PROMOTING THE RESPECTABLE AND RESPONSIBLE USE OF MEDICAL MARIJUANA

TREATING YUURSELF Medical Marijuana EDDY LEPP NTERVIEWS

Valerie and Mike Corral

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FI HOSA

COMPASSION TEN YEARS AFTER

Issue 5



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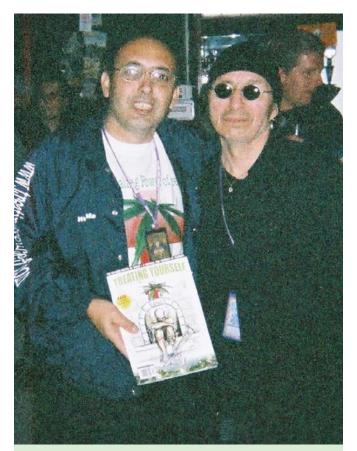


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TY AND THE FOUNDER



About the Founder and a Mission

y name is Marco Renda. I'm 46 years old. I've been suffering from Hep C for about 23 years now. Since 2003 I've been licensed by Health Canada to possess marijuana for medicinal reasons. It's my goal to provide medical marijuana users with information to assist them in their use of medical marijuana, from acquiring seeds to growing their own. Treating Yourself supports the removal of all penalties for the private possession and responsible use of marijuana by adults, including cultivation and casual nonprofit transfers of small amounts. Our website Treatingyourself.com is the world's largest and most compassionmedicinal marijuana website to date. ate We at Treatingyourself.com first began our journey into the marijuana culture by providing free, quality marijuana seeds to those in need. We then expanded our compassion to include the ability to supply medical-grade marijuana for free or at a hugely reduced price to gualified medicinal patients around the world.

This practice soon proved to be the undoing of a very good thing.

I've subsequently been arrested and am before the courts for this act of compassion. As a result Treatingyourself.com is no longer able to provide marijuana to the hundreds of patients it once helped so much. It's with this in mind that I've decided to refocus some of my actions in the marijuana culture. TY will remain a predominantly "medical" marijuana website whose goal is to educate on the responsible use of marijuana as it applies to medicine; however, there'll be a more concerted effort given to the consolidation of many pro-marijuana websites and interest groups, with a goal to coordinate all of our efforts with regards to the issues of legalization.

I'd like to take this opportunity to extend my hand in welcome to all respectable, responsible marijuana users. I'd like to see a concerted effort on behalf of all respectable, responsible marijuana users worldwide, helping in the effort to abolish prohibition! As individual interest groups we're at the mercy and whim of the governing bodies of the world; however, if we were to unite and begin to demonstrate to the world that we're responsible and respectable members of society the choice will be clear: Marijuana must be made fully legal to any and all who have reached the age of majority! The time has come for our governments and lawmakers worldwide to abolish the immoral prohibition of an innocuous flower! The time has come to realize that we are not "potheads" or "stoners." Far from it!

We are taxpayers; we go to work every day; we are employed in every walk of life. People who use marijuana range from janitors to judges, barbers to doctors. Yes, even a good number of our police use marijuana! I personally know a Canadian army veteran who self-medicated with marijuana through most of his active service career following a botched back surgery; he was well liked by his fellow soldiers and had the respect of his supervisors throughout his entire career, hardly what you'd call a "pothead" or "stoner."

This is just one story in perhaps a million or more in Canada alone! Yet the facts remain the same: We still face prohibition; we are still unjustly locked up; we can still have our lives ruined—all because the propaganda machine is kept well oiled and fine-tuned! It's our duty to throw sand in those gears! It's our duty to dismantle this ponderous loathsome machine! The only way to achieve this is to "walk the walk" and "talk the talk." We, the marijuana consumers of the world, must show the lawmakers that we do not cause harm; we are RESPONSIBLE, RESPECTABLE, and VALUED PRO-DUCTIVE MEMBERS OF SOCIETY!

It's long past due that we remove the stigma that's attached to marijuana. To date, there are hundreds of legal marijuana users in Canada who'd rather not be known by the public. Not for fear of being ripped off. No. They'd rather remain anonymous because society has allowed the stigmatism of "pothead" and "stoner" to continue, they don't want to be harassed by police for their legal gardens, and they don't want their professional careers to be interfered with. All they really want is to be allowed to live a more painfree PRODUCTIVE life! There are literally hundreds of thousands more that use marijuana as a relaxant to help manage stress, because stress kills!

Even for the social user marijuana's used at parties and other gatherings, much in the same way that alcohol's used, with far less addicting effects and without the morning-after hangover. Marijuana is, of course, among the most benign of the so-called "party drugs." Far greater threats can be found in crack cocaine and crystal meth!

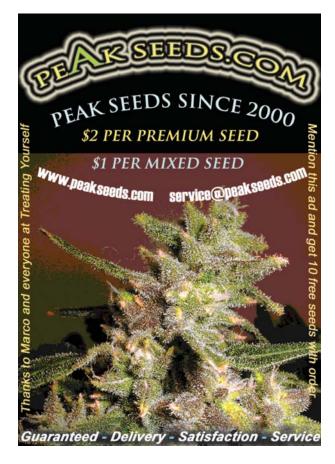
To suggest that the ingesting of a plant such as marijuana should carry with it the shame of a criminal record and the possible destruction of any future career opportunities—or even the ability to freely travel about the globe—is, in fact, a shame and crime against the RESPONSIBLE and RESPECTABLE marijuana consumers of the world!

"WE MUST LEGALIZE MARIJUA-NA! WE MUST REMOVE THE CRIM-INAL ELEMENT FROM MARIJUANA. TO DO THIS IT MUST BE LEGAL FOR ANYONE TO GROW AND USE MARIJUANA THAT IS AT OR ABOVE THE AGE OF CONSENT!"

WE MUST LEGALIZE MARIJUANA! We must remove the criminal element from marijuana. To do this it must be legal for anyone to grow and use marijuana that is at or above the age of consent! By removing the archaic laws that continue to prohibit the free use of this wondrous herb we would free up billions of dollars currently being eaten up by police agencies around the globe in an effort to stamp out a relatively harmless plant! By doing so our fine police officers would be able to concentrate on ending the threat of far more dangerous and insidious addictive drugs.

In closing I would like to reiterate that THERE IS A BETTER WAY! The government needs to hear your voice! Send your thoughts to your local MP. Do not be afraid; only criminals need to be afraid! You are simply pursuing your rights! The future is in your hands, so shape it wisely. Someday your health may hang in the balance!

On behalf of myself, and all of the members of Treating Yourself, I wish you good health and good grows.



Marco Renda's Defence Fund Neuberger Rose LLP Barristers & Solicitors 1392 Eglinton Ave West Toronto, Ontario

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MARCO'S EDITORIAL



AH, THIS CARTOON BRINGS back so many memories! I wasn't always the caring and compassionate guy I am today—far from it. Being a cocaine addict I did things that I'm not proud of! When doing drugs you only think about yourself and not those around you. You have *no* compassion; it's all about *you* and nobody

"WELL I CAN HONESTLY SAY THAT THERE ARE A HANDFUL OF SEED COMPANIES THAT GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO HELP VALID MEDICAL MARIJUANA PATIENTS, BUT THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE JUST INTO IT FOR THE \$." matter of fact they looked more like hemp than anything else. Bubble was later banned from the TY website due to ripping off the members. He, too, ripped me off when I helped him and his family in their time of need. Bubble made all kinds of promises of repayment to the TY members, and myself, but, to this day, I

else. Now think about those who sell marijuana seeds. Do you think that they have any compassion for us, the medical marijuana community? Well I can honestly say that there are a handful of seed companies that go out of their way to help valid medical marijuana patients, but then there are those who are just into it for the \$. I've run into breeders who not only ripped me off but also plenty of other med patients. I won't go as far as publishing the real names of these rip-off artists but I will say that they can be found on some of the most popular marijuana websites. There was a member on the TY website a couple of years ago by the name of Bubble. His seed company was called Mother Nature Seeds. He made all kinds of promises and even offered Panama Red seeds to the members. Well these so-called Panama seeds turned out to be nothing like Panama Red. As a

haven't been paid. Oh sure, I get broken promises but no repayment. Recently, I promised Bubble that I would *expose* him in this issue of Treating Yourself. Bubble now goes by the name OG Bub on the IC Mag website. His seed company is now called Hill Temple Collective so be very careful if you decide to deal with this person, as you never know if you'll be his NEXT VIC-TIM! If OG Bub ever makes good on any of his broken promises I'll be the first to let you, the reader, know. If you've been RIPPED OFF by greedy breeders/retailers please let us know and we'll be more than happy to post your story.

Take Care and Peace,

Marco Renda



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ADVERTISERS INDEX

	_
Apothecary Seeds	23
BC Boxes	76
BC Northern Lights	77
Cannabis College	24
Cannabrex	45
Celebration Pipes	Inside Cover
Chiro-Tec	91
Crosstown	45
Dependable Seeds Duke of Amsterdam	3
East Side Impex	41
	35
Ethnogarden Fresh Headies	63 Back Cover
FS Book Co	
Green Harvest	43
H.E.L.P.	39
Help Marco	41
Hemp Depot	5
Hempworks	20
Hookahtables.ca	25 12
H.U.M.A.N	20
KDK Distributors	-
Laplaya Glass	47 10
One Drop Design	-
Online Alien	19 24
Paradise Seeds	- 24 7
Peak Sales	5
Planetary Pride	114
Quick Trading	13
Semitalia	43
Sensi Seeds	55
Shroomtalk.com	75
Skunk Magazine	53
Subscribe to TY	111
THSeeds	11
Treatingyourself.com	21
TY Seedbank	97
Vapolution	104
Vaporizer.ca	Inside Back Cover
Vapor Store	89
Wolf Productions	89
Wong Bong	76
0 - 0	7 -

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE OF TREATING YOURSELF

Tonya's Story	16
Randy Brush Update	18
Being Bold	20
Guys Like These Are Heroes	22
BigDaddyC9 from TY Story	24
The Gathering of New Beginnings	36
WAMM: Valerie and Mike Corral	42
One Billion Hits, And Then Some	44
2006 NORML Hightimes Comedy Show	46
2006 NORML Conference in San Francisco	48
What's Hemp?	52
Million Marijuana March	54
Oregon Country Fair 2006	56
No Pity From This Kitty	58
Psilocybin (Magic) Mushrooms Medical Benefits	60
Psilocybin as Medicine in the Twenty First Century	64
A Possible Treatment for Cluster Headaches	72
A Personal Account of Magic Mushrooms -	
Use for Medical Purposes	74
Conservative Support Grows for MMJ Amendment	76
Compassion Ten Years After	78
Growing The Finest Organic Medicine With a	
Modest Setup	84
Here, There, and Everywhere	86
History Rant	90
Editor's Book Reviews	92
Online Winner Review	93
Music That Matters	94
Cannabrex Capsules are "Big in Japan!"	96
Rev. Tom speaks his mind	98
God, Theirs, and Ours	101
Courage Under Fire	102



REGULAR FEATURES

About the Founder and a Mission	4
Marco's Editorial	6
Who's Who	8
Advertiser's Index	8
A Non-using Teenagers Point of View	10
Stinky's Editorial	12
Reader's Pics	14
Chief's TY Tokin Toons	26
Adventures of Stinky	32
Eddy Lepp Interviews Dennis Peron	38
Eddy Lepp Interviews Ed Rosenthal	40
Mendrel's Growing Tips	82
Chef Uni and MMJ Recipes	104
Dual Cool 2000 watts of Flower Power!	108
Subscribe to Treating Yourself	111
Contest Prize Details and Rules	112
Contest Entry Form	113
TY Issue #4 Winners' Names	114



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Krysania

A NON USING TEENAGE POINT OF VIEW

WW SINCE I WROTE MY LAST ARTICLE, I FINALLY joined up at TY and made my intro post. (I especially had to be careful of my mother tracking me down; I live in the same house as her.) I must say, the response was great. I've never before felt so welcome by people I barely know. Now I can't say that I haven't had experience with TY before I joined. Treating Yourself has been finding unique little ways of popping up in my life for about four years now.

