

FREE  
CALENDAR

U.S. GOVT. HEMP GROWING TIPS

HIGH  
TIMES

# HIGH TIMES

DECEMBER, 1990

\$3.95

## KEN KESEY RIDES AGAIN!

On The Road with  
Neal Cassady  
by Jerry Garcia



MOJO  
NIXON

DRUGS  
AND THE C.I.A.  
by Ned Scott Jr.

On the  
Peyote Trail  
in Mexico





On the cover: Ken Kesey rides a recreation  
of the original psychedelic bus.  
Photo by David Falconer

# CONTENTS

DECEMBER 1990  
NUMBER 184



RON BEVIRT

## COVER STORY

### ON THE BUS.....34

by Paul Perry and Ken Babbs

Ken Kesey and his Merry Band of Pranksters psychedelized the counterculture during a summer voyage across America. This month, two books are being released to commemorate the event.

## FEATURES

### THE HIGH TIMES INTERVIEW: D. PAUL STANFORD.....12

by Steven Hager

Will the hemp industry re-emerge in America in the '90s? Meet the man leading the charge.

### BEHIND THE WHEEL WITH NEAL.....34

by Jerry Garcia

The leader of the Grateful Dead remembers the most important decision of his life  
**JOURNEY TO WIRIKUTA.....38**

by Alberto Ruz Buenfil

Every year the Huichol Indians come down from the Sierra Madre Mountains to collect peyote in the Mexican desert.

### THE SECRET LIFE OF RICHARD V. SECORD.....44

by Ned Scott Jr

You might remember retired Major General Rich Secord from the Iran/Contra mess--he pocketed millions of dollars from selling US weapons to the Ayatollah. But back in the '60s, Secord was a pilot in Laos, wing-deep in CIA-smuggled heroin.

### MOJO RISING.....46

as told to Judy McGuire

Take a walk on the wild side with rock 'n' roll animal Mojo Nixon.

### A QUICK, SIMPLE, EFFECTIVE GUIDE TO CLONING.....50

by Nipsey and Tipsey

All you need to know about plant sex and clones in a nutshell.

### HEMP FARMERS' BULLETIN NO. 1935.....52

Originally published by the US government.

The US government outlawed cultivation of the hemp plant in 1937, then produced a film and published a pamphlet encouraging farmers to grow it a few years later.

PEDRO VADHAR



PEDRO VADHAR

## COLUMNS

### PAGE SIX.....6

by Steven Hager

### LETTERS.....8

from our readers

### QUICK FLASHES.....10

by John Holmstrom

### KRASSNER'S COLUMN.....26

by Paul Krassner

### HIGH SCI.....28

by Lou Stathis

### REVIEWS.....30

edited by Judy McGuire

### CENTERFOLD.....42

### ASK ED.....48

by Ed Rosenthal

### HIGH ART.....49

by Carlo McCormick

## DEPARTMENTS

### HIGHWITNESS NEWS.....19

edited by Steve Bloom

### THE ULTIMATE PARTY MAGAZINE.....73

edited by John Holmstrom

Bongs of the Year.....74

Electronic Drugs.....76

The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers.....77

Chef RA's Psychedelic Kitchen.....78

Twisted Image.....79

The Political Party Page.....80

Pot 100.....81

THMQ.....32

Products.....67

Bookstore.....62

Classifieds.....70



DREW FRIEDMAN



# HIGH TIMES

GENERAL MANAGER  
SHEILA AVON

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
STEVEN HAGER

EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
JOHN HOLMSTROM

ART DIRECTOR  
JOHN DINSDALE

MANAGING EDITOR  
JUDY McGUIRE

ACCOUNTING MANAGER  
NORMA McALLISTER

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
ELLEN SPENCER

NEWS EDITOR  
STEVE BLOOM

SENIOR EDITORS  
PETER GORMAN, ED ROSENTHAL,  
LOU STATHIS

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT  
NED SCOTT Jr

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT  
JON GETTMAN

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR  
BRIAN SPAETH

ART ASSISTANT  
FRANK MAX

PHOTO EDITOR  
ELIN WILDER

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS  
DALE ASHMUN, JOEL BARREN,  
ERIC DANVILLE,  
MIKE EDISON, MARIA FARROW,  
THE GENERAL, ROB HAMBRECHT,  
RA JAMES, AID MacSPADE,  
JAMES MARSHALL,  
CARLO McCORMICK, TED PETRAMALO,  
LESLIE STACKEL, MAIA SZALAVITZ

