THE SPECIES DEBATE: WHAT IS POT?

FEBRUARY 1993

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DYLAN

BRINGING IT BACK TO BOB

by Larry Jaffee

NATIVE AMERICAN RASTAS Why the Supai **Worship Bob Marley**

by Roger Steffens

GREEN PARTY FOUNDER MURDERED IN GERMANY

PLUS **Bela Fleck Sweet Lizard**



FEBRUARY 1993 Number 210

COVER STORY

BOBFEST: BRINGING IT ALL BACK TO DYLAN.....36

by Larry Jaffee

In recognition of Dylan's 30th anniversary with Columbia Records, a star-studded tribute was held at Madison Square Garden for rock's greatest bard, the man who proudly proclaimed "Everybody must get stoned."

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Native American and Rastafarian cultures come together in the Grand Canyon on the Havasupai reservation.

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by Jan Sluizer

A former DEA pilot, Jack Swint, says he left the agency after getting disgusted with official corruption. He also claims seized coke was being sold on the streets of Miami to buy guns for the Contras. In this HIGH TIMES interview, he spills it all.



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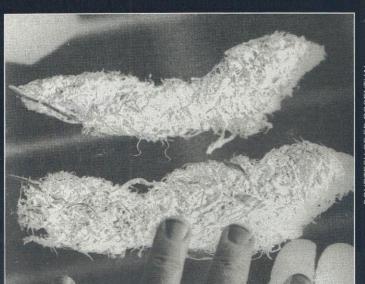
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HIGH TIMES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF STEVEN HAGER

MANAGING EDITOR NATE EATON

SENIOR EDITORS STEVE BLOOM, PETER GORMAN, ED ROSENTHAL

NEWS EDITOR BILL WEINBERG

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
JENNIFER JOHNSON, SOLVEIG WILDER

LEGAL AFFAIRS EDITOR RICHARD STRATTON

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT JON GETTMAN

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
STEVEN BLUSH, DAVID JAY BROWN,
MIKE EDISON, ROB HAMBRECHT,
THE INDICAT, RA JAMES, DON KENNISON,
J.D. KING, PAUL KRASSNER,
JAMES MARSHALL, REBECCA McCLEN,
CARLO McCORMICK, TED PETRAMALO,
LESLIE STACKEL, POPE WEASEL

ART DIRECTOR

PHOTO EDITOR MALCOLM MacKINNON

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
ACE BACKWORDS, MATT BAIER,
DOUG BEEKMAN, ERIC DROOKER,
COSMO, FLICK FORD,
BRADLEY KEOUGH, PAUL MAVRIDES,
HARRY MEADOWS, GILBERT SHELTON,
LAWRENCE VAN ABBEMA, CAPT. WHIZZO

PUBLISHER JOHN HOLMSTROM

ADVERTISING MANAGER HARRY CROSSFIELD, JR.

CONTROLLER SHEILA AVON

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT ADAM ROSNER

PUBLISHED BY TRANS-HIGH CORPORATION

NATIONAL ADVERTISING OFFICE 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH FIFTH FLOOR NEW YORK, NY 10003 (212) 387-0500

FOUNDING PUBLISHER/EDITOR THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

HIGH TIMES, FEBRUARY 1993, No. 210 (ISSN 80362-630X), published monthly by Trans-High Corporation. 235 Park-Averius South, 5th Floor, New York, NY (10003 * 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 (myasable in US tunds) and changes of address (plause include most recent mailing label) to PO Box 410, Mr. Morris, II. 6465. * Subscriptions in the United States; 12 issues for \$29.95. 24 issue for \$54.95. * Single copy price: \$33.95. * In Canada. It issues for \$37.45. 28 issues for \$54.95. * All other countries by surface mail 12 issues for \$37.45. 20 issues for \$69.5. * All other countries by surface for \$67.00. * Offices at 235 Park Aventue South, New York, NY 10003 * Second class postage pair. at New York, NY, and at addition of mailing offices. * Manuscripts must be summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with the summing and the summing by a self-addressel stamped envelope. * All contributions with

LOOKING BACK AT BOB

The release of D.A. Pennebaker's Don't Look Back was one of the most powerful experiences of my teen years. I was 16 years old, a junior at Urbana High, when I first saw the film at the University of Illinois Student Union. It didn't take long before my friends and I were walking around in black leather jackets, wearing sunglasses and expressing our disdain for the establishment with the bemused cynicism of our idol, Bob Dylan.

Since Dylan was one of the most influential role models for 60s counterculture. I first suggested the idea of putting him on the cover shortly after becoming editor five years ago. Unfortunately, it was hard to put the plan into action. Although many celebrities don't have a problem with the editorial content of HIGH TIMES, their handlers seem to. Record companies and managers often take great pains to keep us away from their celebrities. But after hearing of Columbia's 30th anniversary tribute to Dylan, I knew it was time to honor Bob with a cover, whether we got an interview or not.