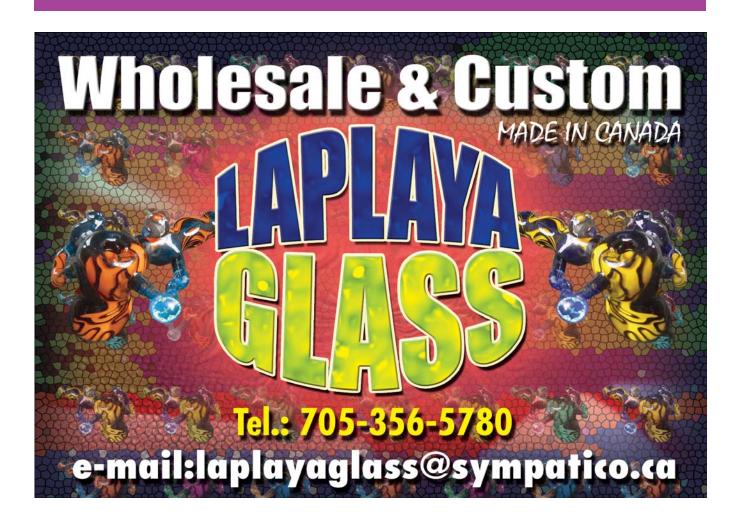
To me, Treating Yourself is more than just a forum system, helping out medicinal users and their caretakers. Treating Yourself seems more like a family, in my honest opinion. Sure, everyone there has their differences every so often, but what family doesn't? Differences only happen because we're all different and individual; if we weren't, we'd be living in a very boring world. Even though the opinions vary sometimes, people are still willing to help out another in need. Before I even became a member of TY, I had already had family there. Aside from my immediate family, I had an Uncle CAPS and Uncle Echo, and when I started my introduction, another user referred to himself as my "uncle," too. Joining TY was like finding those long-lost family members that you randomly run into at family reunions. Another thing that's nice about TY is you're bound to find one place you're accepted. If you don't particularly feel like talking about the latest and greatest thing in the world of MMJ, you can get any current irritations off your chest in the Rant Room, or share a funny joke you heard recently in the Joke of the Day forum.



The folks over at Treating Yourself really are awesome people and deserve a round of applause for all that they've done so far to promote the use of medicinal marijuana and to help in the fight to make it available to those who need it, without facing serious repercussions from the law. I hope that someday I'll be able to do as much as these people have done and that they win the fight one day. People should be allowed to use MMJ, no matter where they live.

Krysania, age 16

If you'd like to get in touch with Krysania, you can contact her at krysania@treatingyourself.com



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STINKY'S EDITORIAL

THE HYPROCRITICAL OATH

Drs. are very quick to send you home with a prescription for pharmaceutical drugs to help you cope with your ailments. These same doctors are using us as their personal guinea pigs. How often have you gone to your family doctor and been given a prescription for a pharmaceutical drug that didn't work? Did this same doctor give you a prescription for some other pharmaceutical drug, asking you to try it instead? How many times has our government allowed pharmaceutical companies to put their drugs on the market only to later remove these same drugs due to innocent, sick people dying from the adverse side effects? Why is

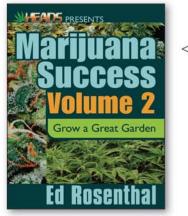
it that these same doctors refuse to even discuss you using marijuana to help cope with your ailments? Stinky would love to have the answers to these questions. So if you are a doctor then please send me an email with your answers, and I'll be sure to publish them in issue # 6.



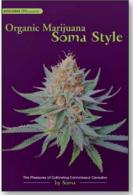
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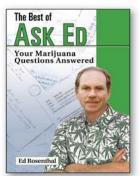
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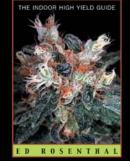
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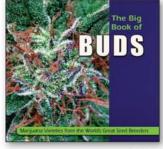
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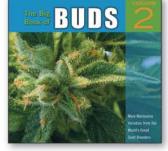
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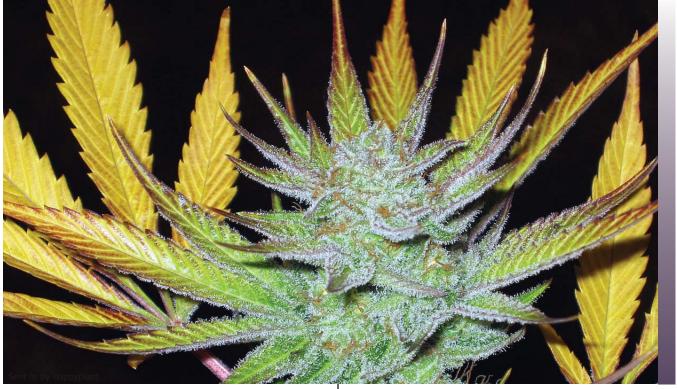
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SMILE

READER'S PICS









Tonya

Tonya's Story

Angel Raiche and Tonya Davis at the 2006 MPP Gala Fundraiser in NYC.

NGEL IS A PATIENT AND FREEDOM FIGHTER FOR MEDICAL marijuana protection on the federal level. Angel you are amazing! We first met when we lobbied Congress in DC May 2005.

Hello Everyone,

I sure hope you had an awesome spring. As for my spring, it was a real busy time, yet very stressful for me due to personal family issues.

Summer will be exciting because there are some neat things happening in the near future. Continue reading and you'll find out what's going on in my world.

As most of you know, I'm working hard (as others are) to free Randy Brush. There's a Randy Brush update in this issue of Treating Yourself so kick back and enjoy. Please visit Freerandybrush.com and sign the guest book or help us with a donation for Randy's defense. Dennis Day, an attorney in Columbus, Ohio, and a member of NORML has taken on Randy's appeal. We still need to raise \$2,000 more to pay off the angel. I feel like I'm so blessed to have such neat organizations in my

corner, and it's why I have the courage to do my work. I truly believe that if I get jammed up because of my activism/ marijuana use medicinally that they would help me. I want them to know that I'm honored to be associated with such awesome groups. NORML and MPP Rocks!

Angel and Tonya

I'm also trying to help a family member who's a recovering drug addict/alcoholic, addicted to legal prescription drugs—and alcohol is a drug. This is one of the reasons why the fight to legalize medical marijuana is so important to me and why it's important not to force addictive prescription drugs on folks (like me) who want to use a plant that's not addictive and has been proven to not be linked to cancer, as the government would like us to believe.

Addiction is horrible and it affects the family as much as it affects its victim. This family member loved to drink and take the prescription drug Xanax then he started using cocaine. The addiction progressed to using needles. Why on God's green earth would anyone want to go through that?

Addicts don't start drinking and think I'm going to become an



alcoholic/drug addict today. But for our government to allow alcohol and deny us a safer alternative, especially when it's used for medicinal use, is totally wrong. I feel like a criminal, especially when it's for medicinal purposes.

My family member is struggling every day to stay clean, and does fall off that wagon some, but overall he's doing wonderfully. He's working full time and has agreed to tell all when a documentary crew comes down to film me and my life as an activist, mother, and patient. Taping starts sometime in July 2006 so be on the lookout for updates in the next issue of Treating Yourself. Please buy a subscription today.



Okay, I promised photos of important people you may or may not know. I've decided to feature a few of my favorite activists in this movement. I attended a Marijuana Policy Project (MPP) fundraiser and workshop May 10, 2006, where I hung out with some awesome folks I admire. The best part was the workshop. Everyone was great. I learned a lot and look forward to being invited to the workshop next year. Please support MPP because they're working hard for us.

Just a few of the activists who attended the workshop. As you can see I'm promoting TY magazine.

Here's one of Tonya and Gatewood Galbraith at the MPP 2006 Gala. Gatewood is a friend of mine, a Kentucky attorney, lifelong crusader for liberty and human dignity, and one of America's leading hemp/MMJ/ marijuana advocates. Please visit http://Gatewood.com to learn about this awesome freedom fighter.

WHAT TONYA IS WORKING ON FOR THE NEXT ISSUE:

1. Documentary crew filming me in my environment (will have pictures).

2. Interviews with Ohio law enforcement: Ohio fireman speaks out on drug war.

3. Photos from meetings with political candidates in Ohio and their views on medical marijuana reform.

4. Wheelchair for justice possibly in October.

BEFORE | GO:

I would like to thank and acknowledge a few folks who have been a huge part of my life and supporters of my work. Without each and every one of these folks I couldn't do what I do. I love you guys and gals, and together we'll open the hearts of all who oppose marijuana as a medicine, and give courage to our supporters to stand up for what's right.

Jim Cowen (vice president) and Cher Neufer (president) NONORML http://northohio.norml.net/index.shtml

Marco Renda and Treatingyourself.com donated the magazines I distributed among the activists

Montel Williams, Rob Kampia et al. at the MPP workshop and fundraiser

Oopsie (MMJ Action) made our MMJ ACTION/TY t-shirts

 $\ensuremath{\textit{Swampy}}$ (MMJ Action) donated beaded peace neck-laces that he handmade

Mary Spears, LEAP (Law Enforcement Against Prohibition)

Chris Kenoyer (http://www.onlinepot.org)

Rob Ryan, Robryan.org

Lynne Wilson, hemprock.com

WONPR.org (they represent 2.5 million women)

WHIO.com reporter Sally Taylor

Norml.org (thank you Allen)

There are many more so I send a huge thank you to the ones I missed.

Enjoy your summer and see you next issue!

MISCONDUCT

RANDY BRUSH THE UPDATE



"RANDY'S DOING OKAY BUT COULD BE BETTER. HE'S LOST WEIGHT (ABOUT 20 LBS) BUT, ALL IN ALL, HE NEEDS TO KNOW THAT HE'S NOT FORGOTTEN. PLEASE WRITE HIM A LETTER TODAY. LETS GIVE HIM A REASON TO FIGHT." freerandybrush.com

A happy Randy

For all you Randy Brush fans, here's an update for you.

For you folks who don't know who he is here's a background.

1. Randy Brush was charged with **two felonies** for growing **four marijuana plants** on his roof.

2. This was a first offense.

3. Randy **uses marijuana as a medicine** to cut down on pharmaceuticals that would make him a zombie if he only used pills. Randy is a **very sick man**.

4. Judge C. Ashley Pike has stated that he wants to sentence **one million man-years** before he retires. Sounds like **judicial misconduct** big time.

5. The **judge offered Randy 9 months** a while back but Randy believed in this movement and why he uses marijuana as a medicine so much that he refused and decided to let a jury do it. The jury was not allowed to know he was a patient. They didn't know about jury nullification and some were pissed after they found Randy guilty and then were told that he was a patient. Now, because the judge wants to prove a point and move closer to his goal, he sentences Randy to the maximum.

6. Randy Brush was sentenced to **3 years incarceration**, **a \$5,000 fine**, and **3 years supervised probation** after he completes his sentence.

Here's Randy today

Randy at his institution

You can write Randy at: Randy Brush #502945 North Coast Correctional Treatment Facility 2000 S. Avon-Belden Rd Grafton, OH 44044

Randy was sentenced on March 24, 2006, and was transferred to the North Coast Correctional on June 6, 2006.



Randy started his stay at North Coast with a lot of pain in his stomach. Turns out that Randy had appendicitis and it had burst just two hours after they finally took him to a local hospital to be examined. They rushed him into surgery and removed it. Randy then spent the next 6 days recovering in the intensive care unit. Because North Coast Correctional (a privately owned institution) dragged their feet, Randy could've died. A few of the North Coast staff had gone so far as to say, "Randy was lazy and not sick" before his attack. Now he's getting some compassion, which all sick person should receive. Education is the key, folks.

He even spent his forty-seventh birthday in the hospital (better than prison, I guess). Happy Birthday Randy!

Randy and I invited the medical staff to visit freerandybrush.com from both the local hospital and North Coast. The hospital staff in ICU was about 80 percent in approval of MMJ and the same at the prison. Randy wants us all to speak with Ohio Governor Taft and Ohio Governor candidates Ted Strickland and Ken Blackwell. Of course, I will. Will you? It's time to show common sense and release Randy Brush.

A huge thank you to folks like MPP, ASA, and NORML for sending out alerts on Randy's case and spreading the word. They are there to help us, and have. Please support these organizations.

"RANDY TELLS ME PRISON IS AS BAD AS YOU HEAR ABOUT. HE SAYS IT'S A SCARY PLACE TO BE. LUCKY FOR HIM, HE HAS RESPECT IN NORTH COAST AND PEOPLE WANT TO LEARN FROM HIM ABOUT ACTIVISM AND MEDICAL MARIJUANA."

Randy's doing okay but could be better. He's lost weight (about 20 lbs) but, all in all, he needs to know that he's not forgotten. Please write him a letter today. Lets give him a reason to fight. He asks that I send his love to each and every one of you and wants me to tell you that a high percentage of the staff at North Coast support medical marijuana and think it's wrong that he's in there. The small percentage that doesn't is just plain mean.

Randy tells me prison is as bad as you hear about. He says it's a scary place to be. Lucky for him, he has respect in North Coast and people want to learn from him about activism and medical marijuana. And, of course, our Randy wants to teach everyone he can about our cause.

