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*I want to thank my agent in NYC, Bobby Black,
my manager in Texas, Billy Jack Reardon,
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To L.E. Vans—without you there would be no book.

*And to all of you—my friends, fans,
fellow stoners, and future Pot Stars.*

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INTRODUCTION

**SO WHO DOES THIS
"POT STAR" GUY THINK HE IS?**

THE POLITICS OF STONER ADVICE



When the HT staff asked me to do a "stoner advice" column, and eventually this book, I reluctantly agreed. It's not that I'm opposed to the extra work, it's just that I wonder how qualified I am to give any sort of advice to anyone. Sure, I have been blessed with a few solid years of never-ending highs, yet I still have to deal with the reality of life in the meantime. Nonetheless, I do feel that I am qualified to relate my experiences to all those who care to hear them. It isn't my intention to come across as if I'm preaching to you on how to get stoned. What you do is your business and I am not trying to write a marijuana-smoking manifesto that you must follow. Actually, I believe you should experience a lot of this on your own. If I say I like smoking bong hits, maybe you should go out and smoke a chillum. I just want to put my experience out as a reference. Whether I'm full of shit or not is for you to decide.

First off, let me explain what it means to be a Pot Star. It may mean different things to different people, but to me it is a sign of pride and fulfillment in my personal choice to smoke pot. It is a title that defies conventional logic while poking fun at the preconceived notions that some people have towards pot smokers. It is a badge of obsession and a public display of affection for all forms of marijuana. A Pot Star is a true connoisseur and always shows respect, admiration and love for this strange, sacred plant known as marijuana.

I have learned over time to develop a keen eye for quality weed and to appreciate the highs of all kinds of pot. The good aspects of marijuana will always far outweigh the bad, even if you are smoking crappy dirt weed. If they didn't, I wouldn't be the puffer I am today, and I'm grateful for all the memories pot has afforded me.

I've had every experience imaginable buying, selling and smoking weed. I've been ripped off, lied to, cheated and worse, but most of that occurred because of my own naivete. This is an unfortunate, although avoidable, consequence of dealing with the black market. I have studied the art of selling, growing and judging different grades of pot. I understand why some pot costs more than others, and why sometimes the most expensive weed isn't necessarily the best weed.

I've been stoned in every situation possible. Waiting to cash my check in that long snake-like line down at the bank, dealing with the horrible fluorescent lighting and aggravated shoppers at the supermarket, stuck on NYC's crowded subways, the back of the ferry in Vancouver, B.C., with cotton-mouth in the Australian Rainforest, on spacecakes at the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam—damn near everywhere. Each moment is etched into my brain for eternity.

I'm not saying that I don't get a little paranoid—sometimes that's half the fun. Fear is an interesting feeling, especially after the feeling passes. I'm not talking about the kind of fear that someone must feel when

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bungee jumping or diving out of a perfectly fine airplane. I'm talking about the unfounded fears that reside in the back of your mind.

That said, nothing makes me more nervous or fearful than the thought of getting busted. Now, you might ask how I get away with being so open about my pot use without constantly getting popped by the cops. Sometimes it is inevitable, but there are things that can be done to avoid getting yourself in those types of sticky situations. In my mind, I don't feel like smoking pot is illegal. I think having this mindset has pulled me through a few scary situations with the police. Still, that alone isn't enough to always keep you out of trouble.

I'd suggest that you keep a lower profile than I do, but that's just common sense. The local police have gone as far as spying on me from my bushes in my backyard. A few barks from the dog, a peek out the front to see cop cars down the street, a flush of the toilet and 15 seconds later, I'm clean. You won't always see them coming, but it never hurts to keep an eye out.

I'm not beyond the long arm of the law either. I've also been busted by the cops and, take it from me, it really sucks. How could they throw me behind steel bars for a couple of joints? Not that it was hard time or anything—it was a weekend.

When it comes down to it, being a stoner means being perpetually harassed—we're criminals. Think of all the dollars involved. The courts, the cops, the feds—they all need money to keep their gigs. But life is like a yin-yang: black and white, good and evil, push and pull. The more plants they pull up, the higher the price of pot is pushed. This creates a never-ending lust to grow more and more weed, because money is power in this world and everyone wants a piece of the pie.

Being a Pot Star doesn't make you perfect. I'm told often that my open use and discussion of pot is reckless and that I set a bad example for others. I'm sorry if people feel that way, but I always take responsibility for my own actions and I believe others should too. There are consequences that go along with smoking pot. I think everyone understands this. I am sometimes criticized because I'm not as political as some of the other frontrunners of the marijuana movement. I really don't even consider myself an activist, because the things I've done to support the legalization movement pale in comparison to what others have done.

However, I don't believe that we should be caged for smoking, growing and selling pot, and I intend to live my life as I choose. Unfortunately, there are others, just like me, who have been caught breaking fewer laws than I've gotten away with who are locked up behind bars with murderers, rapists and thieves. I cherish my freedom and we all should be appalled that someone can take it away for smoking God's herbal gifts.

I think our world would be better if these law enforcement officers and judges would take time to read the back of one of the bills they're

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est, give it up. Being a pot connoisseur is nothing like being a heroin junkie, it's apples and oranges—or, more accurately, life and death. When using any sort of drug, control should always be maintained. I've personally been through times where it didn't make sense getting stoned all day. I was emotionally wrapped up in a whole separate issue that needed my full attention. This is life. There will always be ups and downs, and sometimes there might even be a time where you decide pot isn't right for you. Let's hope you don't go for something harder that will kill you—but again, that's life. Some people make wrong choices for the wrong reasons and in the end pay the ultimate price.

My love for pot is secondary to my love for my family, love for living and love of freedom. If pot ever comes in conflict with any of those things that I cherish, then it's time to reevaluate why I'm smoking in the first place.

After all that, I guess I should tell you, I do know what I'm talking about when it comes to buds. Dad said, "Stick with what you're good at and don't fuck around too much."

That's good advice for any stoner, but the whole point of this intro is to warn you: take my advice, but do so with extreme caution, because I'm just a burnout trying to squeeze a few bucks for a joint of some sticky green. The Pot Star doesn't get a nice paycheck like rock stars, but I get to smoke some of the kindest bud on Earth and I am extremely thankful. (Now if I could only afford some papers).

I have much in common with the younger stoners of today, being 23 myself. We are of a new generation; but sadly it's becoming a disposable generation. "What's for supper?" Microwave burritos served on a styrofoam plate with a plastic spork (you know, the spoon/fork combo)—is that really your answer? This is why we have panic, stress and basic bullshit. We need to learn to value what we have. I think after smoking pot for some time, it makes one see the absurdity that floats by in our daily routines. There are many different forms of fear and if you can conquer them, then you can conquer the world.

One thing I've learned is that the Pot Star is a separate identity that manifests itself when conjured by the spirit of marijuana. However, I am inevitably responsible for his/my actions (thus this book). Duality is my adversary, I admit that, but it's not bad always having some company.

So, if you ask yourself, who the fuck is this prick "Pot Star"? Well, It's just me, and maybe one day we'll be able to figure out over a few drinks and a few puffs just who I really am. But for now, I'm the guy who wrote the book you are about to read. Roll a fattie and enjoy!

Chris Eudaley
Ft. Worth, TX

CHAPTER ONE

WEED, POT, GANJA, HERB

**WHAT THE HELL IS IT,
AND WHERE CAN I GET SOME?**



It's a fact marijuana may have as many names as Satan himself, but marijuana is not inherently an evil substance. It is a Divine medicinal herb created by the very same elements that all of nature is made of. Marijuana is a plant originally grown outdoors naturally, but now, thanks to our government, most of the cultivators have been forced indoors to hide their unauthorized illicit plants under artificial atmospheric conditions. Surprisingly, indoor growing wound up revolutionizing marijuana cultivation by elevating and intensifying the breeding process, over time leading to higher levels of THC and the fine-tuning of countless varieties for pot growers to enjoy for many years to come. This move indoors not only protected the brave growers, it forced them to grow stabilized plants that would provide a potent good smoke, high and yield.

Many Dutch-bred strains originated in North America, but one of the more important varieties that helped facilitate the success of indoor growing was the Afghani plant or *indica*. Afghanis have always been a favorite to hash-makers because of their super-high resin content. These babies grow squat and fat and flower in 1/3rd of the time of the old Colombian, Mexican and Thai *sativas*, which were grown outdoors back in the '70s—making Afghani prime breeding material for indoor cultivators. The Afghani crossed with one of the classic *sativas* brought about a whole palette of new flavors and highs which were once unattainable by the indoor grower.

Yes, there are differences between the many varieties of pot, but it takes a special gift to be able to understand the finer nuances of each strain unless you are a seasoned smoker (and they are everywhere, maybe even in your family). I am one of these few people who have been blessed, or obsessed (whichever way you'd like to look at it) with this unusual skill. The gift has its fringe benefits, but it also has its burdens. After reading this book, even you can consider yourself a Pot Star-in-Training, because knowledge is power. As you read on, you too will gain an insider's view of the marijuana culture.

It is very important to understand the many differences in the grades and prices of marijuana. Many first-time buyers often find themselves getting ripped off or taken advantage of by dealers or wannabe dealers. The way not to get screwed on a deal is to know what each grade of weed goes for. Since there really is no official grading system, I'll just explain how I personally determine the quality and price of marijuana.

My first rule is to disregard whatever name a dealer might attach to a bag of weed. That is, unless he grew it himself or he's purchasing directly from the grower. Even so, the names don't really matter. Don't get yourself all caught up in the silly name game. Even Northern

Lights or Skunk #1 can be crappy weed if the grower didn't know what he was doing in the growing, harvesting and curing of those buds. Some people call top-of-the-line weed "chronic," "greenbud" or "indo." These are all generic terms which try to relate the quality of the bud. I let the bud speak for itself.

There are too many different varieties of pot to mention, but I can give you a peek into the market to show you how the stuff is passed around and how it is graded into the different categories. Top-of-the-line bud is usually grown indoors either organically or hydroponically. This bud can sell for \$400 to \$550 an ounce. Do your best not to pay exorbitant prices, because in my opinion pot is not worth more than \$500 an ounce, no matter where it came from. If you're a millionaire and have somebody delivering your shit personally and regularly, then maybe you can afford to pay that much. Anyway, if you're rich, you'll probably do whatever you want with your money, rightfully so. Personally, I just don't like to encourage overpriced herbs.

