be able to support my family with a career I enjoy so much. Glass is a mathematical approach to the creative process—solving problems in order to make something functional and aesthetically pleasing."

Expensive, too. For me, cleaning this beauty would require a Lloyds of London insurance policy.



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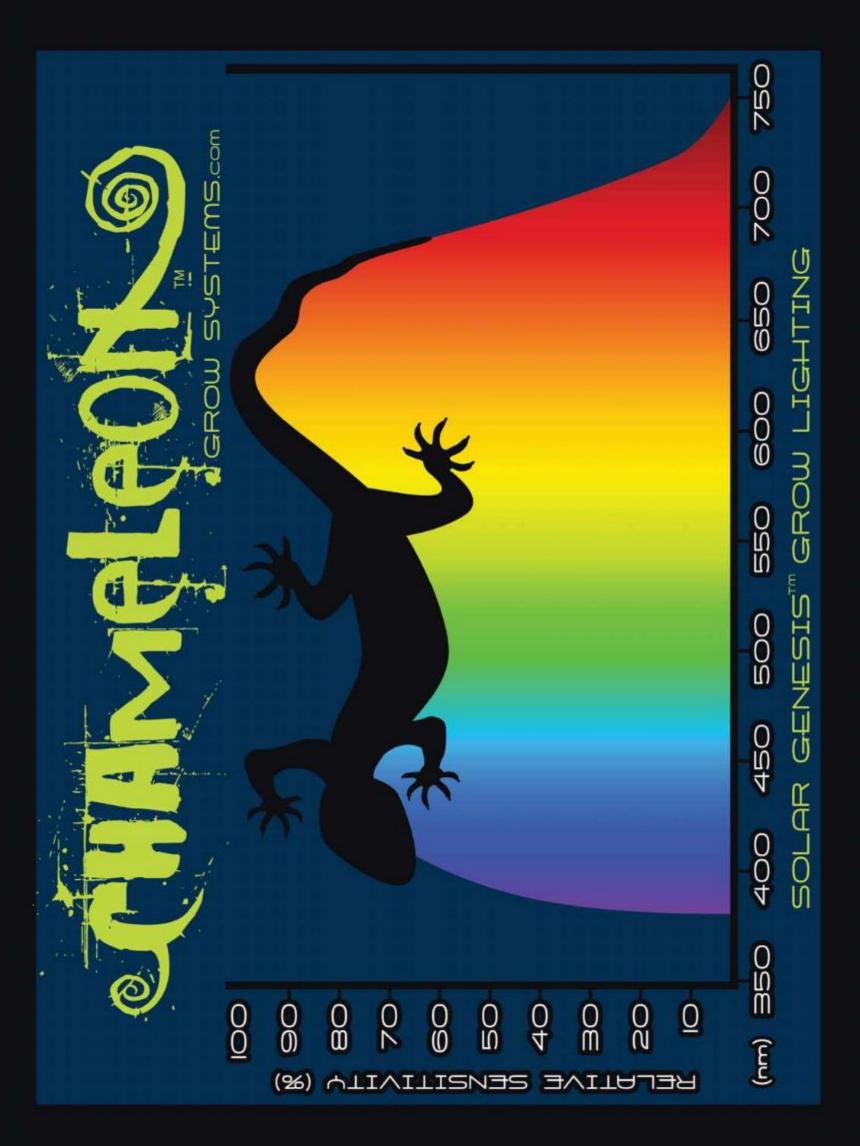
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MGH TIMES



FEATURES

36 HANDS-FREE GROW TECH

Take a look inside a ganja garden of the future! Felix Green profiles a completely automated indoor growroom that produces maximum rewards with minimum effort.

46 GLASS OF 2010

BY JEROME BAKER

It's that time of the year again, when we explore the latest innovations in glass-pipe artistry. Check out the work of the smokeware industry's top glassblowers in this eye-popping celebration of paraphernalia.

54 MENDOCINO HARVEST TOUR

BY CHRIS SIMUNEK PHOTOS BY FREEBIE

Welcome to America's cannabis heartland, deep in the heart of the Emerald Triangle. Every year starting in September, nervous growers begin eyeing their buds, waiting for those pistils to turn gold so they can start their long, hard journey from the field to the market.

74 HASH QUEST: MOROCCO

BY NICO ESCONDIDO

It's certainly been a while since we got the lowdown on the world's largest hash-producing region, and we're happy to report that the legend of Moroccan Gold is still very much alive and well!

84 HIGH TIMES INTERVIEW: CHRIS O'DELL

She wasn't famous, but she was *there*. Chris O'Dell just published her memoir chronicling her incredible journey through the world of rock'n'roll. Here, she shares with us her memories of the Beatles, the Stones, and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.







DEPARTMENTS

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12 HIGHWITNESS NEWS/BUZZ EDITED BY DAN SKYE

Dealing medicine; Bud dog; Evil bongwater; Pill pipes; Smoking plant; Cy Young puffer; Election victories; Forbidden Leaf; Pot & pregnancy; Transylmania; Obama bong; Showbuzz; San Bernadino smokeout; Meet the new head of the SSDP; Devil Driver; The Used; The Entrance Band; Reviews; Band of the Month; Miss HIGH TIMES; Almost Infamous; Brain Damage Control.

93 GROWORLD

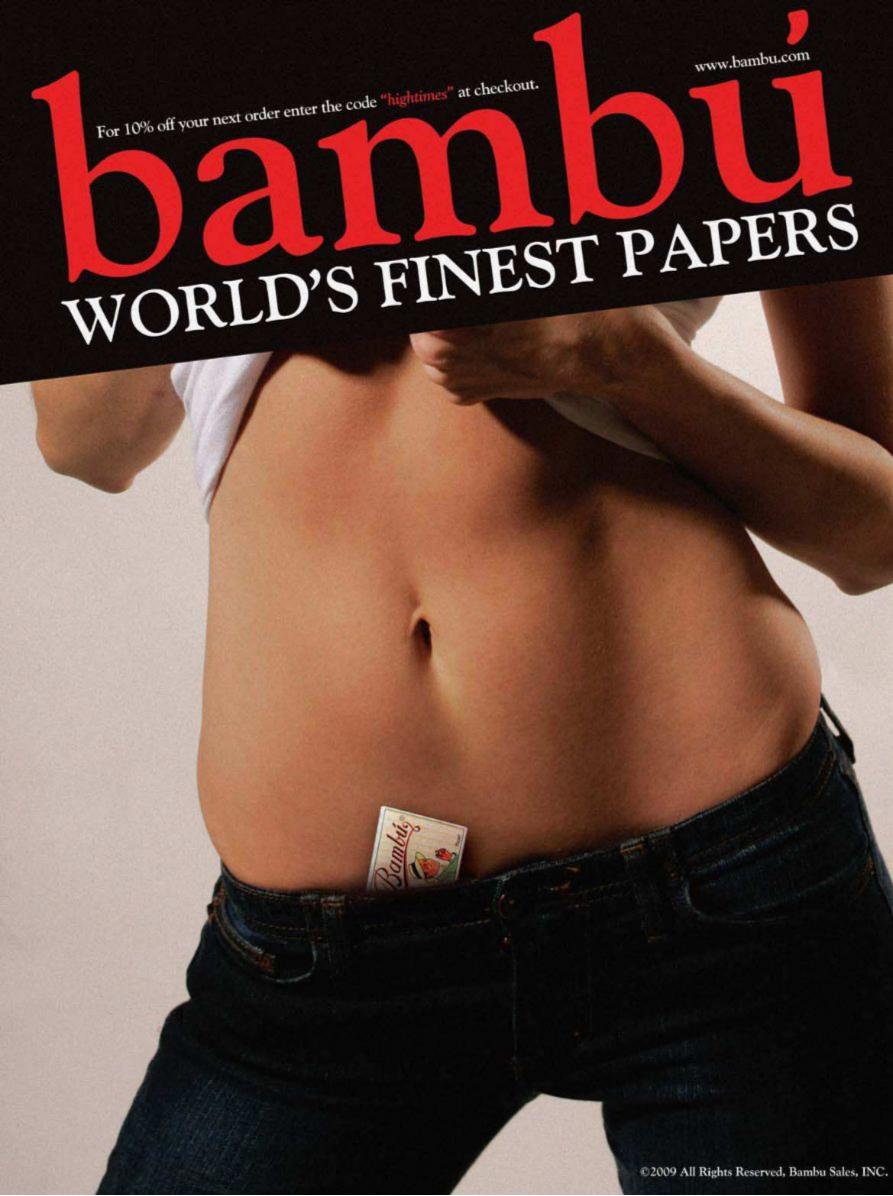
FOITED BY DANNY DANKO & NICO ESCONDIDO
Pix of the Crop; Cannabis Clinic; Munchies;
NORMLizer; Freedom Fighter; Ask Dr. Mitch; Easy
Harvesting Tips; Gear/Hot Products; Dear Danko;
Grow Quiz; Tip of the Month.

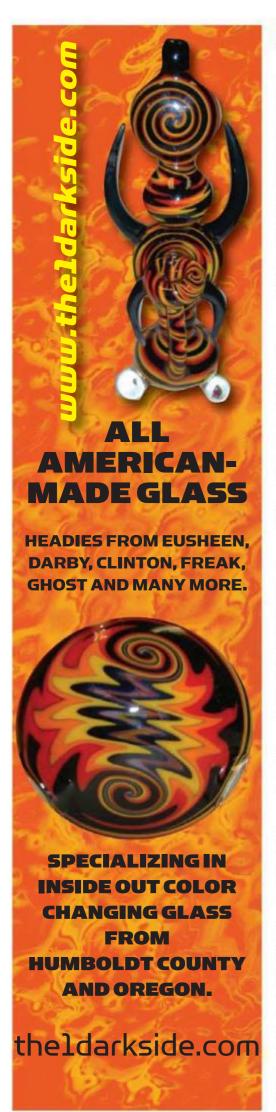
126 NEXT MONTH

132 POT 40

COVER: KENT SEA STRAIN: STRAWBERRY COUGH WATERPIPE: "UNITY" BY ERIC ROSS CENTERFOLD: FREEBIE STRAIN: ASSORTED

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RICK SIMPSON FREEDOM FIGHTER

I just want to say that I love reading every magazine of HIGH TIMES, but this week when I was reading the hemp oil article (Jan. '10 HT), I was emotionally intrigued. My aunt, both of my grandfathers and my father died of cancer. I really want to help others. You guys should do an article about getting into the medical industry legally.

Rick Simpson was raided again. Will you stand with him? Let's make this issue a global issue.

Let's have a massive protest on Rick's court dates in Amherst, Nova Scotia.

Please take time to donate a few dollars and time to spread the info. This is not just an attack on Rick Simpson. This is a global attack on all humanity.

Rick needs your help! Stand up! Send this viral: youtube.com/watch?v=F-OgVIXEn7A. Rick needs our help!

phoenixtears.ca

Your piece on Simpson and the amazing effects of hemp oil on cancer was both eye-opening and mind-blowing. If hemp oil even treats half of what is reported then there needs to be a revolution in order to help Simpson and his peers beat the corrupt governments and pharmaceutical companies that have obviously been keeping this knowledge and medicine away from the people that need it in order to make a dollar. I'm sending this article to everyone I know. Keep up the good work.

Earthbone

ISSUE REDUX

Where/how can I get the older issues from 2007 and 2008?

Megan

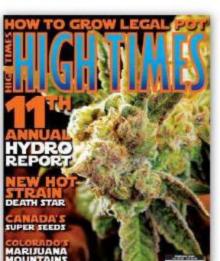
When are more back issues going to be available electronically for purchase? I had a little extra money this paycheck and was purchasing back issues when it stopped at November 2008. I was upset because I could not purchase more.

H. J. Hunt

We recently released 5 classic issues from the archives (http://hightimes.com/topissues) and we have plans to release more issues from the archives this year. Eventually we would like to have our entire archive available in a digital format, but that may take some time.

WHO'S GOT THE PAPERS?

You guys ever thought about a smokable magazine? Maybe not a whole magazine made out of it, but like a centerfold page. With a perforated edge. Maybe a nice picture of the harvest that



you can tear out and roll your favorite smoke in. Would make a subscriber out of me!!!

Jake

COVER GIRL

I would like to thank Danny Danko for being a great friend and for helping me get my first HIGH TIMES cover (December '09) shot! Thanks Danny.

Subcool

DANKO PROPS

Hey Danny, 'grats on the new 'gig'! I know with your botanical knowledge, keen

eye and fun personality, many people will be able to learn from your column. Looking forward to seeing what you have in store for us in the future. Keep it green.

LI Stoned Surfer

THE MORE YOU KNOW....

The Grow Guide 2009 looks awesome. I'm gonna go pick it up soon since I want to start growing cause I have seeds but I don't really know how to grow yet so this looks like it's what I need to grow some bomb chronic and not just some mediocre weed. I'm excited thank you HIGH TIMES I hope my plants will come out looking as good as yours (haha, jk), I wish though. Peace in the Middle East!

SATIVAS, AHOY!

Greetings from Canada! As I am increasing my knowledge and understanding of cannabis, I can't help notice that some strains leave me alert and refreshed in the morning - while others keep me down and withdrawn for up to 2 days. Any guidance on the ones that will keep me refreshed?

Check Cannabis Clinic for our Strain of the Month where we note the best strains for pain. This will help you make your decision.

HELP FOR HERER

Has anyone started any benefit concerts or donation drives to help pay for Jack Herer's medical bills? If not, who would you contact to get something rolling on this? I have known Jack for 17 years and consider him a friend and my hero! This man has paid his dues and has earned his place in history as the father of the hemp/marijuana movement. Please look into the benefit suggestion and let's help the Emperor of Hemp in his time of need!!!

Buck Garton

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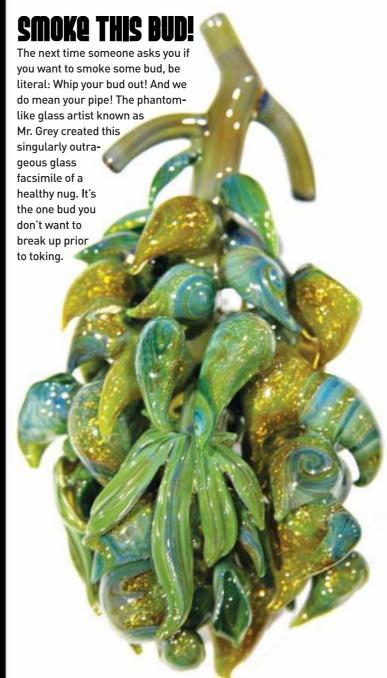






In Minnesota, bong water now counts as a controlled substance. Lower courts in the state have traditionally considered bong water as paraphernalia, but the state's high court has ruled that possession of 25 grams or more of bong water—meaning water that tests positive for a controlled substance—should be considered a first-degree drug crime. The court defined bong water as a "mixture," which can be any sort of compound that tests positive for drugs, regardless of purity.

We know of no one who has ever willingly ingested bong water, but apparently one narcotics officer did testify that drug users have been known to keep bong water around so they can drink or inject it later. Maybe this happens regularly on another planet that the officer has visited. Injecting bong water? The worst part is that someone will hear this crap and try it for themselves.



GIANT STONER

In early November, Clark County, WA, cops pulled over Tim Lincecum of the San Francisco Giants and found that he was holding 3.3 grams of marijuana and a pipe, both misdemeanors. Just two weeks later, Lincecum was awarded the Cy Young Award, baseball's top performance prizer for a pitcher. He also won the Cy Young award last year.



Lincecum, by all accounts, was cool with the police. (The cop said that the pitcher wasn't intoxicated, though he did smell pot in the car.) A few days later, the prosecutors and Lincecum reached an agreement: He paid a \$250 fine for having the pipe, and the pot-possession rap was dropped. He also had to pay a \$122 fine for speeding.

But for the record: In a little over a year now, a two-time Cy Young Award winner, a 14-time Olympic gold medalist and the Super Bowl MVP were all caught smoking weed. Can we finally retire the "lazy, out-of-shape stoner" stereotype? Wheaties may be the "Breakfast of Champions," but sticky green will take you to the top of the sports world.



It was Ben Franklin who wrote: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Little did Ben know that his words of wisdom would one day grace the front door of Healthy, Wealthy, & Wise, a premier holistic-healing shoppe located in Los Angeles, CA. Not only are there 20 topnotch strains on the menu-including pure OG Kush, Afghooey, Heroijuana, Cheese and Crippler OG—but it's one of the most inviting medical-pot spots around, with a sleekly decorated lounge that's perfect for warm, safe self-medication. One of the co-owners of HW&W is Jordan Mewes; she's the wife of Jason Mewes, the iconic Jay from the Jay & Silent Bob movies. "As a new store," Jordan says, "we only have a few hundred current members, but we're growing every day." Part of the reason for this is the ardent activists who are also members of the collective. They volunteer at Oaksterdam University and make sure that

patients are registered to vote.

"We also have petitions available for members to sign for initiatives on the 2010 ballot for California," Jordan adds. "Medical marijuana should be dispensed at a fair price to qualified medical patients and regulated and taxed. We worry, of course, about raids, but we're doing our best to follow all new city ordinances and have reached out to our City Council about our custom-designed patient-tracking and verification system that also monitors inventory. We really feel that it allows our collective to demonstrate that we are scrupulously compliant with California law.'

HW&W also sells vitamin supplements and natural bath and body products, with a fully trained and caring staff ready to guide you to the ideal medication to suit your specific needs. Located just south of Santa Monica Boulevard at 918 North La Cienega Boulevard, Visit h2w.org.



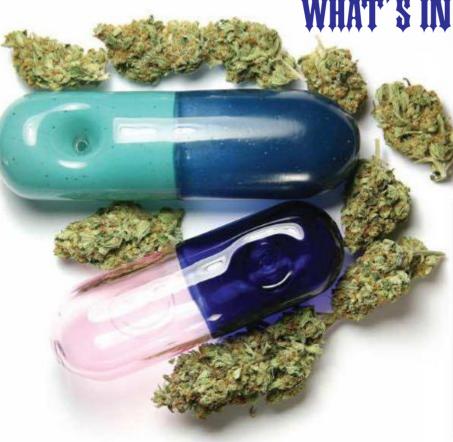


It's difficult to believe the kind of toxic crap that's openly advertised on TV while cannabis remains illegal, but the commercials prove that society's notions about what will damage our health are seriously skewed. Nightly, we're inundated with ads for prescription drugs that list multiple side effects, including nausea, insomnia, mood swings and suicidal thoughts. Plus there's a whole array of pills that shouldn't be used with other pills, because they could cause—well—death. The star glass blower known as JAG got tired of all the shenanigans and created a line of pharmaceutical glass pipes guaranteed to cause absolutely no side effects but happiness. No chance of an overdose, either.



