

BRIANA VOLK'S FAVORITE PASTA DISH EVER • PG 32

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ISSUE 005

# beer&weed.

A MAGAZINE WITH REFINED TASTE / MAINE

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21

## THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON DISC GOLF

TOP PRO JESSICA BECKETT'S FAVORITE MAINE COURSES

### +CBD MASSAGE

WHAT'S ALL THE  
FUSS ABOUT?

### +FARLEY'S GOES REC

MAINTAINING A  
HEALTHY PERSPECTIVE

**PLUS:** TANYA WHITON'S  
"REGULARS" RETURNS!  
SHIMMERWOOD SELTZER  
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# HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO VASSALBORO?



I WAS IN DAMARISCOTTA FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS WEEK. IT FEELS WEIRD, BECAUSE I HAVE PROBABLY TYPED THE WORD "DAMARISCOTTA" A FEW HUNDRED TIMES IN MY WRITING LIFE. THEY HAVE CONCERTS THERE, THE SALT BAY CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, ART GALLERIES ALL OVER THE PLACE. I HAVE PUT THEM INTO DATABASES AND WRITTEN ABOUT THEIR HAPPENINGS AND ENCOURAGED PEOPLE TO CHECK THEM OUT COUNTLESS TIMES.

And yet I had never set foot in the town until this week, after 20 years of living roughly one hour to the south.

Hit Bowdoinham for the first time this week, too. And I'm pretty sure that was my first time in Ellsworth, though it's possible we stopped there one time to get a pizza on the way back from Roque Bluffs. It's hard to remember.

All thanks to this little magazine.

Particularly after this year of closeted pandemic, it's hard not to feel like the world has become digitized, only accessible through screens and ear buds. The places we read about and see on our screens start to take on a mythical quality. Sure, there's a Presque Isle somewhere up there at the top of Maine, but it's not any more real than Atlantis or Narnia or Sokovia.

This year, though, I went to Presque Isle. The ride in is spectacular, rolling fields of potatoes and tree-crammed hills and a horizon that goes on forever. Then there is a nice little downtown, fraying at the seams a bit like most Maine downtowns, plus a strip mall where you can find a Pat's Pizza. It's baffling that some folks don't know that's a chain, with outposts all over the state. I'd take them over Amato's every day and twice on Sunday. Love me those waffle fries.

As we re-emerge from our various states of lockdown, both physically and mentally, I hope this magazine gets you out and about in Maine just like it does me. Sure, you might be able to get all the beer and weed you need within 10 miles of your home, probably can even have it delivered, but where's the fun in that? Grab a few people, kill a day, and go up to the Pour Farm in Union, another place I'd never been until this past week.

I pulled into the driveway, down a dirt road decidedly off the beaten path, half convinced Siri had sent me to my death, and came upon a setting so idyllic it took my breath away: Brand-new hand-built deck, picnic tables lined up, pansies and marigolds blooming in ale-barrel pots, all sitting about 50 feet from a bend in Quiggle Brook, which connects Seven Tree Pond with Crawford Pond.

Quiggle Brook!

At the time, I was still reeling from having come over the Penobscot Narrows Bridge, which is a wonder of architecture, dueling towers climbing to the sky, a sky-transom that gives you a sense of the chasm below you like no other bridge in Maine. And there's an observatory at the top! Who knew? I'll have to go back. I was pretty close to turning around and driving back and forth again just because I enjoyed the first trip so much.

**”** You will never be disappointed you decided to explore Maine a little bit more.

Maine's such a big place there's always another brewery to hit, another dispensary waiting to be explored, another amazing vista just waiting for you to drive by. Maybe we know this, instinctively, but it's good to have an excuse to make the exploration. If that excuse comes in the form of a disc golf course you really want to hit in Vassalboro, do it (I've still never been there, but I love the name of the town). If that excuse comes in the form of a beach you've only heard about, find it (look for our listings next month).

If that excuse comes in the form of grabbing the next copy of this magazine at one of our 100+ distribution spots (find them online!), just to say you did it, do it.

You will never be disappointed you decided to explore Maine a little bit more.