The next grade (always depending on where you are and what's available) is usually outdoor sinsemilla (seedless) buds, or a slightly less-than-perfect indoor variety (maybe not as dense as it should be, or lightly seeded, etc.) that will go for \$300-\$400. If you go for this grade, which I call midi-highs, go organic if possible. A lot of times growers will grow thousands of plants for commercial use, but some might not have the same respect for the plant that a grow-your-own farmer does regarding what fertilizers and pesticides are used.

Then you have your commercial mid-grade, which is a slightly compressed, usually imported weed. Mid-grade weed can vary greatly when it comes to appearances and highs. It's usually a light-green with some seeds and semi-fat stinky buds, but sometimes it could be a dark-green with little to no smell. There's nothing wrong with scoring this bud for \$175-\$225 per oz. Bargain down to at least \$200 per oz. if possible. This weed is really the most profitable sale for dealers, because there is plenty available at cheap prices in major bulk. To us stoners, this translates to a cheaper street price.

Then there's the dreaded schwag, the Round-the-Town-Brown, the Skanky Panky—whatever you call it, it sucks. Schwag is cheap and abundant, more available than any of the other bud selections.

If you didn't take your pot smoking somewhat seriously, you probably wouldn't have bought this book, so let me impart a little found wisdom on your asses. Shitty weed will provide you with a shitty high. God forbid, if you get busted for pot, would you really want it to be weed that gives you more of a headache than a buzz? Well, we all have to buy shitweed sometime (even I just finished a bomber of schwag!) and it usually goes for \$65-\$125 an oz. depending on your

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area and your dealer's projected profit ratio—which is usually 100% if he buys quantity and sells small (such as ounces).

If you must talk about pot in a public place, find your own lingo, so others don't understand what you are talking about exactly. It's funny, I was just thinking of some of the things I've used before like, "I need an elbow and two zippers." Which translates to, "I need a pound and two ounces." Or to comment on the quality of the last batch bought, "I thought those eggs must have sat out too long before they were purchased." Which basically means, the shit's too dry. You can use whatever lingo you and your friends work out—the main idea is to keep anyone who might be listening in on your conversation from knowing exactly what is going on. To sit here and talk ganja "jive" would make idiots of us all, so let's move on to the subject of finding a reputable dealer. Then you could have a constant connection with minimal harassment.

Don't ever speak badly of herb dealers to other stoners, even if their prices are high. They put their asses on the line to make what ends up being very little money getting our sorry asses stoned. Love your dealer, but don't be afraid to shop around and let him know how his shit compares. Obviously, you must first develop a relationship with your dealer before you go openly dissing his merchandise. He might just decide that you are ungrateful of his services and never respond to your endless calls and beeps. I know for a fact there is nothing that a dealer enjoys more than talking about buds. Get into a discussion with him on what's going around, buds that you've come across and so on. For bonus points, if you've got any kind bud that he hasn't seen, get him stoned. After all, these guys are our volunteer firemen, our park rangers; these are our men in the street who are constantly searching for quality buds. The dealer is your friend, but often the dealer's protective dome will not readily accept you into the fold immediately.

Smart dealers don't pull stupid moves and just "adopt" new clients without solid reference from a close friend or steady client, and a comfortable pre-meeting of some sort. It is best to not be too pushy when first purchasing pot from a dealer who doesn't know you.

You might be asking how one comes to meet new dealers, especially those of you whose bags are almost dried up! Well, it's simple networking. If you're at a party or a club and someone's puffing, politely ask if you can sneak a hit or two. If they accept you into their circle don't be a hog, just take a few puffs and pass it on. After awhile, you'll develop friendships within the marijuana community, which inevitably will lead you to someone who has a little pot for sale. Over time, you want to try to work your way up to a dealer who has quality product for a decent price at all times.

Dealers usually sell bags of marijuana by the 1/8-oz., 1/4-oz., 1/2-oz., ounce, 1/4-lb., 1/2-lb., and pound. There are 28 grams in an ounce, four ounces in a 1/4-lb., and 16 ounces in a pound. If you buy pot on the street, which I only suggest during the most desperate of times, you might find nickel bags or dime bags. A nickel bag is \$5 worth of pot stuffed into a little baggie the size of a postage stamp, basically a joint worth of bud. The dime bag is \$10 and is twice the size of the nickel bag, yielding two decent-sized joints.

There are a number of reasons I don't suggest that you buy pot on the street. First and foremost, this is the most likely of all ways to get yourself busted. Second, the quality of the bud is very poor, and sometimes downright questionable. Third, most of the street dealers are hustlers or drug addicts trying to make money for their habits, which leads to rip-offs and questionable buds that may have been tampered with. It isn't common, but I've heard stories of pot being dipped into formaldehyde or sprayed with WD-40 to give its users a more PCP-like high.

If you do decide to buy on the street, when you get home with your buds lay them out on a magazine and inspect them under a light. If they have a chemical smell, greasy feel to the buds, or if the buds are brown and unusual-looking, I suggest you flush them down the toilet. These are signs that your buds have been tampered with or adulterated in some fashion. Decent pot, even schwag, should be somewhat green and have a good smell to it. Don't fool around with adulterated weed. Like I said, it isn't common, but it will fuck you up and give you a high you probably weren't looking for or expecting.

You can bypass that whole nightmare by finding yourself a reputable dealer who you can trust. If you know that your dealer is a marijuana connoisseur and knows his pot like the back of his hand, it gives you a sense of security because you know that he is dealing with people of the same mindset. The last thing you want on your mind after buying a bag and getting really stoned off it is whether or not that was marijuana you just smoked or some chemical additive. I've often heard of novice smokers who got extremely high off a joint of kind bud say that they thought it was laced with something when what really happened is that they just got their money's worth of bud and experienced a superior high. Over time you'll come to understand that different strains of pot will give you different highs. Some will be psychedelic, laughy and colorful, and others will feel debilitating and almost narcotic. After you come to know what to expect, the high isn't as scary or unexpected as it might be to a novice smoker.

There are two basic families of marijuana, *Cannabis indica* and *cannabis sativa*. Just as they are different in growth patterns, they

CHAPTER TWO

HOW TO GET STONED



People smoke pot for a number of reasons. It is used to increase one's spiritual experience, for medicinal use to help various forms of suffering and nausea, to incite creativity in artists, to relax the mind, body and soul or, for some, to just plain get baked.

Throughout time, man has tried many various forms of smoking weed or hashish. Long, thin kif pipes are the cultural mainstay throughout Morocco. Afghani hookah bubblers do the trick for the Afghans. Rastafarians in Jamaica prefer the chalice and cone-shaped spliffs for maximum bliss. In Africa, Nepal, Bali and some parts of Mexico, potheads made chalices by baking the red clay dirt that's indigenous to these regions. I, too, have searched far and wide for the ultimate smoking device for my precious and sacred herb. The main criteria of any smoking device is its stoning potential, its efficiency and its durability. The devices I have tested range from simple, such as a rolling paper, which is very sensible, to high-tech, complicated devices like vaporizers.

THE JOINT

My favorite method of getting stoned, especially when there are three or more smokers around. A joint makes for a good measured dose of your pot. In other words, one joint should get you and a few friends good and baked—whereas pipes and bongs have to be refilled and relit with every hit, and if you have a metal pipe the bowl gets extremely hot. However, I am a big fan of hand-blown Pyrex pipes and bongs. Don't get me wrong, if someone packs a bowl of the kind bud, I'll smoke it in an aluminum can if that's how they so choose to smoke their precious offerings with me. (You should know that smoking out of an aluminum can is not good for your health. Heating up aluminum creates fumes that can cause Alzheimer's disease.)

There are some tricks to make a joint more efficient. Most of the THC and other psychoactive compounds burn up in sidestream smoke and get trapped in the roach. There are a few things you can do to eliminate most of your sidestream smoke. Let's just start at the beginning.

Buy yourself some high-quality rolling papers. Sure, it's going to cost you fifteen cents a pack more than those cheap-ass Drum papers you've been using, but your lungs will appreciate it. I prefer to use EZ Wider extra-lights that come in a gold wrapper. The EZ Widers in the silver wrapper are pretty good as well. Some people like Bambu, some like hemp papers, and others like to use unglued papers. Experiment with different papers to find your favorite.

I use the EZ Widers because I like to roll big, fat joints. Find yourself a good rolling surface—a brand new issue of HIGH TIMES always does the job. Break up your weed really good. Be sure to remove all

stems and seeds no matter how small they are. One of the tricks to ending the side-stream problem is to fashion a filter tip from a matchbook, business card, or whatever is available, by tearing off a 1/4-inch strip and rolling it up similar to a cigarette filter—except that these tips won't filter out any tar or resins, of course. The tip's sole purpose is to aid the joint's carburetion action, helping you to get bigger hits while just only taking small "sips." Over-toking will cause the joint to run or "canoe" (burn unevenly). To stop, it's best to slightly wet the fast-burning side and hold the slow-burning side up while toking on the joint. Soon the canoe should burn evenly. Otherwise, you could be facing a potential reroll if the runner is fatal.

Anyway, now you should have your pot broken up on the mag, your rolling paper, and your tip. Fold your paper in half with the glue on the top—inside facing you. Holding the paper in one hand, use your other hand to evenly distribute your weed throughout your paper, leaving 1/4-inch of space for your filter tip on the right side of the paper. I prefer to have a slight cone shape to my joints, and this is done simply by placing more weed on one end of the paper. Place your filter tip in the right side and make sure that the pot is evenly distributed before you start rolling. If it's not you'll have a pregnant joint with a big hump in the middle.

All of your friends are counting on a smooth-toking, even-burning, nice, tight joint and all the pressure is on you, the roller. Rolling is the most crucial step in this process. Start by placing the joint in both hands with your thumbs on the front of the paper and your fingers cupped around the back. Gently work the front of the paper down with your thumbs. Start with the right-hand thumb and pinch the paper behind the filter tip. Slowly roll the rest of the front of the paper down with both thumbs until the paper barely covers the pot, leaving the right side pinched behind the filter.

Now, starting on the right side where the paper is pinched behind the tip, proceed to pinch the paper all the way across by slowly working the paper up and down with your thumbs. Keeping the paper nice and tight, roll it up until just the glue flap sticks out. Lightly lick the paper once and twist the top flap over tightly, starting with the right half. Utilize your right-hand forefinger to seal the glue to the rolled side of the joint and follow with your left-hand forefinger.

