



THE  
KING OF  
NEPAL

Life Before the Drug Wars

JOSEPH R. PIETRI



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The King of Nepal: Life Before The Drug Wars  
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# Publisher's Foreword

*I think people need to be educated to the fact that marijuana is not a drug. Marijuana is an herb and a flower. God put it here. If He put it here and He wants it to grow, what gives the government the right to say that God is wrong?*

— Willie Nelson

Marijuana, cannabis, hemp, weed, ganja, pakalolo, boo ... it goes by many names, and has a long association with mankind. It is one of the oldest domesticated crops, so much so that there are no true wild strains, all feral plants have been found to be escapees from somebody's garden, sometime, somewhere.

Author Joseph Pietri takes us back to the burgeoning of the hippie counterculture, amid the energy, excitement and adventure of the times. Times when you could travel freely in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, India and other countries, where you could freely buy, smoke and consume marijuana ... as had been done for millennia.

*The King of Nepal* chronicles the rise, heyday and demise of the Hippie Hashish Trail. An adventure that always lead to Nepal, where the marijuana trade was regulated by the government, giving stability and income for the locals and an exciting locale for the Westerners that met, partied, and endeavoured to bring the hashish to the their friends at home — a good ol' boy (and girl) network soon developed. Many of these travelers embraced the local culture and a vibrant scene developed in Nepal, Goa, and other places. Then along came, Dick Nixon's War on Drugs where Asian governments were paid millions to make marijuana illegal. Soon the hippies were replaced by heroin-selling gangsters. Imagine that!

Prohibitions don't work. Never have. Never will. The current strictures are not about our health, our children or our community,

but in keeping in place a black-market that creates huge profits giving “hidden” forces undue influence in our lives. *The unconstitutional Drug War needs to end.*

Onwards to the utmost of futures,

Peace,  
Kris Millegan  
Publisher  
TrineDay  
4/20/10

# Dedication

*In memory of the Queen of Nepal, my beloved friend and wife Victoria Anne Wells. 1949-2006.  
A pioneer in the Cannabis Industry.*





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*Enjoying the bliss.*



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# EDEN HASHISH CENTRE

Oldest & Favourite Shop in Town Serving you the Best Nepalese Hash & Ganja  
(Available Wholesale & Retail)

COME VISIT US ANY TIME FOR ALL YOUR HASHISH NEEDS

## EDEN HASHISH CENTRE

OLD 5/1, Bashantpur, KATHMANDU  
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# Foreword

I wrote this book over fifteen years ago while being held at the Ministry of the Interior in Vientiane Laos. My only companion my typewriter. I relived my past and wrote this book. When I returned to the states I put the manuscript aside until a suitable time expired in order not to compromise anyone.

The purpose of this book is to not let anyone forget about life before the Drug War or the DEA, as well as the effects of American foreign drug policy on the countries of Southeast and Southwest Asia. In particular Nepal where cannabis had always been legal, in 1970 there was no opium grown, no opium smoking dens, no heroin produced, and no such thing as a Nepalese junkie. In 1973 Richard Nixon paid King Birendra “50 million dollars” to make hashish and marijuana illegal. Over night he created a criminal society, as well as a black market. \$50 million 1973 dollars is a half billion today, yet today Nepal is eight times poorer and now a major transshipment point for Southwest Asian Heroin.

In this second edition I have included new chapters and have brought my life to a full circle by bringing it up to date. My only claim is that I am a General in Lord Shiva’s Ganja Army.





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Government Authorised

## **GOLDEN PAGODA HASHISH HOUSE**

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| 3 HOME GROWN    | 7 MOUNTAIN TOPS     |
| 4 FRESH HASHISH | 8 GREEN GAJA        |



## Chapter One

# The Drug Trail Ends in Kathmandu

Some of the most vivid memories of my past life center in Laos, where I was considered by some to be a Konsupsa, a Laotian word that means “hippie marijuana smoker.” I suppose some may have thought it to be an accurate description of me at that point in my life. Though marijuana is legally sold in the markets of Vientiane, Laos, and one may eat all one wishes, it is illegal there to smoke marijuana. All of the noodle shops serve a marijuana broth chicken soup that is considered a delicacy among the locals. To really understand the long, strange road I’ve traveled, it’s necessary to go back in time a few more years where it all began.

I first smoked pot in 1963, and soon after, began selling it. At first I did so just to supply myself and my friends. First of all, let me dispense with a myth originated by the DEA: that the marijuana of today is much stronger than what was available in the past. Not only was the marijuana stronger and cheaper back then, there were many varieties available, as well as every imaginable type of hashish. A bag of grass filled three fingers high was considered an ounce, and cost only ten dollars. An ounce of the best Afghan hash or Nepalese temple ball hash was only fifty dollars per ounce, or less.

In the old days I would fill my hookah with several types of hash. My usual mix would start with Afghan hash then Nepalese, then Indian, then two types of Lebanese (Red and Gold), and I would finish it all off with a layer of Moroccan. The hookah had six stems. My smoking room consisted of a huge oriental rug with pillows all around. Everyone would sit on the floor and just get wasted and dream of what it would be like to be in the hash dens of Asia. Smoking was a sacred ritual shared with friends. In those days it was like receiving holy communion.

It was virtually impossible to get busted. I sold only to my friends. The

cops had their rules and we had ours. As long as one wasn't totally stupid, there wasn't much danger. One had to be caught red-handed in a direct sale. Back then my biggest concern was that they would legalize marijuana and put me out of business.

In the late 1960s I lived in the Big Apple's East Village, 202 East 7th Street to be exact. I didn't have to leave the block to make money, and a lot of times I would never even have to leave the building. My neighbor on the sixth floor had just returned from Morocco with the finest hash from Ketama, located in the Atlas Mountains. On the third floor was a weed connection. Acid Peter, who always had the best hash, lived around the corner. Brooklyn Tony, another hash connection, also lived on the block. It seemed as if everyone sold and smoked ganja.

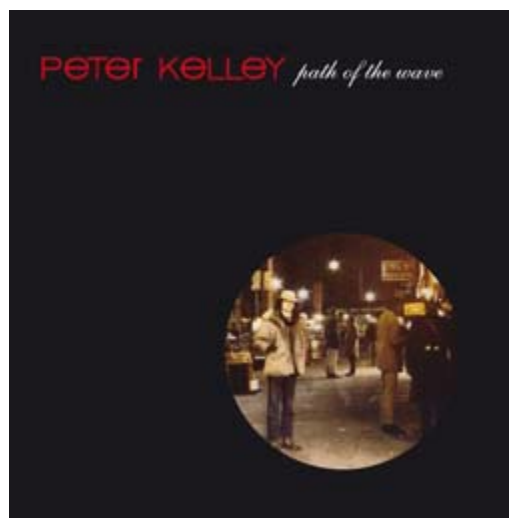


I had developed a tight-knit group of friends who had cash and access to the markets. It seemed that once people were turned on to a joint or a bit of hash, they became a regular customer. In those days it was very common for me to have several types of hash for sale. I used to sell the best Afghan hash for \$500 a pound or \$50 an ounce. Now, that same hash would be worth \$10,000 a pound or \$50 a gram. We have the War on Drugs to thank for that.

I developed a good marijuana connection with Larry Lane, who was working on his Ph.D. at New York University. Larry was originally from Arizona, and had a pipeline to Mexico. I would buy kilos from Larry for between \$100 and \$150. His marijuana was excellent. He regularly supplied me with Acapulco Gold and Culiacan Green. The money flowed, and I needed more markets. Most of my friends were in college at the time,

so I soon developed markets in Boston, Cincinnati, Denver and Chicago. I then needed better connections.

About this time, I was introduced to Peter Kelley. When I first met Peter, he lived in the Chelsea Hotel. The Chelsea, a landmark New York hotel, was famous for the artists, poets, writers, musicians and dealers who lived there. There was so much action that Peter rarely left the hotel. Totally wild deals seemed to be going on there 24/7. Peter had just come out with his first LP, entitled *Path of the Wave*. Not only was his album a mild hit, he developed an even bigger following in Europe. He was also making money hand over fist, thanks to me, as I now handled all of his ganja trade.



A day didn't pass without a new load of hash or sensimilla arriving. Peter had this great connection, Earnest, who grew the finest seedless marijuana in Mexico. He flew it up on his own plane, boxed and packed in styro-foam; every bud perfect, about the size of the top of your pinkie finger. I remember sitting around with Peter and Earnest, coming up with names for the different types of pot, such as Black Frogs Lip and Burnt Orange.

In those days, there was always a lot of red and gold Lebanese hash around. It came packed in cloth sacks, pressed and usually stamped. The best qualities of Red would come in smaller sacks of six to eight ounces. The sacks became collectors' items. Some of the stamps were "Red Cherries," "Camels in the Desert," and "King Kong." Occasionally some fabulous Gold hash would come through, packaged in larger sacks, and usually not as fine as the Red. Every new taste was a different experience. Through Peter, I became familiar with all the types of ganja from around the world. My business was booming.

Before we go any further, let me put things in perspective. It was the

late 1960s. Good quality marijuana and hashish were inexpensive: \$10-\$15 an ounce for grass, \$50 an ounce for hash. Heroin was \$300,000 per kilo and cocaine was \$60,000 per kilo. Marijuana dealers rarely crossed paths with the heroin and cocaine scenes. They were from two different worlds with two different sets of morals. The heroin users were a desperate group who would do anything to get the drug, including ripping off marijuana dealers. Cocaine was just too expensive.

Most of the marijuana dealers were college kids from good homes in the suburbs. Many of the different varieties of ganja were being brought in by the large number of Americans who now backpacked to Europe, and who then went on to North Africa, the Middle East, Central Asia, India and Nepal. This was in the days before metal detectors and the additional airport security that we now have. It seemed as if everyone who went abroad brought back hashish. As far as the heat within the U.S., it was practically non-existent as long as one looked clean-cut. Only hippies, blacks and Hispanics were hassled. Racial profiling goes back 150 years or more, all the way to the Chinese coolies who smoked opium to ease the pain of their back-breaking work.

Back in the '60s there was no DEA. The agency then in charge was the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, one of the most corrupt government agencies in American history. They were in bed with the mob, the French Connection and God knows who else. If the police did bust a dealer and there was a lot of ganja and money involved, nine times out of ten they would just confiscate the money and drugs and let the dealer go free. They would then sell the drugs to their own dealers. Often they would leave the dealer enough product with which to build himself up again, so they could return to rip him off again. New York has always been the largest drug market in the world, and its law enforcement and local government were as corrupt as any third world country.

The heroin was going to the ghettos, so no one really cared. It is now well known that the CIA and other foreign secret services, through acts of omission, facilitated the movement of heroin from the Golden Triangle to the streets of Harlem. There, it was cut twenty times or more, and sold in minute amounts for three to five dollars. The profits were enormous. There are many types of slavery and one is heroin addiction. It was just as Peter sang in one of his songs, "The Man is Dead, he's long gone, he's turned on, Oh, the Man is dead, the revolution is over, The Man is dead, He is in your head."

It got too crazy even for Peter at the Chelsea, so he bought a loft across from the Fillmore East in the East Village. A lot of the top acts who played

the Fillmore partied before and after at Peter's loft. Peter partied while I handled all the business.

Someone estimated that a ton of ganja was smoked in New York City every day. There were many kinds of dope around. The first Jamaican sensimilla started to appear on a commercial level. We were getting five-gallon paint cans, each holding five pounds of the finest Jamaican Kali. It was beautifully packaged and labeled, and commercially sealed.

In the 1960s in New York, hashish was much more readily available than marijuana. By the late 1960s, higher grades of marijuana overtook the hashish market. I guess it's a matter of taste, but I will always prefer a bit of hash myself. In my personal stash I had dozens of different kinds of hash and marijuana samples. I would smoke Lebanese hash during the day and Afghani hash at night. Around that time, Peter started to get Nepalese temple ball hash and Nepalese finger or rope hash. Anyone who has smoked Nepalese hash will never forget their first time. I remember mine: the rush was so strong that I had to sit on the floor and hold on. What a taste! Stuff like that sold itself.

Peter was in the studio recording his new LP, *Dealing Blues*, and I kept busy selling Nepalese hash. Rather, it flew out of my right pocket and filled my left pocket with loot. Selling Nepalese hash has, and will always be, a blessing.



Sire Records was backing Peter's new album with ads in all of the major rock & roll magazines. The record's first song was its title cut, "Dealing Blues." The lyric included the lines, "Spent my life dealing, got kilos stacked up to the sky," and we did.

*Dealing Blues* was released. On the front cover was a Lebanese hash stamp of three camels striding into the desert. The back cover had a huge picture of Peter in a Panama hat holding open a huge bag of Mexican Earnest's best sensimilla. The album received a lot of airplay as a result of full-page ads, featuring a huge picture of Peter holding the bag of sensimilla, which were run in all of the national rock magazines. *Dealing Blues* was an even bigger hit in Europe. There was talk of a European tour, including Amsterdam and Hamburg, and of me being the tour manager. The only hang-up was Peter. I think he had stage fright. It was one thing playing in his living room or at the recording studio, but audiences weren't

Peter's cup of tea. His excuse was that he was making too much money to be on tour. Peter was more interested in his next load of Nepalese hash, which was due to arrive shortly.

Over lunch one day, Peter complained about all the pressure he was under as a result of his new LP. In addition, he explained, his Nepalese connections were a real pain in the ass. He asked if I would be willing to help him. He said he needed someone to go to the airport and pick up some cargo, and asked whether I could manage to do it. I told him that for the right price I would do just about anything. That rash statement would change my life forever. I became a marijuana dealer because I loved to smoke it; I became a smuggler for the love of the money.

Peter wanted me to arrange for someone to pick up the next load of Nepalese at the airport. The hashish was built into a wooden crate that contained a rare Tibetan Mastiff. All I had to do was find someone to go and collect it from U.S. customs at JFK, and he would split the deal with me 50/50. When I think back to that time over 40 years ago, I'm amazed we weren't all busted. But the deal was idiot-proof.

I hired two old friends of mine, Frenchy and Paul, to do the pick-up. They would drive out to JFK in Paul's station wagon at night and pick up the dog. Peter and I would follow discreetly behind. We had cased the airport, and I showed Frenchy and Paul exactly where to make the pick-up.

Finally the dog arrived and we proceeded to the airport. We parked in the lot across from the cargo building and watched the whole operation. After about fifteen minutes Paul and Frenchy arrived, loaded the crate into the station wagon and took off towards their place in Brooklyn. We followed them inconspicuously, to see if they were being trailed. If so, the plan was for us to crash into the car that was following them. To my amazement, they got home scot-free. We met the boys back at their place, transferred the crate to my vehicle and Peter and I sped triumphantly back to the City.

We took the crate over to one of Peter's stash houses and broke it open. The hash was actually concealed in the plywood from which the crate was constructed. The crate itself was solid hash, 50 pounds of the finest Nepalese. When I had a chance to talk to Frenchy and Paul, they filled me in on the pick-up details. There was a drug sniffing dog there, but he was too excited by the Tibetan mastiff to pay any attention. All of the customs officers came out to look at the Mastiff, as this breed had never been seen in the U.S. before.



Amazingly, despite being two zonked out, long-haired hippies, Paul and Frenchy didn't attract any attention, so Peter asked me to arrange for another pick-up a few weeks down the road. He told me the hash was being sent by Nat Finkelstein, at whose Chelsea Hotel suite the Andy Warhol film, *Chelsea Girls* was shot. Nat was very eccentric and a bit mad. He was on the run and hiding out in Nepal, which at the time had no extradition treaty with the U.S.

Peter introduced me to Nat's wife, Jill, who handled all of Nat's affairs in the States. She was there to pick up Nat's share of the loot, and to arrange for the next shipment. I made the necessary arrangements to receive the next shipment, provided a shipping address to Peter and Jill and gave a heads up to the dynamic duo of Frenchy and Paul. Jill then returned to Nepal.

Lo and behold, about ten days later, the pooch was at the airport. We followed the same procedure as before. This time, as I followed in my decoy car, I was completely tense. There had to be a safer and cleaner way to do this deal, but to my amazement everything went off like clockwork.

I had now figured out the safest way to bring the hashish-running dogs in without any exposure to U.S. customs. I would arrange for a customs broker to pick up the pooch. He would deliver it to a veterinarian, who then would check the dog's health and board him until I had someone pick up the pooch. I arranged for all of this over the phone, using an alias. We also used an alias to open checking accounts, specifically for the purpose of paying the customs broker and the vet. We would case out the vet's location to make sure there was no heat on the scene, and a week or so later, someone using the alias would come in, pay the vet and pickup our Mastiff. It was beautiful. It was impossible to get busted. We would see them before they saw us. Maybe Peter was right; maybe the Man was dead.

After handling my second shipment, Peter was supposed to fly to India and meet up with Nat to hand over his share of the loot. But, as usual, Peter was too busy with his music. In addition, he'd decided that he didn't want to deal directly with Nat. Apparently, Nat was a paranoid freak, and being on the run hadn't helped his disposition. So Peter suggested that I go instead, and bring Nat his loot. When I heard Peter's proposal, my mind traveled to India on clouds of Nepalese hashish. I jumped at the chance.

The plan was for me to fly to Bombay, and then on to Goa, on India's coast, where I would meet up with Nat and Jill. Peter got his hands on some Bolivian flake cocaine as a present for Nat. He thought this would help break the ice, since Nat was expecting Peter and not me. I packed the coke in a tube of toothpaste and off I flew.

As I flew to Bombay, my thoughts were on what lay ahead. I had prepared for Nat by bringing along a half-dozen shipping addresses, details of the new pick-up method and, of course, the nose candy. I went through customs in Bombay without a hitch, checked into the Taj Mahal Hotel and proceeded to explore the city. Traveling in India in 1970 was dirty and cheap. My room at the Taj Mahal Hotel cost US \$26 per night. I immediately found a willing taxi driver to get me some hash and show me around Bombay. There I was, 23 years old in Bombay, India, determined to rendezvous with my destiny. Two days later I flew down to Goa to meet Nat.



TheTaj Mahal Hotel

Before I go any further with my tale, let me put 1970 India in perspective. Ganja was legally sold around all Hindu temples under license from the government. It just wasn't taken seriously. As part of the Hindu religion, every year all Hindus must partake in ganja on Shivrati, Lord Shiva's birthday. In addition, Muslims smoked hashish, since Islam forbade the consumption of alcohol. To Indians, ganja was an ordinary thing and had been part of their culture for thousands of years.

Goa at the time was a hippie nirvana. A house on the beach rented for no more than \$10 U.S. per month. Of course, there was no electricity, and only well water. Fish and chips with a salad and beer cost about a dollar. In other words, one could live well for around \$100 U.S. per month, and that included all of the ganja one could possibly smoke. Between the nude hippies on the beach practicing hedonistic tribal rites, and the full moon acid parties, Goa had to be the wildest place in the universe at the time.



The Goa Beach Party

In those days, one could catch a hippie bus from either London or Amsterdam for around 100 British pounds or less. The bus would travel overland through western Europe, and then on to Greece, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India and, finally, to the end of the drug trail at Kathmandu, Nepal. For \$10 U.S. per kilo one could purchase Afghan cream hashish in Kabul, the finest Chitrali hashish in Pakistan or the best Nepali Fingers. In India, hash cost a bit more, due to its high demand there, and besides, the good Kashmiri hashish always fetched a higher price.

The price back home was edging towards \$2000 per kilo for good hashish in the early 1970s, fifty bucks an ounce wholesale for the best in New York City. The price was higher in Canada and Australia, more than double the New York price. The prices in Europe were half or less than in New York. The pricing really depended on the risk, the risk being potential legal penalties.

Amsterdam has always had the least severe penalties. There the penalty would amount to having one's dope confiscated, the assessment of a fine and a three to six month jail sentence. After release, should the smuggler wish, he or she would be deported back to India. If a European was caught packing ganja into the States, the punishment was the same as in Amsterdam, three to six months in jail followed by deportation. In Canada

and Australia one would have to do some time. A first time offender in America would likely face probation at the worst, depending on the quantity involved. The greater the quantity, the greater chance that one would serve time. Believe me, compared to the 21st century, the Man was dead.

As I landed at the Goa airport I wondered just what Nat would be like. I got off the plane and headed towards the terminal to pick up my suitcases. As I was on an internal Indian flight, it wasn't necessary for me to go through customs. There were a lot of hippies and Indian taxi drivers and nobody really acknowledged me, so I called out, "Is Nat Finkelstein in the house?"

An old-looking hippie responded by yelling out, "You idiot! You just blew my cover!" With that, I presumed that I had found my man.

There was someone else lurking in the background who I thought I recognized as being from New York, but with Nat still yelling at me I didn't pay any mind to him. On the way to the Mandovi Hotel, Nat continued yelling at me about his blown cover. I noticed a car following close behind. When we arrived at the hotel, I put two and two together and said hello to Todd. He was here courting Nat for business as well. I had met Todd at Brooklyn Tony's. Tony had some friends who sailed back from the Yucatan with a huge load of weed. Their yacht was named Mary Jane, and they sailed the load right up the Hudson River. The 1960s were beautiful. Todd had been at Tony's buying some of the load, as was I.

After I checked into my room, I reported to Nat, gave him his money and told him I was ready to do business. With that, he barked at me, "Why would I do business with a stupid shit like you?"

I barked back that this stupid shit had just handled his last four shipments safely, and that if he continued to be an asshole I was going to return to my room and enjoy the Bolivian Flake I had brought for him as a gift "... so fuck you, Nat!"

When I mentioned the coke, he became sweet. "Oh, you brought me some coke! Now that I think about it, how did we ever expect you to be able to recognize me? Can I have some?"

"Tomorrow," I responded. Both Todd and Jill looked at me like I was crazy. Obviously I knew little of Nat's reputation. But I was just playing. I had the coke in my pocket, and I brought it out. He reached for it, but I wouldn't give it to him until he paid me for it, plus a little something extra for me. He begrudgingly returned some of the money I had just paid him for the hash. He then disappeared into the bathroom for the rest of our stay in Goa. What a crazy old fuck. He would lock himself in the bathroom and

inject cocaine until he was totally nuts and half dead.

Nat was a basket case. He was a walking arsenal. He carried one gun in his shoulder bag along with two or three knives, a gun in one of his boots, a knife in the other boot and more guns and knives in other pockets. Oh, did I mention the handcuffs? Nat was ready for God knows what. In those days, the only airport metal detectors were located in international terminals. As was the case in the U.S. at the time, they were not used for domestic flights. Nat was a heavily armed, cocaine-induced, paranoid freak. He looked sort of like he belonged in the days of Genghis Khan—a Mongol warrior.

We headed for Nepal, first flying to Bombay, and from there to New Delhi. In Delhi we split up. Todd and Nat went overland to Nepal while Jill and I would fly to Kathmandu. Nat had rented a house for me near his own in Boudha, just outside of Kathmandu. It was known as the Double Dorge house. Boudha is the site of one of Buddhism's most important pilgrimages. It is there that the Boudhanath stupa has stood for thousands of years, created from a tear of the Goddess of Compassion, with the eyes of Buddha gazing in all four directions. Once in a Buddhist's life he must go to the stupa and pray. Boudha was also the first place Tibetan refugees would come after escaping from communist China.



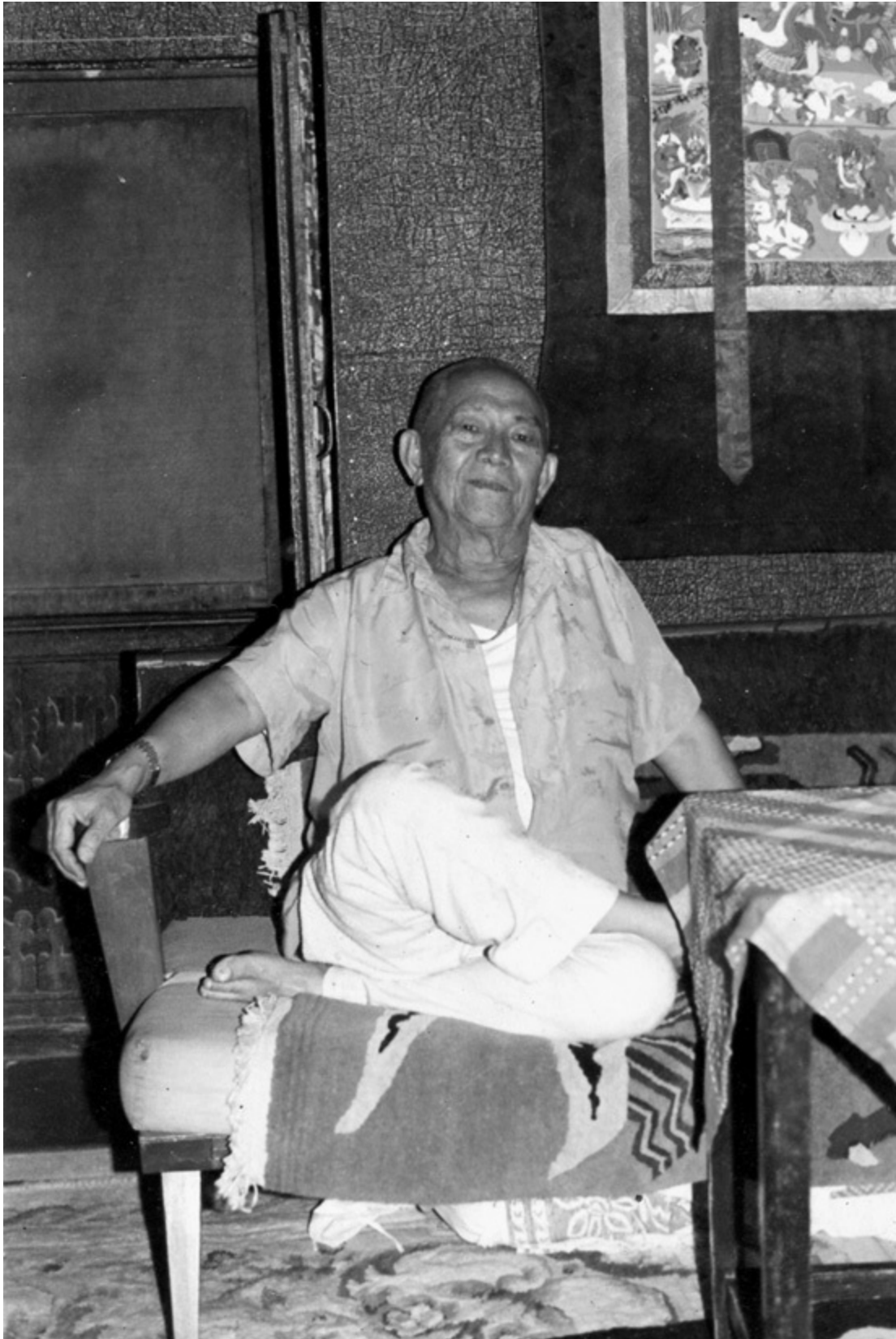
Double Dorge house



Boudha Valley 1970

Boudha was like Dodge City compared to the rest of Nepal. It was full of Khampa guerrillas, who came to Boudha to unwind from fighting the Chinese, and of course, Mad Nat the American gangster. That's how the Nepalese referred to Nat, because he was always angry. Boudha at the time was so notorious that no cab driver would go there. They would drop off their passengers in Chabahil, a couple of miles down the road. From there, they either walked or took a bus. Boudha was also the seat of His Holiness the Chine Lama, the pope of the Buddhist church of Nepal and caretaker of the great Boudhanath stupa.

The Chine Lama was a feudal king, who owned everything and everyone. His word was law. He spoke 28 languages and as a boy at the turn of the 20th century, was the first Nepalese Buddhist to study English in Calcutta. He studied with all the tantric masters, and was a renowned tantric magician. The Chine Lama was all-powerful and everyone bowed in front of His Holiness. At the time I met him he was already in his seventies.



The Chine Lama

One of the more famous stories of the Grand Lama was that during the 1960s there were several attempts to assassinate King Mahendra, the

Hindu king of Nepal. He came to the Chinese Lama for help, and the Grand Lama gave him an amulet of a miniature phurba ceremonial dagger. The amulet was supposed to have belonged to the great Buddhist saint Padma Sambava, who is credited with introducing Buddhism to Tibet in the 7th century AD. To test the amulet, they hung it on a live goat and then fired a .50 caliber machine gun at it. Not one bullet hit home. Afterwards, the King was driving in his Land Rover when a bomb exploded underneath his vehicle. Everyone in it was killed except for King Mahendra, who was blown out of the vehicle and remained unscathed. That Land Rover is on display at a museum in Kathmandu.

Nat was on the road, heading to Nepal. Jill was paying all their bills that were due, and she invited me along to meet the Grand Lama. Evidently, Nat had been short of funds before he left to meet me in Goa, and it didn't take His Holiness more than a second to realize that I was the money man. He treated me like his long lost son, and offered me a ring from his finger. I could see the rage in Jill's eyes as His Holiness handed me a fabulous pure gold and turquoise ring.

When Nat finally reached Boudha and heard the story of the ring, and that the Chinese had referred to me as his son, he went nuts. He began using one of Peter's eight-by-ten promotional photos for target practice. Nat must have been a really colorful character to the Nepalese back then. He would dress completely in black: boots, hats, the whole bit, and then ride over to the stupa on his Tibetan pony with a whip in hand, which he wouldn't hesitate to use if anyone got in his way.

Hashish and marijuana were totally legal in Nepal at the time. A license to sell or buy hashish was 1000 rupees (back then, \$100 U.S.) per year. The only danger of being busted was when departing from the airport. In the event of such a bust, the smuggler would spend the night in jail and the next day be required to pay a \$100 U.S. fine. Afterwards, he or she would be offered the opportunity of buying back the confiscated hash from the police at a cut-rate price. It was perfectly allowable to possess any amount within the country. It was only illegal to take it across the border.



From then on Nat gave me tasks to keep busy with while Todd and he worked out their scheme. I built a false bottom in a Volkswagen camper for him, which he used successfully. Todd's plan was to ship a load of hash hidden in a crate holding a miniature Tibetan pony. The Chine Lama scoured the Himalayas to find such an animal. What they found was a rare dwarf Tibetan pony, a real jug-head with a cranium bigger than its body. It was mean, too. He would bite and kick when anyone came close to him. Our plan was to truck the pony and the crate overland to Bombay, and have it loaded on a 747 for the trip to JFK. I helped build the crate, including a belly strap to hold the pony in place.

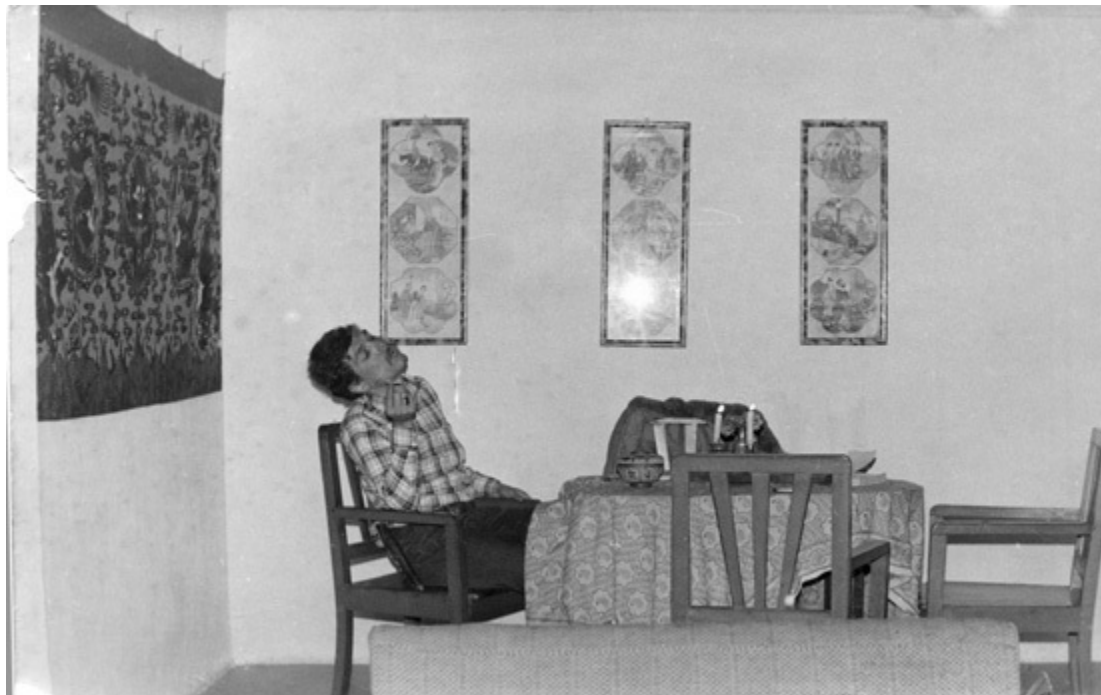
At night, Nat would lock himself in the bathroom and inject cocaine. One night, he overdosed and we had to place him in a tub of ice water and give him valium in order to get him to come down. The plan was for me to remain in Nepal while Todd and Nat drove the loaded van down to Bombay. I invested some of my own dough in both these scams. They trucked the pony to Bombay and boarded it at the Santa Cruz race-track. When horse trainers or jockeys would come over to look at our pony, they laughed hysterically. They couldn't believe we were sending that jug headed pony to New York. What they didn't know was that 100 kilos of the finest Nepalese hashish would be accompanying it.

When the pony arrived at JFK, it was placed in quarantine, where it immediately became sick, and came close to death. "Panama", Todd's connection in New York City, made a ballsy play. He called the quarantine

station and told them that he needed the crate to return another animal in exchange for the pony. With that, they sprayed-cleaned the box and released it to one of Panama's people. Two days later the horse died in quarantine.

During this time, Nat was sending me telegrams from India, saying he was not going to pay me my cut unless I cleared out of Nepal. I went to the Chine Lama's house and explained the situation. I also told him that hash was going for \$2000 per kilo back in New York City.

With that, the Grand Lama, from a full lotus position, flew into the air, ran over to me and exclaimed, "Son, you and I are now 50/50 partners! Agreed? In addition, I will not allow Nat to return to Nepal. OK?"



In an instant I had become the new boss in Boudha, and Nat never did come back to Nepal again. I had pulled off a coup d'etat. Ganesh, the Chine Lama's son, immediately saw to my protection, because he thought Nat would come back to Boudha to kill me. Supposedly, Nat had hired private detectives to watch me and a hit team to assassinate me, but the Nepali police turned them back.

Nat also sent Todd up to talk to me. Todd had been tortured by Nat before coming up, I presume in order to force him to swear his allegiance to Nat, but he instead became my partner. The whole ball of wax was now in my hands. When the Chine first decreed Nat's removal, for security reasons Ganesh had moved me out of the Double Dorje house and into another one of his houses in Chabahil.

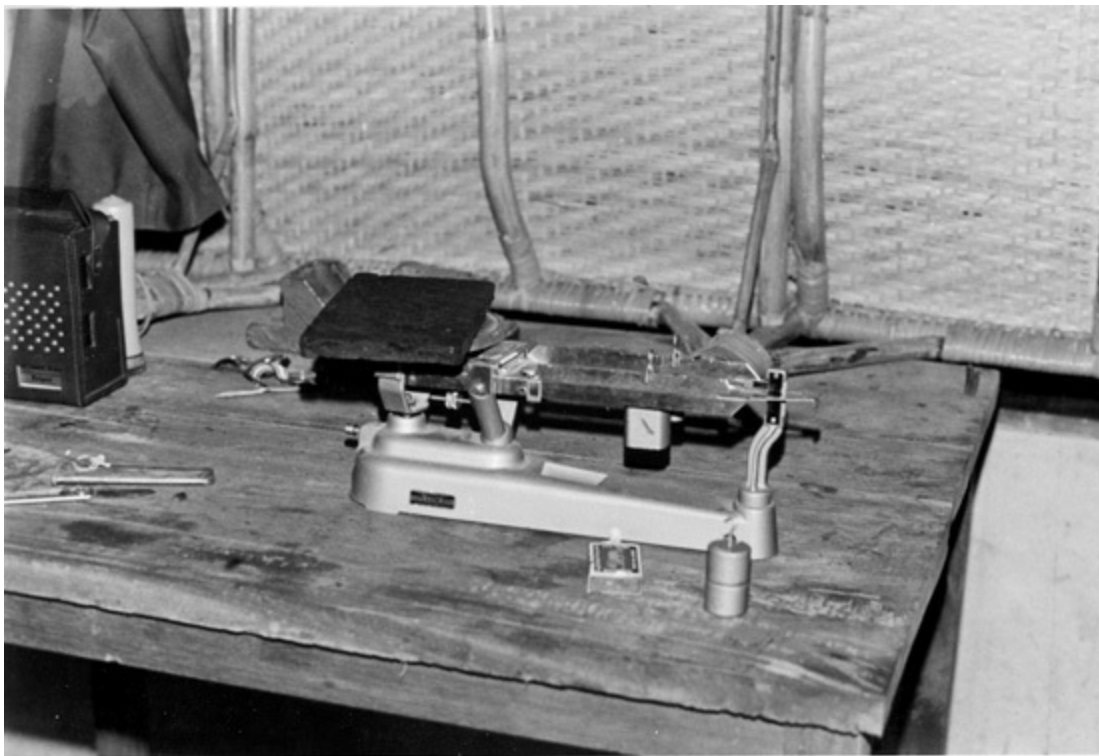


Author standing on Ganesh's deck with Boudhanath Stupa in background

I was soon building my own crates. The first boxes I built were sort of like doggie condos. I shipped four Lhasa Apsos in two boxes side by side, and the new pick-up method worked smoothly. Mark, an old high school friend had made all of the arrangements. The first shipment went to Indianapolis.

Shortly, Mark would arrive in Nepal.

I was now using Nat's old house to build my crates. All of the work was done by hand, by a Nepalese carpenter who never saw any hashish. I would fill the frames and do the actually gluing. Once the plywood was glued together, I would call the carpenter back to put the crate together. The Chine Lama's grandsons pressed all the hashish into blocks, which we would pack into the plywood. The press we used consisted of a car jack and an iron frame rig. It was very primitive, but it worked. I weighed the hash on a triple-beam scale before pressing it, so that all of the blocks were of exactly the same size. It was a family operation.



The Chine Lama would perform a huge puja (ritual ceremony) before each shipment left. He would also have the eyes of the Boudhanath Stupa painted so no one would be able to learn of our activities. We hoisted prayer flags, washed the temple and fed poor people the food we had offered to the stupa. All of the monasteries offered prayers and temple bells chimed. It was magical and special. We had an astrologer pick the exact dates; we left no metaphysical stone unturned.



Kathmandu was a hippie paradise in those days. \$100 U.S. then was equivalent to \$1000 U.S. today. In fact, in 1970, one U.S. dollar was worth ten rupees at the bank rate. Today, that same dollar is equivalent to 75 rupees. For a dollar, one could stay at the Kathmandu Guest House, including a hot shower. A great meal cost a dollar and a kilo of hashish cost ten dollars or less. There were coffee houses like The Cabin, where customers could buy hashish and ganja and smoke all they wanted while listening to the latest Stones album, eating ganja cookies and drinking milk shakes. The menu was extensive and exotic. The Cabin was run by Mr. Rana; a major supplier in the market. The majority of his hash went to his mostly Danish group of smugglers, who also lived in Boudha and certainly added to the notorious reputation Boudha had at that time. The Danes drank, smoked and partied 24/7.



Dragon Hashish Shop, Kathmandu

The Inn Eden was run by D. D. Sharma. It was an office-type showroom with jars containing different varieties of hash lining the walls. Occasionally, Mr. Sharma had pharmaceutical cocaine from Germany, sealed in brown bottles. It was of the finest quality and cost about \$100 U.S. for a sealed one-ounce bottle. The sign on his building read “We ship ANYTHING ANYWHERE ANYTIME”.





People smoked openly without fear, as it was legal. Hippie vans, most of which were sold in Nepal or shipped back to the west full of hash, were in abundance. Most of the local buses were old hippie vans converted to buses. For fifty paisa (five cents American) one could catch a bus from Boudha to Kathmandu. My hash suppliers at that time were the Serchan brothers, a Thakali clan who have historically produced most of Nepal's hash. Everything was out in the open. I would go by his warehouse and choose my kilos from the tons in stock. Later, he would deliver it to my house quite legally.

Nepal was beautiful. Using my \$100 U.S. license to trade in hashish and ganja in the Kingdom of Nepal I would rent a helicopter and fly to Ra Ra Lake (the highest lake in Nepal) in the Humla Jumla district. There I would buy out the area's complete production of Spaghetti Finger Hash, fly it back to Kathmandu, declare it at customs and pay the 35 rupees (\$3.50 U.S.) per kilo tax. I would then load it in my car and drive it home—all completely legal. Through the Chine Lama and his son Ganesh, I had connections all the way to the King, but the Home Minister, Mr. Shrestha, was especially sweet, as he extended my stay in Nepal and afforded me his protection.



Ganesh and the Author



Ganesh and Bob Kimball aka Mr Todd

Ganesh handled Nepalese customs. I would deliver the pooch to Third Eye Tour and they would handle all the shipping and customs formalities.

Nobody knew there was hashish inside the plywood crate. After all, these were rare Tibetan Mastiffs. The payoff to customs went through Third Eye Tour. They handled everything. I was on a mission to send a pooch to every major city in America. I was sending crates to Panama, Todd's connection, and to my old pal Mark. I had a garage full of crates ready to go.

Nat, by this time, was living in Madras, southern India.

Everyday I would go to have lunch with Father, as I now referred to the Chine Lama. He would teach me about Buddhism and about Tibetan and Nepalese art, which he bought and sold. The Tibetan Khampa guerrillas were fighting the Chinese, who had taken their country. Tibet was in the midst of Mao's Cultural Revolution, and the Khampas were trained and controlled by the CIA. These Tibetans were paid in crisp new hundred dollar bills. The artwork escaping from the Cultural Revolution was amazing, and a lot of it passed through the Chine Lama's hands.

I moved back to Boudha and to the Double Dorje house. It was a huge walled compound. I rented the rooms of the house in Chabahil to the beautiful hippie chicks who came my way. Once, in Asan Tole, two coolies motioned me to come over to them. They pointed to two huge baskets both of which were full of the finest Nepalese gold ganja I had ever seen. I paid them 100 rupees (\$10 U.S.) per basket. Each contained 35 kilos of ganja, so for \$20 I bought over 150 pounds of weed. I loaded it into my Jeep, and drove it home. Afterwards, I just passed it out for free to hippies and yogis who passed my way.

My favorite place to smoke a bowl was Pashupatinath Temple, a 2000 year-old Hindu Temple. Only Hindus were allowed inside, but others could walk behind it and sit on a hill in a grove of phallic symbols. The Bagmati River passed below, and this was where the Nepalese Hindus were cremated. Upstream the river becomes very shallow. Along its banks, there are caves that the yogis use for meditation. Some had taken a vow of silence. It is there I would go to get high. I would bring food to the yogis, sit with them and offer them ganja or hash. They would prepare a chillum (a cone-shaped pipe used in India for smoking hashish or ganja), and we would smoke to God (Bom Shiva Shankar, BomBolay).



PV at his restaurant

I developed a friendship with Prabhakar from PV's Restaurant in Kathmandu. A lot of times I would go there to eat, hang out and smoke hash. Prabhakar helped me immensely. I wasn't familiar with India and he was, so he became a front man for the pooches being shipped from Calcutta, India. I had the Nepalese Police deliver my pooches to Calcutta,

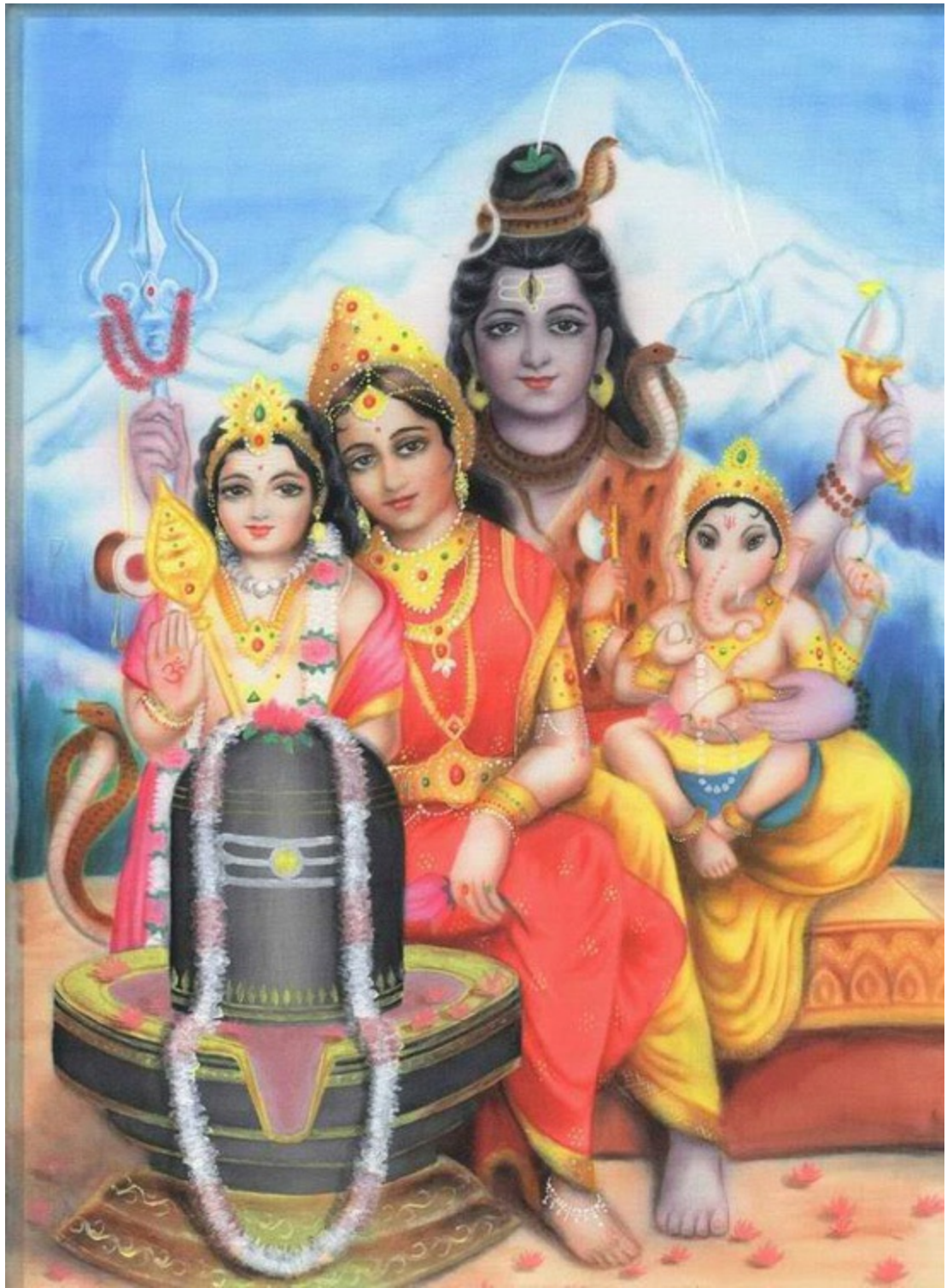
and Prabhakar would handle the rest. We now had both Mark and Panama to keep supplied. Not only was I living in hippie nirvana, I was a hippie king!

Nepal was just a backwater in the 1970s, not the crowded mess it is today. No crime, no pollution, what happened? The true king of Nepal, King Mahendra, died in 1972. I will never forget that day. Everything stopped in Nepal. A monsoon was upon the valley, and the radio played the most somber ragas ever heard. When a King of Nepal dies, a Brahman priest is paid to take all of the King's bad karma so that he can go immediately to paradise.

Richard Nixon was re-elected president of the U.S. in 1972. In 1973, he would create the DEA, the Drug Enforcement Administration, to replace the corruption-ridden Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

My main problem was that I was running out of Mastiffs. These dogs were mean and vicious. They were used to herd yaks in the mountains, and to protect the herds from leopards. They are basically non-trainable. I believe Panama adopted the dogs out to farmers. I usually fed the dogs some quaaludes before they left so they would be nice and sedated for the trip, but they were mean as hell when they woke up.

Ganesh the elephant-headed God refers to the son of Lord Shiva and his consort Parvati. Shiva, in a fit of jealous rage, cut his own son's head off when he saw him suckling Parvati's breast. Ganesh immediately grew an elephant's head in its place. Ganesh is a lucky god.





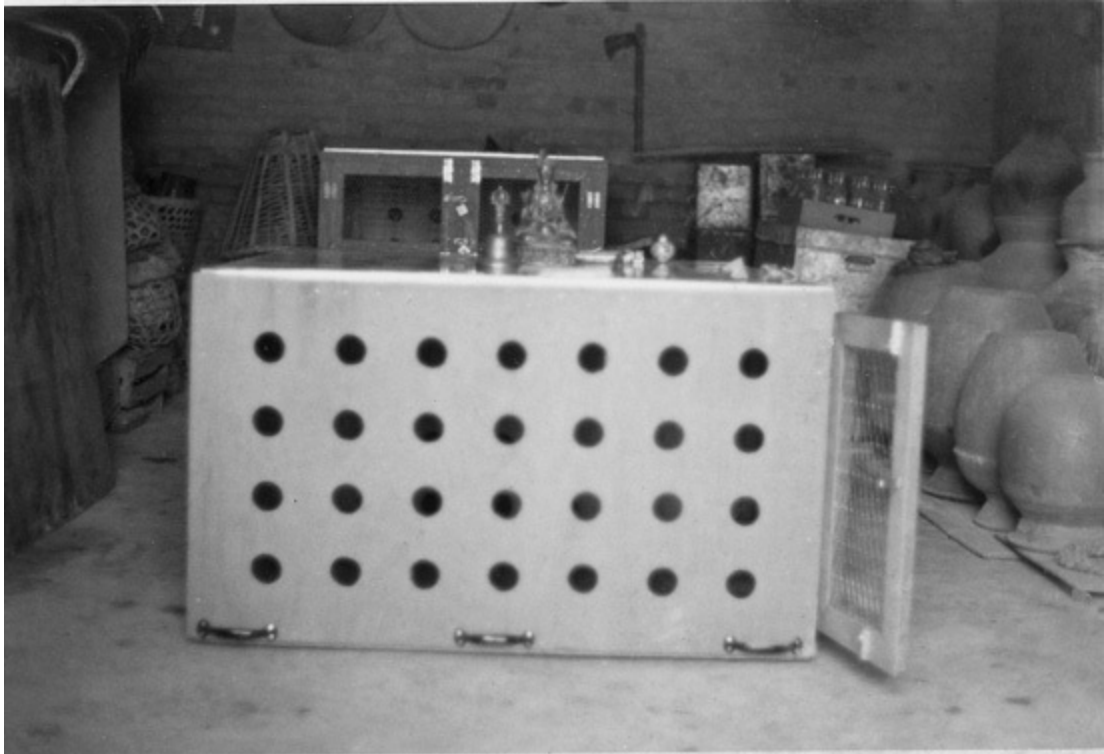
The Chinese Lama's son had recently introduced me to Kazi, the director of the Kathmandu Zoo. I went to the zoo and checked out all of the different Nepalese wildlife. Kazi wanted to exchange some Nepalese species for some chimpanzees as an attraction for the zoo, and asked whether I could help. We arranged to meet again. After this visit, Ganesh took me to see a baby elephant he wanted me to buy and send to New York. It sounded great to me. The big news was Nixon's visit to China and the opening of relations between the U.S. and China. As part of this effort the Chinese sent a gift of two pandas to the American people. I therefore thought that a deal in which we exchanged four Nepalese lesser pandas for two chimpanzees was perfectly feasible. The lesser panda is a much smaller cousin of the great Giant panda of China, which is also quite rare. It looks sort of like a raccoon.

Mark was due to visit, and when he arrived I laid out our new plan. He was as excited as I was, and I even took him to see my baby elephant. After he left, I had two pooches ready to ship to Panama with the finest Nepalese finger hash. Everything was a go, and off the two pooches went: one to Philadelphia and one to Boston, or so I thought. The crates were stopped at Nepalese customs. I received a message from Father, who had the only phone in Boudha at the time. He explained the situation, and told me to stay away from my house in case the police came. I told him that I would hide out at Prabhakar's restaurant, and that he could contact me there. Ganesh went to the airport to see what he could do, while I went to Kathmandu to wait it out. The police would not come to Boudha from

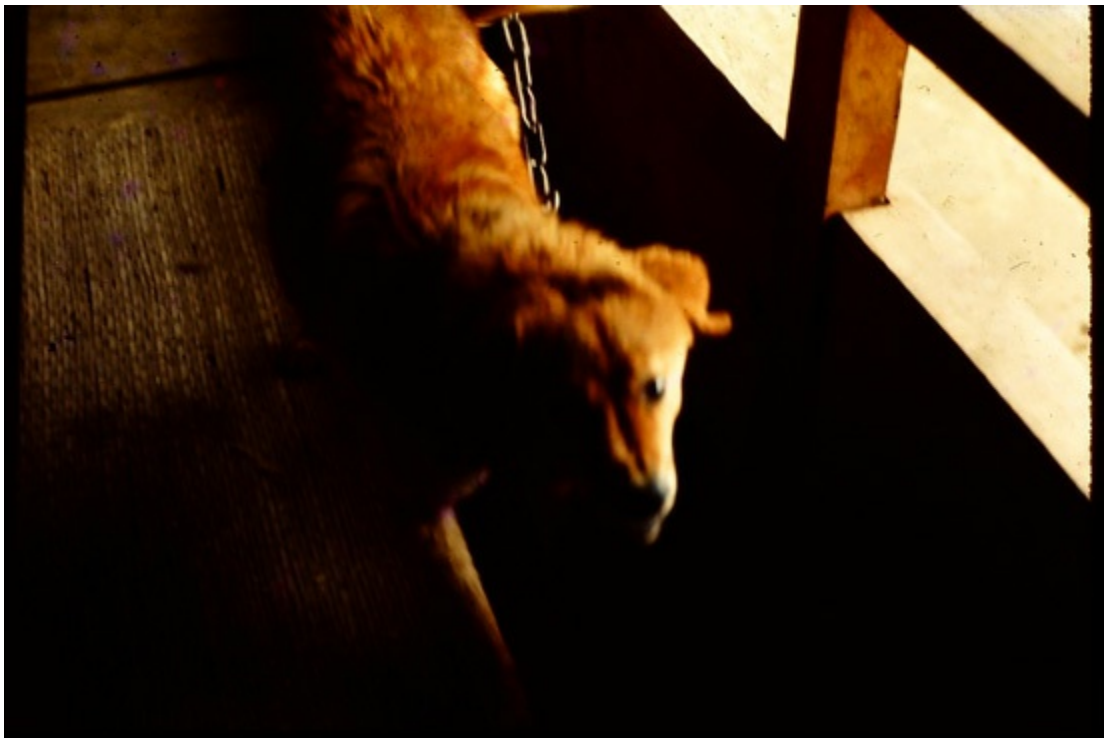
Kathmandu (there were no police in Boudha at the time) without forewarning the Chine Lama.