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND  
PHOTOGRAPHERS  
DAVID ALLEN, ACE BACKWORDS,  
MATT BAIER, ERIC DROOKER,  
FLICK FORD, ANDRE GROSSMANN,  
BRADLEY KEOUGH, MILTON KNIGHT,  
LENNIE MACE, PAUL MAVRIDES,  
FRANK MAX, HARRY MEADOWS,  
JAMES ROMBERGER, JONATHAN SCHNEIDER,  
GILBERT SHELTON,  
LAWRENCE VAN ABBEMA,  
CAPT. WHIZZO

EDITORIAL INTERN  
MARK BARNET

PUBLISHED BY  
TRANS-HIGH CORPORATION  
NATIONAL ADVERTISING OFFICE  
211 EAST 43RD STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10017 (212) 972-8484

FOUNDING PUBLISHER/EDITOR  
THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

HIGH TIMES, DECEMBER 1990, No. 184 (ISSN #0362-610X), published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, NY 10017. \* HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised within. \* Mail subscriptions (payable in US funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to PO Box 410, Mt. Morris, IL, 61054. \* Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$29.95, 24 issues for \$54.95. \* Single copy price: \$3.95. \* In Canada: 12 issues for \$37.45, 24 issues for \$68.95. \* All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$37.45. \* All other countries by airmail: \$67.00. \* Offices at 211 East 43rd St., New York, NY 10017. \* Second class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. \* Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. \* All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publishers and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material. \* Copyright 1990 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. All advertising and advertised products used where prohibited. Postmaster: Please send address changes to HIGH TIMES, PO Box 410, Mt. Morris, IL, 61054.

# PAGE 6

## INTRODUCING PAUL KRASSNER

Paul Krassner was the youngest person ever to play Carnegie Hall, having performed the Vivaldi Concerto there in 1939, at age six. Years later, while in college, he made the switch to stand-up comedy. "I kept my violin as a prop," he says. "It had a photo of Marilyn Monroe on the back and a 'sold' sign on the neck. I used the name Paul Maul. Lenny Bruce convinced me to drop the violin and use my own name."

In 1958, Krassner founded *The Realist*, the celebrated underground magazine which ceased publication in 1974. In the meantime, along with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, he became a founding member of a coalition of psychedelic dropouts and political activists called the Yippies—a name he coined. At an antiwar rally in 1965, a stranger turned him on to something called Thai stick. "I suddenly realized why the troops were in Southeast Asia," he says. "To protect the crops."

Krassner edited Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, and helped Ken Kesey edit *The Last Supplement To The Whole Earth Catalog*.

Currently, Krassner publishes *The Realist* as a newsletter while working on his autobiography, which will be published next year by Simon and Schuster. He is also writing scripts for *Night Rap*, a *Nightline* parody being produced by HBO. "Internally, they describe it as Ted Koppel on acid," he says. If that isn't enough, he also performs every Friday at the Daniel Saxon Gallery in Hollywood.

In case you haven't caught his act, you should check him out. Krassner was the star performer at the 1990 NORML conference (see *Highwitness News*, page 19) and got more applause than anyone except Jack Herer (who received at least four standing ovations). Krassner's first column for HIGH TIMES appears on page 26. The staff is thrilled to have him aboard. I hope you readers will appreciate him as much as we do.

Sincerely yours,

Steven Hager

Steven Hager  
Editor-in-Chief





# JOURNEY TO WIRIKUTA

## Collecting Peyote with the Huicholes

*Every year the Huichol Indians of Mexico make a pilgrimage from their grass huts in the Sierra Madre mountains to the deserts of San Luis Potosi to collect peyote. Last year, Alberto Buenfil accompanied them on their epic, ancient journey.*