You should have in your hand a nicely rolled joint. Don't twist up the ends—if you rolled tightly enough, you should be able to just pack the weed in the end of the joint with a pen lid so that your pot won't spill out. If you didn't roll the joint tight enough, you are facing a potential flaming meteorite. This occurs when the "cherry" (the red, burning chunk at the tip) is knocked loose from the joint by

excessive tapping when ashing the doob. When the joint starts getting down to roach-size it's time to do another secret trick of the trade called the Boris twist. The twist is done by very gently pulling the tip of the filter to where it sticks out of the paper. Don't pull the tip all the way out of the rolling paper—just pull it out so the end shows. Then twist the filter so that the cherry won't scorch the filter tip and you can smoke 100% of the pot that you rolled, as well as the tars and resins in the roach that usually harbor 20-40% of your THC.

Joint etiquette varies from place to place but basically goes as follows. Always pass the joint to the left in a clockwise circle. If a new person shows up in the circle the joint immediately is passed to that person and then the joint resumes its order in the circle. Never break the circle by passing to someone other than the person on your left. If the person next to you is passing up their hit, pass the joint to the next person on the left. This is done to bring a little order to the chaos of everyday life. Talking with the joint in your hand is an immediate "holding" violation and is not tolerated, nor is "lipping" (wetting of the joint with your lips).

PIPES

The pipe is probably one of the most popular and simple methods of getting stoned. Many stoners carry around simple pipes made from small steel plumbing connectors with wooden beads or plastic cylinders for decoration. These pipes usually need a pipe screen to keep the ash from sucking into your mouth. Pipes can be carved from wood, bone, ivory or clay. Pipes can also be crafted from plastic, ceramic, glass, Pyrex (heat-resistant glass), stainless steel or aluminum. Metal pipes can get extremely hot, and aluminum pipes are harmful to smoke out of. Most connoisseurs prefer to use Pyrex pipes over metal pipes. This is because the hits are smoother, they're easier to clean and Pyrex pipes don't need screens to block out the ash. With smaller, pocket-sized pipes it is easy to suck the ash into your throat. This can be avoided by taking extra precaution and taking small "sips" when the bowl is almost cashed. Clean out the resin with a little rubbing alcohol to prevent your pipe from getting gunked up.

There is very little pipe etiquette that exists. This is because pipes are generally used for guerrilla style hit-and-run smoking. When smoking in a group, pass to the left and never pass a cashed bowl. No lipping on the pipe. In Morocco, kif smokers wipe the end of the pipe with their cheek before passing it to the left as a symbol of respect for the other smokers in the circle.

I once saw a PBS show on Moroccan street musicians who spend their days and nights in a dreamlike trance making music. These

musicians would constantly smoke kif while still playing their hand-made instruments. One man held the responsibility of keeping the kif pipe filled and burning. This guy showed the cameras why he was the chosen keeper of the flame by dumping the still burning coal of kif in his mouth while he packed up another bowl in the long, thin pipe. He then danced the cherry around on his tongue and placed it on top of the freshly packed bowl and inhaled on the pipe until the newly packed kif started smoking. He then wiped the pipe on his cheek and passed it to the musician on the left, all the while still playing his instrument. The narrator of the show said that he never once saw the musicians' kif pipe stop burning.

BONGS

There are various forms of the bong. Most are single-chambered and have a carb (air hole) on the back or a pull-slide bowl that carbures the chamber. Some have multiple chambers coupled with hoses. The more hoses and chambers you have, the more of a chance of an air leak or worse yet a bong-water leak.

Only buy bongs that have a carb or don't have a fixed bowl. Without a carb to bring through air, you'll always have a stale hit in the chamber. Bongs need to be relatively durable, easy to clean, and should have a big tube to insure a big hit. Bongs can be made of plastic, ceramic, glass or Pyrex. Glass and Pyrex bongs offer the cleanest hits, with ceramic coming in a close second. Plastic tends to make the hit a little harsh. As for durability, Pyrex bongs are tougher than glass or ceramics. Pyrex bongs can be custom-blown to your specifications of size, color and style. Glassblowers are generally located in the Northwest, though their head pieces seem to be showing up everywhere. Bongs seem to be more popular along the West Coast and in the Southwest. This is not to say that there aren't others using bongs—some are just more fanatical about them than others. Bongs are great for conserving your weed. They do require some minimal maintenance. The bong water should be changed daily and resin should be scraped when it starts to gunk things up.

Bong etiquette varies from place to place but is generally as follows: If a small one-hit or two-hit bowl is used, the whole bowl should be cashed and the chamber cleared before passing the bong on to the person on your left. Never pass the bong with a stale hit lurking in the chamber, and always empty the bowl of any ash ("flushing the toilet.") Don't tip on the bong. Never spill a friend's bong in their house—this is unforgivable. If you are using a glass bong with a glass bowl, remember that when the bowl is hot it is fragile, so don't tap it against an ash tray to cash out the bowl. Another thing about glass

bongs that you have to be careful of: they can bust of thermal shock if you drop some ice down the tube into the room-temperature bong water. Some people do this to cool the bong water, which in turn cools off your hit. Pyrex bongs are resistant to thermal shock.

HOOKAHS

Hookahs are the earliest form of water pipe and are still used in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Egypt and India. A hookah holds water in a bulb-shaped bubble that filters and cools the smoke from the huge bowl. The smokers sip on the thin hoses which connect to the pipe.

Hookahs can have any number of hoses, but usually have two. The hookah is designed to sit on a table or in the middle of a room, while the smokers leisurely lounge around it, smoking constantly from the hoses. A famous account of hookah use is related in Lewis Carroll's children's book, *Alice In Wonderland*. In the book, the Caterpillar lounges on top of a psychedelic mushroom in a trance-like state from constantly sipping on the hose from his hookah. I don't know of any hookah etiquette, other than that you shouldn't lip on the hose.

CHILLUMS

Chillum are pretty difficult to use by yourself because you have to cup both hands around it to seal off a good hit. This makes it difficult to light, though not impossible. Chillums can be made of clay, wood, bone, ceramic, hemp, glass or Pyrex. A chillum looks just like a pipe except that the bowl is at the end instead of the top. It's not smoked like a normal pipe, though.

There are two basic methods of using a chillum. The old-school method consists of holding the chillum diagonally in your palm with the bowl side hanging off of your left forefinger. Then you put your two right forefingers down on top of the chillum and cup your left hand around the chillum and your two right-hand fingers. Keeping your hands cupped and completely sealed, make a small opening between your two thumbs and right-hand forefinger. Have someone else light the chillum until you get the hang of it. Put your mouth in the small opening and inhale. You should get a huge hit. The other method is to hold the chillum upright with the bowl up in between your two middle right-hand fingers while cupping your left hand with the base of your hand sealed off. Make a small opening between your right-hand forefinger and thumb. You should get a big hit.

Chillum etiquette goes as follows. If a cloth is being used to cool the smoke and seal off your hands on the chillum, it is to be changed before passing on to the next person. Chillums can't be lipped on so germs won't be spread between smokers of the same chillum as they

are with pipes, bongs, joints, etc. Light your friend's bowl if they can't figure out how to get it going themselves.

THE CHALICE

Rastafarians are notorious for this device that is basically a combination of a bong and chillum. Chalices are made with bone, wood, stone, ram's horn, clay, or glass jars, and have a tube that delivers huge hits. The chalice is a close relative of the bong family, but has certain features of a pipe, such as portability and size.

Chalice etiquette is well defined in the Rastafarian culture, and is very ceremonial. One person prepares the herb and packs the bowl. The smokers gather in a circle and give thanks and praise to Jah Rastafari for the blessings they are about to receive. Then the chalice is fired up by the person who prepared and packed the bowl and is passed to the person on the left. "Licking the chalice" doesn't give you a right to lip on the smoking apparatus.

Traditionally, Rastas don't pass around their cone spliffs because they don't want other smokers' saliva on their joint. Out of courtesy for others, don't put your mouth on the tube, especially when smoking someone else's offerings in their chalice. This is easily avoided by cupping one hand around the bottom of the tube, making a small opening between your thumb and forefinger. Take a couple of good draws from the chalice before passing it.

VAPORIZERS

Vaporizers are supposed to vaporize the psychoactive compounds in your pot, while leaving the vegetative crud like chlorophyll intact. This cuts down on the tars and resins that combustion of the vegetative matter causes. It's said that these tars and resins are cancerous, but there has never been a documented case of lung cancer caused solely from marijuana smoking.

On a recent trip to Amsterdam I had the opportunity to test out a few high-quality Dutch strains in Eagle Bill's vaporizer. I was then convinced that these machines were for real. The high was definite and profound. I could immediately tell that the buzz was a little different. It almost feels like a combination of a hash cake and a couple of conventional combustion bong hits. The taste was almost nonexistent, yet distinct, like water. His machine consisted of a glass bulb with a huge bowl that you stick a heatgun into to vaporize your buds.

There is another kind of vaporizer that uses a heating element similar to a soldering iron to vaporize the buds. A company by the name of Vaportron produces and sells this kind of vaporizer. I received two vaporizers to test. One was a smaller unit, the other

had a bigger chamber in the shape of a bubble. Neither one of these "vaporizers" got me stoned. I visually saw very little vapor and there weren't any euphoric feelings right after the toke, or even 30 minutes after the toke. The only thing that this machine did for me was turn the best bud in my bag to toast. You might as well name this machine the Burn-a-tron for the feeling you get after you just spent \$90.00 and it turns your kindest, juiciest bud into unusable brown vegetative waste.

YOU DECIDE

So now you've got to do some research for yourself to find what works for you in your particular situation. Some of us can sit around tranced out and dreamy sipping on a hookah all day, while others only have time for a pipeful here and there. After you figure out how you want to smoke your pot, all you have to do is bust out some quality buds and get to puffin'!

CHAPTER THREE

RULE # 1: DON'T GET BUSTED



There's few things worse than getting busted for possession of marijuana. In most states this entails a trip to jail and then on to court, where you'll have to pay those outrageous fines for just holding a joint or two. In my case, it was a roach stuffed deep into my pocket, which never would've been found if the cops didn't search me illegally. Yes, it sucks, but the cops don't mind breaking laws either. Then the worst part is when you've got to call a friend or family member to come get your ass out of jail—and trust me, this is the most humiliating call you'll ever have to make. It's best to avoid the bust at all costs. Here are a few tips that may help.