**bw** WORDS / **SAM PFEIFLE**  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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# EAST COAST CANNABIS BRINGS REC TO YORK COUNTY

Just over the New Hampshire line in Eliot, East Coast Cannabis was preparing its grand opening as Memorial Day approached, just waiting on a final stamp of approval. When that comes, their temporary retail storefront will be the southern-most adult rec shop in Maine, a placeholder for a much larger operation that will soon begin construction.

When everything shakes out, said CEO Dana Brearly as part of a tour of the still-under-construction shop and 5,000-square-foot grow facility across the street, ECC will have a permanent retail location that fronts 15,000 square feet of grow operations.

For this reporter, the walk-through of the grow facility and commercial kitchen (the virgin dark chocolate cubes were tasty) was a first in a recreational environment, and it's clear regulations in this arena require considerable compliance activity, from the booties and hairnets we all had to don to the blue, bar-coded tags attached to every plant in the facility.

Brearly: "Can you believe those are 50 cents each?" It could certainly add up.

On this day, the "mothers" room was being allowed to flower, having produced their fair share of clones and at the end of their useful growing lives. Their trunks were the size of a fist. Across the hall, early clones get their start under LEDs, while down at the end, two doors open into high-pressure sodium-lit rooms with robust, flowering plants, all anchored in white cubes and fed via digitally responsive watering lines, tuned to each strain's needs.

It's a slick operation (COO James Folan, off doing other things at that moment, leads the science) that culminates in a darkened drying room where plants hang in tiers, leaves still attached, and a trimming room where Brearly opens a vacuum-sealed bag filled with Mimosa, an air of citrus wafting out, like summer sunshine. The buds are tightly trimmed in small nuggets, the result of hand-trimming that can get through about a pound per day, per person.

Waiting for an opening-day go-ahead, ECC has a ton of dried flower piled up and ready to go, a conversion from five years of wholesale-only medical business. From the jump, they'll be able to supply their retail operation almost exclusively with their own grow, and hope the larger grow facility will eventually supply three retail shops, with added spots in Kittery and Lebanon, doing their best to grab out-of-state business and relying heavily on the Maine brand — the current retail space is full of Maine trail books, lobster-claw bowls by local ceramic artist Matthew Leggett and Blue Moose Casting, even a Maine-shaped cribbage board.

CFO Ryan Ward gives marketing head Rebecca Lever credit for that last one, showing off a space missing only the actual cannabis products.

They are clearly eager to open, that final go-ahead due any day now, and for a new era in East Coast Cannabis to begin.



# A SHOT WITH A BEER BACK

As Maine's effort to get its population vaccinated and back to enjoying summer continues, kudos to places like Cushnoc Brewing for stepping up and helping out. On June 4, the Augusta brewery held a vaccine clinic with Waldo County General Hospital, where attendees could grab themselves a Johnson & Johnson shot and be rewarded with a cold pint of their choice — after waiting 15 minutes to make sure everything's well.

With the hospital just down the road, and looking to reach that younger demographic that has yet to fully embrace the vaccination effort, trying to grab folks on a Friday night looking for a pop after work just makes sense.

THIS JUST IN / WORDS / SAM PFEIFLE

# TWO NEW BREWERIES OPEN DOWNEAST

While most of the heat is in cannabis at the moment, weed joints aren't the only grand openings Maine is seeing right now. In Eastport, Horn Run Brewing opened in May, right on the water (does every Downeast town have a Water Street?), and in a classic brick building, built out for the brewery. Owned and operated by Jeff and Lisa Smith, they came out of the gate with a solid variety that includes a Belgian Whitbier with orange and coriander, a pair of IPAs, a red and a blueberry, even a pineapple-flavored hard seltzer.

Not bad for week two.

A bit farther down the road, Machias voters in May voted 51-18 to provide a community block development grant for Bad Little Brewing Company, a nano brewery and farm-to-table restaurant that will sit at 101 Court Street in the Clark Perry House. Owners Kathryn Toppan and Shawn Lent are both teachers in Southern Maine who've uprooted and decided to pursue a passion for brewing and cooking a bit farther north.