I had to buy back my pooches from customs. They finally realized that I was actually shipping hashish. Someone tried to copy my method, and sloppily offered a bribe to customs. That's when they realized what I had been doing, and for how long. I never told them I was sending hashish, just rare Tibetan dogs. In the end, I paid them off fat, they returned my pooches and that was that. I went back home to Boudha, and everything was cool. But the days of me being able to ship dogs and buy lunch for the customs agents were over. I now had a new partner, and he wasn't my friend. So I decided to ship the two pooches from India and avoid the hassle.

In Nepal, Third Eye Tour handled everything. Exporting from Nepal had been a fantasyland, but India was a different story. First, I made arrangements through Ganesh to have the Nepalese Police deliver my pooches to India. Once they were in India, someone had to sign the cargo papers, show their passport and pay the shipping charges. Prabhakar recruited a hippie in his restaurant who was broke and heading to India. When he offered him \$200 U.S. plus his expenses to Calcutta in return for shipping the two Mastiffs, he jumped at the chance. As I said, Mastiffs were scarce so I sent my personal Black Mastiff, Kali, who was a sweetheart. The other Mastiff was a total psycho. When he was fed, his bowl would have to be slid over to him because he bit everyone. He was impossible, but he was all I had. Prabhakar would sedate him well.



Finished Dog Crate



The psycho Mastiff

I sent Prabhakar ahead to Calcutta, and a few days later I followed. While in Calcutta, I usually stayed at the Park Hotel. From there I would hover in the background and watch my team at work. The Nepalese Police delivered my crates to Prabhakar. A few days later, the psycho Mastiff was

on BOAC airlines on his way to Boston via London. The following day, the next pooch was off to Philadelphia, on BOAC via London as well. I wired Panama and wished him a happy birthday, which was our prearranged code to let him know that the crates were on their way. The plan was for us to go on to New Delhi, wait a couple of days for Panama to confirm that he had received the dogs, and then head back to Kathmandu by road. Everything went as smooth as ice, so off I went to New Delhi. In Delhi, I checked in to my usual hotel, the Janpath Hotel. It was there that I received a telegram from Panama stating that the crates were empty and that I had ripped him off.

I immediately went back to Nepal, and back in Boudha the Chinese Lama, Ganesh and I met. Our theory was that this was a rip-off engineered by Panama for Nat, a payback for my earlier coup d'état in Boudha. The truth followed shortly thereafter. The psycho Mastiff had eaten his way through the sides of the crate, and gotten loose in the cargo bay. When the plane landed in London, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (RSPCA) had to tranquilize the pooch with a dart rifle. The RSPCA decided that my crate was no longer fit for the Mastiff to travel in, so they put him in one of their own and sent him on to Boston. They burned my crate, and the tremendous smell it exuded as it burned revealed the secret of its contents. They nabbed the crate going to Philadelphia as well.

The article in the a London paper stated that dozens of these Mastiffs had transited London through the years, and that the authorities had no idea who was behind the hashish smuggling dogs. It was a sad day in Boudha. The only saving grace was that the dogs were shipped from India, not Nepal, so there was no way they could be traced back to us. The only name the heat had was that of the hippie to whom we had paid two hundred dollars to ship our crates, and I had never met him. Nobody was busted in all the years this scam went on. Meanwhile, I had a garage full of completed dog crates. I had them pulled apart, and stored the hashish for another day. Todd brought the newspaper article with him when he returned to Nepal.

Todd proposed a new deal, and since I had plenty of hash I went along with it. Father arranged to have a loaded suitcase checked through Nepalese customs. Todd would fly back to Boston. There, a baggage handler would divert his suitcase to a commercial flight going on to New York, prior to it passing through customs. Todd would clear customs and then head over to the domestic air terminal, where he would be slipped the baggage ticket before catching his flight to New York. Upon arriving at

New York, he would just pick up the bag. The bag never saw customs.

It sounded beautiful, but getting out of Nepal was the lynch pin. The bag was a silver aluminum Haliburton suitcase. We packed the bag to the brim with hashish, and glued it shut to make it air tight and that was it. On the other side they would have to break open the bag or cut it with an acetylene torch. Todd booked his ticket at Thai Airways, the plan was for him to fly to Calcutta, transit to London, then on to Boston. The Chine Lama handled the arrangement at the airport with Nepalese Customs, so the fix was in, and a few days later Todd headed to the airport to catch his flight, which was carefully routed so he and his bags would meet in Boston. At the counter was the same Thai Airways agent who had booked his ticket, who then checked his luggage. After going through Immigration he proceeded through Customs and there was that silver aluminum suitcase. The fix was not in!

It took Nepalese Customs several hours to open that bag and officially arrest Mr. Todd, who was sent to Hanuman Dhoka, the Nepalese jail in Kathmandu. The law allowed for possession of as much hash as one wished, but it was illegal to export it. Normally in these cases the smuggler would go to court, pay a hundred dollar fine, and then buy his hash back from the police, with a warning! Nepal was beautiful.

Hanuman Dhoka jail in Kathmandu was built in the 18th century or earlier, and directly in front of the prison is a huge statue of Bhairab, the Lord of Death! If you lie in front of the statue, you die. That was the Nepalese superstition. Todd was on the run with a false passport, and after he was fingerprinted, sooner or later they would find out he was wanted in the US. Todd was freaking out and calling the Chine's house. I was there for the calls and told him to relax. He was released the next day after paying his \$100 fine, but we had just lost our third shipment in a row! Father suggested Todd go chill out at his village, Melamche, about a 3-4 day walk from Kathmandu. When the heat was on this is where we would go and hide out. The Chine Lama sent his grandson Dharma along with Todd and the supplies needed. Porters would carry messages back and forth, and for entertainment there was the BBC on short-wave radio. It was a paradise.

A few weeks later I received a letter from Mark. He had bought two chimpanzees that had once performed for the Ringling Brothers circus, and which he would be sending soon. Ganesh arranged a meeting with Kazi and we went to the zoo. Kazi showed us the small pandas for which I would have to build strong cages. They would travel in pairs but separated just like my doggie condos. Two crates would hold the two pairs of

pandas. The beauty of this deal was that it was a zoological exchange from His Majesty's Government of Nepal to a zoo in Ohio. Mark even got the zoo to pay for the Chimpanzees and the shipping fees. They really wanted those lesser pandas, and we really wanted those crates.



From one zoological society to another, how beautiful was that? I went to work on the crates. First, I unpacked some of my hashish and found it dry. I went to Father's house and asked the Grand Lama to get me ten kilos of opium. The Chinese Lama was amazing, he knew everyone. The next day over lunch at Father's house, the Pakistani ambassador to Nepal delivered a case of Scotch whiskey. They disappeared into Father's room, and then the ambassador left. About a half-hour later, the Chinese ambassador showed up with a box and went into Father's room, and then left with the case of scotch and I now had my 10 kilos of opium.

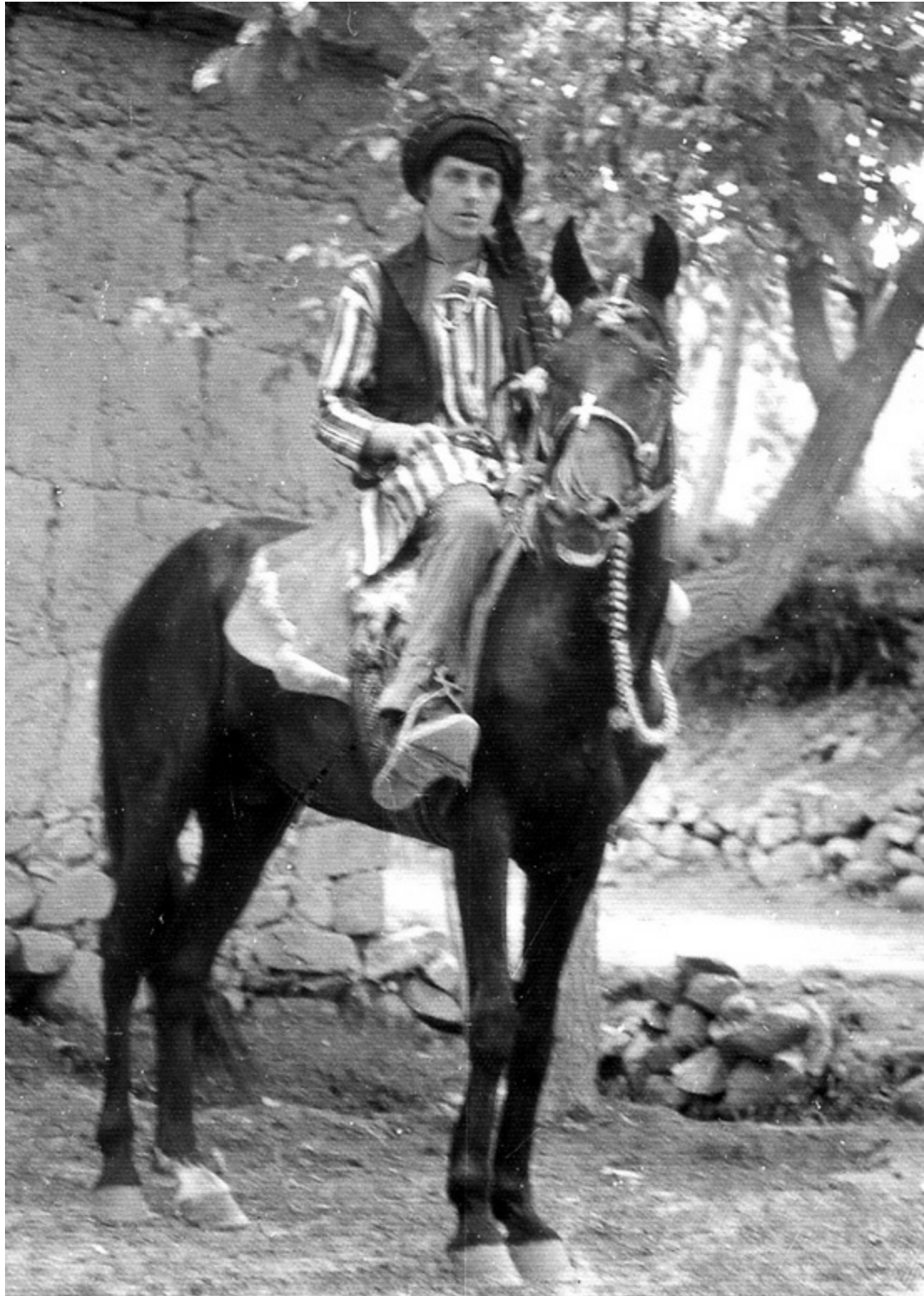
I crumbled 40 kilos of hash, mixed it with the ten kilos of opium and repressed it. I built these crates especially strong, with iron bars to cover up the weight of the 25 kilos that each crate carried. Both crates were identical in weight. I covered the plywood with tin on both sides. They were very well built.

Ganesh delivered the boxes to Kazi at the zoo, and he handled all of the shipping arrangements. A few days later they were shipped. Because of their rarity, the lesser pandas were afforded especially fast delivery and treatment. They made it, and Mark got his hands on those crates and sold

what was probably the only genuine opiated hashish ever to reach the U.S. At the time, white lines of mold on most Nepalese hash were thought by some to indicate opiated hash. The Nepalese at the time would hand rub the ganja plants to make hashish. The moisture from this process would result in white mold. Usually, my pressing process would squeeze out whatever moisture was present

The temple bells rang out in Boudha. We had come full circle again. The opiated hashish brought a higher price and it took Mark about a month before he made it back to Nepal to celebrate. Mark had sold some of the load to Panama and had brought along Panama's next venture. We would exchange two North American black bears for two Himalayan black bears. It was the summer monsoon season in Nepal. I would wait until the fall when the fresh hashish was made. I ordered 100 kilos of the finest hashish that the Serchan brothers made, and waited for the monsoon season to end.

That summer I met Afghan Ted, who had driven from Afghanistan in his converted Mercedes Benz ambulance with two wives and two huge Afghan fighting dogs, that were twice as big as any Tibetan Mastiff. Ted was quite a character, who always had the best hand-pressed Afghani. We rented him Nat's old place, and the parties went on 24/7. Ted would become a life-long friend.



AfgahnTed

Mushroom John and Victoria Wells opened a disco in Kathmandu. It had mirrored walls and a wooden dance floor, the newest sounds from the West and the best smoke. They called it the Rose Mushroom and on his business card he stated that the drug trail ended at the Rose Mushroom Disco in Kathmandu. Some Tibetans opened the Shambala Disco as well.

Spanish Khoury was building the Yin and Yang Hotel and Restaurant.  
Kathmandu was a never-ending party.



Victoria Wells, Mushroom John, English Andy Rose Mushroom Disco  
1972

The chimps were a big hit at the zoo, the Nepalis had named them Kancha and Kanchi, and a running account of their antics were covered daily by all the Nepalese newspapers. They behaved like human beings and would tip their hats to anyone who would give them a cigarette. The Nepalese loved them. Even King Birendra came to see Kancha and Kanchi. The zoo made more money off those chimps than any other exhibit in its history.

A few weeks after Mark left, I got the word that the bears from America had arrived. Ganesh and I met with Kazi at the zoo. I explained that a zoologist from America would come to handle the shipping and paperwork. Kazi was very happy with the chimps. I asked him if it was possible to get a baby rhino out of Nepal. To Kazi, this was a straight zoological exchange: he had no idea there was hash built into the crates.

I went home to Boudha to build the crates. I had already received my hashish from Mr. Serchan, and the Chine Lama's grandsons were graciously pressing it into placks for me. The crates I designed were the strongest I had ever built, and were ready to go in about two weeks.



Everything was set, as we awaited Panama's zoologist. During that time, a hippie visitor appeared at my door. He told me that Nat had been busted in Madras. Unbeknownst to me, Nat had been in the process of sending two sloth bears to the U.S. in care of our friend Panama. The word had gotten

back to Nat about the success of the pandas. I couldn't really blame him for trying, but Nat's persona always managed to do him in. The sloth bears had been busted at the airport, and the police went directly back to Nat. But why would this hippie come all the way from Madras to warn me? What did he know? I asked him what this had to do with me, and he replied that he thought I ought to know. I really did not know what to make of it, and told the Chine Lama and Ganesh.

A few days later, Panama's zoologist, Jesse, arrived in Boudha. I explained the situation to him, and we called Panama, who gave the final go-ahead. Jesse fronted the whole operation in Nepal, while I stayed in the background. After all the arrangements were made, Jesse went back to the U.S. to await the shipment. The crates were delivered to Kazi, and a few days later the bears were on their way to San Francisco. And as they say, the rest is history.

At U.S. customs in San Francisco, the crates were drilled and the hashish discovered. The heat decided to allow the shipment to be delivered under their surveillance. The animal farm was at a remote location, so they discreetly watched the delivery from one vehicle. It was a foggy day in northern California. Two trucks were dispatched by Panama to pick up the bears, one in each truck. This threw a wrench into the plans of the police. They only had one car with which to follow the two trucks. The drivers picked up the bears and made their getaway. They actually lost the police and were home free.

## U.S. Customs Agents Bust Hashish Ring

REDDING, Calif. (AP) — An international hashish smuggling ring that has been using the cages of live Himalayan bears to hide contraband has been broken up in the mountains of northern California, federal agents say.

U.S. customs officers said Monday four men have been arrested and about half of an estimated \$500,000 worth of hashish has been recovered.

But the two bears used to transport the hashish escaped before agents closed in on the remote mountain town of Big Bend, 240 miles northeast of San Francisco, they added.

### Hole in Side

A hole drilled in the side of the shipping cage in New York led to the discovery that the hollowed-out tops and sides were packed with hashish, customs officers said. The bears were shipped from Katamandu, Nepal.

Agents said they followed secretly when Charles Woodson, 32, of San Francisco picked up the loaded cages last week at San Francisco international airport and drove to Big Bend in the Sierra.

One of the cages — and both bears — had vanished when authorities moved in. The cage that was recovered contained 32 two-pound bundles of hashish, it was reported.

Investigators said a hunter has reported killing one of the 200-pound bears, but the other bear and one cage believed to contain 64 pounds of hashish — were missing Monday.

### Friday Arrests

At Big Bend on Friday, agents arrested Kenneth Morrow, 24, of San Francisco and Peter Ibanez, 25, and Warren Pierce, 26, both of New York City.

U.S. Magistrate Joseph Aleck, at an arraignment Monday in Redding, reduced bail for Morrow from \$100,000 to \$40,000, for Ibanez from \$1 million to \$75,000 and for Pierce from \$1 million to \$100,000.

Woodson was also arraigned Monday with bail set at \$175,000. All were charged with smuggling.

Agents say a fifth person is being sought.

DAILY FACTS, Redlands, Calif.

Wednesday, December 6, 1972

## **Bear cage dope case expanding**

REDDING (UPI) — Authorities say they hope to arrest six more suspects in an alleged hashish smuggling scheme while they comb the hills near here in search of a key link in the case—a 250-pound Himalayan bear.

Law enforcement officials said Tuesday they expanded their investigation in the alleged Himalayan bear smuggling case to include six persons in San Francisco and New York. The six bring to total of seven the number of suspects being sought in the case.

Still missing in the hills near this Northern California community was a female Himalayan bear, black with a white blaze on its chest, and an estimated 64 pounds of hashish from Nepal, valued at \$288,000 in street sales.

Four men were arraigned earlier this week on smuggling charges in connection with the alleged trans-Pacific plan to ship bears from Nepal to an animal farm last month in San Juan Batista, south of San Francisco.

A customs agent said he detected the narcotics hidden in the animals' cages at the San Francisco International Airport.

The bears reached their destination Nov. 29 but were placed on a truck later in the day and transported toward Redding with customs agents trailing.

The truck was lost in heavy fog but was later found abandoned near Big Bend. One of the cages and 50 pounds of hashish were discovered along with the body of one bear, which had been shot by a hunter.

The other bear, the remaining 64 pounds of hashish and a suspect vanished.

# 2nd Bear Cage With Hashish Located

REDDING (AP) — A bear cage containing \$250,000 worth of hashish has been found on a lonely dirt road in the Sierra, but sheriff's deputies say one Himalayan bear and as many as six suspected smugglers are still at large.

The bear cage was found three miles from the spot where authorities found a companion cage four days earlier. Both cages at one time contained 200-pound bears shipped from Nepal.

The bearless cage contained 64 pounds of hashish concealed in its top and sides, said Shasta

County sheriff's Sgt. Wallace Gould. The other cage contained a similar amount of hashish. U. S. Customs officials tracked the cage from New York to San Francisco and then 240 miles northeast to the remote Sierra town of Big Bend, 40 miles east of Redding.

Four men have been arrested and arraigned on smuggling charges after the first cage was found near Big Bend.

A hunter reported shooting one of the Himalayan bears, but the second bear "is still up on the mountain somewhere, we suppose," Gould said.

It appeared the smugglers didn't have time to remove the hashish from the cages before officers swarmed into the area, Gould added.

"It looks like they were pretty hurried, he said. He said altogether 128 pounds of hashish valued at \$500,000 have been recovered.

Customs agents said they

discovered the hashish when the cages arrived in New York and notified officers in San Francisco, the destination of the air-shipped bears.

Agents said Charles Earl Woodson, 32, of San Francisco, was followed after he picked up the bears Saturday in a rented truck. Trailing officers lost track of the truck in fog.

Woodson was one of four men arrested after the truck and the first cage were found near Big Bend.

Gould said as many as six men may be sought in the case.

## Everglades Needs Gators, Panel Says

MIAMI—The alligator, the Florida Game and Fresh-Water Fish Commission points out, "is the one animal that is absolutely essential to the balance of nature, to the survival of birds, animals, fish, trees, plants and all living things in the Everglades."

## 4¼ Million Acres Of Forests Burn

WASHINGTON — More than 4¼ million acres of forests in the United States were burned in 1971, a million more acres than in 1970. Florida and Alaska suffered the most; together their burned acreage accounted for more than half the nation's total.

Pacific Stars & Stripes  
Monday, Dec. 11, 1972

# Bear Hunt Ended in Hash Case

REDDING, Calif. (UPI) — U.S. Customs agents have abandoned the search for the innocent victim of a \$625,000 hashish smuggling plot—a shaggy, black, Himalayan bear missing in the snow covered northern California mountains.

Two Himalayan bears were shipped to the United States from Nepal in cages laden with hashish concealed in false panels, authorities said.

One bear was shot by a hunter last Sunday after its cage was found. The cage that contained the second bear was found by agents Wednesday with an estimated 60 pounds of hashish stashed inside.

Authorities estimated the value of the illicit drugs at \$625,000. Four men have been arrested and others are being sought in the smuggling case which agents began pursuing when the two cages arrived at San Francisco International Airport last month.

A wildlife specialist at the University of California at Davis said Himalayan bears are nocturnal and do not hibernate. He said the animals are "less aggressive and more vegetarian" than the American black bear.

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The only reason one crate was busted was this: contrary to Panama's strict policy of maintaining radio silence, Jesse, who was driving one of the trucks, was so jubilant at having lost the police that he began transmitting over the CB radio to tell the other driver. That's when the heat locked in on him. One crate made it and the other is today on exhibit at a U.S. customs museum. Panama claimed that the profit from one crate just paid for the attorney's fees. The article in the San Francisco newspapers referred to the "hashish-running bears." U.S. customs had egg on their face, since they had only managed to intercept one of the two crates. When I received the message, I decided to go celebrate anyway at Boris' Yak and Yeti restaurant in Kathmandu. Boris was at the bar, and we had a good laugh over the hashish-running bears.

The Chine Lama suggested I go chill in Melamche, and a few days later I was back in Father's village. The heat was on in Kathmandu. His Majesty's Government of Nepal had sent those crates, and the King had egg on his face. Richard Nixon was busy creating the DEA, and the bears had brought a lot of attention to Nepal. The King of Nepal was in negotiation with the Nixon administration to accept \$50 million U.S. if he would make marijuana and hashish illegal in the Kingdom of Nepal. In fact, this is exactly what happened shortly afterwards. Overnight, the King turned 10 million Hindus into criminals, once each year Hindus must offer ganja to Lord Shiva. It has been a part of their daily lives and religion for 5000 years.



Our Hideout in Melamche

I'd had enough of Melamche, and returned to Boudha where, against Father's advice, I took a taxi into Kathmandu. I dropped a friend off at the Immigration Office and waited down the road for her to pick up her passport. A few moments later, my taxi was surrounded by Nepalese police. I had been spotted By Mr. Koirela, the Chief of Immigration, who had sold me out to the American government.

I was taken to Hanuman Dhoka jail in Kathmandu. As I was being put into a cell, the jailer told me that it was Ganesh Lama's old cell. Amazingly, I was never searched—not by the immigration authorities nor by the police. Here I was in jail, and with me my trusty Walther PPK .32 automatic pistol, fully loaded with one in the chamber, and two extra clips of ammunition. I had to get the gun out of my possession. I knew that I would probably be able to walk away from this ordeal, but if they found the gun I was history. Twenty years in a Nepalese jail did not appeal to me, particularly after my inside view of the 18th century prison in which I was being housed.

I was taken down to be interviewed by the police. I explained to them that I was Matthew Meredith from Ireland, that I had a legal visa and that my passport was in Boudha at the Chine Lama's house. I asked to be allowed to use the bathroom. They showed me downstairs, where I was allowed to use the toilet and where I hid the gun and extra clips of ammunition. When I got back to the interrogation room, the police stated

that if I could show a valid passport and visa they would release me, and with that they returned me to my cell. Well, I thought to myself, at least the gun is hidden, and hopefully, I will shortly be long gone.

That evening, my friends in Boudha brought me a sleeping bag, food, cigarettes and hashish. Outside I could see Bhairab, the Lord of Death, with his red tongue covered in blood. My thoughtful friends had also provided me with some sleeping pills, and that night I sedated myself into oblivion. About 3:00 in the morning, I woke up to the sight of what I at first thought was a large cat. In fact, it was a rat. I guess I scared it more than it did me, but needless to say I did not sleep much for the remainder of that night.

The next day, the police informed me that they would take me to Boudha to get my passport, and, if it turned out that I had a valid visa, they would release me. They also asked if I wouldn't mind paying for the taxi to Boudha and back to Kathmandu. I agreed, and off to Boudha we went, but not before I again asked to use the bathroom, where I retrieved my pistol and ammunition clips. Thoughts of making a break for it passed through my head as we sped to Boudha. When we got to Father's house I asked to talk to Father alone and they allowed it. I passed my pistol and ammunition clips to the Chine Lama. Father was greatly relieved. He told me not to worry: the Home Minister was ordering my release, and Ganesh's Jeep would pick me up at the jail later that day. I told the police that my passport was not there, but was with my other friend, and with that they took me back to Hanuman Dhoka.

Ganesh's Jeep came and left without me, and the very next morning Nepalese Interpol came and took my fingerprints and my photo. By then the whole town was buzzing with the news of my arrest. All of my friends came by with food. I could see my visitors outside in the courtyard from my second floor jail cell. Irish Patrick came by to say hello, showed me a passport he had for me, and said I would get out soon. While that made me feel better, the reality was that I was still in jail.

Every day Ganesh's Jeep would come to the jail, and then leave. On the fourth day, the police brought Kazi to the jail. I thought it odd that he had brought along his two young sons. The police brought him to my cell, and asked him whether I was the man who shipped the bears. He answered, "No, the man was taller, much bigger than this man, and he had red hair." It was Jessie he had just identified. I figured I was home free, but again Ganesh's Jeep left without me. The Home Minister should have been able to have me released since he had issued my visa, but the Nepalese government was under a lot of pressure. The police insisted that if I

showed a valid passport and visa they would release me.

I waited and waited until one day the FBI showed up. I was called into the office of the Inspector General of Police, and as I sat there quietly, one of the agents spoke. "You are Konsupsa," he said, "and we are going to take you back to San Francisco to face charges stemming from those hashish-running bears." They told me that I was facing twenty years in prison, and that they would be back for me. My only reply was to ask the guards to return me to my cell. That afternoon, as I watched from my jail cell, the American ambassador drove by Hanuman Dhoka with American flags waving from the hood of her Cadillac. I decided that under no circumstances would I return to the U.S. to face twenty years, and that night I took an overdose of Quaaludes.

Now, most would think that thirty Quaaludes would be enough to kill any human being, but a day later I awoke and found myself handcuffed to a bed at Bir hospital in Kathmandu. At first I thought I was in heaven because everyone was wearing white, but the handcuff, and the pain from the catheter in my penis, and the lumbar puncture that had been performed convinced me otherwise. Later I was told that I was practically dead, that they did not realize I had overdosed and that they simply thought I was sleeping. When the Chinese Lama heard this, he had the lamas read the 108 books of the Goddess of Compassion, and then he did an elaborate Tantric ceremony to bring me back from the dead. All that the thirty 'ludes had done was to give me a painful migraine headache. I couldn't sit up, but had to lie flat at all times in order to minimize the pain.

That afternoon, they took me back to Boudha to clean up. I took a long hot shower, but I had to remain seated in the tub. I could not stand the intense pain from the headache. Ted and a lot of my friends were there to greet me. It felt great to be home. The policeman who brought me home was Mr. Dharma. He tried his best to calm me, and told me I would be deported to India that night. That evening they chained me and put me on the bus to the border. On this same bus also being deported was Tent Tom and some other hippies. I was too ill to move, as we went from police station to police station and finally arriving at Birgunj, at the border of Nepal and India. By the time we arrived at the border I was in bad shape, and the officer in charge had me admitted to the local hospital. There, I was told that the heat was officially off, and that I could go back to Kathmandu but that I should not live in the same house. And that was it, I was free to go.

I immediately checked into the Samjhana Hotel, run by a friend of Ganesh's, Mr. Rana. He nursed and fed me back to health. I rested there

until Piaro came down from Kathmandu with my passports, money, clothes and a letter from the Chine Lama. He advised me to go to India, and not to come back to Kathmandu for a few months, by which time everything would presumably have died down. The next day I walked across the border of Nepal into India and headed to Calcutta. Back in Kathmandu the next day, the FBI came to pick me up at Hanuman Dhoka, where they were told I had been deported to India. I wish I could have seen their faces or heard the curses they no doubt directed at the Nepalese police.

I caught a train to Calcutta and arrived the next day. I checked into the Park Hotel, rested for a few days and then headed south to Puri in the Indian state of Orissa. There I checked into a hotel on the beach and continued my rest. What I remember most about Puri was the legal ganja shops around all the temples in honor of Lord Jagannath. I rested for about two months on the beaches of Puri, and then headed back to Calcutta. On the overnight train to Calcutta I destroyed my Irish passport, and assumed my new identity of an Anglo-Indian born in Bombay. In those days, British Commonwealth passport holders did not need a visa to enter or stay in India, so for my needs, the passport was perfect. When I got to Calcutta I checked into a different hotel under my new alias, Patrick Duggan.

Irish Patrick had told me about an opium den in the Chinatown part of Calcutta operated by a man named Fong, and one afternoon I went to check it out. Mao's China had one quick cure for opium dealing and addiction, death. So Mr. Fong escaped to Calcutta and opened up shop. He befriended me, and I would often have dinner with him and his Tibetan wife. Fong was a talented artist and musician, and I spent many monsoon afternoons listening to him play his mandolin while I smoked his best opium. The opium eased the pain from the headaches, which eventually went away. I then felt well enough to return to Boudha.

I had run out of funds, and I sold to a local dealer the Tibetan and Nepalese art that I had brought along with me. I returned to Nepal overland via a train to Patna and then by private car to the border crossing at Birgunj, Nepal. From there I took another car through the mountains, down into the valley of Kathmandu. Upon arriving I first headed out to Boudha to see Father. He was happy I was home, but Nepal had changed forever. King Birendra was paid 50 million dollars to make ganja and hash illegal. That's over 500 million in today's money, and a lot of dal bat (rice and vegetables). Everyone was supposed to turn in their stock to the government. All the hash shops and coffee-houses were closed. Hippies were put on trucks and deported. Everything and everyone went

underground.

In 1970, there was no such thing as a Nepalese junkie. Today, 30 years after ganja was made illegal, there are thousands of heroin addicts, in a place where no opium is grown and no heroin produced. Hashish now costs \$1000 per kilo, where it was once \$10 a kilo, and heroin is dirt-cheap. They even have methadone programs in Kathmandu now. Wherever countries have followed American foreign drug policy, hardcore drug addiction has followed. Overnight, the King of Nepal had made every Hindu a criminal. Nepal would turn from a peaceful hippie scene into a heroin nightmare.

After 5,000 years, hashish and marijuana were outlawed in the Kingdom of Nepal. An ordinary thing became extraordinary, and a huge black market for drugs was created.

Kathmandu, a city where no opium is grown and no heroin is produced, became a huge magnet for Burmese heroin, which came into Nepal overland through India, and directly from Bangkok. This occurred with no small thanks to the Nepalese royal family and the Manangi clans, which were allowed to operate openly. The Nepalese people were introduced to heroin use, a practice that was alien to them. Nixon's war on marijuana would lead to hard drug addiction around the world.

Most of the old timers who were living in Nepal at the time moved on to Bangkok or India. Though it was hard for me to leave, it was time. I gathered whatever art I had left and prepared to go back to India. Boudha is not the type of place to which one can say good-bye, it's simply too grand. I could only promise myself that I would return one day. I bade the Grand Lama and all my friends farewell, and headed back to Calcutta and Mr. Fong's opium den. I traveled overland down to Birgunj then on to the Ganges, where I took a ferry over the monsoon-swollen Ganges to Patna, and from there a train to Calcutta. Three days later I rested in Fong's opium den.

I had checked into the Lytton Hotel, expecting to stay only a few days in Calcutta while awaiting funds to catch up with me. My plan was to go to Bombay, and then on to Goa. But as luck would have it, I would spend that whole monsoon season waiting. My routine was to have breakfast and then take a rickshaw over to Fong's den, where I would have tea and smoke opium with Mr. Fong until around lunchtime, when I'd head back to the hotel. After lunch I would check with the bank, return to Fong's until early evening and then go back to the hotel for dinner. Mr. Fong spoke perfect English, and I spent many afternoons listening to his tales of China before

Mao.

Fong had escaped Mao from Shanghai, and had come to India following Mao's Communist victory in China. Mr. Fong was very frail and thin due to his life-long addiction to opium. He paid off the local police to allow him to run his den. People from all walks of life in Calcutta smoked at Fong's opium den. Calcutta is traditionally the place where opium was exported from India to China, and I suppose that is why Fong settled there.

Calcutta has the largest Chinese population in India. Fong was head of the Chinese Cultural Society, and played the mandolin at all of the Chinese operas. He was also a great porcelain artist. In one of the statues he produced, he put his own hair into the figure's beard. It was truly beautiful. Years later I heard of Fong's death, and I was told that it was the biggest Chinese funeral in the history of India. I was lucky to have experienced Mr. Fong's den. It was like being back in the 19th century.

As the monsoon drew to a close, my funds finally arrived. By the time I paid my hotel bill and my opium bill at Fong's, I was almost broke. I had just enough to fly to Bombay, with about \$100 left over. In Bombay I checked into the Taj Mahal Hotel with the last of my money. I was totally broke. All I had were a few pieces of art, which I had brought along from Nepal. The next day I took the ferry down to Goa.

In Goa, I looked up Sunshine James, who was living in Anjuna Beach with his pal, Acid Paul. These guys were surfer-hippie hash smugglers from Laguna Beach California, and part of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. In Kabul, James had managed to escape when the Afghan police knocked down the door to his hash oil laboratory. The bust was filmed by a crew from a major American news operation, but James paid off the police on the spot. He was allowed to walk out the back door, and fled to India. From them, I learned that Irish Patrick was in Bombay. I sold some art pieces to Paul, and with that money I rented a house on the beach. A few days later I headed up to Bombay to find Irish Pat.

In those days on the hippie trail, every major city had juice bars or restaurants that catered to hippies. In Delhi it was Mohan Singh Place, in Kathmandu PV's Restaurant and in Bombay it was Dipti's Juice bar. There, travelers could leave messages, meet friends, buy ganja, drink juice or have a vegetarian meal. Across from Dipti's was the Rex and Stiffle's Hotel, one of the cheapest, cleanest places for hippies on the road. Around the corner was the more elegant Taj Mahal Hotel. This part of Bombay is known as Colaba, and in those days the hotels in this area catered to the hippie crowd. I rented a room at the Rex and, setting out to find Patrick, left messages for him at Dipti's, American Express and Thomas Cook's &

Sons, and after a few days Patrick came by. I told Patrick I was broke and needed to get back to work.

Pat never charged me for the passport he gave me in Kathmandu. He told me he was saving it for a rainy day, and thought I could use it. And again in Bombay, Pat opened the door for me and introduced me to Suitcase Bob and his girlfriend Mary.

Bob was the premier suitcase maker in Bombay at the time. In those days, a lot of hash was smuggled by courier using false-bottom fiberglass suitcases. The bags were usually made by American Tourister, Samsonite or Delsey. Actually, any fiberglass suitcase can be used for this purpose.

Bob agreed to make a pair of suitcases for me if I could come up with half of the money for the eight kilos of hash they would hold and for the airline tickets, a courier to do the run, a destination and a connection to handle the hash. Bob was quite a character. He stuttered badly when he was trying to get a point across. His girlfriend, Mary, was quite cute and scantily dressed. I wore more clothes on my head than Mary did on her whole body, and I don't even wear a hat! What a pair my new partners were. I agreed to meet with them in about a week, and headed back down to Goa.

On the ferry down to Goa, I ran into Big Eddie and Australian Rosie. Rosie agreed to handle the hash in Sydney, and through her I met Big Linda and Sydell. Big Linda was the premier courier in Asia at the time. Her claim to fame was that she had once made herself up to look like the proverbial little old lady from Pasadena—so much so that nobody recognized her. Another story about Linda was that once up at Torkham Khyber, on the Afghani side of its border with Pakistan, her bus was stopped by the Afghan police who were accompanied by Gunther, the famous German police agent who was assigned to Kabul.

Gunther demanded that the suitcases be removed from the top of the bus, and that the owner of the suitcases come forward. As Linda stood there, Gunther took a bayonet from the Afghan police and stuck it through the side of the hash filled suitcase, but to everyone's surprise the knife came out clean. This threw them off for a second, and as Gunther was about to stick the bayonet in the bag again, Linda started to raise hell. She screamed, "if you're going to stick my suitcase with that knife again then I need the American ambassador here as a witness." She raised enough hell to stop any further damage to her suitcases and was sent on her way. Incredible as it may seem, the knife had actually created a seal between the hash and the fiberglass false bottom.

Linda had balls, and she had taught Sydell. Rosie, Linda and Sydell had

danced their way across Asia from Go-Go bars in Saigon to Karachi. Ice-water ran in these girls' veins. Rosie agreed to handle Linda and Sydell in Australia. A week or so later I headed up to Bombay to meet with Bob and Mary. Bob had a great hash connection, Haji Mustan, and through him we bought eight kilos of the finest Kashmiri hash. At Bob and Mary's house we pressed the hash (Bob had the same kind of press we used in Nepal) and I was then taught the art of customizing suitcases.

The cases he used were made by American Tourister. Bob would first produce a fiberglass mold of the outside of the suitcase. He would then remove the lining and fit the mold into the bottom of the bag. Once he had a good fit, he would glue the hash to the bottom of the bag, glue the mold over it and then put the lining back in. They were perfect. We installed four kilos per bag. With clothing inside the bag, any unusual heaviness wasn't noticeable. The hash was carefully packed to conceal its odor. The bags were then sprayed with Dog Off (a dog repellent spray).

I had one last meeting with Rosie before she flew back to Sydney. Everything was set. Linda came up from Goa and booked her tickets to Sydney, and a day before she was due to leave, we checked her into the Horizon Hotel. That night, Bob and Mary checked into the hotel with the suitcases, and passed the bags to Linda. As was Linda's ritual, she met with no one else and prepared herself for the run to Sydney the next day. I went to the airport to make sure she had made the flight, but I couldn't spot her. Her makeup had me and everyone else completely fooled, and she sailed through customs in Sydney. Rosie took care of her end, and four days later she was back in Bombay. A week later we sent Sydell, and she sailed through as well.

Rosie had stopped in Singapore on the way back from Sydney and changed our Australian dollars into American dollars, which are worth double on the Indian market. There, she connected with Andy Sim of the Lion City Department Store, a money-changer who agreed to handle my business. So Sydell went there as well. I could hardly believe it, the price of hash was more than double the American price, and the run was a cake walk. I was back in business.

Linda and Sydell had brought more suitcases for us to build. Rosie had sent a message that she was coming back to India in about a week. I had paid Linda and Sydell the highest fee ever paid in Bombay for a run. When Rosie got back to India, she introduced me over the phone to Gary in Sydney. Rosie said he was completely trustworthy, and that he was the one who had handled all the hash I had sent. It was beautiful. I would send the hash and he would send the money. We would never meet, and would

never even know what the other looked like.

There were so many young hippie girls on the beaches of Goa, it would be no problem to find runners. After recruiting them we would clean them up and get their hair done, followed by a total make over. We had a tailor who would make the girls outfits. We really dolled them up so that even their mothers would be proud.

I now made my headquarters at the Horizon Hotel in Juhu Beach near the airport. From there I would send the runners off, and meet them when they got back. It went like clockwork. The runners would be back in Bombay with cash in hand in less than four days. I paid my runners top wages, and told them that if they wanted to do another run we would do it as equal partners—something unheard of at the time. We lost count of the runners we sent to Gary. The Horizon Hotel was owned by Haji Mustan, our hash connection. Haji Mustan had started as a coolie on the Bombay docks, and now controlled the docks. He was the top Bombay gangster at the time, and we had his blessing.

Let me put the times in perspective. After the Nixon administration created the DEA, one of the first narcs to make a name for himself was Terrence Burke. Burke gained notoriety for having apprehended former Harvard professor Timothy Leary, who was then a fugitive from a simple marijuana possession charge, and hiding out in Kabul.

Afghanistan, Pakistan and Nepal were the first to feel the presence of Terry Burke, but India was different. As a non-aligned nation, which had better relations with the Soviet Union than the U.S., they didn't allow the DEA to operate openly, and prohibited its agents from carrying guns. India was a safe haven for many. I have always wanted to ask Mr. Burke why he turned a blind eye to the heroin coming out of the Golden Triangle. Was it U.S. national security that allowed the CIA's buddies to operate with impunity and flood the streets of Europe and America with heroin? It was a lot easier to catch dope-smoking hippies than to get involved in that sticky wicket wasn't it, Mr. Burke?

I was now renting an entire floor at the Horizon Hotel, where I lived for about three months. Girls were continually coming and going. It was insane, and we operated quite openly. With all the dough I was now making, I decided to buy an apartment and finally move out of the Horizon. When I left, the hotel manager told me that I had spent enough money for them to add an entire new floor, which they did. I found an apartment in Colaba, behind the President Hotel in a brand new high rise with an ocean view and a balcony. It was really beautiful.

Before I moved out of the Horizon Hotel, I threw an enormous, catered party with live music in the huge banquet room. I also had three party suites; one was an opium den, one a hash den and another an orgy room. I wonder if anyone out there remembers that party. Over 500 hippies cavorted on that full moon night.

I invited Alejandro, the hippie king from Spain, to the party, and provided a suite for him and his harem. We spoke at length. I needed a new source for hash, as my supply was drying up in Bombay. I could not afford to wait until after monsoon season, when fresh hash would be available. Alejandro told me that it would be no problem, that he had connections in Pakistan as well as Afghanistan and that he would take me up there to introduce me if I paid him a fee and expenses. We agreed to meet later, as I still needed a vehicle to do the run.



Bob and I now had a factory in Bandara, where we pressed our hash and

built our suitcases. The factory was run by Bob's man, Josuf, who pressed our hash and prepared pipes of opium for us to smoke while we worked. I told Bob of my meeting with Alejandro, and he agreed to our new venture, and to work with me to find a mode of transportation.

A few days later, I received a message inviting me down to Goa to meet with Alejandro, who was throwing a party on the beach. It was there that I hooked up with the Birmingham Gang. Alejandro introduced me to the boys, but I already knew one of the bosses, Malcolm, whom I had met in Kathmandu. They had a German-made truck with a secret compartment that was foolproof, and agreed to do the run. I would buy the hash, and they would transport it down to Bombay on a 50/50 split. We all agreed to meet in Bombay the following week, and I headed back to Bombay.

I met with Bob, and everything was agreed to. A week later Alejandro and I met at his hotel. There he introduced me to Peggy, a young English chick from Leeds who needed some dough to stay in India and wanted to make a run. I put her up at my flat while Alejandro and I headed north to Pakistan. We flew up to Amristar where we crossed the border into Lahore, Pakistan. From there, we hired a car to drive us to Peshawar, in the northwest frontier province. In Peshawar, we checked into Jan's Hotel and left a message at the Khyber Hotel for Abdul. Later that same day, Abdul showed up. Abdul Gaffur Khan ran his hashish business from the Tribal Zone, where the only law was tribal law. The Pakistani government's control ended in Peshawar.

Peshawar was as close to Dodge City as I will ever see. Up in Landi Kotal, at the border between Afghanistan and Pakistan, Abdul's brother ran the customs check point for the Tribal Zone. Abdul invited us out to his fort in the Tribal Zone, and the next day we headed there. I refer to Abdul's house as a fort because that's what it was. The compound was surrounded by a 20 foot high wall and had .50 caliber machine guns on the roof and portholes in the wall from which to shoot. Abdul packed a broom handle Mauser pistol, and always traveled with three bodyguards, who were armed with AK-47 rifles. He explained that they had ongoing feuds with other tribes in the Zone and that a mortal enemy who he was sworn to kill lived right across the road. This particular feud dated back to Abdul's great-grandfather's time, and was something akin to the Hatfields and McCoys.

In Peshawar and in the Tribal Zone, everyone was armed to the teeth. Abdul's fort was split in half. The front part was where he met people and did his business, and the back part, which included a garden, was his family's living area. No one except for his family was allowed in the back

portion. Believe me, the last thing you would want to do is piss off anyone in the Tribal Zone. Violence is a way of life there, and Terry Burke wouldn't have even considered visiting the Tribal Zone. The Afridis had skinned the English alive 100 years before, and would do that or worse to a foreign agent today. Abdul showed off his prowess with a gun, as well as the prowess of his bodyguards.



Author at Abdul's fort, Tribal Zone, Pakistan

In Muslim countries, hashish is made differently from that in India or Nepal. After the plants are dried, the resin is shaken from the plant and filtered several times until only a fine sticky powder remains. The powder is then beaten, which releases the oils in the resin. Then, it is pressed into hashish. In Nepal and India they hand rub the ganja tops during the hottest time of day. The black resin on the workers' hands is then rolled into balls. Both methods are extremely effective, but the Muslim technique is cleaner. Hand rubbing results in more plant matter and moisture, which can cause the hashish to mold.

Abdul showed us several types of resin, and Alejandro showed me how to appraise it. Alejandro would grab a handful and squeeze it. If it stuck together, it was fresh. We then smoked a little of the resin for taste. We chose an Afghan variety that was golden and very tasty. We ordered five hundred kilos at ten U.S. dollars each, pressed and packed, and I paid Abdul the dough. He told me that he would start pressing it the day after and it would take several days to produce. He suggested we check out of Jan's Hotel and move out to his house, which we did.

I wired the Birmingham Boys, who were now in New Delhi awaiting word from us that all was ready. It would only take them a few days to get to Peshawar from New Delhi. I told them to meet us in a week at the Khyber Hotel. The next day, in a small well-armed convoy, we drove out to Abdul's warehouse, where he pressed his hash. Men were already at work there. The place was in the middle of nowhere. Outside the building, Abdul had a dozen men with AK-47s standing guard. Inside was a huge log hanging horizontally, about five feet off the ground. Attached perpendicularly to it was another log. The vertical member was shaped like a hammer. Two men on one end would lift the log and slam the hammer-end into a huge copper pot recessed in the ground. The pot was full of resin. The men would beat about five kilos at a time. After the oils were released they would weigh out one kilo, and press it in an iron frame with a 25 kilo iron rolling pin that was heated on coals. The resulting slab was black on the outside and a beautiful gold on the inside.

Three days later, the hash was pressed, packed and moved over to Abdul's compound. The next day, Alejandro went to meet Steve and Amos of the Birmingham Gang. They had driven to Peshwar from New Delhi in a small Mercedes Benz passenger bus. Steve and Amos had crossed the border first thing in the morning and driven to the Khyber Hotel, where they met Alejandro. Then they drove into the Tribal Zone to Abdul's compound, and that evening they packed the truck. The next morning, the bus left at daybreak. They crossed back into India in less than 24 hours and made their way towards Bombay. We thanked Abdul for his hospitality and left shortly after the shipment. We followed overland to India, and the next day we flew from Amristar to New Delhi, and from Delhi to Bombay.

I met with Bob and Mary, and reported how well and quickly things had gone, and that the hash would arrive in less than a week. Sure enough, the Birmingham Boys delivered right on schedule. We split the 500 kilos in half, and they went on their way. It was monsoon time in India and all of Bombay's hash connections had dried up until after the rainy season, when fresh hash would again be available. The price had shot up to \$300 a kilo, so my load was now worth \$75,000 in India. We were now using a much larger Japanese suitcase made by Sunco that rolled on wheels. These bags could carry a lot more hash. We built two of these for Peggy, and sent her on to Sydney. A few days later she was back in Bombay. She was going to use her share to go back to Leeds and visit her family and friends. Back in Leeds she had three girlfriends who wanted to visit India, and would also make the run.

I proposed that Peggy get a new passport in London. I had the four girls fly to Sydney via Bombay. After laying over in Bombay for less than 24 hours, they would catch the Alitalia flight to Sydney. They checked into the Horizon Hotel, which was near the airport, where I was waiting in my old suite with four pairs of Sunco suitcases. We switched the girls' empty bags for the loaded ones, and the next day the four girls flew on to Australia. The four girls carried 50 kilos into Sydney, and four days later they were back in Bombay with all the proceeds. I sent the girls down to Goa for a holiday.

Whenever we sent a runner off, I would always go to the airport and watch him or her board their flight. I was at the airport watching Maria catch her flight when I counted a half-dozen other couriers, all dressed in basically the same type of silk pantsuit outfit as Maria, board the same flight.

I tried my best to keep my gig low-key, but after 47 successful runs in a row, that proved hard to do. I tried bribing the couriers by offering them their own 50/50 deal, but by that time every smuggler in Bombay had figured out my milk run. I reported my findings to Bob and Mary, and told them that, as far as I was concerned, Maria was our last runner to Australia. Bob suggested we just make suitcases and sell them to the other smugglers ready-made at \$5000 U.S. per pair. That sounded good to me.

It usually took four days to get a courier back from Australia—never more, and usually less. Maria was overdue and about a week later she finally showed up with our dough. She had been picked up at the Sydney airport with all our dough in her purse. All couriers were told to pack the money in their suitcases, as luggage was not inspected leaving Sydney nor entering Singapore. When asked where all the money had come from she coolly explained that she had made the money prostituting. That's the story she stuck to, so customs had no choice but to tax her on her earnings, return the rest of her ill-gotten gain and deport her out of Australia to Singapore.

The writing was on the wall. It was time for us to walk away from this sweet deal before anyone got into trouble and led the narcs our way. On the bright side, we had plenty of ready-made suitcases for sale and the only good hash in Bombay. Peggy and the girls came up from Goa. We all decided to take a holiday up in Kashmir and try to escape the monsoon rains in the mountains. Bob would take care of business in Bombay.

I can only imagine what I must have looked like heading up to Srinagar with a half-dozen beautiful ladies and my Nepalese servants in tow. Kashmir in the summer is paradise. I rented two houseboats on Nageen

Lake for the summer, and the party began. I remember signing the boats' guest book that went all the way back to when Teddy Roosevelt came to Kashmir to hunt in the Himalayas. The great-grandfather of the houseboats' owner was the shikar (guide) on Teddy's hunt. They still told the story of how old Teddy had neglected to bring along toilet paper, so the only thing available for him to wipe his ass were hundred-dollar bills.

I received a message from Bombay that Bob wanted to meet. I flew down to Bombay, where he introduced me to Zebadee, a pal of his who had just purchased a 50-passenger Mercedes Benz Bus. Zebadee was heading north to Tehran, where he would change the owner's certificate, after which he intended to head back to Bombay. The bus had a huge heating duct that ran the length of the vehicle under the floor. It could hold at least five-hundred kilos of hashish, and seeing as there is hardly any need for a heater in India, we thought that we might make better use of it than its original purpose. I agreed to handle buying the hashish and loading it into Zebadee's vehicle in Pakistan. Zebadee's cut would be 25 percent (125 Kilos) of the hashish. The remaining 375 kilos would be split 50/50 by Bob and I, since we put up all the money.

I told Zebadee that I would have Abdul's brother meet him at Torkham Khyber on the border, and that he would lead him to us at Abdul's, where all the hash would be packed and ready to go. I explained that he should cross the border as late in the afternoon as possible: that we would load him up that night, and he would continue on to India at daybreak the next day. After arriving at Lahore and crossing the border, he would be in Pakistan for less than 24 hours. Timing was essential. We agreed to meet in Pakistan in three weeks.

I flew back up to Srinagar, where I picked up Peggy, and the two of us flew up to Amristar and crossed overland into Lahore, Pakistan. At Lahore, we hired a private car to drive us north to Peshawar. We checked into the Park Hotel, and after leaving a message at the Khyber Hotel the next day, Abdul showed up and took Peggy and me to his fort in the Tribal Zone. Abdul suggested that we stay in the Tribal Zone as his guests until Zebadee arrived. For security reasons, it was better that we stay underground in the Tribal Zone until the deal was done. I ordered 500 kilos of Afghan resin from Abdul at US\$10 per kilo, and a few days later the resin was delivered to Abdul's factory in the desert. There the pressing began. It would take ten days to press and pack the hash for shipment.



Abdul suggested we take a side trip to Darra Bazaar and go shopping. Peggy wanted to fix up our room back at Abdul's. There, in the world's greatest drug bazaar, we bought an air conditioner, a small refrigerator and bedding for our room. Goods that were not available anywhere else in Pakistan could be found in Darra Bazaar. What an incredible experience it was to walk through Darra Bazaar with Abdul and his bodyguards. On the way back, we stopped at the factory to see how the work was proceeding. Back at the fort, Peggy had fixed up our room. Abdul was a gracious host who laid out quite a feast while we stayed with him. It was very hot in that desert, but by then we were a little more acclimated.

After about ten days our hash was ready, and all we needed was for Zebadee to show up. He finally arrived about a week later. The vehicle needed some work. Zebadee had picked up some spare parts for the engine in Iran. It was decided to do the work there at Abdul's. It would delay the border crossing three days at best, so I decided to go back to Kashmir and wait there for Zebadee. The next morning, Peggy and I left by private car to go back to Lahore, and late that afternoon we crossed back into India. A week or so later, Zebadee showed up at my houseboat and both of us went back to his place. The crossing had been uneventful and the plan was for us (together with his wife and child) to drive the load through the Rajasthan desert and on to Bombay.

On the way back to my houseboat, I immediately got the huge Mercedes Benz 50-passenger bus stuck, jack-knifed on a narrow turn. No

matter what we did, we couldn't get it unstuck, so we decided to just leave the bus there overnight until we could rent a truck the next morning to pull us out. The next day when we returned to move the bus, we were greeted by the police. After helping us dislodge our bus, they invited us for tea with the Inspector General of Police of Kashmir. At the Inspector's office we sat nervously while we were served tea. The Inspector asked us what we planned to do with such a big bus and Zebadee explained that he planned to use the bus to transport tourists from Bombay to Kashmir. He asked a lot of questions. Did we like Kashmir? How long had we been in India?

Finally, he opened a desk drawer and pulled out a huge ball of Kashmiri hashish. He stated that we were in the wrong business and that we should be his partners. He proposed that we carry his hashish down to Bombay, where he had connections that would give us a good price. We would make a lot of money, he informed us. We were in shock but I managed to tell the Inspector General that we were only interested in legal business and did not want to endanger our families or our stay in India. With that, he closed his drawer and bade us farewell. Zebadee rested for a few days, and shortly afterwards we left Srinagar under the thoughtful eyes of the police, who thought for sure we were loading up in Kashmir. They had our bus under 24-hour a day surveillance, trying to catch us in the act. What they actually did was guard our already loaded vehicle for us.

We would be driving straight through the belly of India, through the Rajasthani Desert down to Bombay, during the hottest part of the summer. Zebadee and I took turns driving. It was 130 degrees in the shade. The heat started to get to Zebadee. He suddenly began telling me that he deserved more of the split and that he was carrying all of the risk. He said that he now wanted half the load. The desert heat was even hotter inside that bus, so my blood was already boiling. When he started laying out his new proposal on me, I totally blew my cool. I grabbed my buck knife and pressed it to his neck. I reminded him exactly what our deal was, and then sat behind him all the way to Bombay.