Good news . . .

What's been done to help Randy? Well, I'm proud to say that with a little help from our friends, Randy just may get justice after all. A lot of folks have been working hard.

Cher Neufer, president of North Ohio NORML, signed the contract to secure (our Randy) NORML-affiliated attorney Dennis Day from Columbus, Ohio, to handle his appeal. Day is basically doing this for cost. We love him and hope he gets lots of new clients because he opened his heart to Randy.

Cher Neufer and Jim Cowen have been tabling events to raise money for Randy's appeal.

MmjActionNetwork.com and TreatingYourself.com members have donated handmade items to sell (you can view them at mmjactionnetwork.com), and donated other items such as buttons and TY magazine. Some have encouraged letter writing to Randy, posted on other sites to spread Randy's story, donated to his defense fund or commissary, and visited him in prison.

Jim Cowen, vice president of NONORML and a member of MMJ Action, has visited Randy on a regular basis and made sure that he hasn't gone without while being incarcerated. Any help would be appreciated.

All are vital things Randy needs to make it in this system.

A special thank you to MMJ Action Network, NONORML, and Treating Yourself.com members for everything you've done to help Randy.

Well, that's about it, folks. Please visit FreeRandybrush.com and sign his guestbook. It gets printed out and sent to Randy. If you'd like updates on Randy please email me at TDavis@mmjac-tionnetwork.com and in the subject put "update on Randy," and you'll be added to our database to receive updates via email.

You can donate to Randy's defense fund in one of two ways:

 Directly to NONORML (in memo write "Randy Brush Defense Fund) http://northohio.norml.net

2. Send donations for commissary or to his defense fund to: Tonya Davis
P.O. Box 293128
Kettering, OH 45429



MED PATIENT STORY



have always believed that you must stand up for what you believe. Whether it's religion, politics, moral values, or the right to administer your own healthcare. We live in the "land of the free and home of the brave" in the U.S. Throughout our country's history we've fought for and won difficult social wars, including women's right to vote, legalized abortion, prohibition, and the right to die.

With all these movements behind us, why are federal bureaucrats having such a hard time legalizing a substance that's much less addictive than all other narcotic pain relievers, alcoholic drinks, and tobacco? It's a question that begs to be answered. Personally, I don't believe it's for our own good or the "greater good" of the people. Was oxycontin for the good of the people? No. It was most likely for the greater good of the pharmaceutical company that produced it. Or, better yet, oxycontin may have been an experiment, much like the LSD experiments that have been documented.

I'm but one person in a large majority that believes in the benefits of marijuana. Surely not all of us can be wrong, as there are many studies that have proven its multiple benefits. No patient should be denied pain management because of the use of marijuana. All patients should have access to marijuana, if they deem it necessary for relief of an ailment. No patient should have to hide the fact that s/he has used marijuana for these reasons. No doctor should turn a patient away because of the use of marijuana. In short, I believe in medical legalization, at least, and total legalization, at best.

We, the people, must stand up for our rights as American citizens and insist that our government-elected officials fight for our rights as *we* see them. Then and only then will our country truly be free. This includes state and federal branches, congress, senate, and executive.

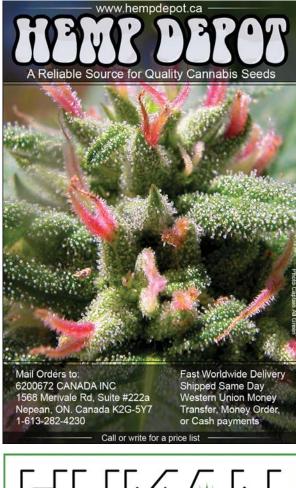
I've only recently begun to express my opinion in this matter because I always thought that the government could do its job. But, as I got older and more attuned to the true nature of the beast, I decided that it was time for me to speak out.

It was during my research on the Internet that I found OPN and MMJActionNetwork. I've been watching patiently for quite a while and am now ready to join the fight.

May God bless our country, our government, and all of the people who continue to *stand up for what they believe in!*

My sincere thanks to Tonya Davis who invited me to write my thoughts on this matter.

Sheree Krider







TY is my 1-stop for everything I need to live, love and laugh. Where else can you go to find the compassion, friendship and knowledge to live a much better life than I was living before I came here. TY has become a part of my life that is now a necessity for me to live the kind of life that I am now capable of living. It has provided a type of freedom. It has shown me how to TREAT MYSELF, and how to pass this knowledge on to the next person who seeks to learn how to treat themselves. TY has shown me a better way. TY has also shown me that I am not alone and not the only one who is in pain. Now, Ionliness is optional. I could go on and on to tell you what I have been freely given here, the new friends that I have met and the support that always comes from here. I love this place and love all the members. We ARE a family.

- Reddiet TY Member

TY quickly became a second home for me. The care and compassion that goes on here has really changed the way I look at the world these days. I care for my fellow TY members and find myself sharing their joys and sorrows. I have learned alot, about alot from fellow members, and hope to learn much more. I am extremely happy to have found this site (and the people in it) a couple of years ago, and I can't see myself ever walking away from TY and its members.

TY is family!

- Nardwarz TY Member

WWW.TREATINGYOURSELF.COM

If you're looking for a place that has compassion, and not just compassion, but compassion for you. A place that truely understands what it's like to live with sickness or pain. A place that can help you to learn to grow your own Medicine and grow it well. A place with community. Then www.treatingyourself.com might be the place that you're looking for We offer growing advice and tips, A free seed program for Medical Marijuana patients, great monthly contests. We have a membership that sees TY as family and acts accordingly. Above all we offer compassion, friendship, a light in the dark. We understand what it is to live with pain and sickness. We understand, because we live with it ourselves. So come on by and hang out with us. See what we have to offer and you decide.

www.treatingyourself.com - A place we call home

Treating Yourself and it's members would like to thank the following sponsors for their continued support of TY and the Medical Marijuana Community.

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HEROES

GUYS LIKE THESE ARE HEROES



everal months ago I received a call from some guy who told me he was riding his bike for MDMJ. I wished him luck and told him to come on out. I get a lot of calls like this, so we usually wait 'till they show up. Many do but not many claiming to ride a bicycle here from South Carolina; however, few have the strength of conviction of Ken Locke, a 40-year-old outdoor maintenance man who, while trimming a tree for a community paintball range, had a widow-maker branch fall 80 feet, striking him on his right temple. Wait 'till you see the twig. All of this as his wife, Cindy, watched on. He has fought to put himself and his life back together as much as possible.

I asked him, "Why this?"

Ken answered, "I can't wait any longer for 'them.' I don't have time, so I rode without the meds."

To stop his grand mal seizures (brought on by stress as a result of his injury), he would pull off the road, rest, and medicate when he felt a seizure coming on. He made the whole trip, nearly 3500 miles, without one seizure. As we sat talking and getting to know each other I was touched by this quiet, gentle man. I was impressed with his desire to help the rest of us while needing so much himself.

Many people accompanied him over the course of his trip, most notable, Fat Freddy and Kaylee. Kay did the original journey for justice. His team believes that they interacted with as many as 75,000 people over 3 months.

They started from Folly Beach in Charleston, South Carolina, on April 7, arrived July 1, and left July 4 for home. As they get ready to leave I ask him, "What now?" "I just want to drive home to Cindy; it's been a long time."

As Ken drove away with Mark and Tony, his support crew, we waved and cried, touched by the courage of yet another person forced to be a warrior in a war that makes no sense and has helped no one—a war against ourselves, started by those who don't care, and fought by those with little to fight with. It's criminal that we've allowed this to be done to us. We thank Ken and the many who helped and supported him on his journey. He plans to do more rides for awareness. You can contact and support Ken through his website **www.j4j.info**.

As I watched them heading east, into the sunrise, I thought and realized how lucky I was to know this man and the many others who do all they can with so little. I was also very aware that Ken, and guys like me, need help and can do little or nothing without support. And that means you, you, and you. You other guys, too. It takes us all. So please support Ken and the other brave souls who're willing to go to jail, lose all they have, or do whatever it takes to get this done.

Marijuana and hemp must be legalized, and soon. Please get involved and bring your friends and family. I remember Ken saying, "One can make a difference if one cares enough to be involved."

Care! Be involved!

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light, Eddy





Med Patient Story



y story begins with me as an overweight child. At 6 years of age my blood pressure was so high that when I got a nosebleed, it shot out to the wall. My parents put me on a sodium-free diet and it went away. During my school years I was a star athlete. I played football, wrestled, and played Lacrosse. I was on many all-star teams as well as winning many awards for teamwork: MVP, Most Improved. After high school, I went to work as a corrections officer. During that time I was a recreational user of marijuana. I smoked every day, but just to "get high." I soon tired with that job and decided to work construction instead. Good pay, fewer hours, and no inmates abusing you. I was on the job 6 days when it happened. I was severely injured moving a piece of equipment off a beaten-down truck that my boss owned. It had a plywood bed. My left leg broke through one of the plywood sections. The forward momentum flung me over the back of the truck, with my leg stuck in the hole. My knee bent 180 degrees the other way. My toes touched the front of my thigh. I blew my ACL, PCL, and MCL, an "unhappy triad" to orthopedic surgeons. I had major knee surgery and was in major pain. The years went by and my knee got worse and worse. I had to have another complete ACL revision of the knee. I went to work for a local school district, taking care of twin boys who were mentally retarded. Their skills were tested and they tested up to 18 months of age. They frequently fell down and got injured. I would try to catch them. I was a large man, 350 lbs, so I thought I could do it-wrong move. I blew out both elbows and shoulders, resulting in more major surgery. In the meantime I developed diabetes and fibromyalgia. My pain was getting out of control so my Drs put me on fentanyl patches, a very strong opiate. Soon after, I started getting nauseous and throwing up. I went from nearly 410 lbs to my present weight of 237 lbs. My doctor tried all pills for nausea at his dispose. I finally asked for marinol and got the script. But it didn't work as effectively as medical quality marijuana. I'm now on a huge dose of fentanyl 150 mg every 48 hours, and without medical marijuana I'd be a dead man; however, I live in an MMJ unfriendly state. I have to live in fear in addition to all the illness and pain. Pretty sad isn't it? Don't forget to email or write your political folks and tell them what you want. It has to be done. Thank you for letting me share part of my MMJ story. Thanks Marco.

BigD a.k.a. Chuck



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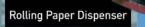
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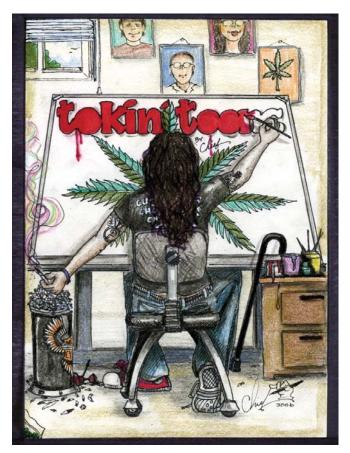
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CHIEF'S TY TOKIN TOONS



'm a 48 yr old (just turned Oct. 27th) Canadian male, living in the Niagara area, married to a beautiful woman, father of 5, (2 boys livng at home and a boy and twin girls living on their own)a I'm also a grandfather to 7 little ones, with another on the way!

Years ago, I was a hardcore biker and businessman, choosing to attend meetings dressed in leather instead of suits, and on a Harley instead of in a Porche.

I owned and operated my own sign shop for almost 25 years until I was injured on the job, falling from a ladder and breaking my neck in two places. The reslulting chronic pain caused me to close the business and put me on Ontario's Disability Support Program. I have also not ridden a motorcycle in almost 6 years because of my injury. Because of the multitude of high powered opiates that I'm forced to take every day, I've found that Marijuana helps with the nagging pain, the stomach disorder from the pills, and the resulting mood swings, anxiety and depression from being unable to work and support my family. I started smoking recreationally as a teenager, and rarely smoke just to get high anymore. I learned of Treating Yourself from a friend a couple of years ago, and with their help and support, I'm slowly learning to accept my fate and to get on with my life, bearing the pain that I suffer each and every day. I don't know what I'd do without their assistance as I've grown to depend on Treating Yourself daily.