In November, the American Medical Association voted to reverse its 72-year position that cannabis be retained as a Schedule I narcotic with no medicinal value. The largest physician-based group in the country adopted a report drafted by the AMA's Council on Science and Public Health (CSAPH) entitled "Use of Cannabis for Medicinal Purposes," which affirms the therapeutic benefits of marijuana. The CSAPH report concluded that "short-term controlled trials indicate that smoked cannabis reduces neuropathic pain, improves appetite and caloric intake especially in patients with reduced muscle mass, and may relieve spasticity and pain in patients with multiple sclerosis."

Furthermore, the report urges that "the Schedule I status of marijuana be reviewed with the goal of facilitating clinical research and development of cannabinoid-based medicines, and alternate delivery methods."



In *Transylmania*—a horror-cliché spoof in the vein of *Transylvania 6-5000* (minus the star-studded cast)—Rusty is the hero, who convinces his buddies to spend a semester abroad in Transylvania so he can hook up with his Internet girlfriend, Draguta. But the university is actually home to an ancient vampire named Radu, who just happens to look exactly like Rusty. Draguta, meanwhile, turns out to be a hunchbacked hottie whose dad, the school's dean, is plotting to give her a new body using the visiting coeds.

There's also a stereotypical stoner duo, Pete and Wang, first seen in their pot-leaf-postered dorm room jamming giant balls of hash up each other's ass. They spend much of the movie in the dean's secret laboratory doing bong hits and trying to piece things together. Meanwhile, Rusty's nerdy buddy Newmar is dying to sacrifice his virginity to his busty bimbo girlfriend Lynne, but keeps getting thwarted when the antique music box he's given her as a gift causes her to be periodically possessed by Radu's long-lost bride. The only big laughs come at the climax of the film, when the numerous storylines crash into one another and Rusty and Radu finally face off at the masquerade ball.

Despite having topless vampire babes, lots of smoking scenes and a killer soundtrack, the cheesy acting and contrived dialogue give this film about as much sophistication and charm as a bad *Scooby Doo* episode.



Register to toke so you can inhale to the chief! Obama's at the podium giving yet another speech in this classic homage to the Prez. Ryan Paris, a professional sculptor of 14 years, is the man behind the torch here. He makes his home in Oahu and produces some of the highest-quality tubes in the glass-smokeware business. He and his cohorts at Oahu Glass Tubes pride themselves on creating unique art that every bongmeister on the planet will cherish. Visit ogtubes.com.



BUDS In the over

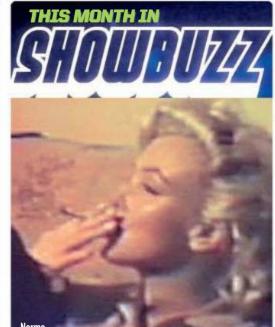
These moms-to-be demonstrate a bit of synchronicity. It appears that both the buds and the babies are on the same schedule for harvest. Congratulations to growers and parents alike!

Caution: You don't trim or cure babies!



Hemp Rescues Your skin

Savvy stoners already know all about the healing properties of hemp-seed oil. But if you're one of those who don't, then start slathering your body with the amazing hemp body-care product line from Forbidden Leaf, a "homegrown" company based in Warner Springs, CA. All of their lotions, body washes and soaps contain hemp seed, grape seed, sunflower seed, sweet almond and olive oil; most of the products are also blended with chamomile and aloe vera, leaving a fresh, green scent on your skin. The moisturizer is great for eczema and psoriasis sufferers, as well as for soothing a scaly, itchy new tattoo. Your skin will never look or feel healthier. And guys, don't be afraid—these products are gender-neutral. Another win-win for hemp! Visit forbiddenleaf.com.



A Message From Marilyn

Jean's jay.

At this point, pretty much the entire world has seen the 90-second video clip of film legend Marilyn Monroe sharing a joint with friends. The year was either 1958 or 1959 and Monroe can be clearly viewed inhaling and enjoying the effects of the pot. There has never been a hint of dispute as to whether it was a joint or a cigarette that the screen siren was sucking on. A New York City memorabilia collector paid the anonymous owner \$275,000 for all of the footage. Nobody forks over that much cash unless it's the real thing.

Monroe, whose abuse of pharmaceuticals has been widely documented, died of an apparent overdose in 1962. The ravages of pills can be clearly seen in archival film footage of the star just prior to her death. It's nice to note in this video clip of Monroe with marijuana, she's in the company of friends, happy and healthy.



NO SURPRISES HERE

Peter Fonda recently told the world that it was "real pot" that he, Dennis Hopper and Jack Nicholson were smoking during their classic pottoking scene in Easy Rider. Fonda said he was

looking to capture a bit of truth on film—but despite the persistent rumors, no one was doing LSD during the filming. "You can't make a movie when you're ripped like that," Fonda added.

SIMON SAYS

At a recent event held by the Grammy Museum in New York City, singer Carly Simon told an audience that everybody back in the '70s got stoned in order to go onstage, but said she



was afraid of drugs. Not so anymore, Carly revealed: "Now I've grown to love them."

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Micah Daigle, the new head of **Students for Sensible Drug** Policy, wants to help you

change the world. By David Bienenstock

Ask Micah Daigle, the 25-year-old head of Students for Sensible Drug Policy, what sets this latest generation of college-age marijuana-lawreform activists apart from its predecessors, and he supplies a simple answer: After three decades of tilting at windmills, struggling against the current, and telling the truth in the face of the most blatant and shameless government propaganda, the dedicated young activists involved in SSDP, NORML, SAFER and other anti-pot-prohibition organizations finally sense that we're winning the argument when it comes to legalizing weed.

"They are bringing to the table not just the hope that change is possible, but the knowledge that change is inevitable," Daigle says from his office in San Francisco. "The drug-policy-reform movement has been running into the wind for so long, and now this new generation is coming up with the belief that we will win, if we just put our minds to it."

Daigle also notes how social-networking sites like Facebook have kept a widely scattered membership in close digital contact, helping to form tight connections among individual activists, while keeping the various campus chapters and the national office closely coordinated in mutually beneficial ways. SSDP currently maintains national offices on both coasts, with the Washington, DC, staffers keeping an eye on the federal government, and Daigle sticking close to the historic reform efforts underway in California.

"We get inundated every week with requests from students who want to know more about SSDP and how to get involved." Daigle says. "The majority of what our organization does at the national level is to help transform that interest into action."

With thousands of members spread across more than 200 high-school and college campuses in the US, Canada, the UK and around the world, SSDP also increasingly gets a seat at the table when the topic turns to the War on Drugs, including high-level meetings at the UN and, most recently, a direct dialogue with the US Drug Czar. (See sidebar.)

As part of the Obama administration's stated goal of ending the War on Drugs—at least as a rhetorical device—the newly appointed head of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, Gil Kerlikowske, invited Daigle to join his colleagues at NORML, the Marijuana Policy Project, the Drug Policy Alliance, the Open Society, the





Harm Reduction Coalition, the Institute for Policy Studies, and Human Rights Watch for a conference call meant to serve as Kerlikowske's official introduction to the drug-law-reform community, presumably laying the groundwork for further cooperation down the road.

"It's historic that this kind of dialogue is taking place," Daigle says. "At this point, I think they realize that ignoring us isn't going to work anymore."

An SSDP activist since his freshman year at the University of Rhode Island in 2002, and a full-time staffer since his graduation four years later, Daigle takes the reins of the nation's fastest-growing student organization at a tipping-point moment in drug-law reform. Describing himself as "apolitical and apathetic" upon his arrival at college, Daigle quickly transformed himself by participating with SSDP chapters at URI and Brown University in the Rhode Island Patient Advocacy Coalition, which helped to pass one of the most progressive statewide medical-marijuana laws in the country.

It all started with taking that first step: showing up at a meeting, talking with likeminded students, and learning more about an issue that just keeps getting bigger the further you go into it. "At that first meeting, I realized that it's not

The White House realizes that ignoring us isn't going to work anymore.'

just about me and my friends wanting to smoke cannabis legally," Daigle says. "The War on Drugs is an issue that affects everyone, in a variety of different ways."

SSDP was formed in 1998, when a group of young activists began organ-

izing in opposition to a provision in the Higher Education Act that banned federal financial aid to anyone with a drug conviction on their record—even simple possession of a single joint—but imposed no such sanctions on murderers. In 2006, the organization successfully lobbied to change the law so that it affects only those persons convicted while receiving financial aid. But Daiqle still considers full repeal of the provision to be the organization's highestpriority short-term goal.

"Our long-term goal is to play an influential role in a massive rethinking of our drug policies," Daigle says. "We need to figure out the best way to deal with drug use and drug abuse in our society, and that starts with moving beyond a criminal-justice approach."

Rather than take a formal position on legalizing drugs, SSDP promotes discussion of any and all alternatives to the Drug War, hoping to draw together the broadest coalition in favor of reform. Still, a recent poll of the organization found that nearly 100 percent of its members believe that marijuana should be legalized for adult use. So it's not as though SSDP plans to wait around for the federal government to lead the way. In fact, many SSDP chapters are actively engaged in campaigns to legalize marijuana at the local level.

At best, Daigle hopes that the Obama administration will refrain from standing in the way of states that pursue legalization—perhaps even while continuing to claim that when it comes to marijuana, the word *legalization* isn't even in its vocabulary. He senses a strategy of political realism in the White House's careful approach to drug policy, and hopes to see more progress as time goes on.

"If I were to speculate, I would say that I think President Obama gets it," Daigle says. "He's said that HBO's *The Wire* is his favorite television show—and if you're a fan of *The Wire*, there's no way you can't get this issue, because it shines such a bright spotlight on the failure of the Drug War and the need to completely re-evaluate the system. Obama himself, in the past, has called the War on Drugs an utter failure."

In the meantime, SSDP continues to grow into one of the most influential progressive student organizations in the world, providing young ac-

tivists with a place to find a supportive community on campus, while working diligently to end one of the most unjust, corrupt and destructive systems on Earth.

"Some of my best friends to this day are people who I went to a rally with, or I went to protest the DEA with, or we dressed up in suits and went to the statehouse to lobby politicians," Daigle explains, stressing that the social aspect of SSDP keeps the organization vital. "Those sorts of experiences—where you're really meaningfully doing something to change the world—are also bonding experiences, and they can last for a lifetime." **

Starting next month, a new column written by members of Students for Sensible Drug Policy will appear in HIGH TIMES, a strategic alliance designed to help support this important organization, while keeping our readers well informed on the latest campus-based grassroots activism. To learn more about SSDP, including information on the national conference this March in San Francisco, visit ssdp.org.

GREETING THE DRUG CZAR

A transcript of Micah Daigle's opening comments during a recent conference call with Office of National Drug Control Policy director Gil Kerlikowske.

I'm Micah Daigle, and I'm the executive director of Students for Sensible Drug Policy, a network of thousands of students on hundreds of campuses across the country. I'd like to thank you, Director Kerlikowske, for opening up the lines of communication with individuals and organizations who have typically been at odds with your predecessors in order to find some common ground.

We should remember that everyone on this call shares many of the same goals. We all want to live in a safer and healthier society. We are all concerned about drug abuse, and many of us (myself included) have loved ones who have struggled with addiction. And, of course, we're all concerned about the violence and corruption resulting from the illicit drug trade.

But we all know the War on Drugs hasn't worked. Despite billions spent and millions locked up, young people of my generation grew up surrounded by drugs. By the time we graduated from high school, the majority of our peers had used illegal drugs. The unlucky ones were arrested, given a criminal record, and denied financial aid to go to college. But the lucky ones avoided arrest, and many went on to do great things, like President Obama.

We are heartened that the administration has jettisoned the "War on Drugs" rhetoric, respected state medical-marijuana laws, and begun to talk about drug abuse as a public health issue. But we'd like to know, if this isn't a war on our own citizens, then how can we still justify locking people up for drug possession? If addiction is a serious medical problem, then who are we helping by criminalizing the afflicted?

You've made your position clear on marijuana legalization, and it is a position that many of us disagree with you on. But I'd be curious to know if the decrimi-

nalization of marijuana and other drugs is a so-called "non-starter" as well, considering ample evidence from countries like Portugal showing that it works.

Aside from that issue, I'd like to ask you to support a few specific policy changes.

The first are "Good Samaritan" policies. These life-saving policies simply remove the threat of arrest for drug possession when people call 911 if someone is overdosing on drugs, ensuring that people do not hesitate to call for help. Hundreds of campuses across the country have enacted these policies as well as the state of New Mexico, and several other states are considering similar legislation.

Second, I'd like to know the administration's position on random student drug testing. Though intended to reduce drug abuse, the science tells us that it simply does not work. It breaks down the bonds of trust between children and adults and pushes students away from extracurricular activities, which are shown to reduce drug abuse.

And finally, I would like to know if the administration supports scrapping the law that denies financial aid to students with drug convictions. The repeal of this law is supported by more than 300 organizations, such as the Association of Addiction Professionals, the National Education Association and the NAACP. I hope that we can agree that blocking access to education only makes drug problems worse, and I would like to know if the Obama administration will publicly call for the repeal of this law.

I hope that these issues and their effect on my generation are taken into account as you craft your national drug-control strategy. I'm looking forward to continuing this dialogue with your office beyond today. Thanks again. *



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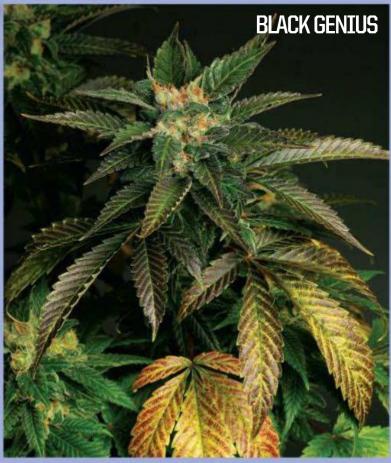
CURRENT US PRICE INDEX: \$368 (last month: \$342; YTD: \$359)

CURRENT KIND INDEX (\$350+ PER OZ): \$414 (\$440, \$432)

CURRENT MIDS INDEX (\$150-\$349 PER OZ): \$296 (\$253, \$283)

CURRENT SCHWAG INDEX (\$1-\$149 PER OZ): \$108 (\$78, \$96)

STATE	CITY	STRAIN	PRICE
ALASKA	Juneau	Maui Wowie	\$480
CALIFORNIA	Sacramento	Blue Dream Lavender x Purple Kush	\$300 \$300
CONNECTICUT	Hartford	Einstein	\$450
GEORGIA	Lawrenceville	Blue Dream White Russian	\$400 \$400
HAWAII	Maui	Bubba Kush Purple Urkel	\$460 \$420
ILLINOIS	Chicago Rockford	Grape Ape Grapefruit Juicy Fruit Kush White Widow	\$425 \$360 \$360 \$400 \$330
INDIANA	Edwardsvil l e	Blackberry	\$400
KANSAS	Garden City Kansas City	Colorado Diamond Citrus Haze Jack Herer Purple Diesel	\$400 \$400 \$560 \$375
KENTUCKY	Covington	Kush	\$600
MASSACHUSETTS	Boston Lowell	Chem Dog Kush Sour Diesel Trainwreck	\$400 \$475 \$425
MICHIGAN	Detroit Rochester	Northern Lights Purple Diesel	\$450 \$400
MINNESOTA	St. Paul	Blue Dynamite	\$480
NEW JERSEY	Newark	Diesel Ryder Northern Lights	\$450 \$350
NEW YORK	Buffalo	Outdoor	\$200
NORTH CAROLINA	Boone Weaverville	Jack Herer Lemon Kush Nebula Maui Wowie	\$360 \$375 \$340 \$430
OHIO	Bowling Green	Candy Sweet Tooth Mystery	\$325 \$350
OREGON	Eagle Creek	Chemo	\$320
PENNSYLVANIA	Lake Erie	Blueberry Kush Purps Sensi Star Sour Diesel	\$340 \$350 \$330 \$350
TEXAS	Fort Worth Houston	Diesel Bubba Kush	\$480 \$440
WASHINGTON	Aberdeen Bellingham	Great White Shark Kali Mist Trainwreck Power Plant	\$350 \$350 \$300 \$280
WISCONSIN	Madison Milwaukee	Jack the Ripper Sour Diesel Orange Haze	\$350 \$350 \$480
INTERNATIONAL (prices in Canadian dollars)			
CANADA	Mississauga	Bubba Kush NYC Diesel	C\$240 C\$300



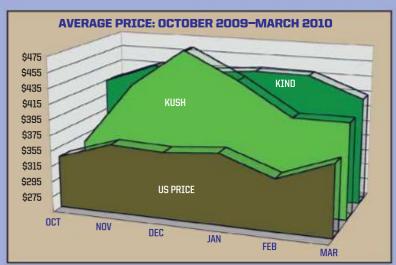
MARKET ANALYSIS

Kush crushed the competition and once again finished as the month's most submitted strain. After losing the top pot spot in December 2009, Kush submissions have been pouring in, and the strain has yet to be dethroned in 2010. The top-five performers have been fairly consistent thus far; however, Trainwreck made the cut for the first time this year, dislodging Strawberry Cough.

The top five submitted strains (with average price) were Kush (\$400), Diesel (\$408), Purps (\$359), Blueberry (\$387) and Trainwreck (\$351).

Index Watch: All indices rebounded from last month's dip with the exception of Kind (-\$26), which finished well below its previous-month and year-to-date averages.

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



Einstein - \$450 Hartford, CONNECTICUT "A beautiful cross created in New York. These earthy, crystal-laden buds have a couch-lock effect second to none!"