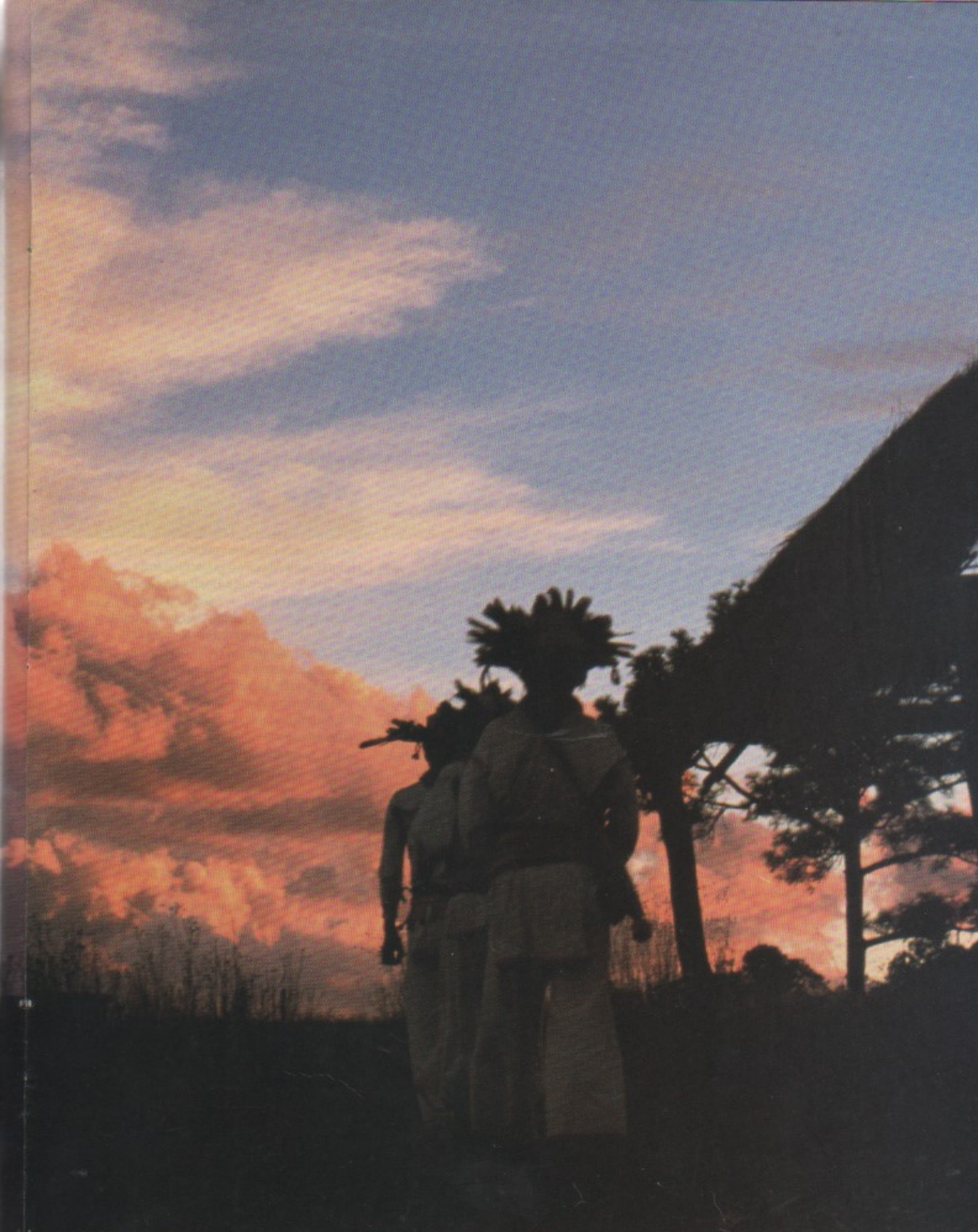
*Text and photos by  
Alberto Ruz Buenfil*

**I**n November 1989, I learned that Juan Negrin planned to make a documentary for Millennium, a Canadian television production company. The subject of the film was to be the Huichol Indians' annual pilgrimage to collect peyote. My girlfriend and I urgently wanted to get involved. But first, we had to convince Negrin that our motives were sincere. When I phoned him, he voiced suspicions. Negrin is zealously protective of the Huicholes (pronounced Wee-chol-les).

"We don't want just anybody to go there and destroy what is left of the Huicholes, their ceremonies, pilgrimages and ancient ways," he cautioned.

"But I've already been there," I argued. "I was there in 1979 and 1980. And I have close friends among the people from San Andres Cohamiata."





*Pilgrims leaving the Caligüey (temple) on their yearly journey to Wirikuta.*





Group of teocaris (pilgrims) preparing their knotted ropes, one for each sexual relationship they have had, cleansing themselves for their journey.