When we got to Bombay, we drove straight to our factory in Bandara. Bob was there to greet us, and I reported what had transpired between Zebadee and me. He suggested that we all needed a rest, and so we left the bus there and decided to meet up in two days for the split. I went home to rest. I was exhausted. I had to be ready for anything at that next meeting. Zebadee had a reputation as a black belt karate expert.

Two days later and well rested, I headed to the meeting loaded for bear. At the warehouse were Bob, Eric, Josuf and Zebadee. Zebadee stood at the

other side of the room, about 20 yards away from me. I started to lambaste him, calling him a chiseler. I said that before I would give him a penny more I'd burn the truck and no one would get anything. Everyone was silent. Zebadee looked like he was going to make a move toward me when I unzipped my jacket and put my hand on my piece. With that, Josuf grabbed me and pulled me away before I blew Zebadee away. Bob and Eric chilled Zebadee out and the situation mellowed. The split went as agreed, and Zebadee went his way and I went mine.

The summer was now over in Kashmir. The monsoon had ended, a new season in Bombay was beginning, and we had plenty of hash to work with. For my part, the Australian runs were now long over. KC, an old pal from India, had been busted in a hotel in Sydney with several runners in the process of opening the bags and removing the hash. The Aussie police busted everyone, and got on to Gary as well. It was hard to keep the Aussie run a secret, particularly after going through 50 runners. Monkey see, monkey do.

KC made bail. Khoury flew from India to his rescue with a new passport, so KC was able to skip bond and slip back into India. Fifteen years or more later, the Aussies finally caught up to old KC in California. He had been busted growing marijuana. When the coppers put his fingerprints through the computer, out popped an Australian arrest warrant, so he was sent back to Sydney. The long arm of the law reached way back for KC. I needed a new market. Europe was an easy run, but the prices there were very low. Canada, on the other hand, had always had high prices. Late one evening, I was walking along Marine Drive on my way to Churchgate when I heard a whistle. I looked up and spied Ann calling me up to her room. I walked in, she had her way with me and I had my Canadian connection. Ann had a partner, Debbie, who had been Acid Paul's girlfriend. I guess they had grown tired of doing runs for Paul, and started out on their own. They agreed to broker our hash in Canada, and they agreed to carry back two pairs of suitcases, which we split 50/50. They had a great route. They would transit through Europe, catch a flight down to the Bahamas and then fly into Toronto using only their Canadian drivers licenses. It was smooth.

The passport I got from Patrick in Kathmandu enabled me to travel around India freely but I wanted to go to Canada, and for that I would need safer traveling documents. In those days a passport could be bought on the streets of India for as little as one-hundred U.S. dollars, but I chose a different avenue. I simply paid someone for the use of their documents, on which I would travel. One friend in particular, Amos (one of the

Birmingham boys), and I had an arrangement. I would put him up in a friend's hotel for a month, while I used his papers to travel out of India.

In those days there was a Frenchman named Francois who was famous all over Asia as an expert forger. I remember bringing him Amos' passport, and watching him remove the picture, copy the seal, imprint that same seal onto my picture and then carefully replace my picture back into the passport. I was good to go. Francois was a very talented forger. He did all his work in Goa by candlelight, as there was no electricity there at the time. He wore magnifying eyeglasses, and could copy a visa stamp free hand. He was incredible. In fact, he had a copy of just about every Asian visa stamp in use.

India was wide open. I remember walking into the Ambassador Hotel in Bombay, and on every floor of that hotel could be heard the sounds of hash being pressed and suitcases being made.

Canada was not the cakewalk that Australia had been. The runners had to be professional and well experienced. The trick was coming into Canada with a clean passport, one that bore no Asian visa stamps. An Indian or Nepalese visa in one's passport was sufficient grounds for a search in those days, as well as being a long-haired hippie. But if a traveler didn't fit their profile, he or she walked.

I left for Canada to meet up with Debbie and Ann in Toronto. As I flew out of India on my way to Singapore, I made plans to meet Andy Sim, my money-changer during my Australian runs. It had been several years since I'd left India. Singapore was a big change and I doubt there is a cleaner city in the world. In Singapore, I checked into the famous Raffles Hotel. It dated from colonial times. From there I went over to the Lion City department store to meet Andy Sim. When I got there and introduced myself to Andy, he treated me like a long lost brother. Andy had done quite well changing all my Australian dollars into American dollars, so he loved me. He was marrying his second wife the next day and invited me to the wedding. Andy's good fortune had been due to me and I would be his honored guest at the wedding.

The next evening I attended the wedding reception, held at Andy's home. It was a split-level house in a California-style neighborhood. There, I was seated at a table of honor on which was set full bottles of the best scotch, and seated at which was a bevy of young Chinese girls to keep me company. I was in heaven.

Halfway through the party, Andy's older, not-so-successful brother showed up with a gang of friends. His brother was jealous of Andy's success. The brothers began to argue and the elder brother attacked Andy.

When I stepped into the ruckus, all hell broke loose. Chinese boys began trading punches with Kung Fu-fighting Indian boys. It was wild. Someone sucker punched me, and I went down for the count. All I remember is waking up to find those young Chinese girls fretting over me. Andy was very upset. They drove me back to the Raffles Hotel, as Andy apologized profusely. At the hotel, I was left in the care of the young girls.

I was hurting badly, and two days later I left Singapore and limped into Vancouver. My passport worked like a charm. I checked into a hotel and recuperated from Singapore. The next day, I took a walk downtown and came across a few antique shops. I had brought a few antiques from India and offered to show them to a shop owner the next day, which I did. He was quite impressed with my Moghul jades and antique Persian rugs. We made an appointment for that coming Saturday for me to show the pieces to a collector and I left it at that. I went back to the hotel, dropped off the antiques and went out for dinner and a movie. When I returned to the hotel late that evening, I noticed a suspicious car out front, but thought nothing of it.

As I opened my hotel room and walked in I was immediately slammed against the wall and had a gun put to my head. My two attackers were Vancouver police, who had come to check me out. The antique dealer had reported me as being suspicious and possibly in possession of stolen goods. To make matters worse, both of these bulls were ex-New York City detectives. I explained to them that I just flew in from India, that I brought the pieces along with me and declared them at Canadian customs. They put me through the ringer, as I explained the ages of the antiques and where they were from.

One of the bulls began looking at my passport under the light, but Francois' work was perfect. Then he asked why I had a British passport but sounded like I came from Brooklyn. I explained that I was born in Birmingham, England, but grew up in Brooklyn, and that I still had family in New York. The other bull picked up a 35 mm plastic film container, shook it and began grinning at the rattling sound it made. He opened it and, much to his dismay, inside was a large chunk of gem quality turquoise, not the drugs he had suspected. With that, he warned me that they would be watching me, and they left the room. I had passed their grueling exam.

The next day, I left for Toronto and my meeting with Debbie and Ann. I checked into a hotel apartment on Yonge Street, and later met up with the girls. They paid me my dough. I told them what happened in Vancouver. We all felt that I had been extremely lucky. That weekend, the girls

managed to get tickets to the El Mocambo, a small nightclub that was later made famous when the Rolling Stones played there in 1977,

From Toronto, I flew to Copenhagen to meet up with old friends from Nepal. There, I stayed with my girlfriend Ellen. What a scene! It was legal there to possess up to four ounces of hash, and Ellen had a nice block of Lebanese waiting for me. My friends from Kathmandu ran the nightclub Seventeen. Hash could be smoked legally anywhere. I remember going to Husman's restaurant, and after dinner rolling a huge joint and sharing it with my waiter and other customers in the place. Ellen lived above a great Chinese fast food place. I spent most of my time in Ellen's bed and smoking her great dope. When we came up for air, we'd eat Chinese. I was back in heaven.



The author AKA Maurice Arthur Morris, with Ellen and Family in Denmark.

Ellen received a call from my pal Tobias. He and Kathy were in town and wanted to come over, so we got together. Tobias was broke and needed some action. He agreed to supply me with a legal British passport if I would put a run together for him. I agreed, and the next day had my passport photos taken, which I gave to Tobias. We further agreed to meet back in Europe when the passport was ready.

A few days later, I went back to Bombay. I met Amos and returned his

passport to him. As I walked through Colaba on my way to Dipti's juice bar, I ran into Susan, one of my English girlfriends. She had a new boyfriend named Angel. She was broke and needed to make some dough, so I suggested that she make a run to Canada. I told her I would get back to her.

During this time, a character named Mescaline Bobby came by my pad. He had done some business with the girls back in Canada. They had sent his payment back to him hidden in tampons. He thought they had ripped him off, so in a fit of anger he threw the box of tampons (along with his loot) into the trash. By the time he found out where his money was, it was too late. He was broke and wanted my help. I agreed to send a runner for him, and to split the expenses and the profit 50/50. Bobby and I built the bags ourselves. I contacted Susan and checked her and Angel into the Sea Green Hotel. Angel would wait in Bombay until Susan got back from the run. A day or so later I sent Susan on her way to the girls in Canada.

A day or so afterwards, I went to see Angel at his hotel and found that he was out. I walked over to Dipti's juice bar and, as I approached, a hippie came over to me and let me know that Angel had left town and was meeting Susan in Amsterdam, and that I had just been ripped off. I flew back to the Sea Green Hotel and had my buddy, the manager, let me into Angel's room. Sure enough, he was gone.

A few days later, I received a report that Susan had failed to show in Toronto, and I finally knew for sure that I had been ripped off. When I told Bobby what happened he freaked and demanded his \$2500 U.S. investment back. I had lost the same amount, and this jerk wanted me to cover his losses as well. Usually when this sort of thing happens, everyone shares the pain.

English Bob and Mary came by my flat when they heard what happened. They proposed a new deal. We had 50 kilos left from our last run from Pakistan, and we would send it all on a kamikaze run to Montreal.

A day or so later English Bob introduced me to Ernie, who would handle all the hash in Montreal and from whom I would collect our share. The deal went as follows. We packed 25 kilos each in aluminum Halliburton suitcases that we glued shut. Two runners would check the bags and fly to Montreal via Zurich. In Zurich, four runners would board the flight to Montreal. At customs in Montreal arriving passengers were handed either a pink or blue slip. A blue slip enabled the passenger to bypass customs after picking up his bags, and to head out the door home free. A pink slip meant the passenger's baggage had to be inspected by

customs, in which case, after picking up his bags, he had to head to the customs inspection area.

In other words, whoever got a blue card picked up the bags and walked out of the airport home free. It was ballsy but beautiful. The only catch was that it was necessary to use strong people who were capable of carrying those heavy bags. Nine out of ten people got the blue card anyway. It was foolproof.

If a runner was stopped going out the door, it would soon be noted that the ticket stubs did not match and the runner would say, "Excuse me, but I seem to have picked up the wrong bags," at which point identical bags (the ones that he had checked in at Zurich) would be waiting for him back at the carousel. Customs would literally be left holding the bags. It was foolproof, but it was hard to keep a good scam like that quiet when so many people were needed to pull it off. Ernie handled all the logistics. All I had to do was fly back and collect the dough.

I received word from Tobias that when my new passport was ready I should meet him in Paris. We maintained contact via Ellen in Copenhagen. The timing was perfect. I would take care of the deal in Canada, fly to Europe to pick up my papers and then head back to India. I made arrangements with Amos to use his passport again. This time I would send his passport back to India via courier from Denmark.

Bob and I packed the bags and glued them shut. They would have to be broken open in Canada. A few days later, Ernie and his crew left. Shortly thereafter, we got the all clear. The deal had come off smooth as silk. I flew out to Montreal a few days later and met with Ernie. It would take him a couple of weeks to dispose of our hash at the top price.

Ernie had a small shop that he called Indianistan, where he sold Asian antiques and handicrafts. It was also a meeting place for people who had traveled to Asia. There, I received a message from Bombay that Mescaline Bobby had ripped my house off at knife-point. I called Suitcase Bob, who, it turned out, was apparently in my house when it happened. I ordered him to have Bobby straightened out. This should have been no problem for Bob, considering all of his connections with the Bombay underworld, but he demurred.

To this day I cannot figure out why Bob didn't back my play. I had backed him up once and saved the day. He didn't have to kill Bobby, but something had to be done. I told Bob I would not return to India until the situation was resolved, a quiet sit down, a reality check, a show of force, something! As it turned out, it would be years before I returned to India again.

Funny though, that night I had a dream that I caught up with Angel and Susan in Peshawar. The dream was quite vivid. They were actually in the room next to mine at the Park Hotel. I ended up taking whatever money and goods they had.

Down the street from Ernie's store was a great vegetarian restaurant, and it was there that I ran into Jimmy Good Vibes. Good Vibes offered to share his flat with me, so I moved in. It was great being back in the west. I managed to contact some of my pals back in New York and, lo and behold, Murray and some of the boys were now living on farms in New Brunswick, the next province over from Quebec. As soon as I collected my dough from Ernie, I headed out to visit my old pals.

I hadn't been back to the States for five years. My pals had bought farms with all the dough they were making selling Colombian marijuana. Mexican marijuana no longer dominated the market since Nixon's DEA sprayed most of the fields with Paraquat. Colombian marijuana and the first loads of Thai sticks now ruled the market. Thai weed was fetching the same price as hashish. More people were smoking than ever before. The prices kept going up, and the demand never stopped. There were many different varieties of weed and hashish available, and a new product appeared—hashish oil.

I had made some hash oil back in Kathmandu. My ratio was 10 kilos of hash to make one kilo of hash oil. It was extremely potent. I'm lucky I didn't blow myself up when I made that oil, as my methods were extremely rudimentary, but nonetheless efficient.

From New Brunswick, I went out to party with some of Good Vibes' pals in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I loved Nova Scotia so much that I ended up buying a farm on Cape Breton Island, overlooking the Bra Dor Lakes. When I got back from Nova Scotia I had a message from Tobias that all was ready, so I immediately flew to Paris to meet him. There, at an airport hotel, I assumed my new identity of Maurice Arthur Morris.

The passport actually belonged to a mentally challenged person who would never have need for it. It contained my picture and information in my handwriting. I signed my new name into the passport. It was as close to legit as possible. The only problem was that Mr. Morris was 44 years old, and I was in my mid 20s. My solution was to visit the most famous hair salon in Paris, and have my hair streaked gray. When I walked out of that salon, I looked near fifty. I had flown into De Gaulle airport using one passport, and flew out of Orly using my new passport.

I made arrangements to catch up with Tobias in Montreal, and flew to Copenhagen to party with Ellen. I remember visiting Ellen's parents in

Jutland, and overhearing them say that they thought I was too old for Ellen. From Copenhagen, I flew back to Montreal. Good Vibes welcomed me back to an apartment full of young hippie girls. I left one party in time to make it to the next. Good Vibes proposed a deal. He would supply the plan and half the investment if I would go to Peshawar, score hash oil and accompany the runner back to Montreal. I was going with a young cutie named Ann, and she volunteered to do the run as testimony of her love for me.

Good Vibes showed us a Kodak Carousel slide projector that came in its own vinyl case. The case was double-walled, so all we would need to do was pump the oil into the inside of the double-walled case, and then plug the small hole we made with putty. That's it. We would put the case inside our luggage until we got to Abdul's house in Peshawar. There, we would pump the case full of about seven kilos of oil, check it for leaks and do any necessary plugging. Then we would put the projector back into our suitcase. We would then fly to Nairobi, Kenya, where Ann would lose her passport. She would report it as lost to the police and to the Canadian Embassy, who would then issue to her a brand new, clean passport. From Nairobi she would fly back to Montreal, and her passport would appear as if she had only visited Kenya.

A few weeks later, Ann and I left for Copenhagen. We partied for a few days, and then flew on to Karachi. From Karachi, we flew to Rawalpindi, and from there we took a private car to Peshawar and checked into the Park Hotel. I left Ann in the room and went over to the Hotel Khyber, where I left a message for Abdul. From there, I went to the flower market to buy flowers for Ann and smoke opium at my favorite den.

The next day, Abdul showed up and drove us to the Tribal Zone. I explained to him all that had been happening, and why I had not been back to see him. I told him about my runner ripping me off and about Mescaline Bobby's behavior in Bombay. I also told Abdul about my dream of catching Susan and Angel in Peshawar. We stayed in my room at Abdul's, but the next day I wanted to go back into Peshawar for shopping. I kept our room at the Park Hotel, so Abdul dropped me off. The plan was that he would pick me up at the hotel around 8:00. Ann stayed at the fort.

I did my shopping and then headed for the flower market to smoke opium. After I was good and wasted, I headed back to the hotel. As I put my key into my hotel room door I turned to my right and there were Susan and Angel in the room next to mine, just as I had dreamed. Angel pretended he was just visiting a friend at the hotel. He took me on a wild goose chase, but in the end he admitted he was staying in the room. As we

returned to the hotel, Abdul showed up with a half-dozen bodyguards.

Once Abdul realized that my dream was reality, he offered to take Susan and Angel for a ride into the desert. Susan begged for Angel's life, saying that she had put him up to it. Angel was getting knocked around by six of Abdul's huge Pathan bodyguards. The Pathan's have a saying, "Fear the teeth of a tiger and the vengeance of a Pathan." Too bad it wasn't Mescaline Bobby getting knocked about. Pakistan is a great place to catch an enemy. I confiscated all of the spoils of their venture, and had one of Abdul's police friends take them to Lahore and send them on to India.

Abdul and I headed back to the fort. There I recounted my tale to Ann. Everyone was impressed by my dream, and by the reality of what had happened that evening. The spoils were some cash, Afghani jewelry, a guitar and a Sony cassette player. I thought it odd that the speakers felt a little heavier than they should have, until I opened them up and found two kilos of Afghani primo hashish hidden inside. The dope was great. In addition, I now had some tunes, and the funds were more than enough for the hash oil.

We scored the oil from Abdul, loaded the case, and the next day retraced our steps back to Karachi. From Karachi we flew into Nairobi, smooth as silk, and checked in at the Stanley Hotel. I immediately flushed Ann's passport down the toilet. The next day she reported it stolen, and about a week later was issued a new passport.

The day before we were due to go back to Canada, I decided to check the case for leaks. When I went to open my suitcase I suddenly realized I had picked up the wrong bag at the airport. It looked exactly like mine but it wasn't. It was full of some other people's clothing. I freaked. I locked the bag, and grabbed a taxi to the airport.

Once there, I went to customs, explained what had happened and then went over to the storage facility for unclaimed luggage. There must have been two dozen suitcases exactly like mine, but through my ticket stubs, I found my bag. The customs agent then wanted to inspect the contents, so I opened the bag. He asked to look inside the projector case and, luckily for me, no hash oil had leaked. I locked my bag, and headed back to the hotel to Ann's waiting arms.

The plan was for us to take two different flights out of Nairobi and transit through Athens, where we would meet up and fly together back to Montreal. Once we got to Montreal I got the blue card (no customs) and Ann got the pink card (customs). I left the airport for my apartment, and about an hour later Ann followed. We had a huge deep freezer which we put the case in before opening it. The only way to handle the oil was in

frozen form.

It was party time. Good Vibes had a house full of young girls, but I had my hands full, as Ann was very possessive. That night, we celebrated at Moishe's Steak House, and afterwards we went to my friend Harry's nightclub, In Concert. Going out on the town with eight women in tow is a great feeling.

Harry and his girlfriend Chantal were great friends, and at their night club they would bring in my favorite blues artists. I got to party with the Muddy Waters Blues Band. Muddy loved my hash, and I remember him asking me for a chunk. He claimed that it really wasn't for him, but for the sweet young white thing waiting for him back at the hotel. Esther Phillips, the great blues singer, was after Good Vibes from the day she met him. It was a great time and great people. I felt invincible with my new passport. Tobias and his pal David showed up in Montreal, and we all partied at Harry's flat.

I agreed to let Harry handle the load, and I also agreed to set up a deal for Tobias. The plan was for them to meet me in Peshawar, where I would arrange for David to be loaded. I owed Tobias, so I would let him 'pass go' and collect his dough. We agreed to meet in Peshawar, and that I would contact him from Ellen's in Copenhagen before I left for Pakistan. Ann insisted on coming along, saying she accepted my relationship with Ellen.

When we reached Copenhagen, I checked Ann into a hotel near Ellen's place, and then proceeded over to Ellen's. When I got to the door, Murphy, Tobias's girlfriend, answered the door. I was shocked to see her there. Apparently she had a row with Tobias and he dumped her in Copenhagen. Ellen, kind soul that she is, let Murphy stay at her place. As for me, I was in hog heaven. It didn't take long before Murphy was in my bed as well.

After two weeks of this madness, we were off to Pakistan with Murphy on board. Ellen held down the fort. The three of us flew into Karachi, and then on to Rawalpindi. From there, we drove north to Peshawar, where we met Abdul, and went straight to his fort in the desert. My room at Abdul's was quite comfortable now, with an air conditioner, refrigerator, tunes and wonderful carpets. I felt at home there.

That night, Abdul had a feast prepared in our honor, and over dinner I noticed Ann eye-balling him. After dinner, Abdul gestured to me, and we had a private chat. He had noticed that I seemed to be closer to Murphy, and asked if Ann was still my girlfriend. When I answered that she was not, he asked me to ask Ann if she liked him, and whether she wanted to get together with him. Was I ever relieved! I would finally get Ann off my

back, and score a lot of points with Abdul. Ann was a knockout. I told Murphy what Abdul had said, and she and Ann had a brief chat.

Later that night, Abdul took Murphy and Ann to the rear area of the fort to meet his family. Murphy came back to my room alone that evening, and that night Abdul and Ann got together.

The next day, Abdul came to my room and complained about Ann having armpit and pubic hair. He told me that she was shaving it even as we spoke. He also complained that while he was screwing Ann he had mistakenly slipped out, and that Ann had stuck his penis into her ass. This was the ultimate dirtiness for a Muslim man, and he wondered if Allah would forgive him.

A couple of hours later, Ann came out from the back. The other ladies had transformed Ann into a proper Muslim woman—veil, shaved pubes and all. She now became one of Abdul's wives, and lived in the back as a member of the family, with one exception. She was the only family member allowed to come out front and hang with us.

A few days later, Tobias and David showed up in Peshawar. Tobias had no idea that Murphy and I were now together. He was a mess, a drugged mess, and totally depressed about his breakup with Murphy. I went to their hotel to greet them, but only David was there. Tobias was out scoring more Mandrax, the British trade name for quaaludes. I told David that all of his gear was ready. I also told him that Murphy was now with me and that there was no way we could hide it from Tobias. I agreed to come back later, after David had broken the news to Tobias.

I returned to Tobias' and David's hotel the next day. Tobias said that he wanted to see Murphy, so I took them both out to Abdul's. In front of both Tobias and Murphy, I told Murphy I loved her, but if she wanted to get back with Tobias, I would bow out. Murphy told Tobias that she was in love with me, and it was over between the two of them. We all hung out together, and later that evening I drove David and Tobias back to town.

That night, Tobias tried to kill himself by taking a drug overdose, and had to be hospitalized. He was under psychiatric evaluation at a hospital in Peshawar. Abdul drove Murphy and me into Peshawar to visit Tobias. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor wanted to interview Murphy and started to ask her all sorts of embarrassing questions about her sex life. It was all too weird, and I told the doctor to mind his own business. Tobias must have heard my voice because into the room he came, screaming at the top of lungs, "There he is! That's the drug dealer who stole my wife!" I'd heard enough. I told David to check Tobias out of the hospital.

Abdul's men grabbed Tobias, put a blanket over him, bundled him out

to our Jeep and threw him in the back. We sped out to Abdul's house, where Tobias continued to throw a fit. I was forced to tie him up until he settled down. We all talked to him and when he calmed down we untied him. We all had dinner together, and that night I told Tobias that Murphy was staying in the back with Abdul's family. Actually, Murphy stayed in my room. But later that evening Tobias, in his underwear, went to the back of the house looking for Murphy. To Abdul, this was an unheard of insult. He nearly shot Tobias, and demanded revenge. The next day, David took Tobias down to Rawalpindi and sent him off to Ceylon. Tobias will never know how close he came to being buried out in the desert. I could have done nothing to stop it.

This incident had brought to us a lot of unwanted attention, but David insisted that all was cool. That night, I filled David's Kodak case with hash oil and built a soft-sided suitcase for him packed with three kilos of Abdul's best hashish. Less than 24 hours later he was on his way to Nairobi. The next day, Murphy and I left for Montreal. Ann stayed behind as Abdul's new wife. Two days later we were back in Montreal, and a few days after that David showed up with Tobias in tow. Jerry took care of the business, and provided them with their share of the profit.

Murphy and I needed a rest from all the melodrama, and Montreal was just the place: great food, great people and great music. I had a small flat in the Côte St. Luc area of Montreal. Everything was perfect. A month later, at my safety deposit box, Murphy fainted in my arms. I carried her back home, and a few days later we found out that she was pregnant. Murphy decided to have an abortion in London. And with that, she flew out of my life.

I was in a state of shock. Harry did his best to cheer me up, and Good Vibes did his best to bring me down. Good Vibes thought he deserved a cut from Tobias and David's run. I explained to him that the dough from the run was in lieu of their getting me my new passport. I offered to get him papers as well, but Good Vibes was too strung out on heroin to know what was going on. I told him to kiss my ass, and we parted company.

I had been staying with Harry and Chantal, who really did their best to cheer me up. I didn't know what to do with myself, so I decided to go back to Peshawar. I brought along a Kodak projector, just in case. It was great to see Abdul again, and to sleep in my room there at the fort. Ann had gone back to Canada. She was far too possessive of Abdul, and Abdul's real wife gave her the boot, but not before Abdul gave her some loaded suitcases as a parting gift. She carried them back to Canada, and wound up with a pile of dough. Ann had done well for herself.

Abdul greeted my arrival with his usual feast. The Tribal Zone is one of the freest places on earth, and I began to finally relax. There was an Englishman staying with Abdul. He was in need of funds, so he agreed to carry the Kodak case back to Canada.

A couple of days after I arrived, I ran into Good Vibes at the Opium Den in Peshawar. I invited him out to Abdul's. I wanted to make peace. When we arrived at Abdul's, I got myself up in complete tribal dress, including my guns. Good Vibes was like a kid in a candy store. He wanted a gun and the full dress as well.

I showed him how to shoot his gun, and afterwards, feeling a little confident, he challenged me to a duel. He was a terrible shot, but the gun made him feel brave. I yelled for him to go for it and before he had the gun out of his holster I had both my guns drawn and trained on him. I shouted, "Bang-bang, you're dead!" We all laughed, but Good Vibes took this all very personally. In the Tribal Zone, when one man challenges another to a duel, he had better be ready to defend himself. Good Vibes was a fool. A Pathan would have shot him dead.

After talking with Good Vibes for awhile, I realized he was there for business. He told me he had thirteen runners, all Canadians, all carrying the same equipment and all going to Nairobi. In Nairobi, the plan was for each of them to "lose" his or her passport, get a new passport and then return to Montreal—and probably all on the same flight. Good Vibes was an idiot. I now had to hurry, and make it through Karachi before Good Vibes. I headed out to Karachi overland and this proved to be a fatal mistake in retrospect. We arrived in Karachi two days later in the evening, and checked into a hotel. The flight to Nairobi was not for another two days.

After a good night's rest, I went out the next morning. Later that afternoon, upon returning to the hotel, I noticed a man in the lobby reading a newspaper and eye-balling me. I thought nothing of it and headed up to my room. When I opened the door, my runner was sitting in a chair with his hands folded in his lap. I asked how he was doing, and with that, two coppers appeared from the bathroom and one from the door. I had the bad luck to be in the same hotel as Good Vibes and his thirteen doomed runners. I later learned that one of the girls in Good Vibes' crew had partied with a Pakistani, who got her real stoned. She fucked him, and confided in him as to Good Vibes scheme. It turned out that the Pakistani was a cop. They followed Good Vibes all the way up to Peshawar and back down to Karachi.

They took us to the Pakistani Narcotics Control Board, and that

afternoon they picked up the rest of Good Vibes' crew as they stepped off the train from Peshawar. All together, seventeen people were arrested and over 100 kilos of hash oil were confiscated. I claimed innocence, saying that I had given my English friend a lift from Lahore, and that's what my runner claimed as well. For awhile, it seemed as though I would be released. The runner would take the fall, pay a fine and get deported, that's all. I promised to pay him for his trouble as well. They kept us all in one huge room. That night they passed out blankets, and we all slept on the floor. Pretty soon we were all bug infested from the blankets they had given us.

We were displayed on Pakistani TV in wretched shape. It was front page news in Pakistan. The next day, two American DEA agents showed up. I found this surprising, since I thought everyone under arrest was either Canadian or English. I had forgotten that Good Vibes was American. And that's who they came to interview. The British Consul came to see me and I related my story to him. When I left that interview, I thought for sure I would be released. My friends up in the Tribal Zone were also trying to get me released. My runner stuck to the story we had worked out. I felt good when I got back to the room where everyone was being held.

It was unusually quiet when I walked in and sat down next to my runner. He told me that Good Vibes had told the DEA that I was an American, that I was wanted in the States, that I was the ring leader of this whole group and that he worked for me. I was in shock. Soon the DEA called to interview me. I had to think fast. Good Vibes was throwing the heat in my direction. He accepted the loss of the hash oil, knowing that he had a five hundred kilo shipment on its way to Antwerp, which he had partnered with French Gil, who had also been arrested with Good Vibes' crew.

I went to be interviewed, and at this point they knew exactly who they had. Without the information Good Vibes furnished them, I would have been released, and the runner would have paid a fine and been deported. The worst scenario I would have faced was, like my runner, a fine and deportation. Unfortunately, an extradition treaty had been agreed to by the United States and Pakistan. The narcs called me by my real name. I sat down and told them Good Vibes plan. I admitted to my one runner. The narcs were elated when I told them of Good Vibes 500 kilo shipment. They sent me back to the room, and a few days later returned to see me. They intercepted the truck with the 500 kilos. I was a real feather in these boys' caps, and from then on in I was treated better. I swore to myself that I would kill Good Vibes the first chance I got.

We were finally sent to Karachi Central Jail to await trial. The two girls in the group were sent to the women's prison, and we fifteen men were sent to the men's prison. At that time, Pakistan had four classes of prisoners: Political Class, 'A' Class, 'B' Class and 'C' Class. 'C' Class cells were the worst, and it was in a 'C' Class cell that we were all placed. In our area there were six barracks, and we were all put in the same one. There were about fifty men or so to a barrack. It was filthy.

We slept on the floor on bamboo mats. At first, we were provided the same diet as the other prisoners—tea and a piece of bread for breakfast, and chapatis (a flat, pancake-like bread) and lentil soup twice a day. We were given a huge milk container in which to store drinking water, and everyday we took turns filling it. I developed some Pakistani friends who advised me against killing Good Vibes, as capital punishment was in force in Pakistan.

Before I was brought to prison, I was taken to meet the head Pakistani narcotics officer at his office. He thanked me for the information I provided, and asked if there was anything he could do for me before I was sent to prison. I asked him to get me a lawyer, and to give me some opium to take into jail with me. He opened his desk drawer, and handed me a huge ball of opium. He told me to wrap it in plastic and to stick it up my butt, as I would be searched entering the prison, and that's just what I did.

The showdown between Good Vibes and me finally came down. I attacked him and was pounding him with my fists, but I was pulled off before I did any real damage. From then on, it was verbal abuse and slaps in the face for Good Vibes. The Pakistani narc kept his word, and a short while later a lawyer came to see me. I gave him what money I had. He told me that I would be sent back to the States after my trial. He said that there was nothing he could do, but he would send fresh food everyday and get me transferred to a better-class cell. He had brought me a huge basket of fruit and vegetables. I thanked him and went back to the barracks. We all had the same lawyer.

The whole prison had heard the story by now, and most supported my vendetta against Good Vibes. One afternoon, Good Vibes challenged me to a foot race. I guess he thought if he beat me he would be the better man. All six barracks emptied for the race, and bets were placed. Remember, I had had my hair streaked with gray in order to make me look at least 50 years old. This threw the Pakistani's off, and many bet on the younger Good Vibes. The course was marked. We would run across the compound, cross a line in the dirt, turn around and run back to the finish line. A judge was picked.

The race was on, and I was far ahead of Good Vibes. I was half-way back by the time he made the first turn. As I looked back at Good Vibes, he slipped in a mud puddle and landed on his face and was covered in mud. He never finished the race. I won by a country mile! Everyone cheered me. This was a huge event for all the spectators, including the guards. Imagine that old man beating that young boy.

Soon, I was transferred to Political Class, along with Good Vibes. Everyone else was released pending trial. We shared a small house with four other Pakistani political prisoners. They would cook great food every day. The trial finally came and everyone was fined, released and deported—except for me. I was released, all right—into the custody of the Pakistani narcs, who then placed me under house arrest near the airport awaiting extradition. It was all very hush-hush. They were afraid my friends from the Tribal Zone would come and free me. I had guards around me at all times. I was actually quite comfortable. They provided me with good food, good hash to smoke, books to read, and Pakistani television and radio. One night my guards threw me a party, and brought me great food and American beer.

The extradition order had been signed, and the next day I was taken to the airport where I was handed over to an American DEA agent. We flew first-class on Pan American via Frankfurt back to New York. The agent was pretty nice. I drank champagne all the way to New York. In New York, I was taken to the Federal Detention Center in lower Manhattan. When I was finally processed in, someone gave me a credit card number with which to make phone calls. I called Ellen in Denmark and had her contact my old crew in New York. I called the Chine Lama in Nepal and had him perform a special puja for me at the great Stupa of Boudhanath.



## Chapter Two

# The Banjoe Safe Company

The case that finally caught up with me was out of Miami. I was transferred from Manhattan to Fort Lauderdale by bus, there being no Con-Air in those days. The bus picked up and dropped off prisoners at every holding facility between New York and Atlanta. Because I was not yet convicted of anything, I had to be held in county jails. It took over a month to get to Atlanta, where I was held in the Fulton County Jail. The cells were underground, and prisoners saw the sun only when they were brought up to the exercise yard. I was no longer able to have contact with Ellen. I knew that I would be in limbo until I finally got picked up and taken to Florida.

Fulton County Jail was worse than ‘C ‘ Class prison in Pakistan. I was in a cell designed for fifteen people, but held sixty. It was a very hostile environment. I could not get phone privileges because I was in transit. My cell was 80% black, as was the whole jail. We had a huge black man in our cell by the name of Big Walter. He intimidated a young black kid until he made him his love slave. It was sickening to watch this poor kid being taken by Big Walter. No one interfered as the kid screamed. Big Walter ran a poker game as well. If the other guy lost, Walter took his commissary. If the other guy won, Walter never paid.

After a few days of watching this sick shit, I challenged Big Walter to a game of cards. Now, this guy was huge, well over two hundred-fifty pounds, all six foot-six inches of him. He was being held on a murder charge, and I think it was his mother that he had murdered. The game was seven-card stud and we played on the lunch table. Everyone in the cell block crowded around the table to watch the game in total silence. I was in a very dangerous spot, but after a few hands I had Big Walter down over a

hundred bucks.

Karma was in my favor. Eventually it came down to one hand. On the sixth card, he had three queens on board and I had two kings showing. He wagered the amount that he then owed me. I guessed that at best, he had a full house, but I had two kings in the hole. I told Big Walter that on the street I was good for at least a grand, so I bet it. That shook him up. I bet into his three queens, so he called me. He dealt the last card down-and-dirty, and his faced registered joy as he finally got his full house. He bet another thousand dollars. The suspense in that cell was unimaginable. I raised five thousand. Big Walter had to call. I had him in a sweat, as he turned over his full boat and beamed with confidence. The cell was totally quiet as I smiled and turned over my other two kings. I laughed in Big Walter's face.

I told him that I smoked Marlboros and loved peanut butter cookies. I explained that I needed writing paper, envelopes and, of course, stamps, and that he owed me his commissary for life. Talk about ego-death! He was shaken, to say the least, and that night I was treated with respect. I was the king of the block and Big Walter, my coolie.

The next day when I woke up, everything I owned was gone. Some of my cell-mates came over to me and told me that Big Walter planned to kill me in the yard that day. When they came to take us to the yard, I told a guard what had happened and asked to be placed in solitary confinement. I was on a federal hold, and they were responsible for my health, so I was granted my request.

Solitary was as filthy as the cells in Hanuman Dhoka prison in Nepal, and that place had been built 250 years ago. In the cell next to mine was a Black Muslim by the name of Jesse. I told him that I had studied Islam in Pakistan, and he and I recited the Koran together. He was a federal prisoner as well. He was on his way to the prison at Marion, Illinois. Marion is where they house only the most dangerous prisoners. They are locked down and in isolation 24 hours a day. Jesse had taken revenge on a person who killed one of his crew in prison. His 20-year sentence for a bank robbery charge was now life in prison without possibility of parole. I liked Jesse, and we spent our time talking about religion.

About a month later, the Federal marshals finally showed up to drive me down to Florida. They drove me to Miami in a small van. I have a vivid memory of stopping at a Burger King, and it seemed like the finest meal I had ever eaten. I made bail shortly after being arraigned in Miami. Actually my bail was already set, and my boys were just waiting for me to get to Miami.

When I walked out of jail, it had been over six months since I was first arrested in Karachi. There was a huge limo waiting outside, and all of my old pals were waiting to greet me, Murray, Big Bob and Albert. Champagne flowed, and I smoked my first joint in over three months. They rented me a suite at the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel in Fort Lauderdale. Murray had arranged for lobster, more champagne and the finest hookers; what an orgy! I was in shock. I could hardly believe it. I was free at last!

The party lasted for two days. The boys fixed everything. They gave me money for living expenses, to get an apartment in Fort Lauderdale, and of course they kept me in stash. I got a job at an electronics company near where I lived, and played it cool for court. The fix was in. My lawyer told me that I was eligible for probation, since this was my first offense.

At the trial, none of my activities in Asia were brought up. In fact, the DEA agent who brought me back never showed up. I was given five years of probation and told to report to the probation department. I was asked by my probation officer why I had, out of all the states, picked Florida in which to do my probation. I got his message, and transferred my probation back to Brooklyn.

As I flew to New York, my mind wandered to Father's temple in Nepal. Would I ever see the Grand Lama again? It was 1976. Jimmy Carter was soon to be president. There was talk of legalizing marijuana. Colombian marijuana ruled the market. That red and gold Colombian was some of the finest smoke ever to come to the States. Mexican marijuana could not be given away, due to the Nixon Administration's policy of encouraging the Mexican government to spray its fields with paraquat. Thai sticks were selling for \$20 each, and one stick would get a dozen or more people high.

Regarding the DEA's claim that the weed of today is much stronger than that of thirty years ago, 90% of the marijuana that is sold today as "bud" (i.e., seedless, manicured clumps) is in fact not. It looks great and smells great, but it's just not as strong as the good Thai ganja. These days, one never sees hashish. I can remember seeing more hash in New York than marijuana. In fact, during the 1960s in New York, it was easier to get hashish than marijuana. Colombian marijuana was coming over in mother ships carrying 50 to 100 tons per run. Smugglers would speed out to the ships in speedboats, buy the marijuana and head back to Florida. The mother ships would sail in international waters up and down the entire east coast, selling weed all along the way.

Good Colombian Red or Gold was selling for \$350 to \$500 per pound, and Thai sticks for \$1000 to \$1800 per pound. Prices were higher than ever before due to the demand. It seemed as if everyone smoked the sacred

weed. My old crew in Brooklyn was heavily involved with Colombian marijuana. My old pal Murray had thirty-six cars with drivers that delivered 350 to 400 pound loads in each vehicle—that's nearly 15,000 pounds of weed on the road at any one time. Some people were moving marijuana with 18-wheelers, and some even sent their loads up from Florida in railroad cars that were delivered to warehouses in New Jersey.

I reported to my new probation officer. He told me to find an apartment and get a job. My old friend Paul, who had picked up one of my dogs years ago, gave me a job selling stereo equipment at his store.

I found Peter Kelley living in the Chelsea area of New York. He was a mess. He was simultaneously addicted to several drugs. One hospital did a case study on his addictions. I managed to get a few things going, and became Peter's connection. I checked him into a hospital, and that was the last time I saw him. Hopefully he recovered, but I doubt it.

Panama was a little better off, but smoked so much PCP that half the time he was totally nuts. Paul's brother, Steve, was a big weed dealer. From the start, I realized that Steve was picking my brain for connections and smuggling methods. I told him how I felt and he promised to pay me \$100,000 when I got off probation in five years. Steve's father had a trucking business with a 48-state interstate trucking license. So I put Steve together with my boys in Florida. I got a piece of every pound delivered to Murray on Steve's trucks.

I was surviving, but I really wanted to get back to Asia. I yearned to be back in Nepal. And that's when I ran into Big Eddie at a health food restaurant in the city. Big Eddie had been Australian Rosie's boyfriend back in India. Eddie told me that my old partner, Todd, was the big wheel in Bangkok, and that one of my best friends, Afghan Ted, worked for him. He suggested that I contact them and get something going. I spoke to Steve and he agreed to back me. I knew Murray wouldn't be interested, as he told me that he wouldn't deal with me until I was off probation.

I ran into Brooklyn Tony in the city. He had told me if I could get anything going to contact him, and so I did. Brooklyn Tony was Sicilian. His father was killed in a Mafia war in the 1950s. Tony was connected in a big way. I wrote to Ted and outlined my plan, and told him I would send Big Eddie over with the dough to put it together. Brooklyn Tony had the Brooklyn docks wired. He told me he could either steal or clear anything coming off the docks. All he needed was a picture of the cargo boxes, the number of the hold in which it was stored and the paperwork. Then he gave me a list of ships that sailed from Bangkok to the Brooklyn docks. Steve put up the dough, so he got to handle the load.

This was the plan: Tony's driver would pick up the load from the docks and deliver the crates to a house we rented from a friend. This house had a service road in back, where we would have another truck parked and ready to move the load to a safe house. In other words, the load was delivered, and a few minutes after delivery it went out the back door. Tony would beep us when the load had been cleared and was on its way to us. The trial run would only involve 100 kilos. If it was successful, we would then ship a full container load. I was thrilled to again be involved in smuggling.

Sure enough, a month after Big Eddie went to Thailand I got the paperwork in the mail with the photo of the boxes and the cargo hold number. But before I went to see Brooklyn Tony, I went to see Murray. I showed the paperwork to Murray, with whom I felt safer doing business. That whole month Tony had been inviting me out to Queens to meet his people but I always declined, saying that I already knew too many people. Big Eddie had warned me against having a sit-down with these guys. Big Eddie wouldn't even meet Tony, but Steve and I had dinner with him on a few occasions.

Eddie came back to New York to wait for the load with us. I wanted Steve to handle the pick-up on the docks, but Tony insisted that we use his people. The ship came in on a Wednesday, but Tony's driver didn't show up until Friday. The paperwork was signed and cleared by customs, but the boxes didn't have the usual tape wrapped around them that indicated that they had been cleared by customs. The truck was stopped at the gate where the crates were re-inspected and busted, one-hundred kilos of the finest Gold Buddha sticks down the drain.

When we got the beep, Steve made the call and then reported to me what happened. I was furious. I flew into the city to see Tony, and told him that not using Steve to pick up the load was a mistake. Things got pretty hot. Tony finally agreed to cover half my loss, and we set a meeting for the next day.

I reported what had happened to Murray. He insisted that it wasn't a problem, and had me come over with Big Eddie. We sent Big Eddie back to Bangkok with \$50,000 to invest in a full container load, five tons of Thai sticks. I went to meet with Tony several times, but he was never around and after a few weeks I forgot about him. After all, I had a five-ton load coming in, and this time Steve would handle the pick up and deliver it to Murray.

About a month had passed when I received a distressed call from Murray, so I went to see him immediately. It turned out that Tony's connection on the docks was the son of a big Mafia boss. Following the

100 kg bust, the heat had come down and had caused problems and unwanted attention for this Mafia boss. To teach his son a lesson he had everyone involved in the deal killed. Bodies were showing up in trunks of cars at JFK. Tony's mother received a package with Tony's pinky finger and ring and was told not to bother looking for him. Tony's finger was buried Mafia style. Murray told me that if our five ton load were to come in, it would be cement shoes for him, and that if it were cement shoes for him it would be cement shoes for me. He instructed me to cancel the deal immediately.

The ship was due to leave any day, so I had to contact Eddie right away. I checked into the Americana Hotel and proceeded to call everyone I knew in Bangkok. I finally reached Eddie, who immediately reported that the container was loaded and ready to be shipped. I explained the situation, and told him that if it was cement shoes for me, it would be cement shoes for him as well. "Whatever you have to do, get that load off the ship," I implored him. He replied that it was too late. I emphasized that he could not run far enough from these people, and that he needed to cancel the deal or else. He somehow managed to have the container removed from the ship. When I reported the news to Murray, a sigh of relief could be heard across New York City.

This one had come entirely too close to disaster. I was relieved to have never gone to any of those meetings to which Tony kept inviting me. Everybody involved in the deal just below my level was killed including the driver--- six people in all. I felt especially bad for Tony's mother. She had lost a husband, and now a son. Those fucking Sicilians are nuts. Tony's body was ground up and fed to pigs.

Amazingly, these incidents did nothing to dampen Steve's spirits. Despite the bad turn of events, I proved that I had it together in Bangkok, although we clearly had to find another way to facilitate the entrance of the goods. So he set out to get a solid connection. Greed has a way of controlling people, and Steve turned out to be the greediest person I ever met. The fuck-ups were here, not in Thailand, but all that knowledge did was heighten his greed. What a way to teach a son a lesson he'll never forget!

I was still doing a little business here and there, but I lacked the clients that I once had. I ran into Anton, another friend from India, who had a load of hash that I sold to Steve. I built suitcases for people who used them to move money around the country. I did whatever it took to pay my bills. Finally, a load from Thailand came in, but it was garbage. I guess the people in Thailand chose not to risk sending the good stuff, as we had lost

a load of primo.

I took a long-needed vacation from New York in Crested Butte, Colorado, where some of my old friends had moved. I took some hash with me and sold it, and bought some land with the proceeds. By the time I returned to New York, I had made up my mind to move to Colorado. I loaded up my car and left New York for good. I transferred my probation to Colorado. The closest probation officer was in Montrose, about a hundred miles away, not far enough for me.

At the time, Crested Butte was a wild and woolly town. People would openly do lines of coke on the bar. All the cops got high. It was safe to gamble openly at any of the bars in town. I sold the land and bought a house in town. I started to sell a little ganja, and opened a franchise down the road in Gunnison as well.

Back in New York, as a result of the many connections I had given him, Steve was working his way up the ladder. I never failed to remind him of his \$100,000 commitment to me.

I heard from Ellen in Denmark. She wanted to come to Crested Butte and have my baby. My feelings for Ellen were always largely platonic. My only thought was to get off probation and head back to Nepal to see the Chine Lama before he died.

I ran into Link, one of my old customers from Boston. I explained to him my situation: I had plenty of connections, but no real customer base, and he introduced me to Clive. Through Clive I start to develop a client base in Denver. Clive was an alcoholic who also used too much cocaine, but he was helpful in building my business in Denver. I did a couple of successful runs from New York with Gold and Red Colombian marijuana. Those bales were beautiful when they were unwrapped. They sparkled, and the smoke had a very spicy taste. It sold as fast as I could show it. Steve would send a load, and a week later I would be back in New York with the dough. We needed a new delivery vehicle and this is when I went to work designing Big Red.

Big Red was an enormous four-wheel-drive van with a huge built-in bed, a tufted interior, curtains, a refrigerator, captain's chairs, a command console that looked like an aircraft cockpit, a built-in radar detector, a CB radio, and, of course the false wall I built under the bed, in which to store the ganja. Clive introduced me to Darryl in Denver, who paid cash for my loads. Jimmy Carter's presidency was coming to a close, and with it any possibility of legalizing marijuana. That was fine with me. I liked my job. I never paid for loads, they were always fronted and delivered.

Fat Bobby was Steve's driver and warehouse man, a nice guy who

Steve treated more like a slave than a pal. Just another soul for Steve to step on as he climbed the ladder of success and fortune.

One day, Clive invited me to dinner, and there I meet his pal, Billy Bob from Texas. To make a long story short, Clive told Billy Bob that I built suitcases. Billy Bob told me he had some friends in jail in Peru, and that before they were busted they buried most of their stash, and he had a map with which to locate it. I agreed to make the bags for him and waived my usual fee for a cut of the profits.

I built the suitcases and showed him how to pack the product and seal the bags. Billy Bob took a lady named Deedee with him to do the actual run. Their route was Lima -Rio -Madrid, and then into Canada and overland into the States through Montana. Believe it or not, they made it all the way home. The only problem they had was in Brazil. Since they had no visas they had to wait in transit two days to catch a flight to Spain. Deedee told me later that she, not Bill, found the stash. He thought he was on a wild goose chase until Deedee figured out the map.

After nearly three years, I finally heard from my probation officer. I had to report to the Denver office. Since I had no visible means of support and had not reported in three years, she threw me into a halfway house for six months. This was just what I needed, more supervision during my last year on probation.

My new probation officer, Maggie, was the proverbial bitch from hell. She made my last year on probation a miserable experience. She was very proud that she had once been a junkie prostitute and was now a federal officer. She had turned her life around, and so was determined to either straighten me out or send me to prison. She showed no mercy. I had to provide urine samples every other day, but amazingly, in those days they only tested for hard drugs, so I was able to smoke ganja every day.

Darryl gave me a job at his fence company. Or, more accurately, I gave him the money with which to pay me so I would have a pay stub to show Maggie. I carried a beeper, and whenever she came around I would get beeped, and would then make a token appearance. It was business as usual, but having Maggie on my back kept me on my toes.

The halfway house was an old apartment building. Two people shared each apartment. I had to check in three times a day. It was the basic bullshit. I had to be in by midnight. I parked my truck outside and spent as little time there as possible. Maggie was out to get me.

Steve sent me a load of gold weed. It looked great, and I sold it for cash at \$475 a pound. When I delivered the weed, Richard was all fucked up on quaaludes, but when he saw those gold bales, his eyes nearly popped out

of his head. He paid cash on the barrel-head. I took my cut, and sent the rest with Bobby back to New York. Two days later, Richard called, screaming that I had ripped him off. Steve had pulled a fast one, and had sent out Fool's Gold made from Kansas dirt weed. I had to pay back Richard, and I lost a great customer. I waited for the right time to have it out with Steve. Just then, I had to watch out for Maggie, who was dogging my every move.

My roommate at the halfway house was an alcoholic. They were treating him with Antabuse, but he still drank, and it made him crazy. He was there for over six months. He couldn't get a job, and his wife left with their kids. He was a mess. One day he took me aside and told me that he was going to kill himself. Believing that he meant it, I reported it to the counselors downstairs. They told me to mind my own business, as this guy had threatened suicide before. The next day, they found my roommate in his truck with his head blown off. I told my lawyers about it and they put the heat on the halfway house for having been negligent. A couple of days later, the director of the halfway house called me into his office. He told me that if I would get my lawyers off his back, he would make my stay there very comfortable. So I agreed to keep my mouth shut.

I was always out on pass, and always late returning to the house, but it was never reported. It was smooth sailing for the rest of my stay there. To Maggie's dismay, I made it through the six months at the halfway house. She now had only three months left in which to nail me. My plan was to go back to Nepal as soon as I was off probation.

Steve sent me a good load, which I sold for \$115,000. I still owed Richard \$15,000 from the Fool's Gold deal, so I paid him and kept the remaining \$100,000. Steve called and asked to be paid. I told him I paid the \$15,000 to Richard, and that I was keeping the rest. Then I reminded him of the \$100,000 he owed me, and that I was soon to be off probation. He called me a rip-off and said that he was coming to visit me, a bluff which I called.

I also called Murray in New York who reported that Steve had been making money hand over fist with my overseas connections. Murray called him to a sit-down to remind him of his commitment to me, and to remind him of the dough he was making via my connections. Visions of cement shoes danced in Steve's head, and he backed off and accepted reality. I never heard from him on this matter again. I was now back in solid with Richard as a result of paying him back.

Maggie was trying to catch me off-guard but I made it, and in April of 1981, I was cut loose. I had a huge party in Denver and the next day I

applied for my passport. A few weeks later, as I walked over to my apartment building, I noticed men who were obviously with the FBI waiting for me. They were parked in front of the building, and followed me inside. I made it up to my apartment and hid my stash.

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door and sure enough I was arrested for passport fraud based on the passport I had used to leave the States eleven years earlier. This had all been handled in Florida, and it was actually all a mistake. In fact, I had just gotten off probation from that charge. In Florida all of the charges against me were lumped together in a package deal. I guess no one had notified the State Department. I called my lawyer, and I was bonded out before I hit Denver county jail. It took about two months, but I got my passport back and the charges were dropped. For the first time in eleven years I felt free.

That summer I remodeled my cabin in Crested Butte. I took on a partner, Ace, who handled my warehouse as well as distribution. Murray put me back into business. I let Ace handle everything, and all I did was lay back and count the money. I was being careful that fall. I was making plans to return to Nepal, and nothing would stop me from once again seeing the Chine Lama and, of course, the Great Stupa of Boudhanath, Father's temple.



That October I headed back to Nepal. As the plane flew into Nepal, it flew right over Father's temple. What a sight to behold! I took a taxi straight to Father's house. The first familiar face that I saw belonged to Sushil, one of

the Chine's grandsons, who recognized me immediately. He took me to see Father, who immediately jumped up from his bed and told me that he knew I would return. Everyone had tears in their eyes. It was wonderful. Father had prayed for my return all those years. They had heard I was dead.

Ganesh rented me a house, and on the way over to it, he told me that my old friend, Afghan Ted, lived in the next village. Before I even unpacked, I went to see Ted. He damn near fainted when he saw me. We hugged for a long time. I wanted to smoke some hash and Ted proceeded to roll a lot of joints. Things had been a little rough for Ted, so I immediately laid a couple of thousand on him and told him not to worry. Before I left the States, Murray came up with a new scam for shipments from Nepal.



AfghanTed

Ted married a beautiful Thai lady named Taznee, and they had a son named Odin. He told me that Irish Patrick was living by the Oberoi hotel. Then we started comparing notes on Steve. It turned out that when Steve told me he did a one-ton deal, it was really three. What a lying sack of shit.

In Nepal, having pulled off so many successful scams, I was famous. All my old friends came by. The Serchan brothers, my old hash connection, came by. I had my girlfriend make Father some American fried chicken and he was in Nirvana. Everyday I would have lunch with

Father, and recount everything that happened over those eleven years.



L to R: Piaro (translator), Mr. Serchan (hash connection) and Ganesh Lama

I made a point of telling him how Steve had betrayed me. Father caught me up on all the news. Todd had been arrested in Bangkok and was now in a Thai prison. It seemed that old Todd had been busted along with the cargo manager of Thai Airlines and the Thai captain with whom he was working. He actually had the Thai Navy delivering his loads to waiting ships out at sea while he sat in jail. That's right, Todd was King Rat, and operated his smuggling empire from within the Thai prison.

I went to see Irish Patrick, who was doing very well in the antique business, although he was still strung out on heroin.

Nepal had changed a lot. It was no longer a quiet, peaceful backwater.