Blue Dream - \$400 Lawrenceville, GEORGIA "Nicely manicured light-green indoor. Very smooth smoke with a great flavor. If I'm not mistaken, it's from NoCal. This stuff is some of the nicer indoor bud I've seen in a while." Colorado Diamond - \$400 Garden City, KANSAS "Smells like fruit, tastes like berries, looks like diamonds! Organically grown in Colorado Springs for many patients in need"

Orange Haze - \$480
Milwaukee, WISCONSIN
"Has a citrus smell to it and tastes like orange candy. This strain gives an amazing body high that would relax anyone who's having a stressful day.
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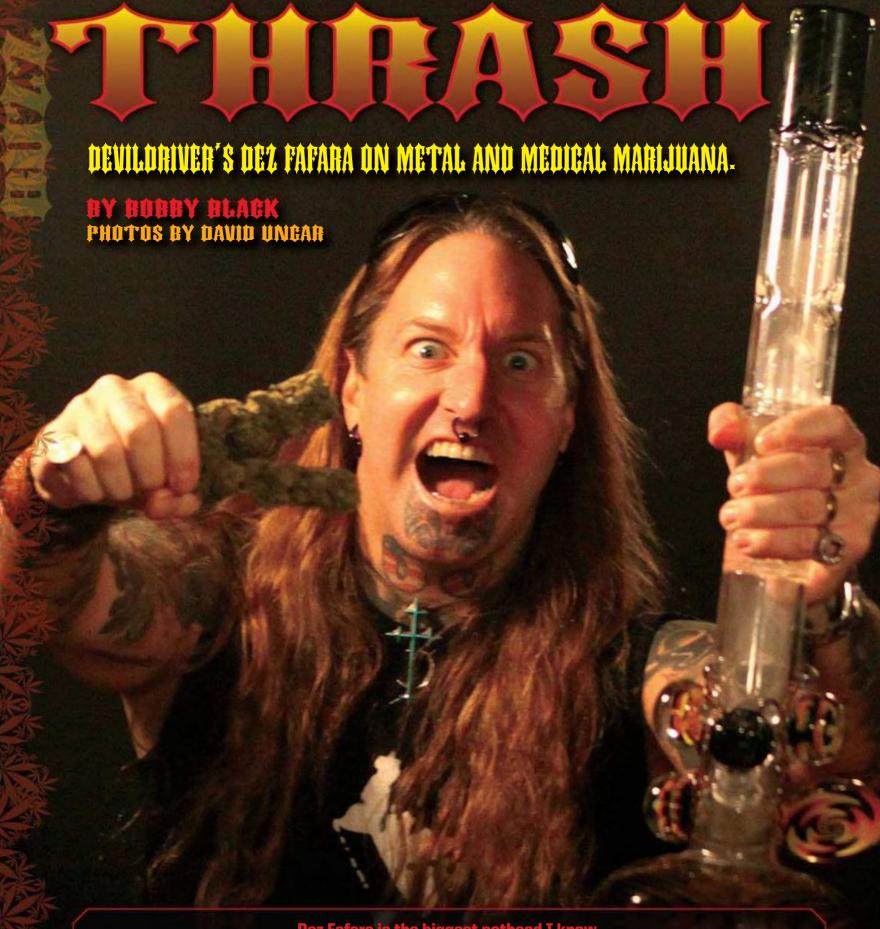
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Dez Fafara is the biggest pothead I know.

At least, that's what his publicist said back in 2008 when she first contacted me about interviewing the tattoo-encrusted frontman of DevilDriver. The band takes its name from the ancient ritual bells used in Stregheria (Italian witchcraft) to drive evil away. After a little research, I discovered that, similar to myself, Fafara is a practicing witch—and, apparently, a pretty good one: The band's songs have been featured on the TV show Scrubs and the hit video game Rock Band, and their latest album, Pray for Villains, debuted at No. 35 on the Billboard 200. Not to mention that last year, we nominated them for a HIGH TIMES Doobie Award for Best Metal Artist. But this mere nod wasn't enough for Fafara. "Forget Rolling Stone and Revolver," he allegedly told the publicist. "Get me into HIGH TIMES."

I agreed to interview him on one condition: It had to be in person. When I finally caught up with Dez outside NYC's Fillmore club during last year's "Thrash and Burn" tour, it was clear he understood why. Within 30 seconds of entering his tour bus, he'd identified me as a "brother of the left-hand path." whipped out an impressive stash of about seven different strains and started rolling—eager to smoke me out and hear my

the left-hand path," whipped out an impressive stash of about seven different strains and started rolling—eager to smoke me out and hear my "professional" opinions on each.

SELLI EL

SMOKING

Signs, signs,

everywhere signs....

DEZ: HIGH TIMES! I came prepared. This is the Unknown Kush ... I think it's a sativa blend. It'll wreck you. Whoever grew that knew exactly what was going on. And that Purple Dog there is unreal—it fuckin' knocks me out.

Do you have a favorite strain?

The Church, out of LA. That's the strain that I love the most. Love the taste, love the head—it's just a killer weed. And I know the dude who invented that clone.



I do. I was in seventh grade, and I was with a friend of mine named Tim. We were at his house while his mom was away, and we got into her stash. She had a little corncob pipe, and we packed it and got loaded as shit—that's all I remember.

Which did you discover first, weed or rock'n'roll?

I kind of found them at the same time. I discovered my parents' record collection and it was all psychedelic rock, so that influence probably had something to do with me smoking herb. I had ADD, and they had me on Ritalin for like 11 years, but when I found weed at like 15 or 16, I realized I could focus on that a lot better than the drugs they were manufacturing to put in my body. That's when I became a head. My parents were heads anyway—they were growing weed when I was a kid. I got kicked out of my house at 16 for smoking weed even though they were growing it, so there was a hypocritical thing going on. But now we smoke together.

When did you discover HIGH TIMES?

I first found HIGH TIMES in the '80s. My mom had started dating my stepfather—he had copies of *Playboy* and HIGH TIMES sitting around, and I remember checking them out. It was the only source to see good bud, find out about places to get good bud. The photos are incredible. I'd be staring at a page saying, "I wish I had that bud here right now!" as I'm sitting there smoking "regs" because I can't get any better.

Does weed help you with creativity?

With everything I do. I write all the lyrics and stuff, and I do a lot of art as well. As I said, I suffer from ADD, so I don't think I could create art without something to help me focus, get me out there artistically. I can't write a song without good herb—that's for sure.

Do you smoke more in the studio or on the road?

I'm just a constant head. I wake up and smoke to

get my head on straight. I smoke before I go to bed. I smoke several times a day, every day—when I don't, it's not a good thing.

What's your smoking method of choice?

Clear papers. I'm not a bong guy, not a vaporizer guy. Since I'm a singer, I have a big lung capacity, so I take massive hits and it just messes up my voice. I started smoking with the clears, and I realized it was way better for my throat than wood-fiber papers. It's like

smoking out of a clean glass pipe. So yeah, clear papers are the way to go for me.

Is it hard to score herb on the road?

Some places ... but I have friends all over the place that come bring us good weed. I'm lucky that way. We played a festival in Spain, and some guy who worked at the club got me Turkish hash. It was probably the best hash I ever smoked—like "tripping" hash. I fluffed it up and rolled a pure hash joint with the clear paper.

Have you ever grown weed?

I have and I do. I grow some pretty damn good herb. But I'm allowed to grow almost 50 plants because I have a legit medical card and I make edibles for myself. I try to obey the law—I don't want anyone to blow it, because Cali is manifesting in such a beautiful way right now.

As a native Californian, how do you feel about the whole dispensary situation?

It's unbelievable what's happening—every state should be doing it. It's a powerful feeling to see people being able to get their medical marijuana. I know the average head just wants to get stoned, but you only have to see someone who goes through anorexia, someone with cancer going through chemotherapy, or someone like myself who only gets three hours of sleep a night unless I get stoned, to know that they're bringing medicine to the people who really need it. A lot of the man-made pharmaceuticals that they're pushing on us are killing people. The government should get smart and come in and tax it, and you'd solve the budget crisis real quick in this country. I wish the rest of the nation would get with it.

Have you ever been busted for weed?

Yeah, I went to jail for weed twice: once when I was 20, and then again when I was 27. Not a good feeling. You're in a car, you get pulled over, you get searched, they find weed, you go to jail, you have to call your parents or whoever you're living with ... it's not a good thing.



'I CAN'T WRITE A SONG WITHOUT '£000 HERB—THAT'S FOR SURE.'

Have you ever had a pinnacle moment when you said to yourself, "This is it ... I've made it, I'm a rock star"?

Well, "rock star" is a dirty word [laughs], but I've had several moments like that in my life. Traveling the world and playing stadiums with Pantera and Black Sabbath was a moment. Getting gold records with my last band [Coal Chamber] was a moment. Seeing the amazing tours that this band has done, doing Ozzfest—there've been so many of those moments that I've never looked at one and said, "This is the defining moment!" There can be no defining moment in such a huge journey. The destination is in the journey, you know?

If you couldn't sing in a band, what other job would you like to try?

I've done a lot of things—I've been a bricklayer, carpenter ... but right now, I'm looking into opening a dispensary. That's where I can see myself going. I'm trying to get that done by the end of March.

I thought at first that your song "Clouds Over California" was about weed, but it's not. I have to ask ... if you're such a big head, why haven't you written any songs about pot?

I don't know why. This record was going to have one called "Five-Leaf Belief," and it ended up being "I See Belief." It just wasn't working. If you're gonna write a song about weed, it's got to work.

One last question: Have you ever smoked HIGH TIMES centerfold bud?

No, I haven't.

Well, then ... how about passing me some of those clear papers? ₩



High concept

Dredg is a band with an edge. By Justin Hampton

No one ever said that Radiohead had to be the only band in modern rock to think deeply. However, bands like Northern California's Dredg have gone largely unacknowledged for their sprawling, brainy, tuneful concept jams, starting with 1998's Leitmotif, a musical narrative that came complete with its own short story. This time around, the band contends with The Pariah, the Parrot, the Delusion, a meditation on faith and religion loosely modeled on Salman Rushdie's essay "Letter to the Six Billionth Person." Moreover, the band even collaborated with Rushdie himself on a benefit performance/reading at Brooklyn's Housing Works—hardly the basis for your standard-issue radio fluff, though Gavin Hayes's syrupy vocals and the slick aggression of Dredg's sound have helped them achieve some unlikely success on the Billboard rock charts as well as among their loyal fans. "A lot of our songs fell into the same kind of ideals that are portrayed in the essay," bassist Drew Roulette explains regarding the new album. "It's like the Pariah's the outcast; the Parrot, someone who follows; and the Delusion is what we think most people are suffering from in this world nowadays."

The penultimate track on the album, "Quotes," appears to place a strong faith in the transcendent potential of intoxicating substances ("Our sobriety will diminish These drugs will expand us/United we will grow"). And while Roulette notes that the band's lyrics generally shouldn't be taken too literally, he does confirm that "It goes back to growing up and expanding our minds in different ways If you don't abuse something, if something can open up your mind, I definitely think it's a positive thing."

Roulette has been the group's presiding stoner since its inception in the early '90s. "The other guys will do it occasionally, here and there, but I pretty much smoke almost every day," he admits. And marijuana's influence on Roulette's life and art has been subtle but pervasive: "I think as an artist—for me, at least personally—it's easier to step outside of the box when you're stoned and kind of attack your art in a different way. And that's what I most enjoy about it." *

entranced by Hefb

The Entrance Band plays hard and high. By Chris Ziegler

"I wouldn't be doing this interview if I didn't advocate the use of marijuana," says Guy Blakeslee, guitarist, singer and founder of the Entrance Band. "I'm proud to say it's something I believe in."

Today is one of the rare times in probably the last 10 years that Blakeslee hasn't smoked. Even before releasing an alternately bristly and blissful self-titled full-length on Thurston Moore's Ecstatic Peace label in September, the Entrance Band seemed like they were on permanent tour, leaving their home in LA to hit towns across America that hadn't seen anything this loud and wild since Black Flag 20 years ago. Now the album is out, and they're a long way from the paradise of Proposition 215 and the opportunity for the simple, legal self-administration of the plant that Blakeslee likes to call a "sacrament." But even in inhospitable Indianapolis, IN, he remains a true believer.

"I got into it knowing, before I ever even tried it, that it had a mystical bent," he says. "It wasn't to get wasted, but to tune into something greater. I think it's pretty healthy and positive, and I wanna try and represent it that way. When I started smoking, it was like, 'Oh, okay—this is the mystical world I always dreamed of.' And now I live there!"

As a kid growing up near Washington, DC, Blakeslee was, for all intents and purposes, straight-edge—but as an 11-year-old skater,



he'd still listen to Cypress Hill with his friends and wonder, "What's that like?" He started touring in outré hardcore bands like Behind Closed Doors and the Convocation Of and was noted even then for his preternatural abilities. He'd tried every kind of thinking to liberate his mind, he says now, and between 18 and 19, marijuana became the next logical step—the beginning of what he now calls his "second life."

His second musical life began around then, too. His solo performances as Entrance, playing

eerie, finger-picked blues guitar, got him signed to the stand-out blues label Fat Possum.

So if we're counting lives, let's call the Entrance Band number three. Aside from Blakeslee, the trio consists of bassist Paz Lenchantin and drummer Derek James, who feed annihilating power into Blakeslee's new electric songs. Ironically, Entrance's 2006 Prayer of Death (Tee Pee) featured all the same players before they became an official band—something more along the lines of friends fleshing out Blakeslee's songs. But the Entrance Band's full-length is where this power trio finds their power, with all of the songs written together for the first time. There hasn't been a triumvirate this telepathically precise since the days of Apollo 11 and the Jimi Hendrix Experience, both of which proved that if you put the right three people together, you'd be flying to the moon.

As a songwriter and creator, he says, marijuana lets him tune out everything except what he's working on at the moment—"That's the greatest thing about it!"—and connects him to everything around him, too, in a way he says he recognized instantly the first time he smoked.

"My ultimate point: Weed is just one of many things that helps us reconnect to who we are," Blakeslee concludes. "If nothing else, the true goal of life on Earth is to know yourself. And knowing yourself is knowing you're one with everyone else—not just knowing your personality and likes and dislikes and whatever people think a 'self' is. Everything is connected, so knowing yourself is knowing all. And any shortcut you can take—do it now!" *

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USED AND ABUSED

Growing up the hard way, longhaired singer-songwriter Bert McCracken suffered from crack addiction, spent time behind bars, then attended rehabilitation prior to turning 19 and finding success fronting the Used. Along the way, he managed to live through poverty, homelessness and depression before a self-titled 2002 album put his band on the map and his ex-girlfriend died of a drug overdose (inspiring the confessional spirit that suffuses the lyrics of the Used's 2004 sophomore set, *In Love and Death*).

"I can honestly say hooking up with the Used changed, then saved, my life," McCracken says now. "I was straight out of jail and rehab. I met these guys [guitarist Quinn Allman, bassist Jeph Howard and original drummer Brandon Steineckert], and we'd go to Jeph's mom's house and jam. Then I'd go to my NA [Narcotics Anonymous] meetings."

Raised in the seemingly unlikely straight-edged community of Orem, UT, McCracken and the band garnered early exposure when he dated Kelly Osbourne and faced off against Ozzy and Sharon during an episode of *The Osbournes*. Melding emotional hardcore rock to hard-candied gothic pop and grunge-y heavy metal, the Used became a hot commodity crafting what they now call "gross pop." After Steineckert was replaced by stick-handler Dan Whitesides on 2007's vindictive *Lies for the Liars*, the eclectic quartet returned with their worthiest work yet, 2009's assured *Artwork*.

"We had time to scrutinize the sound and level of involvement between lyrics and basic emotions in our music," McCracken says. "This album's a little heavier: We're trying to make music that's appealing to the ear and appeasing to the mind. Over the last few records, we were too clean, sharp and precise. We needed to strip things down and keep some of the dirty abrasiveness. We structured this record as a nonstop bombardment of deep urgency concerning morality, love and hate."

Hitting home on a personal level, Artwork's chilling opener, "Blood On My Hands," finds McCracken playing a kaleidoscope killer in the ominously com-

The fall and rise of the Used's Bert McCracken. By John Fortunato

pelling promo video. Its murderous rage turns out to have been manifested in a real-life scenario: "Some dude broke into my [Los Angeles—area] house, and I had to take the law into my own hands; I had to scruff him up a bunch," the bandleader claims.

Luckily, before the preening darlings of the music press could carelessly accuse him of abusing a desperate intruder, McCracken managed to acquit himself of the charge. But he feels lucky that his felonious past didn't come back to bite him when the police attempted to accuse him of having previous drug relations with the trespasser—and he fully recognizes the toll that his earlier lifestyle has taken. "I started snorting coke till my nostrils couldn't take anymore," he concedes. "Then I got into needles, shot heroin, but was pretty much a crystal-meth guy. I shot, smoked and ingested meth for eight years. My life was ruined at 18, when I weighed only 79 pounds."

Thanks to his previous drug abuse, however, McCracken understands the difference between stone-cold junkies and recreational marijuana users.

"Everyone knows pot's not a drug—it's a healing herb," he says. "No one ever died from smoking weed. The fact that people drive to a liquor store, buy a bottle and drive the car drunk—it's a backward world we live in. I do a lot of my writing at night, and if I get stoned first, I get a lot deeper; I could look at the lyrics and see what they mean in a different way."

These days, McCracken prefers Afghan Kush and the brutally potent (and sensationally named) Green Crack. However, he's not sure he'd be comfortable buying weed from California's marijuana dispensaries.

"I'll always buy street weed," he declares. "It's a strange feeling going into a store, asking for an eighth of Bubba—they probably grab a big bud, shake off all the kif, then sell it." And though he acknowledges that "LA has come a long way towards legalization," McCracken adds: "I know it's a problem with the state and federal government butting heads, because you can get arrested for marijuana even if you have a card. It's a crazy clash." **

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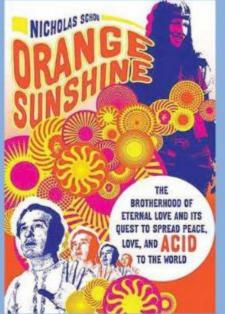
SUNSHINE SUPERNOVA

Orange Sunshine: The Brotherhood of Eternal Love and Its Quest to Spread Peace, Love, and Acid to the World NICK SCHOU

(Thomas Dunne Books)

The more I learn about Johnny Griggs, the more I realize he's the most overlooked and unsung hero of the 1960s counterculture revolution. A greaser hot-rodder from Anaheim, CA, Griggs fell into heroin and speed before discovering acid in the early '60s, when almost nobody but the CIA knew where to find it. He stole a large sup-

ply from a Hollywood producer at gunpoint and took his first trip in the mountains. But when he came down from those mountains, he humbly returned what was left of the stolen acid, became a vegetarian, spread a gospel of universal peace, and built the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, one of the world's largest and most elusive smuggling operations, known primarily today for dispensing millions of hits of Orange Sunshine.



Orange County Weekly reporter Nick Schou stumbled onto the Brotherhood story (most of which takes place in a canyon near Laguna Beach, where the Brotherhood transformed a cottage community into "Dodge City") while covering the local beat around Laguna. His book is a roller-coaster ride through many of the Brotherhood's biggest smuggling adventures and also provides the hilarious details of daily life in Dodge City. Most importantly, Schou finally dispels the myth that Tim Leary was the leader of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Leary is quoted several times affirming that Griggs is actually his guru, not the other way around.

