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#### McCain-Feingold



### High Times Presents The 20th Cannabis Cup DVD

I had an almost Buddhist revelation while watching this DVD. At one point, the discussion branched off (ha, plant reference, unintended) into telling the difference between sativa and indica strains of marijuana. Then I realized that the categorizations are basically arbitrary, artificial, maybe even unreal. Pot is pot, at some point, right? Some better than other. But when does it become this instead of that, when all along its just this thing, right?

Anyway ...

But I have to say that's as profound as it got for me, unless you count personal profundity.

I know you probably don't care about crap like my personal spiritual revolutions, but I used to be a hedonistic sumbitch, and now I'm not nearly as much so, thanks to the sublimation of desire. In my case, that means I didn't kill desire, but I've made a choice to make it less a ruling factor in my personal happiness.

So now that I've evolved into a new state of mind, I watch these potheads and feel a strange sort of detachment.

They just talk and talk and talk about how great pot is and how great Amsterdam is and how great its pot-everywhere culture is and how great the Cannabis Cup fest is and how great ...

Damn, these guys are all about getting high. And I once was, too. But it's odd. When I first found out about this MVD release, I was curious, perhaps merely by instinct. The emanations of prior influences, patterns set, vibrations continuing, ripples not yet vanished.

Watching it is a different story. It seems obsessive. And not because of some inherent obsessive approach. This is a documentary, as other documentaries are documentaries and thus pursue their chosen subject with interest and passion.

In that regard, this is a fine film; it tackles its topic with appreciation and interest and all qualities in that spectrum of emotion and creativity are passed on to the viewer - if he chooses to partake.

And therein lies the issue. An unshared passion is no passion. Which isn't to say I'm suddenly bored with pot or get no enjoyment from it when, from time to time, it pops up. But, damn, it doesn't rule my life.

Not that it necessarily rules these lives. My girlfriend, in the room

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as I watched this, said something about how they went on and on about pot and everything at this festival seemed to be about pot. This, she said, in response to my comments, the gist of which you can figure out from my preceding comments.

Her comment spawned a thought from me. This festival is about pot and this documentary is about a festival about pot. So I can hardly criticize its obsession with pot.

But this all drives home the subjectivity of film and even of documentaries. Where is your interest? Grab me six months ago and I would have been cheering this doc on. Now? I wonder at the mindset that can invest so much spiritual energy (this isn't approached formally as a religion but the fervor is there, not without its good reasons, I'll admit - pot is potentially enlightening) in the analysis and indulgence in a brain-bending plant.

It seems so hollow in retrospect. Yet, as I'm sure you can glean from what I've said, my reservations about this documentary aside, it's all about taste.

And you can take that however you want.

**Added:** Friday, August 08, 2008

**Reviewer:** [Grand Guignol](#)

**Score:** ★★★★★

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