My female companion, I explained, was Lourdes Ondategui, a psychotherapist who specializes in the use of medicinal herbs to treat the mentally ill. Ondategui had lived in the Sierras, and made friends with some Huichol *marakames*, medicine men who use peyote for visions, healing and communicating with the spirit world.

"Okay," said Juan. "We'll meet in Guadalajara, together with the producer and director, and we'll decide after we talk to you both."

A week later, Lourdes and I met Juan, Vic Saurin, the director, and Mark, a producer for Millennium, at the dirt airstrip of San Andres Cohamiata, the largest Huichol village of the Sierras. Two small planes arrived with the rest of the Canadian crew, the film equipment, and medicine for the villagers. The crew was led by Richard Meech, the main force behind the ambitious undertaking.

"The idea of Millennium is to create a bridge between tribal wisdom and the modern world," said Meech. "As the 20th

century draws to a close, tribal societies everywhere are threatened by the rapid expansion of modern civilization. Our series will include documentaries on the Makuna of Colombia, the Dogon of West Africa, the Nyinbas of Nepal, the Xavantes of Brazil, the Gabbra of Kenya, as well as the Huicholes, or Wixarikas as they prefer to call themselves. We want you and Lourdes to help us, setting up camps, arranging gear, supplying food, providing transportation, translation and personal contact with the Huicholes. We are going to be the first crew to film their pilgrimage to Wirikuta, the sacred land where the peyote grows."

It took several days of meetings with the Huichol elders' council in the middle of the village before we received their official permission to get started. For Meech, it was the culmination of more than a year of frustrating travels between Toronto and



Agua Hedionada, the sacred place of Grandmother Water. Marakame Pancho makes his offering with his son Ricardo and his grandson.

Kayumari, according to Huicholes the umbilical center of the world.



Mexico, undertaken to get the approval of Huichol and Mexican governmental officials. But we were finally on the move.

On January 18th, we started filming families that were taking part in the journey to Wirikuta. We entered their earth and grass huts, and filmed them preparing offerings of arrows, feathers and bead-works to bring to the sacred places. On the 19th, everyone from the villages of San Andres Cohamiata and the rancherias of La Laguna gathered together.

The main marakame was Pancho, a short, stocky, dark-skinned Indian from La Laguna, who dressed in traditional robes covered by a plastic jersey, and never cracked a smile. Pancho was assisted by Juan Bautista, a powerful and feared shaman from the mountains, and a couple of *cantadores*, holy musicians who provided songs for the pilgrimage, accompanying themselves on primitive guitars and handmade violins.

The next day we set off, the ten people from the film crew, a Mexican



The second morning of the trip, at the caves.



A Marakame blessing the first family of peyotes in Wirikuta with his *muvieri* (feather staff).





photographer, Antonio Viscayno, and Javier, a man sent by the Mexican Department of Interior, a sort of official spy who later turned out to be a good friend. With us came twenty-seven Huicholes, grandfathers, adults of both sexes, and a few children, including some babies still attached to their mothers' breasts.

We traveled in three vans and a huge truck, where the pilgrims slept, ate, sang, and prayed. Pancho blessed everyone and everything with his *nuvieri* (feather staff) and we began the long trip coming down the Sierra, on bumpy, wet, dirt roads. We stopped the first night on the edge of a cliff overlooking the valleys of Zacatecas. That evening, Pancho gave everyone a piece of rope.

"You have to tie a knot for each extra-marital sexual relationship in your life," said Pancho.

Once the ropes had been knotted, the pilgrims told the story behind each knot, while the rest listened, some smiling in silence, others roaring with laughter,

depending on the details divulged and the storytelling abilities of the confessor. Once this was done, the ropes were given to Pancho, who threw them in the fire, to clear and cleanse all our karmas. Only then were we able to continue the journey.

In the next two days, we passed through the village of Huejuquilla and the city of Zacatecas, and reached the entrance to the desert, just outside the small village of Salinas, in the state of San Luis Potosi. From there, we left behind civilization, and entered the world of spirit, where magic still lives, the land of coyotes, eagles, lizards, cactus, and *jikuri*, the vision plant--*peyotl* among the Mexican ancient people, now known as peyote.