The sad truth is that in the early days of this spiritual reformation, many synthetic drugs were developed and tested recklessly, resulting in damage to adults and in some cases even children. Griggs was a victim of an overdose of synthetic psilocybin. Strangely, Schou doesn't reveal, however, that Griggs actually died from asphyxiating on his own vomit, not as a result of a government plot to poison him. Attend a Rainbow Family Gathering today and you'll find a culture almost identical to the one Griggs cre-

ated, a spiritual merger of mostly Eastern and Native American traditions. I do not think this is an accident. Like Stephen Gaskin and Ken Kesey, Griggs was a true avatar of this spiritual revolution, while the martini-drinking, meat-eating, jet-setting, violence-promoting Leary never achieved that position, except probably in his own mind. I hope this book helps Griggs achieve the recognition he deserves.—Steven Hager

JERRY GARCIA BAND

Let It Rock

(Rhino Records)

Restless and eager to create, Jerry Garcia in 1975 was filling

in any little free time by gigging with his so-called bar band—what may have been the second-best ensemble of his career. Furthermore, the lineup for the Jerry Garcia Band that November maintained a consistency that the Dead couldn't always match. Their excellence ain't surprising: In addition to bassist John Kahn, a nonpareil bottomholder who would work with Jerry for the rest of their mutually short lives, the late-'75 quartet consisted of Beatles/Stones/Who/Kinks pianist Nicky Hopkins (later of the Bay Area's Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver Messenger Service) and Elvis drummer Ron Tutt. (Yes, that Elvis.)

Recorded over two nights at the Keystone Berkeley nightclub, this double album features Garcia/Hunter originals and covers by Chuck Berry, Little Milton, Jimmy Cliff, Allen Toussaint, Hank Ballard and the Stones. With a set list this heavy on rock'n'roll and R&B, it's not surprising that "the Rolls-Royce of drummers" (as Tutt was once called) and barrelhouse ivory-pounder Hopkins manage to avoid psychedelic lethargy. The latter also cooks on three instrumentals, including "Edward, the Mad Shirt Grinder," a catchy display of piano technique that he recorded with Quicksilver.

Garcia supplies the usual thrills and trills on guitar, and his vocals are earthy and soulful. While nothing revelatory happens, there's a snappin' crackle present on these two CD's that occurs between musicians whose raison d'être is to play the fuck out of their instruments. For some of us, that's welcome listening these days.—Michael Simmons

MC ESSO

Off the Wall

(theessoexperience.com)

Following Michael Jackson's death, a multitude of artists

began churning out tributes like clockwork—but Harlem, NY's unsigned MC Esso initiated his composition three months before. After placing MJ's Off the Wall album on his iPod in January, the Howard University alum and former NCAA baseball player was inspired to re-create the classic album. Emulating a seven-times-platinum record—and one with recent increased appreciation—is undoubtedly a risky undertaking; however, departing from the typical underground NYC sound (and with numerous Haze-filled Dutch Masters on hand), Esso and producer Woody rose to the challenge. This 10-track release, which contains samples from each of the 10 songs featured on Jackson's album, was finalized two weeks prior to the icon's demise. Essentially, Esso fell directly in line with Harlem's trendsetting repute.

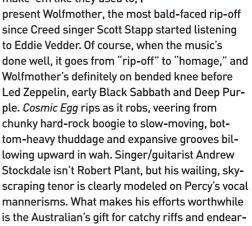
The free album debuted on August 10—the 30th anniversary of Off the Wall's '79 release. The first single/video, "Don't Stop," which blatantly imitates the video and acoustic themes of "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough," gained rotation on MTV Jams and MTV2. Other tracks, such as "Damn," offer very subtle sampling over naturalistic and at times humorous vocals, as MC Esso jokingly reminisces about an ex ("I miss watchin' you trip off of that good weed / Thinking that the sour was laced because you couldn't breathe"). On "View From the Top," he acknowledges the game's pros and cons ("That's the danger of trying to be famous / You either win big or die broke and nameless"). Overall, Esso's Off the Wall drops him like a meteor into the top tier of "new" MC's.-TRu

WOLFMOTHER

Cosmic Egg

(Interscope/Modular)

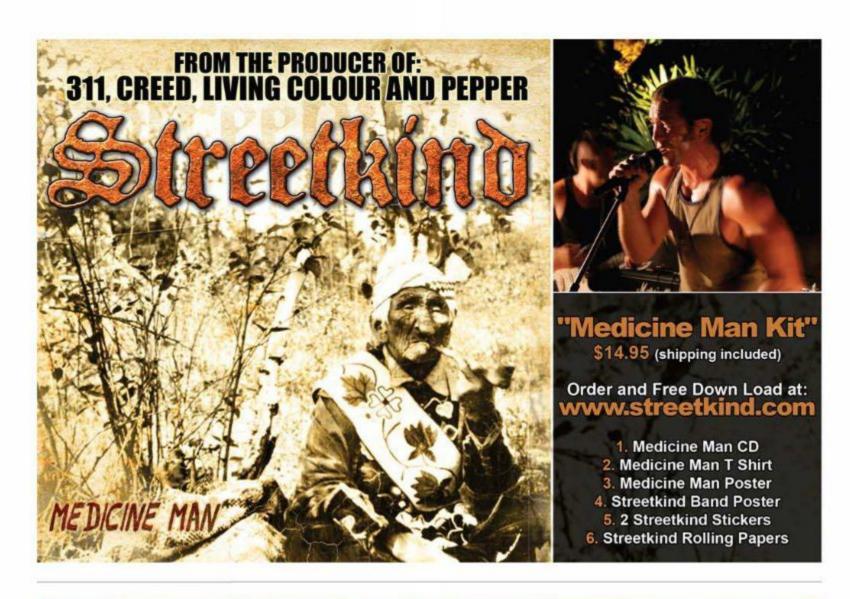
For those who say they don't make 'em like they used to, I



The hard-blues pulse of "Cosmic Egg" thunders like a locomotive sucking you into its deepseated rut before breaking free in the closing solo. On "Pilgrim," Stockdale mines a deep blues-psych that interrupts its Sabbath throb with a chorus reminiscent of Magical Mystery Tour-era Beatles, while "In the Morning" captures the balladeering electric folk-blues spirit of Zeppelin's "Over the Hills and Far Away." Even the occasional missteps, such as the '80s-style arena metal ballad "Far Away," are redeemed by infectious tracks like "White Feather," a Stonesy blues jam with the anthemic hard-rocking air of Thin Lizzy. It's difficult to escape the sense of déjà vu, but Stockdale has chosen his inspirations well and mixes them throughout the album. There's nothing novel here, but if you're unfamiliar with '70s rock, then it's new to you.—Chris Parker











THE B FOUNDATION

Southern California's hottest rising surf-roots/rock band, the B Foundation, draws influence from reggae rhythms, teen angst and the salty waves of the Pacific Ocean. With a growing fan base and three albums already under their belt, the B has become a touring machine. Coming off co-headlining a nationwide summer tour, the band spent the fall of 2008 back on the road opening for indie giants Slightly Stoopid. The B Foundation also toured extensively in Japan in 2009, and a 2010 European tour is currently in the works.

The B Foundation's albums have been well received, and they've sold over 20,000 copies of their first two full-length releases, *The Deep End* and *Trouble Standing*. The band hasn't relied on label support to move their records, but rather their own DIY mentality, a direct connection with their fans and the word of mouth that always accompanies good music!

The B's most recent album, Souvenirs, Novelties and Party Tricks, is their strongest release to date. After the first day of sales on iTunes, the band was the No. 2 downloaded artist in the reggae genre as well as a "pick of the month." College and commercial radio stations across the country are starting to discover the album in an incredibly organic way. With their catchy motto ("Say No to Emo!") and amazing live shows, the B Foundation are rapidly becoming known as the go-to band for good-time party vibes.

For more on the B Foundation, including audio samples, album info and tour dates, head to hightimes.com/thebfoundation.





MY SNEAK PEEK AT LIVING THE BBD

Our honorary editor for a day gets a taste of the high life.

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As any aspiring writer soon learns, the hardest part of starting a writing career is getting noticed. The second I saw my name posted on Bobby Black's blog announcing me as the HIGH TIMES Honorary Editor for a Day winner, I knew I'd done it.

That entire day was extremely surreal ... I spent most of it just trying to grasp what it all meant for my career. When I told my novelwriting class the news, everyone cheered and clapped so loud that I'm pretty sure they could hear us outside on the south oval. One of my professors even suggested

that the student magazine do a profile piece about me.

After two months of anticipation, I finally flew into New York. Then I relaxed, letting the charm of the city take over. I spent that first night in my favorite area of the city: St. Marks

Place in the East Village, grubbing on dollar pizza slices, throwing back Jäger shots and draft beers and catching up with old friends.

I hopped on a train around eight the next morning on a mission to find the HIGH TIMES headquarters. Luckily, since it turned out that they run on a sort of stoner schedule (most of the staff doesn't come in until 10 a.m.), I had plenty of time to explore the neighborhood before reporting for work. Their work area is basically a bunch of cubicles surrounded by individual offices on three sides, but on the fourth side is a wall of windows that boasts a city view so spectacular it should be listed in their benefits package.

The first person I spoke with after arriving there was creative director Steven Hager. I was definitely a bit starstruck: I've read his book *The Octopus Conspiracy* more than any other, so I was excited when he signed a brand-new copy for me so that I could give my tattered old one a rest.

Next, I had the opportunity to have a oneon-one focus session with publisher Mary
McEvoy and to give her my input on a couple of
upcoming magazine covers. After that, most
of my day was spent hanging out with senior
editor Bobby Black in his office, learning the
ins and outs of how they put together this
magazine we all love so much. I'm pleased to
report that in one day with Bobby and the HT
staff, I learned more about making a magazine than I've learned in the last three years of
school, internships and small-time writing
gigs combined.

It was a Friday just after shipping week, so things were a little slow around the office.



While it made for a mellow experience—and meant Bobby had more time to work with me—I couldn't help but wonder what the atmosphere is like when the stress of deadline week takes over.

At around 4 p.m.,

much of the staff trickled out of the office and over to their secret photo studio for an ultimate 4:20 smoke session. There—over bong hits of Granddaddy Purps—we talked about the differences between making the magazine now compared with 10 or 15 years ago, the atmosphere of the marijuana-legalization movement, predictions about if and when President Obama would take a significant stand for legalization efforts, and everything in between.

One of my favorite parts of the entire experience was watching and listening to senior cultivation editor Danny Danko's spirited promotion of NORML and the "Atlantic Antic," a street fair in Brooklyn that was taking place later that weekend. He has so much passion and excitement for the legalization movement that it literally exudes from him as a bright, aura-like essence. It was like watching a 10-year-old boy on Christmas morning.

Before leaving, Bobby let me pick out some old magazines for my vintage collection and hooked me up with all sorts of stuff—from the 2010 HIGH TIMES calendar to some Grunge Off bong cleaner. And webmaster Craig Coffey even gave me my own blog on hightimes.com!

I spent the rest of the weekend in a beautiful fog induced by the Purps, getting to know the way New York City lives and breathes. All in all, my experience living the BBD as an honorary editor for a day was incredible, and I can only hope to spend more time with the HIGH TIMES family in the future. **

Check out more from our honorary editor in her new blog at hightimes.com/tags/kbhaze.

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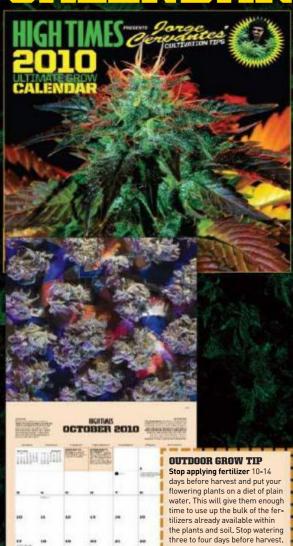


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The Yippie Scourge

Revealing the Secret Yippie Plan for Drug Addiction. By Paul Krassner

Recently, the Associated Press published a profile of me by cultural correspondent John Rogers. This is what he wrote:

"The movement [Krassner] helped launch is not remembered fondly by everyone. David Horowitz, the former 1960s radical turned conservative commentator, said that although he likes Krassner personally, he believes he and other Yippies must shoulder much of the blame for crises such as AIDS and drug addiction. It was one long incitement against America, against all the guidelines, the morals and mores that helped people make it through life,' [Horowitz] said of the Yippie movement. 'I

think Yippies in the end

were a terribly destructive force."

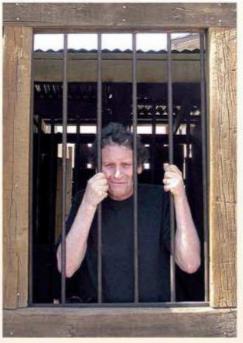
So I contacted some original Yippies and Yippie sympathizers and asked for their recollections of our insidious plan.

Michael Simmons: "The Yippie High Command decided that more junkies and sick homosexuals would radicalize the populace, leading to revolution, while acknowledging that we run the risk of not only pushing the country rightward, but encouraging certain former left-wing radicals-even red-diaper babies-to defect to the lunatic fringe."

Matt Neuman: "Wasn't a prevailing theory of HIV's origin the eating of green monkeys by humans? What if Yippies broke into a factory that makes Slim Jims and substituted dehydrated green-monkey meat for the dried beef? As for Yippies causing drug addiction, that's too far-fetched."

Lou DeCosta: "Steal a helicopter and dump concentrated doses of heroin and the AIDS virus up and down the California Aqueduct so it'll get carried to LA. Everything—good and bad—starts in LA and spreads out from there. Then, in a Yippie version of Helter Skelter, mass panic ensues, and the Yips-who have stolen the government's topsecret AIDS vaccine for themselves—step in to fill the leadership void, quash the masses and institute the American Mao-Mao revolution (but without the drab jackets). Hey, it still might work."

Judy Gumbo: "The Yippies accept full responsibility for causing the entire AIDS and drug epi-



'To blame the Yippies for the actions of the CIA, who actually did participate in the AIDS and crack epidemic, is beyond redemption.

demic-and, to make up for it, we and the entire million-person Yippie Army are going to dig up the gigantic Yippie stash of marijuana that's buried under the Pentagon and bail out every person with AIDS or addicted to drugs who wants to partake."

Rex Weiner: "There was the Jujitsu Solution, which was meant to pull the right wing into our grasp and wrest them under control, entirely by their own aggression and unbeknownst to them. Our movement employs producers within the television industry who control talking heads like Bill O'Reilly, Glenn Beck and Rush Limbaugh in order to capture the attention of the right-wingers. Movement producers use hightech methods to insert ultrasound waves in their broadcasts, which cause the cells of repeat listen-

ers to these shows to mutate, divide and multiply with extreme morbidity—that's called cancer, AIDS, erectile dysfunction, Lyme disease, hangnails, whatever.

'The left, of course, long ago cornered the market on cures for those maladies with the help of indigenous witch doctors who supplied the ancient secrets of rainforest-tree bark, snake venom, toad sweat and hemp-blossom essences, including Viagra, Cialis and even Extenz—all of which is a left-wing plot to limit the staying power and shorten the penises of right-wingers, thus giving relatively well-hung left-wingers with more staying power the evolutionary advantage."

Michael Dare: "What a scumbag David Horowitz is. Too bad you didn't levitate the Pentagon and drop it on his head. For him to blame the Yippies for the actions of the CIA, who actually did participate in the AIDS and crack epidemics, is beyond redemption. Why would you have done such a thing? Obviously, you weren't on the take. Let's see those checks from the CIA to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin for 'having sex and doing drugs." *

Paul Krassner did a reading from his essay collection Who's to Say What's Obscene?, plus a Q&A with the audience, at Skylight Books in Los Angeles. You can see that hysterical event on C-SPAN at c-spanarchives.org/program/289187-1.

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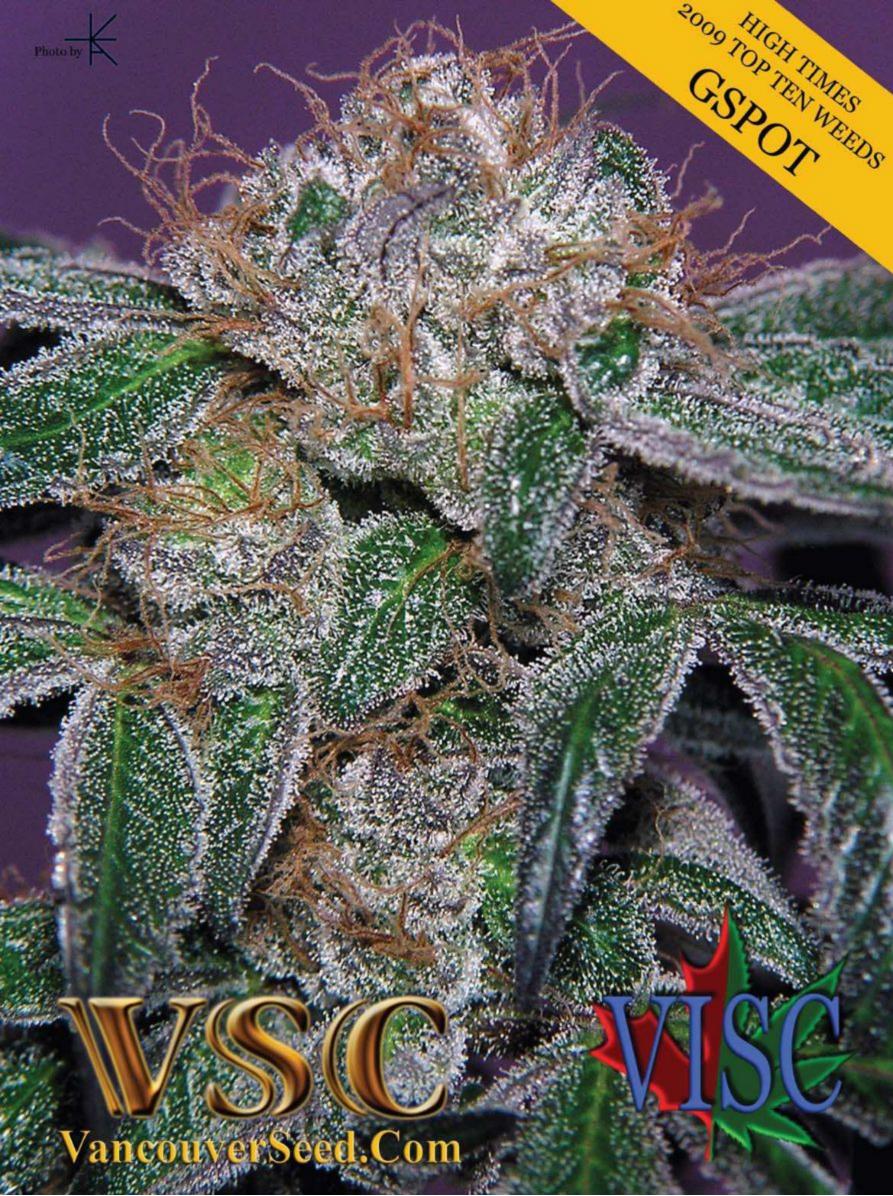
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HANDS-FREE GROW TECHNOLOGY As cannabis cultivation enters a new era, take an exclusive look inside a futuristic, fully automated growroom that produces pound upon pound of perpetual pot. Story & photos by Felix Green Frankenstein's Lair Nestled among the other brownstones in an upscale California neighborhood is one of the most impressive midsize commercial growrooms I've ever seen. From the outside, you'd never give the house a second glance, since it blends in beautifully with all the other homes in the area. The only difference: There are no high-end cars in the garage—only a state-of-the-art grow op that is fully automated and modern in every way. I'm sure that, at some point in time, every grower has thought about turning his garage into something more than just a place to park the car. This particular grower, Frankenstein (or "Frank" for short), did it just about as well as you can possibly imagine: He went out and hired a team of professionals to build an 8,000watt hydro system that is completely concealed in the garage of his upscale home, betraying no hint of the operation that lay beyond the doors. I arrived at Frank's house, and a nice lady in her mid-30's invited me in with a smile. I still couldn't seeeven smell—any sign of the large grow operation that I knew was going on inside. Frank explained a few of the details to me as we sat down for a smoke in his living room. He allows the lady to stay in the house for free in return for taking care of the yard and the inside of the house. Frank takes care of everything in the garage. 'It works out great for the both of us," he said. "I give her a great place to stay while she goes back to college, and in return I get a person that I can trust to watch the house on a daily basis. She lets me know if there is ever anything up or if something is going wrong. Everyone in the neighborhood just thinks that she's a housewife whose husband travels for work. That way, it doesn't look weird if they see my car in front of the house occasionally. It's important that we continue the whole façade of fitting in just like everybody else in the neighborhood." 36 HIGHTIMES





Keeping It Cool

With all that electrical work and lighting bound to create a ton of heat, I asked Frank how he managed to cool it all.