Look for a tap room to open in August and full operations to begin in the fall. It's a lot of work. Their building is on the historic register and may have good bones, but has been standing since 1868, and was purchased out of foreclosure.



# DISTRIBUTION DISCOVERIES

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EACH MONTH, OUR INTREPID DIRECTOR OF DISTRIBUTION, MARK SAYER, MAKES THE ROUNDS OF THE 50+ BREWERIES AND DISPENSARIES THAT MAKE UP OUR DISTRIBUTION PARTNERS. INEVITABLY, HE PARTAKES IN A VARIETY OF NEW PRODUCTS. BECAUSE WHY NOT? FEEL FREE TO OFFER SOMETHING UP FOR A TASTE TEST!

*"A surprisingly thin square of dark chocolate melts in your mouth quickly ... seems innocent enough. Just 150mg."*

[Time passes.]

*"Man, my mouth is dry. I should get some water. There's really no need to smoke or drink anything else, no feeling that you need to augment your present state."*

[Time passes.]

*"James the cat is being particularly friendly and I wonder for the umpteenth time if cats are affected by our state of mind. I need some water."*

[Time passes.]

*"They need to make a 15,000 bar now just because. Water."*

[Time passes.]

*"If you happen to eat this whole thing? Well, I hope you have some vacation time you can use immediately ... because you'll be on vacation, immediately. Don't forget to bring some water. Seriously, though, make sure you know what you're doing before you fuck with the Highest Bar. As always, watch and know what you consume, have fun, and be careful. I'd bring some water just in case."*



# THERE, AND BACK AGAIN



**YOU CAN'T VISIT THEM ALL, BUT ALL ARE WORTH THE TRIP.**

There was a time — years ago, now — when someone enthusiastic about beer could have reasonably visited all of the breweries in Maine over the course of a summer. In 2013, I created an infographic to promote Maine's bursting brewery scene that showcased its impressive brewery count: 35 breweries in all, and 13 more in planning. Now, as the tumultuous pandemic period comes to an end, we're at well over 150 breweries, with a few set to open in late 2021.

If you made the time to visit six breweries every weekend, you'd still need over six months to visit them all, which would be a grueling pace. Instead, this might be the perfect summer to discover some unique spots and short adventures among the many breweries that are outside of the greater Portland metro area at a more leisurely pace.

To support this type of beer wanderlust, Maine Brewers' Guild has a trip planning tool built into their website ([mainebrewersguild.org](http://mainebrewersguild.org)) that allows you to pick breweries, add them to a list, and have a trip plotted for you that hits them all most efficiently.

There are some breweries not all that far outside of Portland that are an easy round trip in an afternoon. You can visit Flight Deck in Brunswick, surrounded by retired planes and located in a former shooting range, drive out into the woods to find Oxbow Brewing Company's original location, tucked away in the midcoast, pull up a chair at Cushnoc Brewing Company in Augusta and watch the river swell when it rains, explore a revitalized mill building in Banded Brewing Co.'s original Biddeford spot, or go rural and stop by the farm in Limerick where Gneiss Brewing Company stands.

If you'd rather spend some time in a boat than a car, Monhegan Brewing may be the perfect pick. Accessible by a ferry that leaves out of either New Harbor, Boothbay Harbor, or Port Clyde (the most scenic option), you can take a short walk around the side of the island to a tasting room that is ringed with bright blue lobster traps. Bring sunscreen.

For water views without the potential for seasickness, Marshall Wharf's reopened spot is at the end of a scenic drive in Belfast, and should always be paired with local oysters.

Run of the Mill in Saco has an outdoor deck for views of the Saco river, and Blaze Brewing in Biddeford (taking over Dirigo Brewing Company's former mill building space) gives you a look at the dam on the other side of the river.

For the more far-flung breweries, it pays to keep in mind that Maine is a bigger state than you'd think. Cursed by the stretchiness of map projections, Maine is sometimes unfairly undersized on maps of the continental U.S., but, in reality, just keeps on going and going after you get to Bangor. If you want to reach the farthest breweries, you're in for a road trip of up

to six hours from Portland.

”

For the more far-flung breweries, it pays to keep in mind that Maine is a bigger state than you'd think.