Heroin was dirt-cheap and the price of hash and ganja had skyrocketed. Nepal was poorer than it was eleven years earlier.

I had been back about three weeks when I got a message from Father that my friend Steve was there to see me. Steve who? I remember thinking. I rushed to Father's house and there was Steve from New York and his wife Leslie. I didn't want to upset Father, so I took them to my house. There I berated Steve, and Ganesh threatened his very existence. If he would have come without Leslie, I would have had him thrown into a Nepali jail. He wanted to see Ted, and I dropped him off there. Ted told him that he was in immediate danger, and that he should leave Nepal while he still could. As it was, Steve nearly died of food poisoning after eating tainted seafood. Nepal is a long way from the ocean. I felt bad for his wife, Leslie. She was a real sweet lady. They left before I had them deported.

Darling, Father's daughter, invited my gal pal and I for dinner. Darling's husband had died a few years earlier, and I remembered playing with their kids years ago. Her daughter Jaya had grown up very nicely, thank you—she was a knock out. Her son Prabhakar and I would become best friends for life.

The Chine Lama had another daughter who died as a child. She had fallen down the stairs of Father's house and broken her neck. One day, as I was having lunch with the Grand Lama, a Malaysian Muslim family came for a visit. There was a young woman with them who looked at Father and said, "Father, it is your daughter. I have returned home." Father called her by the nickname he had given her in her other life. The Malaysian family was astonished. This was the same name by which the girl had demanded to be addressed from the moment she could speak.

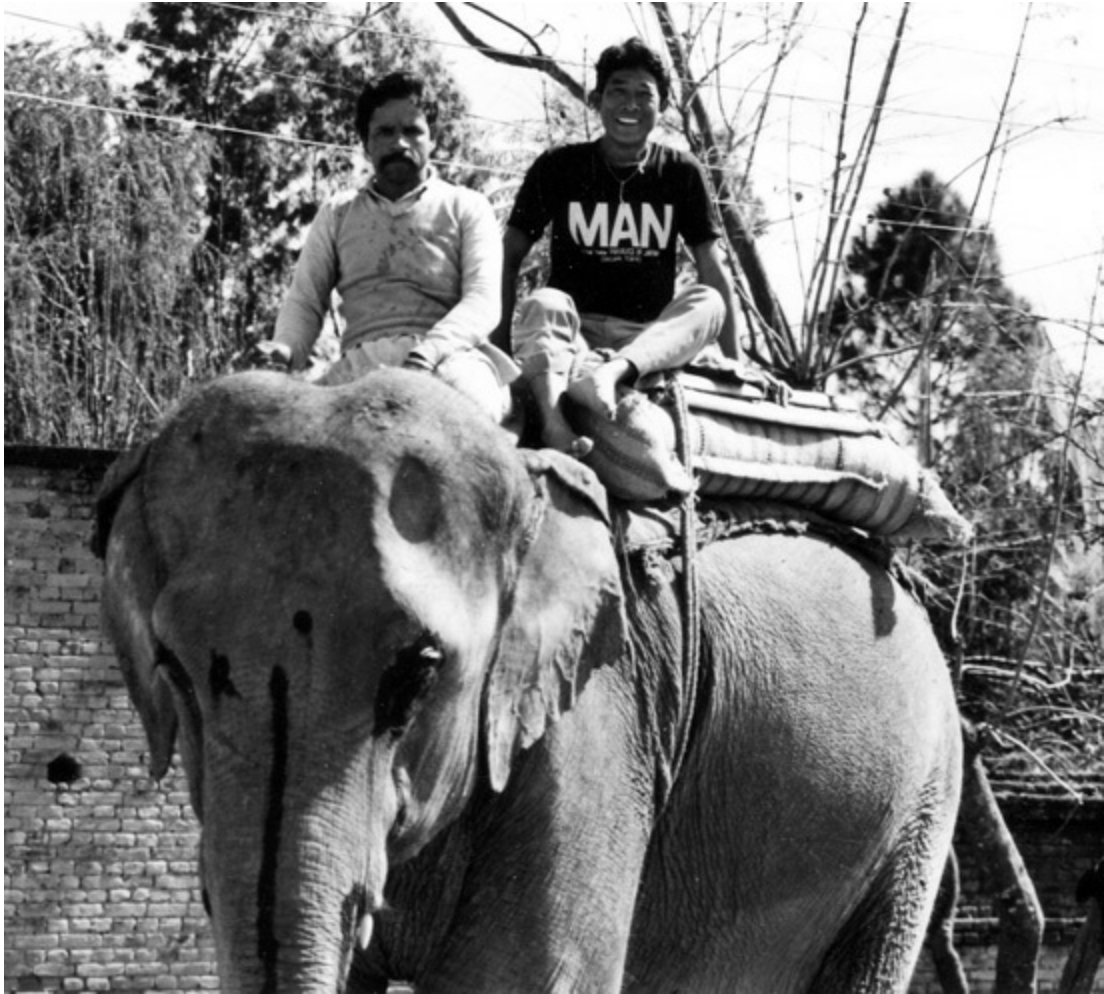
One day she opened a book to a picture of the Boudhanath Stupa, and told her parents "That's where I used to live. My father lives there now." Eventually she demanded that her parents take her to Nepal to her father's temple. I had seen proof of reincarnation before my very eyes. This Muslim family converted to Buddhism, and to this day are part of the Lama family. They now live in Nepal, even though Father is long gone. Everyone was crying. It was quite a scene. The Boudhanath Stupa Temple is over 2000 years old, and it is said that it was created from a tear of the Goddess of Mercy.

Over the years, I had seen plenty of Father's magic. He studied with Tantric masters in Nepal, Tibet, China and Mongolia. He was a remarkable man. Lowell Thomas once interviewed him, and a copy of the film of their conversation is in the Museum of Television & Radio in New York. He was in a Jean Paul Belmondo movie. In the movie, Belmondo's character

is being chased around the world. At one point he is in Nepal, and sure enough there is Father with all his monks doing Puja. Once, years after Father had passed to Nirvana, I was watching the television show, *In Search Of...*, and there was the Chine Lama showing the cameras a Yeti skull. Father was a character.



Chine Lama appearing on *In Search Of The Abominable Snowman*, which aired originally on November, 22 1979



Phurpa, my servant, riding my old friend

One day, Ganesh came by with a surprise. A huge elephant came walking up my driveway. Ganesh told me that it was the elephant I purchased to send to the States so long ago. He was huge and I was glad I no longer had to feed him. I went for a ride on the elephant. He was trained to work. It's funny, but when I went up to him he seemed to remember me and gave me a loving nudge. The trainer said he remembered me.

A few days later, Ganesh came to me quite worried. A huge load of hash oil had been busted on the bus from Sundrajal reservoir, and the coolies had given Ganesh's name as well as THC Jack's. Evidently, Jack had set up an oil lab in Melamche, Father's village in the mountains. They were growing the weed there and processing it into oil. Why the coolies didn't go around and walk it all the way down I'll never understand. Ganesh was in deep shit, and the police were looking to arrest him. I went to Father's as usual for lunch, and the phone rang. Father handed the phone to me. It was THC Jack, who knew me by reputation. He had not yet been arrested and was in hiding. I asked if he was calling from Bombay, and told him if not that he should be. I guess he took my advice

and got out of Dodge.

Ganesh wasn't sleeping in the same place twice. I talked to Father, but there was nothing he could do. Times had changed in Boudha, and there was even a police station there now. Before, the only law was the Chine Lama. Finally, the police came to Father's house and arrested Ganesh. In the old days, no police were ever allowed in Boudha and certainly not inside Father's house. It was a sad sight to see. Fortunately, Ganesh was not held very long. The whole incident was blamed on Jack, who was long gone by then. I remember Ganesh complaining about being slapped around by the police.



Chine Lama presented the author with Mala (meditation beads)

Ted left for Thailand with his family, and I was going to meet him in Pattaya for a few weeks before I went back to the States. I fixed myself a nice place to live in Nepal again, and intended to come back to live in Boudha. Father had a big dinner for us, and afterwards he presented me with a huge ancient statue of Padma Sambava, the saint who introduced Buddhism to Tibet. The next day, I left for Bangkok, where Ted met us at the airport. We partied a few days in Bangkok, and then took the bus to Pattaya Beach. At the time, Pattaya was beautiful, unpolluted and not too crowded. Unlike today, the beaches were clean and it was cheap. Ted got

us a room at the Palm Lodge. At the hotel, we met a group of guys from Kuwait. Ted spoke Farsi so we partied with them and we became their rafik (brothers).

One day upon returning from the beach, we saw someone standing and listening at our door. We all did an about face, and as we walked away I noticed a couple walking towards us. They were obviously junkies. I had a hunch that they were staying in the room next to ours, and that the person we saw was listening at their door. I followed them into the building and sure enough they were next door to us. I felt that I should warn them that it may have been the police listening at their door. I knocked on their door and told them that I might be a crazy American, but I thought I had seen the police listening at their door. With that they invited me in.

I told them to clean up their room, move to a different hotel and start being discreet. They related their tale to me. They had flown in from Hamburg to score. They had been picked up at the airport by a taxi driver, who took one look at them and said he knew what they wanted. He took them to Pattaya, and was either in the process of ripping them off or setting them up. They thanked me and moved on the next day. There is a saying among the Westerners living in Thailand—"Never trust a Thai." In Thailand it is essential to know whom one is dealing with!

One evening, my Kuwaiti friends showed interest in seeing some of the antiques I brought from Nepal, so I invited them to my room for a drink. The lady from room service also became very interested when she saw the statue that Father had given to me.

We partied our last night in Thailand. The next day, everyone came to say goodbye. We hired a private car to drive us back to the Bangkok airport. I was anxious to leave Thailand and return home to Crested Butte

As we were leaving the lodge, the driver told us that he knew a short cut that could get us to the airport more quickly, and we readily agreed. He kept looking at us through his rear view mirror and it started to make me a little nervous. The road began getting narrower and then it dawned on me that this guy was heading into the jungle where he was going to rip us off for the art. I whispered my thoughts to my gal pal who felt the same vibe. I pulled my trusty buck knife, grabbed him by the back of his head and put my knife to his throat. I told him that if he thought he was going to rip us off, he could forget it. I said, "I'll cut your head off and leave you here in the jungle for the tigers to eat. Now, turn this car around and get back to the highway."

As soon as we were on the highway, I loosened my grip but kept my knife at the ready. When we arrived at the airport, he apologized profusely

and said that he would blow his head off with his gun if any harm had come to us while we were in his car. It turned out that he had a gun in his glove box. At the time, Bangkok was the murder capital of the world and the stories about tourists being robbed were endless. We had several drinks to calm us down following our close call.

We settled into our seats and headed back to the States. When we arrived at LAX, our luggage was ripped apart by customs, and we were thoroughly searched. The only item left unchecked was Father's statue. I told the agent to forget it, that the statue was clean and that if he in any way damaged the piece he would probably be reincarnated as a worm. They drilled into the bottom and found nothing, and we finally cleared customs after two hours. 1981 was coming to a close. Everything had gone well in my absence. Ace had taken care of business and I had come home to a pile of dough. My loads were being delivered regularly, and Ace handled everything. He kept Darryl and Richard well stocked with bales of Colombian Gold and Red. Murray wanted me back home to supervise Ace as the loads were getting bigger. However I wanted to return to Nepal. I opened a small shop in Crested Butte, selling handicrafts, antiques and Tibetan carpets.

One day I was sitting in my living room, admiring Father's statue, when suddenly the staff held by the figurine broke and fell to the floor. I knew something was amiss and called Nepal. I had a premonition that something had happened to Father. Sushil answered the phone and told me that Father had died in Maha Samadi. Over 100,000 people escorted Father's body to Pashupatinath, where he was cremated. The Royal Nepalese Air Force flew helicopters around the stupa, and all the ambassadors attended. Immediately prior to his death, Father sat up erect in a lotus position and released his soul. Three veins appeared in his forehead in the form of a Shiva Trident. I was devastated!

I would never see Father again and I would never have the same power again in Nepal. Father was a tantric master, and when he died a lot of knowledge went with him. The title Chine Lama passed to his eldest son, Puntajawala. Boudha would never be the same. Father's room was left untouched, and remains so to this day. As I sat in my living room, I remembered a meeting long ago with Father, the Chief of Police and an army general. The police chief said to me, Joe, you're rich and we are poor, we eat meat once a month, you must help us. I smiled. I was afforded privileges enjoyed by no other Westerner in Nepal, and lived the life of a hippie king. Father had a lot of power. Once he sent me to Melamche as his representative to handle all matters concerning the village. In other

words, he appointed me as judge over all disputes. Everyone bowed down to me. My word was the Chinese Lama's word.

I received a letter from Irish Patrick. He wrote that he had two statues he wanted me to sell, and that he had a friend in New Jersey with some merchandise he could not get rid of. He begged me to help. I knew the merchandise was heroin, so I chose to ignore the whole situation. But the very next day I received a phone call from someone named Bijay Giri in New Jersey. I was fit to be tied that Irish Pat gave this stranger my phone number. He told me he was stuck there without funds and that he was due in Texas next month to attend flight school. I told him that I could not help him out.

Two days later he showed up in Gunnison, and called to say that he was on his way up to Crested Butte. I swore to take revenge on Irish Patrick the moment I returned to Nepal. I did not know anyone in the heroin trade and it was impossible to sell it in a small town like Crested Butte. But after a few days I found someone who knew a person in California who could handle it. I took Bijay out there and left him in San Francisco. I was very relieved to be rid of Bijay.

Nepal was then and is now flooded with heroin. I remember when there was no such thing as a Nepalese junkie. Now Nepal actually had methadone clinics. At the time, with the Afghan War raging in Southwest Asia, more heroin would be produced in Asia than ever before, all under the watchful eye of the CIA, which was supporting the Mujahideen's fight against the Soviet war machine. The Mujahideen supported itself by growing opium and manufacturing heroin.

The Gulbuddin Hekmatyar and the CIA agreed that the CIA would turn a blind eye to the trade as long as none of the heroin reached the U.S. During the 1980s there was a heroin explosion in Europe, Canada, and Australia and for the first time kilo prices for heroin started to drop. The strategy was to make it cheap, sell it cheap and build up the client base.

The price for a kilo of pure Thai White was \$10,000 to \$15,000 at the time, while the price in Pakistan was one-third of that or less. More heroin was produced in the 1980s than ever before and that trend continued through the 1990s and into the 21st century. Now that Colombia produces heroin, it's cheaper still, from \$300,000 per kilo in the 1960s to less than \$50,000 per kilo in the USA today. Before, it was unusual for a bag of dope to be even three-percent heroin. Today it is sold in pure form, as now more addicts snort heroin than inject it.

And what of the DEA? In the name of national security, they turned a blind eye to their brothers in the CIA. The DEA went after the good-old-

boy marijuana networks, but to do so they had to change the rules. First, they changed the legal classification of marijuana to the same as heroin. Then, they completely revised the law to allow no-knock raids, and to make wider use of conspiracy laws. One no longer had to be busted with the dope red-handed. People were going to jail for things they did five years earlier. Seizure laws were enacted under which police were empowered to confiscate a suspect's property and then leave it up to the suspect to prove his innocence. Ninety percent of those cases never resulted in criminal charges, let alone convictions. One's property could be seized merely on the word of an informant.

I received a call from Murray. He informed me that a big load was coming my way. I checked into the Writers' Manor Hotel, and waited for the drivers to show up. As soon as a driver arrived, I would hand his car keys to Ace, who would drive the car to my warehouse and then return the empty car to the driver. Over the course of that week we handled 36 cars full of Red and Gold Colombian, a total of nearly 15,000 pounds. At first I wondered how I was going to move all of this weed. In fact, it was gone in ten days.

I had been back in the States six months and I wanted to return to Nepal. Ace was working out well, so I did. On the way, I stopped in Hong Kong to pick up various supplies, including a television and video player which were worth about \$5000 at the time.

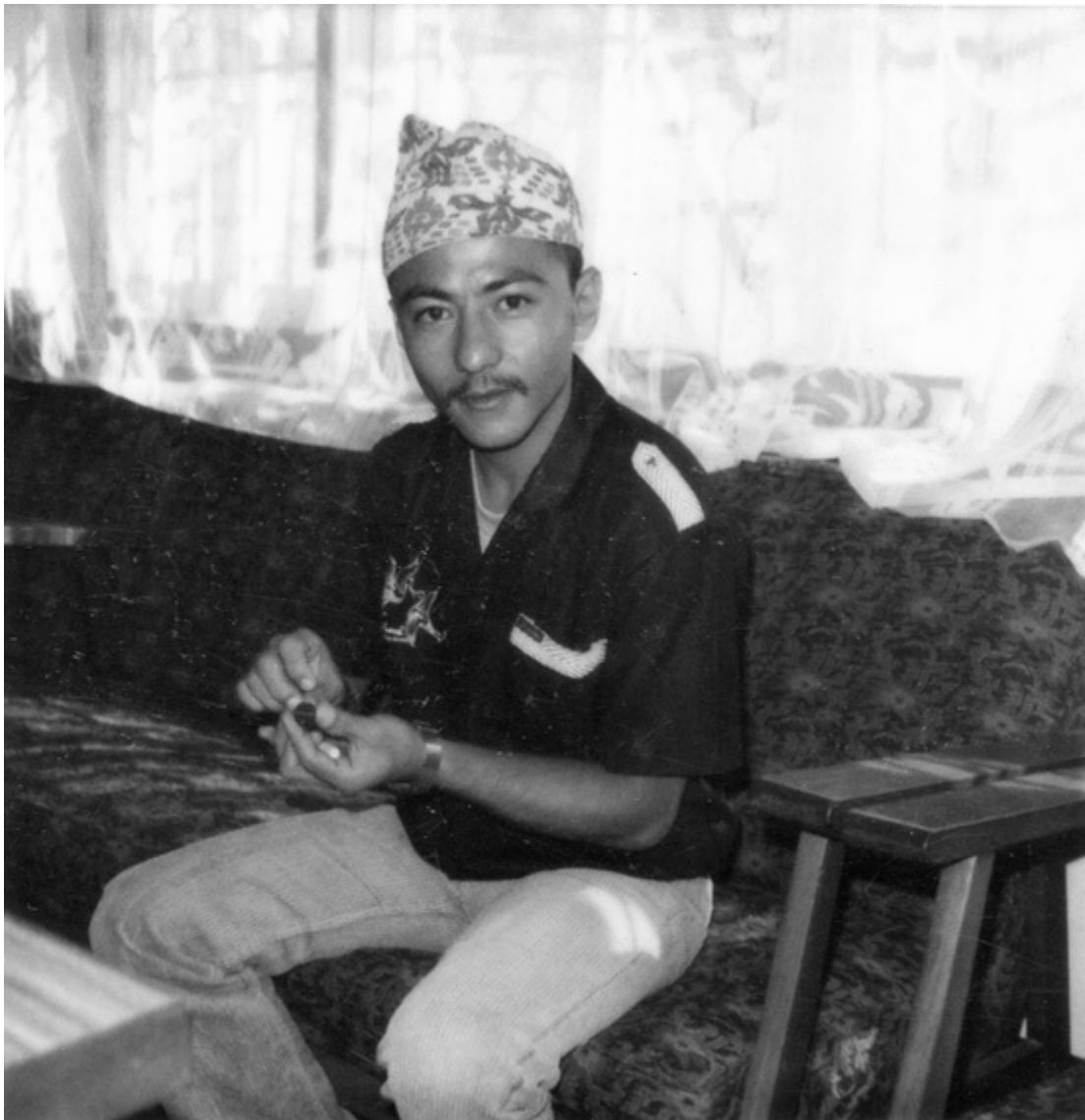
I had the only video player in Boudha, and every night I would have people over to watch movies. I remember showing the Elephant Man. The Nepalese could not believe how badly he was treated. In Nepal, he would have been worshipped as the god Ganesh. Ganesh is the elephant-headed god who brings luck to people who worship him. The most beautiful girls would have offered themselves to him. A temple would have been built in his honor.

It was sad for me to be back in Boudha with Father gone. I sometimes would go into his room to meditate. Ganesh built a stupa in which to put Father's ashes, and I went there to meditate. All around Father's stupa, ganja began to flourish. I asked Ganesh who it was that planted the weed, and he told me that it just began growing naturally.

I received some additional bad news. Ted and his son, Odin, had gone off a cliff in Bali while riding a motorcycle, and both had been killed. Everyone was trying to cheer me up, but the loss of Ted was heavy. He was a true brother, and they were hard to find in Southeast Asia.

Prabhakar, Darling's son, came over and I told him that Irish Patrick had tried to involve me in a heroin deal. The next day, Prabhakar showed

up with 100 Nepalese soldiers on motorcycles and in trucks. We drove over to Irish Pat's house, and the soldiers surrounded it. Every soldier there was a Tae Kwan Do black belt. They stormed in and tied up old Pat. We did not hurt him, but he was read the riot act. From that point forward, the only business between Pat and me would be antiques and carpets, and he was never again to involve me in his heroin scams. I threw the army boys a huge party and they pledged their assistance if we ever needed it again. Prabhakar was a great friend, and I was crazy about his sister, Jaya.



Prabhakar Raj Pandey



The author, Jaya and a friend.

Ganesh came by with an invitation for lunch at a very important Minister's home who was in charge of the Nepalese Olympic Committee. The very next day an official car was sent to Boudha to collect us. I remember being very impressed with the Minister's Mercedes Benz and the Police escort. As we entered the compound we were halted as a royal entourage of vehicles left the minister's home.

When we arrived I waited in the reception area while Ganesh spoke privately with the minister. I was then shown into the minister's office and was offered a bottle of Johnny Walker Black whiskey and a carton of 555 cigarettes. I had a drink with them and proceeded to roll a joint, which after lighting I offered to the minister, who politely declined. Over lunch the conversation turned to more substantive matters. Nepal for the first time was sending the Royal Nepalese Soccer team to the Olympics in Los Angeles the following year, 1984. They proposed my handling the

merchandise that was being sent along with the team. My mind turned to \$\$\$ signs as I thought how much I could get for 150 kilos of Nepalese Cream hashish, made Afghani style (bat-pressed)! I told the minister that I could supply the hashish and then would buy it back upon delivery in Los Angeles at an agreed-upon price.



## Author in Kathmandu

Ganesh spoke with the minister in Nepalese, and then told me, “Not the black thing the white thing.” They intended to send 150 kilos of China White Heroin along with the team to LA. I tried my best to change their minds as 150 kilos of the finest Nepalese hash was worth quite a bit, but they were willing to pay me 10%, which would have been more than the 150 kilos of hash was worth! I put my hands in a prayer position over my head and apologized to the Minister, as there was nothing I could do to help them. It was out of the question. I did not know anyone to sell it to, nor did I want to. I again told him to forget it and just do the hashish, but to no avail, so I left. On the way home Ganesh explained that this was a Royal Family deal, that Prince Gyanendra was behind it, and that I could have anything I wanted in Nepal. I would be in the highest position with the Royal family. I told him to forget it.

At the 1984 Olympic Games the entire Royal Nepalese soccer team was stopped by U.S. Customs at LAX carrying the 150 kilos of heroin, and deported back to Nepal. It was all very hush-hush and only appeared in the news the day it happened, never to be heard about again until this book. The Nepalese never found about this incident either, and a reporter who tried to expose the scandal was shot by the police. Who would have thought that this heroin dealing Black Prince would one day be the King of Nepal!

Back in the States, the heat was on in the Caribbean, so the mother ships that once plied the waters off the Atlantic Ocean now headed into the Pacific to do business in Southeast Asia. Shipments of Thai weed were arriving in the U.S. in standard ocean containers. Huge loads were transported most of the way by those same mother ships, which would in turn parcel out the loads to smaller boats for final delivery to American shores.

The weed began its journey in Laos, from where it was transported overland by Lao Police trucks to Danang. There, it would be loaded aboard the mother ships. The weed came vacuum-sealed in nitrogen, so when the package was opened, it was as fresh as the day it was packed. It was fabulous ganja, better than any other bud I have ever smoked here in the States, and the taste was wonderful. My old buddy Todd was running a huge scene from inside a Thai prison. It's funny that a poor country like Laos managed to pay off most of its foreign debt in the 1980s. The marijuana and heroin business was a government-controlled monopoly in

Laos.

Huge loads of hashish began arriving from Afghanistan via Karachi, Pakistan courtesy of a CIA-approved Mujahideen network—slabs of black hash stamped with AK-47s or the word “Kabul.” Most of this hash was commercial, but some of it was the black on the outside, gold on the inside variety that Abdul used to make for me.

My favorite smoke in those days was the marijuana grown in Hawaii. Richard had a connection who would send him half-pounds concealed in Macadamia nut tins. The packages came with a beautiful dragon seal. They were vacuum-sealed and nitrogen packed. I have yet to smoke anything quite like that. Still, nothing beats that hand rubbed Nepalese hash.

My friend Rod had actually gone up to the villages where the hashish plants grow, and taught the Thakalis how to make hash using the Afghan method. Afterwards, the hash actually improved. Historically, the Thakalis have been the makers and suppliers of hashish in Nepal. The Thakalis migrated to Nepal from India hundreds of years ago during the Muslim invasions.

It was monsoon season in Nepal, so I headed back to the States. When I arrived, I saw that Ace had handled everything well, and I had plenty of dough waiting for me. I was called to a meeting in Boulder with Murray. He told me that while I was gone, Ace had proposed cutting me out of my deal with my crew, since he was doing all the work. To my dismay, I had to let Ace go. I would now have to handle everything myself.

Murray took me to dinner with one of his pals, Tom, aka Tommy Ton. Tom sold high grade Mexican marijuana. Little did I know that the days of Colombian marijuana would shortly be over, and that I would never sell it or see it again. The heat was on, and the Colombians switched to smuggling cocaine, which was more profitable and less bulky. I still miss that Santa Marta Gold and Red. It sold itself, and always kept me smiling. I was selling a lot more exotics now that the Colombian had dried up. I had hash, Thai weed, Kona Gold, Maui Wowie and, of course, homegrown. I now began receiving 500-pound loads of Mexican sensimilla through this new connection. I could obtain delivery in any major U.S. city I specified. It was beautiful. The Mexicans had gotten wise to paraquat. They outlawed it, and Mexican marijuana flourished once again.

I missed having Ace as my front man. It was worth the 50% of the profit I paid to him. I was no longer insulated. Tommy Ton was a wanted man, he was running from a huge Colombian marijuana bust in Louisiana in the 1970s. He always had a half-dozen IDs on him. The loads were

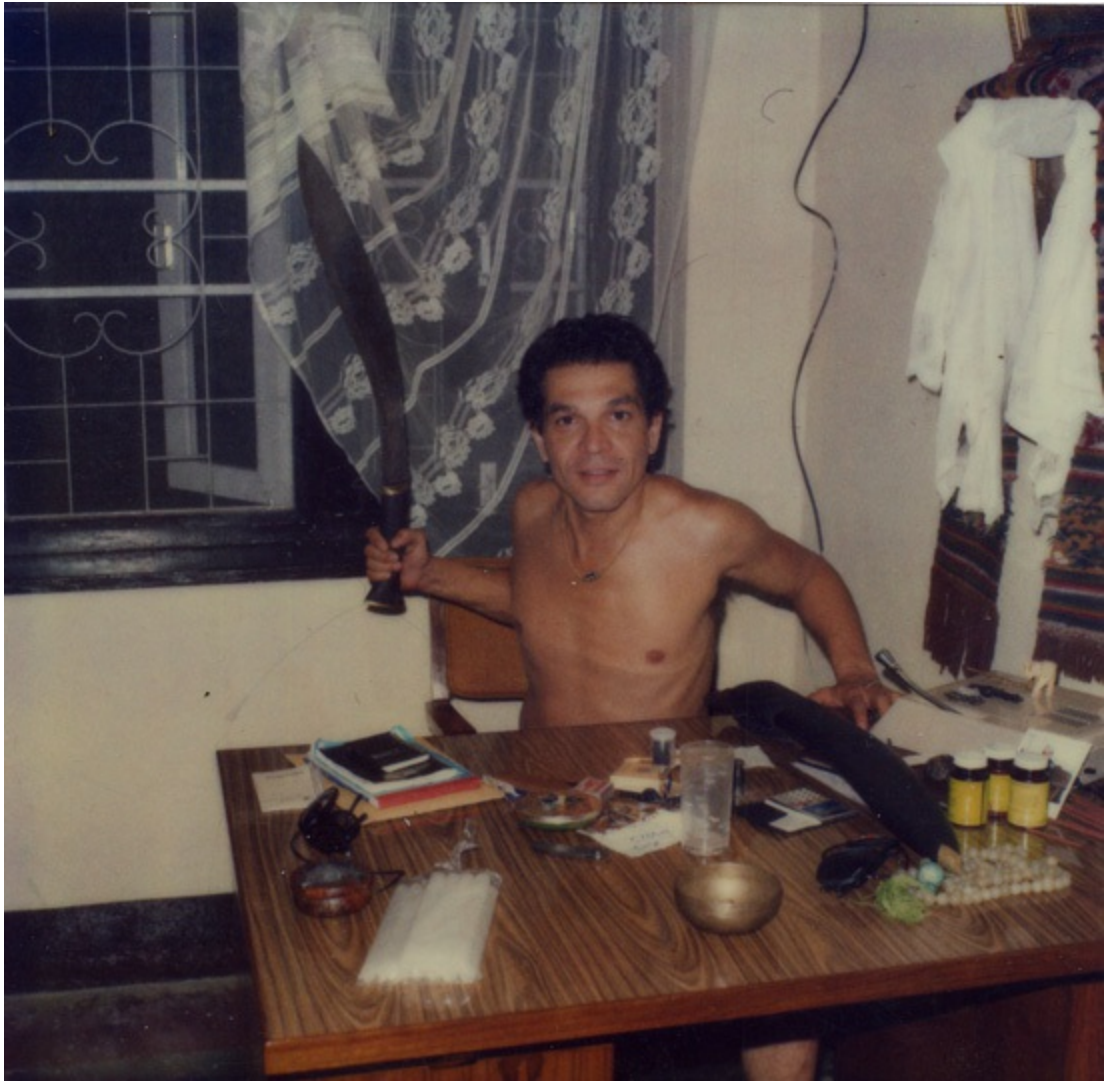
going to Darryl, and he paid cash, so things went along smoothly. Nonetheless, I was again on the front lines of the War on Drugs. Tommy would roll into Denver, and I would meet him at a shopping mall, where he would hand me the keys to the van. I would then hand the keys to Darryl's driver, who would drive the van to their warehouse. I never saw the weed. The next day I would be paid in full, and would then meet Tommy and pay him his dough. It was that simple and that quick.

I moved to Bodega Bay, California, and commuted to and from Denver for business. Murray came up with a new plan. The fix was in, and I could now start to send containers back from Asia. He agreed to handle the business in Colorado, which freed me to go back to Nepal. Thus began a period in my life in which I traveled back and forth from Asia, sometimes twice a month. I lived on airplanes, or so it seemed.

Back in Boudha, I met with Ganesh and the Serchan family. I decided to go with my Nepalese crew and ship out of Bombay.

Nepal has historically grown ganja for the Indian market and legally sold it to India under government contract, which it does to this day. The Hindus not only smoke it, but eat it as well. In all the most sacred Hindu shrines devoted to Shiva, legal ganja shops still thrive today. They sell the weed to the devotees of Lord Shiva, the Ganja god.

After my meeting in Nepal, I headed back to California to finalize the deal. The weed was going to cost me \$5 per kilo, so five tons cost me \$25,000. The payoff to customs amounted to \$100,000. In the West, the load would have been worth \$10 million wholesale, based upon a per kilo price of \$2000, and that was a low estimate. The same shipment would have cost me ten times or more in Thailand. I headed back to Nepal with the capital for the deal plus \$100,000 of my own, a cool \$250,000 in cash.



The author in his office in Boudha

I had a lot going on in Nepal. I was now invested in a carpet factory. I also had my antique business as well as a money-changing business. I flew first class to Hong Kong, and from there I flew Marco Polo class to Bangkok. The Dom Perignon flowed like water, and the finest foods were served by the most beautiful stewardesses. By the time I reached Bangkok, I was feeling no pain. When passengers arrive at Bangkok, they are given a custom's declaration and are required to declare anything valued in excess of \$10,000 U.S. Because I was only staying overnight, I didn't pay much attention to the form. The fact that I was so drunk didn't help matters. I cleared customs, and took a taxi to the Montein Hotel in Patpong.

That night, Richard, Todd's agent in Bangkok, and his Eurasian girlfriend came over to party at my suite. I was tempted to purchase the weed from Todd's crew, but the expense scared me. His asking price for five tons was a cool \$1.5 million, half a million for the dope and a million for customs. That's a lot of dough. I asked Richard about going through

customs with all the cash I was carrying. He said that it would be no problem. There was a last minute checkpoint before passengers entered the transit lounge, he told me, but only occasionally was the agent on duty. If he was on duty, Richard advised, just ignore him and walk into the lounge.

The next day was a Saturday. I headed to the airport to catch my flight to Kathmandu. As luck would have it, the customs agent was at his desk. I did just as Richard told me, but the agent called me back to the desk and asked me to open my briefcase. When I did so and he gazed at all my cash, his eyes almost popped out of his head. Under Thai law he would be rewarded handsomely for confiscating dollars attempted to be taken out of Thailand illegally.

I showed him my bank withdrawal slips, and told him that I had declared it and that it was legally my money, which I intended to invest in my carpet factory in Nepal. But it all came down to one thing: how much money I had declared when I entered Thailand. So there I was—held by Thai customs, and all because I was so drunk when I came off the plane I couldn't remember the amount that I had declared on the form. I started sweating as they began searching through thousands of custom declarations, looking for mine. They finally found my form. It turned out that instead of declaring a specific amount, I had merely checked the 'yes' box, indicating that I had more than \$10,000. The director of the airport's customs operations was called, and he ordered the overzealous agent to cut me and my money loose. I was finally allowed to proceed into the transit lounge, just in time to catch my flight to Kathmandu.

Upon my arrival in Boudha, I called a meeting for that evening at my house with four of the Serchan Clan. They doubled the cost of my deal to \$300,000. They explained that the weed would be trucked from the border of Nepal to Bombay, a long distance, and that officials at every checkpoint would need to be paid off. The cost was still one-fifth of the price in Thailand. I put up a stink, but agreed to the deal. Bow Tie, one of the Serchan Clan, was to go to Bombay and take charge of making all the arrangements to have our container shipped. He was also in charge of moving the weed from Nepal to Bombay. It was the start of the monsoon season, so I would have to wait until the monsoon ended, and the marijuana was harvested.

In the meantime, I kept busy at my carpet factory, my antique business and, of course, my money-changing business. I was earning 20 to 50 percent profit. Those were great days in Boudha—partying with Tom and Madge, Jaya and Pat. My house was always full of people, and in the evenings I would show films on my video player. I had brought to Boudha

the area's second video player and television for my old friend Piaro, and he opened a video hall in which to show Hindi movies.

I flew down to Bombay with Bow Tie to meet with his connections. There, I was introduced to Iqbal, Bombay's preeminent smuggler and gangster. He did his best to impress me. He wined and dined me, and I spent my nights with some of Bombay's top starlets. Bombay is the Hollywood of India, and Iqbal was also a film producer. I liked Iqbal. He had a lot of style.

From Bombay, we flew to New Delhi to meet the Indian crew who would transport the weed to Bombay. There, I met Banwari Lai and his crew. From Delhi, I flew to Calcutta for old time's sake, and looked up some old friends. Mr. Fong was long dead. My friends at the Oberoi hotel had moved to Bombay, so I didn't stay long. Two days later I flew back to Kathmandu.

In the transit lounge in Calcutta, as I waited for my flight, I noticed about 50 college students who were also traveling to Nepal. One of them noticed my Crested Butte t-shirt, and came over to talk. They were all from Colorado, and were on an Outward Bound trip. They surrounded me and began asking about Nepal and Kathmandu. I immediately marched them over to the duty-free store and had each person purchase his allotment of cigarettes, liquor and perfume. We stripped the shelves clean. I explained to them that I would buy all these goods from them at a profit in Nepal. I was now their antique and rug connection, tourist guide, money changer, and of course I gave them my best hash for free.

When I arrived in Kathmandu leading this troop, the head of customs sent one of his agents over to talk to me. "Mr. Joe," he said, "can you offer us a bottle of Scotch? You have so much." I explained that the only bottles I had were the two I carried, and with that, I marched my troupe out to 15 taxis. Our caravan proceeded to Boudha, where I bought all the duty-free items they had, and paid them in rupees (at a higher rate than they would have received at the bank), so they would have money to spend. They were happy, and I smiled all the way to the bank.

With the onslaught of the monsoon and very little action in Kathmandu, I headed back to California. Business back home had come to a halt. No loads were reaching Darryl, and he was sitting on a nearly a million dollars in cash for us. I collected the cash, paid it to Tommy and the loads once again began regularly arriving. Tommy was supplying crews in New York, Colorado and California.

At the end of the summer I headed back to Nepal. Back in Boudha, I called a meeting. This is how the deal would take place: once the weed

was delivered to Iqbal in Bombay, he would pack it into an ocean container and ship it to the Philippines. There, the container would be rerouted to the States with new documents that read it was coming from the Philippines, and not India. I was being overly cautious. After all, the container would be ripped off at the Brooklyn docks. All of the information regarding this shipment would be erased from the computer system. So it was like a ghost container—now you see it, now you don't. Then I would have Iqbal destroy all record of the shipment in India as well. A ghost container; it was beautiful!

My crop was still in the ground. It would be ready in November. In the meantime, I settled into my life in Boudha. I was seeing more of Jaya, my Nepalese princess.

One day, I was shopping in Kathmandu when I came across some really beautiful cards. Each consisted of a heart-shaped Bodhi leaf, hand-painted with scenes from the life of Buddha. I bought a stack to send home as Christmas cards from Nepal. When I arrived back home, the Serchan had come over with a gift for me—a kilo tongue of the finest Afghan-style Nepalese hashish. Here it was, the legendary chewing gum hash, so sticky that if it was thrown against a wall, it would stick. One hit of that hashish was enough for ten people. That's when I came up with a new idea.

I made a 25-kilo iron rolling pin that would be suitable for pressing hashish. Then, I weighed out ten grams of the fabled Cream Hashish, and used the rolling pin to roll out the identical size of the cards. I then heat-sealed the square with Saran Wrap, and cut an identically sized square from a piece of paper-thin cardboard. Next, I glued the hash to the back of the Bodhi leaf card, and then glued the cardboard square behind the hash. Afterwards, I stacked some heavy books on top of the card to further compress it while the glue dried. As a final step, I wrapped the assembled card in Saran Wrap, and sealed it in an envelope. Each finished card weighed less than 15 grams.

I had Rita, my driver's wife, who worked at US AID in Kathmandu, send my cards out with the U.S. Embassy's mail. I sent hundreds of cards, including 50 to my own U.S. address. Everyone who received a Christmas card from me that year will never forget that hash. Not one card was lost.

I called my old pal Mark to wish him a Merry Christmas, and to ask him whether he enjoyed my Christmas cards. He wondered who had sent them, as I never signed the cards or wrote a return address on them. He thought they were beautiful nonetheless, so he hung them on his wall. Now Mark and I had worked together on the dogs and the Lesser Panda deals, so he was no novice at smuggling hash. However, even he didn't realize

that there was hash in those cards. I told him to get the cards and to rip them in half, and he finally discovered the stash. They had been hanging on his wall for over a month.

Some of my pals in New York were offered \$500 a piece for one card, that's \$50 per gram! That hash was some of the best ever made in Nepal, and that year those cards went all over the world.

It was time for me to check my crop. The harvest and curing took longer than planned. Tez and I drove down to Birgunj on the border of India and Nepal. We met up with the farmer who showed us the way to his village. After a four hour ride through the jungles of the Terai and past a dozen checkpoints manned by local farmers, we arrived at the village. There was no electricity and no cold beer, nothing but mud huts and one large warehouse. I asked the farmer if any Westerner had been there, and he said that I was the first. As I walked into the warehouse I could smell my crop. It was wonderful.



L to R: Prabhkar, the author and driver Tez

Marijuana is cultivated in Nepal just like any other crop. It is cut and collected by hand. At harvest time, huge elephants drag a large canvas sheet onto which the weed is stacked as it is cut. The whole village worked on my crop, cutting and trimming my buds. They called the weed Milchi, little sticky buds that were stored in fifty-gallon plastic-lined barrels.

The first problem I encountered was that without electricity I could not

use my packing equipment. My name for this weed would be Elephant Brand. The packaging would feature a drawing of a herd of stampeding elephants. Another problem was that the crop was still curing. It would take another four to six weeks before it was ready to move across the border. We left and went home to Boudha. I sent Tez back down to the village with a gasoline-powered generator and the rest of our packing equipment.

I had to get back to the west and meet with my partners. Timing is everything in a container scam. I had been given a small window of time to ship the container, and I was running late. Back in California, I met with Murray, explained the situation and then left for Denver to meet Tommy Ton.

Darryl threw a big party, as he was going to jail for a year. Two burglars had broken into Darryl's house, intending to rip off his huge safe. The police caught these two idiots rolling the safe down the service road behind Darryl's house. While being questioned, they admitted to the police that they were ripping off a drug dealer. They brought a drug-sniffing dog in, and he smelled the safe.

When Darryl's wife came home from work, she found a note from the police saying that they had caught the thieves who had broken into her house and stole her safe, and asking her to come to the station to identify it. She went to the police station, identified the safe and, with that, she was arrested. When Darryl showed up, he too was arrested. They found Darryl's books, a half-pound of cocaine and a pound of home-grown. The big find was Darryl's books, listing all of his drug business' transactions. Darryl was fucked.

All of this made me happy. I had been having my headaches with him. First, he went behind my back to Tommy Ton, and then used my money to buy loads from Tommy. Darryl told me that his wife would handle his business while he was in jail. I laughed in his face. There was no way I was going to deal with that broad. I would deal with Darryl's main guy, Mark. Mark could give Darryl a cut if he wanted to, otherwise, tough shit. That was my attitude.

Darryl's buddies ran an escort service, and Darryl had a half-dozen girls in his hotel suite. Tommy got friendly with one of them, a blonde by the name of Heather from Minnesota, Tommy's home state. It wasn't long before Tommy retired this girl from the escort business and made her his personal secretary. After the party, I headed back to California

Rod, an old friend from my days in India, ran an opium den in Marin County. He was an old pal, and there at his den I could finally relax. I

practically lived on airplanes, and I needed to slow down. But less than a month later I was again heading back to Nepal. By then, my load should have been packed and on the road to Bombay. I got back to Nepal in time for the Tibetan New Year, only to learn that my load was still sitting at the border.



Prabhkar and author in Nepali cave

I called a meeting, and everyone showed up. Their excuse was that they were waiting for me to return before proceeding. I again explained the deal, how I had people standing by, that this delay would cost me a lot more money and that the window I had for shipping the container was going to close. Ganesh kept me cool, but I had told my crew that I would be shipping in the next thirty days. I called them and explained the situation. We decided that I should stay put, wait till the load was in Bombay and then go down and personally supervise its shipment.

Ganesh came over with his pal, Mr. Sharma. Mr. Sharma was in the King's secret police, and had a favor to ask of me. He wanted me to do some shopping for him the next time I came through Hong Kong. I asked about customs at the airport, and he told me he would meet the plane and there would be no interaction with immigration or customs. I would walk directly off the plane to his waiting black Mercedes. They would collect the luggage and then take me to Boudha. I would be saluted and treated as a foreign dignitary at the airport by the King's own secret police. They

gave me a huge list, and I agreed to help them out.

It was June before my load finally reached Bombay. I flew down shortly afterwards to meet with Iqbal. Iqbal explained to me that he had only received half the load and, furthermore, he had not received the funds for shipping the goods and for paying off Bombay customs. I flew back up to Nepal and met with the crew, who told me it was all a misunderstanding. They sent Bow Tie back to Bombay with me. Again Iqbal stated that the Nepalese hillbillies had not given him a dime. There was no way I would put up any more cash for half a load.

We flew back to Nepal, where I had a meeting with Serchan. He was in serious fear for his life, after I tied up his skinny ass in my house. I had my stun gun out and was about to give him a jolt when Ganesh came in and stopped me from killing the guy. Ganesh promised to work something out, but I think he was in on the rip-off as well. I told Ganesh that opportunities like this come only once, and that they had just blown the biggest money-making scheme of their lives.

I didn't look forward to going back to the States and explaining to the crew what had transpired. I was responsible. I owed the mob \$300,000. When I got back to California, I met with Rod, who told me that Devi and Kabita were in New York. Devi's uncle was the skinny little prick Serchan. I flew to New York City to explain what happened. I was read the riot act and told that I had to compensate them for the \$300,000. I revealed to them that Devi and Kabita were in the city, and the next day Murray and his huge bodyguard went to see Devi.



Kabita and Devi

In Devi's room, I explained to him what had happened, and he related to me that the deal was a rip-off from the beginning. This pissed off Murray enough to have his bodyguard growl at Devi and his wife. They were scared, and promised to make things right if only we wouldn't harm them. I didn't blame them for being scared; they were a long way from home. I made it seem as if I was saving them, that I was the good guy and Murray and his bodyguard the bad guys. I begged Murray not to hurt them. All this had been planned in advance by us. We wanted to scare them, not hurt them. I managed to get Devi and his wife out of a tight spot, or so they thought. They promised to meet with me back in Nepal in a few weeks.

From New York, I flew back through Denver and met with Tommy. He related that Murray lost a load in California and had to pay for it, so Murray was out \$600,000. However, back in Denver, everything was still running smoothly. I flew back to California, and, a week or so later, on to Nepal via Hong Kong. I had that wish list from the King's secret police. It took me a week to get all that stuff together. Dozens of watches, radios, cameras, videos; ten suitcases full. As I was doing all this shopping I had a brilliant idea. Why not use this plan to my own advantage? I bought five kilos of gold and had it concealed inside a video player that was packed in my suitcase.

The next day I flew into Nepal, and it was beautiful. I was saluted like a diplomat, and escorted through immigration and customs to the waiting

Mercedes Benz. I sat in the Mercedes and had a Scotch with Mr. Sharma, while his boys picked up my fifteen suitcases and had my passport stamped. Afterwards, off we went to Boudha. Back at my house, I gave Mr. Sharma his ten suitcases and he paid me the Hong Kong price for all the gear, which was now worth at least triple what he paid.

I played it cool, and later that evening, Patrick came over. I gave him my gold to sell in Kathmandu, so that it would not lead back to me. My profit was a kilo of gold, but the idea that I had pulled a fast one was worth a lot more. Patrick and I had a great laugh over this.

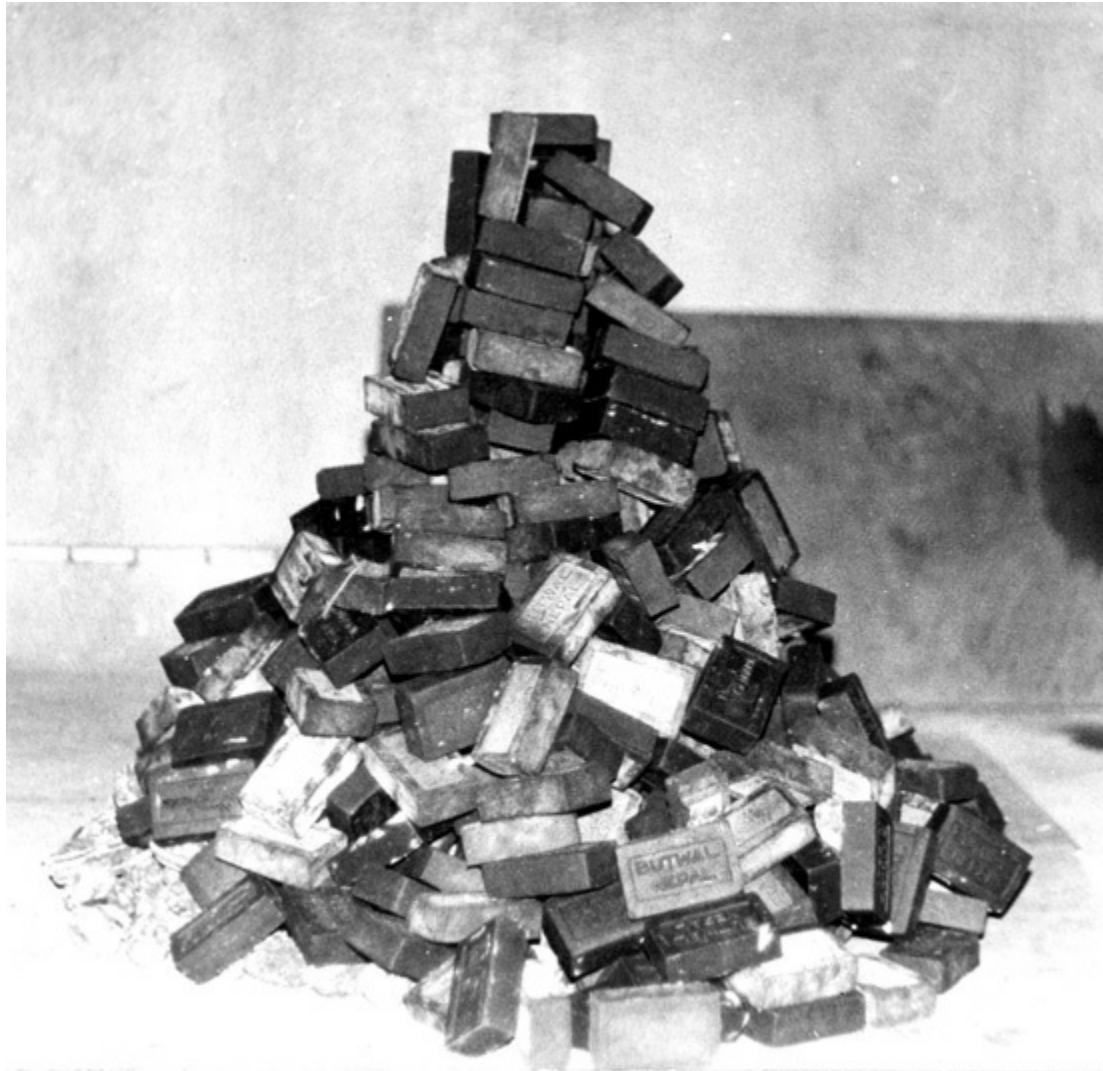
Devi and his wife, Kabita, came by to see me. Bow Tie also came by, and invited Devi and me to New Delhi for a meeting with Ban Wari Lai. Devi stated that he would supply the hashish if I could get it out of India. At least the Serchan's were trying to make it right.

We left for the meeting in New Delhi. From Delhi we were taken north to the village of Ban Wari Lal, and his pal The Brain, where a feast was waiting for us. The Brain was a walking computer. He suggested that we build safes, and conceal the hashish in the walls of the safe. I asked what would happen if inspectors were to drill into it. Brain replied that the inspectors would drill only where the holes would not be noticeable, so as not to damage the safe. He would place the hashish only in those places into which the inspectors were known not to drill. So right then and there we started the Banjoe Safe Company. Ban for Ban Wari Lal, and Joe—Banjoe. I loved it!

I would have to go to Hong Kong and open a letter of credit to the State Bank of India. Meanwhile, Ban Wari Lal registered the Banjoe Safe Company using an alias. They would build three safes, one with a door that opened from the left, one with a door that opened from the right, and a huge one with double doors. In all, 300 kilos would fit easily. Ban Wari Lal would also pick up the hash from Devi and deliver it to the safe factory. The three of us agreed to meet again, and off we went, back to Nepal. A week or so later, I went down to Butwal to select my hashish from Devi's store, and to press and pack it. Butwal is the major collection center for hashish in Nepal. It is all shipped there from the villages in which it is produced.

We drove down to Butwal, where we stayed at the home of Devi's uncle, who happened to be a high ranking police inspector. I was told not to leave the house, and to stay indoors at all times. A westerner in Butwal means only one thing, a hashish businessman. So as not to arouse suspicion, I obliged. I was virtually a prisoner for a week. My living conditions consisted of terrible Nepali food, a rope bed and mosquitoes by

the millions. I kept myself entertained by drinking cold beer and listening to Bob Dylan. That week, Devi, his uncle and I pressed and packed the hashish.



A mountain of Nepalese hashish pressed to resemble 125 gram bars of soap.

I was very glad to be heading back to Boudha. From there, I flew back to California, and from the airport I went directly to Rod's opium den. I thanked Rod for his help with Devi, and offered him a job as my warehouse deliveryman in Denver. He agreed.

I flew to New York to see Murray and explain my new plan. The amount being shipped was not enough to use our dock connections, so new arrangements would be made. But this was a test run. If all went smoothly we would send a container full of safes. We were back on track.

I flew out to Denver, where I was then living again, and waited for Rod

to show up. I found a small ranch for him on the outskirts of Denver. Rod now became our warehouse man, so Tommy and Murray came out to meet him and inspect our new facility. It was perfect, and right off the highway. As soon as I set Rod up, I would head back to Nepal. When my crew had finalized the new shipping arrangements, Rod was to fly to Hong Kong and open up the letter of credit to the State Bank of India, and then fly on to Nepal to meet me.

I left for Nepal and met with Devi. He told me that the delivery to Ban Wari Lal had gone well. Devi and I flew to New Delhi and drove to Ban Wari Lal's village, where the safes were being produced. The Brain estimated it would take another month to finish the safes. We partied for a few days with my Indian crew, and then left for Nepal. Back in Boudha, I settled in and waited for everything to unfold.



My girlfriend Robin pictured with Kabita and Devi, who supplied the hash and connections for Banjoe Safe Co. smuggling operation.

I had a falling out with Ganesh, and decided to move out of his house. Devi arranged a truck and I moved lock, stock and barrel out of Boudha. Ganesh was very upset. We had been friends and brothers for 15 years, and had enjoyed success as well as failure together. The house I rented from him was supposed to be for life, but I felt that he was a part of the

deal that had gone bad. So under the cover of darkness, I moved my furniture to a warehouse, and two days later it was delivered to my new house in Jawalakel.

I rented a great house from the Director of Bir Hospital. It was nice, but I missed Boudha. I kept the location of my new place secret, and I now did business out of an office in Thamel. Bow Tie came by and we briefed him on our program.

A few days later, Rod showed up with the details of the shipping arrangements. The letter of credit had been opened in Hong Kong. Everything was ready to go. The shipment would leave Madras for Singapore. From there, it would be reshipped to Honolulu, where we had our in. Rod could only stay a few days, as he had business to take care of in Denver.

Rod and I decided to have lunch at the Annapurna Hotel, but as we walked through the arch I changed my mind and decided to instead eat at the Kushi Fuji, a nearby Japanese restaurant. As we were sitting down at our table, we heard a series of explosions. The entire lobby of the Annapurna Hotel had been destroyed by a bomb. My whim had saved us from certain death. Bombs had also gone off at the gates of the Royal Palace and at the Rashtriya Panchayat building. Rod was very happy that I had decided that day to have Japanese food.