Carry as little weed on you as possible, especially when driving in a car. Do your best not to give the police a reason to pull you over in the first place—obey traffic laws and have current registration, inspection, insurance card (if needed) and your license.

If you get pulled over by the police and you have pot on you, try your best not to be nervous. The officer will probably give you some excuse why he pulled you over (it's usually something bogus, such as, "You were following too close to the car in front of you," or "You looked tired"). Then he'll ask for your license, registration and insurance and go back to his car to check for any warrants and your arrest sheet (if any). Then he'll come back up to your window, and as he hands your driver's license back he'll ask, "Sir/Ma'am, you don't mind if I search your car for guns or drugs do you?" Do not consent to search, especially if you have pot or paraphernalia in the vehicle. He wouldn't ask to search if he had the right to go ahead and do it anyway. If you give up your rights and let him search, he could find and bust you for one little seed or roach. Trust me, it's not worth it. Never consent to a search, just say that you are in a hurry and you've done nothing wrong.

They might try to detain you right there until a police dog comes, just to see how nervous you get. Usually the dog never arrives, but if it does, you're screwed. Sometimes they might try to do a spot test to see if they think you are stoned and then they could take you in for D.U.I. (Driving Under the Influence), and make you take a piss test. If you come up positive for marijuana, just inform the cops (and your lawyer) that you take hemp-oil supplements (found at most vitamin shops or health-food stores) as part of your diet. These are completely legal and will make you test positive for THC. It's a strong defense, because the hemp oil pills are so readily available. It would be like you testing positive for opium because you just had some poppy-seed bagels. Rarely will it ever get this far unless they are really trying to bust your chops.

I guess the main key is to know deep down inside that what you

WHY GROW YOUR OWN?

Indoor cannabis cultivation takes a lot of time and commitment for success from seed to harvest. The key to indoor gardening is to recreate nature within the tight confines of a closet or small growroom. Light, temperature, humidity, nutrients, pH levels, CO₂ and genetics are all very important factors that will affect how your plants will mature. Other than genetics, there is no one single factor that is more important than the others—they must all work together to produce healthy, fully budded cannabis plants. In nature, marijuana will grow in a variety of different environments, temperatures and altitudes. Indoors, a cultivator can have a garden full of flourishing plants year-round, but only if they're given optimal environmental conditions.

The number of plants you grow is up to you, but in a limited space less is more. I'd suggest for your first time, start with four to eight plants. This way you can monitor each plant's growth and build a relationship with the growing process. You will be surprised at the amount of growth you'll get over the course of a few days. With a lot of plants, it is easy for an inexperienced grower to quickly get overwhelmed.

The whole idea of growing your own marijuana is to have cheap, high-quality, pesticide-free herb for your own personal use. To grow high-quality marijuana you'll need the right equipment and—most importantly—high-quality seeds.

CANNABIS GENETICS

Nowadays there are many, many seed strains to choose from. This is due to the increased interest and knowledge that growers now have concerning cannabis genetics. There were probably only 20 to 30 original strains which were crossed and hybridized to create the vast selection of strains we have today. Each strain is unique in almost every aspect imaginable. They each have different tastes, odors and growing characteristics and, most importantly, each has different highs.

A cannabis plant's potency, size, vigor and resistance to mold, mites and mealy bugs, among other deficiencies and pests, are all due to its inherited genetics. There are three species of marijuana: *cannabis sativa*, *cannabis indica* and *cannabis ruderalis*.

Cannabis sativa plants are generally tall—eight to 16 feet—with long internodes and many thin, loose buds with thin blade-like leaves. The high is cerebral, mentally stimulating, and sometimes psychedelic. The buds have a fruity bouquet and the smoke is often sweet and spicy.

Cannabis indica plants are short—two to five feet tall—and squat. They form dense "colas" (stems with thick buds around them) with short

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
VINCE EVANS

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internodes and webbed leaves. The high is not as psychedelic as the *sativa*, but packs more of a punch. *Indica* is really stony weed and can be very overpowering. The smoke is thick and skunky, acrid and hash-like. *Indicas* and *Indica* hybrids are the obvious choice for indoor growers due to their short stature, dense buds, high yield and abundant resin production.

Cannabis ruderalis is a weedy species from Russia. These plants reliably flower when they are six to eight inches tall, regardless of the light schedule they may be under. *Ruderalis* plants are very low in potency and must be crossed with an *Indica* to inherit its high THC volume while still keeping the automatic flowering of the *ruderalis*.

SEEDS AND SEEDLINGS

Indoor closet cultivators usually begin their growrooms with seeds from a known origin. Inexperienced growers should always leave the breeding up to the reputable seed banks.

You might ask "how does one find high-quality seeds?" Seeds are difficult to come by, but they are mandatory for growing a stable crop of killer green buds. Closet cultivators usually procure cannabis seeds from seed banks which are located at various places around the world. The seed banks in Amsterdam and British Columbia are a totally legal and legitimate trade, and they can be depended upon to provide quality genetics in every seed. Or, if you have a contact with a grower, maybe he'll have some high-quality clones for sale.

What about mail-order seed banks? Who knows who you are sending money to? It could be the feds, con artists or just plain sloppy seed brokers who might get you busted sometime down the road.

Remember, no matter what the source, IT'S ILLEGAL TO IMPORT CANNABIS SEEDS INTO THE UNITED STATES, so be careful.

CONSTRUCTING THE GROWROOM

Construction of the growroom will vary depending on your living situation. Homeowners may have proper-sized closets, basement space or a spare bedroom which can be used to house their plants. Apartment dwellers have the option of walling off a corner of the room, or an area underneath a sleep loft, or utilizing a spare closet. Whatever your situation, you'll probably need some 2" x 4's, sheets of plywood and general house tools.

The growroom must be completely closed off, allowing absolutely no light in and no light out. The only exception is for the blower fan; you must cut a five-inch hole in one of the walls or plywood sheets to accommodate the 4-inch vent duct that's connected to the blower fan. Vent this outside if possible; if not, vent it as far away from the grow area as possible, and not anywhere people are likely to smell it.

The other option is to mail-order the equipment from a reputable horticultural store. Don't purchase the equipment using your name; find a friend who'll receive the equipment for you if possible. Don't use credit cards or checks—it's best to use money orders. Don't leave a paper trail to your growroom.

You will need a thermometer with a high and low reading to measure the room's temperature, as well as a hygrometer to monitor your growroom's humidity levels. You'll also need a pH tester and a total dissolved solids (TDS) meter to test nutrient levels. These items can be picked up at your local hardware store or nursery.

Fans will be needed to increase airflow around the plants and to dispel hot and humid air that congregates near the ceiling. Squirrel-cage blowers are best for removing the hot air that the lights will generate. Regular tabletop oscillating fans should be placed at plant level and slightly tilted up to circulate the fresh, cool air that is near the floor and push the hot air toward the ceiling where it will be dispelled by the blower fan. The blower fan should be plugged into a Coolstat temperature control box or a timer. The Coolstat is produced by GreenAir Products and switches the blower fan on when the heat rises to the optimum pre-set temperature. If a timer is used, it will take a few days of monitoring to figure out how often you have to run the blower fan to create your optimum temperature.

The lighting requirements will vary depending on the size of the growroom. Most growrooms have two stages of development: vegetative (for the mother plants) and flowering (for the buds). The vegetative chamber for a closet-sized system, assuming you are raising less than 50 plants, is usually 3' x 3'. This should adequately support your young plants. Use a metal halide (MH) lamp for optimum vegetative growth. A 400w MH lamp will give sufficient lighting to your growing group of plants. The young plants love to be bathed in the bluish spectrum that the halide offers. HPS lamps emulate the fall harvest sun, which is perfect for flowering cannabis. The flowering chamber should be around 6' x 6', if you have the space. A 1000w HPS will adequately cover this area. If you hook your lamp to a four-foot light mover, which only costs around \$100, it will greatly increase the amount of light the plants will receive.

Also, it's a good idea to vent the air from the vegetative room into the flowering chamber. CO₂ will be deployed in the vegetative chamber and the CO₂-rich air will be released into the flowering chamber, where your plants could utilize the extra CO₂. This cuts down on wasted CO₂ that normally would have been vented out and unused.

At your local gardening store you can buy soil and containers to grow your plants in. The bigger your container, the better. Just make sure the

containers will fit in your space. If you have an organic gardening store in your area you can purchase some organic matter to mix into your soil, like worm castings and bat guano. You will also want to mix in some perlite and vermiculite to aerate your soil to prevent too much moisture, which can suffocate your plant roots. Yes, there are more complex soil mixes you could use, but you'll have plenty of time to experiment later.

You might also want to purchase a cheap fluorescent shoplight and some Styrofoam cups to start your seeds in. The fluorescent is less harsh on baby plants than the high-powered halides. After five to 10 days of growth they can be moved to the larger containers under the halide. At first, keep the halide at least three feet from the baby transplants so you don't "burn" them. You'll want to keep the lights on 24 hours a day until they get to be three or four weeks old.

While this system isn't "scientifically perfect," you'll always have time to update your equipment and add on at a later date.

GERMINATING SEEDS

Germinating your cannabis seeds is relatively simple using easy-to-find household items. All you need is two dinner plates and some paper towels. Place a wet towel on one of the dinner plates and place your seeds on top of the towel, covering them with the second plate. Keep the towel moist, and after a few days the seeds will begin "hatching." While this is going on, prepare your planting medium for the new upstarts. Plant the germinated seeds with the root tip downward about 1/4-inch into your medium.

DETERMINING THE SEX OF YOUR PLANTS

Male or female? When growing from seed it is necessary to determine the sex of your plants before placing them in your flowering chamber. This is done to keep any stray pollen from the male plants away from your female plants, insuring your plants' *sinsemilla* ("without seeds") status.

At first, male and female flowers appear similar, but within a week or two they will start showing their sex. Males will show little pollen balls hanging from the nodes (the points on the stem at which leaves are attached), and females will show two delicate V-shaped hairs extending upwards at the nodes. Get rid of the males and the male host plants.