I started drawing at a very early age, and as a child always searching for a sheet of paper to draw on, I took to ripping the labels from the food cans in my Mother's pantry. The day she looked in the cupboard to fetch something to eat and found a stack of unmarked tins is the day she decided to go out and buy me some decent art paper. The rest as they say, is history! During my years as an artist, it's been financially and psychologically rewarding. While I did make a good living while I ran the sign shop, I always found doodling at home in the evenings while watching TV the most satisfying. Drawing little cartoons of the people and situations I saw on the tube was always fun. I still do it today, and stil find as much joy as I always have. Because of my injuries, I'm not able to do it as much, and don't really have the outlet to help financially. When Marco from Treating Yourself asked me to draw some cartoons and cover pages for his fledgling magazine, I was overjoyed to help. I knew it wasn't going to pay, but it was a way I could give back to the people who've been so helpful in the past couple of years, plus it would help excercise my mind now that I'm basically idle. My Doctor at the Pain Clinic that I attend reminded me early on that one thing very important to good mental health while caring for my injuries was to keep my mind active. Reading, crossword puzzles, that sort of thing is imperative to keeping the mind strong when the body cannot be. Marco's offer to give me a couple of pages to draw some topical cartoons and cover pages was just the ticket I needed. Now I can spark one up....get in the mood, and let my imagination take over my pens, and well....you can see the results. This is just another example of how Treating Yourself and marijuana as a medicine have both helped me immensely in the past while. One of the other projects I've taken on, is building a custom motorcycle by hand from the ground up. It's taken a few years, but I'm almost done.

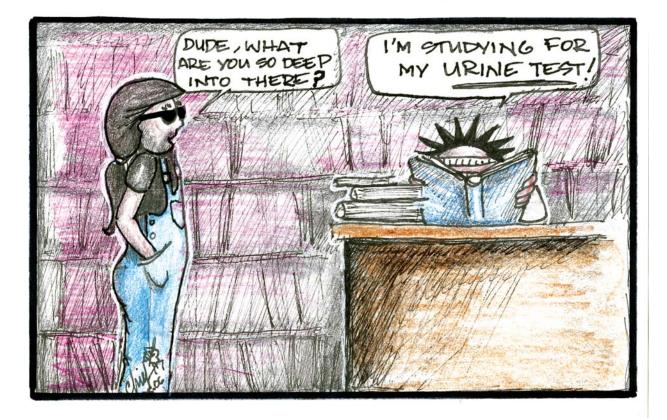
YEARS AGO, I WAS A HARDCORE BIKER AND BUSINESSMAN, CHOOSING TO ATTEND MEETINGS DRESSED IN LEATHER INSTEAD OF SUITS, AND ON A HARLEY INSTEAD OF IN A PORCHE.

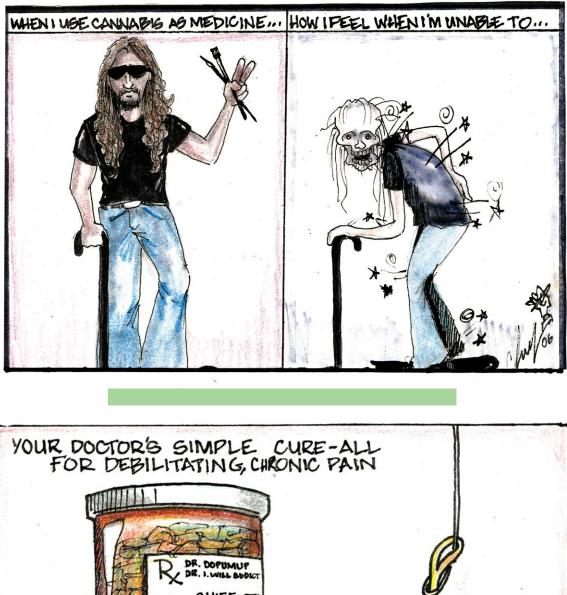
Many people with closed minds may think this is just another pot smoker who is trying to justify smoking weed, but I can truly attest that if it weren't for marijuana, and especially people like *Treating Yourself* and *Skunk Magazine*, people who are putting the word out to the masses about the medicinal benefits of the plant, people like me and many others out there would be wasting away and giving in to their injuries and illnesses and not be able to live a decent life due to their debilitating physical and mental disabilities. And for their help, I'm truly grateful.

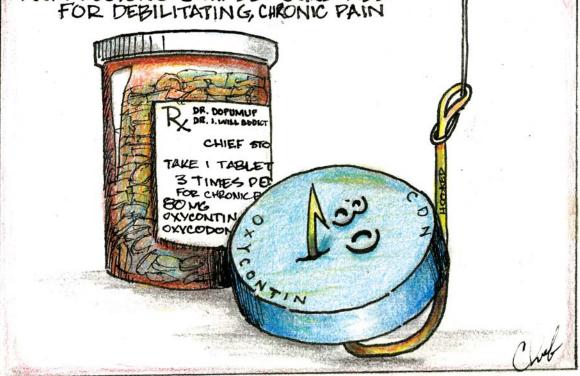
Jeff "Chief" Stockton

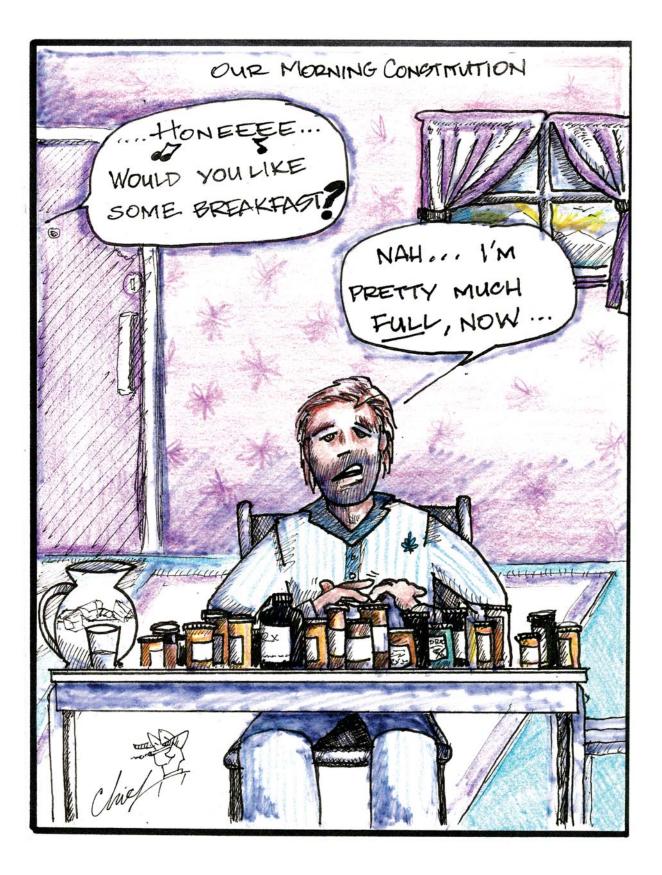




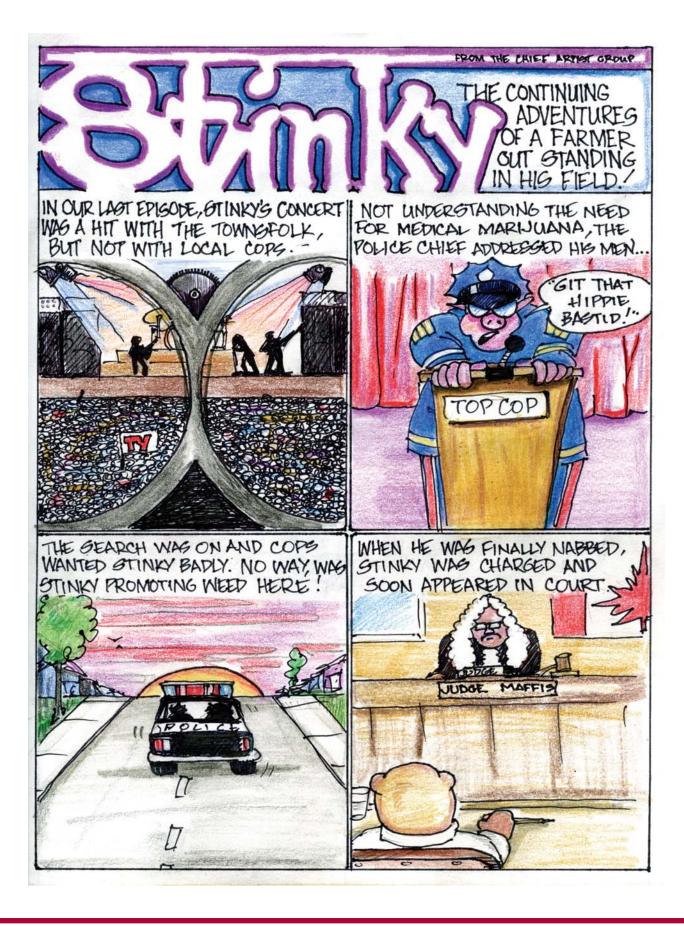


















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EVENTS

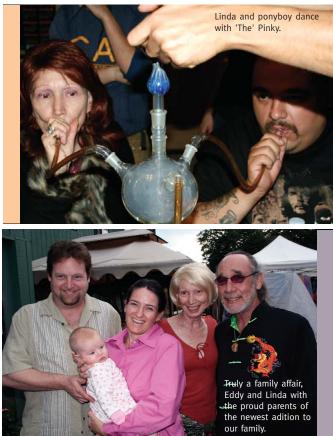
THE GATHERING OF NEW BEGINNINGS



ur party approaches and we're all full of anticipation. Will it be a success? Will all the brethren enjoy and have fun? Will the Feds show up, or maybe their local puppets—a typical party for us. Yes to all of it I'm sure. We have a lot of acts, bands, fire dancers, drums, etc, and many different vendors. The phone and the net are going crazy with messages. This will be the biggest party since the 'o4 raid, but Linda may not see another one so screw 'em! There's camping and two days of great fun and entertainment for all. If the port-a-potties show up, most of the shit can be handled.

Jah has blessed us and allowed us a way to pull this off. Many thanks. We have several food vendors but our own David will be doing burgers and beers, as it's a family event. Pier and Eden will be on the soda and water barrel. The guest list should prove most interesting; we'll keep track of it. Erica is busy as can be with all her last minute stuff. Craig and I must head to my favorite store, Ed and Linda's. They have great Betty Boop and Twitty things, which are Linda's favorites, and I, the stereotypical male, forgot that it was her birthday party. In some ways this is really killing me, as I know my last party with my little biddy pretty one is much too rapidly approaching. We fear how soon we'll lose her, but this is a celebration of new beginnings.

Craig and I found wonderful gifts: frogs, Betty's, and a whole bag of love. Linda was thrilled. The house meeting is soon and the guests have already started to arrive. My pride and joy, Pony Boy, showed up early. Ever since he got famous I never see him. But you can in his new blockbuster, *Get Pony Boy*; he's one of the rising stars on Sabado Gigantie, along with his many CDs and tours.



Well it's lonely at the top, but more about Los Marijuanos in another article.

Ralph Woodson did a set of acoustic blues; this was just after Craig and Quinn, Joe Paul and Shawn, The Stoned Soup Band, who were great. Craig covered "Pink," by Aerosmith, for my Happy Birthday. Then, just as the sun went down, who should swing in but Pinky Gerard, the most heard-about dude in pot. With his variety of RooR and Marble Slinger Glass, his Phador Mag Glass waterproof container and Gorilla Gear transport boxes, this French Canadian, whose dad is Irish and mother Nyabingi, has been true to his Native American grandfather, who taught him the secret trails, while his Eskimo Russian grandmamma showed him the way of the sacred plants. Sadly, Pinky is a little confused because he spent a lot of time raised by his Muslim Catholic sister, who recently had a sex change operation so she could be an astronaut. After Pinky got through all this he roamed from Mexico to Alaska, kind of like a Pinky pot-seed. Spreading good cheer and happiness, as he skips and frolics along the way, he shared full-melt bubble and a sample bag the envy of all.

As we awoke ready for the second day of the party we wondered, was Pinky real or was he a memory? As I picked through the waste looking for a roach I could only hope that we see him again. Remember if you see something that looks like Pinks, he could be you new best friend. We love you Pinky, oh yes we do, oh pinky we love you. Well, we all crawled out of bed. I made it to the hot tub and watched as the day began.

The Scoop Dogg and The Tumbleweed Grill started the day with





breakfast burritos, eggs Benedict, peach and blueberry drinks, hotcakes, etc. The food and the rest of the vendors were great. The morning entertainment started with Woody and Friends down-home music old style. Then the hottest all-girl band scene, the Go Go's "Excuses for Skipping;" these girls were way hot! Then was Jordan Loder, with his one-man Roots Reggae much like Ben Harper. Chris Skyhawk charmed us with his folkie political satire.