In the middle of all this turmoil, Henry Kissinger had come to Nepal with a large group of DEA agents to attend a narcotics conference hosted by His Majesty's government. Their goal was to curb the heroin traffic in Nepal. So Kissinger and the boys went out into the market in Kathmandu and, at Asan Tole, they purchased two kilos of Double U O Global Brand heroin, the purest heroin produced in the Golden Triangle. They bought those two kilos in Kathmandu as easily as one would purchase a pack of cigarettes in the U.S. Some dumb Nepali sold Henry Kissinger two kilos of pure heroin and Kissinger used his own travelers checks to pay for it.



Kissinger and the boys marched up to Hanuman Dhoka and into the office of D. B. Lama, the Inspector General of Police, and threw the two kilos of heroin onto his desk. In fact, D. B. Lama ran the heroin trade in Nepal. Kissinger threatened to cut off foreign aid to Nepal, so for show, D. B. Lama had every Westerner living in Nepal searched by the Nepalese

SWAT team. They even used drug sniffing dogs. The police rounded up all the money changers and hash dealers. Within a week, the jails were overflowing. Nepal has a strange legal system. If the police come to a home to arrest someone, but he is not there, they will arrest his wife and hold her until he turns himself in.

Things got crazy. The first place they hit in Boudha was my old house. Ganesh told them I was back in the West. Kissinger's boys made sure the police returned twice more for me. Devi came out of hiding and advised me to hide in Chitwan, on the border of India. I took a domestic flight down to the Terai. Chitwan is in the jungles of Nepal.

When I arrived at the Royal Chitwan Hotel the entire parking lot was lined with Toyota Corollas, and there was only one room available. The hotel was full of Manangi money changers, as well as other folks who were hiding out. Everyone joked and drank Johnny Walker Black.

Back in Kathmandu, 200 Westerners and Nepalese were rounded up and jailed. The word coming out of Hanuman Dhoka was that the police had started to torture people in order to get them to sign phony confessions. The whole Serchan clan was thrown into jail. Devi escaped to India, but not before coming to see me on the border and telling me that my load was on its way to Madras, where it would be loaded onto a vessel. With that information, I headed back to Kathmandu, and two days later I left for Bangkok. After resting there, I headed back to the States.

There was absolutely nothing happening in Colorado, and there had been no word at all from Tom. Every time I came home, I would have a stack of cards waiting for me. So I had plenty of cream to smoke, and of course I now had my own private opium den at Rod's house.

I received word that the shipment had cleared Madras, so I sent Rod back to Nepal to meet with Devi, and then on to India to pick up the cargo papers. Devi was now hiding in his village, high in the Himalayas, but he came down to meet with me on the border before Rod went to India to see Ban Wari Lal. About a week later, Rod showed up with the cargo papers. I was officially off the hook for that \$300,000. Even if the load was busted, I did my part. I flew to Miami for a meeting with Murray, where I handed him the cargo papers.

All of the pressure was now off my shoulders. It was now up to the ganja god, Lord Shiva, and Lady Luck. Being a light container load, the shipment was hung up in Singapore, waiting for other cargo going to Honolulu. About three weeks later, it showed up in Honolulu, but it was red-flagged by U.S. customs. Murray called me and gave me the news that his people refused to pick it up because it had come in hot, but he thanked

me for coming through. No matter what, I was off the hook for that \$300,000.

It seemed that nothing was going right for the boys, when about two days later I received a call from Murray. He told me that the safes had made it and were delivered to the warehouse. The shipment had passed a red flag. Evidently, Murray had thrown the shipping documents into a trash dumpster. He related how, in order to retrieve the documents, he had jumped into the dumpster in his Armani suit and Gucci shoes. Yeah, right! Murray probably paid someone to jump into that dumpster and find those papers. The safes were reshipped to Oakland, where I had them picked up and delivered to Murray in New York.

However, there was a problem. The fireproof clay packed around the hashish had completely dried it out, but thanks to my old pal Anton and ten hippies that he hired up in Woodstock, it was brought back to life. They crumbled all the hash and, along with a little vegetable oil, pressed it back into temple balls and fingers, and it eventually sold. Needless to say, after I paid Murray off and the customs broker took his bite, there was nothing left for me. I didn't make a fucking dime, but I was off the hook, and had a viable scam in my pocket.

Rod went back to India to explain to Devi and Ban Wari Lal what had happened. He explained that I had been ripped off by the Nepalese, and that the load yielded only enough to pay everyone back their investment principal. But, he explained, we would all make money when we did a full container load of safes with three tons of Nepali cream hashish.

Rod was involved in a little side venture, and I laid out a plan for him step by step. The boys needed some smoking opium, and he was to carry it to Hong Kong and mail it back to the States via surface mail packed inside a book. I had done this numerous times to get a small stash of hash back for myself, and it worked every time. I would pack the hash inside a book cover, and then carry the book into Hong Kong. In Hong Kong, I would go to a book-store, buy more books, and have the store ship them directly to the States. I would add my book to the ones I bought in Hong Kong, and wrap each book in Saran Wrap. The book-store would then wrap the entire stack in plastic, and then in butcher's paper. This was an easy way for me to get a half-pound of hash into the States, and it worked every time.

However, instead of following my advice, Rod left it up to Ban Wari Lal to ship it from India, a source country. Not too surprisingly, the heat was waiting for Rod when he went to pick it up at Mail Boxes Etc. That burned Rod's usefulness. The DEA subsequently paid a visit to the ranch. I managed to get him off the hook, but I ended up sending him back to

California.

Tommy had yet to make another delivery. He started to come around again, promising me loads and then failing to deliver them. Darryl was now out of jail, and dealing directly with Tommy. Then, Tommy had a falling out with Murray, and he refused to deal with us. I couldn't do anything about it. I was cut out of the picture.

The Kiki Camarena situation exploded in the news. Camarena was a DEA agent who had been kidnapped and executed on the orders of Mexican drug lords. Tommy's connection in Mexico was Caro Quintaro, who was involved in the Camarena case. The Mexican police were also involved in that murder and cover-up.



Kiki Camarena

A lot of money had been invested in the biggest marijuana plantation ever discovered. It was right in the middle of the desert. That's where Tommy's marijuana came from. Tommy told me that his Mexican crew was on the run, and that he had to reorganize his whole operation. That wasn't all that was happening.

The man who was Tommy's connection to the Mexicans owned an RV lot in Tucson. All of the lot's motor homes were equipped with custom-built hidden compartments to facilitate smuggling. This man was the proverbial Mr. Big, and Tommy worked for him. The DEA approached Mr. Big and explained the facts of life to him. If he didn't agree to cooperate, he would lose everything and spend the rest of his life in prison.

Mr. Big agreed, and continued running his business as usual, except that the DEA now supplied the weed and followed each shipment to its destination. God only knows how many people went down. This is how they broke up the good-old-boy network that had distributed weed in America. Drivers who were DEA informants delivered weed to every customer who had made prior purchases. Each load was followed by car and helicopter.

They had drivers making deliveries all over the country, after each of which the DEA would sweep in like gangbusters. To estimate how many people were sucked into this is impossible, but it probably affected thousands of people. They allowed Mr. Big to operate like this for more than two years.

But that wasn't Tommy's only problem. A storage locker near the Denver airport had been busted with 300 pounds of weed, along with Tommy's BMW. The locker was in the name of Heather's brother. As I mentioned previously, Heather was the cutie who Tommy had retired from the escort service and made his secretary. So Tommy had the heat on him in stereo.

Back in Nepal, Devi was hiding out in his father's village, up in the mountains. My Tibetan partner in my carpet business was picked up, questioned for three days and, apparently, slapped around by the Nepalese police. Fortunately, he was unaware of any of my other activities, so they let him go. The inquisition was still going on in Nepal, and any further business was out of the question for now. I had rented my house in Jawalakhel for a term of one year, and the year was soon to be over. I managed to reach Devi, and he had someone move my belongings from the house.

D. B. Lama was finally arrested by the King's Secret Police for heroin trafficking. He was thrown into jail with everyone he had imprisoned while covering his tracks for Kissinger and the DEA. The Nepali royal family had always operated the black market in Nepal. They had to sacrifice someone, and that someone was D. B. Lama.

The authorities found in excess of 100 kilos of gold and a large amount of foreign currency in D. B. Lama's house. All of the plumbing in his

house was solid gold, which had been painted silver in order to camouflage it as conventional piping. I heard that my buddy Bow Tie saved his life in prison when the people he had put in jail wanted to kill him. I also heard that I was on a blacklist in Nepal, and that there were warrants out for my arrest in Kathmandu.

King Birendra had problems of his own. His own son the Crown Prince was strung out on heroin and was sent to Switzerland to detox. For the first time, his absolute rule was now in question as students took to the streets of Kathmandu to demonstrate for democracy. The King's army responded with a heavy hand. Students were killed, jailed, tortured and thrown off buildings.

Tommy came by to see me with a load that I in turn offered to Mark. It was the usual routine. I would meet Tommy at a shopping mall near Mark's place, and drive the motor home to the warehouse where Mark would check it. Mark passed on the load of weed, as it was of poor quality. As we walked out of the warehouse, Mark noticed a helicopter flying nearby. That made him extremely paranoid and caused him to think that the load had been tailed. I thought nothing of it and returned the motor home to Tommy. Bruce Springsteen was giving a concert in Denver and Tommy invited me to come along, as he had front row seats. There at the concert I met some of Tommy's friends, and was introduced as Joe. It was a great concert.

A week or so later, Tommy delivered a load to Cleveland and I went there to sell it to my pal, Alan. I stayed and visited a girlfriend of mine in Yellow Springs, Ohio for a week before returning to Colorado. When I arrived back in Colorado, I received a message from New York that Tommy and his crew had been busted in Arizona. I was advised to leave Colorado.

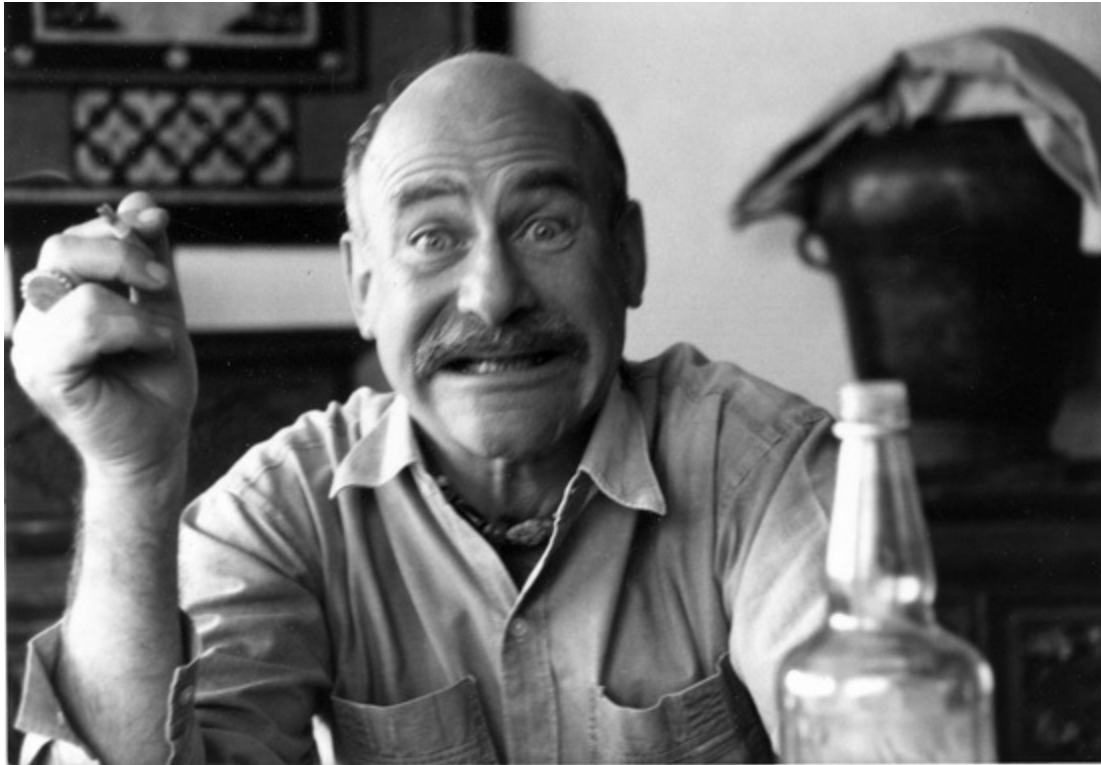
Ninetenn-eighty-eight marked my twentieth year in the ganja trade. It was Losar (Tibetan New Year), so I decided to go back to Kathmandu. I would get a tourist visa at the airport, and stay at Dutch Bob's place in Boudha.



Party at Dutch Bob's



One of my last parties at Dutch Bob's



Dutch Bob

The inquisition there was still going on. Phurpa, my long-time servant, was arrested and beaten while being questioned. Devi was hiding in caves above his village, high in the Himalayas. All of the people who had been arrested more than two years earlier were still in jail. The King's army was doing its best to put down the democratic movement by any means possible. As a result, I only stayed a few days, and then flew on to Bangkok, where I met up with Irish Patrick, who had finally made it out of Nepal. All of the old Kathmandu crowd was now set up in Bangkok. I headed down to Koi Samui, and just rested and regained my wits on the beach.

When I got back to Colorado, waiting for me was a message from New York to contact Murray. Murray told me that Tommy had been careless, and was caught with his records going back two decades. We hired a lawyer to keep tabs on Tommy and the ongoing investigation into his organization. Tommy's secretary had turned state's evidence and was under protective custody. In addition, Heather had provided the authorities with Tommy's real name, and the fact that he had skipped out on a charge in Louisiana 15 years earlier. Tommy was going down on a RICO charge, and Murray and I concluded that we would probably never see him again. Poor Tommy, after he finishes his state charges he will then have to do his federal time. I doubt if he'll ever see the street again. We both knew that Tommy wouldn't talk, and no one knew our real names, so we thought we

were safe. In fact, the heat was closing in on us.

I moved to Hawaii and bought a house on the island of Maui. I lived just below the volcano Haleakala in Kula. At that point, I started living off the fruits of my past endeavors. I was out of the ballgame. I found it hard to accept that I was no longer in the ganja trade. I now concentrated on my carpet and antique businesses. I wanted to sell my properties back in Colorado, but due to the recession there I couldn't give them away.

The prices for marijuana were going through the roof, and the DEA set up a sting operation on the Big Island. They actually established a nursery and after getting to know some of the growers, supplied seeds and shipping to the States. The first year everything went smooth, everyone was paid fat. The second year a lot more jumped on the DEA bandwagon and this time arrests were made from Honolulu to Brooklyn! Helicopters would roam the island, looking for fields during harvest. The same thing was happening in Northern California, where the National Guard would walk through the forest looking for ganja crops.

At the same time, cocaine and heroin were cheaper than ever before. The War on Drugs has served only to make hard drugs more available. As for marijuana, the price per kilo was inching up to \$10,000 for kind bud, \$3000 for good Mexican and \$1000 for schwag Mexican (stuff that not much earlier couldn't be given away). Thai weed was getting scarce, as the big loads stopped coming in. After eight years in a Thai prison, Todd was released a very rich man. He rode one big deal into the States when he returned. The load made it, but Todd was arrested in Las Vegas on a money laundering charge after he tried to send \$7 million to Thailand. He went to federal prison while everyone else got rich off his load. Poor guy, every day in jail he was sinking deeper into poverty. All of the proceeds from his 50-ton Thai load disappeared, over \$100 million at wholesale prices.

Another friend of mine, Big Bob, hired a crew to off-load his ship in the Pacific Ocean and to transfer its 35-ton load of Thai weed onto a fishing boat for transport to California. The crew turned out to be the DEA. I was following a strategy on Maui of out of sight and (hopefully) out of mind. Denver seemed a long way away. Sometimes I would go party in Honolulu, but if I got island fever I would head back to San Francisco. I ran into Alan, my Cleveland connection, in Lahaina. I took him up to my house and we smoked fat joints as we gazed at the Pacific in two directions.

In San Francisco, I ran into KC. Amazingly, he was still on the run from that bust in Sydney, Australia 15 years earlier. He was living in

Marin, and was involved in a home-grown deal. The weed was grown in Kansas, and some of it was excellent. I sold it for him.

Alan came in, and I loaded him up with some of the best Thai weed ever. It had twin double eagles stamped on the plastic. It was vacuum-sealed and nitrogen-packed—fresh as the day it was picked. When the bag was opened, the aroma alone was enough to get a person high.

I still had my Hawaiian connection as well. I got a call from the boys in New York. They had a load of hash, and I sold some of it. I was managing to pay my bills, but I was struggling because I couldn't sell my Colorado real estate. There was a recession going on, and real estate had bottomed out in Colorado. It was a buyers' market. My expenses were killing me. They included three mortgages and my costs of doing business. I had to move around quite a bit to make any dough at all.

I rode a load of top grade Mexican to New York with KC, but his payment terms were unrealistic. All I asked for was enough time to deliver the load to Murray's warehouse, where I would check the weight and count the money, and be back in two hours. I guess he didn't trust me. After all the business I had done for him. What an idiot!

My only option was to sell my home in Maui, and move back to San Francisco. My house in Maui sold in 30 days at a \$60,000 profit. It's a funny thing, but once the Maui house sold the other two houses sold as well. My stay in Hawaii lasted a little over a year. Having been in the ganja trade for 20 years, it had gotten into my blood. It wasn't about the money anymore; it was about the action. I lived for the next deal.

## Chapter Three

# Love It or Leave It

A friend once said that I could swim through an ocean of shit and come out smelling like a rose.

Reagan just said no to marijuana, now classified the weed the same as heroin. Mandatory minimum sentencing laws tied judges hands. Now the police could sell you loads of marijuana and infiltrate your organization. In fact some people sold marijuana for the police for months without even knowing it. This insured the demise of the good ol' boy marijuana network that had operated with impunity for nearly 20 years. As high-grade marijuana rose to new highs in price, \$5 - 6000 a kilo and going up, the price of heroin and cocaine dropped five hundred percent across the board!

At the time the marijuana business was the most honest and righteous business in the world. Deals were made on trust, handshakes and suitcases full of cash! Everyone I dealt with I had known since high school. We were tightly knit and I never paid in advance for a load. I was fronted tons and tons, that I in turn fronted to my people, who fronted it to their people, and it was all good. It was trust all the way up and down the line.

The only way the DEA could break up this system was by changing the rules. Civil forfeitures and conspiracy laws reminiscent of Nazi Germany were implemented. People no longer had to be caught in the act, and sentences were now 20 times more stringent than before. Remember my friend, who was busted in New Jersey with a trunk full of Colombian Gold and received six months and a \$25,000 fine? Those days were long gone. The average sentence was now 20 years, and those convicted had to serve 85 percent of that time, 17 years. Ninety percent of the people who lost their homes and wealth were never even brought up on charges. The Feds were hitting everyone where it hurt, going after their money and ensuring that they would never again be able to build themselves up. More jails were built, and more police hired.

The Feds made more cases from prison than they ever did on the

streets. People were being debriefed as a way of lowering their sentences. A typical debriefing would go like this, "Tell us everyone you ever sold weed to or bought it from, give us the dates and times, provide all of the names, etc., etc." Using the information obtained through these prison debriefings, conspiracy cases could be made. The trust that I spoke of was now broken due to the length of the sentences being handed out. That's what eventually would drive most of us out of the ganja trade. We were all getting too old to do the time. People were catching cases from deals they had done years ago, and were getting five years per count. Ten deliveries now equaled 50 years in prison.

Some of the of the biggest marijuana people became police agents, who were allowed to keep their wealth as payment for the many arrests they facilitated. After 20 years in the trade, people had families and lives. The threat of losing all that turned old friends against one another. The Feds were creating a snitch society. Everyone was out for themselves, once they were busted.

Every week, in the newspapers of every major city in America, auctions were publicized by the Feds in which they sold off seized property; mainly from people who had never been convicted of a crime. All it took was for some snitch to claim that he had dealt with the accused in the past.

In Nepal, demonstrators demanding democracy were wracking the Kingdom, students were being jailed and beaten, some were killed, some just disappeared. The whole world was watching. The King responded to the unrest with a heavy hand. He banned journalists by simply not letting them into the country. Home videos were smuggled out showing the actions of the police. Devi was still in hiding, and the people jailed in 1986 were still being held.

Nepal is one of the last feudal kingdoms. Ninety percent of the people are illiterate, landless serfs. Communism is very attractive to landless peasants, who, generation after generation for hundreds of years, have served their landlords. A grassroots Communist movement developed in Nepal. Communist party members spread out over every district, bringing with them their visions of a new Nepal. The King began catching heat from the international community, which was pressuring him to bring democracy to Nepal. All of this was coming to a slow but sure boil.

Cocaine was now \$10,000 per kilo and, due to the Afghan War, heroin was cheaper than ever. Golden Crescent heroin replaced Golden Triangle heroin and dominated the market due to its low price, which was one-fifth the cost, \$50,000 to \$60,000 per kilo. As a result, heroin on the streets of New York averaged 60 to 80 percent pure, 20 times stronger than street

heroin sold there 20 years earlier.

In third world countries such as Pakistan and Thailand, which prior to the criminalization of opium had a manageable number of opium addicts (around 50,000 in the case of Thailand), there are now millions of heroin addicts. As soon as America paid these countries off to make opium illegal, hardcore drug addiction followed at alarming rates. Opium smoking was dying out on its own. Most opium smokers in Asia were older people. Opium smoking was looked upon as low class. It wasn't a big deal. Nepal had absolutely no opium or heroin problem. There were no opium dens in Nepal. The Nepali people used ganja to celebrate their religion. Opium has traditionally been used as a folk medicine in Southeast Asia; I myself have eaten a ball of opium to kill a bad dose of dysentery. But in Nepal's case, there were no hardcore drug problems before its prohibition of marijuana and hashish.

The King followed America's lead, and created a criminal society. It's just another way for the landlord to control his subjects, whether it be in the third world or in the good old USA. Today Nepal is 10 times poorer than in 1973, when it should be the Switzerland of the East.

The King of Nepal was a paid CIA agent who sold his soul to America, and did so on the backs of his people. The day will come when the King of Nepal will be no more. My buddy, Prabhakar Raj Pandey, and a lot of his generation lost their lives, or were lost for years in a heroin dream-state.

I moved back to San Francisco from Maui. I would run some fine Thai out to Denver, and there I would pick up Hawaiian Dragon Weed, which I sold in California. It had been awhile since I heard anything about Tommy Ton, and it had been five years or more since our last dealings. Richard was still operational in Denver.

Big Al from Cleveland would come in to see me, and buy Hawaiian and Thai weed to sell. He was visiting me during the 1989 earthquake. I was the first to feel it coming. It felt like I was walking on rolling pins, as I yelled for everyone to get out of the house. It's lucky that Al and I weren't crushed on the Embarcadero freeway, the expressway to Berkeley which collapsed during the quake, killing many people. He wanted to buy some books in Berkeley, but I insisted on returning home in time to watch the World Series. Big Al walked the A Shau Valley and was on Hamburger Hill, but that quake spooked him. He took the first flight back to Cleveland.

As usual, I jumped out of one old girlfriend's bed into another, and ended up with no place to stay, so I headed back to Colorado. I ended up buying a condo on Larimar Square in lower downtown Denver, and

invested in a subdivision in Steamboat Springs.

That summer, Denver was the driest it had ever been for marijuana. The Mexicans were scrambling to find a market for their weed, as a lot of the good ol' boy networks were being shut down in Arizona and New Mexico. That drought must have been felt over the entire country. I was still selling exotics when Big Al came to pick up his usual stash of Maui Wowie. Al had a new connection in El Paso, and wanted me to meet him there.

I spent that entire summer running back and forth from El Paso. Al was getting this great Red Mexican weed and selling it to me for \$375 per pound. I, in turn, was selling it for \$1,200 in Denver. I wasn't getting much, 20 to 30 pounds at a time. I was amazed at the \$1,200 per pound wholesale price. The pot was that good, and it was that dry in Denver.

I spent the summer chasing the whores at the Panama Club in Juarez, Mexico. It seemed that Customs was on vacation. All summer long I drove up 1-25 and not one of the checkpoints was open. It was nice being the only game in town. Al's Mexicans offered to front me as much cocaine as I wanted at \$10,000 per kilo, but instead I took twenty pounds of that great red weed.

I'll never forget my last run down to El Paso. As I drove my Range Rover south on 1-25, an agent driving a northbound green U.S. customs Jeep did a double take on my SUV. That night I met Alan for dinner, and afterwards he loaded me up with 23 pounds of that red weed. My plan was to leave early in the morning, which I did.

As I headed back north on 1-25, I saw that the highway had been temporarily routed through a checkpoint. I was the only one on the road before daylight. As I drove through the checkpoint, nobody was about, but I slowed down anyway. As I was about to drive away, an agent came out yelling for me to stop. To my right was a ramp onto which vehicles were driven for further inspection. Next to the ramp was a barking, drug sniffing dog. The agent asked if I had anyone with me. I answered, "No." He then asked me what I had in the back, and I replied that I had a bag full of dirty clothes, clothing and books. With that, he asked if he could look in the back. I said that he could. I guess because I did not act nervous it went no further than him just looking in the back. With that, he sent me on my way.

About a mile down the road, I lit up a fat joint to toast my good fortune. Needless to say, that was my last trip to El Paso. I sold my Range Rover and bought a new vehicle. I phoned Big Al and told him I had been made, and that I would not be seeing him again, at least not in El Paso. I skated. There I was in the mouth of the lion, so to speak. It was all too close for comfort.

I flew back to New York, where I met with Murray, who was still laying low, worried about Tommy Ton and the grand jury that had convened in Arizona.

When I got back to Denver, my old friend Lincoln came by. He told me that a lawyer friend of his had shown him a stack of indictments, and asked him if he knew any of the people named. Lincoln told the attorney that he recognized two of those indicted who were identified only as "Moe" and "Joe." The attorney asked Lincoln to pass along to us his advice that we come in and talk to him.

I couldn't believe the gall of these attorneys, wanting me to waltz into their offices and pay them a lot of dough when they didn't even know my last name. Well, what are friends for anyway? It seemed to me that Lincoln was soliciting clients for these lawyers, and getting a fee. Apparently the statute of limitations was running out, and if they were going to indict anyone they would need to move quickly.

Big Al called to say that he had been busted, and was now out on bond. One of his old friends delivered a DEA-controlled shipment, and Big Al had bitten the dust.

I received a call from the DEA. Mark was busted in Missouri, and apparently came across my name in his address book. I told the DEA agent that Mark was a carpet customer, and that was how I knew him. He bought carpets from me in my store in Boulder a few years back.

I was not aware of it until years later, but ever since Darryl was out of jail, he was working with the DEA. He got Mark busted, and was now aiming his sights at me. He was smart. He sold the weed to Mark, but waited until Mark was on the road before he had him busted, so that it wouldn't lead back to him and blow his cover as an informant. Eventually, Darryl would put more people in jail than Sammy the Bull Gravano.

About six weeks after the call from the DEA, as I entered my building, my doorman informed me that U.S. customs had been there to see me, and would return in the morning. The thought to run never crossed my mind. I just went upstairs and made sure my place was clean for when they returned. The next morning, they arrived bright and early and handed me a grand jury subpoena. I called my attorney, David Dismissal, who contacted the U.S. Attorney. My lawyer told him that if I were to appear in front of the grand jury, I would first require immunity. The U.S. Attorney replied that not only would he not grant me immunity, but he would be making me a target of the grand jury.

I contacted the crew in New York, and I also spoke with Darryl. Unbeknownst to me at the time, anything I said to Darryl was going

directly to the DEA. He filled in all the gaps for them. In actuality, the case against us wasn't strong unless someone was to break. In other words, unless Tommy turned on us, which I highly doubted he would do. Tommy was fucked due to that old case in Louisiana and a RICO conviction in Arizona. Nothing could save him. Meanwhile, Murray was deep underground and monitoring the situation through go-betweens.

If they called me before the grand jury, I would invoke my fifth amendment rights to everything they asked until they granted me immunity from prosecution, at which point I would tell them whatever they wanted to know. In retrospect I was in a sweet position, but at the time I couldn't see it.

I lived my life as normally as possible under the circumstances. After about a month, I still hadn't heard back from the U.S. Attorney's office, so I called my attorney. He sent several faxes to the U.S. Attorney, requesting information on the status of the case, but received no reply. I therefore decided to take a vacation to Thailand with my new girlfriend, Kelly. Two weeks or so later, on May 24th, we flew to Bangkok. That same day, a warrant was issued for my arrest, but it was held back until May 27th. The Feds knew I was leaving the country, and waited till I left before issuing the warrant. They knew my every move due to Darryl. Their plan was to create a fugitive status for me so they could proceed to seize everything I owned.

Unfortunately, I knew nothing of this, but I was planning ahead as well. Before leaving, I had grabbed every dollar I could get my hands on. In addition, I brought with me an antique Tibetan textile collection to sell in Bangkok. Essentially, Kelly and I packed anything that was valuable and easily disposable. We drank champagne all the way over the Pacific.

In Bangkok, we checked into my usual hotel, the Bangkok Inn on Soi 11. They gave me my usual suite overlooking the Soi. As soon as I checked in, I called Mushroom John. He came over right away with party favors. John told me that Laos had now reopened, and suggested that we go up there. In Laos, weed was still sold openly and legally in the markets next to the raw tobacco, just as it had always been. There were legal opium dens there as well. The Lao restaurants were some of the best in Asia, as the French had colonized Laos for over a hundred years. It was like stepping back in time, like Kathmandu had been in the 1960s. It sounded great to Kelly and me. John even gave us a map to his favorite opium den in Vientiane.

Kelly and I saw the sights in Bangkok. I hooked up with Dutch Bob, who now had a place in Bangkok as well as Kathmandu. He gave us some

great hash to smoke. A lot of the old crowd from Nepal was in Bangkok, and through Mushroom John I found my old pal, Irish Patrick.

I told Pat about my problems in the U.S., and he promised to help in whatever way he could. I told him to be on the lookout for any passports that were for sale. Pat had great hash, and as we smoked, he filled me in on what was happening in Nepal. The King had conceded, and was allowing democratic elections. Most of our friends were slowly being released. Devi had paid off the police, and managed to skate the inquisition. There were warrants out for me and all the other Westerners who had managed to escape in 1986, so any thoughts of visiting Kathmandu were out of the question.

Kelly and I applied for Laotian visas and, while waiting, we took off for Koh Samui, where we partied on the beach for a couple of weeks. We then headed back to Bangkok to pick up our Lao visas. Having spent years in Asia, I had a huge support system in place. We had to go through a tour company to get our visas for Laos, stay in their hotels and pay in American dollars. It was very controlled. In other words, one couldn't just fly into Vientiane and get a visa at the airport. All arrangements had to be made well in advance.

We took the overnight train north to Nong Kai, located on the Mekong River, which separates Thailand from Laos. There we had breakfast, and as soon as Thai customs opened, we headed to the ferry that would take us to Thadeau, Laos. From there, we took a motorcycle taxi (known as a Tuk Tuk) to Vientiane and the Riverview Hotel, where we would be staying. The hotel itself was located on the Mekong River. A small dirt road ran between the hotel and the river. They gave us a beautiful suite overlooking the Mekong.

The first thing we did was go to the market, and sure enough Lao Red and Gold were being openly sold next to the raw tobacco. They also had California sensimilla—green like pine trees. At ten dollars a kilo, how could I go wrong? I bought 100 grams of every type. Back at the hotel, we rolled cigars and drank the local Lao beer, Sam Sam 33.



The author buying marijuana legally in a market in Vientiane, Laos

I then remembered the map to the opium den that John had drawn for us. It was pretty easy to find that fork in the highway, and when I knocked on the door I wondered what I would say. I was sure they didn't speak English, and I knew no Lao. When Ku, the proprietor, opened the door, I showed him the map, made my hand into a pipe and put it to my mouth, and that's all it took to enter Mr. Ku's world. That afternoon, I rested with Ku. Denver seemed so far away. Sometime after dark, Kelly and I made it back to the hotel, though I don't know how. I do remember doing everything imaginable sexually to Kelly that night, and that she loved it. Opium is a great sex drug.

In Vientiane, it was like the clock had stopped and the world passed it by. There was a midnight curfew enforced by the local Pathet Lao, who always seemed a bit young to me as they fingered their AK-47s. The Lao have a specialty they serve at all the noodle shops: chicken noodle soup made with a marijuana-based broth. The Lao enjoy their soup, and use marijuana as a spice. The use of marijuana in Laos dates back to Hindu influence, thousands of years ago. Kelly and I rented motor scooters to ride around Vientiane. On one of our jaunts, I noticed a Brunswick bowling alley, so we stopped to check it out. The place looked like the people who were bowling had just walked away fifteen years before, and had never

come back. It was abandoned, and was now a revolutionary museum with pictures of Marx and Lenin hanging on the wall. Everything that could be used had been torn out. I went to take a bowling pin as a souvenir, when an old man appeared and shook his head, so I put it back. I rolled a tremendous cigar of Lao Red, and as we smoked we imagined the laughter of days gone by.

The Lao have another museum dedicated to the revolution, accessible only to foreign dignitaries. As we drove by, we noticed it was open, so we went in to take a look. Pictures of captured American pilots and pieces of shot down B-52s were on display. The Pathet Lao were very proud of their victory. I remember the fear in the faces of the captured pilots. There were also pictures of the caves in Xam Nua, where the Pathet Lao had their headquarters. More American bombs were dropped on Laos than were dropped on Nazi Germany. The museum was a testimony to the Lao victory over American imperialism. It's hard to not leave that museum sympathetic to the Lao, after seeing the pictures of bombed villages and temples, or to imagine the fate that must have been in store for those downed pilots.

On our daily rides around Vientiane, we sampled some of the many restaurants. One was run by the old French connection, Mr. Pantalucci. He was one of the few Corsicans left in Laos. When he asked my name and I told him, he asked if Carlo was my grandfather. When I replied "yes," I got whatever I wanted. I guess he and my grandfather had been close friends.

Mr. Pantalucci was persona non grata in France, and was spending his last days as a guest of the Lao government. His restaurant, The Erawan, was one of the finest in town, and served game as well as many French delicacies. He also had a small delicatessen. As I left, I chose some meat and cheeses to bring back to the hotel, and he refused my money. On his wall were many certificates documenting the vital services performed for the Lao government by Mr. Pantalucci. Those services involved selling their opium and heroin. Mr. Pantaluccu had been in the opium trade in Asia for over 50 years, first in Saigon and now in Vientiane. He was the Corsican Godfather of Southeast Asia.

Another restaurant that we found served Thai food, and we would go there often. The owner's daughter was living in San Francisco. It seemed that her boyfriend was in jail for possession of marijuana. Behind the place, this woman had excavation equipment that she rented. She certainly didn't buy all that expensive equipment with the money she earned at her bar and restaurant.

Laos was as close to Nirvana as I had ever been, French food, fabulous ganja, and the largest denomination currency in the country was 500 Kip, then equivalent to 66 American cents. I like to tell people that the Mekong River delta is so fertile that if someone puts his finger into the ground, a mango will grow out of his ear. The region was very beautiful. Time had stopped, and it was like living 50 years in the past.

I was having a drink at the hotel bar when I met Jerry Brown, a fellow American. He explained that he worked for the Lao Investment Promotion Company, and offered to get me a six-month business visa with multiple entries for a fee, and I agreed. That evening, he brought over the paperwork. After filling out the forms, Jerry told us that we could pick up our visas in Bangkok, and that we could pay him there. We agreed to meet at the Bangkok Inn.

Our two-week trip back in time came to an end, and Kelly and I headed back over the Mekong River into Thailand. In Nong Kai, we ate dinner and took the evening train to Bangkok. From Bangkok, I took Kelly to Koh Samed, where, for a week, we ate mushrooms during the day and drank B-52s by night. Kelly wanted to be home for her 21st birthday.

Jerry met us in Bangkok, and told us that our visas were ready. The next day we took our passports in to get our visas. That afternoon, our passports were returned with our six-month Lao visas. It was beautiful, and worth the six hundred dollar fee I paid Harry. Kelly headed back to Colorado, and promised to call upon her return.

When Kelly arrived home, she learned that I had been indicted, and that a warrant for my arrest had been issued on May 27th, three days after I left for Thailand. I phoned my attorney, who told me that the U.S. Attorney knew I was in Thailand, and that if they caught me there they would let me rot in a Thai jail for a few years before bringing me back to the States. Actually, Thai prison is a lot better than any American jail or prison because if the prisoner has money, he can live well, which is not the case in America. My friends in Thailand would never have let me rot in jail. I would have access to the finest food and women. When Todd was in Thai prison he had every creature comfort available to him.

My lawyer advised me to go to a country that did not have an extradition treaty with the U.S., while he fought my case. I made arrangements for him to send copies of my indictment via DHL courier to a crony in Bangkok. Luckily for me, I now had a Lao visa, and one thing was for sure, there wasn't an extradition treaty between Laos and the U.S. I would be safe once I crossed the Mekong River into Laos.

Dutch Bob helped me get a room registered in his name, as I was afraid

to register under my own name in any hotel in Thailand. The DEA has offices at our embassy in Bangkok, and it was possible that they had put out an alert for me, or paid the Thai police to look for me.

Two days later, I received a copy of the indictment, five counts of delivery of a ton or more of marijuana, and two conspiracy counts to distribute marijuana. I was facing 280 years! The confidential informant was one of the people I had met at that Bruce Springsteen concert. In other words, I had never so much as laid eyes on this guy before that occasion, and had never dealt with him in any way, shape or form. I had never so much as smoked a joint with him, or said two words to him. Yet his saying that I was Mr. Big in Tommy's organization was enough evidence to get me indicted. My pals in Bangkok were as dumbfounded as I. It's one thing getting caught red-handed, but being indicted like this, more than five years after the fact, was surreal.

I phoned my attorney, and he told me that if I came back and testified against Tommy Ton that I could expect a four-year sentence, but no less than two. I guess a lot of people would have just turned themselves in and done as the Feds asked. My reaction to this was simple: "Fuck you. I'm not testifying against Tommy Ton, or anyone else for that matter." There was just no way I could have done that. Tommy was my pal, and without me they couldn't really put all the pieces of the puzzle together.

Obviously, their case would be a lot stronger if they had a witness. Fuck them, the dominos would stop here! For another thing, I was in Nepal on the dates that the Feds claimed that I was receiving deliveries in Arizona. Furthermore, I had never even been to Arizona!

I made arrangements to get whatever cash I had out of the States, along with antiques, stocks and anything else I could liquidate; really, everything I had. It was a good thing Kelly was back in Colorado. She helped handle some of my affairs. Rene in Crested Butte was a major source of support as well. It was absurd that I should testify against Tommy Ton. Who next? Fuck them!

It seemed to me that at a time when I was facing 280 years, and the U.S. Attorney was offering me a deal for testifying, it would be better for me to sit this one out, and maybe they didn't have a strong case without me.

I met with Richard for dinner, and he advised that I go to Nepal or India where I could lose myself in the masses.

The King of Nepal had by now conceded, and was allowing democratic elections. The choice was to vote for the King's man, or vote for the King's man. Guess who won—the King's man! What a joke. This election would cause the Socialists in Nepal to fan out across the country and, four

years later, in the next election, the Communists would win. Nepal was a mess. India, on the other hand, was attractive, but I had my mind set on going back to Laos.

Richard decided to come back to Laos with me and check it out for himself. Dutch Bob decided to come to Laos as well, and he invited a Chinese friend named Jerry to come along. Patrick came up with a Danish passport for me. It was good enough to use in Thailand, and to get to India if need be. I remember being paranoid about flying out of Bangkok, but that's what we did.

The four of us flew from Bangkok to Vientiane, which took about an hour. I was lucky enough to be seated next to a most beautiful Lao lady, Miss Phet. She was returning to see her father, who had recently been released from a reeducation camp after fifteen years of imprisonment. Phet had escaped with her mother and the rest of her siblings. She was the oldest, five at the time. She had grown up in southern California, and was definitely a valley girl at heart. She was there to get her father out, if possible. We promised to meet up with her later in Vientiane, and she promised to call us at the Riverview Hotel.

Upon arriving, we checked into the hotel, and went immediately to Ku's to smoke opium. I finally had someone with me at Ku's who could speak Thai, so we communicated for the first time. Ku was amazed that we had a map to his house. He asked whether he was really that famous in America. While waiting our turn at the pipe, we smoked Lao Red from Ku's bong. Ku was poor, but his floor was solid teak, and the building's beams were of solid ebony logs. The contrast was amazing.

Laos was like being in a black and white movie. I remember the first time a Lao called my motor scooter a car, and the area's six international phone lines, three in and three out. They used the old-style switchboards from the 1930s.

From Ku's, we went to the market to buy weed legally. I can't explain the feeling one gets when buying marijuana legally at a market, and being offered a choice of buds. It's wonderful. Afterwards, we went to a local beer garden, drank 33 beer and smoked cigars of Lao Red.

As we were sitting there talking, a rather tall Lao approached us, begging. That in itself was strange, as during the more than one year I lived in Laos, I never saw a beggar, save this one. The guy began speaking in perfect American English. He had graduated from West Point, was a general in the late King's army, and was just released from the reeducation camps after 15 years. The educated class was turned into peasants, and the peasants now ruled the country. The Minister of Defense

didn't even read or write.

Laos had a small population of less than four million. Vientiane had 52 villages, each comprised of 350 to 500 households. Every ten households had their own Chief, who in turn reported to the Village Chief. The people policed themselves. The only police I ever saw there were traffic cops. Most problems were settled at the village level.

I didn't realize it, but the moment I was issued a business visa, a dossier was being kept on my every move. In a country with 25,000 foreign workers, only ninety were American. Not only was I being watched by the secret police, but my rooms were searched and probably bugged as well. I was being watched to see if I was a spy, or was socially, morally or politically incorrect. Well, one out of four isn't bad, I'm certainly not a spook.

Richard and I ran into two Danish ladies at the market, and we moved them into the suite next to ours. We also heard from Phet. She invited us to the local disco that evening, and we all went. Phet in Lao means hot, and, without question, Phet was the hottest girl on that dance floor.

Phet had gone to her father's village, and, to her surprise, he had remarried and started another family. Poor valley girl Phet, she found no running water and the village's outdoor toilets a little too primitive for her tastes, and she was happy to be back in Vientiane. She would now have to go back and break the news to her mother. She couldn't wait to get back to San Diego. At the disco, they played twenty-year-old rock and roll, so we all twisted the night away. Phet made sure everyone knew she was a liberated American woman, as Richard and I took turns dancing with her. I would have traded both those gorgeous Danish ladies for Phet, but she had to get back home to her family. Promptly at midnight, the disco closed, as do all places of business in Laos, so we headed back to the hotel.

Again, Richard advised me against staying in Laos, and for going to India. But Laos is where I decided to stay and make my stand. My plan was to open a restaurant and bar in the same building as the Riverview Hotel, which catered to Westerners.

In the restaurant, I would install a surround-sound system with all the latest tunes, and a video set-up to show current movies. Richard would help by ordering all of my sound equipment from Hong Kong and having it shipped to Laos. The place was huge, and came with two apartments upstairs. One of the rooms overlooked the bar and that's where I would put my control room for my sound system. Mine would be the first American-owned restaurant in Laos in fifteen years.

After a two-week stay, all of my pals headed back to Bangkok. Dutch

Bob stayed on a few more days to help me with my business plans, and then headed back to Bangkok overland. I was alone. My only friend was Mr. Ku and his opium pipe.

Jerry Brown came by the hotel to pick up my proposals, and over a few drinks he started to open up to me. He had been in U.S. Army Intelligence during the Vietnam War, stationed in Laos. He had worked for the CIA, and was now working undercover in Laos for the Heritage Foundation, looking for any information regarding U.S. MIAs. He was the first to testify at congressional hearings regarding the American bombing of villages in Northern Laos. Jerry told me that during the war, he had once waited for two weeks up country to assassinate the director of LIPCO, the company he now represented in Vientiane. At the time LIPCO's director had been a Pathet Lao major.

Jerry told a good war story, and hung out at the spook bars in Bangkok and Udon Thani. He was a personal friend of the legendary CIA agent Tony Poe, who ran a Hmong army in northern Laos, and was reputed to have led the Dalai Lama out of Tibet. Jerry went on and on about how the war had been the most important event of his life, and that he was dragging it out to the end. He offered to pay me for any information I could come up with on MIA-related issues. At the time, I didn't take Jerry seriously.

Across the street from the hotel was Mr. Phouma's coffee shop. There, I would meet the local Village Chief, Mr. Sulichan, who would introduce me to the local fire water, Lao Lao Sticky Rice whiskey. Over a few drinks I met some of the locals in my village of Ban Zeitan Neua.

Next to the hotel lived Mr. Lee and his wife and family. Mr. Lee was the assistant to the Lao ambassador to Vietnam. Another local I met had been a pilot, and had done 13 years in a re-education camp. He told me that out of 250 people taken from this village, only 13 made it back from the camps. The rest were simply worked to death. Another village resident, Mr. Boon, had been a police captain and was now a laborer. He had done five years in the camps.

Everyone in Laos had war stories, but Mr. Sulichan always stopped any political discussions, and warned me that everything I said and every move I made would be reported. I was being checked out 24 hours a day. They watched me when I went to the market, when I went to visit Mr. Ku and at all other times. Of course, at the time I was oblivious to all this.

The villagers were amazed when I told them that I followed the Buddhist faith. Mr. Sulichan took me to meet the head monk of the local temple, which was located about a half-block from the hotel, and over tea I

pledged to support the temple. Mr. Sulichan suggested that I contribute funds to complete the children's school at the temple, and help get them books with which to learn English. He explained that all of this would work in my favor when I got final approval for my business. This would be the first of many projects I would undertake for my village of Ban Zeitan Neau.

My funds were running low, so I headed back to Bangkok to meet with Dutch Bob. I had no problem crossing the border into Thailand, and in Bangkok I used my Danish passport to check into the World Hotel, where Bob was staying. I was having my funds transferred to Bangkok via Bob's account in Hong Kong. I went over to see Irish Patrick. He was having a rough go at making ends meet, so I lent him \$5000 until he could get on his feet. Pat had always helped me survive in Asia, and if I had money, he had money. Italian Piaro was staying with him, and he decided to go back up to Laos with me.

I phoned Kelly. She and my lawyer were frantically trying to liquidate my assets before they were seized by the Feds. I managed to sell my stocks and get loans on my property before the Feds could act. My lawyer thought I was crazy to be in Thailand, and told me to get back to Laos. Kelly planned to fly to Thailand shortly, and then return to Laos with Bob. So I only stayed a few days before heading back to Laos. I stopped at the Kangaroo Bar in Nong Kai before I crossed the Mekong River, which was swollen as a result of the monsoon, into Laos.

Back in Vientiane I settled into my usual routine of spending afternoons with Ku smoking opium, and my evenings with Mr. Sulichan drinking Lao Lao or Johnny Black. I was Ku's only customer. My opium habit not only paid for his habit, but helped to support his family. I spent around two to three dollars per day there.

After being the only guest at the hotel for weeks, I now had a neighbor in the adjoining suite. Mr. Prapot was an elderly gentleman in his late seventies, silver-haired and very grandfatherly looking. He said that he was in Laos representing more than a dozen Thai companies who wanted to do business in Laos. He had dozens of business cards, and it took him almost two hours to introduce himself.

Mr. Prapot was obviously full of himself, but the Lao treated him with the utmost respect. After a two-hour monologue, he finally got to the point: he needed my suite to entertain his clients. I explained that I had lived in that suite for the past two months, that I found it quite comfortable and that there was no way I would give up my room overlooking the Mekong. I suggested to Mr. Prapot that he change hotels. Instead, he

declared war on me.

Mr. Prapot's first salvo was to have one of the room-boys put a rhinoceros beetle in my bedding. This six-inch long beetle is really harmless, although it looks dangerous. Its one annoying trait is its loud clicking noise. That night I had gone back to Ku's, and was especially loaded as I shut the light and got into bed. When I felt that huge insect under the sheets, I sprinted from the bed like Jessie Owens. The room-boys who removed the bug thought it was all hilarious.

For his next shot across my bow, Mr. Prapot began leaving the volume on his television set turned up full blast when he left the room, which often coincided with me trying to get some rest while in an opiated state. Next, he started hosting children in his room. I complained to the hotel that he was a pedophile. Finally, after days of this behavior, the hotel had Mr. Prapot tone down his act.

Mr. Prapot denounced me to the police, calling me a drug-crazed American hippie capitalist who was here to screw the Lao. He said that my pot smoking affected his health. The police informed Mr. Prapot that marijuana was legally sold in the market and served in Vientiane's finest restaurants. They even took the old man to the market and showed him where it was sold. I kept my suite, and kept on puffing my weed. I was really beginning to love this country.

The past few weeks, Prapot had taken every opportunity to make me look like the bad guy, but now the true villain was showing his colors. Mr. Prapot was being denounced by everyone. It seemed that he never paid his bills. The hotel had amassed a huge bill from Mr. Prapot, who even charged bills from other restaurants to the hotel, including some for dinners for 25 people. The room-girls filed complaints against Mr. Prapot for trying to fondle them. It became clear to all who came into contact with him that he was a deadbeat. Everyone connected with bringing Prapot to Laos was in hot water.

Down at Lipco there had been a shake-up, including a number of personnel changes. Jerry Brown was now persona non grata. Prapot had caused the problems at Lipco, as they had sponsored his visit into Laos. Jerry was drummed out as a result of having arranged for Prapot's visa. Eventually, Mr. Prapot would be escorted to the border and sent back to Thailand.

It was during this period that I met Mr. Chee, a Chinese Thai who had been living in Laos for the past few years. He was married to a local girl named Chamdi. He had been screwed by Prapot, and filed a police case against him. We became friends and I spent many evenings enjoying

Chee's fine Chinese cooking. I also met an American contractor, who agreed to draw up plans for my restaurant. Barry was a master carpenter and needed the work. Chee didn't trust Barry from day one, and I should have listened to him.

Kelly finally made it back after spending a few days with Bob in Bangkok. She showed up on crutches, having broken her foot slam-dancing at a disco in Denver. I told her of my plans for the bar and restaurant, and showed her the location. The owner, Madame Vipha, and I met at Lipco, and signed a five-year lease with an additional five-year option. I was anxious to finally leave the hotel and move into the apartment above the restaurant.

The red tape required to move out of the hotel was incredible. We needed to apply for authorization from the Village Chief, the District Chief, the Chief of Police and the Minister of the Interior. Each application had to be accompanied by six photos of both of us, a copy of my lease, a copy of my business application and on and on. We finally completed all of the paperwork, and moved into our apartment after four months in the hotel. That same day I received permission to buy a Honda motor scooter.

Mr. Phouma was the Chief to whom I was to report if I had a problem. He in turn would report to Mr. Sulichan. My Village Chief would hold court in Phouma's coffee shop. I was now officially a member of Ban Zeitan Neua, the first American to live in this village in 15 years. Kelly and I were celebrities. Everyone in the village knew who we were. On every corner in Vientiane are tall telephone poles with huge loud speakers that the government uses to make announcements and proclamations to the people. It was announced over this system that two Americans were now living in Ban Zeitan Neua.

Kelly drew a lot of attention with her short-shorts, Harley Davidson halter-top, huge boobs and blonde hair. Her habit of not wearing underwear drove the Lao particularly mad. That free American spirit and the thought of a U.S. green card made her even more popular to the locals. Practically every day some Lao would propose to Kelly. Some say it was because of her that the Lao Government did not sign an agreement with the Peace Corps. The idea of 24 young Americans running around like Kelly, and infecting their society with Western values scared the Lao, and so they passed.

Dutch Bob was overdue with my funds, so Kelly and I crossed the Mekong and went to Bangkok. We checked into the World Hotel, headed out to dinner, and later went to the discos on Patpong Street. The bars closed at 2:00 a.m., at which time we headed back to the hotel, where we

had a little breakfast at the coffee shop. While sitting there, we noticed a Westerner wearing solid gold chains, rings and a Rolex, and carrying cell phones, beepers and briefcases. He was a walking target in Bangkok. I remember leaning over to Kelly and telling her what an idiot I thought the guy was. Visitors had to be low-key while in Bangkok, and this guy stood out like a sore thumb. He was asking to be robbed. Bangkok is an extremely dangerous city.

That day I met with Bob. He had used some of my funds to cover his own expenses while, at the same time, telling me how much he wanted to be a partner in my business in Vientiane. Kelly was smart to leave the room as I grabbed Bob's throat and read him the riot act. I got whatever remained of my money, and he paid me the rest in the form of antique rugs. By that evening, the word had gotten around Bangkok that I had strong-armed Bob. Richard was the first one to mention it to me. He was on his way to Hong Kong, where he would ship my stereo equipment. He had also agreed to take my rug collection to Europe and sell it.

There was only one bank in Laos, and only one bank in the U.S. with which it did business, the Banque De Paris in New York City. I needed to get my assets out of the States, and I didn't have time for any games. My pal Rene moved my belongings, and stored them for me in Crested Butte. He would act as a go-between for my New York crew. My mother was in touch with everybody, and Rene was coordinating all the messages back to me. Being on the run is an art form. Every move I made had to be precise. Some people are great at it. Irish Patrick, for example, had been on the run for most of his adult life.

That night, after the bars closed, Kelly and I were back at the hotel coffee shop. We noticed the same westerner from the previous evening, except now he was on crutches with two broken legs as well as a broken arm and a bandaged head. He was a mess; no more gold chains, rings, Rolex, cell phones, beepers or briefcases. He had been beaten mercilessly. I couldn't resist walking over to introduce myself, and asking what had happened to him. He explained that he was doing a deal with some Thais, that they had ripped him off for all his cash and belongings and had left him for dead. He explained that he couldn't return home empty handed, and didn't know what to do.

I felt bad for him, so I invited him up to our room for a joint. If I didn't help this guy, the Thai's would kill him or, at the very least, rip him off again. I told him I would help him by giving him a contact in Bangkok, but that I didn't want to know what he was doing, nor did I wish to participate in his venture. If he agreed to this, I would introduce him to an old friend.

He must have perceived me to be St. Peter, opening the gates of heaven. He thanked me profusely. I agreed to meet with him the next day.

That night, I went by Patrick's place and explained to him my new friend's predicament. He agreed to help. The next day, I introduced those two, and then took the train up to Nong Kai. We stopped at the Kangaroo Bar while we waited for the border to open. Bill, the owner, came over and whispered in my ear that a DEA agent had followed us into the restaurant, and had taken a seat across from us. The DEA had an office in Udorn, and watched the border periodically. Fortunately, we crossed over to Laos with no problem, and returned home to our village.

I hired a local Lao, Mr. Sinthong, to act as my personal secretary and gofer. He spoke fluent English, and knew his way around. I now had a postal box, and was receiving mail from my lawyer. The Feds had begun the process of seizing all of my assets. Six people had pointed the finger at me, but none were able to pick me out of a line-up. The fact is, I didn't know any of these people. The indictment blamed me for loads I knew nothing about, and I hadn't even been in the country at the time they were busted. It seemed to me that Walt Disney had written the indictment. The Feds have a war mentality. Their only interest is the body count. The only rules they followed were the ones they made up along the way.