But if you really want to get out of town, there are a few great options. Maine's northernmost brewery is the aptly named First Mile Brewing, located in Fort Kent at the terminus of Route 1. This location is also a reminder that the route used to serve as a bootlegger's highway to import prohibited booze from Canada for distribution across the eastern seaboard. Or, you could head downeast to Lubec Brewing Company, located as far east as you can go in the state before being turned around at the Canadian border (at least at the time of writing, when the border remains closed).

Slightly less of a jaunt (just under 3 hours from Portland), but certainly off the beaten path is Bissell Brothers Three Rivers. Located in the brewery owners' hometown of Milo, this location has a different vibe than their Portland location, and beer you can't find in their original location.

I understand that I've not discussed the beer at these destinations, and I've covered less than 1/10th of the breweries in the state. Not every beer at every brewery will be above average. But the point is that sometimes the journey, the location, and the memories are more important than the beer itself.



WORDS / **BEER BABE**  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

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# CBD, WITH BUBBLES

Shimmerwood teams with Fogtown Brewing for a brand-new take on seltzer

WORDS / SAM PFEIFLE



Y Coming down the rock stairs into Fogtown Brewing's patio space in Ellsworth, there are stacks of blank 16-ounce cans piled on pallets 10 feet high, but the cans rolling off Iron Heart's mobile canning line are a decidedly different shape: Tall and skinny, and just 11.5 ounces.

Is that ... seltzer?

"We've done collaborations a few times with different breweries," says Fogtown owner/manager Jon Stein, "but this is the first time we've done something on this scale, where we're brewing and packaging it for them."

The "them" in this case is the brand-new Shimmerwood, a CBD-infused seltzer, 5mg per can, that was slated to be available in Maine as soon as Memorial Day weekend, just a couple of weeks past this blue-skied Tax Day. And while Shimmerwood does have a Raspberry Lime Rickey version (Razz Lime) and a Ginger Orange flavor, what's coming off the production line right now is Just Hemp, which is essentially just CBD and water, with a little citric acid and some carbonation.

"We actually want you to taste the CBD and hemp," says Josh Ahadian, Shimmerwood director of marketing, who's driven up from his home in North Andover, MA, to witness the first production with Fogtown. "We don't use any sugars or additives to mask it." Remarkably, in the limited runs they've done with product testing and sales, it's been the Just Hemp that's most popular.

"Not that it's overwhelming," Ahadian says, "but it's enough that you know it's the hemp. We figured, 'Why not?,' because there are plenty of seltzer water drinkers out there, and it's become a sleeper hit because people are so curious. Maybe they're like, 'I hope it doesn't taste like bong water!'"

Later, at home, I gave it a try. It for sure doesn't taste like bongwater. It's actually a bit hard to describe. It doesn't taste like weed smells. It's more like a quinine taste, something between bitter and sour. But it's a little bit addictive, for sure. Like the Polars I drink habitually, probably closest in experience to the pink grapefruit flavor. It's not black cherry, but it's solid.

Both Ahadian and Stein believe these non-alcoholic, non-intoxicating beverages are going to be hot in the after times.

"I think this project is important," Stein says. While they've done hard seltzers in the past, "the non-alcoholic craft drinks, especially local and place-based, are going to be important as we're getting into a post-pandemic lifestyle. People are looking for things that are interesting, flavorful, and tastefully made, but are non-alcoholic — and they're supporting hemp growers in the state and CBD manufacturers."

The CBD comes from CBW Labs, which processes hemp from Gray Farm Maple. Ahadian says it was important that the CBD be from Maine and the canning be done in Maine, as Maine has the strictest rules about selling in-state product, and they should be able to use Fogtown as a home base to sell throughout the New England states that allow CBD products. And they've got all the nutrition facts, etc., already on the can in preparation for federal regulation, should that come down the pipeline.

But what about the actual "brewing" of the product? Was it hard?

Molly Friedland, Fogtown's head brewer, says it's certainly a different way of doing things. "The base ingredient is the same, water," she says. "But with CBD seltzer, there's no grain, no hops, and no yeast, so from my perspective it's very simple. I flow cold water through our flow meter, so it's an accurate amount of water, and then add the CBD, add the flavoring for the two that have flavor, then some citric acid to balance out the flavor and for preservation."