Then the evening was shattered by the appearance of our own darling Yvonne, The Snake Lady, doing her dances. Charming us all throughout the day, DJ Wok Star tore up the house with a constant platter full of great Reggae Hip Hop. The night got very interesting as Pony Boy, Los Marijuanos' legendary front man, came on stage with Fuzzy and S.K "F.C.M. Click." These cats really make you stop and think, with cutting edge lyrics and a happy one-love feeling; their hip-hop makes you want to jump. As Pony left the stage and darkness finally enveloped us, Cyber Seth's birthday present to Linda came on: Sada Fuego, a group of Fire Dancers, who are a wonderful group of people. They, as most everyone else, will be back. They lit up the night with dazzling displays of talent and courage as the flame passed dangerously close to their bodies, flames shooting everywhere.

As darkness reclaimed the night, it exploded with the sounds of Ralph Woodson, one of the most accomplished guitar players alive. Better than Clapton, this guy's a Bay area legend, playing licks that haven't been done this well since Jimi. His blend of Rock and Blues will leave you exhausted, breathless, and satisfied, kind of like . . . well you get the idea. Finally, about 3:00 am for the second morning in a row, we hit the sack. As we lay there we could hear guys up in the VIP room still being dropped by the infamous Pinky. At one time he had eight of them sleeping like babies.

He brought his lovely mate, Scarlet. Her great-grandfather was a Dutch sea captain of royal decent who married a Maroon princess, and her other great-grandfather, an Arab sheikh, happened to be Catholic and, interestingly, married a Hungarian Gypsy. Not that this matters as Scarlet was washed overboard on the high seas where she was found and cared for by two gay Mormon missionaries on a small uncharted island, south of the Galapagos. She was rescued at age 13 by Aborigine canoes and ended up in Australia where she was raised for 2 years by a small but loyal group of roos. After working her way to North America she told me how she and Pinky met.

One cold, snowy night high in the Rockies, she lay huddled and freezing inside the still-warm carcass of a bull elk. As she lay there, fearing she wouldn't survive the night, a pack of wolves ripped apart the carcass, revealing, for the first time, a naked Pinky, dancing around a huge fire. He had been practicing his fertility dance for the coming spring and had only been there to save her as she crawled out of the carcass and into the night. She looked into his eyes and love was born, a love that grows deeper each day, proving that no matter who we are or how we got here, nothing should get in the way of our being good people.

Anything can be overcome. Love is the answer, and I believe events like Linda's party prove it. We must come together if we are to save this world. We all need to survive. It's a big, beautiful place, but we must care for it as it has cared for us, and everyone before. If we don't, the good mother may not be able to care for our children. As I finish writing I realize that this may be Linda's last birthday. Hopefully not. I reflect on all this and more and realize how lucky I am to know a world that has so much love and good in it.

I thank our guests, friends, and family, but mostly I thank the "high" and Linda, for they both bring a light to my life.

Please join us next year, for it will be a great party. Watch for Pinky in your area.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light, Eddy



PEACEMAKERS

DENNIS PERON INTERVIEW



Dennis

y adventures with Dennis Peron started many years ago. I had met Dennis once or twice in the '70s and '80s. By the time I met Dennis in the '90s he was well on his way to giving the gay community a strong voice that's still heard today. Dennis has been shot, beat up, worked over, arrested, and robbed by the police, both

local and federal. His commitment to human rights is a lifelong battle. He has arguably given more to the movement than any of us. I've spent hundreds of hours with him and never fail to be impressed by his ideals and commitment to making the world a better place for all of us.

When Dennis opened the first Medical Marijuana Club on Church Street in San Francisco you had to wait for hours just to get in. Dennis then moved to Market Street, a bigger location, with four floors of fun. The first floor was admittance and evaluation of patients for eligibility of free medication. The second floor contained the offices. The third floor was "The Brown Floor" where one could find Mexican bud. The fourth floor was "The Green Floor" where the good Cali green bud was.

The place was insane from day one: Newspapers, television crews, and writers mixed in with all the patients and doctors involved, keeping things really interesting. Politicians and undercover cops all came together with the patients. It truly was a thing of beauty. Dennis and I often sat in his office, looking across Market Street and laughing at the Feds, who were watching us from the building across the street. This was a time of beauty and love. The city did then, as it still does now, stand up and help the patients. There are so many to thank over the years, too many to name. From mayors to street sweepers, thank you all.

Then the Feds came. Dennis fought them for several years,

opening and closing several times until he was finally forced to close permanently. Dennis then moved to Lake County, up by me, where he put in the first huge, well-advertised outdoor garden. Of course, the Feds came the day *before* the advertised planting day and stole every plant. The next day as the reports of what happened got out, participants and friends, including Linda and myself, showed up with all the plants we needed to make the day a huge success. It's amazing how when we all come together we can turn a tragic moment into something beautiful. I think this sends a powerful message out to the politicians and law enforcement of our country that even if they won't take care of us, we will.

Dennis farmed in Lake County for several more years before finally returning to San Francisco. Linda and I went on to open a ministry and put in the largest medical marijuana gardens in the world. It's a great honor to know Dennis. I can't tell you what it means to call him your friend, for he's a great one.

Dennis Peron Interview

Eddy: You've been through the mill over medical marijuana. As you look back over all you had to overcome and all you've accomplished, is there any one thing you would pick out as your favorite moment?

Dennis: Getting busted in San Francisco is the best thing that ever happened to me. I thank them, for it showed me the power of the state. That and Harvey Milk getting elected.

Eddy: Ever since your semi-retirement from fighting the Feds over marijuana, what's kept you busy?

Dennis: Being a playboy, smoking pot, and running my bed and breakfast. I need more to do.

Eddy: I understand you recently spent several months in Western Europe. Has their attitudes changed from the early '90s when this all started?

Dennis: I felt I was in the '6os. Everything was too perfect. I felt like I wanted to mess their hair up.

Eddy: How long do you see it taking before cannabis is legal?

Dennis: I wish I could see the end of this; it has to happen. It's so many things to so many people. It's a sacrament and it's a medicine. Al Capone and Elliot Ness both loved prohibition. It has got to happen someday.

Eddy: Anything special you want to say to the kids?

Dennis: My people are going to get out of the desert and start a new society. The pot smokers are the peace makers and the intellectuals that will find the ways necessary to save the world.

Talking to Dennis after having not seen him for several months was wonderful. He just celebrated his sixtieth birthday but he looks and acts thirty. The house is full of people from all over the world who come to stay at the famous Castro Bed and Breakfast. He's actually thinking of expanding by buying another house.



Dennis and Eddy.

Dennis has a dream for us all, a dream of his people walking out of the desert and being free. "When" is not the question, for it is happening right this minute. The question is how long will it take for you to get it and join us? Bring your friends and family. You'll love being free. Free at last.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light, Eddy



INTERVIEW

ED ROSENTHAL

Ed Rosenthal.

d Rosenthal has been a fixture in the marijuana movement for years. He's written many books to help show all of us the way. Like me, Ed's fighting on the frontlines as he awaits the Feds' decision to re-file sales charges. Ed was convicted and sentenced to one-day time served. He's been a speaker all over the world and a part of many great events, including his very own legendary parties, where his message is always the same: Grow Pot. Grow Pot. Grow Pot. Grow it as well as you can. And Ed has shown us how to grow it well. Ed has been my friend for many years and, as with so many of my friends, I take great pride in their efforts to legalize cannabis worldwide.

Hidden behind a lush wall of veggie matter, surrounded by redwoods and palm trees (only in California), and nestled back from the road a short distance, lies a beautiful two-storey Victorian-style home. It used to be Ed's family residence, but as they got older Ed and his charming wife, Jane, moved down the road. Ed now uses it for his office and workplace. With its magnificent views overlooking the Bay area and warm, homey feel one can see why Ed's completely relaxed when he greets us. We chat for a while and get a tour of the wonderful old house.

Ed's a riot, joking and laughing as we walk. He's excited about the World of Cannabis events he's putting together. Last year's event was over the top, with Tommy Chong and many others. We sit down and I start the questions.

Eddy: How many books have you written?

Ed: Fifteen or so, the first one in 1974.

Eddy: How has your arrest affected your book sales?

Ed: All my writing continued. I was well known to a few, but the *N.Y. Times* had me on the front page and now I am known to many.

Eddy: Do you think they'll re-file?

Ed: Yes, juror misconduct, appealing on the lost charges, three lost, I won one. But they can't do anything until the appeal is over. I feel they will lose in this case.

Eddy: What does the future hold? Any new books?

Ed: Two new books, working with the public directly with the Wonders of Cannabis. After this is over I may go back to being an expert witness and taking some time off. Write a blog about my traveling.

Eddy: Where can we find the Wonders of Cannabis?

Ed: We'll be in the city of San Francisco on October 28 and 29, at the Golden Gate Park; in Seattle, November 11 and 12[;] and Portland on December 8, 9, and 10. Locations to be announced. And soon in New York City or New York State, possibly Maine, more cities on the west coast, L.A., San Diego, Sacramento, etc., which will be announced as it happens. Our goal is to raise con-

sciousness about cannabis everywhere.

Eddy: Do you have a message for the boys and girls at home?

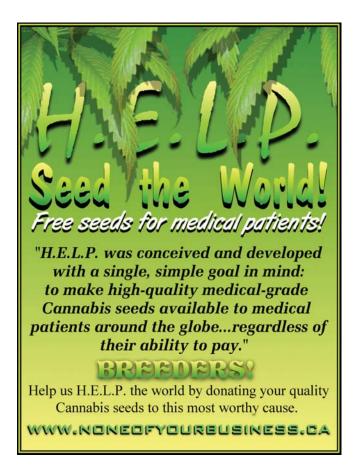
Ed: Talk isn't enough. What's the best way to do your homework? Enjoy, enjoy.

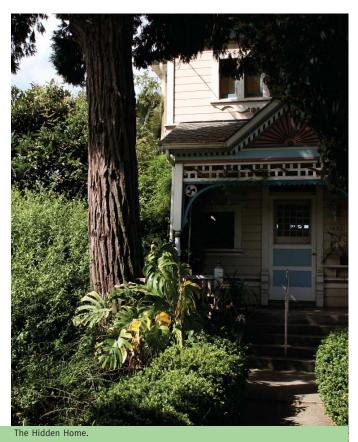
After spending a lovely morning with Ed, Craig and I leave. As we slowly drive back into the city, leaving behind the panoramic views and warm friendship, I think sadly, once again, I've left behind yet another of my friends who's been arrested, persecuted, and prosecuted for love of the sacred plant. How many more must they arrest? Will they arrest us all? Is that their plan: to have the whole nation on probation or parole?

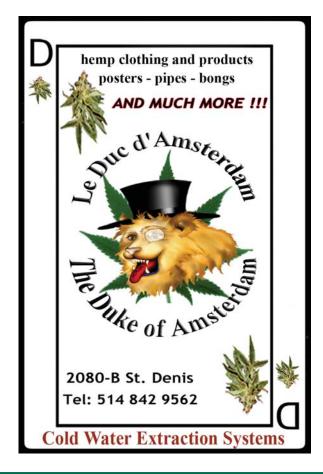
It looks like it is, but I don't think it's any more sustainable than the rest of our out-of-control lifestyles. I think of what might be if we ever allow it to become a world of cannabis. Would it be the beautiful, loving world I dream of, or will we just be content to use all we have until we have nothing. I pray not. Please join Ed and I at all World of Cannabis events and at the Seattle Hemp Fest. Bring your friends and their friends. Make it a family affair; bring your mom. See you soon.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light Eddy







INTERVIEW

WAANAA Solutions Valerie and Mike Corral



any years ago in the early '90s Dennis Peron told me about this wonderful woman and her husband, Valerie and Mike Corral, who were giving away pot to people. They instantly become my heroes. Through the '90s we crossed paths many times at many different events. I was always impressed with the love and warmth they shared with us all. They have made a point of putting patients first at all times, an example Linda and I follow. When I entered WAMM'S headquarters I saw walls covered with every imaginable honor bestowed by people at all levels for WAMM's dedication and undving efforts to make those who want see the truth.

Understand that this is real and works for many, just as it has for over 25,000 years, both as sacrament and medicine. As we talked I realized how seldom we got a chance to just talk. We've shared DEA raids and other similar experiences. The two most prominent were the 2002 raids on our farms. Our ministry was first and WAMM one week later, but we both survived. Sadly, after a replanted harvest in '02 and a full season harvest in '03, our ministry was raided once again in '04 and '05. The second thing we share is the side that most don't see. Most people meet us at events with smiles, positive, full of love, and knowledge. The truth is when you deal with sick and dying people as often as we do, you face the inevitability of death far too often. Last year at WAMMFest, a wonderful event held in Santa Cruz each year, as Linda set up our table, unloaded the van, and prepared for the day, we watched Valerie and Mike, with tears running down their faces, bravely set cross after cross, each one a friend, a loved one, someone who touched our lives deeply. How we do this I don't know, but I'm sure Jah is involved.