One method of sexing is to cut your lights back to 12 hours on and 12 hours off. This will flower your seedlings, but will add weeks on to your schedule. This can be bypassed by cloning for sex. Cloning for sex is the best, most efficient method for determining the sex of your cannabis plants.

CLONING

Cloning is an important technique that you will use to duplicate a plant's genetic makeup. To clone for sex you'll need a few supplies: a rooting hormone, small rockwool cubes, a 48" fluorescent bulb fixture, a sharp razor blade and a tray with a plastic dome that should fit snugly on top. It's also handy to have a spray bottle to create a damp, humid atmosphere inside the dome for your baby clones. Other than the rockwool cubes, these items can be found at your local hardware or nursery store. Be sure to soak your rockwool cubes overnight in a diluted rooting hormone mixture. Be careful when handling dry rockwool—it contains harmful irritants that will screw up your throat if inhaled.

Choose the healthiest, most vigorous females as your mother plants. Health is determined by such traits as early flowering and obvious vigor. Now you can keep your mother plants under continuous light from your fluorescent and take clones when needed.

Before you start cutting with your razor, be sure you have your rooting hormone handy to dip the stem into as soon as you make the cut. This helps keep air bubbles out of the stem and allows the nutrients to flow throughout the plant. Liquid rooting hormones are generally better than the powdered ones for this very reason.

When that's ready, take a cutting with your razor two to three inches from the top of the plant. Cut away the bottom-most set of leaves from the stem of the cutting and quickly dunk it into the rooting hormone. Then gently place the stem in a small, presoaked rockwool cube. The clones should take root in a few days if they are kept in a humid environment at a temperature of 75-80 degrees, positioned underneath your fluorescent lamp. Don't be discouraged if some of your clones don't make it, just be sure you take more than you need.

Cloning and determining sex is not that difficult at all. After some practice, you should be able to keep a pretty high percentage of clones that survive, but don't be discouraged if you don't get that high percentage right away. Even the best growers don't get a 100% survival rate.

FLOWERING, HARVESTING AND CURING

This is what you've been waiting for—buds! After vegetating your plants under 24 hours of light for two weeks, it's time to switch over to the flowering cycle. This means you need to turn back your light cycle to 12 hours of light and 12 hours of complete darkness. An HPS light is the preferred choice of growers for flowering due to its wide light spectrum.

Change your fertilizer to a "bloom" or flowering formula and use as directed on the bottle. Most varieties will flower in 55-75 days, but some can go as long as 125 days. Keep a close eye on your plants during this stage. Be sure that your lamps aren't burning the tips of your plants and check the leaves for mites. Once the stigmas (hairs) start to turn from white to brown, purple, red or orange, it's time to cut the fertilizer and just feed straight water. When 1/2-3/4 of all the stigmas have turned color, it's harvest time.

Harvesting pot is a tedious but rewarding task. It seems fun at first, but after you get your first thumb blister from trying to operate your gooed-up scissors you'll know what I mean. Cut down the individual buds and clip the leaves off—starting with the big fan leaves—then clipping right up next to the bud. Save the trimmings, they can be used to make hash later. After you've manicured your buds you can either hang them to dry or leave them out over a screen. The best climate is in a dark, slightly warm area; your closet should do fine. Let them sit for 5-14 days (drying times will always differ) until they're good and dry.

A good way to determine if your bud is cured is by snapping the stem. If it snaps, then it should be cured; if it bends, it still is a little wet and needs to go a few more days. Be patient while drying your buds and you'll get some sweet nuggs in return. While you wait for your buds to dry up, you can collect the leaf trimmings and put them in a paper sack to dry out. They will dry in a day or two. In the meantime, flip on over to the next chapter and learn how to make hash out of your trimmings.

When your buds are good and dry, pack them away in either vacuum-sealed bags or in a Tupperware container and stow them away in the vegetable tray in your refrigerator. Check routinely to make sure that no moisture has collected with the buds. This will lead to mold. Check often—and go ahead and pinch a big bud while you're at it. After all, you deserve it!

CHAPTER FIVE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN HASHISH



Very few marijuana smokers in America have ever smoked first-quality hashish. It is truly a prized possession among cannabis connoisseurs. One who has primo hash is an instant Pot Star. If you've ever heard anybody say that they didn't like hashish, follow my directions here: go pack a bowl of the primo and get that person to take two tokes off the hash pipe. That's all the convincing they'll need. There's really nothing better than some good hash, but it is so rare. No problem, I'll just show you how to make your own.

There are three basic methods: rubbing, screening and water extraction. Hand-rubbed charas is an incredible smoke, but requires more work than necessary. Then there's screening, which is done by simply rubbing your buds over a fine screen and scraping up the trichomes (tiny pollen glands) that are pushed through the screen. Screening does the trick, but I suggest the water extraction methods for a couple of reasons. You get a cleaner hashish, it's less work, and you can even salvage some of your pot (if buds are used) for cannabis butter.

First thing that needs to be done in the water extraction method is to place your leaf trimmings or bud in the freezer until it's good and cold. Get a bucket and fill it with ice water—make it as cold as possible. Dump your chilled leaf or buds in the water and stir vigorously for 15-20 minutes, or even longer if you can stand it. Strain out the vegetative matter using a spaghetti strainer and let the bucket sit for around 8-10 hours. Slowly pour out the water until you get about a couple inches of water left (be careful that you don't pour out any of your trichomes!). The trichomes sink like sand while dust, plant matter and other debris floats on top of the water. Filter the last bit of water through a coffee filter and press the resin together.

Now, some people will just smoke it as is, but it works best to put it in the oven at 125 degrees for a few hours. Not only does the water evaporate, but the heat also decarboxylates, which helps boost the THC. Once the hash comes out, press it, smoke it, store it or share it. It's all up to you. One thing's for sure, you'll learn to cherish it.

SMOKING HASHISH

There's a little trick to smoking hash. You can't just break off a big chunk and go at it. All you'll get is a burnt-up coal. Put a small chunk of hash on the end of a paper clip and catch it on fire. It will take a second to flame up. After a second or two of flaming, blow it out and instantly break it up by spreading it out between your thumb and forefinger. If you break it all up quickly it should fluff up into a little pile of dark crystals. Stick this in your pipe and get a good puff. Be careful of over-puffing—first-rate hash smoke will

hot summer. I'm not sure if that explains the buzz each gives you, but it registers for me.

Hash is much more expensive than pot (going for \$20-25 per gram) and like I said before, good hash is extremely rare. In the end it's all the same, another buzz for the head. Just another one of God's gifts to us stoners. I'm wishing I had some hash right now.

Before I get sidetracked daydreaming about hash, I forgot to tell you about another way to get high with hash: eat it! All you have to remember is that THC is oil-soluble, which means to activate the THC in your body it needs to be broken down into oils.

Be careful—hashish takes a long time to come on and when it does it hits you like a freight train. Most connoisseurs prefer to smoke their hash and use their leaf trimmings for cooking since hash is so hard to come by.

There will always be those psychonauts who want to see how high pot can get you. Trust me, it'll surprise you. I remember sitting on a bench in Amsterdam outside in the snow for what seemed like hours after eating two pieces of hash-cake. I was completely immobilized, but looking back on it, I still can't believe how stoned I was.

CHAPTER SIX

COOKING WITH CANNABIS: RECIPES FOR THE HEAD



Ahh, the joys of eating marijuana. It may taste like shit, but it gets you HIGH!! Actually, pot foods don't taste so bad if you use the cannabis butter recipe instead of just throwing a bunch of seeds, stems and weed into your grub. I'm not going to get too detailed with recipes here, as I'm not much of a chef. But I will teach you how to make some kick-ass brownies and cookies using cannabis butter.

Before I go on, I want to impart a little advice on the subject of pot foods. First and foremost, don't give pot brownies to people who are unaware they are eating pot! This is not cool and isn't ever funny. Don't eat too much at first. Give the pot time to work. It can take up to two hours before the effects come on, but a good brownie high can last four to six hours. Eating pot foods also raises your tolerance if consumed on a regular basis. Other than that, have a good time and share some hysterical, maniacal, stoned laughter with your friends. You'll be in tears!

CANNABIS BUTTER

Making cannabis butter is simple and very effective. All you need is a two-gallon pot, a pound of butter and 2-4 ounces of shake. You can use bud if you choose to, just make sure it's ground up good.

Fill the pot with a gallon of water and add your shake (or bud). Reduce to a light boil and cover for a half hour. Next, add your butter. Be sure you maintain a low boil. Cover and let it go for two hours.

After the water cools, strain out the vegetative matter with a cheesecloth and pour into containers that will fit in your fridge. Be sure you give it a good squeeze and get all the butter out of the plant matter. Let cool in the fridge. The butter will harden and you can pour the excess water off.

Now you can use any recipe that calls for butter and just substitute your cannabis butter to make any of your favorite treats. Or you can try these recipes that incorporate marijuana for a good old brownie buzz. What's stopping ya, start cooking!

HASH BROWNIES

You will need:

- 1/4 cup cannabis butter, with 1/4 cup butter
- or 1/2 cup finely chopped bud with 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup of semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup self-rising flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup of semi-sweet chocolate chips

Method

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease a 9-inch square baking pan. Melt butter, cannabis butter (or shake) and 1 cup of chocolate chips in large saucepan over low heat; remove from heat. Stir in remaining ingredients in order listed, mixing well. Spread batter in prepared pan. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes or until beginning to slightly pull away from sides of pan. Cool in pan on wire rack. Cut into 2-inch squares.

NO-BAKED DOUBLE CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE**You will need:**

- 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup cannabis butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup liquid chocolate syrup
- 1/3 cup sour cream
- 1/4 teaspoon vanilla extract (or chocolate flavored liqueur)
- 1 cup frozen dairy whip (thawed)
- 1 prepared 9-inch chocolate-flavored piecrust

Method

Place the first three items in a bowl. Using an electric hand-mixer, beat the cream cheese, ghee and sugar until smooth and fluffy. Add the sour cream, almond extract and chocolate-flavored syrup; beat until well-mixed. Fold by hand the thawed frozen dairy whip into the chocolate mixture. Spoon into the chocolate-flavored pie crust and smooth the top with a spatula. Chill until firm. Keep refrigerated.

NOTE: Serve with sprinkled cocoa, shaved chocolate or toasted almonds over dollops of additional whipped cream.