My not being in Denver caused the dominos to stop falling. One might wonder how the government expected to get a conviction if the six witnesses didn't even know me. Simple, they just showed their informants my photo, and told them, "That's who you point out." It's all rehearsed, and I essentially had no rights.

I now had my own phone, so I was in constant touch with my attorney. It was obvious that they were building up my role in Tommy's ring in order to justify the seizure of my assets. My main problem was fighting the seizures, but because I was a fugitive, I had no rights. The Feds never really had a case against me, unless I were foolish enough to talk and make their case for them. I had tried to contact the Feds before I left for Thailand, but they never returned our calls or faxes. Though my attorney showed the court that I had earned my assets legally, the government seized everything it could get its hands on. I did manage to get loans on my real estate, and to sell my stocks before they were seized.

There is no such thing as justice in America. The plea bargain system makes sure of that. Fighting a case in federal court is extremely expensive. When a defendant is facing many years behind bars and a U.S. Attorney offers a deal based upon a guilty plea and the defendant's testimony, 90 percent or more of defendants will acquiesce. From one case in which only

a handful of people are involved, the Feds will produce a case involving as many people as they can drag in to it, and seize as many assets as possible. In my case, my not being in Denver killed that strategy.

The American public has no idea how many people plead guilty to something they never did in order to get the man off their backs. One needs money to get justice in America, but in the case of drug arrests, even with money the laws are stacked against defendants. Agents routinely lied, cheated and withheld information in order to obtain convictions.

In Bangkok, the DEA was known to plant drugs in the suitcases of people they were after, but against whom they had not been able to build a case. When such unfortunate individuals arrived at their destinations, they would be arrested for drugs about which they knew nothing. They nailed their targets any way they could. I even heard that the DEA kidnapped a pal of mine while on a flight to Tokyo, and they brought him back to the States, a totally illegal act. But what really kills me is that at the time there was an agent in Bangkok who was heavily involved in heroin trafficking. I would have paid anything for that information. With it, I would have been able to throw that DEA agent to the wolves.

The DEA turns a blind eye to the CIA's activities in the drug trade in Southeast Asia. The CIA trained the Thai border police, who ran the heroin trade and the ganja trade as well. They moved the drugs in army trucks to Bangkok. Justice in Thailand is no better than American justice. In Thailand, if a defendant fights his case and loses, his sentence is doubled. It's very similar to the American system in that respect. Whether one accepts a plea bargain or chooses to fight, it remains a stacked deck. It becomes a rarer and rarer occurrence for cases to go to trial in America.

Throughout the late 1970s and the 1980s, Laos produced the finest marijuana around. What everyone thought were Thai sticks, actually came from Laos. The Lao government had no choice but to join the drug trade in order to survive. The ganja would be cultivated and packed, and then trucked by the Lao Police to Danang. There, the vacuum-sealed, nitrogen-packed Killer Kong marijuana would be stored, and then loaded onto the mother ships. It was the finest marijuana ever produced commercially.

Under Lao government supervision, they also produced the finest heroin available, for export only. As a result of this trade, during the 1980s, Laos, a Communist, third-world country, managed to pay off its foreign debt. Some in that government put their country first.

The Lao were still at war with America. They had never signed the Paris peace accord. The Lao never returned one captured American POW. If our government really wanted to get those boys back, they could have,

but they would have had to eat crow and pay a lot of dough. The truth about POW's in Laos will never be known in my lifetime, and by then few people will care. It will be but a footnote to the histories written 100 years from now. The Pathet Lao would again win a war against American imperialism, this one, an economic war. Instead of bullets they used ganja and heroin.

Barry and I went to a lumberyard to buy teak for my bar. There, I met Scotty, who ran the lumber yard. With his help, we picked choice logs that he would cut and dry in his kiln. The whole process would take one month. Scotty was Australian, and was married to a Lao. He managed to make a very good living selling teak and ebony logs, mainly to the Japanese. Laos has triple-canopied virgin hardwood forest.

I was getting very close to my friend Chee, and just about every evening Kelly and I would cruise over and have dinner. Chee had a lot of connections, and warned me that the police thought Barry was an American spy. He wanted me to meet his buddy, Lt. Col. Kamchanh, the chief of police of Vientiane, the following weekend.

The following Sunday I went to meet the Colonel at Chee's house. Kelly stayed home. She didn't feel comfortable partying with the police. I brought along two bottles of Johnny Black. The Colonel brought along five of his men and a huge policewoman. We all sat on the floor, as is Lao custom. Chee had outdone himself with the Chinese delicacies he offered us. That night we went through two cases of beer, two bottles of Johnny Black, and of course, the customary Lao Lao. I rolled cigars of Lao Red. However, when I offered one to Colonel Kamchan, he declined. I complimented Laos on it's superb Ganja.

One of the Colonel's men, a captain, was visiting from Xam Nua in northern Laos. He had previously fought the French as well as the Americans. He removed his prosthetic leg to show me where its predecessor had been blown off by a mine. He hated America, and asked if I had served in Vietnam. I told him that I too had been in the military, but had only served in the whorehouses of Okinawa, and with that everyone laughed. He told me that his job had been to kill Americans and remarked that now he was sitting next to one, drinking beer and enjoying it.

The Colonel himself was Laos' most famous guerrilla fighter. Like the Captain, he had killed Americans as well as French. I told everyone there that I represented the make-love-not-war peace generation which had helped to end the war.

I was getting very drunk, so the Colonel and his crew carried me to their Jeep, drove me back home and put me to bed. Kelly was a bit

shocked to see me being carried in by the police, but they all ended up partying with her for another two hours while I was passed out in bed.

Chee's wife was from Nam Ngun village, and he invited us up there to check it out. It was the only place in Laos at the time which could be visited by foreigners without special government permission. Nam Ngun is famous for the huge hydroelectric dam there. The electricity is sold to Thailand. In fact, Vientiane is the only city in Laos with electricity 24 hours per day.

Chee's family lived on the river in a huge solid teak house, built on enormous solid timber stilts. The house was over one hundred years old. We started to spend weekends with Chee and Chamdi's family there. The area had an unspoiled and beautiful tranquility to it. Chamdi's brother was a farmer, and offered to grow my marijuana for me. What an interesting idea, I thought, and with all of this bottom-land to boot. I asked Chee if it would be possible to have it shipped out of Danang. He replied that not only was it possible, but that Colonel Khamchan himself would deliver the load to Danang. It was decided then and there to grow a crop.

Scotty delivered the wood, and construction on Joe's Bar and Grill finally began. Barry was building the bar, and Sinthong was in charge of the electrical, plumbing and painting. From day one, I felt as if Barry was trying to disrupt the project. I would later learn that Barry was a paid informant of the DEA tasked with disrupting the opening of my bar. The DEA wanted to stop me from setting up in Laos at all costs. Barry had worked as an informant in Hawaii. He had blown his cover in Chiang Mai, where he had set up some Canadian and Thai dealers. Fearing that a contract would be put out on Barry's life, the DEA sent him to Laos to watch me. Of course this was all unknown to me at the time.

Instead of working, I'd find Barry partying with Kelly. She was getting to be more trouble than she was worth. Soon, Sinthong began following his lead. In addition, I caught Sinthong padding my bills, and I fired him. A few weeks later, I was called before the government minister responsible for foreign economic affairs, who shut down construction due to the friction.

Chee really helped me through this bullshit by showing me the many business opportunities in Laos. Laos has so many natural resources, I felt that it would be easy to make a living there. Chee took me to a gem polishing factory in Nam Ngun. I couldn't believe my eyes, 72 brand new gem polishing machines and related equipment sitting dormant. There were no funds to run the factory. Laos has many types of precious and semi-precious stones, rubies and sapphire among them. By gaining control

of the factory I would also receive a seat on the Burmese Jade and Gem Exchange, the fabled once-a-year auction. Chee and I conveyed a proposal to the Lao government.

Another opportunity involved a Japanese-produced gasoline powered rice husking machine. Chee and I planned to import them and put them to work in the villages around Vientiane.

Sulichan suggested that I do some community work to make a good impression on the Lao government. I donated a beautiful Thai Buddha to our local temple, and a big ceremony was held. I funded improvements to our street, beginning at the temple to beyond the Riverview Hotel. I paid for the construction of a new boat for our village in which to race. Every year there were boat races held between Thailand and Laos, which were a big source of national pride.

One night at Chee's, he handed me a list of names of American MIA's. He also gave me a Red Cross form containing information regarding a POW who was reportedly still alive. The form contained the American pilot's name, rank, serial number, the type of plane he was flying, the date he was shot down, information about his family and an authentication code word that would be recognized only by his family. The form would normally have been handed over to the Red Cross, but this poor guy had been shot down in 1965, at a time when the public was unaware of U.S. military activities in Laos. I remember that the pilot was from Stuart, Florida.

The form and the list had been given to Chee by Colonel Khamchan. Khamchan wanted me to take the documents to the American embassy and check the names against the official U.S. MIA list in order to verify its accuracy before he turned it in to the Lao government. I went to the embassy, but was not allowed to look at the book with the MIA and POW information. The Marine guards offered to take my list and the Red Cross form, and to compare them with the official list. When they returned, they told me that none of the names from my list were on the official list. As I looked into the Marine's eyes, I knew he was lying.

At the embassy, I was introduced to an army colonel who was in charge of the MIA issue in Southeast Asia. We made an appointment to meet for lunch the next day. I guess this all sounds pretty weird, since I, of course, was then a fugitive wanted by the U.S. government. Actually, I never hid my presence in Laos from the American Consul. In fact, I showed him the indictment and the stamps in my passport, which established that I was in Nepal during the same periods that the indictment claimed I had been in Arizona. I was indignant. In addition, as part of my business application to

the Lao government, I had to obtain a proof of identity from the U.S. government. It cost me ten dollars, but, yes, the U.S. government vouched for my identity.

I met the army Colonel for lunch, and he took me to the only noodle shop in Vientiane that does not use ganja in its broth. He made a point of letting me know that. He discounted all that I had to say, but thanked me for my help, and gave me his card in case I came across any live sightings.

I later reported this to Colonel Khamchan, who insisted that the POW was alive. The pilot had been captured by Colonel Khamchan and given as a slave to a village that had been bombed. He was used as a beast of burden, but after some time he was allowed to join the village. He married a local girl, and together they had a family. The Colonel promised to release this man, and wanted me to help get him out. He wanted to take me to the village to meet this guy.

I couldn't help fantasizing about walking out of the jungles of Laos with a live POW, particularly after all the years that the government denied they had left anyone behind. My plan was simple enough. Once I brought the man down from the jungle, I would pay someone to come to Laos, and I would use that person's passport to get the POW across to Thailand. After the POW was in Thailand, Richard would meet us in Nong Kai and drive us to Bangkok, where we would hold a press conference.

The largest potential problem was the POW's physical condition. Assuming it was not a hindrance, we would clean him up at my place, move him to the border quickly and escort him to Thailand. Any questions that might come up would be answered by explaining that our friend had contracted malaria in Laos, and that we were escorting him to the hospital at Udon Thani. If I were able to pull this off, I'd have stories to tell for the rest of my life.

Chee came by and convinced me not to proceed with my plan. He said that I would be shown Lao hell, and that there would be no way that the Lao would allow me to live to tell the tale. Yes, the pilot was alive, as were others, but once I saw their hell, he seriously doubted I'd be coming back, and he most definitely wasn't coming with me. Without Chee I wasn't going anywhere. I have given great thought to this. Do I believe that the Lao held POWs until the last one died? Yes I do, but I find it hard to believe that anyone could still be alive in Lao hell after so long!

One morning, I woke up with a fever. Apparently I had a urinary tract infection that had passed into my kidneys. I was very ill, too ill to go on any expedition, and too sick to be in Vientiane. I went to the Swedish clinic, and the nurse told me that what I had was not treatable in Laos, and

that I had to go to Udorn by medivac. I explained my situation to the nurse, who decided to treat me there as best as possible. Nurse Margaret brought me back to life by pumping antibiotics directly into my veins. After about two weeks of this, the infection subsided. I was down to high school weight. Whatever I had nearly killed me.

While I was recuperating, Sinthong called and wanted to come by to see how I was doing. I told him not to bother, but he came anyway and forced his way into my house. He wanted to see Kelly. As I was showing him the door, he tripped and fell down a flight of stairs, cracking his skull a little bit. Colonel Khamchan cleared me of any wrongdoing. Chee had immediately come over and taken me to the Colonel's office, where I made my statement, and that was it.

Kelly was planning on going home for the Christmas holidays. Good riddance, I thought. I had Chee book her tickets earlier than she had scheduled. At her going away dinner at Chee's, she flaunted her independence. Our resulting huge fight ended the dinner party, and the next morning she flew out of my life.

The sound equipment finally arrived from Hong Kong, so Chee and I went to Wattay Airport to clear it through customs. To our surprise, the head customs inspector was Mr. Phouma's brother.

Mr. Sulichan, my Village Chief, inquired when the restaurant would be open. With his permission, I began working on Joe's Bar and Grill. Scotty brought over a new construction crew to finish work on the bar. I also decided to throw the biggest New Year's Eve party that Ban Zeitan Neua had ever seen. Chee agreed to handle all the food, and I would handle the bar.

The sound system Richard sent (including over 300 CDs) was incredible. When I cranked it up, it could be heard in Thailand. I would have the best sound system and music in Vientiane. The work on the bar went quickly now. The refrigeration equipment arrived from Thailand. Chee ordered custom-built rattan bar stools, as well as tables and chairs for the restaurant. I opened an account at the 33 Beer factory and I began receiving deliveries. Things were moving right along.

I managed to slip across the border for a few days. I stayed with Richard. He had sold my rug collection. I put the word out on the street in Bangkok that Joe's Bar and Grill would be opening New Years Eve.

I went to see Patrick, and met Piaro there. Patrick got me a South African passport, and he needed my passport photos. Piaro would deliver the passport to Vientiane when ready. Piaro was part of the old school in Kathmandu—a textile expert who loved to smoke opium. He wanted to

look for old Lao weavings, and taught me about Lao textiles. I only stayed three days in Thailand, and crossing the border was, as always, nerve wracking but uneventful.

I want to say a few words here about Mr. Chanh. He was the only worker I retained following the Barry and Sinthong fiasco. Chanh fought alongside Americans in Laos, and spent six years in the Xieng Kouang reeducation camps. He worked for three months before he dared speak to me in English. Chanh literally had the English beaten out of him. After being around me, some of his English started to come back, and we had many talks about the reeducation camps. He told me of the Americans who were held and died there. He told me that the Lao were very proud of their American POWs, and would regularly show them off to their Communist bloc buddies.

Chanh, my jack-of-all-trades, would prove invaluable. This time, my construction crew was professional. Not only did they finish my bar and restaurant, but they also remodeled the upstairs apartments. The bar was huge, 24 people could sit at it. It was half red teak, and half gold teak. The planks were installed in the same order that they had been cut from the logs. It was incredible, thousands of eyes and faces came out naturally in the wood. I set up a dance area, a dart throwing area, and space for a pool table that I was bringing up from Bangkok. I also had tables that sat up to twenty people. I installed a huge television and video player with which to show movies. The place was huge!

I sent invitations for the New Year's Eve grand opening to all of the government ministers, the Chief of Police, all the Village Chiefs and to Mr. Bounmy, the new director of Lipco. Yes, I even sent an invitation to the U.S. Consul. Mr. Sulichan would provide security and someone to park the cars.

At this point I had given up all thought of ever returning to the U.S. Love it or leave it, was now my motto. I left it, thank you very much. My family and friends back in America had resigned themselves to the fact that I would not be returning. I was starting my life anew in Laos. I was trying my best to be a pillar of my community. I hired an English teacher for the school at the temple, and bought the students books as well. Mr. Bounmy from Lipco needed a short-term loan to purchase a vehicle, and I obliged him.

I was getting support from the Lao community to open the first American-owned bar and restaurant since the end of the revolution in 1975. Scotty introduced me to Tony Borcic, who owned and operated the Nam Phou Garden Restaurant. Nam Phou means water fountain in Lao,

and his place was built around a fountain. It had been a very popular place to go before the revolution, but had been closed for many years. Now, Tony and his wife, Sengmany, planned on opening it again. It seemed that the Lao government wanted to create nightlife again. Tony lived in Laos for 15 years, and was well connected with the government. He had originally been hired as a mechanic by the Lao government, and stayed.

Through Tony, I met Alexis, the local head of the KGB, assigned to the Russian embassy. This guy was a riot. Tony would tell me to tell Alexis something he could write into his report, so everything I told Alexis about went into my KGB dossier. We started to have dart tournaments, Russia against America against the Czechs. It's funny, but at one time Russians hated to be called Russians, they were "Soviets" then, but now that Communism had fallen, it was cool to call them Russians.

Tony also introduced me to the Bulgarian pilots and stewardesses who flew for Lao International Airlines under contract to the Lao government. They flew to Hanoi, Ho Chi Minh City, Phnom Penh, Singapore, Bangkok and then back to Vientiane. Through them, I started to get tequila and other types of liquor duty-free. Cuban cigars were readily available, so I stocked them as well. I was really beginning to have fun and loosen up in Laos.

On New Years Eve day, some of my new friends came over to help decorate the bar for the party that night. Scotty and I programmed all the music. Scotty, his wife, Mr. Chanh and I would work the bar. The party lasted until four in the morning. Most of the big Lao officials sent representatives. Alexis showed up, as well as the Bulgarians, who never missed a good party. I counted at least a half-dozen different spy groups there.

Everyone brought their wives or girlfriends, and danced the night away. Chee's food was wonderful. The guests had never heard most of the music that I played, but for dancing, they seemed to enjoy Reggae the best. I also played some old music from the sixties, and that woke everyone up.

Some Americans showed up from the Crop Substitution Program. They worked up in the highlands teaching the farmers to cultivate crops other than opium. Good luck! They admitted that up to that point their efforts weren't working. The CIA and DEA were there as well. Piaro showed up from Bangkok, and delivered my South African passport.

Of course, Colonel Kamchan came for awhile. He was on duty, so I sent a couple of cases of beer and a bottle of Johnny Walker Black back with him. We cooked way too much food, so the next day we offered what was left to the Temple. Then I sent a case of beer to each of the officials

who hadn't made it to the party.

I was still waiting for my license to operate from the Lao government, so I went to talk to Mr. Bounmy at Lipco. He advised me to sign a partnership agreement with the Riverview Hotel. The Hotel had recently hired a new manager with whom I felt I could work, so I proceeded to form a partnership with them. The Lao also didn't approve of my sign (in particular, the words "American Style"), so I changed the name to Joe's Riverview Bar and Grill.

Colonel Kamchan came by one evening with two other police chiefs from the northern province of Xam Nua. I broke out the beer, and then the tequila. I showed them how to drink tequila like we did back in the states, with salt and lemon slices. We were all roaring drunk when we started to throw darts. The police chief from Xam Nua would make the sound of a SAM missile firing every time he threw a dart. It was hysterical, but this guy was no joke. He had personally knocked down more planes with his SAM battery than any other Lao. He shot down two B-52s as well as many other American planes. He was a hero of the revolution.

What a night we had! Before they left, they gave me personal invitations to visit with them up north. It's not easy for foreigners to get permission to travel north in Laos. This authorization would give Piaro and me the opportunity to search out old Lao textiles.

Whenever Colonel Kamchan was on duty, I would send over cases of beer for the boys, and a bottle of Scotch for the Colonel. One night, a huge explosion rocked the hotel and, of course, my place. A terrorist had blown himself up. The Colonel was on duty that night, so I brought coffee out to them as they investigated the explosion. The Colonel explained that the terrorist was an agent of the old regime who had been sent over from Thailand to disrupt the tourist business that was now starting again in Laos. They had to pick pieces of the terrorist out of the trees. The only intact piece was his head. Another terrorist who had accompanied him had gotten away.

One afternoon, a dozen American military personnel in civilian dress showed up at the bar. I had just prepared a buffet of wild boar barbecue ribs with all the trimmings. Those boys ate everything in sight, and over a few beers they told me of their mission. They were heading up to Xam Nua to rebuild a school and temple destroyed by American bombs during the war, in exchange for the return of some MIA bodies by the villagers. They also told me that the embassy considered my bar off-limits. That was the best advertisement possible.

Of course, when I complained to the American Consul, he denied it. I

also mentioned to him my plan to visit Xam Nua at the invitation of the Lao police, and with that he begged me not to do so until after the rebuilding had been completed and the military had left. He knew where my sympathies lay. As far as I was concerned, it was a very small gesture in comparison to the way the north had been bombed. I have always felt that Laos is due war reparations from the U.S.

While at the embassy, I provided them with another list of MIAs that I was given by the Chief of Police, and again I was told that none were actually MIAs. I always felt I was being used by the Lao, and that the Americans were not about to tell me the truth either. I guess that I'll never know the nature of the cat-and-mouse game in which I was involved. Nor will I ever really know if any of the information I passed along was of any use.

Chanh had told me that he knew where the bodies of nine MIAs were buried, and he even gave me their dog tags. Supposedly, they had died in the same prison camp in which Chanh had been held, and he and a prison guard had buried them. This was becoming a sticky wicket, so I decided to concentrate instead on my main interest, obtaining a business license. From that point on, I avoided the MIA issue.

It was nice having Piaro to pal around with. He started to put a Lao textile collection together for me, and I used the pieces to decorate the bar. Within two weeks, I had amassed a major collection. I remember one shaman blanket that I bought for \$800 and sold for \$3000 to an American tourist from New York City. The tourist ended up spending \$5000. The place was now a gallery of Lao weavings as well. Piaro visited Ku's opium den, and also found other places to smoke. At one place, I remember meeting a prince from the old regime. His claim to fame was that prior to the 1975 revolution, he ran the Pepsi Cola factory in Vientiane, which was actually a front for producing #4 Laotian heroin.



I was putting in 12 to 14 hour days at the bar. It was becoming more popular by the day. Backpackers were now coming into Laos from Vietnam, as well as Cambodia and Thailand, There was a Joe's Bar in Phnom Penh, and in Ho Chi Minh City there was one called Apocalypse Now. I was in the loop. I bought a French Jeep to tool around in.

A day didn't go by without some sweet female tourist from France, America, Sweden or another place dropping into Joe's Bar for a beer and a free joint; to listen to the outrageous sound system with all the latest tunes, or to watch a movie. Yes, I gave away marijuana freely at my bar. I would roll a cigar and pass it down the bar. If anyone asked me where they could get weed, I'd usually give them some.

In the Mekong River, there are small islands that only appear during the dry season after the rains have subsided. These islands are formed from the alluvial soil brought down from the melting snows of the Himalayas that create the Mekong River Delta, one of the most fertile places on earth. I had heard of the Killer Kong marijuana that grows on those islands, and one day I rented a small canoe and ventured out to them.

The Lao farmers primarily plant vegetables on these islands, but as I pulled my canoe up onto an island I could smell bud. The whole island was a marijuana plantation. The stalks were like tree trunks, huge. As I started to cut some tops I noticed a Lao waving at me, so I went over and

he showed me a scale. The Killer Kong, he communicated to me, was not free, but was for sale. I made a deal to have this farmer provide me with my personal smoke.

That Killer Kong marijuana was so potent that the first time I rolled a joint at the bar, it got over two dozen people high. Higher than they have ever been on marijuana. The joint wasn't even half smoked. One hit was enough for six people. I was also planning to show the Lao how to make hashish, and can only imagine how strong Lao hashish would be if it were made Afghan style. So things were really going well for me. I had plenty with which to keep busy.

My attorney kept sending me letters that never arrived. So I used Tony's name and post box, and sure enough, two weeks later I received copies of all the letters that had previously been sent unsuccessfully by my attorney. A civil forfeiture trial had been set for May 22nd. If I didn't show up for it, I would lose whatever had been seized.

My business visa had run out, and Mr. Bounmy at Lipco had it extended. I still had not received my official license to operate in Laos. I was fighting for my life on two fronts. I was spending a lot of money on the phone, and this particular month the bill was in excess of \$2000. I went to the bank and withdrew the funds, in the form of Laotian Kip, necessary to pay it, four gunny sacks full, and headed to the phone company. It took them three hours to count and double check the money. They were amazed when I left the money, and Chanh to bring back the receipt.

I called Rene to have him put the arm on the goombahs back in New York. I needed funds to tide me over until I was fully legal in Laos. Once I received legal residence in Laos, making money would be easy. The bar had already begun to pay for itself, and my textiles were selling. I had shown the Lao I could run the business, but I was still in limbo. The crew back in New York sent the requested funds thanks to Rene. At the time, the Australian government was building a bridge over the Mekong. Once the bridge opened, in two years, business would be booming with the huge influx of tourism.

Some tourists came by the bar to warn me that the DEA sent their regards. Their agents visited my pal Bill at the Kangaroo Bar and told him they were on the lookout for me. They said they would pick me up the next time I crossed into Thailand. I told Colonel Kamchan the news, and he assigned a bodyguard to me. He was afraid the DEA would kidnap me or try to assassinate me. The DEA certainly didn't want me setting up shop in Vientiane, and were afraid that the Lao would give me refuge. At this point, they were willing to do whatever it took to take me out of Laos. I

was a marked man.

I had become a local celebrity. My bar was the in place in Vientiane. Good old Jerry Brown showed up at the bar. He no longer was persona non grata. Jerry would watch videos and complain that I made his drinks too weak.

My partnership agreement with the hotel had dissolved as a result of the demise of its new manager. He had bedded a local lady on the promise of marriage, and when he failed to follow through, he was deported back to Thailand. My plan now was to join forces with Tony, and work under his license. I thought this would finally do it.

The Bulgarian contract had run out, and the crews would be flying home. Icelandic Airlines got the new contract. Tony and I decided to throw a going-away party for them, starting with lunch at Tony's, where we partied all day, and continued through dinner at my place. We partied until three o'clock in the morning, well past the midnight curfew. Tony and I offered to give them a ride back to their hotel. The ladies piled into my Jeep, and the pilots into Tony's car. We decided to go via the back road, along the Mekong River. The radio was blasting "Volare" by the Gypsy Kings, as Tony and I raced along the river.

When we got to the hotel, one of the ladies, a Marilyn Monroe look-alike, jumped onto the hood of my Jeep and began stripping to the music. Tony was laughing, while I yelled at her, "Plastica, plastica!" My hood was made from fiberglass, and I was afraid she would break it.

Everyone was rip-roaring drunk when the Pathet Lao police showed up. We quickly tried to regain our composure. They came up to me and said I was speeding, playing my music too loud and that it was three hours past curfew. With that, they asked me to follow them. I was the only one hassled. I followed the police back to their checkpoint, where they took my license and registration and told me to meet them in the morning at their office. They seemed friendly and let me drive home drunk, or as the Lao would say, mak mak mao.

Later that morning, I went to see Tony, who told me not to worry. He advised that I bring the police over to his place for beers, and that by no means should I pay them more than 5000 Kip. I met the police in front of their office, and invited them to lunch. Over lunch, we settled on a "fine" of 10,000 Kip (about thirteen U.S. dollars) and they promptly gave me back my papers. I remember Tony telling me afterwards that I had given them too much.

Those Bulgarians were a lot of fun. I would miss them, but wondered what was in store with the new Icelandic crew. Piaro went back to

Bangkok as well, but promised to return in a month.

My ultimate goal, after I was approved for business, was, in partnership with Mr. Sulichan, to open a guest house in one of his many houses. I also planned to expand Mr. Phouma's business into a real supermarket. In addition, I intended to build a Lao-style house next to the river in Nam Ngun, right next to my ganja plantation, marry a beautiful Lao girl, have a family and live happily ever after. My visa had run out, so I took my passport to Mr. Bounmy for an extension. He told me that it would not be a problem.

A few days later, I was sitting with Mr. Sulichan and Mr. Phouma, and they asked how I was doing on my quest for a business license. I told them that Tony was having trouble with Madame Vipha, the hotel owner, who would not come to an agreement. They explained that if I had a Lao wife I could put the business in her name, obtain my business visa and become eligible for Lao citizenship. But first, they said, I would have to learn to speak Lao fluently. After our discussion, I felt that I needed a wife that very day. I talked to Mr. Pantalucci, to Tony and to Vipha, but after about a week I still had not been able to make any arrangements.

Soon afterwards, I was sitting in Phouma's, when Mr. Boon, a local who spent five years in the re-education camps and who now worked as driver and laborer, sat down to join me for a drink. Later, over a bottle of Scotch, he told me that he heard of my predicament and that he wished to help. He explained that he had a very beautiful daughter named Vanh. He then apologized for her only speaking Lao, but said that she was young and could easily learn English. I agreed to meet her, and the plan was for them to join me for lunch that coming Saturday. Boon had just offered to me his sixteen year old daughter!

That Saturday, I ordered a Thai lunch from the hotel, and arranged for Chanh to serve us. At noon, Boon and his wife showed up with their very beautiful daughter. Over lunch, it was agreed that Vanh and I would marry. Boon would handle all the paperwork and arrangements. In the meantime, I would enroll Vanh in English school and, until we were married, she would come every day to help at the bar. She would come to work at 7:00 a.m. and Boon would pick her up in the evenings at 9:00 p.m.

In Laos, it is the custom for a prospective groom to purchase his wife from her family with a sum of money called a taidum. We agreed to meet the following week in order to make the final arrangements, and to fix the amount of the taidum.

The next day, I took Vanh to lunch at Nam Phou, where we met Tony, his wife and all my pals from there. Vanh fit right in, as every Westerner

there had a Lao wife. The first word she learned was “shopping.” That afternoon, I took her to the best shops in Vientiane, and she then decided that she wanted to have her hair done western style. The sarongs went out the window for jeans and lycra tights, but I liked her best in that simple sarong.



Vanh at Nam Phou Gardens

When we returned to the apartment, she wanted to take a shower before she dressed in her new clothes. Afterwards, she walked around with the towel wrapped around her, to give me a preview of what I would soon have as my own. My blood was boiling, but I remembered Boon’s admonishment to not touch her until after our marriage.

Everyone in Ban Zeitan Neua was happy for me. Not only were my problems about to be solved, but I would have my cake and eat it too. At the next meeting with Boon, I brought along Mr. Sulichan as my advisor. I agreed to pay for the costs of the wedding (which would take place in their village of Phong Tong), for the costs of filing the documents necessary for a foreigner to marry a Lao, and \$2000 to Vanh’s family for the taidum. I would also have to buy all of the traditional gold ornaments for Vanh. We ordered a beautiful handmade silk Lao wedding dress with real pearls sewn in the design. In all, the entire affair would cost me \$7000.

Boon invited me the following week to meet his family in Paxson, south of Vientiane near Cambodia. For that, I would need permission from

the police, and Boon agreed to make those arrangements. The next day, I took my Lao family to Thalath, and then on to Nam Ngun for lunch. Everything was set. The wedding would be held in a few weeks, on March 24, 1992. It would take until then to get all of the paperwork in order. Tony introduced me to a friend, who would help Boon with the paperwork. My worries would be over as soon I became a Lao citizen. The bar attracted a steady stream of tourists, as well as local Westerners. One, who I will never forget, was South African. Hans' parents were Nazis who had escaped to South Africa after the fall of the Third Reich. He worked as a computer technician for the United Nations Development Program. He openly admitted to being a Nazi as well as homosexual. This racist freak would always upset the peace at the bar. The drunker he was, the more abusive he would become. He was also a paranoid, who lived in a walled compound guarded by Doberman Pinschers. God only knows who this guy really worked for. He carried a U.N. diplomatic passport. He once came into the bar and ordered me to close up shop and accompany him home for sex. This guy was getting to be too much!

He had an ongoing feud with my Moroccan friend, Ahmed, and it escalated when Hans called Ahmed a nigger. It nearly came to blows, and I was forced to ban Hans from the bar. With that, he went berserk and began throwing huge stones through my front windows, yelling, "Ganja no good." We had to get Hans under control Brooklyn style, and after a little knock to the head, he went quietly to sleep. I took his car keys away from him, tied him up and delivered him to his compound.

The next day, I reported him to Colonel Khamchan, who made him pay for the damage and promise never again to return to my place. With that, I handed Hans his car keys, and that was it. The Colonel felt that Hans was another agent sent to disrupt my plans in Laos. After that incident, the Colonel assigned to me an armed bodyguard. Tan was cool. He loved to drink beer, smoke ganja and party. I bought Tan a motorcycle, and he would come to the bar in the evenings. He was one of the Colonel's top men.

A week later, Boon, his wife, Vanh and I drove down to Paxson to visit his parents. It was a long and dusty ride, and on the way we passed three burned-out trucks. This convoy had been attacked several days before by anti-Communist Lao guerrillas, who crossed the Mekong from Thailand. The raiders had only allowed the locals to live. All Lao police and Vietnamese military were executed.

In Paxson, Boon showed me some beautiful bottom-land his family owned, and said I should build a guest house there as well. However,

based on what I had seen on the highway, no tourist would have been safe in that region.

We had lunch with Boon's parents, and it turned out that it was my lucky day. For lunch, they were going to serve me the local delicacy, snake. I managed to get through lunch by drinking a lot of Lao whiskey. After lunch, we headed back to Vientiane, as I only had a one-day pass to this area. Shortly after our visit, Colonel Khamchan and a thousand soldiers were sent to Paxson. A skirmish broke out, and some of the Colonel's men were wounded, as they chased the guerrillas back across the Mekong into Thailand.

I continued my endless round of visits to Vanh's Village Chief and the police in my quest for a marriage certificate. I even had to go back to the U.S. embassy for another guarantee that I did not have a wife back in the States. It cost me only ten dollars, and the U.S. Consul seemed very happy to oblige. Each day was yet another series of more forms and more photos, but finally everything was in order, and Vanh received an identification card indicating that she was my wife. I would finally be legal in Laos, and I accepted my fate that there, I would live out my days.

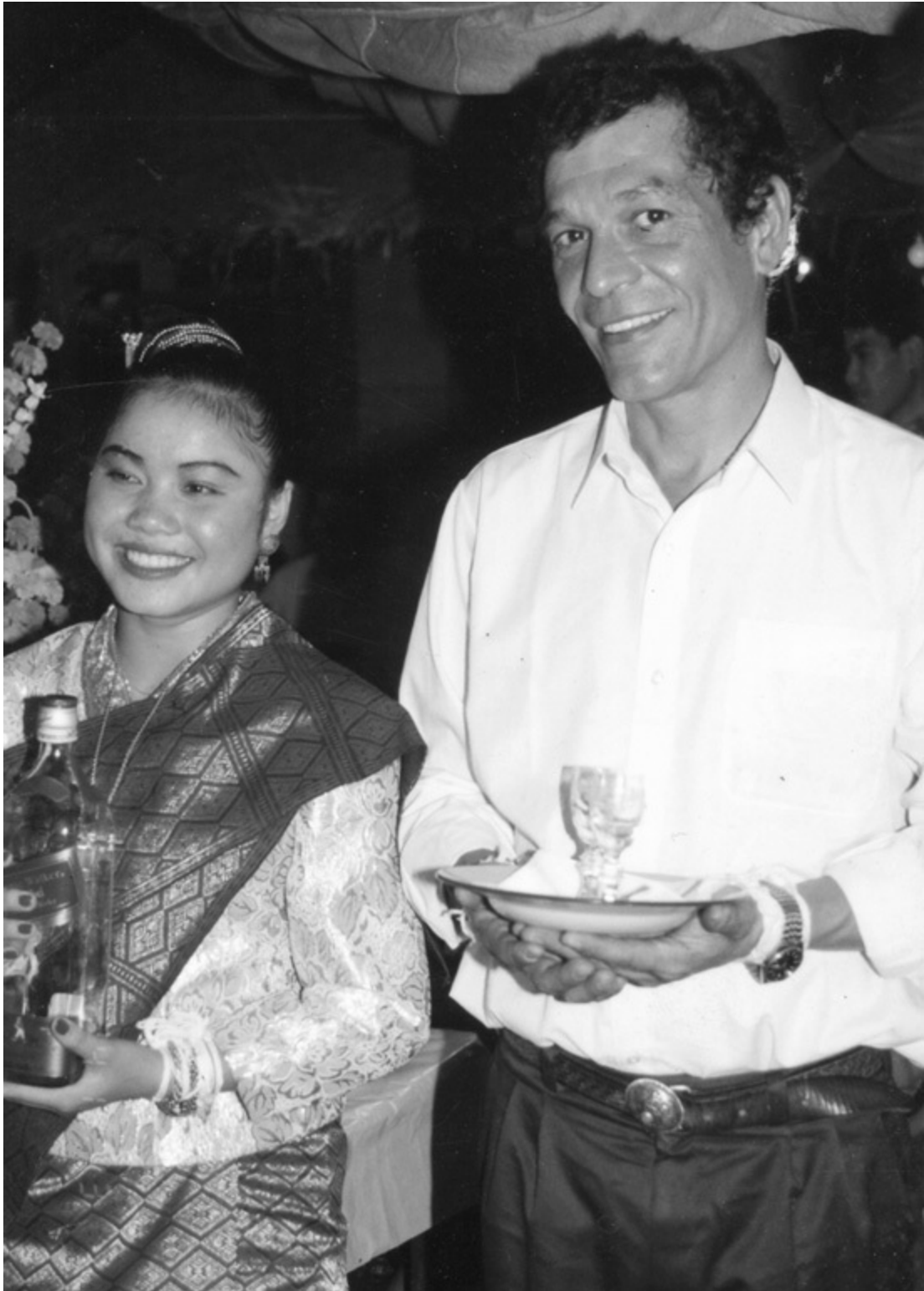
Vanh and I went to pick out her gold ornaments for the wedding. Her days of teasing me would soon come to an end, and she would be mine. Boon even gave me a sword to symbolize my cutting his daughter's virginity. Boon and Vanh took me out to buy my wedding suit, which consisted of blue pants and a white shirt. I asked Mr. Sulichan if I could rent an elephant to ride over to collect my bride, but he nixed that idea. He then offered to allow me to wear a sash that represented our village. We sent out over 100 invitations, and hired a photographer to video tape the wedding ceremony and reception.

The day before the official wedding, Boon took Vanh and I to our local temple to be married by a Buddhist monk. The ceremony consisted of prayers being read with a symbolic thread that went around the monk, Vanh and I. We held the ends in our hands. It was a brief ceremony, but it was official. Vanh chose to spend her last night as an unmarried woman with her family. The following day, she would be mine.

The next day, I drove my Jeep to Phong Tong village to buy my wife. Of course, I brought my sword! There I met up with a procession of musicians that would accompany me to Boon's house. At Boon's door, I was met by the old women of Phong Tong village. They stopped me from entering, and asked me to state my business. "I'm here for my bride, step aside," I answered. "There is no bride here for you, go away," they countered.

This back and forth went on for a few more minutes, until I pulled the envelope with the taidum out of my pocket, and held it high for everyone to see. With that, the old women bowed and welcomed me inside. I was led into a room where my feet were washed, and then I was allowed into the wedding room, where I took my seat next to Vanh. Vanh looked lovely. She was dressed Lao style in a silk sarong with gold thread, and a silk blouse with pearls sewn into the design. She looked fabulous!

We sat in a circle of friends and family. In the middle of the circle were tiered silver trays filled with rice, fruit, eggs and flowers. Again, a thread was tied around us and the items on display. Prayers were read for about ten minutes, and then the women yelled “Yee-Ha” and pushed us together. There were more prayers and Yee-Ha’s, then they pushed us together again and offered us a hard-boiled egg, which we shared. Afterwards, there were yet more prayers and Yee-Ha’s, and this time, when they pushed us together, I was told to kiss the bride. I was now officially married!



Wedding photo of author and Vanh



Wedding party of author and Vanh

Afterwards, we were stationed by the door to greet our guests as they arrived. Vanh held a silver tray with silver cups, and I, a bottle of Johnny Black. As the guests arrived, we offered them a drink. They would toast our marriage, and we in turn would toast our guests. All the guests brought envelopes full of Kip as presents to the newlyweds. All of my friends showed up. Tony gave a speech in my honor. Boon had hired a local Lao band for the night. The food was excellent, and everyone danced. The beer, whiskey and Lao Lao flowed throughout the evening.

Around eleven, Vanh and I slipped away in our jeep, back to our apartment. Our wedding night was full of giggling and lovemaking, and for the first time in quite a while, I rested peacefully. The next day, we drove up to Vong Vieng for our honeymoon. There, we explored the Buddhist caves and swam in the local river. We stayed there for a few days, and then returned to Vientiane. Boon had prepared a dinner for us at which he announced that he was submitting our business application, and that in a few days we would be able to legally open Joe's Bar and Grill. It appeared that my problems were finally over.

My pal Jan stopped by on his way out of town, and Vanh and I decided to drive him to the border. At the border, we sat at an outdoor cafe and drank beers. While sitting there, I noticed a Lao watching us. My gut feeling was that he was there to prevent me from crossing the border. It

was a strange vibe, and as I said good-bye to Jan, I tried not to dwell on it.

When we returned to town, Chee was waiting for me. I remember being annoyed that he had not come to the wedding. He had a message from Bounmy. It seemed that the head of immigration at the Ministry of the Interior wanted to see me. My first thought was that my passport, including my renewed business visa, was finally being returned to me. When I arrived at the Ministry, it was closed. The next day I went over to Lipco, and then Bounmy and I went to see Mr. Pengsay at immigration. With Bounmy acting as my interpreter, I was told that I had married Vanh illegally and had operated my business illegally. I was ordered to put everything in my wife's name and leave the country. He further informed me that my wife could arrange for my reentry into Laos.

Laying all of my cards on the table, I explained that, as I did not speak Lao, my father-in-law, Boon, had handled all of the marriage arrangements and paperwork. I then explained my complete situation and asked for political asylum. With that, I was sent home to write a letter to the Lao government, explaining my situation back in the States, and explaining everything I had done since I'd been in Laos. I was also told to include all correspondence from my attorney. I was told to bring all of this the next day. I first went to see Tony, and when I told him what had happened he was outraged. I was in major trouble. Tony yelled at Boon and the Lao lady who helped with the paperwork. Neither could understand what was happening. They had followed the law step by step. Tony would help find out what was really going on. Boon reassured me that everything would work out. I figured with no extradition treaty with the U.S., the Lao would protect me. After all, there were many Lao criminals in the U.S. whom the Lao would have loved to get their hands on, but whom the U.S. would never give up.

The next day, I submitted my statement and everything else that Mr. Pengsay had requested. I was told to go home, and that I would be called when I was needed. I spent the rest of the morning at Ku's, and the afternoon in a strategy session with Mr. Sulichan and Tony. Vanh reassured me, and I felt confident that the Lao government would allow me to stay.

The next morning, I went to see Bounmy, and he too assured me that I would be allowed to stay. From there, I went straight to Ku's and smoked opium all morning. After lunch, I got into my Jeep and just drove around aimlessly. I drove to the Cuban embassy, and asked for their help. The woman ambassador asked if I was of Latin heritage. When I replied that I was, she agreed to help, but said that I would have to come back the next

day.

When I returned to the bar, an immigration officer was waiting for me. He told me to report to the Ministry of the Interior with my wife and father-in-law. There, Mr. Pengsay told me that, while there was no need for me to worry, as the Lao Government would no doubt decide the case in my favor, I would nonetheless need to “visit” with him there in the Ministry until the entire situation was resolved. In other words, I was locked up. The Lao officials seemed genuinely concerned, and promised me that my stay would not be long.

At the back of the Ministry of the Interior are two cells, and one of these now became my home. The cell was big, and I had it all to myself. I had not been in my cell for an hour when Boon and Vanh showed up with bedding and toiletries. Vanh was visibly upset and couldn't understand why I had been locked up. I told Chanh to bring supplies so I could clean out my cell, which was filthy. Chanh would be allowed to bring my breakfast and lunch, and Vanh to bring dinner in the evenings.

That evening, they brought dinner, cigarettes and a half-dozen beers. Lao New Year was in two weeks and everyone assured me that I would be out before then. I kissed Vanh good-bye, and was led back to my cell.

The next day, they took me home, where I picked up whatever items I might need. They also allowed me to take my typewriter back with me. I gave Chanh a list of supplies I needed, and he returned with them in an hour. The guards then took me back to the Ministry, where I proceeded to disinfect my cell.

I fixed up my new room as best as possible. I set up a little desk for my typewriter. After I fixed up my room, my dinner was delivered by Vanh. Tony prepared something special for me, and sent a half-dozen beers as well. This time I was not allowed to see Vanh, and the food and drink were brought to me by my guard.

My story has now come full circle, for it was while locked up in solitary confinement in Laos that I began writing this book. Writing it helped me pass many lonely hours. Only on rare occasions did I ever see Vanh, Chanh or anyone again. Tony sent a note telling me he was doing everything possible to get me out. Between writing my life story and writing petitions to the Lao government, time managed to slip by. The “fuck you” lizards drove me crazy at night. They made a noise that sounded like “fuck you,” and they repeated it over and over.

I had been in for about a week when another prisoner was brought in. Sam was a Lao Australian, who had threatened to burn down his village, and was in the process of being deported, or so he hoped. The day after his

arrival, Lao police came in and video taped us. The policeman called me a ganja businessman, and produced pictures of me buying weed in the market as well as pictures I had taken at Ku's. Apparently my house had been searched.

A few days later, Sam was moved. However, before he left he told me that he overheard the guards talking about my being sent back to the States. Following that conversation, I bombarded the Lao government with petitions, none of which were answered. I wrote to the President of Laos, Mr. Kaysonne, and to all of the government ministers. I still could not believe that the Lao would turn me over to the American authorities.

Lao New Year arrived, and the Minister of the Interior apologized for not being able to release me just yet. He assured me that I would soon be released to join my wife and live in Laos as long as I wished. They allowed me a conjugal visit with Vanh, and we just held each other until it was time for her to go. Days would go by without any contact, other than food and beer deliveries. When I ran out of cigarettes, the guards would go out and buy them for me. I wrote thesis after thesis explaining my politics and my beliefs.

A month went by, and one day the American consul came to see me. It had taken him three weeks to find out where I was being held. He asked where they had been holding me, and I told him I had been there the entire time. He inquired if I needed anything, and I asked him for reading material. He asked how they were treating me, and I answered alright. He then handed me a letter from the U.S. government, demanding that I turn over my passport, and saying that it was only valid for a one-way trip to the States. They say love it or leave it, but I don't know how many times I have tried to leave it, only to be dragged back. I renounced my American citizenship on the spot, and told them to get my passport from the Lao.

Through all of this, the Lao would tell me not to worry, that soon I would be released back to my village. The only good thing that would happen if I was sent back to Colorado was that I would be able to appear at my civil forfeiture trial. They brought Sam back into my cell, and he told me that I would be deported to Singapore, but again nothing happened. The Lao denied everything, and continued to say I would be released. However, on May 20, 1992, I was taken to the airport, where I was handed over to the head of U.S. customs in Bangkok. We flew first-class to Bangkok.

At Bangkok, I was held in detention at the airport until the next day. I was allowed to call my attorney. The Feds had timed it so I would get back to the States the day after my civil forfeiture trial. They never notified the

judge in the case, who would have postponed it if he had known I was being sent back. It was too late. I had lost everything. Funny thing though, the head customs agent told me to look him up when I got back to Bangkok. He was actually offering me a job.

At Bangkok, I was met by two more agents who would fly with me back to San Francisco via Seoul, Korea. We flew first-class to Seoul, where we were met by a dozen Korean police. I was treated like a major organized crime figure. The agents told me that the organized crime fund was paying for the first-class tickets all the way to San Francisco. They explained the funds came from assets confiscated from drug dealers. We stayed in Seoul for a few hours, and then boarded the flight to San Francisco. The agents treated me well. I was never handcuffed.

When we arrived in San Francisco, I was officially placed under arrest. As hard as it is to believe, the Lao sold my ass back to the Americans. To this day I wonder how much cash the Lao received for me. There was just no way the American government would let me set myself up in Laos, and at all costs I was to be eliminated one way or another. This is the same Lao government that paid off its foreign debt with money from heroin and marijuana traffic, so I guess I'm lucky to be alive. (90 days later the U.S. Embassy opened officially in Communist Laos after seventeen & half years). Laos had joined the war on drugs.

I was arraigned in Federal court in San Francisco. Since I was destitute, the court appointed an attorney for me. I was held in the Oakland County Jail and the Santa Rita jail for about a month, and then I was taken to Colorado, where I was held at the Federal Correction Center at Englewood. I was again arraigned in court, and my bail was set at \$25,000, which meant I only had to put up 10 percent, or \$2500. Ten days later I made bail and was released. One of the conditions of bail was that I reside at a halfway house until I found a full-time job and a place to live. After all that I had gone through, a mere \$2500 got me back on the street. I resided in the same halfway house where I stayed previously, and 90 days later I was released.

My former attorney had been intimidated by the Feds, and would no longer represent me. These strong arm tactics were also applied to my accountant and real estate agent. They tried to charge my real estate agent with money laundering, but to no avail. My new lawyer filed motions for discovery of evidence and, after we reviewed the material, we both realized they had no case against me. This whole process had been to create a fugitive status in order to confiscate my assets.

A week before the trial, a meeting was called between the U.S.

Attorney, my lawyer and me. They offered me immunity from prosecution and offered to drop all of the charges if I told them everything I knew about the ganja trade. I agreed after my lawyer explained to me that if I told them everything I had ever done, they could never bring me to trial for any of it. So I did, and took the heat off my New York crew. The dominos stopped with me, not one person went down after I did. I lost everything, but I protected my pals. The agents were fit to be tied, but the U.S. Attorney dropped all the charges simply because there was no case.

I was made a fugitive by the government, threatened with being thrown into a Thai jail, lost all of my assets, and all on no evidence. The grand jury was manipulated into believing that the government had a case against me. I wanted to go in front of the grand jury, but they nixed that, because they knew that I would walk after my testimony. Whatever civil rights or constitutional rights I had went out the window. I was never caught with any drugs, and on the dates they said that I received shipments in Arizona, I was actually in Nepal. I have never even been to Arizona!

I appealed to a higher court, but I was locked into whatever had happened at the civil forfeiture trial. I was not allowed to present new evidence, such as the government not informing the trial judge that I was being brought back to the States, and my being brought back the day after the trial. They ensured that I was held in Laos until after that trial. In any civilized country, this couldn't happen. The American Consul in Laos was fully aware that I was being held. The Feds withheld that information from the judge in order to steal my assets. It's as simple as that.

The DEA, still pissed that I had gotten off, tried to re-arrest me and I was called back into the U.S. Attorney's office with my attorney. They said that I had spent a summer running Mexican marijuana up from El Paso with my old pal Alan from Cleveland. Alan had given me up! I called the DEA liars; that I had told them about the Mexican runs and they should just go ahead and bring the lie detectors out and we would find out who spoke the truth. Why would I not tell them everything when I was immunized from prosecution?

With that the U.S. Attorney told me to go home, and that was it. I bluffed and it worked, as I never told them about El Paso, only what they already knew about Tom. I didn't even know Tom's real name. I told them about the hash-running dogs and bears, and my suitcase factory in Bombay. I filled them with stories of hippie hedonistic tribal rites, all ancient history. The buck stopped with me in Denver and nothing more came from this.

I tried to get Vanh out of Laos, but the Lao government refused. The

Lao found me guilty of marrying a Lao illegally, running a bar illegally and promoting the use of marijuana. Through the American Consul in Vientiane, I released whatever funds I had remaining at Bank Lao to Vanh, and signed over all of my other property in Laos to Vanh as well. I have never seen her since.

In 1995, I went back to Thailand, only to find that my old pal Irish Patrick had died. Some of the old crowd was still around.

I tried to get back into the trade. Darryl contacted me, and I took him to look at a load of Thai weed in San Francisco. In San Francisco I met up with my old pal from India Bombay Brian, who showed Darryl and I samples of the beautifully packaged vacuum-sealed nitrogen-packed Lao Red. The suppliers trusted me, and said flat out that if it were my money they would just load me up. However since Darryl and the ZZ Top look-a-like he brought along were strangers to them, as a security measure they would only deliver 50 pounds a day over the next ten days! In that way, the sellers surmised, should the worst occur they would be risking a 50-pound bust, instead of a 500-pound bust! Seemed reasonable to me; they drove their RV a long way, but this was unacceptable to the buyers, and they passed on the deal. They had driven a rig all the way from Ohio only to go back empty? It had been so long since I had made a score that I was blind to what was obviously happening — I was being set up by Darryl for the DEA! They took Bombay Brian and me out to the most expensive dinner in San Francisco, and over dessert they showed us a trunk full of cash! I had sold so much weed to Darryl that I guess I was totally oblivious to the trap being set for me. I headed back to Florida.

A month or so later I received a call from Bombay Brian and was offered a load of Culiacan green. I offered it to Darryl, who told me he would buy all I could bring him. He said Denver was dry, so I would get an especially high price of \$1000 a pound! The load was delivered from Dallas to Denver and I was totally set up by Darryl. In order to protect Darryl as an informant, they busted my driver after he left my hotel room and dropped off a sample. I was busted with a half-pound sample, the driver with 79.5 pounds!

I made bail immediately, and after calling around I reached Richard, who confirmed that Darryl was now a Narc. He had set up six different groups and over forty arrests that year alone! Darryl had been a busy boy. Darryl, the biggest marijuana wholesaler in the history of the State of Colorado, was now police. He was allowed to keep his business “Boundary Fence” his Million-dollar home, his plane, his ranch in Kansas—all his assets. All he had to do was bust everyone he ever met in the

ganja trade! His excuse being he did it for his family. From Darryl's work alone, hundreds would go to jail and tens of millions of dollars in assets seized.

I did a year in county jail and a year in a halfway house. I guess I got off lucky. Any thoughts of ever getting back into the ganja trade were now a distant memory. I am just too old to do the time. Don't get me wrong, I still smoke the sacred herb—I just don't sell it anymore. I published my first edition in 2001 long after the statute of limitations had passed on all of the events I wrote about, but still managed to piss off some of my old pals who would have preferred to remain anonymous. Some were happy with what I said about them, some were not. I fought the drug war from the trenches; now I continue the fight with activism.

Back in Nepal, Maoists have killed thousands of police and army. Every week skirmishes are reported. The Maoists control most of the countryside, and King Birendra is only in power due to the protection of his strong military. Even harder to believe, he is grooming his junkie son to succeed him! Kathmandu is fairly open now due to the political climate. All of my old friends are long out of jail after having paid huge fines and bribes. Heroin now available by the ton comes from Afghanistan via Pakistan International Airlines that fly from Karachi to Kathmandu and the Pakistani Military presence! Heroin had taken a toll of many of my friends in Nepal and one of them was my best friend Prabhakar Ray Pandey. Heroin may have burnt itself out in Nepal, now that the Nepalese know the effects. The Nepalese rupee is today worth 800 percent less than it was 30 years ago and the per capita income is \$220 per year. I can't help but root for a Maoist victory.