The love, I believe, is what holds us all together, replenishing our strength as we give it so freely to those we care so deeply for. As we sat talking about those we have lost and things we have gained, we had a chance for a few questions.

Eddy: Over the years everyone in California who's suffered at the hands of fools watched as you guys had a love affair with this area and those in charge. Why do they love you and hate the rest of us?

Answer: Just as California is 10 years ahead of the rest of the country, Santa Cruz seems to be ahead of the rest of California. We have always been a very progressive place, honoring all lifestyles. You can find anything here and we all get along. We are proof it can and does work.

Eddy: For me it was a special honor to be able to give you the Cannabis Cup Freedom Fighter of the Year Award. One of the many honors you deserved. With all the awards and love shown

to you in the 25 years you've been fighting for this cause, are there a couple of things that really stand out?

Answer: We are very thankful for all the awards and recognition. The Drug Policy Alliance Award in '05 at Long Beach was a very, very special honor, and, of course, the DEA raid in '02 was an event we will long remember.

Eddy: Do you believe the UDV decision will change things, and do you see yourselves as healers?

Answer:

A: Yes, the religious use will help change things, but we believe it will be a whole lot of things together that will change it all. Cannabis opens a door on how you look at death; it helps alter our perception.

B: No! I don't think we're healers. In eastern philosophy they teach compassion and you do it because it's the right thing to do. So we just feel we're very compassionate people doing what our beliefs call us to do.

Eddy: In closing, is there anything you'd like to say to the kids at home?

Mike: When once asked that, Mohamed Ali answered, "I'd tell them to brush your teeth. Hygiene is very, very important." Take care of yourselves.

Valerie: Be true to yourself. Trust yourself. All the questions and answers are in you.

After we finished we spoke of Linda's and Valerie's health and how they both fight overwhelming pain and sickness to be who they are. Linda and I see ourselves as healers trying to help heal the world through a message of one love, hope, compassion, education, and understanding. Valerie and Mike see themselves as just compassionate and committed, but the truth is they've healed a lot by following their compassionate calling. As I dried the tears from talking about Linda, I looked at Valerie: beautiful, charming, passionate, I could put her and Linda in one pair of size 3-4 pants and a medium top.

I heard Valerie's words about the 'o2 DEA raid: "As I lay there, boot in my back, gun to my head," I realized how blessed this movement is to have such strong powerful women willing to risk it all for the truth. Even on days when they should be in bed, they rise to their feet and continue to give their all. As we leave I'm touched once again by the kindness from the hot soup and toast Valerie fixed upon our arrival, followed by cookies and other goodies; all the way up to the farewell hugs and kisses, everything was filled with love. As Craig and I drove north on Highway 1 we watched one of the most beautiful, awe-inspiring things in the world: the California coast. But then I realized its beauty paled in comparison to the true beauty I had just left behind. Valerie and Mike, thank you and WAMM so very much. It was an honor to be there. **www.wamm.org**

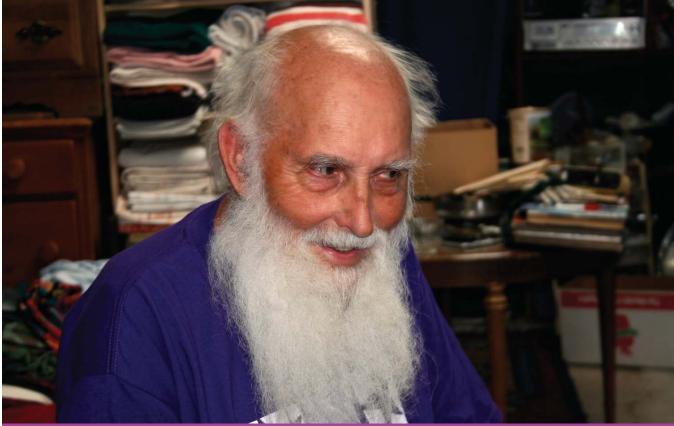
Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light Eddy



INTERVIEW

ONE BILLION HITS, AND THEN SOME



Waldren Capt. Clearlight.

robably the single greatest thing about being me is all the wonderful people I get to meet and, even better, the many who become my friend. One of my most entertaining and fascinating friends is a man many of you have probably heard of. The older among you probably have firsthand experience with him. His name is Waldron Voorhees or, as we knew him in the '60s, Capt. Clearlight.

as we knew him in the oos, capt. cleanight.

Waldron knew everybody: the beat poets, the Merry Pranksters, Leary, Albert Hoffman, and thousands more. He's been arrested four times by the Feds, serving less than 5 years total in jail; however, he spent 20 years on parole and probation. He was 38 when he made his first batch of LSD.

He recently passed two milestones: He turned 75 and, finally, after suffering a major stroke, the Feds released him from parole. The stroke has slowed him some, but he still tells some of the best stories about the '60s and '70s of anyone still alive—the parties with the Dead, Tim, and loads others. He has taken over 20,000 hits in his lifetime. It's rumored that he may have seen as many as one billion hits go out. This is amazing when you figure they once lost 300 million hits in a single bust.

Of all the acid and other things out there, the most talked about, the most used, and the most enjoyed was 4-way windowpane. Thank you Capt. Clearlight. He once got sixty-two hits on a single pane. We're not sure who took it, but then they may not know either. The '6os were a time of high ideals and great dreams about how we were going to change the world. But have we? Not yet.

Waldron believes that someday soon, all the people who did his acid will be in power and things will change, becoming a world of peace and understanding. But then, as he says, there'll still be more to do.

We're not sure how we even met, but after a lifetime of casual meeting these last ten or so years, we've been great friends. Over the years we've talked and believe that it must've been a lady who led to our meeting. As you talk to this icon and see the joy in his eyes, through the laughter in his voice, you believe. Believe that maybe, just maybe, he's right. Maybe those who had such great dreams in the '60s will come forward, "flashback" if you will, and remember, as I do, the joy of that time.

We had high ideals. No more war, worldwide peace, no more homeless, no starvation, more education, better healthcare. I wonder why we haven't done better. They seem like such simple things. Why can't we get them done? Could it be that so many inspired and dedicated leaders of our movement were killed? The Kennedys, Martin Luther King, Jr., and others, or imprisoned like Waldron or exiled to Canada (by the way, thank



you Canada for being a refuge) or Europe. Many were labeled criminals, like Abby, and were hounded to death. What caused this? Were the hippies that scary and, if so, why?

What was scary about a bunch of kids who wanted a better world? Why was our government willing to shoot us down in the streets like dogs (Ken State) then turn the dogs loose at every peace march or rally? Why were we so damn scary? And what's so damn scary about it now? Waldron lives a couple of hours north of San Francisco in a rustic rural setting, with a lake and stream. He has parties in the summer, with people coming from all over to see him. Having made about one-third of all the acid taken in the last 40 years he's an icon and a hero. Not all will agree with his methods but no one can deny that his dreams of a better world for us all are anything but noble.

After several hours of talking and joking I asked Waldron a couple of simple questions.

Eddy: If you could go back and change anything, what would you change?

Waldron: If I could have made the LSD better I would have, but it was already perfect.

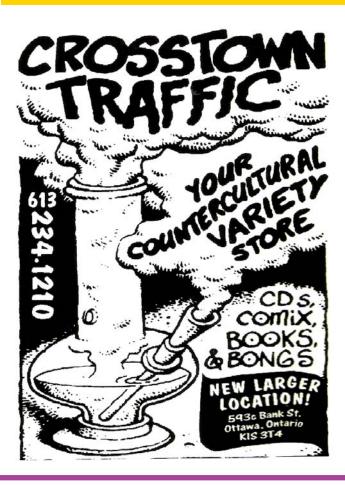
Eddy: Do you think you and Tim changed the world?

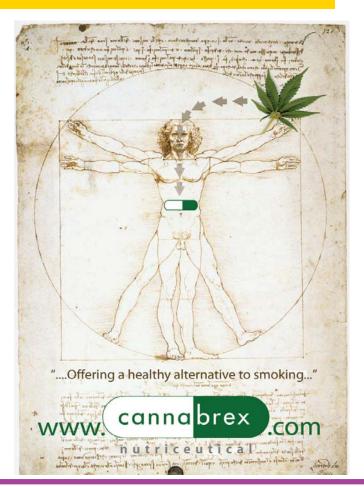
Waldron: I know we did.

As we drove off, Waldron waving in the mirror, I realized how lucky I am to know this fine man and even luckier to call him my friend.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light, Eddy

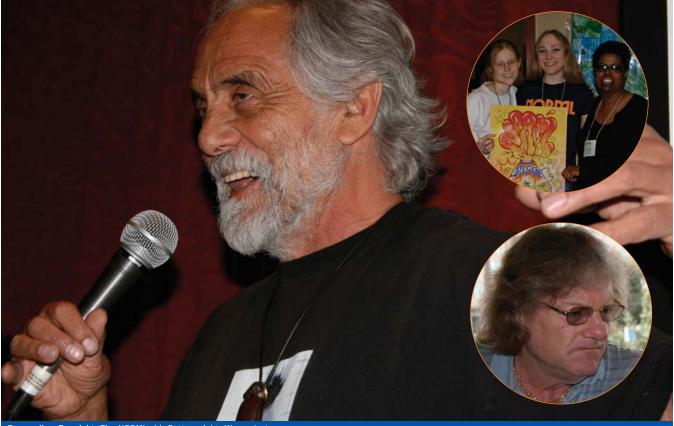




LAUGH

2006 NORML HIGHTIMES COMEDY SHOW

Photos: Craig Lemire of Hello Jazz Productions



Tommy live. Top right: The NORML girl. Bottom right: Wayne Justman.

everal months ago we went to L.A. to a comedy show hosted by our dear friend Howard Dover. He has a medical marijuana comedy fundraiser there every 3-4 months. Comedians who support the movement donate their time by performing at these shows. Comedians like Nagio Bealum, who donates hundreds of hours of his time to help the movement. Nagio asked if I would talk at the com-

edy shows he was hosting at Cobb's Comedy Club in San Francisco in conjunction with the NORML conference. I said yes right away.

The first night we went to Cobb's (915 Columbus Ave. in San Francisco. You can reach them at 415-928-4320; ask for Pussy Foot). As we pulled up, Craig got out and ran in to see what the plan was. Once inside Craig saw Nagio, he threw a handful of tickets to Craig, and said, "Tell Eddy I'll met him backstage," and ran on stage to start the show. We parked the car and headed into the club.

Once inside Linda and the others got their seats and Craig and I went backstage to find out what the night would hold for us. There we were introduced to the manager, Mr. Kevin Hancock. He treats us like royalty the next three nights. Thank you for your hospitality Kevin. He's a wonderful man and a great comic in his own right.

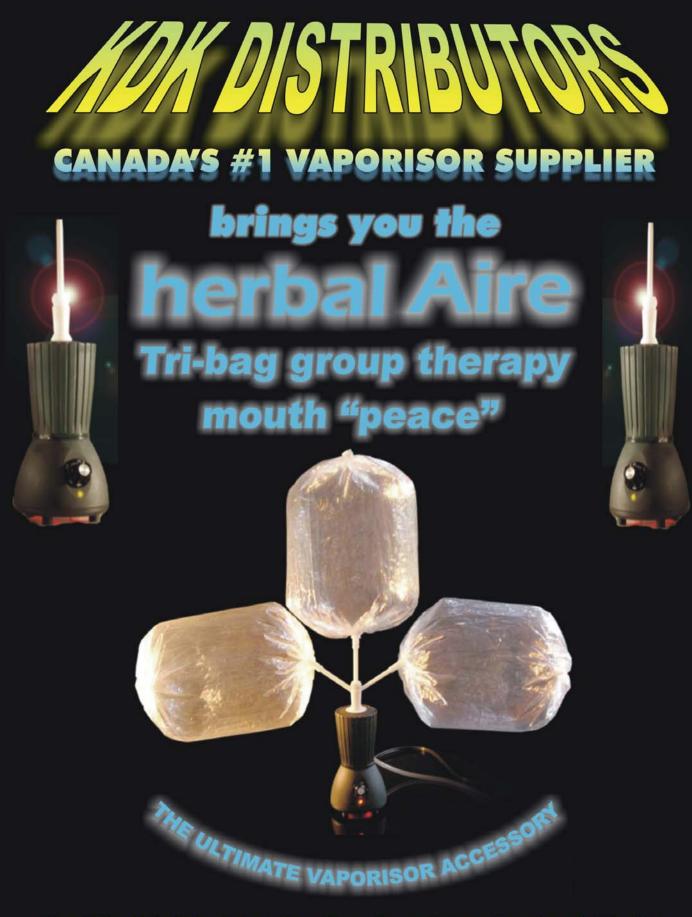
I would like to single out each and every one of the comics, but you must understand that I can't mention them all or their shows in detail. I will, instead, just thank each and every one who participated: Doug Benson, Tom Rhodes, Rob Cantrell, Greg Proops, Randy Kagen, Al Madrigal, Rick Overton, The Greg Wilson, W. Kamau Bel, Mishna Wolf, Nagio Bealum, John Hoogasian, Frank the Dean, and Rolin A. Dubie. The list of credits for this group is insane. Letterman, Leno, Comedy Central, HBO, and Showtime, just to name a few. They're everywhere and most have websites; look them up and check them out when they come to your area. You won't be sorry.