Our first stop in the desert was Agua Hedionada, a natural spring. However, before we reached the waterhole, all those making their first pilgrimage had their faces covered. Guided by their relatives and friends, they drank, washed and collected holy water for the trip. According to Huichol belief, this is the place where the

Mother Spirit of Water dwells, and where the rains come first. Each pilgrim left an offering: food, arrows, small toys with beads, chocolate, cookies, or candles, and said prayers thanking Grandmother Water, asking for a good season, blessing their medicine bags, their hats and dresses, blessing the small ones, and blessing us, the newcomers as well.

We traveled slowly on the desert trails and finally came to the Doors of Wirikuta, a passage between mountains and hills, where the pilgrims made new offerings to ask the spirit guardians of Wirikuta permission to enter the sacred lands. That night we lost the trail and camped in a small clearing surrounded by gigantic Yuca cactus and low brush. The Huicholes lighted fires with wood carried from the Sierras. They sang and danced all night, in small circles, each one formed by people from the various villages.

The next morning, as the sun rose behind the Sierra del Quemado, Pancho, Juan, and a third marakame each led groups in search of

*continued on page 69*

*Last morning in Wirikuta, the peyoteros contemplate the sunrise behind the Sierra del Quemado de Real de Catorce.*



*Juan Negrin and Alberto Ruz Buenfil in the deserts of Wirikuta during the journey. (Photo by Lourdes Ondategui)*











# WIRIKUTA

continued from page 41

deer. Each group found a cluster and dug a hole for offerings which they mixed with deer blood, considered to be the most precious gift among Huichol people. Only then could the marakames cut the first peyote button, blessing it before sharing it with the others.

This was a moment of deep transformation, a communion in which each Huichol passed through the threshold of ordinary life and entered the spirit world of Wirikuta. From that moment on, the pilgrims were free to go on individual quests and hunt for the sacred cactus, the chair of the gods, and eat as much as they wanted.

For the next two days, the Huicholes entered an impressive state of self-centering; none of them became "drunk" from their



Stuart Frech (soundman), Juan Negrin and Ricardo translating the tapes.

peyote. Their behavior was more like that of hunters and warriors, even those who ingested twenty to thirty buttons each day. They never lost consciousness or self-respect.

The members of the film crew also ate peyote, as did Javier, our government spy, but none of us consumed anywhere near as much as the Huicholes, who ate peyote buttons as if they were peanuts.

The bitter taste of peyote and its effects on the stomach are well-known to all users. It is hard to keep down even when fresh. The Huicholes spat a lot, but never vomited. The singing and sharing of visions, dreams and stories went on for two nights. The marakames kept an eye on the pilgrims, outsiders included, and helped us through every bad moment. The Huicholes were happy as children. They linked arms around each other and danced while the cantadores sang, playing monotonous tunes on their small guitars and violins.

Long-standing disputes, griefs, jealousies and pains healed, while brotherhood and companionship blossomed. Even we foreigners and whites were accepted as equals. Wirikuta is open for those that deserve to be there and are well-received by the spirit guardians. Even Javier, the official agent, was accepted by the pilgrims. He made them laugh with his songs, and he underwent a total transformation in one night. Two months later, he left his job.

On the last day in Wirikuta, all the pilgrims went to Kayumari, a small hill in the middle of the desert that is considered to be the most sacred place of the Huicholes, the umbilical center of their world, the place

to thank Mother Earth and Father Sun, the place where each one left his last offerings, prayers and asked for blessings for his family.

As the sun set, the Huicholes thanked him for a safe journey and prepared to return to the Sierras, a trip that took two days.

Upon arrival home, they spent the next three days preparing a great feast. They had carried back a huge load of peyote for their relatives, enough for a year's ceremonies and feasts.

It was a happy occasion for the villagers. A year earlier, they had been jailed and robbed by police *judiciales* and army soldiers for transporting peyote. Fortunately, last year, Mexican president Salinas de Gortari granted them the right to go to their sacred lands and take the plant to their villages. But local authorities sometimes ignore Gortari's wishes; Huicholes and non-Huicholes continue to be persecuted for

possession and/or use of the medicinal cactus. Also some of their sacred places are being desecrated by *mestizos* and *ladinos*, destroyed by cattle ranchers and by tractors. Wirikuta is the only place in Mexico where the peyote grows. The Huicholes and friends such as Negrin and Viscayno are trying to turn those places into sanctuaries. The struggle continues.