Plan Colombia has turned a once peaceful country into a Vietnam situation. They not only produce cocaine for export, but now produce heroin as well. Afghanistan produces around 90% of the World's heroin, with the rest produced in Mexico and Colombia. The UN claims success in completely eradicating opium production in Laos but the truth is they have no market for their opium any longer, now that Afghanistan produces heroin for \$1000 a kilo or less. Laos and Burma now produce Yabba (methamphetamine) as well as Ecstasy for export, that have taken Southeast Asia by storm. I keep hoping that all this madness will revive the spirit of the 1960s and end this insane war on some drugs. The drugs they can't patent! Heroin and cocaine are cheaper than ever before and the price of marijuana is higher than it's ever been, which makes no sense.

NAFTA has opened our borders from Mexico to Canada. Marijuana is quasi-legal in Mexico, a traditional supplier of marijuana to the US for

over 100 years, and now Canada has become a supplier of commercial home-grown cannabis. The Canadian Government, which at first considered the Dutch approach, has tightened up due to the Bush Administration. A former head of Interpol stated that American foreign drug policy creates hardcore drug addiction, and the crimes associated with it. He recommends decriminalization for simple drug possession.

Switzerland has legal injection centers, where addicts can get their doses under medical supervision. Marijuana is quasi-legal across Europe, and has the lowest priority to the police. In Spain everyone can grow at least 5 plants and 25% of the population does! All agree on one thing—taking the profit out of the hard drug trade. The answer is to legalize drugs across the board. Addicts in Switzerland, who no longer have to spend their time in search of money for drugs, now have time for self reflection, and hardcore drug use there is actually going down.

The drug war is big business and more jails are being built than ever before. The US has the biggest population of prisoners in the world. Concentration camps have been created in case of mass arrest of dissenters. The other day I read that if drug offenders continue to be arrested and jailed at the current rate, by the year 2053 more than half of the population of the United States will be imprisoned! Is the revolution we have all been waiting for on the horizon? It's obvious the US Government is prepared for the worst-case scenario. What really bugs me is that we are still fighting the same drug war that crook started, and that the laws implemented under Nixon are still in effect today! The drug war has created a criminal society as well as an informant society. Marijuana smokers must come out of the closet and back out on the streets before any changes will be made!

Children are turned into informants and are given rewards for turning in their classmates as well as their parents. Then they wonder why their own children kill each other! The DEA gives Amtrack a 10% stipend for any bust they help make as a result of providing information on suspects who meet DEA's profiling procedure.

Michael Levine, a respected Vietnam War veteran former DEA agent reported that DEA chemists actually supervised the production of Ollie North's cocaine! It was wild watching the government take control over the hard drug trade in the 1980s. What smuggler could compete when you have the US Military delivering your loads for you! The DEA has always used disinformation as one of their tools in the drug war! The DEA is a useless, ineffective bureaucracy, whose sole motivation is to keep the drug war going at all costs. Under their watch heroin and cocaine are cheaper

and purer than ever before. In 1995 I debated Wayne Zucker of the DEA at the University of Miami at a legalization conference. They never expected Konsupsa and I was his worst nightmare on that stage! As I told the students of the effects of American foreign drug policy on the third world, I could see the agents face get redder and redder and when I stated, American drug policy in general led to hard drug addiction, I thought he would blow his top! But what could he say when 17 DEA agents stationed in Pakistan through out the Afghan/Russo War did not make one heroin bust. Or that heroin was never produced in Tribal areas until after the CIA came into the picture and created the Mujahideen to fight the guerilla war against the Soviets. Or that the ISI "Pakistani Secret Service" which the CIA created, ran the biggest heroin producing labs in existence!

I went on to discuss how Marijuana Smoker's are the Jews of the 21st Century. They persecute, seize your assets, jail you, all for the right that Lord Shiva gave all of us, the right to smoke the sacred Herb from the Tree of Life Cannabis!

It's so bad in America today that even the Forest Rangers have SWAT teams. The US is a police state just as Nazi Germany was. In fact we have similar conspiracy and forfeiture laws. If someone helped a Jew or was a Jew, everything was taken from them and they were sent to concentration camps, same as they do to Marijuana Smoker's daily in the US. We are persecuted for smoking the sacred herb, supplying it, or growing plants. I told the students about Nepal where there was no heroin or opium problem when marijuana and hashish were legal. That after prohibition in a country where no opium is grown nor heroin produced now has thousands of junkies! I ended with, Marijuana prohibition leads to hard drug addiction and with that comment I was applauded by the student, and after the debate, I sat in the student union smoking joints with the kids!

Who I would have loved to debate is Terry Burke of the DEA, whose claim to fame was that he captured Timothy Leary in Kabul. Who would have thought under the guise of National Security, that Oliver North would facilitate the movement of tons of cocaine from Bolivia, and then dump it in the ghettos of America and use the funds to equip his Contra Army, creating the crack epidemic of the 1980s! Ollie North thought it was a nifty idea! How many lives were lost, ruined, and imprisoned in this sordid piece of American history! At the same time the CIA facilitated the movement of Golden Crescent heroin around the globe in support of the Mujahideen fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan. The crack epidemic and the cheap heroin hit America's minorities hard, and the effects will be felt for generations to come.

A kilo of high-grade marijuana was now worth as much as a kilo of cocaine at wholesale prices \$10,000 USD. The price of heroin and cocaine dropped 500% overnight, the quality on the street were nearly pure! It is now common knowledge that during the riots that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, that the Government introduced cheap and pure heroin into America's ghettos to subdue the population. They used heroin to control segments of their society they fear, the reawakening of the black man! It worked and has been one of their main riot control and prevention weapon since the 1960s. More blacks and latinos are being put in jail than ever before. Ask Ollie North how he sleeps at night and he tell you "just fine." Hard drugs control ones soul, the government controls the heroin and cocaine trade, and then put you in jail at slave labor for using drugs they supply as well as prohibit! The US Government uses the money earned from the monkeys on the backs of poor unfortunate drug addicts to pay for it's anti-Communist wars around the Third World! Zero Tolerance what a joke, since the American public has been fed hard drugs over the last 50 years in the name of Anti-Communism.

I remember when a pal of mine was busted on the Jersey Turnpike with a load of 400 pounds of Colombian Gold marijuana in his trunk. He received a \$25,000 fine and six months in jail with half time off for good behavior. So he was out in 90 days in the 1970s. In the 1980s he would have gotten 20 years and had to do 85% of his time, 17 years! Previously the Police had rules, now they bent the rules and made them up along the way. For the first time you had the police selling loads of marijuana as a way of infiltrating the huge marijuana syndicates that operated at the time! Let me get this straight-the government sells the dope, and then puts users in prison at slave labor, hires more police and builds more prisons? Drug testing at the workplace leads to hard drug addiction as they only take 2-3 days to get out of your system but marijuana takes at least 30 days! So yes less people are smoking the sacred herb. The 1960s anti-war movement, the Hippies make love not war, the Civil Rights movement, the Black and white Panthers—all of these, combined with the Vietnam War then raging in Southeast Asia, were too much for the Government to handle. It wants you to follow blindly! That is why marijuana is still illegal "because it promotes free thought" and the Government does not want you to think. A joint of marijuana will tear down the walls of a lifetime of brain washing and lies! That's why it's illegal! Cannabis makes you think, question, wonder, not to mention that it just makes you feel good that is why it's illegal. The government doesn't want you feeling good, they want you sick

so you can buy their pharmaceuticals and as we all know the last thing they want is for you to grow your own medicine, God Forbid!

The sacred herb opened many minds and having a half million people at a Love-In at Central Park, non-violently protesting the Vietnam War and openly smoking marijuana was too much for the Government and that is another reason why cannabis is still illegal, because it promotes peace!

I know after reading this book some readers may think that my complaints about the American Injustice system are merely sour grapes, considering the many successful years I spent in the Ganja Trade and all the money I made, the travels, the adventure I have had, but it is an indisputable fact that while the authorities are shutting down the Ganja trade, heroin and cocaine become cheaper and more available than ever before!

My only claim to fame is that I have all ways been a General in Lord Shiva's Ganja Army and will promote it's use until the day I die. Before the Good Old Boy marijuana network was shut down we had a baby, and they call it Homegrown.



The Author – Joseph Pietri

## Chapter Four

# Murder at the Palace

When I was editing my first edition in 2001 the Palace Massacre in Nepal occurred and the Black Prince became King. This is the same prince who wanted me to sell his heroin, and who was behind the LAX Olympic heroin scandal, when the Royal Nepalese Soccer team was deported for carrying 150 kilos of China White heroin into the LA airport at the 1984 Olympics.

A lot has happened since then, so I will recap all the information that has come to me, as well as my own personal observations over the twenty years or more I worked out of Nepal.

The Royal family in Nepal have been involved in heroin trafficking since the 1960s. Prince Basundhara, the then King Mahendra's brother, and owner of the Annapurna Hotel in Kathmandu, was the supplier of the Burmese smack in the sordid LAX Olympics affair. In the 1960s the Royals, and diplomats, were not subject to customs, and they moved kilos of heroin around the globe through their embassies. A lot of hash in the '50s and '60s was moved this way as well. Hashish was legal in Nepal and Afghanistan until 1973. Prior to the evolution of the hippie in America, the market for cannabis was very small.

The Mob ran the gambling concession at the Royal family's Soaltee Hotel. At the time heroin manufacturing was in Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle of Laos, Burma, and Northern Thailand. Today heroin production has moved to the Southwest Asian countries of Afghanistan and Pakistan, and funneled into Nepal by the Nepalese army and police. In the public affairs magazine Newsinsight.net December 2005 issue it states that the FBI and the DEA are investigating Crown Prince Paras for international drug running. The drug charges against him are huge, but he has escaped exposure so far. It went on to say that a majority of the royal family is involved in the heroin trade, and he was never cleared in the assassination

of King Birendra and his family in 2001. Also, so far his drug addiction has been kept quiet. The Royal Family of Nepal now has a worldwide syndicate for transporting and selling heroin, and has even made in-roads into the lucrative East coast heroin trade, and this is where the investigation stems from, their distribution networks in the US!

The Royal family have a long relationship with the CIA, going back to the early '60s when CIA-trained Tibetan guerillas, fighting the Chinese, used Lo Mustang on the border of Nepal as a base camp. It's obvious someone is keeping a lid on the Royal family involvement in the heroin trade. Once in the 1960s the head of USAID was stopped driving a truck loaded with weapons en route to the guerillas. With the right amount of baksheesh (bribes), the weapons reached their final destination.

What do they mean by Paras not being cleared from involvement in the Royal Massacre? I thought it was the Crown Prince who mowed down his entire family in a fit of madness for not being allowed to marry his sweetheart? We do know that King Birendra and his entire immediate family were slaughtered; that is, everyone in the way of Gyanendra becoming King! What happened to the King's personal guard, and how is it they did not protect their God King? Where they killed as well? What was Paras' role in the massacre? We do know he was working the bar that night for the family.

As reported, the Crown Prince was helped to his room in a drunken and drug-induced stupor. Then he reappeared in military fatigues with two blazing automatic rifles, killing his entire immediate family and no one else. He then supposedly ran out of the family room and committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The Crown Prince was the perfect scapegoat because of his long time drug and alcohol abuse.

Conflicting reports at first even called it an accidental shooting! It has also been reported that a tremendous shoot-out occurred, after which trucks filled with bodies were seen leaving the palace, and that these bodies were burned and the ashes dumped in the Trisuli River. Is this what happened to the Kings private guard? It was also reported that night-flying helicopters were operating around the palace. Yet Nepal at the time had no night-flying helicopters! Where did they come from? The idea of the Prince entering a secure room with automatic weapons really made no sense.

Why were King Birendra and his immediate family murdered at this particular moment?

King Birendra's liberal political ideology and his patriotism were seen as weakness in the eyes of imperialist and expansionists powers i.e., India,

the US, and the UK! In 1990 during the economic embargo placed by India and the people's democratic movement on the streets of Kathmandu, Birendra's crime was surrendering to his people instead of the status quo. His next crime was not deploying the Royal Nepalese Army to curb the People's Revolution taking place under the leadership of the Nepal Communist Party "Maoists." The mass uprisings of 1990-91 resulted in a "democratic" monarchy, legal political parties, elections, and a parliament, but in fact achieved only a slight change in the old state. The royal army and administrative corps remained in the hands of the same feudal elite.

The revolution in Nepal started in Rolpa in 1996 in the poorest district in Nepal. It was met with the utmost brutality by the Nepalese police in Operation Romeo and Operation Kilo Sera (note the use of American Military jargon). At this point a Vietnam style Phoenix program was put in place, but this spark led to uprisings all over the countryside and drove the disenfranchised youth into the Maoist camp. King Birendra kept the Royal Nepalese army in the barracks and opened negotiations with the revolutionaries, another crime in the eyes of the status quo. The first major victory by the Maoists occurred in 2000 when a major police force was over-run and wiped out in Dunai, Dolpa district, and many prisoners were released. An Army post was located near the event but did not come to the rescue of the police.

All of the above, and Nepal's strategic location at the roof of the world next to China led to the murders at the palace. Within months the Royal Nepalese Army was equipped with advanced US communications gear, weapons, and US soldiers as advisors. American boys were flying choppers in support of the Army's killing of peasants who can't even afford shoes. Sound familiar? It was Vietnam all over again; even so the Maoist made significant gains, and eventually controlled most of the countryside.

Days before the murders at the palace, a team of American military types checked into the Hyatt Hotel in Boudha. They told everyone they were part of the crew working on the new hospital being built in Patan. These Rambo types stuck out like a sore thumb in Boudha, and their military training stunk from their pores. Were they the advance team who guided the night flying Blackhawk helicopters witnessed the night of the murders? Were they the first boots on the ground running communications between a privatized hit team that was going to assault the palace and wipe out the Royal Family? As quickly as they appeared they disappeared in the confusion of the murders days later, never to be heard or seen again in Nepal!

We know that Paras was running the bar and making everyone drinks at the regular family gathering of which Prince Gyanendra was absent. Paras drugged the Crown Prince, who then behaved strangely in a drunken stupor and needed to be helped to his private quarters. The Crown Prince had a long history of drug and alcohol abuse and was quite used to the effects. Something else was given to him that knocked him out. He was not taken to his quarters but to Balaju Army barracks where he was held as a bargaining chip in case the coup failed. Blackhawk helicopters appeared from nowhere and teams wearing Nepalese face-masks assaulted the Palace with inside help. A tremendous shoot-out occurred and the palace guard were wiped out along with everyone in the way of Gyanendra being King. Truck-loads of bodies were witnessed being removed from the Palace. It was said the Crown Prince committed suicide by using his pistol to shoot himself in the head, yet the Prince was right handed and he was shot in the left temple. He was most likely executed after the all-clear sign was given and his dead body was removed and taken to a Military Hospital, where it was said he was on life support, but actually he was way dead!

Porters at the airport that night remember Gyanendra's private jet waiting on the tarmac in case the coup failed and Gyanendra and his family were sent into exile. This was a completely planned and staged event that had the blessing and support of the governments of India, the UK, and the US and of course the Royal Nepalese Army.

Nobody in Nepal has the balls to look their God King in the eyes, much less kill him! The assassinations were carried out by a private team of experts, who took care of business and were gone before anyone knew what had happened. Everyone in that palace loyal to King Birendra was killed.

The iron fist rule of his father Mahendra had returned to Nepal. Then of course 9/11 happened and the King jumped on the War on Terror bandwagon. B-52s would fly over the Himalayas on bombing runs over Afghanistan. The Maoists would be declared a terrorist organization instead of the freedom fighters they obviously are. The King now enjoyed even more military support from the US as well as UK and India. A road from the Indian border through the Himalayas to Lo Mustang on the Tibetan Plateau is under construction. Is this a planned forward base against China again?

The Maoist People's Liberation Army is made up of people who are awakening from 250 years of feudalism! How can an army of less than 100,000 stop a revolution of 25 million Nepalese? Kathmandu has turned

into a fortress of soldiers and checkpoints and has taken the air of Saigon. The government controls only the major cities and that's only when they are there in force. February 1st, 2005 the King issues a royal decree and seized all power away from the people. This led to the people's revolution of 2006 and on April 21st, 2006 he issued a royal decree that restored power back to the people.

The King fearing for his life, now that is poetic justice, the 100s of thousands who took to the streets of Kathmandu the millions who started to walk to Kathmandu finally brought the King down to his knees. They were nearly at the palace gate, the only way out was to mow them down, but how can you kill a million Nepalese on the streets in Kathmandu? The Army didn't have enough bullets to kill everyone! So the King relented and he now hides in his palace. He reinstates the Parliament made up of old cronies he chose! The seven party alliance and the Maoist's shut down Nepal with their protest on the streets of the capital only to be sold out again by the reinstated parliament hand picked by the King! The Maoist's have vowed to re-launch their armed struggle unless the King step down and leave the country or face execution! Elections are to be held and a new constitution made to include, the seven party alliance and the Maoist's and Nepal to be declared a republic. The monarchy abolished, and demands including land reform and a national army made up of both Maoist fighters and regular army. All ready the Royal has been taken out of all government buildings and the King is rarely seen. The axis of evil (US, UK, India) are doing all they can to stall the process by making the demand the Maoist's disarm before they can join government! The Maoist's refuse and call for parliament to be dissolved and elections held immediately. Reports of mysterious arm shipments being delivered from India to the Army, the appointment, of a new General of the Army, who is a Royalist, the Maoist's complete infiltration of Kathmandu, leads me to believe that soon the battle for the capital will take place! The King, will either make his escape into exile or he and Paras will be hung from Ratna Park. If this happens it will lead to a bloodbath in Kathmandu never seen before. Even as I write the Maoist's are converging on Kathmandu, the power of their numbers makes me think that soon the Maoist's will be in power in Nepal. The biggest Kali puja is coming to Kathmandu and many human sacrifices will be made! Though peace talks started in October of 2006, I doubt they will succeed but let's hope for the best. Elections will bring the Maoist's into power as well!

In all Maoist controlled areas cannabis production is legal. The Maoist's sell licenses, just like in the old days. By reopening the coffee

shop scene, Nepal could be the Mecca for all Stoner's, as it once was! One can only imagine how much income Nepal would earn if it re-legalized cannabis. This would be a boon for the rural farmers as once it was when Hippies roamed Nepal and the demand for hashish soared.

Editor's Note: Since *The King Of Nepal* was first published, changes have occurred. After 10 years of war, in which over 13,000 people died, Maoist rebels reached a peace agreement with the government in November 2006. In December 2007, Parliament agreed to the abolition of Nepal's royal monarchy, which took place in May 2008 after an historic election. The Maoists having gained a majority, in August of '08 the first republican Parliament was convened with a Maoist prime minister. The former royal family, however, still has considerable wealth and influence.

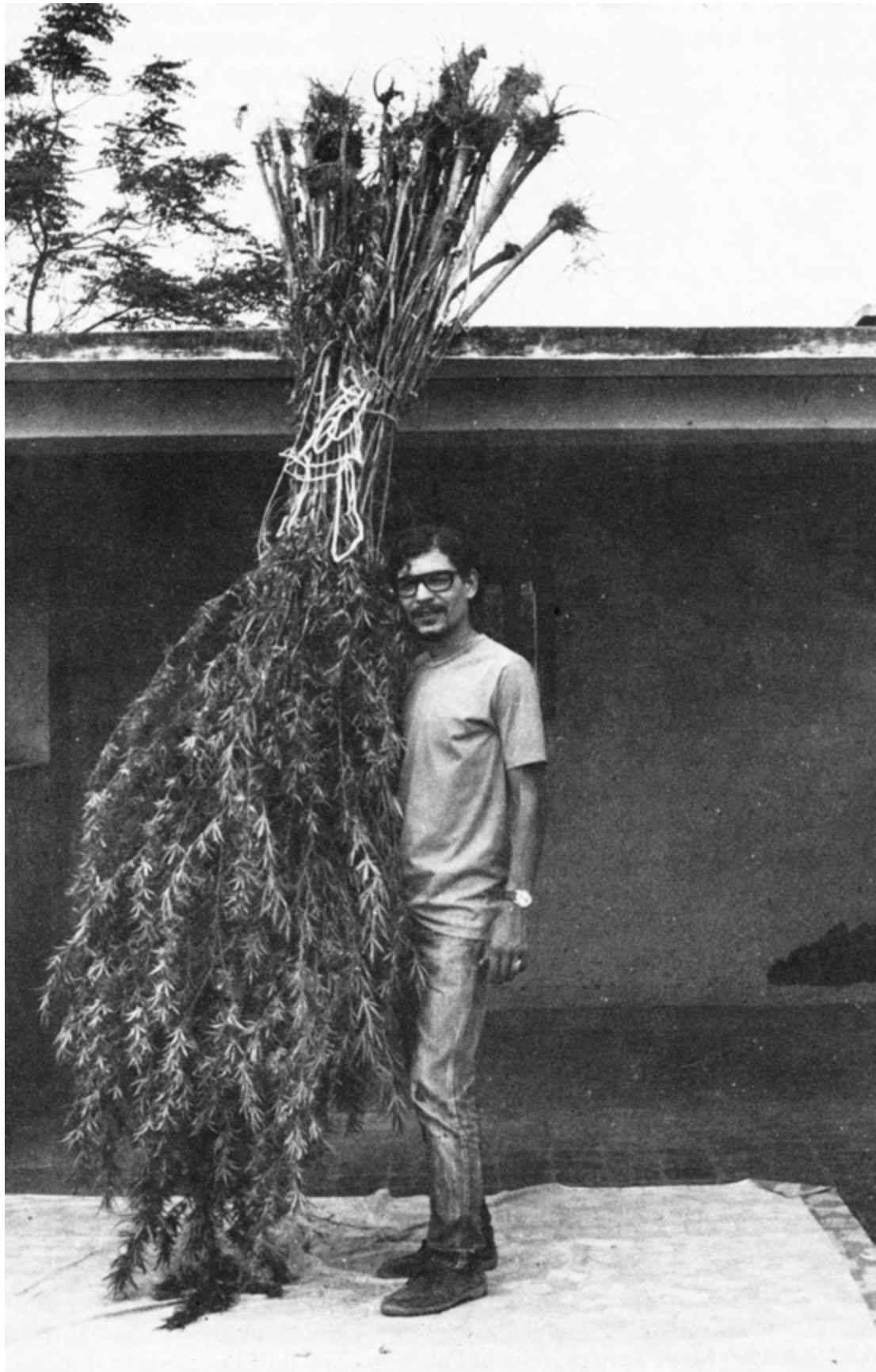
In May of 2009, when the president over-ruled an attempt to remove the head of the army, the Maoists resigned from government and instituted strikes and protests. With a new democratic constitution due in May of 2010, the peace process has stalled over problems with integrating former rebels into the Nepalese Army, land reform, the failure thus far to prosecute anyone for crimes against humanity during the civil war, and mistrust on both sides. As this edition goes to press, the creation of a true Nepalese democracy hangs in the balance.

## Chapter Five

# Marijuana Myth and Folklore

The true pioneers of the cannabis world were the smugglers and dealers who plied the trade between 1965 thru 1975, and built the huge marijuana market we have today in the US and around the world. When Reagan changed the rules and they finally shut down the Good Old Boy marijuana network, we had a baby and they call it home grown! Today most marijuana and hashish smoked in the US is produced there as well, but it wasn't always that way. We smugglers feel it important that we clarify exactly where the exotic strains we now find in the US came from, who brought them here and when.

I have been selling Sensimilla since the '60s and growing it since 1970. Sensimilla is seedless marijuana, that is, the females are segregated and they spend their energy producing THC resin glands instead of seed. The seedless technique can be traced back to the great Chinese Cannabis cultures of 5000 years ago. The Chinese were the first medical marijuana culture. They separated trichomes (resin glands) and made medicines.



Author's first batch of homegrown in Nepal, 1970

We have our own great cannabis culture and they are called hippies, many of whom roamed the planet in the 1960s, in search of the sacred weed. Their smuggling exploits from Afghanistan, Nepal, and Southern Asia are legendary. In the late '60s, the Brotherhood of true cannabis pioneers collected seeds from all over south Asia and smuggled them into Hawaii. They were sown in Maui.

The Hawaiian climate and soil, with that combination of genetics, evolved the strains into what they call Haze today. In fact the first time I ever smoked the Haze was in 1973 in Bombay. I was told I was going to smoke the best marijuana in the world. One puff and I was in a haze daze. Super-fast acting, it comes on with a rush and has long lasting effects. I call it high anxiety marijuana, and the taste is unmistakable. I in fact sold this weed throughout the 1970s and '80s. It was completely seedless and if you were lucky enough to find a seed, it was beyond a doubt a female. When growing female crops nature sometimes creates a male flower on a female plant that cause self-pollination, to preserve its existence. These seeds sold for as much as \$100 a piece 30 years ago! The weed came vacuum packed, sealed inside half-pound tins of Macadamia nuts, with a purple dragon label, and was for export only. All the years I lived in Hawaii I always bought the best Hawaiian smoke from my connection in Denver, Colorado! Never did I see anything close to that export quality on the Islands. This was considered the best cannabis available, then came Thai weed, then Homegrown in price.



In 1973 when the hashish loving King of Afghanistan was overthrown and hashish outlawed, Jerry Beisler, the author of the *Bandit of Kabul*, was tossed out of the country as well. He escaped Kabul with seeds he had purchased through Saki, the famed Afghan Hippie hash connection. These seeds were collected from farmers in Balkh who had hundreds of years of hashish making in their families. Those choice seeds as well as a new quicker flowering strain, Cannabis Ruderalis, made it into Northern California and became the backbone of the Cannabis Industry in California, and led to famous strains such as California Orange, or the purple varieties that are so popular today. The purple coloration is an Afghan Indica trait. These were the first seed banks created in the US, and in those days there was still a lot of love and the seeds were spread freely!

My old friend Todd, who is credited with creating the Thai export scene and ultimately spent 13 years in prison, is a true hero and pioneer, with whom I spoke at length for this chapter. He first went to Thailand in 1976 and worked there over the course of the next 12 years.



Todd and Naila in Bangkok

It's a misnomer to say that Thai weed or Thai sticks come from Thailand, as most of the weed that was exported came from Laos. Yes, Thai farmers grew cannabis, but in 1980 the laws changed. What once was a one-year sentence became 45 years, so production was moved over to Laos. Laos has always been the producing country for what we know as Thai stick.

When I lived in Laos in 1991 I grew weed up in Nam Ngun. The farmer I worked with was completely aware of the seedless technique. He grew his seedlings in trays, separated them into small pots and then transplanted only the females. As the cannabis grew any males that had escaped detection were removed. He also knew that any seeds collected were female, highly prized by the farmers. I also noticed that in the market in Vientiane they sold not only Lao red and gold, but also a California Indica variety that was brought over and introduced into Laos sometime in the 1980s. The California green is unmistakable in appearance.

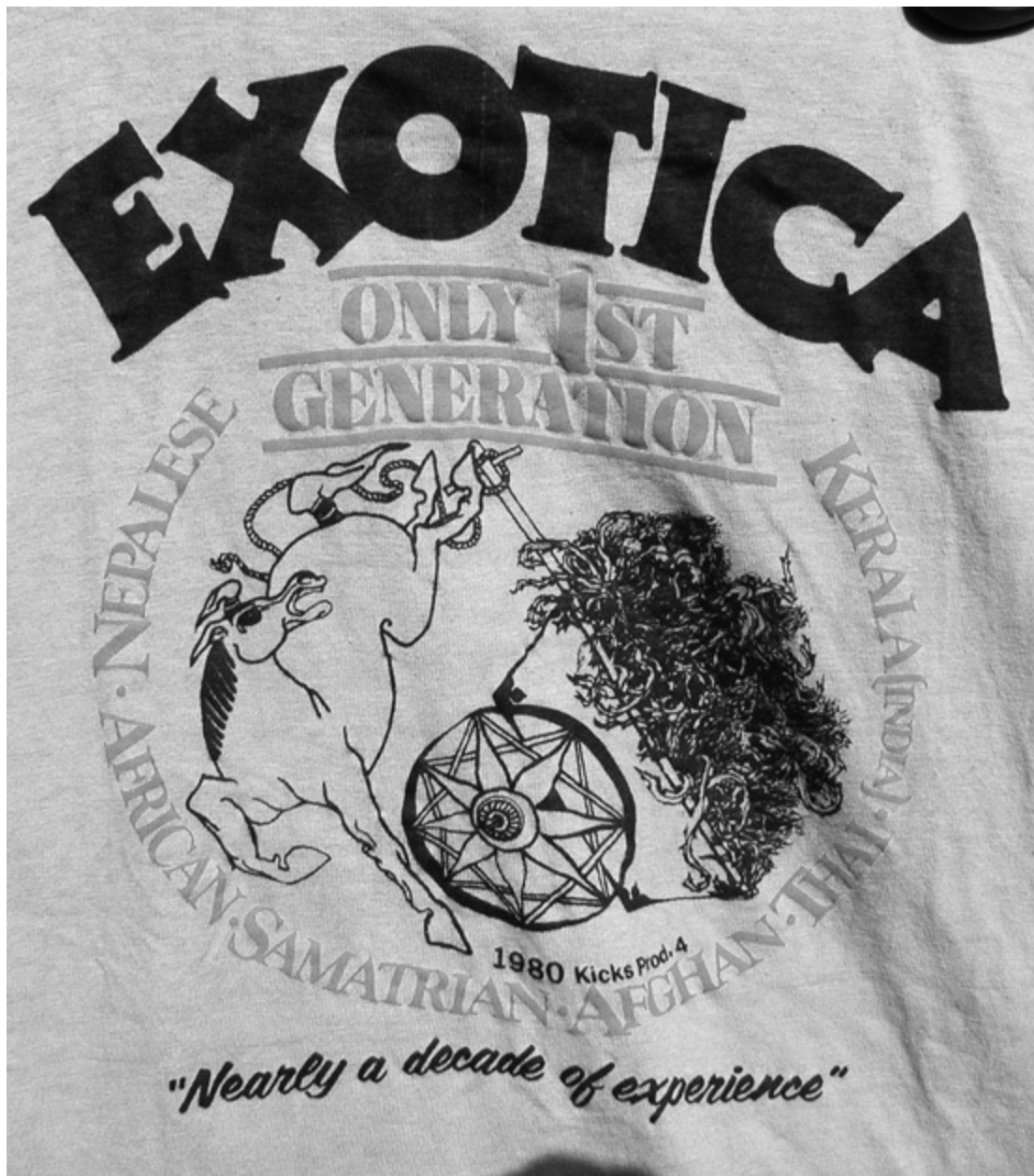
At first Todd's scene operated from Thailand. He bought the choicest fields and used the military to transport the many tons he exported to the West. A great smuggling innovation was introduced in 1978 when vacuum sealing and nitrogen packaging came on line. 1000 gram packages of the finest Lao weed would have all the air removed from the package and nitrogen pumped in. This prevented oxidation and the nitrogen kept the weed fresh for the at times long journey back to the West. Most shipments were sent via containers or by mother ships that plied the Pacific Ocean, and some were sent by air. This packaging kept the weed so fresh that

when you opened one the whole room reeked. How can we ever forget that pungent lemony one-hit weed. I once rolled an especially fat joint of Lao Gold that got over 20 people high, and it was only half smoked!

The idea that the weed of today is stronger than in the 1960s is just not true. When the laws changed, the logistics changed and the weed coming from Laos would be trucked or taken by boat down the Mekong River into Cambodia. There, after paying the Vietnamese and Cambodian police, mother ships would come and be loaded. When this scene got hot the delivery point changed to Da Nang, where the mother ships would pull in and be loaded by the Vietnamese Military who controlled the port. Huge loads of 50 tons or more of the finest Lao Red and Gold and Green left from Vietnam. The Lao made so much money from this and their heroin trade in the 1980s that they paid off their foreign debt!

This trade was the first and some of the finest commercially produced seedless cannabis to hit American shores. Who can forget smoking their first Thai stick! The sticks went out of fashion because wrapping the weed on bamboo sticks was time consuming, so the smugglers started packing straight bud, and for the first time huge Lao buds were seen in the market place. Warehouses were set up on Communist controlled Islands in the Philippines, and mother ships would ply between there and Vietnam. Then ships would make deliveries in the middle of the Pacific Ocean to waiting fishing boats that brought the cargoes in.

By 1975-1976, Homegrown was making inroads into the market place. The seeds that Beisler and the Brotherhood and other hippies brought back from the Hashish trail in Asia were having an effect. Depending on quality, home grown began to fetch as much as the Thai weed, but never as much as the Hawaiian. Hawaiian no doubt was the best commercially produced marijuana at the time and probably still is. There is something about the climate and soil that makes cannabis grown there so special.



1980 T-shirt for Exotica Seeds — Note 10 years experience



T-shirt ad for California Orange, 1973

In the 1980s the Mexicans jumped on the seedless band-wagon and commercial loads of high quality Mexican appeared on the market, some of which sold at homegrown prices due to the California seeds they were using. The bulk of it was a good grade of commercial that sold for 25% of top price, and comparable to what you get from Canada today. By the late 1970s the Colombian connection was shut down and the scene moved to the Pacific, working the Thai trade through the '80s, and by 1990 the last great loads from Southeast Asia ceased.

In the day we called super pungent homegrown skunkweed. It did not

denote a type of weed so much as the strong smell it gave off, and we went to extremes in packaging it. That is how the vacuum seal/nitrogen packaging technique came about, first used in Thailand because the weed was so pungent and skunky! Today they have a strain they call Sour Diesel or New York City Diesel that is totally old school. I smoked Diesel in the 1980s and I remember quite clearly the smell it gave off. Most of these strains can be traced back to the original seeds brought back from Asia.

I visited Amsterdam just to smoke the Hazes they offer, none of which had the original flavor. Yes, they have a little of the bite so you can tell the lineage but by now that original taste is lost. Some strains in California have the Haze running in their gene pool; the high anxiety, energizing, speedy high that I only like when I am in front of my computer. It's too strong for normal functioning, and the Haze is an acquired taste. The Hazes in Amsterdam were all of the above and more, they just lacked the original flavor. I spoke to Arjan of Greenhouse Seeds of the origin of the Haze strain, and we both feel his Hawaiian has melded with his Lao gene pool so well because they are from the same lineage. Arjan no doubt grows some very good Sativas, but nothing comes close to that original Hawaiian Haze flavor, and when people smoked it they thought they had taken LSD. The Haze was an evolutionary freak of circumstance. The right gene pool, the super Hawaiian climate and soil, and people to this day try to recapture that old school flavor!

How strange to watch people take credit for strains of whose origins they have no idea, nor were they around when those strains came west. Not until smugglers like myself come out and tell our stories can the true history and introduction of these strains be traced. Funnier yet to watch conmen like David Watson, AKA Skunkman, take credit for thousand year-old techniques and strains brought into the USA by people he never met, nor was he around at the time! But as time goes by more of us will come out and write books about our adventures.

The Dutch should praise Jerry Beisler, whose large hash runs from Kabul and Kathmandu fed the emerging coffee shop scene in Amsterdam in the early 1970s. In those days Amsterdam was a strictly hash scene, marijuana was nearly impossible to find, but by the 1990s the whole scene switched over to American pot thanks to High Times magazine and their Cannabis Cup, which is held yearly in Amsterdam since 1987.



Jerry Beisler

As I said before, they shut us Good Old Boys down, but we had a baby and they call it Home Grown American. The Dutch bought many of the strains

they offer from growers in California and Oregon. The famous Blueberry strain comes from Oregon and is another Afghani Indica strain known for its blue coloration. Those original seeds are now strains that are highly sought after by seed companies worldwide. Med Pot shops in California offer 80 varieties of top grade cannabis as well as 20 or more types of hashish, all organically grown! Growers in California have nearly forty years experience, and that great California climate. The homegrown scene at first was strictly outdoors, but in the mid 1970s hydroponics and grow-lights came in, and by the Reagan years most growing moved indoors.



## California Orange, 1973



Outdoor grow, California Orange, 1973

The passing of proposition 215 in California and medical pot laws in ten other states has led to a revolution in outdoor and indoor growing on a

massive scale. The US Government can only guess how much is actually grown, but believe you me it's tremendous. Americans grow some of the best cannabis in the world and make some of the finest hashish.

It took a massive mobilization of the US Navy, Airforce, and the Coast Guard to shut down the Colombian trade. The days when cigarette go-fast boats with suitcases full of cash waited on the high seas to load up a ton of Colombian Gold from mother ships were over by the early 1980s. Like the Thai scene, it lasted about 12 years.

Some knew when to walk away, and some got taken away. One of my friends, the biggest maritime smuggler of all time, faked his death for over 11 years. Many lost everything to civil forfeiture, left with not a penny to defend themselves. It was the biggest redistribution of wealth in the history of the US. Yes, they put us out of business, but not before we created the American homegrown scene. I personally have been supplying medicine for over 40 years and have personally visited and smuggled from just about every marijuana producing country in the world. It's time now for us to tell our tales and correct the history we created.

It's time the credit went to those who took part in the biggest revolution of our lifetime, the Cannabis Wars. The governments have done everything they could to stamp us out, but we came back bigger and better than before. We are unstoppable, and we will grow whatever plants we need for fun or medicine. Slowly but surely we will break the bonds of the Pharmaceutical Industry. I consider turning someone on to cannabis as a reawakening from the many years of brainwashing we have been exposed to here in the US. It's not a War on Drugs, since heroin and cocaine are cheaper than ever. It's a war on Cannabis and our culture of peace, and I do believe we are winning; as more people are enjoying Cannabis than ever before. We must never forget that the real reason marijuana is illegal is because it promotes free thought!

## Chapter Six

# Cannabis: The Goose That Lays the Golden Eggs!

Today the USA is the largest producer of marijuana in the world, and it's not enough.

Marijuana has been quasi-legal in Mexico for the past 100 years, is grown commercially, and exported to the US. Canadians would love to make marijuana legal and for the US to keep the status quo that would continue to generate billions of dollars going South.

The Californians complain that BC Bud is being dumped on the market, and that wholesale prices have gone down 25%, which is great for the consumer. The drug Czar warns of the danger of Canadian weed and the high 20% THC content. (I guess he hasn't smoked any, because BC Bud generally pales when compared to most Californian varieties.)

The DEA champs at the bit in anticipation of kicking every medical marijuana grow ups door down and seizing everything as well as their souls. They well remember the 1980s when Reagan for the first time let the police sell you loads of marijuana as a way to infiltrate marijuana syndicates. And the biggest mass redistribution of wealth in the history of the US occurred when they shut down the good old boy marijuana networks that operated in the 1960s thru the late 1980s. It was Vietnam style body count, the more people they arrested the more possessions they confiscated. The best properties, the best of all the spoils went to further power the police state that had all ready been created when they declared a Drug War. The only other country in the history of mankind to have such search and seizure and confiscation and forfeiture laws was Nazi Germany.

Is it strange that we are still haunted by Richard Nixon's drug war when his own Shaffer commission recommended legalizing under an ounce of Cannabis? This report infuriated Nixon who sent it back, and when it came

back around the word legalize was changed to decriminalize and by 2005 millions of Americans have been sent to prison for marijuana possession some working at slave labor as we speak!

Stranger yet instead of attacking the Shaffer Commission NORML jumped on the decriminalization bandwagon, and in 1980s came out with their own report on the harmful affects of marijuana and I guess jumped on Nancy Reagan's Just say no bandwagon! Hey I thought they were for legalization?

The drug rehab racketeers and Judges that own the Halfway houses they sentence you to, then get money from you, the state and the government! The billions generated by one word illegal. Is it that so much money is being made because it's illegal that no one really wants it legal? Are they afraid to lose the Goose that lays golden eggs?

First thing I asked people is why is marijuana illegal? Marijuana is illegal because it promotes free thought and expression and the society we live in does not want us to think for ourselves. It's as simple as that!

The Patriot Act is an extension of the Drug War and really it's out to get you and I! The DEA is in a panic because California is wide open with some Cannabis shops in Oakland featuring 80 or more strains of marijuana as well as 20 kinds of hashish and all you need is a doctor's note! Can you believe that some of those guys are pulling a hundred grand a month. The Government has infiltrated the Medical marijuana movement completely! As an example Eddy Lepp sold one pound of pot to a friend and an undercover DEA agent. Lepp famous for his Medicinal Marijuana Garden was raided and over 32,000 legal plants were confiscated. Clearly Lepp was out of his league!

Everyday more and more extol the virtues of marijuana use and how it improves their lives. One medical patient went from 600 milligrams of morphine a day to just pot! Most profits that are made illegally in the marijuana trade are funneled back into our economy, except for the small percentage that goes to Canada and Mexico.

The American marijuana trade does not fund terrorism but instead puts shoes on little Bobby or Suzie. The huge underground marijuana economy keeps many of us alive in these lean and mean times. The lies the government spreads about marijuana funding terrorism when the reality is that it helps keep the economy humming. The American marijuana industry is home grown.

Cannabis has become the Golden goose and neither side is letting go, too much money on the table.

## Chapter Seven

# Ice Wars! or, Who Invented the Bomb?

Christmas 2004 was especially nice when one of my gifts contained copies of *Cannabible 1 & 2*. The pictures were wonderful, and it showed how the US grows some of the best marijuana in the world. The chapter on Water Hash is really where this story and investigation began. I took exception to Jason King, the author of *Cannabible* giving credit to David Watson aka Sadhu Sam, aka Skunkman and Neville for inventing the water hash technique in the 1980s!

I first saw water hash in 1968 and 1969, when two loads came into New York City. The first load was packed into a VW camper driven overland to Europe and then shipped to the US. It was moldy and had a mottled look and was more like putty than resin hashish. It had been packed still a little wet. The second water-hash load came in airfreight from Kabul and was fresh, dried, pressed and packed correctly. Again it was like soft putty and excellent quality.

I first saw the water hash technique described in Robert C. Clarke's book *Hashish* (Red Eye Press, 1999) in Peshawar Pakistan around 1973. While leaving a message for my connection at the Kyber Hotel I ran into some Danish smugglers I knew from Kathmandu and they invited me up for a chillum. They were using the method to clean up the local resin and after drying they would hand press the resin for their smoking stash. No doubt the Danes learned this technique from Afghan and Pakistani hash masters!

The water hash separation technique can be traced back to the industrious Chinese cannabis cultures of 5000 years ago, who used cannabis for food, clothing, tents, ropes, fishing nets and of course

medicine. The Chinese were the first medical Marijuana culture. They invented sieving techniques that in some parts of the world are still used for making Hashish as well as the seedless technique, also known as Sensimilla. By separating the males and females, the males grow stronger stalks and the separated females produce stronger medicine. After sieving they would use water separation to further purify the resin collected. The Chinese never used cannabis recreationally until after the 17th century, when smoking was introduced. The Chinese even used cannabis as an anesthetic in surgery! In fact, medical hashish was still available in our own pharmacies in the early 20th Century.

In the 1970s in the Trans High Quotations in *High Times*, water-pressed hash was quoted as being available in Kabul for three times what the local hash sold for and in fact fetched the same price as the fabled Mazar I Sharif hashish. This is a misnomer, it was not water-pressed hashish, but was water-separated hashish. Nobody was using water to press hash in Kabul; it was either hand pressed or bat pressed, or as the Paki's did, using heated steel rolling pins to melt the hash and bind it into placks. It's funny for me to hear these so-called experts who never spent a night in Kabul, some who were not even born till the '60s, take credit for techniques invented so long ago by the Chinese, then sell the recipe in advertisements in *High Times* as Sadhu Sam's invention!

I contacted Jason King and told him I thought it was obvious he had never spoken to any of the old-school smugglers. With that, I received an email from this Skunkman character. He seemed very threatened by me, which only made me more curious and I kept researching to find out why.

I then came across an add for the Xtractor 1000 and at first thought, "Here is another idiot trying to take credit for the ancient technique of water separation," as the ad claimed to have a patent on Ice Water Extraction Method and the machine that was invented for the application. I called the 800 number and spoke with the inventor Reinhard Delp, who explained to me that his method was completely different from traditional methods, and in fact was a completely new process that revolutionized hash making! He invited me down to his home in Mendocino County and taught me the process and demonstrated his incredible machine. At the time I owned a pollinator machine, and realized that his method and machine made mine obsolete. What Reinhard discovered was that in the ice water environment the leaves stay flexible, the fibrous material stays intact, and the frozen resin glands fall off with simple agitation, and collect easily. For the first time completely fresh material could be used. You no longer had to dry, grind up, and then sieve your material to access the resin

glands to make hashish, all of which dilute your material. The ice-water extraction process produced the finest hashish I have ever seen, and I have been in the hash business 40 years. This is the biggest improvement in hashish making in 5000 years!

At the time I was doing my show on Pot-TV, Joe Pietri vs. the not-so-free world, so I demonstrated the XTR 1000 on my show and Reinhard was kind enough to give me a machine. I immediately got rid of my pollinator. He also gave me his CD-ROM, documenting the introduction of the ice-water extraction method and the XTR 420, as it was called then, at the *High Times* Cannabis Cup in 1997, and the subsequent rip-offs that followed. I in fact have been investigating this case for some time on both sides of the Atlantic. Never in my wildest dreams would I have believed the depth of the duplicity, nor the major figures in the cannabis culture that were involved in what I call the Enron case of the Cannabis Industry. I now give you my findings as well as my opinions, and you are the judge!

In 1997 after many years of experimentation Reinhard Delp applied for a US patent, Canadian patent, and EU patent for an ice-water extraction method as well as for the XTR 420. In November of 1997 he signed an exclusive contract with Mila Jansen of the Pollinator Company in Amsterdam for distribution of the XTR 420 as well as for any application using his method of ice-water extraction. The method was introduced at the Cannabis Cup and the machine was demonstrated and the hash produced was the best anyone had ever seen. The inventor called his extract Ice Hash and gave workshops and explained his method. At first the Dutch said it was so strong they feared it would interfere with their established Pakistani and Moroccan hashish markets, and in fact by 2006 Ice Hash had taken over the market. Now, most of the hash sold in the coffee-houses as “imported” is actually made in the Netherlands, using the original 125 machines sold there in 1997, or his method. The Dutch should build a statue to Reinhard Delp!

At the Cup, the inventor withstood the offer for an exclusive licensing to the pharmaceutical industry and the urgent requests to keep his method a secret “because the extract is too strong, people can not handle it” from the same “experts” and proceeded with his introduction directly to the Counterculture. A Dr. Geoffrey Guy, who would later go on to establish GW Pharmaceuticals, came up to the inventor and told him he would never have to work again. The smartest thing the inventor ever did was to apply for the patent before-hand, being fully aware of the impact it would make in Amsterdam. The introduction at the 1997 Cannabis cup caused a tsunami of jealousy, greed and deceit.

Others at that Cup also played major roles in what I saw as a coming deception. James Goodwin aka Mel Frank, Ed Rosenthal, David Watson aka Skunkman aka Sadhu Sam, Robert C. Clarke, and Mila Jansen. Mila being under contract to Swiss Ice Cold was an obstacle in the hijacking of this invention, which would lead to David Watson and Robert C. Clarke joining what would become GW Pharmaceuticals, which introduced Sativex in 2002, the first cannabis medicine using pure extract in spray form. In fact the David Watson AKA Skunkman, AKA Sadhu Sam now runs GW Pharmaceutical's super-secret marijuana grow in the UK. Part of the deals was a million dollar transaction that included "their marijuana varieties." On March 21, 2003 GW Pharmaceuticals went into a marketing agreement with Pharmaceutical giant AG Bayer.

This cabal turned Mila, when Skunkman convinced her that the inventor would never get a patent; Skunkman is a dubious character who had no connection to the event except through his megalomania. After all he was Sadhu Sam the "inventor" of water hash. Rosenthal, Clarke and Frank, all of whom were at that Cup, backed the Skunkman's play. They convinced Mila to break her contract. In fact she did not pay for the last 25 machines sent to her; those and the 100 others sold in Amsterdam formed the backbone of the emerging Ice Hash industry. This cabal studied the machine and all of the information Reinhard had given Mila and came up with the Iceolater system. This is where the original formula starts to get diluted. The Iceolater was introduced at the 1998 cup as a new innovation. Mila didn't even bother, and used Delp's XTR 420 diagrams and instructions. The invention of the "I O Later" Iceolater must have stretched the pea-brains to the limit after the inventor already said he used to do it with one screen and one paper filter (today available as a DVD-kit). Or, lots of thought was spent to dilute the method, to avoid a competitive product and spin it back to earlier, failed water recipes, like Sadhu Sam's!

In support of this deception, Robert C. Clarke wrote a new chapter for his book *Hashish*, ten years in the working, calling it high tech hash making, and now called Sadhu Sam's recipe cold-water extraction. He never mentioned ice-water extraction or Xtractor 420 anywhere in his writing, though he was at the 1997 Cup, and this is where the biggest deception and patent confusion begins. Ice-water extraction is very simple, and the only thing the "experts" could come up with to make money out of the method was to attach an ancient sieving technique to it, which the method made obsolete.

Now you were told to dry your material, grind it up, put it in an ice-water environment and then pass it through two sieving bags, which

diluted the process four times. Cheap nylon material was sold at wedding-dress prices, using the method as a profit multiplier.

Both the Clarke book on hashish and Mila's new invention, the Iceolater, were introduced together at the 1998 Cannabis Cup; all on the pretext that the inventor could not get a patent and that all stoners are stupid, so we'll buy what they tell us to buy! Ed Rosenthal, then a *High Times* cultivation editor, and a self described "Grow Guru," wrote a book on hashish and promoted the new Sadhu Sam recipe, now called cold-water extraction. Rosenthal himself had sold the original Sadhu Sam recipe in the '90s using a 900 number. James Goodwin aka Mel Frank, Redeye Press, Rosenthal, and Clarke, were in the position to control information, and it seems they did. In 1998 GW Pharmaceuticals received it's license in the UK.

Is this just a coincidence or is it the first step in making Sativex ice-water extraction? What other process could they use as efficiently and naturally? Skunkman worked his magic on Dr. Guy and is now running the legal super-secret government grow in the UK, and Robert C. Clarke now also works for GW. This was all inside information, and those that knew got in on the ground floor. I have been told that \$78 million was the initial money raised to start GW Pharmaceuticals. Mel Frank/James Goodwin, publisher and owner of Red Eye press/grow guru, is the publisher of Clarke's book *Hashish*, and worked with Ed Rosenthal since, he says, the 1960s. But it's hard for me to believe anything this guy says.

In a recent interview on the Marijuana Man Pot-TV show he stated that he and Rosenthal knew each other from 1974, and had worked together since then. Yet in a correspondence from Redeye press 1999, he states that Redeye press has nothing to do with Rosenthal. It also states how Rosenthal is no hashish expert and that everything he knows about hashish he learned from Clarke. It also goes on to state that the reason his books were recalled in the first printing was that they had to be re-bound because of the cheap glue that was used. Actually the books look to be recalled and the new chapter on high-tech hashish making was added in time for the 1998 Cannabis Cup! I have spoken to printers who explained that sometimes books are recalled and new chapters added and then re-bound. He also explained that these books would generally fall apart, and that is exactly what the initial run of Clarke's book did.

The campaign to confuse the origin of the new method began in the German magazine *Hanf*, which owes most of its existence to the windfall profits of the translation of Jack Herer's *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, in Germany sold as *Das Hanfbuch*. Opposite to the intention of the author,

who reveals the injustice of the drug laws and the insane drug war, the clique behind the magazine concentrated on the risk-free marketing of expensive hemp textiles, and like their peers in Amsterdam were quite satisfied with the status quo, which put them in a very privileged position.

In 1998 the magazine printed a confusing article about Mila's invention, and after a complaint by the inventor a two-line correction was published which German press law requires, since it limits the legal recourse against the "free press." Not this time, though the campaign for Mila's invention and Mel Frank's publishing of Robert C. Clarke's book *Hashish* as the mother of the invention depended on a smooth sailing of their deception. In a very low and scurrilous move Mel Frank, alias James Goodwin uses one identity to promote the other! As James Goodwin, publisher of Red Eye Press, he praises himself as Mel Frank and lends the "expertise" which provides the excuse for the complicit "journalist" to refuse the required printing of a retraction. The letter's arrogance is only surpassed by its stupidity! He, the self-acclaimed Hash pope, and not a worldly patent office, sanctifies and speaks "in the name of all hash smokers." Reading the letter, one might detect a drug-induced case of megalomania.

On the same Pot-TV show Mel Frank states that he started experimenting with lights in the 1960s and that he started the indoor growing movement. In the '60s marijuana cheap; 10-20 dollars an ounce for Acapulco gold, 40-50 dollars an ounce for great hash. That's not to say someone didn't grow a plant in a dorm room but this is just ridiculous. The whole hydroponic scene you can trace back to Berkeley in the early 1970s. Light deprivation is a hundred-year old technique at least, and one can find it described in any college book about greenhouse horticulture.

The first hydro operation I ever saw was in Brooklyn in the mid '70s. It was run by an expert from Berkeley, who personally hand-built a complete hydro operation on a massive scale; the whole floor of an industrial building. The air-conditioning ducts were so big you could crawl through them.

Back to the hashish making, the best these folks could do was add a traditional sieving system to ice-water extraction and dilute everyone's medicine. That technology also went to countries such as Jamaica, Nepal, Africa and India, which set hashish making back centuries, by teaching this technology in third-world cannabis producing countries. It makes one wonder if these guys worked for the Drug Czar, or the DEA. I would love to see the list of the original investors in GW Pharmaceuticals.

Isn't it funny when: Rosenthal, Franks, Clarke, Skunkman, Mila, and

others profess to be pro-legalization, but are then actually involved with a company that wants to control and patent all cannabis medicines; and talks about the dangers of smoking marijuana, while banking on marijuana staying illegal! Or that they ripped off the entire cannabis culture, the culture that made them who they think they are, and to watch Rosenthal with his begging bowl going out for donations to fight his cultivation case; when he has his own money that he has been taking from the cannabis culture since the day he walked into *High Times* magazine.

In the early 1970s one of the Brotherhood set up shop in Jamaica. They had used the Caribbean for years to run false-bottom suitcases through the Bahamas. They would have the suitcases carried to the Bahamas, and another runner would fly down on vacation from California and bring back the loaded bags. At the time you only need a driver's license to fly back into the US from the Bahamas, so it was an easy port of entry into the US. Not only did they bring seeds to Jamaica, they brought hash oil and hash-making technology from Afghanistan. In the 1970s Jamaican hash oil made an appearance on the market for the first time, as well as hand rubbed Jamaican hash and bat-pressed sieved hash! All of this was taught freely, which helped create the hash industry in Jamaica.

David Watson, the Skunkman, not only designed Mila's rip-off "Iceolater bags," he also designed Bubble Bags and helped to create the Bubbleman. From the very beginning people have tried to control the method and confuse the patent. By 2000 Ice Hash was the rage in Europe, and the highest priced item on the coffee shop menus (completely taking over the scene in Holland) but had not really had an impact in the US or Canada. All this time the inventor was building his machines quietly in California and selling them by reputation only. The folks in the Netherlands were trying to control this technology from the start as well, and did their best to bury the inventor and his invention. Mila was now celebrated for creating Ice Hash and now called the Queen of Hashish! All of this was subterfuge to cover their deception called GW Pharmaceuticals and confuse the patent origin.