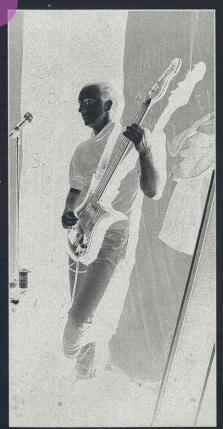
Fortunately, Larry Jaffee, a writer and fanatic Dylan devotee, appeared in my office around the same time as the announcement from Columbia. Larry knew people in the Dylan orbit and was eager to write the story. Needless to say, Bob never granted Larry an interview, but after weeks of effort and countless phone calls, Larry managed to piece together the portrait you have in your hands (see page 36).

This editorial would not be complete if I did not offer my pro-

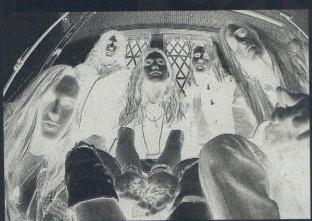
found gratitude to our associate art director Brian Spaeth, who stepped in and designed this issue after the departure of John Dinsdale. A member of our staff for seven years, Brian is the former bass player for the Soul Assassins. and currently plays guitar for the Crazy Pages, an East Village combo. He is also one of the finest painters I know (see High Art, Mar.

Thanks for a great looking issue, Brian!

Steven Hager Editor-in-Chief



Brian Spaeth



Copperhead serve up a distinctive brand of homecooked hillbilly head music with a heavy dose of heartland honesty. Call it Southern comfort with a twist. -Steven Blush & Carlo McCormick

THE WALLFLOWERS

The Wallflowers (Virgin) Jakob Dylan has smartly chosen not to emphasize his famous surname in this bid for pop recognition. The Wallflowers, whose name

may or may not be derived from "Wallflower," an obscure Bob Dylan song recorded with Doug Sahm in 1972, deserve to be judged on their own merits. Jakob sings lead, writes the lyrics and plays guitar and piano. His worldweary hoarse croak comes off as somewhat disingenuous, but if you imagine what it must have been like to be Dylan's kid, it all somehow makes sense. Overall, the Wallflowers recall Bob circa New Morning, the Band and as the "next Dylan"). From "Sugarfoot" to the bluesy, nine-minute "Honey Bee," the band shows the capacity to stretch out, led by guitarist Toby Miller's stinging solos. Collectively, this 12-son<mark>g effort ech</mark>oes the 1990 Larry). You'll hear traces of Mellencamp,

Seger, Springsteen and, yes, Bob, but most of all you'll hear a young, rather famous new voice straining to be heard. -Larry Jaffe

BOB MARLEY

Songs of Freedom (Tuff Gong/Island) This 78-track, four-disc retrospective begins in 1962—the year Jamaica gained its independence—with "Judge Not," and concludes 18 years later with a recording of

"Redemption Song," from Bob Marley's final live performance. Like any good box set should be, Songs of Freedom is chock full of rarities, previously unreleased material and greatest hits. After cutting ska sides ("Simmer Down," "One Love") at Coxsone Dodd's Studio One and founding his own label, Wail 'N Soul ("Hypocrites"), Marley moved on to Island in 1973, where he recorded his best and most enduring work. Many of Marley's Island classics are revitalized by alternate takes ("Trenchtown Rock," "Three Little Birds") and dance mixes ("Exodus," "Could You Be Loved"). The 64-page booklet painstakingly credits everyone who was involved with the Wailers' music, and includes recollections by Rita Marley, Eric Clapton, Marley biographer Timothy White and others. Put aside 40 bucks and make sure you spend it on Songs of Freedom. -Brian Keyo

BLIND MELON

Blind Melon (Capitol) My first impression of Blind Melon was that they were just all right. The group's debut album sounded like a bunch of ,60s and '70s influences. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Then Blind Melon started growing on me; their bluesy jams reminded me of the Grateful Dead or a kind of low-key Spin Doctors. After numerous listens, I was hooked. Powerful lead singer Shannon Hoon, guitarists Chris Thorn and Rogers Stevens, bassist Brad Smith and drummer Glen Graham, with the help of Seattle studio whiz Rick Parasher (Pearl Jam, Temple of the Dog), have fashioned a softmetal sound that fuses 20 years or so of rock meeting up in LA (they're from Indiana, Mississippi and Pennsylvania), the five Blind Melon boys moved to North Carolina, to "The Sleepy House," where Hoon sings, "I'm feeling better when I'm high." Songs swing from spiritual innocence to the pure poetry of "Soak the Sun": "Let the water soak the sin in my soul." A great debut. This is a band to watch. - Margaret R. Saraco

COPPERHEAD

Copperhead (Mercury)

In this era of corporate-rock nepotism, MTV manipulation and indie-rock "credibility," few bands offer a true alternative to pop's current miasma. One shining beacon of grits and determination is Copperhead, the first legit Southern-fried redneck shitkicker outfit since Skynyrd went down in flames some 15 years ago. The amp<mark>lified pride</mark> of Lake James, North Carolina, the<mark>se Appalac</mark>hian mountain men vocalist Neil Carswell and guitarist Jon Byrd founded the band—unleashed one of the top records of '92 with this debut. From the opentar bombast of "Busted" and d "Brown's Gold" to the trad Dixie ent of "Free Bird"-esque ballads like The Scar" and "Long Way from Home,"