SUGAR COOKIES**You will need:**

- 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup cannabis butter with 1/2 cup butter, softened
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Method

Sift flour with baking powder, baking soda and salt, and set aside. In a separate large bowl, beat the ghee or shake, butter, sugar, sour cream, vanilla and egg until fluffy. Slowly add flour mixture, mixing until well combined. Form dough into a large ball. Wrap and refrigerate several hours, or overnight. Divide dough into 4 parts. Refrigerate until ready to roll out. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 375 degrees F. Lightly grease cookie sheets. On well-floured surface, roll dough, one part at a time, 1/4 inch thick. Use a cutter to cut out cookies. Place 2 inches apart on prepared cookie sheets. Bake 10-12 minutes. Cool. Makes about 6 dozen cookies.

For more recipes, pick up Aunt Mary Jane's Baking with Pot.

pretty quickly. I've been in situations where I've had to lay down and just cool out after eating one too many pot brownies. It's a funny feeling being so high you wish you could come down a little bit and when you do, you realize how nice it was having such a fantastic buzz.

What goes up must come down. That's the rule of the land and it applies to stoners as well. Over time you learn to keep a level head when getting baked. If you are experiencing what you think is abnormal paranoia, then try smoking less pot—or quit smoking altogether for a while if you have to. Sometimes you just need a reality break. Always remember that you are smoking herb to have fun, not to be scared shitless.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THINGS YOU WOULD'VE ASKED ME IF YOU HADN'T FORGOT TO



There are some subjects that I just touched on to give you the knowledge you need to function as a Pot Star and there are some subjects I plain avoided. To be fair, I'm trying to think of all the questions you could ask me that I haven't already answered thus far in the book. So, here are some things you would've asked me if you hadn't forgot to...

What about medical marijuana and federal and state laws?
I've always said, "I'm not a doctor and I'm not a lawyer, just a stoner." That also might answer your question on why I haven't said anything about the laws. Every state has different laws and everybody breaks different laws. As a good rule of thumb, you should know the law before you break the law. These are things that you can investigate further on your own. Another cliché just for good measure: If you can't do the time, don't do the crime.

How do you roll a blunt?

Just like a normal joint only use the tobacco leaf wrap from a cigar.

How do you make hash oil?

There are several ways to make hash oil and most of them are highly flammable and dangerous. This is the reason why I don't explain how to do it. Again, this is the type of thing that you can investigate individually. Anyway, that oil shit is a mess—just smoke hash.

How do you breed your own varieties of pot?

Breeding is a highly technical and advanced subject that is very complicated and takes in-depth study. For all you need to know on breeding buy R. Connell Clarke's *Marijuana Botany*.

What's the best way to travel with pot?

I don't suggest you do it if you are nervous about it, but I just put the bud somewhere where they won't search if the metal detector goes off (such as a boot, sock, underwear, or deep in a pocket). Also, I don't suggest that you travel across international borders with weed, as you are more likely to get searched and busted.

Where can I get pot paraphernalia?

There are plenty of headshops across the U.S. that carry pipes, waterpipes and all the smoking necessities that you'd need. If you don't have one in your area then I'd suggest doing a search online. There are many sites that can mail-order whatever smoking apparatus you might need.

Is it safe to buy pot and pot seeds over the Internet?

It is very risky. After all, you don't know who you are sending your money off to, and you can be busted for mail-order weed.

How can I be a judge at the Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam?
Go to HIGH TIMES.com or 420tours.com and you'll find all the info you need.

How much pot is too much?

That all depends on the individual. Some people can smoke non-stop, others can't handle a single toke. Just treat marijuana with respect and it'll make smoking a more rewarding experience.

My pot smells like ammonia. Why?

Probably because it is on the verge of molding. If it hasn't molded, pop it in the microwave for a few short blasts to dry the bud out. Don't smoke molded weed.

What is hemp?

Hemp is the sister plant to marijuana and is grown for industrial purposes, such as for fuel, fiber and food. Hemp is also illegal to grow in the U.S., which doesn't make any sense considering hemp doesn't get you even remotely high if smoked.

I've had the unique opportunity to travel the globe in the never-ending quest for killer buds. For a bonus, I thought that you'd enjoy reading my piece on judging the Cannabis Cup, which was previously published in HIGH TIMES. The following story will give you a better idea of how I determine the quality of buds and judge many strains in a short period of time.

PERFECT 10: JUDGING THE CANNABIS CUP

"Here, try a hit of the Bubbleberry," someone said as they passed a burly looking joint in my direction. I took in a few deep puffs and felt the medicine curing, or at least easing the pain of the cramped overseas flight. "Here, this is the NL #5 x Haze," said another voice passing a smoldering joint which struggled to stay lit. I reignited the joint and stared out the window of the bus, taking in the serene beauty of the Dutch dawn.

This was my third year to attend the Cup and sit stoned staring out this bus window on the short drive into Amsterdam from Schiphol airport. Every year the excitement builds, and judging from these lunatics on this bus (most of whom I work with), this year's Cup would prove no different. Hell, I'd be jumping up and down in this chair myself if my ears weren't zooming and my eyes would just focus. The flight had taken its toll on me and all I wanted to do was check into my hotel room and sleep.

The bus finally pulled into the city and dropped us off in the Leidseplein in front of the American Hotel. The crew split up and went to their respective hotels. By some stroke of fortune, I had reservations booked at the Barbizon Tulip, which is considered a luxury hotel by Dutch standards. I checked in without any problems other than the slight oversight of me being booked into a no-smoking room.

"I'm sorry, sir, but this is the only room available today," said the hotel receptionist.

"Well, I don't smoke cigarettes. This'll have to do," I said. Little did they know that during the course of the next week, I had plans on performing perhaps the world's greatest perpetual pot-smoking binge and nothing could stop me. With sleep in mind, I signed the register and collected my room and bar key.

Before I got too comfortable in my cozy little closet-sized room, I ran across the street to the Bulldog Coffeeshop and bought a couple grams of their Purple Haze. I retreated back to my room, rolled a healthy-size bomber and lit it up. The small room quickly filled with smoke, and I laughed at the irony of being paranoid of a little pot smoke when I was in the weed Mecca of the world. I made a futile attempt to keep the smoke from spilling out into the hallway by placing a wet towel on the floor by the door crack, and opened the window for some fresh air. I flipped through the TV channels and settled with a Lionel Ritchie marathon on Euro MTV. Just as I was comfortably nestled into a quiet stupor in my bed, the phone rang—or (better yet) buzzed.

"Hey, it's Zena. Bloomie and Rob are with me in the lobby," said Zena the HIGH TIMES Princess, referring to my cannabis cohorts, Steve Bloom, HT's music editor, and Rob Braswell, HT's production director.

"What lobby?" I asked, still hazed from the Haze.

"Shut up. We're comin' up," she insisted.

Before I could even get half-dressed, they were knocking on my door. I let them in. The first thing Bloom says to me is, "The whole hall reeks. We could smell it in the elevator."

Oh well, so much for discretion. They couldn't check into their hotel rooms for another few hours, so I let them hang in my room. After all, my room has traditionally been the initial blasting pad for most of the staff. So this time we really smoked out the place without much concern of some hotel manager-type coming down on us. Anyway, I would just explain, "Yes, I understand, but I work for HIGH TIMES and I'm here on business." Sounded solid enough to me.

It didn't take long before I cleared out the room and resumed my rest. I've learned from previous Cups that burn-out is inevitable, so I made an effort to pace myself.

Each year the Cannabis Cup adopts a theme, and during 1997's 10th annual, Steve Hager, the Cup's founder and director, created the Cannabis Hall of Fame and introduced Bob Marley as its first inductee. So the Cup seemed to sway towards a Rastafarian theme with an inevitable Rainbow flair. There were rumors circulating that Rita Marley herself was planning to make an appearance on behalf of the Marley family sometime during the Cup. The excitement crescendoed throughout town on Saturday night as early arrivals flooded into the coffeeshops to get a jump on the competition.

Later that evening, I took a walk down the Leidsestraat in search of some food. There are many fine and affordable restaurants in the area, but I opted for a couple of slices, NY style. Unfortunately, I must've gone at the wrong time, because I ended up with two crusty, plastic-like, day-old slabs. Lesson learned; don't try and rush the Dutch, especially when it comes to food. Believe me, it's usually worth your time to wait it out.

I holed up at a rock bar known as The Cave. My head pounded to the beat of "Highway to Hell." I asked the bartender if I could light up. He had no problem with it, so I lit up a monster spliff, knowing full well that it would put me back into my stupor. I sucked down a few monster beers and took a moment to think about what I had scheduled to do tomorrow. After all, I was sent here for a purpose. I checked the staff schedule, which read: 9 AM set-up for video and photo shoot at the Pax Party House. I knew that I would have my work cut out for me at the photo shoot. I headed back to the hotel to get some sleep.

I woke up to a horrendous buzzing and a red flashing light. I thought for sure I had set the smoke detector off, but it was just the phone.

"Hello," I wondered if anyone was really there.

"Good morning Mr. Eudaley, it is 7 AM," said a soft, soothing voice. I envisioned her to be a Dutch goddess with short, punky black hair, stuffed into her uniform. I hung up the phone. It was just too damn early to let my imagination get the best of me. I had to focus on the day ahead.

I knew that I wouldn't have much time to eat during the day, so I headed down to the restaurant to cash in on my complimentary breakfast. I didn't expect much, just some bread and cheese. I walked right into a full breakfast buffet with a beautiful spread of breads, jams, jellies and cheese, as well as eggs and omelets, fresh pineapple and orange juice and a whole selection of fruits and fruit salads.

I guess it wasn't every day that a stoney character such as myself strolled through this stuffy little joint. Good thing I didn't get super-stoned, because with the number of eyes that followed me, I would've had a full-bore freakout. Actually, I didn't really mind the blond KLM stewardess over at the corner table staring at me. I winked at her while shoveling fruit salad into my mouth. "Vitamin C, you know what I'm saying?" I asked her. She smiled and let out a cute little laugh. I cut out, making sure that none of those freaks tailed me.

I hopped into a taxi and was off to the Pax Party House, where I was to report for work. This was the day of the photo shoot and the entering of the strains. The coffeeshops and seed banks would be coming through one by one so we could register, video and photograph the entries. This all sounds like fun, but after the crew hits up a few joints, it quickly turns to work.