"After building the room, I had an air-conditioning/heating specialist come in to work on all the airflow components. I couldn't install a central air-conditioning system for the room because there were already two central-air units that supported the house, and I thought a third one would look a little suspicious to the neighbors. I had my guy install six in-room air conditioners instead.

"The air conditioners, like everything else in the room, have their air output cleansed using large, heavyduty ionizers. I didn't want to take the chance that any of the air being released to the outside was smelling like pot. In-room air conditioners have the ability to stream smell, because they utilize a duct to release hot air—unlike a window unit that distributes the heat outside of the window. I also didn't install any heating sources, because I didn't believe they were needed. The room is so well insulated that it

holds the warm temperature of the room just fine when the lights are off. We also run the room at night, so it's typically warm during the day when the lights are off. I guess if it ever becomes a problem, we'll just add some portable plug-in heaters to the room."

Frank also explained that it's better to run the lights at night if you're using excessive electricity, whether it's legit or off the grid. "Around these parts," he noted, "they have vehicles that drive around neighborhoods during the day looking for electricity leaks on the grid. They typically do this during business hours, so if you run your lights at night, you have a better chance of going undetected. I'm not even sure that they're looking for something illegal, but rather leaks that occur from construction or weather. I actually had a friend get in trouble because of construction that was going on around his property. They noticed a bunch of power escaping around his house and came knocking on the door—so I always keep that in the back of my mind."

Getting the Goods

"The next step," Frank continued, "was for me to get all of the equipment ordered. I had to use a couple of different resources for this, but the equipment was relatively easy to get my hands on-even the feeding system. Most of the growing equipment was at my local grow store, and the electrical and technical equipment I ordered off the Internet. I know that most people don't like ordering sensitive material online, but many of the units-such as the IntelliDose [for nutrient supply, from Autogrow Systems]—are used for more commercial farms, so you can order them and no one will think twice about it. No worries!

"I decided to go with a drip-to-drain system to accommodate the Intelli-Dose. Because the IntelliDose controls the reservoirs, you can't have any runoff going back into them—the danger is, you can throw off the ppm and pH levels of the nutrient mix in the dosages. It took a couple of months to figure out how

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often I needed the system to run and supply nutrients. Also, the Intelli-Dose only controls the feeding amounts in the reservoirs, so I bought a detailed digital timer to control the actual feeding cycles."





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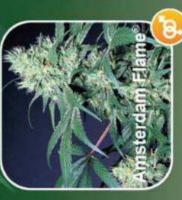
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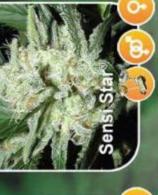
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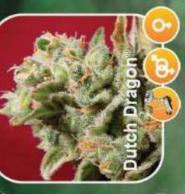












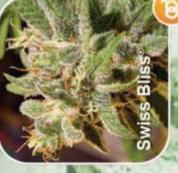






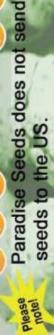












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Nutrient Control

What about the feeding? I understood that the automatic system would provide nutrients to the plant roots, but how does Frank make sure that everything stays happy and healthy?

"All of my nutrients are controlled by the IntelliDose, which feeds three 55-gallon drums. The only thing that I have to do in the feeding process is make sure to keep the 5-gallon buckets that supply the reservoirs full. I probably do that about every two weeks, which I can say isn't too bad. I also clean out the 55-gallon drums at the end of every month so that the system stays clean and doesn't clog up.

"I use 1-gallon pots filled with organic coco from Canna as my medium. Each pot has four drip feeders in them—I use more than one so that the nutrients are evenly distributed throughout the entire pot. Sometimes with drip systems, channels can form from the drippers and don't allow good

root structure to form. I try to use all-organic nutrients from Advanced Nutrients. The plants' diet consists of Iguana Juice, Monkey Juice, CarboLoad, fulvic and humic acid, Tarantula beneficial bacteria, B-52 vitamin booster and Sensizyme. I also added a fourth reservoir filled with just plain water that runs instead of the nutrient reservoirs every seven days. This helps the plants get a slight flush every week.

"The room has four 4' x 8' tables sitting off the ground. I use heavy-duty stands to support the trays because I'm doing a drip-to-drain system. I didn't have to raise them off the floor, but having space below the tables also helps increase air circulation throughout the room. It also helps when working on the plants, because having the plants at eye level allows you to see any problems that may be happening."

Lighting It Up

An automatic feeding regimen requires the plants to grow strong and quick—and without proper lighting, they just wouldn't be able to keep up with Frank's agenda.

"For the lighting setup, I went all out, using new digital 1,000-watt ballasts with bell hoods. I also bought two Solar Revolution light movers that rotate back and forth 360 degrees; this way, the cords never get tangled up. I placed three high-pressure sodium (HPS) lights and one metal halide (MH) light on each Solar Revolution. This allowed for each table setup to get a full spectrum of light. I figure that a 1,000-watt light covers a 4-foot light imprint, so I used four lights to cover two 4' x 8' flood trays. I have two identical setups, giving me 64 square feet of growing area.

"All of the lights are plugged into heavy-duty light relays that connect to one main timer. Also, using digital ballasts over conventional ballasts helps save on the electric and heat. These new digital ballasts put off virtually no heat, and that's important, because I have to keep the ballast located on rails above my plants because of the light rotators. Each of the lights is connected to the rotator using adjustable hanger cords instead of chains, allowing me to lower and raise the lights easily while keeping my plants from stretching."



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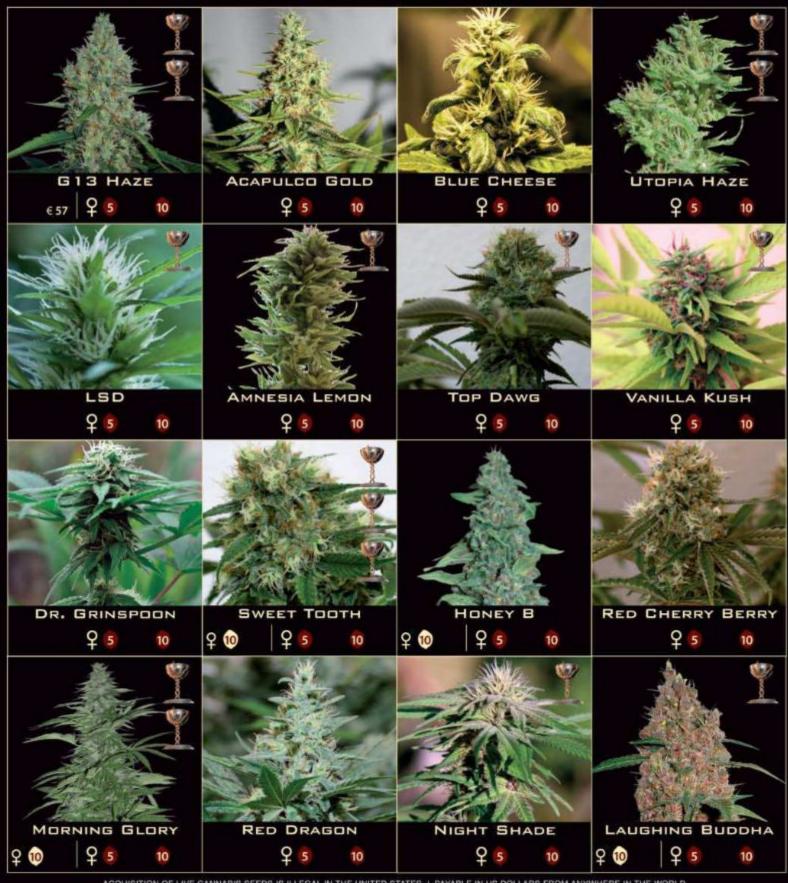


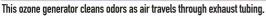
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An air filter sits high in the room to capture hot spent air where it gathers.



Airing It Out

Frank's next step in designing the room was ventilation. "Due to the sensitive nature of the neighbors, it was more important than ever to make sure that there was no leakage of smell coming from the house; each property in the neighborhood is located within feet of each other and filled with nosy people. All of the ducting that exited the room is cleansed by a Big Blue industrial ozonator and Mountain Air carbon filters to ensure that no odors escape. I even installed a carbon filter in my clone roomyou can never be too careful, and my clone room is the only thing that isn't located in the garage.

"I had to build my clone room in one of the bedrooms to the house, because there was just not enough room in the garage. With a grow operation this big, you really have to dedicate a room for your mothers and clones. The builders designed special double-sided panels for the windows that look like normal shades from the outside, but inside house a small carbon filter. Each side of the room has stainless-steel shelves that have their own T5 fluorescent lights on each shelf."

I asked Frank what advice he would give to new growers interested in beginning their own automated perpetual system. "It all really starts with your mothers and clones," he said. "If you don't have healthy clones to start, chances are you will not have a healthy garden. I used to buy my clones from other people, but I got tired of getting sick plants or bad genetics. I decided to take matters into my own hands, and now I know what strains I am growing and that they will be proper every time. It also helps to grow out the same strain several times. It gives you the chance to see what conditions are best for the plant-and every strain can be difficult in its own little way."

After getting a full tour of the grow op and house, I found myself back in the living room again smoking another joint of Grape Crush with my buddy and his house-sitter. They both joked about the months of labor that initially went into the house and the much smaller amount of work they have to do now. As we finished the joint, Frank asked me if I wanted to go to a festival happening over the weekend. Since everything was automated, "I don't have anything to do for another week," he laughed. **



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For ages, the pipe has served as a vessel for increasing pleasure or enhancing spirituality. Ceremonies involving the use of pipes are part of our shared human heritage. Modern pipemakers feel a sacred responsibility to the legacy of their craft.

By Jerome Baker | Photos by Kent Sea

or thousands of years, people have been designing paraphernalia for their smoking pleasure. Long before Columbus discovered America, African tribes fashioned a variety of water pipes from gourds, bamboo, hollowed logs and animal horns. When the Dutch landed in Cape Town in 1652, they observed natives smoking cannabis from pipes made with the calabash plant, a vine harvested specifically for use as a container or pipe. The ancient Persians, Indians and Chinese also share a long, rich history of using ornate, finely crafted pipes and water pipes to smoke their tobacco and herbs. In the early 17th and 18th centuries, England saw a huge boom in the production of handmade clay pipes. The clay churchwarden—the most popular clay pipe ever created—was immortalized in English art and literature and still remains popular to this day. But for pipe artisans of the 21st century, the most popular medium is borosilicate glass.

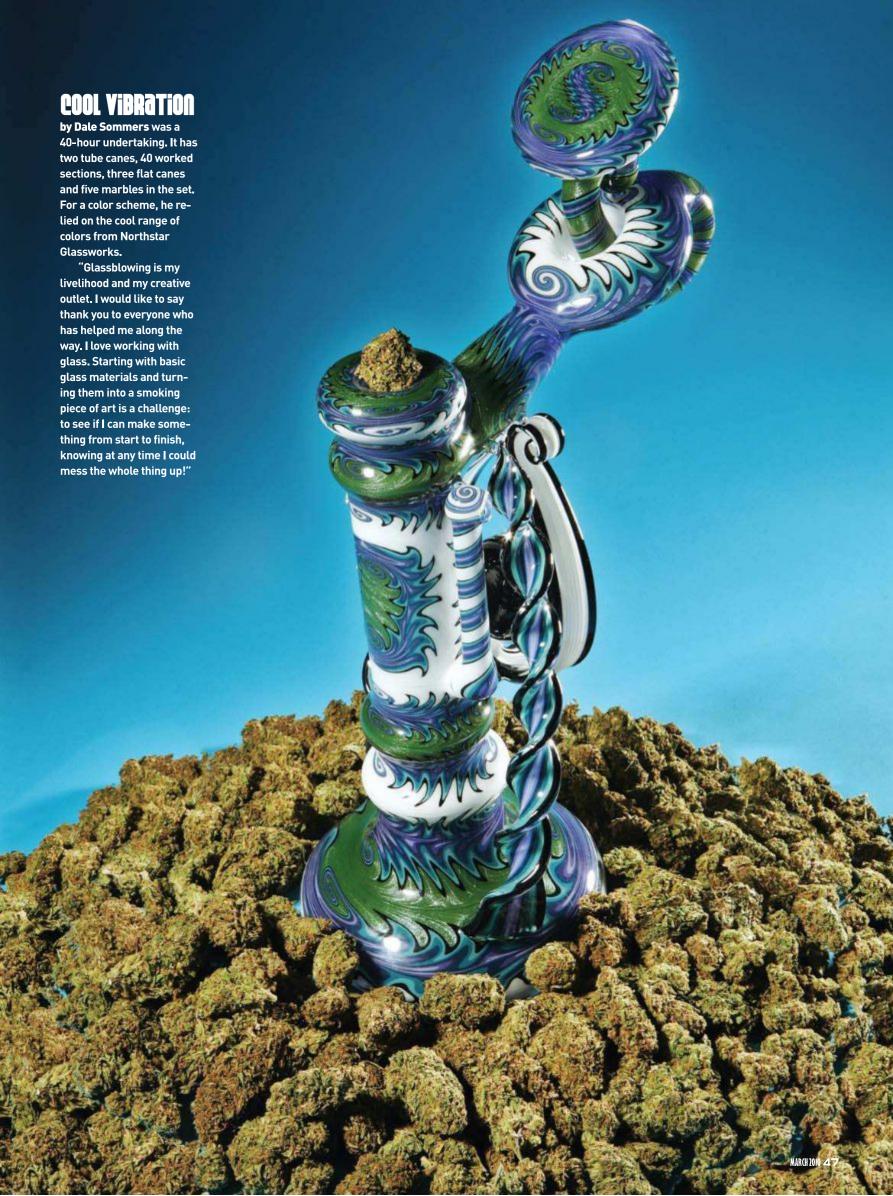
The reason for its popularity is simple: Borosilicate glass is extremely durable and resistant to thermal shock. It can be heated and cooled to extreme temperatures before it will stress and crack (so obviously a small torch or cigarette lighter offers no risk of breakage). It was developed in the late 1800s for the burgeoning science industry to provide instruments that could withstand exposure to extremely high and low temperatures.

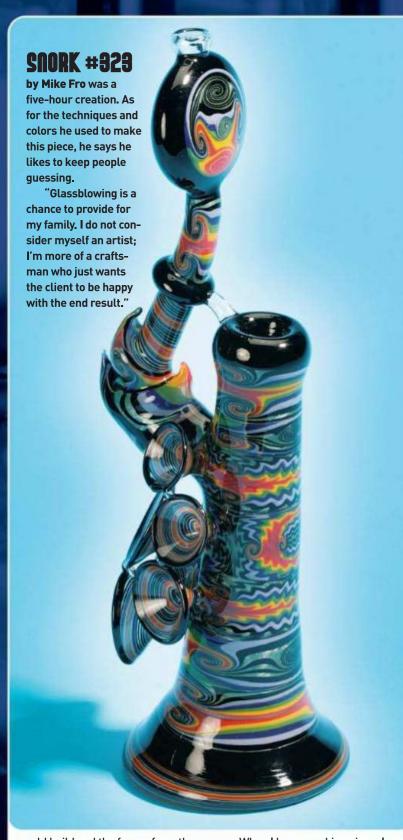
In the 1970s, with the high-tech industry booming, a generation of talented scientific glassblowers was spawned. Some of these "closet" artists set up small studios in their homes. What happened next was one of the most important breakthroughs in modern cannabis consumption.

In all likelihood, a curious stoner decided one day to inquire whether one of these scientific glassblowers might be able to fashion a quality pipe in which to smoke quality pot. That first pipe was probably nothing more than a clear, test-tube-looking piece, but it was certainly far better than a wood or metal pipe.

Like ceramics, glass takes on different colors and hues when different precious metals or oxides are introduced. In their quest to make glass pipes more elaborate and decorative, glass artists embraced color. The word quickly spread, and suddenly, the paraphernalia industry birthed an entirely new sector. Companies worldwide rushed to supply the now-thriving headshop industry. One of the first major glass-pipe companies to emerge was Ultimate Pipe. It produced a pipe fumed with silver and gold and featuring a Sherlock type of curve. In truth, the pipe appeared to be pink in color because it was loaded with gold fumes. Best of all, it delivered an unbelievably clean hit for pot smokers.