All the shows were filled up, with Saturday being the big Hightimes NORML party. We auctioned off one of Eddy's ministry posters, signed by just about everyone, for \$150, which was a thrill for us. I cannot say enough about what a great show this was— and we laughed for hours. Thank you guys and gal (Mishna is a stone fox), for you made us and many others forget for awhile how serious this fight is and that we are at war. You helped us to forget that we are the victims of an unjust, ineffective war.

Nagio is doing more of these shows and our dear friend Ed Rosenthal is taking his World of Cannabis tour to Seattle, L.A., and Portland. Nagio will be the M.C. for it, and the comedy tour is coming soon to a town near you.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light, Eddy



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WEST COAST

2006 NORML CONFERENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO



Jack at his NORML booth.

arrive in San Francisco at about 3:30 pm and go directly to the Holiday Inn hotel, headquarters for the NORML conference, to see if Jack "The Emperor" Herer has checked in yet. After finding out that he hadn't, we headed over to Dennis Peron's, author of Proposition 215, where we'll be staying. Dennis has a very nice bed and breakfast in the heart of the Castro that we stay at often when in San Francisco. (For more info call 415-864-1961.) Unfortunately, Dennis was out of town so we missed him this trip.

That night we went to the ASA birthday party at Club Cocomo in San Francisco. They hold the same event every year. It's a great place



for any event, and we were happy to return. We saw our old friend Jeff Jones, from the OCBC. He spoke several times throughout the next few days. I ran into the lovely Marian Aldridge and her husband, Michael Aldridge. They attend so many of these events, showing their support and helping to educate us all. Ricky Watts was there; he's helping to put on the

May 6 Extravaganza for Danna Beal's International Marijuana Day. Ricky's still facing federal charges for a 2002 raid on his house and is still on pre-trial release, awaiting trial. This has been going on for almost 4 years now and still no trial in site.

We have to ask how our government can keep doing this. How are

our judges allowed to continue to sign illegal warrants for raids where no one is arrested, or if someone is arrested there's no trial? This must stop. Please help us while helping yourself. Write, call, or email everyone in office in your district and raise hell. (That means my Canadian brothers and sisters, too, eh?) We can change this mess around to our advantage if we unite and force those we have elected to do as we wish, not as they want.

I also saw Steve C. who's been active in L.A. for many years. He has a new store called the Comfort Care Group, look him up. relaxed because of it. I was invited to participate on a panel with my good friends Mike Corral, from WAMM, and Ed Rosenthal. We discussed indoor growing verses outdoor growing, with both sides making valid points. I fear it is a battle that may never end.

When the NORML festivities ended for the day so we headed back to Dennis's to grab a bite to eat and then rushed off to Cobb's Comedy Club in North Beach, San Francisco (a Bay area comedy landmark). There was a total of five shows over the 3day event, all hosted and produced by our friend Nagio Bealum.





Richard Eastman was there. He's been very involved in the movement coming out of L.A. Both of these guys have done a lot to help.

As always it was wonderful to be around all of our friends that we've met throughout the years. Thank you ASA for letting us be a part of your birthday celebration; the party was a great success.

Craig and I were up and on our way by 8:00 am the next morning. We got to the National NORML Convention just as it was starting to get going. As always, our dear friend Keith Stroup greeted us; he's the past national director for NORML and is still very much involved with them. The day progressed with many panels and discussions. We broke for 4:20 and returned a little happier and more

The staff was wonderful and treated us well. Early on I realized



that I was the straight man in these shows. My brief speech that night, and the rest of the comedy shows that week, had very little humor in them. But I've never been known for my subtlety.

On Friday we were up and on our way, and it was promising to be a great day. The weather was perfect. The smell of sea air and the hustle and bustle of the city were great for us. But I know how much Linda loves to come to San Francisco and it was great to see her happy and healthy and enjoying herself.

When we got to the NORML convention we talked to Allen St-Pierre and wee able to ask the new national director of NORML how things have changed since he took over the reigns. He was quick to

WEST COAST

mention the UDV case and felt there was great hope that the courts would agree that it should also apply to marijuana. He further mentioned reintroducing full decriminalization at all levels, feeling if the democrats won in November we could at least get it to committees or meetings; something the current administration has not allowed for over six years. He was also following the action in Colorado, where the approach was to have no fines and no penalties to the law, and in Nevada, where they want to make it legal and taxed. I was raised in Reno and am very proud that they can see the future before most. In closing he explained, "We're impaled on the alter of higher politics."

The day was moving along very nicely and we are all looked for-

down to a standing ovation. We all love Tommy. I slipped out for a smoke, figuring I'd be gone maybe ten minutes and what could I miss. Back inside, to prove that they loved Tommy, as soon as the lights went down the whole room lit up. As I headed back the crowd was streaming out, and dumbfounded I searched for Jack and my crew. The hotel has shut down the movie and was threatening to call the police if everyone didn't vacate the room. The hotel went on to explain that it wasn't the pot but the smoke; San Francisco has very strict no-smoking rules in public buildings. So everyone left politely.

The rest of the day was slow, and we left around 6:00 pm, after Jack and I spoke on a panel with Chris Boucher and Don



Jack Ed Allen Josh Tommy Eddy and Keith The Mount Rushmore Of Pot.

ward to our lunch with Tommy Chong. Tommy is a great guy and so very deserving of the award they were presenting him with that day. At about 12:45 pm I went to get Jack from his room and we headed to the banquette room for lunch. We got settled and were saying our hellos when Keith, Allen, and Tommy arrived. Jack and I headed over to say hi. Ed Rosenthal joined us, and the next thing I knew we were doing a photo shoot, getting blinded by the flash of cameras. Tommy called it "The Mount Rushmore of Pot." What an honor it was to be counted among my heroes. Thank you Tommy. We went to sit down and the show started. Dr. Todd Mikuriya was given a lifetime achievement award for his devotion to this great and noble cause. He is facing serious health problems now and our prayers are with him often.

Then Tommy came on. This guy was a riot. Sharp as ever, he was thrilling us with stories from the old days. This wonderfully entertaining man went on about 15 minutes and then sat

Wirtshafter, Esq. about hemp and THC content. How the government is making this so hard for no apparent reason other than benefiting the royal corporate leaders our politicians must answer to. They are slaves to the drugs, oil, and energy companies, and I'm afraid this won't be something that's solved anytime soon. The debates continued, but that is what this country is all about: having your own opinion and living your life your own way.

We ate diner and headed over to Cobb's Comedy Club for two more shows. I had everyone in the shows sign posters donated by Linda's ministry, and we auctioned them off for NORML. It was a great way to spread the word and help out a little. Both shows really rocked. I had a great time, as did Linda and the rest of the gang. After the last show we all went back to Dennis's for some well-deserved rest.

Saturday morning Erica, Craig, and I went to the NORML event, and Linda and Seth stayed at Dennis's and rested. Not much

was going on. After the movie thing the day before, the tone was down, but everyone was talking about the shows that night at Cobb's Comedy Club. We left and went to several shops in the Height and saw some friends, many who were going to the show that night.

Craig and I had to go to a local recording studio to film our dear friend Rocker-T record his new album. What I would give for that

We left Dennis Peron's at about 7:00 am and got to Sacramento to be greeted by the lovely Liza, manager of River City Dispensary, who treated us to a great breakfast before the day's events. She's a dear friend and a major activist in the Sacramento area. As I sat there reflecting on the past 3 days I thought about what a good job NORML did. The speakers were all very good, and knowledge was flowing from all directions. I, as a minister, was thrilled that they had a breakout group about



Nagio MC for Comedy Shows and Linda.

kind of talent. Well, this new album is sick, sick, sick, and very wow! Joan Baez does vocals on one track, with Dave I on mandinki drums, Andias Jent on bass, and Bill Ortiz on trumpet, all lead by our hero the Rockerman, with his amazing vocals and fluid guitar riffs. Greg Gordon and Rocker-T, who produced the album together, beautifully mixed it. It's called *The Herban Warrior of Peace*. The track with Joan and others on it is called "The Way Life Should Be." Check it out; it's sure to be a hit. Joan sure hasn't lost a bit; she still has one of the most beautiful voices. I asked Rocker-T when we could expect the album in stores, to which he replied, "When the timer goes ding."

We went back to Dennis's and got Linda and the others and headed over to Cobb's for another night of comedy. I would really like to thank FootPussy; he was a wonderful host. No matter what we hit him with he handled it with humor and grace, and I'm sure we were a pain more than once. marijuana in religion and spirituality. Roger Christy of the THC Ministry flew in from Hawaii to help Chris Conrad and his lovely wife, Micki Norris, put the group together. As I reflected on the spiritual part of all of this I was thankful for everyone involved with the movement who made it a success: Tommy Chong, Dr. Todd Mikuriya, and, of course, everyone's hero, The Emperor of Hemp, Jack Herer. But what struck me most were those who attended. As always you humbled me and made me thankful for all that I've been blessed to receive. The care, love, and concern for Linda so touched our hearts and let us know how much you all care. Thank you so very much for loving and caring about us.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Leaving You in One Love, Eddy

FASHION

WHAT'S HEMP?



s always I'm trying to show us all how we fit together for I believe it is our similarities that join us, not our diversities. Craig and I were asked to do a favor for our friend Jason, of Hello Jazz Productions. Gianna Dori, of Fashion Style News, needed film of the 1929 Academy of Art, University of San Francisco, graduation fashion show for the class of 2006. We left and drove for 3 hours to the city. The academy is downtown in the financial area.

The Morgan Auditorium is a beautiful building but paled at the beauties we were about to see. Craig ran in and checked it out as I waited and gathered our equipment. We headed on in and met Ian Mackintosh, director of PR for fashion. He was charming and assigned us Jonathan Baker, who was our knowledgeable and delightful guide. We set off to go backstage.

As we went deeper into a maze we wondered at the stunning designs and incredible talent of 2006. We finally made it backstage where Jonathan introduced us to the students who were helping the models with the controlled insanity of the runway. They were a great bunch of kids, just living the dream.

Then were the models. As I'm sure you can see from the pictures, they're drop-dead gorgeous. I spoke to Amy and Jenny, two lovely ladies who later "owned" the runway. Like each of the girls, they were hot, charming, mysterious, alluring, and as sweet as could be. Their energy was contagious.

We walked past the seniors' graduation displays. I stopped and spoke to Hanna Xiang Jin, a very delightful young lady; however, I was extremely disappointed when I asked her how often any of them used hemp or any of the hemp blends, such as hemp and silk, my favorite, or hemp and cotton, my other favorite. She replied, "What's hemp?"

I explained, and she said, "No, sorry, never heard of it." I wondered how

one of the most prestigious fashion schools could be ignorant of hemp and its many applications in the textile world. Rest assured that Jack and I will send Gladys Palmer, the executive director of the School of Fashion, a copy of his book *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, and I'll beg her to look into hemp.

She introduced the honoraries one by one, delighting us with stories of each, filled with love, respect, and humor. Those honored were Wilks Bushford, hailed by *Esquire* as the most important men's fashion specialist in the country; Robert L. Mattner, CEO of Macy's West; Christophe Girard, deputy mayor of Paris, director of fashion for LUMH, producer of many of award-winning documentaries, and tireless AIDS activist. He was warm and charming, relating how wonderful it was to be in San Francisco where no one cared if you're gay. Last, but most revered, was the great Alexander McQueen who's been honored by everyone, including the Queen. He appeared reserved, almost shy, and was charming with his simple thank you. McQueen pointed out that if you were "rich or had extra money" to "give freely to education!" a thought with which we all agreed.