I had plans on compiling a huge assortment of buds that I felt vital to the welfare of this story. Each coffeeshop and seed company was ushered through our chaotic process, and most offered me samples of their buds. I had a healthy little pile of weed growing, and then the worst happened. On some sort of Marxist trip, Steve Hager confiscated my buds, saying they were "to be distributed amongst the staff."

I wasn't too concerned, considering that I'd been selected as a "celebrity judge." In a matter of hours, I'd be given unsmokeable quantities of weed, which was to be judged fairly and, of course, thoroughly.

Now, I don't usually go around calling myself a "celebrity." I think of a celebrity as being a little flashier than me, though I have always been semi-famous in one way or another. But who cares?! I had a job to do and the weed is what is important here. The judging process was complicated and it was no time to let egos get in the way.

We finished the photo shoot in record time, which allowed me to go back to my hotel for a quick shower before returning to the Pax for the Seed Company and Coffeeshop dinner, hosted by Anne Bonney, HT's Amsterdam cannabis consultant. Rob and I arrived a little early. We waited at the bar while the dinner was being set up. We talked over a few mugs of beer and a few bowls of hash. Anne

informed us that we were going to have to stand on stage to receive the seed company samples. This was horror for me. Not that I'm shy or anything, but like I said, I'm not a flashy character.

The dinner got kicked off with Scarborough flair. The entertainment was provided by the Rainbow Gypsies, headed up by Fantuzzi and Jiva. The food was great. It's been rare for us staff slaves to get a good warm meal in Cups past, but this year was different.

In past years, this dinner had been a little tense. The competition was so fierce, I'm told that coffeeshop owners who are best friends couldn't talk to one another during the Cup. This year the different camps seemed to be getting along just fine. The dinner broke into a near party when Anne took the stage to announce the celebrity judges.

This was the moment I had been waiting for: the distribution of the seed company strains. My name was called and I joined the other nine celebrity judges: HIGH TIMES staffers Steve Bloom, Chris Simunek, Rob Braswell and Liz Lapof; Rocker T of the Cannabis Cup Band; Cup designer and bluesmith Robin "The Hammer" Ludwig; Rasta holy man Ras Menelik; and true celebrities: Jerry Garcia's ex and one-time Merry Prankster Mountain Girl and (saving the best for last), the Queen of Rastafari, Rita Marley, who had yet to arrive.

We were lined up and lit up on the stage. I had made the mistake of eating a couple of hash cakes and my legs were twisting like rubber. My head felt very heavy and it took everything I had to remain upright.

We resembled a police lineup. Everyone shifted from side to side and tried to look serious. We looked like one of those crews where it didn't really matter who you picked out of the group, we were all probably guilty of something or another. Nevertheless, we had come all the way across the world for one reason only: to judge the Cannabis Cup, and that's what we were going to do.

Anne then began announcing the eight seed companies entered in the competition one by one. As each was called, they came by and passed out their samples. Some went to great lengths to display their buds in cigar-style boxes or picnic baskets, and others simply stashed the buds in zipper baggies. I promised them all that I would vote for the best weed—pot politics be damned. I loaded myself up with all the different bags, boxes and baskets given to me and took the bus back to the hotel.

I spread out all the different strains across my bed and wondered exactly what my judging criteria would be this year. I laid amongst my buds, chain-smoking joint after joint with reckless abandon. I was in no position to judge tonight, so I smoked myself asleep.

I woke up the next morning to the same horrible buzzing of the phone and the same sexy and soft Dutch accent. I had fallen asleep with all the lights on and the TV blaring, surrounded by these huge mounds of buds.

Today was registration. Soon, if not already, judges would be lined up in front of the Pax Party House to pick up their credentials and

cannabis. Anyway, it was a nice day outside and I needed some fresh air. This time of year, Amsterdam was generally cold and wet, but this year the weather was decently fair with rare moments of sunshine. When the sun does peek through the clouds, it's common to see grown adults dancing in the street and rejoicing in the rays. And dance they should, because the Dutch are as free a society as our founding fathers had perhaps envisioned for us.

I grabbed a bite to eat and went back to the Pax to continue the madness. I found Rob hanging out at the bar with HT cultivation editor Chris Simunek and the super-stoney master of herbal cuisine, Chef Ra. They were already in the midst of some heavy judging, so at Ra's urging, I pulled up a stool and rolled up the Green House's White Rhino. "Yes, bring on the Rhino!" he yelled in typical Ra fashion.

I took my time rolling the herb as we discussed the strains that we'd tested so far. Then I lit the joint and passed it on to Simunek. The Rhino was very potent. After a few tokes, I found myself completely stoned, but it didn't have the taste I seemed to be looking for. Ra and Chris split and Rob and I took the bus over to the Melkweg for the Opening Ceremonies.

The Melkweg is a nightclub located right off the Leidseplein and, fortunately for me, near my hotel. I stopped by my room to pick up more samples for some late-night judging. I grabbed the small picnic basket with four glass jars full of buds from Sagarmatha Seeds and headed over to the Melkweg.

I immediately resumed the judging process downstairs with a modest-sized joint of the last sample from the Green House, the White Widow. This sample shimmered with crystals and had a skunky odor. Again, the taste was similar, with only subtle differences to the Green House's other two "White" varieties. The high was constant and long-lasting.

I watched from the crowd as Ras Menelik led a Nyabinghi ceremony on the stage. I don't know exactly what a Nyabinghi ceremony signifies, but it consisted of a group of nappy-headed drummers pounding out groovy vibes. The beats elevated my buzz until I could swear that I was floating above my body hooked only by my umbilical cord.

"This must be Nyabinghi," I said to myself as I headed towards the bar. This time I opted for a Coca-Cola over the Heineken. I figured I'd better pace myself. It was going to be a long night and I'd already had an out-of-body experience. After all, it wasn't even midnight yet. I had to remind myself that I was here for a purpose and couldn't afford to totally turn to toast. Not yet, anyway.

I caught back up with Rob and we scavenged the scene for a while before splitting to the Dampkring. In my opinion, the Dampkring is one of the finest coffeeshops in Amsterdam. The scene is laid-back and the staff is very hospitable. A shelf full of Cannabis Cups proudly watches over the weed counter in the back corner. Their menu is chock full of wonderful herb, but I purchased a couple of grams of the Nepal Temple Ball hashish.

I didn't get a chance to smoke any of the buds from Sagarmatha yet, so I decided to wait to test them in the morning. Instead, Rob and I smoked the hash and got really zooted. I got bored and left for the hotel to get some rest.

The next day I sampled the Sagarmatha buds starting with the Stonehedge. This was a huge bud crammed into a glass jar. It was very crystalline, and dry as a bone. The high was very stoney, and it had a musky flavor that numbed my mouth. I liked this strain and I had plenty of it for further extensive judging. The next two strains I wasn't too impressed with, the Yumbolt and Special K. Don't get me wrong, it's all incredible weed. But I had a lot of weed to smoke and no time to waste.

The last sample from Sagarmatha was my personal fave from their collection, the Mangolian Indica. Again, this weed was cured well and burned great. The Mangolian packs a punch and tickles your taste buds with a slight fruity flavor. The smoke was smooth and didn't burn my throat.

I still didn't have strict judging requirements. I was merely looking for weed that I wanted to come back to time after time. I had yet to find any true standouts, but I knew that it would be difficult considering the level of high-quality buds I'd been given. I had to also keep in mind that I was voting for the best seed company, and that meant I had to consider the quality of all the representative strains per each company. With this in mind, I grabbed the one sample entered by the Swiss seed company, Valchanvre, and the two strains entered by KC Brains, and went coffeeshop-hopping with Rob.

We first went to the new Green House. The interior was elaborately decorated with colorful tiles and mirrors. We sat at a table with huge colored glass marbles that were lit up from underneath. We ordered drinks and rolled up a joint of the Swiss bud, which was very beautiful and full of crystals. But I wasn't impressed with either its taste or potency. After smoking so much supersonic, ultra-powered high-quality weed, this one just didn't cut it.

We immediately rolled the Mango from KC Brains in hopes of getting stoned. Sure enough, this one did the trick. The Mango had a slight fruity taste and packed a good stone. The nuggs were small, but dense.

Next we headed over to Sensi's coffeeshop. There we smoked the second entry from KC Brains, the NL Special. This one was an outdoor strain. I believe it was the only outdoor strain entered into the seed competition. This one tasted good, but was of medium potency. On a positive note, this strain wasn't as harsh as some of the industrial-strength über-weed entered.

It was getting late, so we went out to eat and walked over to the Melkweg to get in on the evening's events. Tonight was the Bob Marley induction into the Cannabis Hall of Fame and it was confirmed that Rita Marley herself had flown in earlier in the day to represent the family.

The Melkweg was packed with good feelings as reggae music blasted from the stage courtesy of the Cannabis Cup Band. I took time out from serious judging to let loose and have a good time.

Late in the evenings, I would generally go back and smoke some of the strains that I had previously judged to ensure that I had given each strain an accurate testing. Tonight, I was smoking myself to a state of bliss, which I planned to peak out right when Rita took the stage. And take the stage she did. She came out and did a memorable version of "One Draw" in a way that only a Marley could perform. I found myself swept up by my emotions and I could swear a tear came to my eyes when I thought about exactly where I was and what was going on in front of me. Like I said, I was blissed and I left the Melkweg feeling higher than I'd ever been before.

At about midnight, Rob and I headed over to the Dampkring's Smokersball at the Odeon with Zena and Beth, HT sidekick. The club was one of those multilevel supermarket-style clubs with different scenes depending on what room you were in. The party was booming and other than a small skirmish to the right of me, it went without a hitch. This was Beth's first year at the Cup, so I initiated her by dragging her over to the 4:20 AM festivities at the Quentin Hotel. We made it with just enough time to twist a bomber and pose for the legendary 4:20 photo in front of the clock. I made it back to my hotel right before sunrise and ordered a turkey sandwich from room service before taking a three-hour nap.

I woke up to the buzzing of my phone. It's a weird feeling waking up still stoned from the night before. This is a sure sign that burn-out is around the corner. I took some echinacea and vitamins to ward off any potential sickness that could strike when I least expected it.