Not long after, a man named Bob Snodgrass came onto the scene. For years, Bob had been living in Key West, FL, working out of his studio (a retired school bus) and making little glass Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Bob discovered how to make pipes that seemingly changed color the more they were used. His technique was to coat the glass with silver, then draw characters and write hidden words in the piece. After he shaped the decorated glass into one of his signature pieces, it appeared to be clear. (In essence, it was like a mirror without a background: Without opaque backing, you can see through it.) When you smoked through a Snodgrass piece, the resins

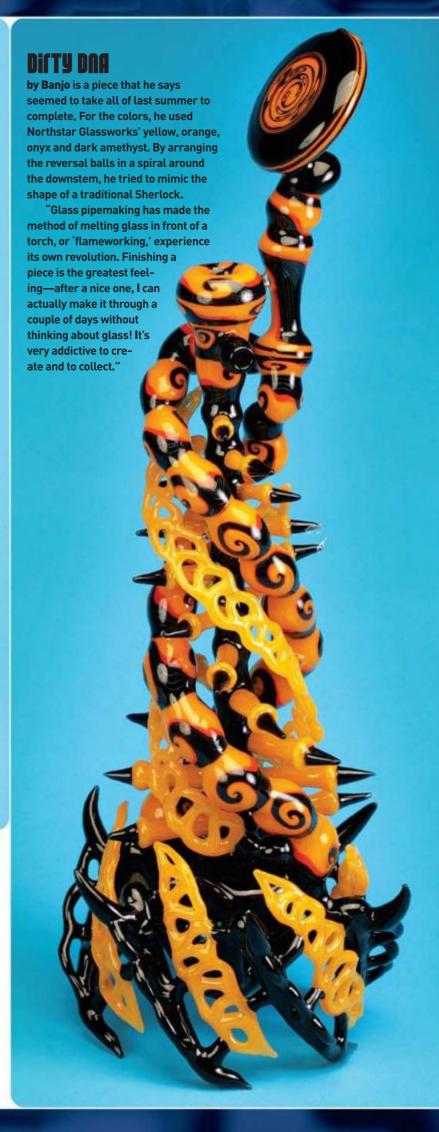




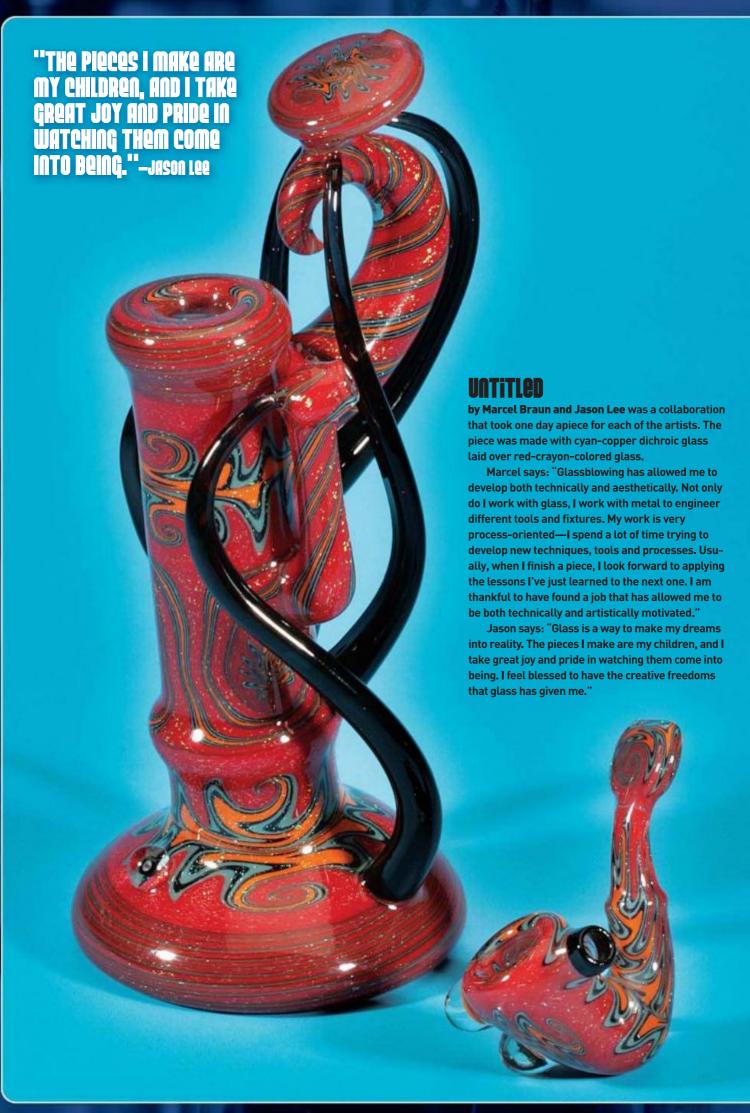
would build and the fumes from the silver would begin to appear as ghost-like images throughout the piece. All of the drawings and words with which Bob decorated his pipes would slowly become more visible. It was like magic to the stoner nation.

In crafting his work, Bob also discovered that if you push the bowl of the pipe in, the heat from the cherry rises up the inside of the bowl's walls but not down the outside. This prevented a piece from heating up, allowing more weed to be smoked for a longer time, because now the pipe could be held without burning the

When I began making pipes, I learned from Bob. In fact, on one occasion, Bob confided to me that aliens were channeling creative energy through him. He said that his pipes were more than just pieces to be used for smoking; each one was actually a cosmic "key." Bob believes that someday in the near future, a huge spaceship will land and these "keys" will fit into a special keyhole and allow everyone who has one to enter the spaceship. His pipes—imbued with this unique creative energy-were rare and hard to find. To acquire one of these gems, pipe seekers had to travel to special pot-







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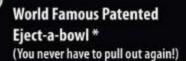
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HYBRID DOUBLE BUBBLE

by Eusheen took 20 hours to finish. He went with a Rasta theme combined with aqua coated with moss. For the black, he covered it with mixed-down disco sparkle. The patterns on the mouthpiece and side disc are done with a technique called fillichello.

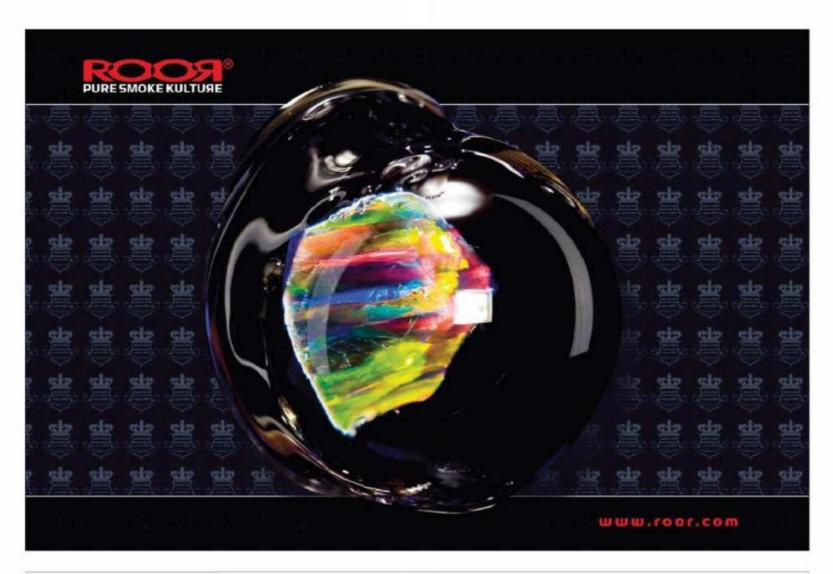
"When I finish a nice piece, I'm very stoked—I can't wait to open the kiln the next day to look at it. Glass, to me, is a freedom and expression that connects me to the community and world around me. I find inspiration from other glass artists. Glass is an ever-evolving art that has been taking me on an exciting ride for about 10 years. I'm a glassblower for life!"

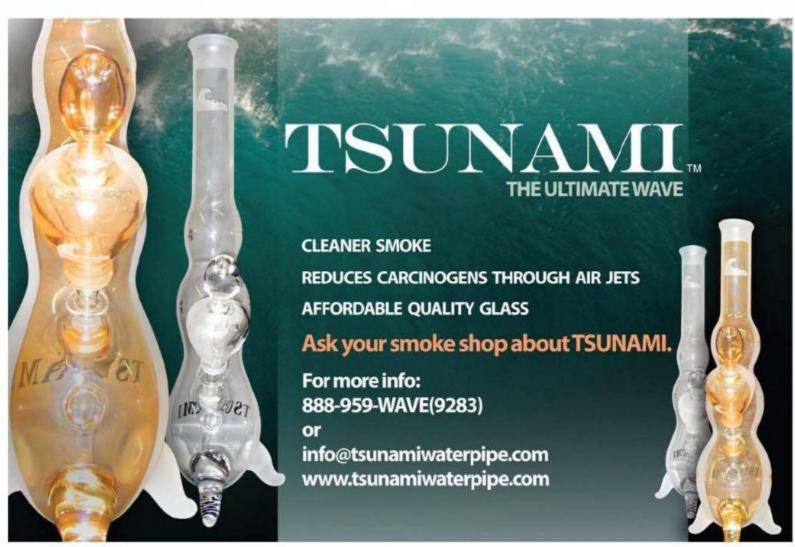
DISCO BLOWOUT

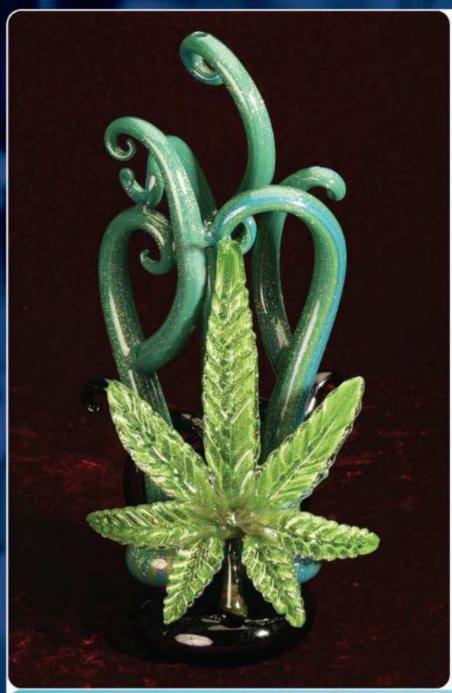
days to create. He used a color scheme of white, black, light gray, disco sparkle and cherry, as well as techniques like reversals, montage, tetris, incalmo and clear-coating for the color with tubing.

glass is my life. It consumes all my time. After I finish a piece like this, I feel relief—a real release of stress and anxiety. Then there is excitement for what I have accomplished. The best statement for my work: Style plus function equals happiness."









THE GANJA TROPHY

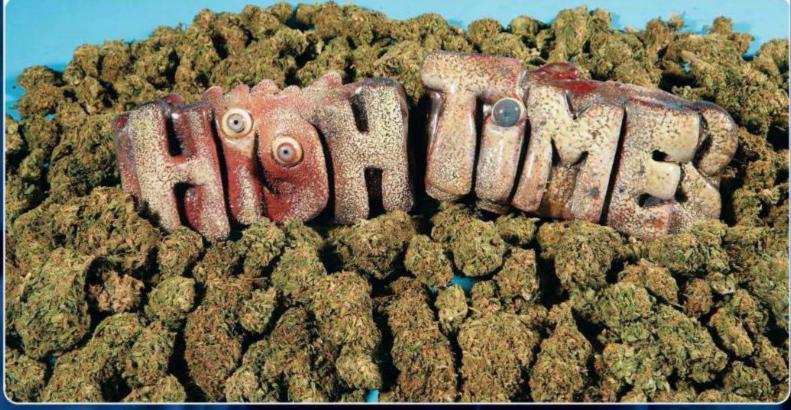
by Darby was a three-day affair. He used furnace-pulled dark amethyst for the black, Rasta gold dichro over Northstar Glass-works' forest green and blue spruce for the hollow-vine work, and Rasta gold dichro over forest green for the ganja leaf.

"There are 11 glassblowers in my family, including my three sons. I chose glassblowing as a career because I enjoy it—I feel like it found me. Glassblowing has helped me find myself; it's my calling in life. I love to make beautiful, functional glass art that makes people question what is art. I try to concentrate only on the present— when I think about the past, I get behind, and when I think about the future, I get ahead of myself. For now, I'm just going to kick back, work hard, play hard, eat well and enjoy life. I'm also thankful for the many friends I've made along my journey and for my family, whose support I have. For me, glassblowing has become my passion, my hobby, my form of artistic expression, my escape from reality. After 13 years, I'm still as excited as the first day when I open the kiln to see what I made the previous day. I'd also like to thank each and every glassblower for keeping the flame burning!"

SIGN OF THE TIMES

by Salt took about a week to finish. He used a variety of sculpting techniques that he's developed over the past few years involving adding, subtracting, pushing, pulling, carving and generally just beating the glass into submission. He prefers frits and powders for sculpting. For the colors in this piece, he used Amazon bronze and yellow.

"Glass started out as a way for me to take my desire to make art and turn it into a living. It has become just that, but it is also the place where I've made some of my closest friendships. It's a way for me to express myself, and also a way to rebel against some of the things I don't like about the world around me. Often, I use glass-blowing to work out my frustrations. Like many artists, my chosen medium is how I relate to the world. Because I strive to put my personal issues into the content of my work, I often feel as if I've done battle when I finally finish. My art is my yell, the loudest sound I can muster. I feel myself choking on the smiling, fake images that represent mainstream culture; I cringe at my own blatant materialism. I feel lost sometimes, hopeless, and all I can do is yell at the top of my lungs. So I do—I scream and yell as loud as I can straight into a glass tube. And some people have started to listen."





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MEDICAL MADNESS

by Scott Deppe took 60 hours to create (not including 10 years of research and development). Most of the patterns are drawn on the outside of a tube, which is then reversed so that the color is on the inside.

"When I finish a piece, I feel a sense of relief usually depending on how many hours I've invested in the piece. If I've spent 100-plus hours, the adrenaline starts flowing every time I take the piece out of the kiln. Just knowing that if I make a mistake I could lose everything puts me in a weird headspace that I kind of like. It's kind of like gambling—which I love too."



PARANOID ANDROID

by Pakoh was a weeklong undertaking. The robot was assembled by connecting and shaping multiple sections of colored tubing; then robotic arms and a glass-on-glass joint were added. The accessories are custom-fit. Circuits and gauges were downloaded by way of a photo-transfer process in which the imagery was sand-blasted onto the robot.

"I try to find a different way to look at pipes and glass and choose unique subject matter. I have fun thinking through all the different possibilities that exist. Glassblowing and pipemaking are ways to express my point of view on our time, place and society—the actualization of my imagination."





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Welcome to America's cannabis Mecca, deep in the heart of the Emerald Triangle.

Every year starting in September, nervous growers begin eyeing their buds, waiting for those pistils to turn amber so they can start their long, hard journey from the field to the market.

BY CHRIS SIMUNEK

PHOTOS BY FREEBIE

VEAD OF THE DAY

There are a lot of creatures great and small running around in the verdant hills of Mendocino County—mountain lions, deer, black bears, skunks, rattlesnakes and spotted owls, just to name a few—but the one that gives Mr. B the most trouble is the rat. Mr. B tends a sprawling hillside marijuana garden, and as he points to the various six-foot-tall, Christmas-tree-shaped Blue Dream, Mendocino Purple, Chem Dog and Red Hindu plants, the war with the common rat is on his mind.

"They come and they just eat away at the stems," he explains. "A nibble or two is all right, but if they strip the vascular tissue all the way around, it's instant death."

Mr. B leads me to the dried-up shell of what was once a promising plant. It's now as yellow and brittle as straw.

"Maybe you should do something to attract more rattlesnakes," I suggest. "Biological control. It couldn't hurt as far as security is concerned if word got out that your garden was seething with poisonous snakes."

"Note to self," he laughs: "'Start breeding rattlesnakes!' We're looking for a solution that might not require a trip to the hospital."

"But if you raise them from the time they're babies, maybe you can domesticate them," I offer. "They'll be like the Gentle Bens of venomous reptiles."

He shakes his head, and I guess that it's a bit late in the season to embark on such an ambitious program.

Mr. B is an old friend of Freebie, HIGH TIMES' preeminent cannabis photographer. Back in the late '80s/early '90s, they were regulars along the Grateful Dead trail. Twenty years later, they're both making a living in the marijuana trade—Freebie by photographing it and Mr. B by growing it.

Freebie and myself have had our share of adventures together, exploring the Baja peninsula or the coffeeshops of Amsterdam. Since he's located in Northern California and happens to be one of the biggest potheads I know, I figured he was the one to call for a harvest tour of California's greenest county.

Of course I've heard about the lucrative marijuana business ensconced in the hills of Mendocino, but this was the first time I've seen it with my own eyes. With the seizure of nearly four and a half million marijuana plants in Mendocino in 2009 alone, California's anti-pot commandos, the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP), have bested their haul of nearly three million pot plants the year before and set an all-time record in the eradication program's 26-year history. But even CAMP officials will

tell you that this is merely a fraction of what's being produced here; the high numbers are mostly indicative of the fact that more people are growing in this county than ever before.

Any why not? With its grassy hills covered with twisted, redlimbed manzanita bushes, California's native evergreen
madrones and every kind of oak you can imagine—scrub oak,
live oak, coastal oak, black oak and poison oak (which isn't really
an oak at all)—the setting here is conducive to THC-enhanced
meditation. It's like living in a Neil Young song. The big bonus is
the fact that the laws here are relatively lax: It's pretty easy to
get a medical permit to grow between six and 25 plants, and
when the cops come across gardens of fewer than 200 plants,
they generally just cut them down without prosecution. The
local papers are increasingly filled with stories of plant seizures
in the four- and five-digit range from grow ops on state lands
operated by various crime syndicates, so Mr. B is not as paranoid as he used to be when he started growing 15 years ago in
the pre-Prop. 215 world.

Mr. B is not a Mendo native. He's bounced around the country several times, but he hails from the Midwest. With him today is Jake, who helps out around harvesttime. Jake was raised in one of the few conservative counties in Oregon; he stayed there until he would have been old enough to graduate had he remained in school, and then, he says, "that was enough of that."

"Nobody's from here originally," Mr. B notes. "There are a lot of locals, but it's weird how they fit into all this. They're out of the loop a little bit. They work in the gardens or in the trimming rooms, but most of them don't run the fields because they don't know people to sell pot to."

Marijuana reaches into every facet of life here. It drives the local economy to the point where, when harvest season comes, you actually see people hanging around town like migrant laborers waiting to get picked up and put to work—hippies, Mexicans, punk rockers with face tattoos, a whole non-traditional workforce looking to make a buck. Also during harvest season, school attendance is way down for the simple reason that a lot of the kids stay home to help their parents trim.

"The culture here is pot," Mr. B explains. "It's a different way of living. We all know each other. You act neighborly, but it's neighborly to a different degree. Last year, someone came up here and ripped some people off. I take it personally. When that happened, we all came together and helped those people. I gave a few pounds and someone else gave a few pounds they probably made out better."



MR. B'S BLUE DREAM

If one were to liken the strains in Mr. B's garden to whores in a pimp's stable, Blue Dream would be his bottom bitch. No other flower lends itself so readily to being bought and sold. It's the strain that shows all the other ladies how it's supposed to be done.

"It took me two years of searching before I found it," Mr. B explains. "It's a bit of a legend around here. Blue Dream is a Blueberry/Haze cross; it's *sativa*-y and branches out, but it also has the girth. It's what I call the 'triple threat': It's got the smell, the high ... the, ah ... um"

"The yield?" I offer.