In Cohamiata, five days later, the peyote had been dried in the sun and tied into necklaces. The village's families gathered at the *Caligüey* (the temple), more than 100 people, including those from neighboring rancherias. Five animals, bulls and goats, were sacrificed. The women prepared the *tesguino*, a corn-based fermented beverage. The marakames shared peyote with their guests, and each one shared a piece with the marakame.

That day I watched Pancho and Juan eat more than 50 buttons of peyote. The singing kept going for three days and nights. Strong alcohol, beer and peyote were mixed with food, sex, dance and chanting. The sacred and profane became one. Taboos were transgressed and the party erupted into fights and quarrels. Pancho and Juan, the two main marakames, ended up in jail.

It was just another step in the year-long series of ceremonies that began with the pilgrimage and deer hunt, and continued through the cycle of corn-growing. Cycles of life and death.

It was time for us to disappear from the scene. The excessive drinking of alcohol changed our relationship with the Huicholes. As they became drunker, their resentment surfaced. They are a proud people and have kept their ways by not allowing foreigners to get too close.

The elders allowed us to film because they knew that their survival may depend on our help, but the young remained suspicious. It was time to pack up our gear, cameras, generator, time to load the burros and mules and head back through the Sierras to the village of San Andres. The film footage left Mexico without any problems. The crew flew on to Colombia, to film the last of the Makuna. ●

## Books-by-Phone

For most books and best service  
visa/mc, ups/cod, 10% off w/ mo

### DRUG TESTING AT WORK

How to beat test; updated DTEST 14.95

### MARIJUANA BOTANY

Definitive guide to mj plant MBOT 14.95

### EMPEROR WEARS NO CLOTHES

Legalize marijuana EMPEROR \$12.95

### ECSTASY the MDMA Story

Definitive, intriguing ECSTAS 17.95

### MUSHROOM CULTIVATOR

Best 'shroom book MUSHC \$29.95

### UNDERGROUND DRUG LIBRARY

16 rare classics on lab secrets UDL 29.95

### CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES ACT

Definitive drug info CONSUB 49.95

### STEAL THIS URINE TEST

Hoffman beats drug tests STEAL 5.95

### MARIJUANA HYDROPONICS

High tech water culture MHYDRO 14.95

### CANNABIS ALCHEMY

Isomerizers, hash oil CANAL 12.95

### INDOOR MARIJUANA HORTICULTURE

High tech indoor technique HORT 16.95

### MARIJUANA GROWER INSIDER' GUIDE

Frank, most up to date MINSIDE 19.95

### BEST OF SINSEMILLA TIPS

Info, photos from journal BSTIPS 17.95

### PRIVACY

low profile methods PRIVY 18.95

PAPER TRIP II (PTRIP I also available)

best book on new id PTRIP II 19.95

### RECREATIONAL DRUGS

Clandestine lab manual RECDRG 21.95

### PSYCHEDELIC CHEMISTRY

Authoritative lab manual PCHEM 14.95

### MARIJUANA GRWRS HKB

Ed's indoor greenhouse edn MGH 16.95

### MARIJUANA GRW'S GD. DELUXE

Classic, most detailed DLX 19.95

### UNDERGROUND CHEMIST LIBRARY

Psychoactive, 6 classics UNDCHE 34.95

books prices SUBTOTAL\$

Money Order discount 10%(USA only)

Calif. customers add sales tax 7.25%

Processing fee (all orders) \$3.00

COD (USA only) \$5 fee per order

VISA/MC \$2 fee per order

USA add \$1 per book for shipping

Canada add \$3 per book for Air Mail

Overseas add \$10 per book Air Mail

Books plus fees TOTAL \$

Make checks payable to Books-by-Phone

(for best service, 10% off send money order)

credit card MC Visa Exp date

card #:

Name

Address

City State ZIP

I am over 21 (sign)

PRICE & AVAILABILITY SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITH-

OUT NOTICE. DRUG EDUCATION BOOKS ARE FOR

SALE TO ADULTS ONLY FOR INFORMATION IN AC-

CORD WITH 1ST AMENDMENT. OFFER VOID WHERE

PROHIBITED. NO WARRANTIES MADE. USE NOT AD-

VOCATED. CONSULT YOUR ATTORNEY.

(800) 858-2665 orders

(415) 548-2124 info

BOOKS BY PHONE

Box 522 Berkeley CA 94701

Call for FREE 16 pg Catalog