I was scheduled for interviews at the Pax, so I grabbed my Sensi Seed Bank samples and split. The press were generally enamored of the whole judging process, but judging from the whipped look on their faces, most weren't prepared for the hectic 24-hour schedule that the more experienced Cuppers maintained. I had to be careful what I said around these sharks, because I was working on very little sleep and massive amounts of THC running through my body.

I took time out to sample a few of the strains entered by the Sensi Seed bank, starting with the Maple Leaf Indica. This bud had a very unique taste—like maple syrup—and it had a nice high, but no real fireworks.

I moved on to the Jack Flash, Sensi's new hybrid of Jack Herer and Skunk. This was a good smoke that provided a clear and precise stone after only a few tokes. The taste was fruity with an earthy flavor.

Next I went through the Big Bud, the Northern Lights and the Silver Pearl, all of which were consistently potent—but they didn't really stand out above each other. One that did was their last sample, the NL#5 x Haze. This one I loved. It had a great Haze taste with the power of the NL#5 driving it home. I enjoyed smoking this strain above most I'd sampled so far.

finish down to the roach and it was beginning to look like I had a clear winner. I didn't want to make a hasty—or hazy—decision just based on this one strain, so after awhile we rolled the other strain, the Super Crystal. We didn't smoke this one to the roach, but it was more that we couldn't finish it rather than not caring to finish it. We both were stoned out of our gourds, and we headed back to the Melkweg to watch the Cords and the Travoltas perform on the main stage.

Later that evening we went out to a jazz bar and partied into the early morning. I stopped by the Quentin to hit up yet another 4:20 AM with all those nuts, and headed back to the hotel.

Finally, it was Thursday, November 25th, the day of the Awards Ceremony at the Melkweg. It also happened to be Thanksgiving. I met up with Rob early and we began testing the Paradise seed samples.

All of the Paradise samples were well-cured and crystalline and pungent. We started with the Amsterdam Flame, which left Rob and I hacking our lungs up. This one had a force that was second only to the Super Crystal, and the taste was nothing spectacular. The other two strains I didn't like as much, the Nebula and the Sensi Star. They were consistently potent, as is almost all of the weed in Amsterdam, but they didn't stand out above the field like I hoped they would.

It was nearing 4:20 PM, so Rob and I headed over to the Melkweg to put in our votes. During our walk over there, we were silent and didn't really discuss much of anything. We joined the other celebrity judges backstage for a final council and then put in our votes. The voting procedure wasn't as simple as we thought. With the help of HT editor, Peter Gorman, we developed a weighting system, so that a first place was worth five points, second worth three points, and third worth one point. The company with the highest score would receive the Cup and the second highest would be the runner-up and so on. This gave us the winner on an average scale.

There were many heated battles between the judges. We all decided we would write down our votes and turn them in to be tabulated by Peter Gorman. I wrote on a yellow notepad, "Sensi Seed bank 3rd place, Green House 2nd and Homegrown Fantaseeds 1st place."

We all turned in our votes and they were tabulated. We were informed of our decision and the awards went down just as I had voted. We all headed downstairs to watch the Awards Ceremony already in progress.

I felt like a huge burden had been lifted off my shoulders. It was no easy task, but I felt I put in an honest vote based solely on the quality of the weed. Rob and I found Beth and Zena in the crowd and took them out for Thanksgiving dinner. Now, there's not much turkey in Amsterdam, so we went to a Mexican restaurant where I celebrated with six top-shelf super margaritas and later a few slices of space cake. Needless to say, I was loaded and in a very prime mood.

I missed out on much of the Awards Ceremony, though I was there in some shape or form. After the space cake kicked in I finally lost it.

The inevitable meltdown came right on cue after much careful planning. The final evening came to a close and the crowd filtered out of the Melkweg. They seemed to be as blitzed as I, though I was in no shape to care. I latched on to a friend and celebrated long into the night with the help of a handful of 'shrooms and a few Coca-Colas to keep me coherent.

The Cup is the party of the year for me. It is the culmination of a hell of a lot of work, and there's a hell of a lot of good times going through the process of it all. The coffeeshops and seed companies are to be commended for their outstanding selections of incredible buds and their persistence in their battle to keep the ground they've gained for freedom in opposition to America's stupid Drug War. The Cannabis Cup isn't just about partying and getting bombed—it's about standing side by side with your brothers and sisters and giving our oppressors the big "Fuck You," all the while having the time of our lives. After all, that's what HIGH TIMES is about—getting high, really high. And let me tell you, the Cannabis Cup lives up to that tradition.

See you next year!

CHAPTER TEN

NOW YOU'RE A POT STAR LIKE ME!!!

The Sacred Ceremony Begins



But a Pot Star can't afford to be naive when it comes to marijuana. Always keep your eyes out for potential busts, rip-offs or trouble-makers. Try and maintain a clear head and positive attitude. Don't let pot turn you into a bitter cynic. I've been there before and it gets ugly. Use the world's absurdity as a creative tool to create your own little absurd world.

A Pot Star should always think of himself as the star of his own movie. Picture yourself as the producer, director, writer and star of your life. Don't get caught up in someone else's movie. Follow your own dream and goals. Create your own reality. After all, you're a Pot Star now!

And now that the preaching has come to an end, by the power vested in me by the Stonerhood of planet Earth, I declare you all Jr. Pot Stars. Go and live free, live long and prosper. You've come a long way, baby!

Now that the book is over, anyone want to smoke a joint?!

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MARIJUANA GLOSSARY

HOW TO TALK THE TALK



Now that you know what a Pot Star needs to know, it's time you learn to speak like a true Pot Star. I've assembled a list of stoner terms and definitions. Just to give you an idea how this whole thing works, let me give you an example.

"So I was speaking to my buddy the other day about scoring a phat sack of Afghani Hydro nuggs. He said the beans came from Amsterdam and the top colas reek like Skunk Weed. Anyway, I'm planning on hooking up with an O'zer of that shit."

Translated, this guy is saying, "So I was speaking to my dealer the other day about buying some hydroponically-grown Afghani flowers. He said the seeds came from Amsterdam and the top flowers smell acrid. Anyway, I'm planning on buying an ounce of that marijuana."

So there you have it—mix and match as you please. Any true stoner will know what you are talking about. It's funny how quickly new terms and words pop up with a group of people who routinely get stoned together. Anyway, these are just some of the terms that I could think of off the top of my head. Go nuts!

Afghani - *Indica* strain originating from Afghanistan

Baked - really stoned

Bart - bong water

Beans - seeds

Blunt - marijuana wrapped in tobacco leaf

Bomber - fat joint

Bogart - talking with burning joint

Bong - water pipe

Bowl - the part of a pipe where the weed goes

Brick weed - compressed buds

Buds - marijuana flowers

Buddy - pot dealer

Buggin', buggin' out - paranoia

Burnout - someone who's smoked too much pot

Burnt - out of it

Butlering - acting as an MC while doling out the weed to everyone

Buzzed - a little stoned, but not totally

Buzzkill - something that straightened you up

Cannabis - marijuana

Cashed bowl - spent pipe load

Cherry - the red, burning chunk of herb in the bowl/joint

Chronic - hip-hop term for high-quality herb

Clink - hash (from the sound it makes when hardened)

Cola - top bud

Commercial bud - run-of-the-mill low-grade weed

Cone spliff - joint rolled in a cone shape

Connoisseur - marijuana aficionado

Cottonmouth - dry taste in the mouth after puffing

Dank - adjective describing high-quality bud

Dime bag - \$10 bag of weed

DL - keep the smoking on the "down low"

Doob - joint

Dry - out of pot

Executive privilege - taking a hit out of turn because it's your weed

4:20 - time to get stoned

Flushing the toilet - emptying the bowl of remaining bud/ash

Fried - very stoned

Ganja - Jamaican term for herb

Green bud - fresh kind bud

Harsh - hurts the throat to smoke

Harshing my mellow - killing my buzz

Hashish, Hash - pressed marijuana resins

Hemp - pot's non-psychoactive sister plant

Herb - pot

Hookah - Middle Eastern water pipe with hoses

Hook up - to obtain weed, or meet someone who has access to weed

Hot box - puffing in a confined area with no air circulation

Hydroponic - grown with water instead of soil

Indica - short squat plants with high resin content

Joint, Jay - marijuana rolled in a cigarette paper

KGB - killer green bud

Kind - generic term for high-quality pot

Lit - stoned

Marijuana - pot

Meltdown - completely losing your shit, either by vegging or freaking

Mooching - getting high with a little help from your friends

Nickel bag - \$5 bag of pot

Nuggs - medium-sized buds

Organic - grown without pesticides or chemical fertilizers

O'zer - ounce

Phat - cool, happenin', good score

Poking smot - smoking pot

Pot - marijuana

Puff - smoke weed

Q-bert - 1/4 pound of weed

Reeks - smells of weed

Reggz - short for "regular," same old buds

Roach - the butt of the joint

Roach coach - place to store roaches

Sack - bag of weed

Sativa - large plant with slender leaves and psychedelic buds

Schwag - poor-quality weed

Score - obtain pot

Shake - powder and tiny fragments of weed

Shitweed - shitty weed

Sinsemilla - seedless herb

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Skunk Weed - stinky Afghani buds

Smacking your head - getting stoned

Snarfing the Bart - accidentally getting bong water in your mouth

Spliff - Jamaican term for oversized joint

Stash - the place where you keep your buds

Stoner - one who partakes of marijuana

Stoned - high

THC - tetrahydrocannabinol, the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana

Toke - to puff on a joint, pipe, bong, etc.

Torch - lighter

Trichomes - tiny pollen glands on leaves and buds

Twigs - stems

Vegging - spacing out like a vegetable

Weed - marijuana

Whisps - the last few bits of shake left in a stash

HIGH TIMES
PRESENTS

HOW TO BE A
POT STAR
LIKE ME

Chris Eudaley is the pre-eminent Pot Star. He is considered the "everyman" of pot—an average stoner who rose to fame simply because of his love for the herb. In his new book, "How to be a Pot Star Like Me," he explains cannabis use for the novice smoker. He teaches the reader how to choose the best pot, roll a spliff, pack a bowl, puff a bong and roll a blunt. He also teaches the reader the appropriate terminology, and what social faux pas to avoid.

Chris Eudaley writes the "Pot Star" column in High Times magazine, and is the proprietor of the *Puffer's Paradise* smoke shop in Texas.



Pot Star
Chris "E" Eudaley

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