"The taste, the yield ... maybe I should call it the 'quadruple threat,' because it's got it all! A lot of times, you get pot that tastes good or smells good, but it just doesn't get you high. Or you get the really good shit and people are like 'The OG! The OG!' but it doesn't yield. Blue Dream is a perfect commercial strain—you can usually get three or four pounds from one plant."

When I ask him whether he grows organic, Mr. B gets a kind of wounded look on his face.

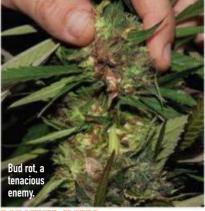
"If somebody came here and told me how to do this organically, I would do it," he admits. "But it would be a team of 10 people out here nearly every day. There are only two of us full-time and we only fertilize four, five times a year. Anybody who grows commercially, they're not growing organic—and if they tell you they're growing organic, that's good for you if you want to believe that."

"So what do you use?"

"In veg, I use FoxFarm, the Grow Big," he says. "It's pretty standard. It's not organic, but it's not all chemicals either. I augment it with seabird guano and bat guano and stuff like that. If you smell this stuff, it doesn't smell like chemicals. I mean, any hydro pot you find is *pumped* with chemicals—it's like on steroids. I know because I used to grow it all the time."

"Everything you put in your body can't be organic," I suggest.

"Is that even good for you?" he laughs. "When you get out in the real world, you're going to be like the Aztecs meeting the Spanish and getting smallpox."



ROT NEVER SLEEPS

As we hike deeper into the fields, I start to realize that the rat is only one small player in the nightmarish pantheon of evil that plagues Mr. B's otherwise serene mindscape. The great Sensi Satan, this budmaster's Beelzebub, is botrytis. Mold and mildew, marijuana's miscreant mycelia—these are the things that keep Mr. B up at night, and it's visions of their hated, spreading hyphae that darken his mood when he goes to work in the morning.

"This time of year, you talk to yourself a lot," he observes: "Should I pick those ones down there? Are they done enough? Or if they mold, is it worth it?" It's like a Mexican standoff. The giant buds, they look nice, but I don't want giant buds. Medium buds are the best, because the big ones never finish right. And some strains are more susceptible to mold, like this Blue Dream here "
Mr. B stares at the bush towering over him by at least a foot, and I can see the gears in his head starting to burn oil. "The Blue Dream is kind of susceptible to mold" We're both looking at it, and it's filled with those damnable giant buds. What's worse is that the pistils on them have nearly all turned amber.

"The thing about mold," I begin to say, "is that there are millions of spores in the air at any given time. It reproduces asexually—there's no courtship, no romantic dinner; it basically just fucks itself into existence given the right combination of temperature and moisture"

Mr. B looks toward the sky as though wishing the heavens would weigh in on the decision. After an unusually dry summer, rain is predicted later this night. The sky is filled with storm clouds—gray and black pillows that themselves actually resemble mold. In fact, from where we're standing, it looks like the *entire planet* is about to be *smothered* in botrytis.

Mr. B can take it no more. "Jake! Let's cut this one, that one and that one—!" he shouts, and I believe I see a measure of relief in his eyes, because the harvest has finally begun.



















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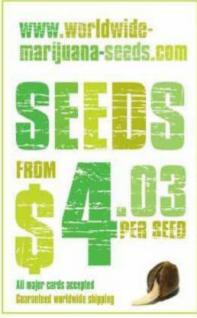
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NUGS AND NEIGHBORS

Mr. B swings us by the home of his neighbors, a Vietnam vet named Rocky and his wife, Jane. Together they tend two plots, one where the pot is grown in custom-built planters about three feet tall, and another where the plants are scattered across a hillside in planting holes.

When it's time to go to the hillside plot, Jane looks at my bright red Black Flag shirt and says, "You can't go to the field wearing that! You could see that shirt from space!"

So now I'm trudging along in the 95-degree heat wearing a green army field jacket and sweating bullets. On the side of the hill, there are about 20 short, bushy plants. Rocky shows me how he dug the three-by-three-foot holes to create a natural moat into which he inserted the plants in bottomless pots.

"The dirt is like a clay pot around the compost," he says. "It makes it hot, it makes it nice, and that's what they love."

"I'm a provider for four people,"
Jane tells us. "My husband has
epilepsy, my brother has multiple
sclerosis, a friend of mine is dying of
cancer and myself, I have a ruptured
vertebra."

Jane and Rocky are pretty happy on this day because, after a year and three months of petitioning the Veterans Administration, Rocky has finally been awarded full disability. Rocky was a combat medic in Vietnam and has suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder ever since he came home.

"It's a validation," he explains. "It's them saying, 'You know what? We're sorry. We're sorry we drafted your ass and sent you to hell, made you

screwed up in the head, made you see all kinds of shit, thirty years of drinking and drugging so you can forget what happened to you—and here, we'll take care of you.' That's how it feels to me."

With stress being one of the triggers of his epilepsy, marijuana is a far better medication that the lorazepam he's been prescribed for years. Rocky was a bartender when he and Jane met 12 years ago. Apparently he made a mean margarita, but the drinking sent him into fits of anger and despair, and Jane told him he'd have to quit before she'd marry him.

"I was this far away from the grave," Rocky says. "My blood pressure was 220/110. I didn't care, couldn't care less; I was on that route, like all of us were. Because when we came back, we were baby killers, we were spit on—because I got drafted and I didn't run away. I'm like, 'I didn't want to go there!'"

"I've always wondered about those protesters," I say. "It seems like they cared more about the Vietcong than they did the Americans."

"They're a buncha fuckin' freaks!" he shouts. "So we go there and Jimmy Carter gave all those guys who ran away amnesty. That was the biggest slap in the face of all. That's when I said, 'Fuck you guys.' All the guys who ran away to Mexico and Canada and did everything just because they had rich parents who sent them money and they had huge political pressure and they gave them amnesty. I thought, 'Why the hell did I go? I should have went to Mexico and lived on the beach smoking my mota!"



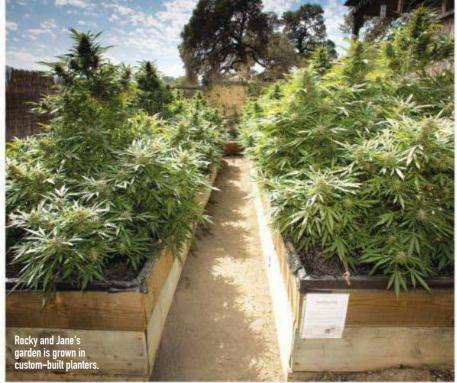
THE MENDO CURE

When you grow commercially like Mr. B, drying and curing is the hardest part of the job. If you're talking about 200 pounds, there's not a whole lot of time to go putting buds in nice little mason jars.

The largest buds he hits first with the Trimpro, kind of like an upside-down lawn mower with a grating over it that removes the fan leaves. Wispier buds or heavy sativa stems with several smaller buds on them don't get this treatment, as they would get mangled.

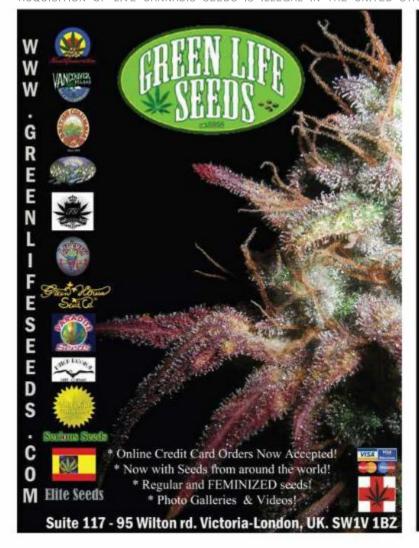
Once the fan leaves are removed, the buds are hung on a custom-made drying rack that kind of looks like a large harp strung horizontally. Mr. B leaves them there until the smaller leaves break if they're bent, but the buds themselves are still spongy. If the weather is wet outside, a dehumidifier is essential for preventing mold.

After that initial stage, buds are placed either in paper bags or large 2' x 1.7' Ziplocs. For the next two weeks, Mr. B transfers them back and forth between a series of bags; this gives them air, which is essential to preserving smell and taste and preventing mold. If the buds are still wet, he leaves the ends of the bags open. The only real way to know when they're done is to smoke them—if the buds don't burn right, they aren't finished. Once they've been cured to Mr. B's liking, the smaller leaves are trimmed with scissors, and then they're ready for the market.

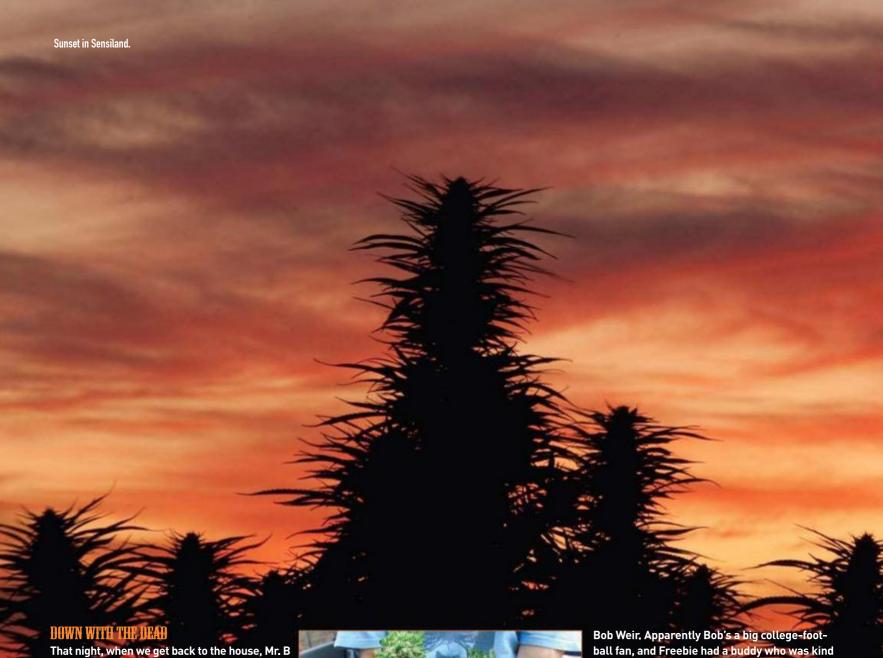




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starts pulling out the Grateful Dead DVD's, and then it's a long trip down Sugar Magnolia Memory Lane for him and Freebie. These days, I kind of like the Dead, but I've had a strange relationship with the band ever since I was in sixth grade and my aunt bought me a Grateful Dead T-shirt for Christmas. It was pretty cool: a black and silver-glitter iron-on of a one-eyed skull with a rose between its teeth. I'd never heard them at that point, but I'd seen their album covers and, in my youthful imagination, I pictured the Dead sounding like Hendrix and Pink Floyd

ers and, in my youthful imagination, I pictured the Dead sounding like Hendrix and Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin all rolled into one. When I finally procured a copy of *The Best of the Grateful Dead* and put it on my turntable, I listened to it and then felt impelled to check the record, because I was sure that somehow the wrong one had been inserted into the sleeve.

As Mr. B cues up the DVD player to a concert at Hampton Roads in 1989, he tells me, "This is when they played 'Dark Star' for the first time in five years." I remember the night, because I

used to have long hair back then and, while I was walking down St. Marks Place in New York City that evening, I was confronted by this wild-eyed, dreadlocked hippie who raised his fists in the air and proclaimed, "Dark Star'! They did 'Dark Star'!" as though there'd been a realignment of the planets and tailgate-party acid eaters across the globe had suddenly been given the skeleton key to heaven's back door.

Speaking of back doors, Freebie goes into the story of the time he met



Bob Weir. Apparently Bob's a big college-foot-ball fan, and Freebie had a buddy who was kind of a famous ballplayer and also a Deadhead. Somehow Bob was invited to a weekend getaway with Freebie, his football friend and a whole crew of college-age kids. As Freebie tells it, Bob spent most of the weekend snorting huge rails of cocaine and talking about how much fun it was to romance nubile hippie chicks. After this news hits us, we all kind of stare off into space, zonked on Blue Dream and beguiled by the image Freebie has conjured.

"It's weird meeting your heroes," Freebie laments.

I end up sleeping in the drying room down in the basement. It has a bed, so I'm cool with it. Mr. B has a beautiful house, very clean with tall, arched ceilings, but I was a little afraid to bed down in the living room because Mr. B doesn't really believe in window screens and there were a whole lot of wasps flying around. They mostly hung out by the lights, but once those lights were shut off, I had visions of them crawling into my ears and nesting in my brain.

But in this basement, with dozens of buds aligned in rows on a wooden rack and imparting their skunky, dying essence to the air, I was at least safe from the snakes and the wildcats and all the malevolent fungi of the Mendocino hills. I was pretty stoned and had some weird thoughts running through my head as I tried to sleep. In the end, I just hoped that, for Freebie's sake, none of those wasps upstairs shared Bob Weir's fascination with entering the nether regions of Dead fans. **



















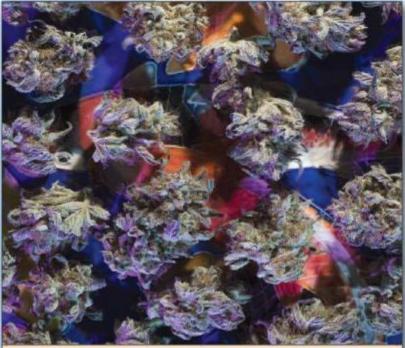




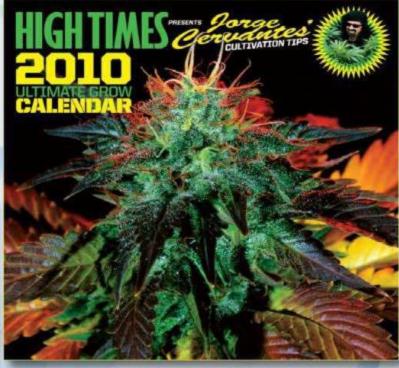
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ICO ESCONDIDO (1), JAY GENERATION (1)

Searching for gold on the Dark Continent. By Nico Escondido

The excursion started out like any other good hash-smuggling expedition, with a group of men who barely knew each other strapping wads of cash to their torsos inside a van with tinted windows, en route to a tiny no-name airport in the south of Spain.

This hash-hunting platoon was a mixed lot. Small factions existed within the crew, each with its own agenda. On one side you had the breeders—owners of Spanish and Canadian seed companies who had brought tens of thousands of their seeds to the ganja fields of Morocco and were now returning to check out the finished product. While the Moroccans made beautiful hash with the better genetics, the breeders got tons of seed stock in return, not to mention the capacity to make breeding selections on a massive scale.

On the other side, you had the hash buyers. These were a motley bunch of middle-aged men, most of whom had been doing this for decades, and all of whom were overly excited to be doing it again. On numerous occasions, random screams and yelps were belted out for no apparent reason during the ride—and we hadn't even gotten out of Spain yet.

And then you had me, the wacky and mysterious journalist from HIGH TIMES, whom no one knew or was really quite sure about. Before I received the contraband cash, I was given two instructions: Don't tell anyone

you're a journalist, and keep your cameras hidden. Interesting advice, given that I was so obviously a journalist in a foreign land and had about five different cameras on me, not to mention video equipment, pens and notepads, digital voice recorders, a tripod and tons of lenses. Don't get me wrong—nothing about this bothered me in the least. Even being asked to stash a few bucks on my own person to aid the cause seemed like wholesome excitement to me. Anything that gets the adrenaline flowing has to be a good thing ... or so I thought.

Besides, I knew the purpose of the money was twofold. Sure, it was meant for buying hash, but it also secured our right of passage through one of the most dangerous and volatile areas that still exist in the hash trade. Everyone in Morocco (and this includes law enforcement) knows not to mess with the money. While dates and olives may be the country's national exports on paper, the people know where the real money comes from. And I told myself that in a pinch—i.e., should we wind up in an African prison—there was more than enough bribe money to buy our way out

And that's when I began to realize just how crazy an idea this little trip was. This is my story of three wild days in one of the world's richest hash-producing regions, the story of my quest to get inside a Moroccan hash den.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

The ultimate goal for any true lover of Moroccan hash is to get to the mountain village of Ketama. Unfortunately, this is no easy task. Ketama lies high up in the Rif Mountains, some 12,000 feet above sea level. The range sits in the sparsely populated northeastern region of Morocco, closer to the Algerian border than the touristy cities of Casablanca, Marrakech or Rabat. The roads are beyond treacherous; travelers will spend hours toiling through desert be-



fore hitting the rigorous, unpaved (and entirely unsafe) mountain tracks.

To avoid suspicion, the itinerary set forth by the smugglers had us flying into and out of different airports, which meant extra hours crammed into tiny automobiles. The general of the smugglers' regiment informed us that the port city of Nador is notorious for harboring hash smugglers due to its proximity to the Rif. Thus, Nador was set as the extraction point, the place

where we'd be able to exit Morocco with nothing on us but the stench of recently consumed hash and uncertain fear exuding from our pores.

The city of Fez was where we made our entry into Morocco. Within minutes of landing there, we had corralled some cars that would take us to the rendezvous point where we'd meet our contact. This would prove an especially pivotal aspect to our journey, as having a native, Arabic-speaking local to guide us was crucial in navigating the maze of roadblocks and military checkpoints that would follow.

After driving an hour through the central part of Morocco, we came to an oasis of sorts that was flush with roadside grills and the skinned, hanging carcasses of goats and lambs. It would be no stretch of the imagination to say that this place, along with other small towns to come such as Ketama, Nador and Oujda, are among the seediest places on Earth—and I mean that in the best way possible. These places were havens for illicit activity and reminded me of scenes from Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome or, more accurately, the city of Mos Eisley in Star Wars (Episode IV), where Luke and Obi-Wan first encounter Han Solo. You know what I'm talking about—but if not, suffice it to say that these places were ripe with smugglers.

It was here, in this first of the desert oases, that I began to realize the full extent of my comrades' insanity. And not just because of the scene around us: When members of the battalion came back from the latrine with a buffet of drugs that they'd smuggled *into* Morocco (use your imagination; it won't be the last time you'll need to in this story), I knew pretty much immediately the kind of mission I'd signed on for. And now that I knew what kind of war we were fighting, I felt ready for action. Hell, if need be, I was ready to sacrifice myself for the good of the party.



THE HEART OF DARKNESS

Did I say "party"? That word, although at times appropriate, is still entirely misleading. There's no buzzkill like slowly crawling up narrow dirt-mountain tracts, with the wheels of your vehicle literally hanging inches off the winding cliff edges, only to encounter an inescapable military barricade around the bend.

Interestingly enough, I had the good fortune on a few occasions to be sitting directly behind the driver, a man known only as Ali, who was of Algerian descent but was now a citizen of Morocco. Ali was fluent in both Spanish and Arabic, and in many instances he and I served as the translation formula—from Arabic to Spanish and then into English—for the rest of our North American comrades. But in this instance, it was best for everyone to remain silent and allow Ali to work his magic.