Dr. Elisa Stephens was an entertaining host, and Simon Uncless, director of graduate fashion, put on the show. All in all it was a wonderful night. We were very happy to have shared in such a grand event. Good luck to the class of 'o6, congratulations to the honoraries, and thank you so much to the academy and all the wonderful people who made it all happen.

Remember that 70% of Americans use cannabis. Let's look for what makes us alike, instead of hating for what makes us different.

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1

110

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ACTIVISM



Million Marijuana March Cannabis Day. Top middle: Emmalyn's California Cannabis Clinic. Bottom middle: Richard from The Oaksterdamn News

ay Day Jay Day, the Million Marijuana March is Dana Beal's dream, and what a dream it's turned out to be. Linda and I have been part of this from the beginning and are very happy to watch Dana's dream grow to several hundred cities worldwide. Hundreds of thousands

of people gathered to celebrate the sacred herb. Due to my legal troubles we went to the event in San Francisco again this year. In this article I want to cover the dispensaries in the Bay area that came to these events. These brave, wonderful people have the courage to do business in the face of danger, i.e., the Feds.

We spent a beautiful day surrounded by smoke, eats music, and love. Not a cop in sight all day. The reason for that was simple—we didn't need policing. Why again? Simple, we were *not* being criminals. With several thousand people, one might've expected a problem or two. But the biggest problem was that Bill Panzen's band blew a fuse, and I had to speak ten minutes, instead of five, so they could fix it. It was really a great day for all.

Now let us get to the shops. There were ten to twelve dispensaries, with booths and people passing out info and goodies. All of our favorites were there, like the reigning queens of the Height, Nellie and Mona, the charming Randi, and the lovely D, were all out to show their support. Our darling Ariana, the princess of herb, also joined us for a great day. The shops were all wonderful, giving out all kinds of stuff, from information to special treats for card-carrying patients. I

cannot thank Dana Beal enough for all his years of dedication. It's a lifetime of work to be applauded by us all. We are very proud to have been part of it. Also big ups to Robin, our MC for the event, and Rodney and Ricky, who ran the show. Speaking of being proud, what about San Francisco? What a city! If it's not the best city in the world, it certainly compares with any other city that might lay claim to that title. Thank you, California.

Now for the rant. May 6 was about Mark Emery, my brothers and sisters in the world. To the people in Canada: If a man is not breaking a law in your country, and you won't arrest and prosecute him, then you damn well shouldn't let another country come in and put your citizens on trial. No matter who the country may be, they are wrong to try and enforce their laws in your country! Just like you would be wrong if you tried to enforce your laws in another country. Please write, call, march, protest, and do what you must to set Mark free

and stop this once and for all. On Mark's behalf and for myself, thank you for reading this.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

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Dr. Lester Grinspoon (December 1996)

Lester Grinspoon M.D. is a Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. He is the author of *Marijuana Reconsidered* and *Marijuana: The Forbidden Medicine*. www.marijuana-uses.com and www.rxmarijuana.com

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EVENTS



Photos: Linda Senti

inda and I enjoyed a 7-hour drive through the heart of California and Oregon up I-5 to Eugene. Though hot, the ride was pleasant and the scenery spectacular. We were greeted by our co-hosts, Doc and our own lovely Valerie. Val had the room ready for us, with fruit, snacks, and other goodies. We went right to Fair Valerie is in her eighth or ninth year, and Doc has been there much longer. It's a huge undertaking to prepare for this event as it lays in a flood plain and floods to some extent each year covering most of the fair ground under 15 to 20 ft of water for months. No problem! Year after year these wonderful, dedicated people clean, rebuild, and clean some more. I'm not sure but I

Central where there was some mix up over our press passes.

We met Robert, who kindly gave Linda and I VIP day passes. Thank you for your kindness, sir. We entered the fair soon thereafter and what a wonderful start to the weekend. I'm afraid I won't do justice to this event. It's the mother of all Earthdance, festivals. The Rainbow Gathering, and many related events all have roots in Oregon. It's the longest running event of its kind in the world, and this was its thirty-seventh year. It was thrilling to see hundreds of volunteers, some having worked for weeks on it. Many we met have been volunteering for many years.



think 40,000 or more may have attended over 3 days. There was almost no solid waste, as the fair was so well managed that almost all of it was recycled or composted. The crews were tight, well trained, and lived in their own camps.

As we entered the fair it was like an enchanted forest. The booths were pell-mell, scattered about in a rough figure-8; hence, the nickname "the eight." It was like hobbits or elves or some forest fairies laid out the town. It was beautiful, with it's hodge-podge of nooks and crannies, and each filled with a new and different adventure. If it could be crafted by hand you could find it here, and the artists were superb. I was in awe of the talent and beauty. We wandered for hours, only to be told by Val, as she finished her shift at the booth, that we had only seen the top half of the eight, leaving plenty for the next day. As we walked, we were entertained by a never-ending procession of costumes, outfits, traveling bands, jugglers, and more topless women than you could imagine, almost all beautifully painted. It was an honor to see those beautiful ladies who are proud of who and what they are. I salute you, my darlings. Mr. Toad ride through a wonderland built by love and maintained by courage.

Saturday night after the crowd was gone the hundreds of volunteers and vendors partied, with a huge show on the main stage. Nighttime was magical, with fire dancers, lights of every kind and design, light sticks, and neon face and body paint. It was great.



There were only a few rules that one had to obey. Number 3 was NO PETS, number 2 was having the correct pass for admittance into specific areas and certain times of the day (security was very tight), and, my personal favorite, number 1: NO DRUGS, including alcohol. And, yes, they would throw you out in a minute. This was mostly a result of an uncaring, narrow-minded, and totally-without-compassion sheriff and D.A. I can't imagine why anyone would want to stop an event dedicated to a better world. I don't know for sure exactly what's wrong with

clean air and water that doesn't have to be bottled, sustainable natural resources, equal rights, or maybe even a world without war. But these thoughts and dreams sure do seem to piss some people off very much. Why, honestly, I don't know, but it does.

There were stages everywhere, puppet shows, vaudeville, and all kinds of music. Individuals walked around doing all kinds of acts. There were parades of marching bands of all kinds. One of my highlights was meeting Em, who's a very talented artist. He had a bicycle rickshaw that he flew around the fair, with lights flashing and music blaring each time he needed a horn. It was really incredible as he's alter-able, having to lay nearly flat unable to see well. But he never lets you know it. His courage and talent are the envy of many. Happy and undaunted, he makes trip after trip, an exciting Mad Hatter's, Sunday before leaving I went back in "the eight" to get my little bitty pretty one, a pair of boots she just couldn't live without. In view of her health problems I marveled at her sense of humor and continued strength in the face of what would come. Leaving, we drove down the 5 to Grant's pass and cut over to the 101 and the coast. Linda has always enjoyed this route, and we had a marvelous time as we talked about the fair.

We can't thank enough the many wonderful people we met who



made us feel so much a part of their family. Very special thanks to the ever thoughtful and darling Valerie, Doc, and Tommie. It was a great place to stay, and I suggest that you experience it at least once. Of course, if you do, you may, like Linda and I, plan to return year after year. If you do, please respect the rules. We need more—lots more—of these wonderful events, not less. So until the rules change, respect all that the fair family has done for us; somehow "thanks" just isn't enough. But, most of all, thanks to the many wonderful participants who attended. You all made it a fantastic show. See you next year!

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting You in the One Light Eddy

SPORTS NO PITY FROM THIS KITTY Photos: Craig Lemire of Hello lazz Productions



t's Tuesday and I am sitting at my dentist's office. I'm starting to really look forward to tomorrow because I'm going to do this story on the Sabercats, the arena football team for San Jose. It's one of the great perks of the S.F. Bay Area. When Linda and I lived closer to San Jose we went to a lot of games. If you've never been, go, go, go! It's great fun: fast, and entertaining. Every break in the action is a party: Cheerleaders shooting out free goodies, like t-shirts and other memorabilia, free pizza giveaways, and it's family oriented. There are no bad seats; the players are right in your lap. Balls flying into the stands are encouraged and a very welcomed souvenir for a lucky fan.

He's a wonderful leader. Perhaps someday we, as a world, will look at the numbers and the talent, the truth not the skin color. Well, back to the story.

Craig and I leave at 4 am. We stop in San Francisco long enough to drop off the darling Ariana, Princess of Herb, and drive about 4-5 hours to the Sunnyvale training center (their games are played at the H.P. Pavilion in San Jose). We get to the training facility as the first of the players arrive. I've watched most of the games this year and the Sabercats are great, with Mark Grieb as QB, Phil Grover running when necessary (they pass a lot), Clevan Thomas leading the D, and the



I'm looking forward to meeting coach Arbet and am amazed at this guy's talent. His ability to coach is obvious and, he's at the top of all coaching categories. I can't believe a man with his talent isn't head coach in the NFL. Oops, I forgot he was black. I guess that explains it. For it's very apparent that it's not due to lack of ability:



great rookie Ben Nelson who was just six yards short of breaking the record for the most yards by a rookie in one season. They're extremely well conditioned, even the linemen, who are the largest, move with a smoothness and agility that's amazing for their size. Most play both defense and offense and some play every down. They are excellent examples of conditioning and dedicated training.

Craig and I listen outside the stealth enclosure where they practice behind black canvas walls in secrecy and prepare to win another title. It's obvious as we catch little glimpses through the open gate that this is a very confident and well-coached team, "team" being the key word here. Coach Arbet has a very relaxed practice; it's easy to see how he's been able to rise to the top of his profession. It's defensive huddle is a riot with him in it. He's very humorous and entertaining. Next was the gifted rookie Ben Nelson. We could tell he was the rookie. He was delightful as he talked about the game as only a rookie can (still can't believe that's he's really in the big show). He, like everyone else, is very conscious that, both in and out of season, he's eating right, getting enough sleep, and not overindulging. Like he said, he's "kinda a health nut." Then we got to talk to the team's offensive cannon, Mark Grieb. His record is



an honor to see a very talented man do what he so obviously loves to do. At one point I watch as he speaks to one of his players. A beautiful combination of almost father and son, yet friend to friend, and you knew who was who. He enters the 2006 season in the top of every career category, with an amazing post-season wining percentage of .692. He'll also take on the position of general manager this year in addition to his coaching.

Our host and head of publicity. Phil Simon, arrives and takes us in to watch practice. These guys are great. I really can't say enough good things about the AFL. It's a blast, lots and lots of action, even in practice. Craig shoots the team while Phil and I talk. He asks why we wanted to interview the Sabercats; I say well most cannabis magazines probably won't go where I go. But, if we can help all of us see each other, maybe it can help us get along better. These guys are heroes to many and if we can show why they deserve it then maybe the kids idealizing them will want to be like them and not the gangsters so many emulate. Nowhere was the coach's influence felt more than when, as practice ended and Phil introduced us to the players, I had a chance to talk with them. As I spoke to these likable young men, and they talked about their coach, I quickly noticed that Arbet had seen their talents as players, but, more than that, he had seen these men as the men they are: fierce, awesome, and even scary on the field, yet the kindest, most caring, well spoken young men you could ever meet, each with a definite respect and admiration for his leader and mentor.

We first met with the defense star Clevan Thomas, who spends 12 to 14 hours a week at home, as he says, icing down and studying film, another 11 hours a week at the field training, and, of course, the fun part: game day. Next we met Wes Stephens. I'm sure the overwhelming; in his 8 years in the league he's risen to the top of every QB area possible. He's a very warm, kind man. As we spoke about his health and the effort to compete at a world-class level, he told me how he was very conscious about his quality of sleep, diet (paying particular attention to his intake and nutrient and protein levels), and exercising regularly. This was a pretty basic message but an extremely important one for us to hear: eat right, exercise regularly, and get good rest. Basically, eat less exercise more. It works. Just look at these guys! They're living proof.

I spoke with Mark about Linda and her battle with cancer. I told him how much we had loved going to the games when we lived closer to San Jose. He, like all these wonderful men, expressed his compassion and said he would hold her in his heart and prayers. As we left I told Phil the story about Linda and Mark and the other responses I had gotten from all the men I had talked to. After he expressed the same heartfelt wishes I jokingly said something to the effect of, make Linda happy and win the title for her. He, in the same spirit, said, "In fact, I'll tell the team: Let's win it for Linda!" All humor aside, though, it would make her very happy to see that happen.

So Linda and I both hope the very best for this team that's been such a pleasure to watch, for they have proved, win or loose, that they are champions. Thank you coach Arbet, Phil, and the rest of the guys on the team for the honor of sharing a little of your lives with us.

Remember: Respect All, Hurt None, Love One Another

Awaiting you in the One Light, Eddy