She said the hardest part was actually getting the carbonation right: "I'd read the PSI, to where with beer I know I'm carbonated enough, then I'd measure the dissolved carbon in the liquid and it would be barely carbonated. So I'd have to depressurize the tank and start over."

There's also the matter of pasteurization. Because the seltzer doesn't have any booze to keep it preserved, the seltzer needs pasteurization if it's going to sit warm on a shelf somewhere without the CBD fostering bacteria and the like.

"We couldn't find anyone with a pasteurizer," says Ahadian. All the big milk producers were sorta using theirs, "so we bought one. It's

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FEATURE:  
BRAND NEW THINGS

◀ FROM PAGE 11

essentially like a hot bath for your product. ... It just makes everyone's life a little easier." And it gives the seltzer a shelf life of about a year, instead of a few months.

That also means, though, that Fogtown has it as their disposal.

"There's not a lot of information out there" about using the pasteurizer, says Stein. Fogtown talked with the food science guy at the state of Maine, the Department of Agriculture, but "no one's really making CBD or small-batch beverages in the state of Maine, so a lot of the regulatory bodies didn't know what to tell us. What does the pH have to be? What does the pasteurization temperature have to be? It's fun for us."

Friedland says she's looking forward to experimenting, though she hasn't yet worked the new machine (it sits up in another warehouse, since there's definitely no space in the Fogtown garage where this canning is happening). "For sure," she says, "a lot of our hard seltzers, which are just fermented cane sugar and water, having that pasteurizer on deck will be great to keep them more shelf stable." And the theory is that pasteurizing could keep a super hoppy IPA from hop creeping, where late-added hops re-ferment in the can, which is "not what you want," she says. "That's why IPAs have a much shorter shelf life than ales or lagers; those things actually get better in a can or keg over time."

"If you're adding late addition fruit or hops," Friedland says, "or wild bacteria, which is technically alive in the can, pasteurizing would in theory kill and stop any activity at all. It could definitely prolong the shelf life, but there are lots of different variables. I'm not making any promises!"

Of course, just because the CBD seltzer isn't intoxicating, doesn't mean it isn't for mixing with other booze. Ahadian says "it's ready to be mixed," and they're teaming with places like Vena's Fizz House in Portland's Old Port for cool concoctions with their custom made cocktail bitters. Plus, they're looking into keg options so that bars can have it on tap as a house seltzer.

Something like a vodka and CBD seltzer on the rocks sound good?

"We recognize that there are medical benefits," Ahadian says, "but that's really beside the point for Shimmerwood (and they're for sure not making any health claims, mister regulator). We're very much focused on the mixology, the mocktails, the cocktails. It's very different from other CBD beverages."

Just in time for summer, too. On the beach, by the lake, on a dock, a CBD seltzer on the rocks in the afternoon sounds just fine. And on this glorious late-spring day in Ellsworth, you can just about taste it already.

**bw** WORDS / **SAM PFEIFLE**  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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# A TOUCH OF CBD

Exploring the benefits of cannabis-flavored massage

WORDS / CYNDLE PLAISTED RIALS

Not too long ago, I had a three-day headache. I've never known where the line is between "headache" and "migraine," but it varied in intensity over those 72 hours from mild to relentless throbbing pressure squeezing the entire right side of my head. Despite the fact I've borne two children, play roller derby, and come from hearty Scandinavian stock, this headache had me in tears. Extra strength pain killers didn't touch it. The ache radiated from my neck and shoulders, courtesy of increasingly bad posture and hours spent in front of a computer and scrolling on a phone every day; a pain so ubiquitous there's actually a name for this malady: text neck.

Yoga is my usual go-to for unkinking my various kinks, but I felt like I needed the big guns in this instance — a good reset. Plus downward dog was basically cruel and unusual punishment with this level of headache. So I started looking for a massage appointment. As I checked the various local options, I noticed an intriguing addition available from a few practitioners: I could add CBD oil to my massage for a small fee, usually between \$10 and \$20 on top of the base massage cost.