From the backseat, looking forward along the doors, I watched as military officials, one after another, stepped up to the truck and poked their heads inside. Some banter would ensue and then, almost systematically, each officer would slowly extend his arm while still talking and open his hand, palm up. Then Ali, without taking a pause at all in the conversation, would very naturally and subtly slide a handful of bills into the waiting hand.

Each time we would pull up to a checkpoint, it was the same story. The only discernable words I could make out of the Arabic dialogue would be "Ketama" and "hashish" as the officers looked inside the vehicles, noting the varying complexions inside. Skin tones made it very easy for them to figure out who was who, as only foreigners went up to Ketama to buy hash; local smokers waited for it to come down out of the mountains before buying their personal stashes. The only business a non-Arabic-speaking person could have in Ketama would involve, on some level, hashish. And hash, as everyone knew, meant money.

The surprising part of the bribery wasn't how often it occurred, but rather how little it took to appease the guards. As I would later find out, this was because our bribes were merely the icing on the cake for the military personnel who held these posts. The real money came directly from the big bosses of the hash estates in the mountains. It was their money

that funded the military and their families.

Upon our arrival at the palatial estates high above the valleys, it was clear why our €50 (roughly US \$75) bribes paled in comparison to what was referred to as "jefe money" (i.e., "boss money"). Our motorcade was immediately directed past the numerous houses, one of which was hosting a large wedding with hundreds of people. I was amazed that they had all made it up the mountain for the party. Some of the women, clad beautifully in saris, robes and headdresses, had ridden up on wooden carts pulled by mules.

Our vehicles kept climbing upward, over various peaks, toward the mountain's summit. By this time, the sky had turned black, dotted with bright stars and a half-crescent moon. The ridgeline of this particular range ran into the clouds above, and I could feel my breathing getting heavier as the air thinned. I was relieved that I could no longer see the road ahead.

Our motorcade finally stopped at an altitude of approximately 11,500 feet, where the temperature had plummeted to almost 40°F after a daytime temperature in the desert that had hit more than twice that. As I began to look over the immense palace we had arrived at, I saw numerous figures in the dark scurrying about to areas behind closed doors. I was informed that we were, in fact, staying at the main house, as the guesthouses below were occupied with the wedding party of the boss's daughter. This, I was told, was a good thing—a blessing—because the boss would be in good spirits, and that meant the buyers would get a good deal on hash.

I was also informed that, as dictated by the local religion and tradition, women were not to be seen at all by any men, and that it was also considered very impolite for anyone to raise their feet too far above the ground in a manner that exposed the bottoms of one's shoes to another's view. As I considered these odd customs, a few young male servants appeared to unload the vehicles. I pulled on a wool hat and carefully gathered my camera equipment before the servants could get to it. Ali motioned for us to quickly make our way inside. It appeared a feast was being prepared, and the *jefe* was on his way up from the wedding to formally greet us in person.

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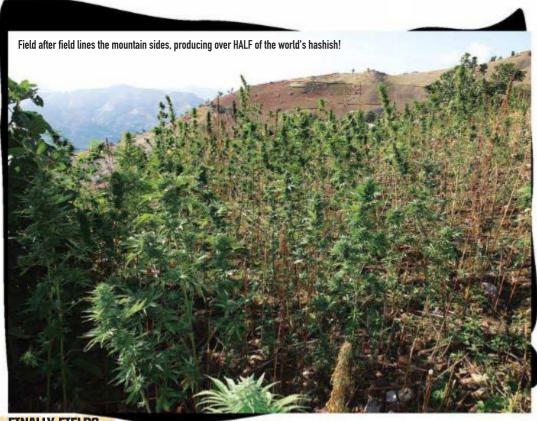


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FINALLY, FIELDS

After what seemed like hours that we spent eating various dishes of meats, breads, dates and jams, *El Jefe* arrived and greeted each of us with four kisses, two on each cheek. Our group, although exhausted, was eager to see the fields. The boss called for a few servants, who entered the chamber with torches. A quick midnight walk through the fields was in order, and the men in our group got very excited. They told me to leave my cameras behind, since there would be plenty of time and better light in the morning for photographs. Happy not to carry any more gear, I obliged.

The group set off from the house and began a short ascent up a small road that had water trickling down. Soon irrigation equipment came into view, and pipes running from various wells could be seen. As we followed the water lines, the pungent aroma of marijuana smacked us in the face, until suddenly we were standing in a moonlit field of ganja stretching as far as my eyes could see. It was truly a magnificent sight to behold. As I looked around at the men on the edges of the fields holding torches, I realized how this tradition had been going on for centuries: the ritual of growing cannabis and turning it into hash high up in the mountains, and the continued pilgrimage of those like us who came seeking the goods of enlightenment.

Everywhere around us were tall, looming *sativas* with huge single-top colas bowed over under their own weight. These landrace *sativas* were thin and spindly, but grew as high as 10 or 12 feet, which is pretty impressive at that altitude. Dotted amongst the ganja trees were male plants, standing even taller than the females, with sacs full of pollen hanging in the balance.

"Nico! Nico! Usted viene aquí!" a voice called out. As I made my way in the direction of the voice, stumbling over drip lines and uprooted plants that had already been harvested, a whole new smell arose. "Just up here—over this path," said Emilio, one of the Spanish breeders and the owner of Elite

'The young man slowly rose to his feet, the shadow of his rifle crossing over the starlit buds.'

Seeds. "Over here is *my* field," he said, grabbing my arm as I limped over a makeshift rock wall.

On the other side of that wall was an entire mountainside of the Spanish genetics that Emilio had brought along during his last visit to Ketama. These plants differed greatly from the tall Moroccan landrace growing in the lower fields. Still very tall and tree-like, these varieties had much more indica in their genes and grew much bushier, with many more top colas and wide, lush fan leaves. "I've asked them to keep my genetics separate," Emilio explained half in English, half in Spanish. It was important to him that the strains not be mixed together, and he specifically requested the higher fields for his breeds so that less pollination would occur from the males that the Moroccans failed to weed out. Still, we all knew that because of the persistent winds up there, it was nearly impossible not to have some seeded bud.

It's always surprising when visiting a new place to see how the outdoor bud is grown. While these Moroccan farmers have been growing cannabis for a millennium and know every nuance of the art, they still allow male and female plants to grow and coexist freely. By the time the marijuana is harvested, a significant portion of the female flowers have been seeded. However, for the Moroccans, it matters little, since the buds they grow are perfectly suitable for making hash.

In Morocco, there is really just one long growing season; however, they generally stagger the harvest beginning in late August. Now that they were growing a variety of genetics, it was almost easier for them to choose which buds to harvest and when. As a rule of thumb, the buds at the higher altitudes come down first, since that is where the temperature drops sooner. But with the new mix of genetics and the different levels of field placement, there were areas all over the mountain that had been harvested in some fashion. After all, it was already late September, and it was getting very cold up there at night.

A lot of the new genetics being grown near Ketama were of Canadian heritage as well, brought to the farmers by Jay Generation of the Next Generation Seed Company. His Canadian lines are used to growing in the high mountains of British Columbia, on the west coast of Canada. There, his strains developed a high resistance to disease, mold and pests, and they were now thriving in the Moroccan fields. Most of the ganja trees from NGSC and Elite Seeds were still standing, and the breeders mentioned how happy they were to be able to instruct some of the local farmers in drying and curing techniques.

Many of the traditional growing practices in the region have become outdated. We had already noticed on the way to the fields that there were piles of cut stalks laid out to be dried in the sun. Other rooms had bushels of marijuana bundled up and leaning against walls to dry, tops up and still attached to the trees. To make matters worse, loads of dust and debris floated throughout these drying areas and settled all over the marijuana. As far as the curing process went, there were really no methods deployed that could relate to American or European practices.

Emilio told me that we would wake up early with the sunrise and revisit the fields before breakfast. After that, we would visit the storage rooms and watch the hash being made fresh from cured ganja. As we crossed through the fields back to the house, I would pause here and there to, well, stop and smell the roses. As I leaned over one plant, I looked down to see a pair of young eyes staring curiously back up at me. Before I could figure out who they belonged to, the young man slowly rose to his feet, the shadow of his rifle crossing over the starlit buds. He smiled and turned as the boss barked orders and six other men appeared out of the fields, each carrying some sort of automatic weapon. We gathered together at the edge of the fields on a muddy road, and then the convoy of armed guards escorted us down to the house.

When we arrived at the entrance gate, the boss pulled Ali and me aside as the rest of the group headed in. In Arabic, he spoke to Ali and the centurion I had encountered in the field, pointing at me and gesturing with his hands. The guard nodded in agreement, and Ali told me in broken Spanish that tomorrow I would be allowed to take my camera and video equipment into the fields. I smiled and sighed in relief, grateful that I wasn't in trouble, and thanked the men in the best Arabic I could muster. As we walked inside into the chambers, I turned to Emilio and said, "Well, tomorrow I can be a journalist again." Squinting his eyes, he shot back: "Yeah, for a few hours, anyway"

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INSIDE THE HASH DENS

The next morning, we woke up to rooster cries and gigantic bags of loose kif for sampling. Much to my dismay, we had failed to acquire pipes on our journey into the mountains, and the way most Europeans tend to smoke hash is to mix it with tobacco and roll it into spliffs. This, combined with fresh goat milk, mint tea, homemade butter and marmalade and a plethora of nuts and berries, made for an interesting breakfast. But everyone was anxious to get back out into the fields to inspect the crops further.

With the sun rising over the peaks and the mist of dew and steam lifting from the fields, it was hard not to get a chill running down your spine. It was beautiful, funny and sad all at once—funny because there was probably nothing else that would grow so well up that high, and sad because it could probably be done so much better. But without a doubt, it was glorious.

For hours, we ran around like schoolkids, streaming through the fields and rolling balls of resin off our forearms to smoke right there on the spot. The men with guns dropped their guard, the breeders forgot about finding the perfect phenotypes, even the hash buyers set down their bags of money and took off their bling to frolic around in the deep folds of Moroccan Gold. And me, I got to be a journalist again: I took hundreds, maybe even thousands of shots, filling up card after card, slipping on lens after lens and searching for that perfect yet elusive angle.

But perhaps the most astounding view came from within the actual dens where the hashish is made. You could hear from miles around a sound that seemed to permeate the entire ridge—a clicketty-clacketty pulse, much like tribal drumming,

something that felt very rhythmic. I had noticed it when we woke up that morning, and the sound had persisted ever since, never stopping once.

As we began to climb flight after flight of carved outdoor staircases covered in mosaic tile, the beating got heavier, and by the time we reached the chamber doors, I knew what I'd see inside. As the doors were flung open on room after room, the young boys there would stop in their tracks and look up, curious as to why their work was being disturbed. There, in each den, were piles upon piles of weed, dried and stacked and awaiting their turn to be beaten into hash. It was a primitive method, to be sure, but to see all those rooms filled with *tons* of ganja was a sight that took more than a few moments to get used to.

As Ali removed the boy from a den and slid onto his cushion on the floor, he began explaining to us the process by which Moroccan hashish is made. Of course, Moroccan hash making stems from a centuries-old tradition, unlike the modern water-extraction process that we use to make our ever-popular bubble hash. Here, the method was simple: The boys took bundles of buds still on the branches and placed them in large, clear bags. Inside the same bag was a deep dish covered by a few layers of fine screen. The bags were cinched off at the end and the boys, using reeds or old ganja stalks, beat the outside of the bags, shaking the resin and trichomes off the buds. The kif was sifted through the screens and then collected in the large bowls inside the bags. After several minutes, a new bundle of ganja replaced the beaten buds and the process was repeated. The boys kept going until the bowls began to collect a significant amount of kif (or "pollen," as the locals call it—and, in truth, some of it may have been pollen from male flowers!). Once

the bowls were about a third of the way full, the boys would pull them out of the bags, remove the screens, and scrape out large amounts of kif powder that would then be pressed into hash.

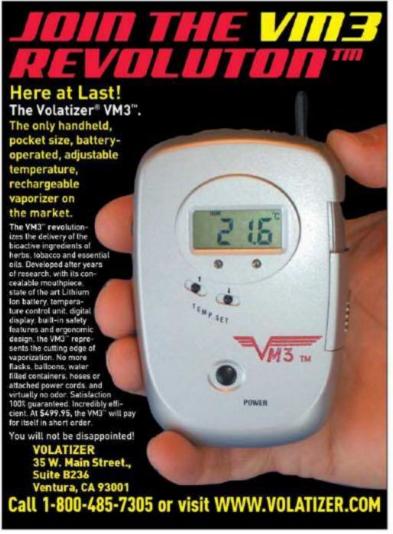
Many variations of this practice existed. For instance, numerous screens of different sizes would be deployed to make varying degrees of hashish, some finer than others. Some of the boys beat the ganja for longer, adding more plant matter to the final product; others used only certain strains, isolating a particular breeder's genetics from those of the original Moroccan plants to produce different flavors of hash.

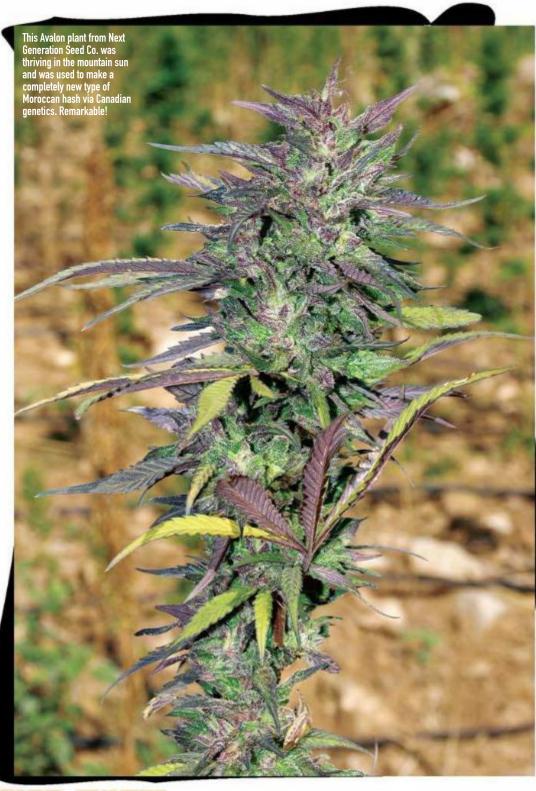
Still, for me, the most intriguing aspect of the entire process was the lack of sterility in the environment. Although the hash dens had walls covered in plastic sheets to catch the extra resin floating around (which would later be scraped off), there were still loads of impurities that ended up in both the air and the ganja being used to produce the hash. A lot of sand, dust and debris made its way into in the large buckets of kif that would soon be pressed into hash. When I (gently) asked about these things, the answers to my questions were always the same: "This is how it has been done for thousands of years, and it all factors into the excellent quality and taste of Moroccan hash."

And it was true. I had to hand it to them—the final, freshly pressed product of these hash dens was probably the best-tasting hash I will ever smoke. In fact, Moroccan hash had always been a favorite of mine because of its superb taste and smoothness, even if it was less potent than the super strains of bubble back home. But for sure, watching it being made live, right in front of my eyes, in the very place that is said to produce over half of the world's hash, was quite a spectacle to behold.









HASH & THE HUMAN BODY

The road home was even longer than the one that led us to Ketama, and it was filled with just as much excitement. While the checkpoints coming out of the mountains were less demanding, the other side of the range presented us with more hostile conditions than we had originally encountered. Perhaps it was because our arrival came so late at night, but our departure saw much more mountain traffic, most of which was in a rush.

Heading down the narrow dirt roads in daylight was a much more hair-raising experience than going up in darkness, and the trucks and donkey carts trying to pass on these precarious mountain edges were almost too much to handle. The final straw came at a narrow pass where a stalemate quickly ensued, with neither motorcade wanting to back down and drive backwards up or down the treacherous tract just traversed. It was at this moment, when men on both sides got out

of their vehicles with guns drawn, shouting in Arabic, that I opted to hike the rest of the way down the mountain, meeting up with the rest of my battalion at the village far below.

Our next stop was far out of the way—but a necessary one for the hash buyers' militia. Amidst a flurry of military activity along the Algerian border, we made our way to the city of Oujda, where the buyers would meet with the smugglers and prep them for their journey with the contraband. It was here that I began to develop a new and very profound appreciation for the flavorful Moroccan hash that I had so often taken for granted in European countries and abroad. It was here that I encountered my first hash mercenary.

Usually, when smuggling copious amounts of hashish, standard practice dictates some mundane method of shipping in which tons of hash get sent to a location with the understanding that some of it (sometimes over half the shipment) will

'He's our best smuggler... He can carry a kilo-and-a-half of hash in his stomach.'

likely be detected and confiscated. This occurs with bulk mailings, or shipping via couriers, or with large containers aboard ocean liners. But with the good stuff—the real Moroccan Gold—there would be no such risk taking. With the good stuff, there was only one sure way to get it through customs, and that was inside human bodies. (This is the part where you use your imagination again—I told you it was coming.)

There, in a dimly lit back room of a typical Arabian house somewhere in the middle of the desert, a man sat dipping small ovals of hash wrapped in layers of plastic into a bowl of olive oil and then sliding them down his throat. As I stood there staring, feeling as though I were watching some contorted hot-dog-eating contest, the first question that occurred to me was immediately answered. "He's our best smuggler," Ali said. "He can carry a kilo and a half in his stomach."

THE END

Later, as I stood getting patted down in yet another Spanish airport and wondering if a full body-cavity search was next, I remembered Ali's words back in Oujda and began to laugh out loud. A kilo and a half is 3.3 *pounds* of hash, for those of you doing the math, but laughing about it was the wrong thing to do at that moment.

In Spain, it's pretty much assumed that everyone returning from Morocco on a flight from Nador is a hash eater. They look for all sorts of signs, from the sweats to swollen glands in your throat. It made me feel bad for the women on the plane—Ali told me that some of the best women smugglers really make use of their female anatomy (again, imagination time), sometimes carrying more than the man I saw sitting at that table. The thought of putting three pounds of *anything* into my body struck me as fairly impossible.

Luckily for us, the smugglers weren't on my flight. They come separately and in small waves, carrying the best hash that Morocco has to offer. Some of them get paid; others do it simply for free passage out of Africa and a chance to start a new life abroad. A fake passport and a few hundred euros in cash is an attractive lure for some.

As I got even more frustrated with what seemed like a totally illegal and absolutely invasive search of my person and property, I was thankful not to be one of those people. I realized that no matter how bad it gets, there's always a worse scenario waiting right around the corner, so why get upset? This guy in the uniform thinks I might have hash, which means the guy who does might be walking by him right now untouched. In fact, here you go, sir. Talk a look at my camera bag. A picture's worth a thousand words, and right now I am a journalist again. **

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