In 2002 I was at the first Toker's Bowl in Vancouver BC, and shared a booth with Bubbleman. I sold my book and he demonstrated his bubble bags. The first thing I noticed was the lack of taste in the hash he made. He was very secretive and got especially uptight when I noticed the bags were made in Nepal. Again, they think all stoner's are stupid and you can sell them anything. The Toker's Bowl was the introduction of the bubble bags and the worst episode of this complete fraud. This set back hashish making

centuries, as he now diluted the method with a three bag set, then five bag, then seven bag set. Now it's up to eight bags!

The instructions now told you to dry your herb, then grind it up, freeze it overnight, then run it thru eight sieving bags using ice-water extraction. They have diluted the original process 11 times, and this idiot took his invention all over cannabis producing Third World countries. All the pioneering done by the Brotherhood in Jamaica went down the toilet as they say, as that is what happens when you use these bags to make hashish! Remember, the original patent made all traditional forms of processing obsolete, as fresh material could now be used. For years now people have been ruining their medicine because of the massive deception done by Skunkman and the aggressive marketing of the Bubbleman, who has become the celebrated Hash King of Canada!

Funnier yet, Mila got into a screaming-fest at a later Cannabis Cup, calling Bubbleman a rip-off for stealing her invention! She should have been screaming at the Skunkman, who designed and helped produce Bubblebags, and her Iceolater bags, in direct competition with Mila. Eventually others would join in on the bag craze, *and at the time of this writing* there are at least a dozen companies selling bags and equipment based on the ice-water technique. Kabul Baba, Schwagg Bags, Crystilizer, Top Zeef, XXX Xtractor, the list goes on and on, all teaching you how to ruin your medicine. It's quite sad, when medicine is so precious!

This is all quite humorous, because the "Experts" have painted themselves into a corner. In November of 2005 Reinhard Delp was issued the EU and Canadian patents for ice-water extraction. Funnier yet is to watch these so-called bubble hash experts see the XTR 1000, the correct application of the method, and have them realize how much dope they have ruined. It's impossible for them to run away from the books they have written in support of the deception.

When you use completely fresh material, you not only get the best quality extract possible, but 3 times more in quantity. No one knew! The *High Times* May 1998 issue called the XTR420, and the method, a giant step in agricultural processing. That is one article Ed Rosenthal wishes he had buried.

Example: Grobot flower forcing systems. The same inventor has been building a solar-powered outdoor green house with a tarp that opens and closes on a timer. You now use the power of the sun and in some areas you get 3-6 crops a year. A \$500 solar unit replaces a 10,000 kw generator that costs \$10,000, and \$1000 a month to run; not to mention the pollution from the diesel fuel. Ed has kept this information quiet for the past

fourteen years, but the efficiency and the inventor's reputation has these units selling by word of mouth from a single demonstration.

These Solar units have taken Mendocino by storm. But like the XTR 420 they were never reported by Ed Rosenthal. He was at the Cannabis Cup in 1997, he was the cultivation editor at *High Times*. Why did he not report the biggest improvement in hashish making in 5000 years. He's never written about it. Wasn't that news? The book he wrote in support of this deception will haunt him throughout the rest of his career.

I felt it very important to come out and speak my mind, for history to be corrected and the right people be acknowledged for the contributions they have made to our cannabis culture. It has been humorous to see all these clowns, so called hash masters, exposed for what they truly are: deceivers and maybe even simple thieves.

Not only did they rip off the inventor, they ripped off our entire cannabis culture by controlling the information that came into their hands ... for profit. They diluted the formula, and the quality of our hashish went down. They retarded the hash industry world-wide, already decimated by the likes of Nixon and Reagan. They helped formulate a situation in which it's okay to rip off Americans (A vibe permeating through out Canada and Holland)!

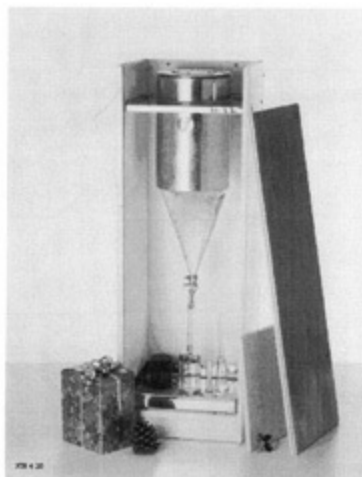
The inventor had given seminars and taught his method freely in 1997, only to watch others hijack and dilute his formula and make millions of dollars. He did this before the legal process ended. He could have simply sold his formula to the pharmaceutical industry and that would have been the end of it. We never would have enjoyed the fruits of his invention. He shared his invention freely because of his love of hashish!

It pisses me off that these clowns tried to get away with such a scheme, garnering profits that result in the dillution of the best medicine on the planet. Stoner's are not stupid!

For some it's

## MILLENNIUM NEWS!

**FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS** mankind has benefitted from the natural abundance of fragrant plants, extracting essential oils and fragrant resins, using these valuable substances for pleasure and medicine.



**TODAY**, when artificial flavors and synthetic drugs are dominating, more and more people choose their own alternative way of well being and healing, claiming total authority over their body, a right that is violently attacked by special interest laws, despite written constitutional guarantees.

Based on the new ice-water method, the XTRACTOR series offers a variety of products from exclusive connoisseur equipment to high volume farm machinery

- Traditionally fragrant resins were extracted for preservation and commerce in the high mountains where the seasonal cold allows a dry sifting.
- The new ice water method uses clean cold water and ice as the extraction environment, resulting in high quality resins at high quantities, since the plant material stays intact and fibrous particles are also separated.
- Even fresh plant material can be processed.

The method was developed for a member of the Galia plant family, known to the Native Americans as a healing plant. The process is part of a complete closed-circle method to separate valuable plant components (Aromatherapy, Medicine, Cosmetics, Food etc; US pat. pend.) Everything is reused - nothing wasted - without chemical solvents - except clean cold water.



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We wish you Happy Holidays - on ice

Peace

ETT, Zlin, Czech Rep.

Millenium Flyer / Advertising for XTR / Dec. 1997 /  
re: Final with address, Pollinator stamp and planned Czech production company

Amsterdam

November 30,1997

Contract between: Reinhard C. Delp, Laytonville, CA. U.S.A

And

Mila M. Jansen and or Pollinator Company-Greenfingers, DOS#33266193

This contract is a licensing for distribution. It refers to equipment using the Ice Water Method of separating fragrant plants (U.S. patent pending)

Reinhard C. Delp, owner of the Patent Pending, licenses Mila M. Jansen and or Pollinator Company for world wide distribution of above described equipment. For the European Community those rights are exclusive. Those rights are not transferable and cease if no distribution takes place.

Mila M. Jansen in return pays Reinhard C. Delp 10% of the wholesale price of above described equipment as a licensing fee.


Amsterdam

November 30,1997

Reinhard C. Delp

Mila M. Jansen  
(Pollinator Company)

## The X-Tractor



The Pollinator company out of Amsterdam is now marketing the newest improvement in resin-collecting devices, called the X-TRACTOR. Traditionally, THC resin was collected by drying high-quality cannabis and then sifting it through progressively finer screens until only a powdery residue of resin glands was left. It was then heated and compressed into blocks of hashish.

This work was done by hand for generations. In recent years, however, machines have been developed to do a more efficient job in less time. Resembling common laundry dryers, these machines tumble the dried cannabis, shaking loose the resin glands, as well as small bits of plant matter, which are then filtered through fine screens and collected for processing into hash.

The system is more efficient and less time-consuming and labor-intensive than the old method. The X-TRACTOR utilizes the same basic principles, but instead of tumbling cannabis through air to dislodge the resin glands from the plant matter, it agitates it in a cold-water bath to achieve the same results.

THC resin is insoluble in water and is also heavier than water. This makes it possible to use the liquid as a medium for its removal from the plant. To use the X-TRACTOR, fill it with ice water and plant matter. When you agitate it, the water gets cloudy as resin breaks away. The resin then falls through the water, where it is funneled into a glass bottle after settling through screens that filter and separate it from any tiny bits of plant matter that may drift downwards.

The result is a bottle of water clouded with pure resin which can then be separated and dried, using a coffee filter. The dried resin is then ready for processing. What makes this system unique is that by using water as the medium of extraction, it can process either dried or fresh plant matter.

This makes it much more efficient since, if fresh cannabis is used, much less resin is lost during drying, when many glands would be knocked off due to handling, etc. Also, because THC resin is an oil, it gets less viscous as the temperature falls. Using cold water "hardens" the glands and softens the plant matter, making their separation easier. This means more resin can be collected from the same amount of fresh or dried cannabis than if done the old way.

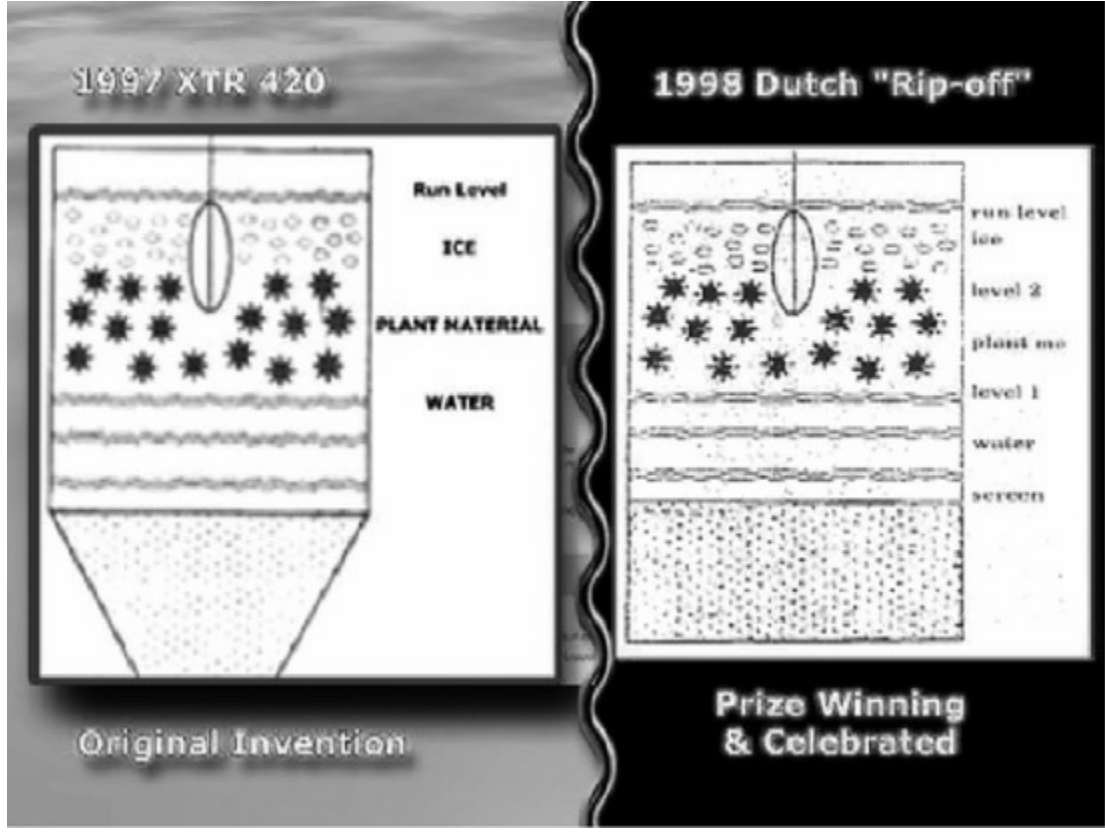
The X-TRACTOR can also be used to extract essential oils and fragrant resins from other plant species for use in aromatherapy, medicine, cosmetics and foodstuffs. The device comes in several sizes, for the personal connoisseur or the high-volume commercial producer, and can be purchased by writing, calling, or visiting the company's Web site.

The Pollinator company can be reached at: *Cornelis Troostraat 37, Postbus 76175, 1070 ED, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS, phone (011) 31 20 470-8889, Web site: www.Amsterdampage.com.*

*None of the manufacturers or distributors mentioned in this column advocate the use of their products for the cultivation of illegal substances. If you contact them, do not discuss the cultivation of illegal substances in any way. These are not paid advertisements.*

**THE X-TRACTOR IS A MORE EFFICIENT, LESS TIME-CONSUMING METHOD OF HASH MAKING.**

High Times article, May 1998



Diagrams of original method versus "Rip-off" method

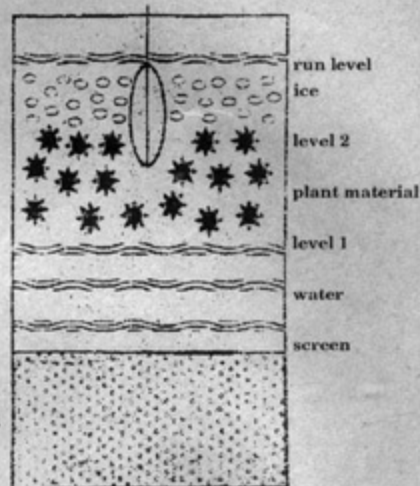
# ICE-O-LATOR

## A SET UP:

- A1 - Buy an electric mixer and a 20 Liter (5 gallon) bucket that has a tight fitting lid.
- A2 - Drill holes in the lid, for the mixer blades will fit through.
- A3 - Fit the inter liner into the bucket and tighten the cord around the top lip.

## B LOADING:

- B1 - Fill the ICE-O-LATOR to level 1 with ice cold water.
- B2 - Add the plant matter to level 2 and push dry material gently into the water.
- B3 - Cover the surface with a layer if ice.
- B4 - Fill the bucket with cold water to just cover the beaters.



## C SOAKING and RUNNING:

- C1 - If you are processing dry plant matter, it should soak for 10 to 30 minutes. Soak until it is flexible and no longer brittle.
- C2 - Put mixer blades through lid and attach them to the mixer. Replace the lid tightly. Connect to power.
- C3 - Start the mixer a low to medium speed and agitate for 15 minutes, take a 5 minute break, repeat cycle 2 to 3 times!

## D SETTLING and WATER REMOVAL:

- D1 - After you stop the agitation, much of the resins will be suspended. They need time to settle! Minimum 60 minutes.
- D2 - Once settled, remove the round liner, then stir and pour the water in the bucket with the resins through the square bag.
- D3 - When warmed up, the resin can be easily compacted with hand pressure for multiple uses (i.e. aromatherapy, incense, cosmetics, etc.)

Mila's Ice-o-later Instructions

### More Good Stuff

It's been a long while, but finally it is here: the brand new introduction of the X-tractor. Now the world famous hash machine The Pollinator has a formidable competitor in a totally different method. The product comes from The Pollinator Company in Amsterdam. According to female inventor Mila Jansen who got the X-tractor from America and has it made in Czechoslovakia. This new method guarantees a whopping output of 30-50% more hash from leaf by product. Besides this big advantage, one can use wet leaf, which isn't possible with the Pollinator. That made us curious. The X-tractor is an upright wooden box with an inside funnel and a mixer. On top you open a reservoir in which you put up to 150 grams and finish it with a half to two bags of ice. By now you are ready for the cool ice process in order to gather the yummy resin. If you use wet weed you have to let it sit for 15 minutes before mixing. Let it sit 45 minutes if you are using dried weed. Depending on the quality you want, you can repeat the process up to 4 times. In contrast to the Pollinator, The X-tractor makes sure that all the pollen will be rinsed off. Curled up leaves of course don't bother you. On the bottom you'll find after the extraction the essential, but a very concentrated THC residue, which you can dry to hash powder. You can also speed up the process by using a microwave. Soon there will be bigger models (1-10 kilo) on the market. Price 1450 sf.

Swiss Ice Cold, GmbH  
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Switzerland  
e-mail @ www.swissice.ch

9/27/99

To Trans High Corporation  
235 Park Avenue South, 5th Floor  
New York, NY 10003

Dear Friends

The subject might be of interest to you.

Herewith I send you, what I would call: "Chronicle of a rip-off." It is a translation of a response to a German "HANF" magazine article ( 7/99) in which the newest invention of the Pollinator Comp. A'dam, their " I(ce)- 0- later", is introduced and Robert Ronnel Clarke's book "Hashish" claims origin. Unlike "HIGH TIMES" (see May 98) Clarke doesn't mention our surprise introduction of the " XTR 420" on your Cup 97 in his book. Instead he introduces his own "XTRACTOR" and his own cool water method.....

We thank HIGH TIMES for the excellent journalism and truly independent reporting.

Sincerely, Swiss Ice Cold GmbH, R. Delp



US006158591A

United States Patent [19]

[11] Patent Number: 6,158,591

Delp

[45] Date of Patent: Dec. 12, 2000

[54] METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR EXTRACTING PLANT RESINS

Primary Examiner—Donald P. Walsh  
Assistant Examiner—Jonathan R. Miller  
Attorney, Agent, or Firm—Larry D. Johnson

[76] Inventor: Reinhard C. Delp, P.O. Box 123, Laytonville, Calif. 95454

[57] ABSTRACT

[21] Appl. No.: 09/380,253

An improved method and apparatus for extracting resin from plant material. Conventionally, plant resins, which are useful in many products, are extracted using chemical solvents, which may alter the extract, and may produce a by-product or residue that may be unusable or problematic. The present invention overcomes these drawbacks by using cold water in a wash process to cause the resins to become brittle, while the remaining plant material becomes more flexible. Separation is accomplished using an extractor (10) having a washing chamber (12) with an open top (14) and a screen filter (16) disposed above a settling chamber (18). A collection bottle (24) is placed below a valve (22), and may include a filter (26) to separate resin particles from the solute. The washing chamber is first filled with cold water and then a quantity of plant material (P) is placed therein, followed by an ice layer (30). An agitator (32) is then actuated to mix the contents to separate the resins. The settled resin is thereafter captured by the filter (26) upon opening the valve (22).

[22] PCT Filed: Feb. 24, 1998

[86] PCT No.: PCT/US98/03649

§ 371 Date: Aug. 24, 1999

§ 102(e) Date: Aug. 24, 1999

[87] PCT Pub. No.: WO98/36839

PCT Pub. Date: Aug. 27, 1998

[51] Int. Cl. B03B 7/00

[52] U.S. Cl. 209/17; 209/18; 209/3;

209/4; 209/5; 209/172; 209/172.5; 209/173

[58] Field of Search 209/13, 17, 18,

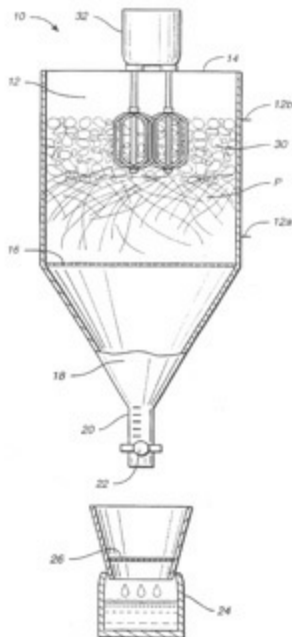
209/3, 4, 5, 172.5, 172, 173

[56] References Cited

U.S. PATENT DOCUMENTS

4,892,938 1/1990 Giovannetto 536/18.5

3 Claims, 1 Drawing Sheet





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- (87) International publication number:  
WO 1998/036839 (27.08.1998 Gazette 1998/34)

(54) **METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR EXTRACTING PLANT RESINS**  
VERFAHREN UND VORRICHTUNG ZUR HARZEXTRAKTION AUS PFLANZEN  
PROCEDE ET APPAREIL SERVANT A L'EXTRACTION DE RESINES DE PLANTES

- (84) Designated Contracting States:  
AT BE CH DE DK ES FI FR GB GR IE IT LI LU MC  
NL PT SE
- (74) Representative: **McLeish, Nicholas Alistair Maxwell**  
**Boult Wade Tennant**  
**Verulam Gardens**  
**70 Gray's Inn Road**  
**London WC1X 8BT (GB)**
- (30) Priority: 24.02.1997 US 3826 P
- (56) References cited:  
GB-A- 591 231 GB-A- 1 007 042  
GB-A- 1 056 074 US-A- 2 225 459  
US-A- 4 526 959 US-A- 4 680 193
- (43) Date of publication of application:  
05.07.2000 Bulletin 2000/27
- (73) Proprietor: **DELP, Reinard C.**  
**Laytonville, CA 95454 (US)**
- (72) Inventor: **DELP, Reinard C.**  
**Laytonville, CA 95454 (US)**

015 118 B1

Note: Within nine months from the publication of the mention of the grant of the European patent, any person may give

Water to make Hash?

Water-Extraction-method with the Ice-o-lator

From the Grow Grrrlzz- D/B;-jj-, Photos: Robert C. Clarke

From Mila Jansen we have heard the first time when she presented her "Pollinator"- a very good idea which was somewhat immature. Mila was always aggravated that the production was sometimes behind the demand, because " I don't have any technical education and had to rely on the advice from others. Sometimes the advice is good sometimes not."

Four years later she introduces her newest Product: the Ice-O-lator, an extraordinary lightly transportable Hash Maker, a real "low tech" product. How it functions seems to smart smokers not to make sense, because to yield Cannabis resin with the Ice-O-lator water is used. For understanding we take one step back and look at the foundation of Hash making. Haschisch is the concentrated Resin from the glands of the female hemp plant. These are the shiny small balls one can see on the calyxes and inner leaf of the flower. There are two kinds to yield Hash:

Rub and Sift

Hand rubbed Hash is predominantly made in the high valleys of the Himalayas and evolves by human hands quickly rubbing over the resinous flowers of thousands of living plants. Everybody who worked with fresh flowers and in the process got a somewhat sticky black mass on his fingers has made a tiny bit of Hash. Sifted Hash originates from the old silk road which leads through cold and dry central asia.

After the plants are cut and dried they are carefully shaken on fine cloth - originally silk. When dried the the spheric resin glands drop real easy off their stem and fall through the gaps of the fabric. Silk with the right weaving was very expensive and passed on through generations of Hash maker families.

Hashish!

What does this have to do with the water-extraction-method? Robert Connel Clark writes in his book "Hashish!": "Resin glands do not solve in water, they sink down. This principle is used for Resin (to be collected or) resin powder to be cleaned, that has been contaminated with plant mass or other substances, which swim in water. Very coarse resin powder or even broken up (flowers) can be cleaned this way. To brake up Cannabis flowers and to throw them in water is possibly the last thing happening to most smokers - water and smoking material are a rather unlikely mixture. However, the following resin collecting method can be very effective.

In the early eighties (published) Sadu Sam, a convinced Californian Cannabis Enthusiast a water extraction technique (invented by Neville from the Cannabis Castle). " Sadu Sam's Secret" being, to stir a few grams pulverized flowers or freshly sifted resin powder in a container with cold water ( about ten to twenty times as much water as Cannabis). Cool or cold water is necessary to keep the resin from sticking. It might be difficult to water the plant extract but several minutes of hefty stirring should be sufficient. As soon one stops stirring the different particles start separating in the solution. Plant parts and other light particles (like flower hairs) drift to the surface. Little immature resin glands tend also to drift up. Mature glands and all dens particles like sand and mineral dust (from outdoor plants) sink and settle on the ground". Further on Clarke mentions the final steps for the cleaning and drying of the resin powder. He also cites Sadu Sam's original instructions, which suggest the use of

an outboard motor in a 55 Gallon drum ( equals about 200 l; A.d.Ue.) or a handmixer in a garbage can.

The swiss Ice Cold-machine, which was introduced on the Cannabis Cup, is in principle nothing else but a 20 Liter bucket with a mixer on top and a screen on the bottom.

Mila has a lot of international business connections and found out about a few things: One does not need a special Mixer, except to work with the electricity in a particular country. A 20 L bucket and a garbage drum is everywhere in the world available. All one really needs to make Hashish anywhere in the world is fabric with holes which let the resin glands by and stops different size particles. Hence, Mila came up with the Ice-O-lator, one eye directed on transportability. The device consists of two bags, one bigger and round, the other smaller with obvious corners. The bigger bag has screen on the bottom, plastic reinforced Nylon sides and a fastener on top. It fits in any 20L or waste bucket.

And how does it work

Where not allowed not at all of course. Mila can at home in Amsterdam however do the following: First the big bag goes in the bucket, with the draw cord fastened to the rim. Then cold water, Cannabis and ice is added. After about ten minutes the plant material is soaked, then the stirring with a normal hand mixer is started.

Mila uses a "food bucket" and drilled herself holes in the lid through which the Mixer sticks are stuck, the mixer itself stays outside naturally. To not overload the little mixer motor there will be stirring for a quarter hour twice with a ten minute brake. Then the resin must settle for 45 minutes, better one hour. The holes in the screen have the right size to let the resin glands fall through. Then she takes the bag full of wet Cannabis out of the bucket and takes it all to the compost. The resin and all "waste the size of resin glands or smaller is now in the water on the bottom of the bucket. Now the settlement is poured over a sink into the smaller bag. The water runs off and the resin glands are held back by the small screen openings. She runs water over the slick to rinse away dirt and is careful to flush the resin onto the screen to be removed easier. The bag is pressed, the still wet resin taken out. That has to be fully dried in any case before it is smoked or stored, otherwise it is unhealthy, does not taste or rots very fast. For this the resin is placed on absorbent paper in a warm, dry location until it contains no more water. Smaller quantities can also be pressed dry by hand. " I just take a piece and kneed it into a little pillow. Then I play with it until it does not release any more water, finished".

Hash making with the water-extraction method yields a maximum on resin from clipping waste or flowers but there are disadvantages: Plenty, if not all of the taste is lost in the process; the risk to loose the harvest through rotting is high, it takes work and needs experience to get the resin dry enough for storage of more than 24 hours, especially without warming it too much to cook out the THC.

On the other hand gras which nobody would smoke otherwise becomes Hash.

email translation

Subject: Response from SIC GmbH to the July/99 Article  
Date : Mon, 04/Oct 1999 21:10:45 -0700  
From: Grobots International <grobots@mcn.org>  
To : jj@hanf.org

Hello Joerg!

Referring to our telephone conversation last week I welcome your intention to get to the bottom of this kind of "reporting".

We are anytime available for more information. I hope that this short version satisfies your concerns most of all about relating to the article. But since we already had to correct you on the same subject ( HANF, 1&2/98) we must insist now on a publishing of this version. (one page text per fax a. mail).

Since our product novelty was never mentioned, I only consider it fair, also in the interest of your reader to add a picture of the Xtractor. We thank you for your attention in this matter and appreciate the correction.

Friendly greetings, Reinhard, swiss Ice Cold GmbH.

Correspondence / R. Delp / Hanf / Oct. 4 1999 / English Translation /  
re: Joerg phone conversation

Short version of response to HANF! article. Translation.

The article in "HANF!" July/99:

"Water to make Haschisch? Water Extraction with the Ice-O-lator"

contains multiple misrepresentations of facts: "Hence Mila...came up with the Ice-O-lator" is false. Fact is, that we introduced Mila in November 97 to our "Ice Water Method" and made a contract (see Copy), as to which Mila takes over distribution of our Xtractor and we are entitled to a percentage: "for equipment using the Ice Water Method" (contract). We also described for Mila at that time the "minimal version" in the bucket.

Fact is that Mila boycotted our Xtractor despite consumer demand. As to the article "it always annoyed her that production stayed behind demand" (!). Further the article asks the rightful question: "what does this now have to do with the Water extraction method?" (in the also reviewed book: "Hashish!" by Robert Connel Clarke, LA98). Mila did not pay a cent so far, stole our XTR 420 instructions with graph (see copies) and would like to switch recipes. The author of the big book was just as baffled from our surprise introduction of our XTR 420 at the Cannabis Cup 97 in A'dam as all the other "experts". As to Mila his spontaneous reaction that time was: "Yak"! Super smart he simply ignores in his finally 1998 published book our Ice water method and instead introduces in his badly glued on last Chapter quick his "own" Water extraction method, his own "Baba Bob's Aqua-x-tractor" and Mila. An old water recipe "from the eighties" is allowed to support his claim: from "Sadu Sam", who is in the book already "in 60th Art poster style immortalized" (Figur6.15).

Opposite to the Ice water Method "Sadu Sam's Secret" is unfortunately for the extraction of pure plant resin not useable! To proof it: The only document in the entire book direct from the eighties, the rest is spun out by the author after the Xtractor introduction. Page 336, Robert Connel Clarke, Hashish!: "Instructions: 1. The (thoroughly dried) material is ground through mosquito screen or a kitchen sift" ... GONG! That is for instance already enough! Pure plant resin, meaning before all, especially for Hemp: Free of fiber! With all respect for hemp fiber in shirt and paper! Once the plant material is ground up a clean separation is also in water impossible. With the Ice Water Method however intact plant material is cleaned (flowers, leaf tips, or resinous leaf). The recipe asks only for wilted or slightly tough dried material. And only in ice water the resin crystals become brittle enough while the fibrous material stays flexible. The highly increased yield of pure, clean resin in comparison with the dry process results through the soaking of dried material, since now inside and outside can be cleaned without the production of fibrous particles. In this way almost all of the available resin -hemp up to 10% of dry weight- can be cleanly extracted. As to quality the whole yield is equal to the 0.5-1% from carefully shaking of dry material!

Good that there is [www.swissice.ch](http://www.swissice.ch), there is the original Xtractor (for all resinous herbs, f.e. Kalendula, Hemp only where allowed.) And contrary to the statement in the article: "the swiss ice cold machined ...is

in principle nothing else as a 20 liter bucket with a mixer on top and a screen on the bottom."

The XTR 1000 has a triple insulated stainless cleaning chamber and thanks to the transparent, flexible collecting funnel in our case not everything is "in the bucket", but only cleaned material.

The pure resin is glass clear in the collection bottle on the Xtractor. (see High Times! 5/98)

email translation

Subject: Re: Response, 7/8  
Date : Fri, 12 Nov. 1999 20:22:02  
From : Joerg Janetzky <jj@hanf.org>  
Org : HANF! (<http://www.hanf.org>)  
To : Grobots International <grobots@mcn.org>

Hi Reinhard,

Grobots International wrote:

- I also received the letter from Mr. Goodwin. Paper is patient.  
- How he in 7): "can assure you that Rob Clarke added nothing  
- to the text after 1995" is a puzzle to me.  
Well, he \*writes\* it and I can not proof the opposite.

- I must insist on the publishing of our "response".  
If you insist on a "response" it can only be done in the formal way  
as to press rights: Naming the to you or your product related false  
information, Correction, all that in appropriate length.

But I do not believe that this would have any positive effect, because  
the reader would get the impression we have been "forced" to print that.  
And you know how our reader think about being forced.

- To 6): Opposite to Ideas are recipes and methods measured by their results  
- in the practical application and not by their similarities to unsuccessful trials.  
Where there would have to be a absolute comparable judgments made about  
the "success".  
Unfortunately we can not have a comparison test in D. (Germany, trans.),( the  
public notary would loose his license).

My idea is following:  
We all speak English, therefor we (You, Robert Clarke, Mila, me as moderator)  
should maybe discuss the facts per e-mail. The conversation could then be documented  
in it's essentials and be published in the magazine.

What do you think?

Best

-jj-  
--

... ceterum censeo cannabim legalsandeam esse.

Joerg Janetzky - Postfach 101589 - 33515 Bielefeld  
Fon +49-521-26765 - Fax +49-521-237971 - eMail jj/ <http://www.hanf.org/>

email translation

Subject: Re: Gegendarstellung, 7/98  
Date : Mon, 15 Nov 1999 00:58:05  
From : Grobots International <grobots@mcn.org>  
To : Joerg Jenetzky <jj@hanf.org>

Hi Joerg,

Joerg Jenetzky wrote:

- "Well, he \*writes\* it and I can not proof the opposite."

Fortunately there is the press law which saves you the proofing. Article 10 (?), if I remember correct, is helpful, since responses do not have to be the opinion of the editor. Maybe I can solve your reservations anyway before closing of the christmas edition:

Mr. M. Goofwin: after 1995? On page 298, in the collectors edition is reference made to several Studies from 1997, as well as references to Fischer-Rizzi, Suzanne 1996 and to Christian Raetsch, 1996, Raeucherstoffe..., page 85-86. Fortune telling?

JJ wrote

- If you insist on a "response" it can only be done in the formal way as to press rights:  
- Naming the to you or your product related false information, correction; all that in  
- appropriate length.

I mentioned every point at least once in one of the responses and do not want to carry the frustration with the response into the next millennium like this.

JJ wrote:

- But I do not believe that this would have any positive effect, because the reader would get the  
- impression we have been "forced" to print that. And you know how our readers think  
- about being forced.

I would trust the Hanf reader to digest this information without damage and built their own opinion. The risk that we are the bad guys, who pushed this terrible information onto the readers, we take. I even belief that the reader can have his own thoughts why this information is kept from her/him (since Jan. 1998) by the "HANF!". (s.High Times!)

JJ wrote:

- my idea is following:  
- We all speak English, therefor we (You, Robert Clarke, Mila, me as moderator) should maybe  
- discuss the facts per e-mail. The conversation could then be documented in it's essentials and  
- be published in the magazine.

-

- What do you think?

I like it very much, since I am the one who seeks the public. Only should the reader by then have read my short response, which was corrected with your advice, so he knows what we are talking about.

We thank you in advance for the publishing of our response in accordance with the German press law still in this millennium.

Swiss Ice Cold Gmbh  
Postfach 1017  
CH4502 Solothurn  
Switzerland  
www.swissice.ch

3/16/00

To Trans High Corporation  
235 Park Avenue South, 5th Floor  
New York, NY 10003

Ref.: Our letter to you from 9/27/99

Dear High Times !

Here are two messages we would kindly ask you to pass on to your readers:  
One concerning the Mel Frank, Trichoms, Hash Making article in High Times 4/00.  
The other , VERY GOOD NEWS !

Old Hash News

Mel Frank tries again to derive " his water extraction method" from Saddhu Sam's Separating Technique.  
Saddhu Sam tried to clean "GROUND GRASS" in only "COLD" water, with very little success.  
Now Mel talks about "lightly crushed or rough screened .....and ice water"....and "soaking" ....  
In our opinion: without reference - he is using the "X-Tractor 420" recipe (Cup 97) and our  
""Ice-Water-Method""  
which is much better and simpler described in High Times 5/98.

Very Good News

Save 20 to almost 50% of your power bill for your vegetative grow!  
With simple clicks on you timer!  
You only need 13 hours of light for excellent vegetative growth!  
If you just set your timer to 12 hours of light and apply the 1 hour of light in the middle of the 12 hour  
night!  
Again: 12 hours ON - 5,5 hours OFF - 1 hour ON - 5.5 hours OFF..... for the vegetative cycle!  
Plants love this setting and as to branch pattern prefer it to extra long work hours.  
With all the power saved Hemp will already start saving the planet a little bit!  
This century old trick (see Grobots manual 1992) from the flower industry is used to avoid the onset of  
flowering in green houses and has only been ignored by our Bud Experts for a quarter century.

R.D. www.swissice.ch

3/17/00 8:00 PM

Correspondence / Swiss Ice Cold / Trans High Corporation / Mar. 16 2000 /  
re: (Sep 27 1999) Letter response

Reinhard Delp  
PoBox 123  
Laytonville, CA 95454, USA  
Jan.21/2001

Swiss Ice Cold GmbH  
Postfach 1017  
CH-4502 Solothurn, Switzerland

To  
Darla A. Anderson  
Red Eye Press  
845 W. Avenue 37  
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Dear Darla

Referring to US Patent 6158591, 12/12/2000, "Method and Apparatus for Extracting Plant Resins",  
I herewith respond to Mel Franks / James Goodwin's letter on his behalf from October 2. 1999.

(Copy included, I think he should have sought your advice before he sent his letter)

I find his letter extremely arrogant, but even more ignorant as to intellectual property rights.

In the letter your clients confirm:

- 1) That they were aware of our X-TRACTOR 4 20 and Extracting METHOD, introduced at the Cannabis Cup 1997 in Amsterdam. (Well before their book "Hashish!" was published, in which they introduced "Baba Bob's Aqua X - TRACTOR" !)
- 2) That they were aware of the fact that our method, as Patent Pending indicated, was not the method that was published in the eighties as "Sadu Sam's Secret". Mel / James says:  
"6) ...I would think that you take this as evidence that Sadu Sam's method predated yours, since your method has improved the procedure. All Hashish-makers thank you for your input."
- 3) They were also aware of our business relations and agreements with Mila Jansen and the Pollinator Co., as indicated in the High Times!- article from 5/98, which described our method and the X-Tractor 4 20.

Despite 1-3) they continuously, intentionally and maliciously infringed on our Patent rights,

promoting their book "Hashish!", as the basis of the "Ice-O-Lator", distributed by the Pollinator Co., while using the attention our invention had created for their own promotion and profit.

In his letter from Oct. 2/99, Mel/James risks both reputations to avoid a rectification in the Magazine "HANF!", 7/99, concerning an article, in which the reporter (Fotos: Robert C. Clarke) falsely names Sadu Sam's recipe as the origin of the "Ice-O-lator", while promoting Robert Clarke's book.

His letter led to the suppression of our rectification at that time, in disregard of the German press law.

Your Clients actions were aiding Mila Jansen and the Pollinator Co. in her breach of our agreement, which caused the total loss of revenue for our invention in the European Community market in the last 3 years, since we were honoring our contract.

Also very concerning is Mel Frank's referral to commercial operations at "Trichome Technologies" in "HIGH TIMES", 4/200, using ice water temperatures in the process, infringing on our rights.

As much as we appreciate the free personal use of our method and equipment,

we have to insist on our rights as to commercial ventures!

Please inform your clients about the laws as to patents, inventions of something "New and Useful" and the difference to copy rights, concerning reporting on other peoples ventures.

Sadu Sam's use of water might have been new at the time, like all other water experiments in this field before him, but his restriction to traditional grinding - sifting techniques and the ignorance about the crucial factor of ice-water-temperatur in the process made his recipe not useful and unsuccessful for resin extraction.

Correspondence / R. Delp / Darla / Jan 21 2001 / re: Letter to Darla Anderson  
(Red Eye Attorney)

Your Clients were also aware of this fact.

The rapid spread of water extraction around the globe since the introduction of my invention in 97 indicates that my invention was not only new, but is also extremely useful, especially because of its simplicity.

We appreciate your response, so we can work out a settlement for this matter and ask you kindly to volunteer all information about commercial ventures of your clients, involving water extraction of plant resins, if they are related to the US, Canada or the European Community.

Sincerely, Reinhard Delp, Swiss Ice Cold GmbH.

P.S: www

Your clients professionalism will be finally judged by their readers, when they discover that they were deprived of the real advantage of our method for a number of years, - Fe. the possibility to also process fresh plant material - and are still fed obsolete information, because of an insufficient attempt by your clients to cover up their infringement. Mel / James thanks me in 99 for my "improvement", but still advises his readers in 2000 to keep on grinding.

Red Eye Press, Inc.  
P.O. Box 65751  
Los Angeles, CA 90065-0751

Swiss Ice Cold GmbH  
Reinhard C.delp  
Postfach 1017  
CH 4502 Solothurn  
Switzerland

Reinhard C. Delp:

I am not sure exactly what you want from Red Eye Press. Apparently you believe that you have been wronged by Rob Clarke, the author of *HASHISH!*, and Mila, the developer of the Pollinator. If that is the case, please direct your letters to them. Red Eye Press has no agreements with Mila, the Pollinator Company, or Rob Clarke, other than an Author/Publisher Agreement with Rob Clarke to publish the book *HASHISH!* However, I think that you believe Rob Clarke somehow took your idea from making hashish using water extraction. Let's look at your "evidence."

1) The Agreement to publish Clarke's book was signed in 1995 after about one year of negotiations. The editor, Mel Frank, began editing Rob's manuscript in November of 1994. Sadu Sam's Secret and Baba Bob's Aqus-X-Tractor were in the original manuscript as was the accompanying artwork -- this is two to three years before your introduction of the Xtractor in November, 1997. Rob had been compiling information for a book on hashish when I met him in 1978. Sadu Sam's poster art appeared in three issues of High Times in the mid to late 1980s, more than ten years before your Xtractor!

2) The water extraction color photographs were part of the original material received by Red Eye, probably in 1995 and, at the latest in 1996 -- they were not added "In his badly glued last chapter" (see footnote). Red Eye saw all of the raw manuscript for *HASHISH!* before we offered a publishing agreement to Rob Clarke.

3) Yes, Rob Clarke states that there are two principal ways that resin is collected. You contend that this supports your belief that Rob added on the idea of water extraction. Historically and in practice, hand-rubbing and sieving are the two principal ways that resin was and is collected. There is nothing contradictory or incorrect about this statement. At the end of the book, Rob addresses several novel ways that resin can be collected including ultrasonic sieves, nested sieves, Baba Bob's and Sadu Sam's. Sadu Sam's method never was, nor was it intended, to be a principal method of making hashish. It is what Rob stated it to be a simple way that anybody could make a small amount of homemade hashish with no special equipment.

4) I am guessing that when Rob replied "Yak!" to Mila's talking about extraction in water, it was because water extraction diminishes and changes the rich flavor and aroma of hashish, and those tastes and smells are part of the whole experience of enjoying hashish-smoking. But you will have to ask Rob what he meant.

5) Red Eye has nothing to do with Ed Rosenthal. Ed is not an expert hashish-maker and I believe that almost all that he knows about hashish he learned from Rob Clarke.

6) You state that Sadu Sam's advice to "grind" the material is the wrong approach. I would think that you would take this as evidence that Sadu Sam's method predates yours, since your method has improved the procedure. All hashish-makers thank you for your input.

7) I have just looked at one of many disks that Mel Frank generated while editing *HASHISH!*. The disk has the computer generated date of a Sadu Sam file of June, 1996. As publisher, and for the editor Mel Frank, I can assure you that Rob Clarke added

nothing new to the text after 1995. Mel Frank began editing a hard copy of the entire manuscript in Amsterdam in November, 1994. All drawings, and almost all photographs were received at Red Eye in 1995 and 1996. Any photographs in *HASHISH!* that we received after that come from Mel Frank's library, or came from other photographers, and none had anything to do with water extraction. We added no new text unless cited as written by the editor and, in fact, we had to delete text from the original typeset of the manuscript which added almost a year to the production.

If you believe that your idea, or writing, or whatever, is being used by other people, think how Mel Frank feels. Almost every book on marijuana growing takes information, if not his exact words, from his *Marijuana Grower's Guides*. How does he know? Because they all repeat mistakes that he made. Fortunately, he can correct these mistakes in his next book.

Lastly, I am offended by your letter, which implies that Red Eye colluded with Rob Clarke and Mila to steal your idea. Ideas are neither copyright nor patent protected. Sadu Sam understands this, otherwise he might be after you for stealing *his* idea. But that is not the point. The point is that you have sent a letter to HANF magazine making public accusations regarding Red Eye, Rob Clarke, and our work *HASHISH!* that have no basis in fact.

You have a very poor understanding of publishing and the time it takes to produce a work of the scope and quality of *HASHISH!*. Not only have you tainted our work, but you have defamed our good name and reputation. I spent this morning composing this letter. You have taken all the time from me that I will allow to respond to your nonsense. If you have anything further to say, please direct your correspondence via your legal counsel to Daria A. Anderson, (legal counsel for intellectual properties), Red Eye Press, 845 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, CA 90065. If you continue to defame Red Eye, you will hear from our legal counsel.

I am accepting your apology beforehand. I can't speak for Rob Clarke.

Sincerely,

James J. Goodwin, Publisher

Footnote: Regarding your belief that the poorly glued color section is evidence that the last photographs, which happened to be on water separation, were hastily added:

For your information, any copy marked "first printing May, 1998" is one of only a few hundred of the original printing of 10,000 copies that remain in circulation. As you have seen, the printer's glue was defective and the color section pulls apart. When we discovered that the glue did not hold, the entire print run of 10,000 copies was recalled and destroyed. The only copies marked May, 1998 in circulation are the few that were not returned by bookstores, were review copies, were sold mail-order directly to customers, or were distributed in Amsterdam by the author. Officially, the first print run and publication date is August, 1998 and, in this version, you will see that the color section was changed to matte from the original glossy, and was moved from the middle of the book closer to the front of the book. Both these changes were made to help the printer produce a book that had a binding that would hold together through many readings. If you have a copy marked "first printing May, 1998," then you have a collector's item. Your "evidence" has nothing to do with when the color section being hastily added to, which it was not --- it has only to do with the printer's defective glue, which caused us considerable losses in time, promotion, and sales.

A note from James Goodwin, aka Mel Frank

# Epilogue

We Hippies have been fighting the Cannabis Wars since the 1960s. Because of our non-violent nature many of us have been killed or sent into the American Gulag for generations. Some were left with two sticks to rub together. We were persecuted in countries all over this planet! I have become a Stoner Historian with the important task of keeping our history true! There wasn't a marijuana market in American or the world until we hippies created it in the 1960s and spread the sacred herb. Cannabis has all ways been our sacrament and we shared it with many. Ask any Third World person who they prefer, the Rambo Americans or the Make Love Not War Hippies! As time goes by, more heroes will come out of the Gulag and tell their tales.

I hope that I shed some light onto the origins of our great culture. There is nothing wrong with feeling good. We deserved peace in our lifetime. Hell, that's another reason Cannabis is illegal—it makes you peaceful and sexy!

The war on drugs is insane! It's a war on some drugs, the ones they can't patent and control, the drug that anyone can grow at home. It's war being waged by the pharmaceutical companies and their puppets at the US Government, who do not want you growing your own medicine. It's a war on free thought and expression, which clearly cannabis produces, . Think of all the cannabis cultures that have been destroyed in Afghanistan, Nepal, Thailand, Laos, Columbia, Mexico, and so many more, or the people killed or in prison ... over an herb. How do we stop this huge profit-making Drug War machine, that profits from slave labor and the products that are produced, then resold to the government at high profit? Rehab racketeers and the judges who own the halfway houses they sentence you to, who then get paid for every bed filled, by the state, the federal government, and then the inmate. Halfway houses are cash cows! Money is being made because marijuana is illegal. So many business have mushroomed up behind the drug war that it would take another book to list them all, but as an example the sale of fake urine and real urine in order to

beat drug testing at the work place, that is how absurd it's gotten, they even sell a fake penis that fits over your own penis that delivers clean urine. The Dutch, who have capitalized on our Drug War by their coffee shop system, have turned Amsterdam into the Drug Mecca of the planet, where anything goes, and cannabis and magic mushrooms are sold in vending machines! The Dutch have made billions from the Drug War and legalization of cannabis would kill the drug tourism market they cash in on. They sell cannabis seed for as much as \$20 a seed, when in the 1960s cannabis was \$10 an ounce and everyone threw the seeds away! The indoor growing scene generates billions, in lighting equipment, nutrients, gardening equipment, the list goes on and on.

In the 1960s the counter culture feared legalization. We feared the big Tobacco corporations taking over the marijuana market. In fact an oligarchy has now taken over the Cannabis Industry. As an example Ed Rosenthal, who says he fights for Cannabis freedom, yet suppressed a solar technology for 14 years while being the High Times cultivation editor. Rosenthal has made a fortune because cannabis is illegal! The very idea that they (Rosenthal-Frank-Watson-Clarke) could control such information we Stoner's receive, which diluted some smoker's hashish by as much as 11 times is outrageous!

How can we ever end the Drug War when some of the leaders of the Cannabis movement are actually working for the Dark Side, GW Pharmaceuticals. It is incredible that David Watson (Skunkman) is working for GW Pharmaceuticals, as is Clarke! GW Pharmaceuticals wants to put the medical cannabis scene out of business, with their Sativix cannabis spray, and they never fail to report the dangers of smoked cannabis, even though a report came out that smoking cannabis does not cause lung cancer, that in fact it prevented some cancers! They are patenting the strains, etc. GW Pharmaceutical wants to control our sacred herb!

Now that this has come to light how will it affect the Dutch scene? The pot scene is loosing up in the States, seed banks are operating, slowly but surely the need for any cannabis products made outside of the US will not be necessary. As we all know Americans grow the finest marijuana in the world and make the finest hashish, over forty years experience and that California sun! We now grow most of the cannabis we use here in the States. We are a major producing country! Legalization is on the ballot in several states where possession of up to one ounce would be legal. Las Vegas may have a full on coffee shop scene to go along with regulation and taxing! Colorado is heading that way as well, and they have more

smokers per capita than any other state! Either one of these States goes legal, that will cause a domino affect! The Dutch have forgotten that we hippies were instrumental when the coffee shop scene was started so long ago!

Prohibition has made it difficult to tell the good guys from the bad guys. The narcs who nailed me in the end looked like ZZ Top, now they come dressed as a dread lock Rasta's! The marijuana business I was in so long ago was the most honest business I have ever seen. It took a lot of cooperation to move and distribute 50 tons at a time. The days where a mere handshake was all the trust you needed is gone.

The infamous Hash Trail that lead overland from Amsterdam and London to Kathmandu are memories! The trail a far too dangerous road to travel due to American foreign policies and the hatred caused by it! They tried everything they could to destroy our cannabis culture but we had a baby and they call it Home Grown American Cannabis! There is nothing wrong with make love not war. There is nothing wrong with peace in our lifetime. Nothing at all!

Peace,  
Joseph Pietri

# Glossary

## Terms

**Afridi — Fierce Pathan Tribe, Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan (Tribal Zone), known for it's hashish making!**

**Asan Tole — Traditional Nepalese market in center of Kathmandu**

**Bat Press — Hashish pressing technique pioneered by Billy Batman in Afghanistan early 1960s.**

**Birmingham Gang — Gang of British hashish smugglers.**

**Brotherhood of Eternal Love — Pioneered the cannabis industry in the US. Created the hash and hash oil industry in Jamaica. Introduced Southeast Asian and South West Asian cannabis strains into Hawaii, Jamaica, California, Brazil, Mexico, really promoted Cannabis all over the planet! True pioneers whose Cannabis smuggling history goes back to 1963. The Brothers were Kings on the Hippie trail, and the parties they thru in Goa, India are legendary.**

**China White — Brand name of Golden Triangle Heroin**

**Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) — most successful drug cartel of all time.**

**Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) — created by Richard Nixon in 1973, under their watch heroin and cocaine are five hundred percent cheaper than in the 1960s!**

**Dread Lock Rasta — Rastafarian with long matted hair.**

**Escobar, Pablo — Colombian Drug Lord**

**Fillmore East — 1960s Rock concert hall in New York City**

**Ganja — Marijuana, Cannabis, Weed, Pot, Herb, Bud, Reefer.**

**Golden Crescent — Opium growing areas of Afghanistan, Pakistan, responsible for 92% of the worlds heroin supply, created by CIA in 1979.**

**Golden Triangle — Opium growing area that borders Laos, Thailand, and**

**Burma.** Created by CIA in 1950 to support Nationalist Chinese fighting the Chinese Communist's from bases in Burma.

**Gravano, Sammy the Bull** — Mafia turncoat.

**Gulbubbin Hekmatyar** — Afghan guerilla leader who received most CIA supporting during Afghan/Russo war. One of the biggest heroin dealers of all time.

**Goombahs** — Slang word for Italian gangsters.

**Halfway House** — A rehabilitation center where people who have left prison, are helped to readjust to the outside world, or as an alternative to jail.

**Hashish** — Is made from resin glands collected from flowering female marijuana plants. The THC rich glands are then pressed into blocks, or formed into balls.

**Haze** — Famous cannabis strain that evolved in Hawaii, a five way cross of Nepalese, Kerala, Burmese, Lao, and Afghan strains. Known for it's rocket ship effect. A freak of nature, that everyone has been trying to recapture since it was introduced in the early 1970's.

**High Times** — Marijuana counter-culture magazine established by Tom K. Forcade in 1974.

**ISI** — Pakistani Security Service created by CIA, major heroin manufactures.

**JFK** — International Airport in New York City.

**Khampa** — Fierce warrior tribe from Eastern Tibet.

**Konsupsa** — Laotian word for Hippie.

**LAX** — International Airport in Los Angeles.

**Lord Jaganath** — Lord of the Universe.

**Lord Shiva** — Patron God of all Ganja smokers.

**Maha Samadi** — The final conscious abandoning of body.

**North, Ollie** — The man truly responsible for the crack epidemic in the 1980s, while working in Ronald Reagan's White House (Iran/Contra Affair).

**Outward Bound** — Non-profit organization that offers experimental learning and personal growth through adventure- based wilderness programs for youth, teens, and adults.

**Owens, Jesse — Olympic gold medal long distance runner.**

**Phurbu — Tibetan ceremonial dagger.**

**Quaaludes — Also known as Mandrax an hypnotic sedative.**

**Rastriya Panchayat — Council of Ministers who advise King. Created by King Mahendra 1962. The King's hand picked party, known for it's corruption in Nepal.**

**RICO — Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act.**

**Sativex — Cannabis based mouth spray, used by MS sufferers!**

**Sensimilla — Seedless Cannabis.**

**Serchan Clan — Nepali Tribe known for it's hashish making.**

**Sticky Wicket — Slang for tight situation.**

**Stoner — Slang for recreational marijuana user.**

**SWAT — Special Weapon and Tactics Team.**

**Thai White — Brand name for Golden Triangle Heroin.**

**Thalat — Large traditional market town in Laos.**

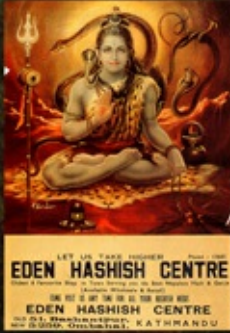
**Trans High Quotations — Marijuana Stock Exchange.**

**Tribal Zone — The Badlands of the Northwest Frontier province in Pakistan. No International law, ruled by Muslim Sharia. It is called freedomland, in Pushtu (Pushtunistan).**

**ZZ Top — Long haired and long bearded Rock & Roll Band**



**F**rom the heydays of the 1960s counterculture's early access to cheap, plentiful pot through the years of official intervention that foster a surging black market this tale chronicles a former drug smuggler's 50-year career in the marijuana trade, its



evolution into a multibillion-dollar business, and the characters he met along the way. The journey begins along the infamous Hippie Hash trail that led from London and Amsterdam overland to where, prior to the early



1970s, hashish was legal and smoked freely in Nepal, India, Afghanistan, and Laos; marijuana and opium were sold openly in Hindu temples in India and through out much of Asia; and cannabis was widely cultivated in Nepal and many other countries



where it has been used for centuries in food, medicine, cloth and spiritual exaltation. In documenting the stark contrasts of the ensuing years, the author examines the impact of the financial incentives awarded by international institutions such as the U.S. government to outlaw the cultivation of cannabis in Nepal — the end of the



“good old boy” dope network, the eruption of a violent criminal society, and the birth of a global black market for hard drugs — as well as the schemes smugglers employed to get around the “man” and deliver the goods...



**JOSEPH R. PIETRI** has traveled extensively throughout Southeast Asia, and lived in Nepal for 20 years. He is a former drug smuggler who is a legal purveyor of cannabis for medicinal purposes. He lives in Oregon.



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