The rumored benefits of topical CBD are probably not unfamiliar to most of us, but I wondered: Does it really do anything different from any other oil I've had rubbed into my tense muscles?

I reached out to my friends to ask if anyone had ever had a massage with CBD oil themselves. One friend had — she said she had to sign an additional waiver "with all kinds of information on it."

I'm pretty sure I've never had to sign any kind of waiver to have some lavender or citrus essential oil applied during a massage. So I dug deeper and found there are all kinds of regulations on the professional use of topical CBD. It's outright illegal for a massage therapist to incorporate it into treatment in any state where marijuana use is illegal. And here I thought the only kind of illegal massage was the kind Robert Kraft enjoyed in Florida!

But why all the regulations? While most CBD topicals are hemp-derived and don't contain THC at all, there are some full-spectrum CBD products that do contain THC. It's not enough to raise blood levels for a high like what would be experienced through ingesting it; while the official word is that THC needs to be activated (in a way that's not possible through the skin) to provide any psychoactive effects, some people do report a "relaxation high." Even though that's probably just the mellowing power of the CBD talking, any connection to pot still scares the bejeezus out of fuddy-duddy lawmakers, so they aren't taking any chances with any derivative of the Devil's lettuce, at least in states where marijuana is still strictly medical or fully illegal.

But I live in Maine, and I'm the kind of weirdo who likes ASMR — for me, someone on YouTube whispering and crinkling bubble wrap in my ear is a one-way ticket to tingle town. I've had some intense visions via the power of my third eye while blissed out during Reiki/energy healing. So needless to say, I'm down for opening myself up to a deep and unusual meditative/relaxation experience via some bodywork with the addition of CBD.

I weighed the few options I had found where I could get some cannabinoids rubbed into my skin: A very traditional-seeming spa experience was one option, and a crystal-selling yoga studio that also offered tarot readings was the other. I picked the latter. For me, woo-woo always wins.

When I called Arcana in Portland to schedule my massage (you can book online too), I found out a little more about why it was so tough to find massage therapists that offered CBD oil or salve. Amy, the employee who booked my massage, told me that initially the acceptable terminology had gone back and forth between "hemp" and "CBD," but that some credit card processing companies began withholding funds if there was even a whiff of cannabis around the provided service, no matter what phrasing was used. That could explain why mention of any cannabis-derived product being available along with massage services was so hard to come by, even in Maine where it's totally legal. With the implementation of regulations around cannabis and its derivatives being a bit of a confusing gray area over the last couple years, some massage therapists have likely decided it's better to be safe than sorry, so they've avoided CBD altogether, at least professionally.

Curious about what I was getting into with a topical CBD application, I reached out to Valerie Fedorchak who, along with her partner, runs two weed-related businesses: Seacoast Delivery, a licensed medical-marijuana delivery service, and Seacoast Topicals, a skincare brand that harnesses the healing power of hemp. Fedorchak, a Massachusetts transplant, made the permanent move to York eight-ish years ago, pretty close to the same time she started making skincare products. She just started adding CBD and THC to her products in the last year or so.

"I think CBD is universally beneficial for everybody," she said. While she's not a licensed medical professional, "just from other people I've worked with with topical products, my own personal experience, CBD is known to have an anti-inflammatory effect, which is just so beneficial for so many things."

She mentioned some prolonged and miserable jaw pain she'd been experiencing, and said her use of her own products "really made a big impact, combined with, you know, doctor prescribed care. I think they work in harmony. Then when you combine it with other things, like lavender — I use a lot of lavender, which is also known to have anti-inflammatory properties as well as aromatherapy ... It's a no-brainer to me. The more positive benefits you can bring into your routine the better."

## The Massage Experience

I was eager to experience those benefits myself when I rolled up for my massage at Arcana on an unseasonably cool and blustery Thursday. The shop itself was warm and inviting, with shelves holding bowls of crystals, books and tarot decks by

local authors, and an array of CBD products, both topical and ingestible, among other mystical enticements.

Hayley Costell, equal parts friendly and thoroughly professional, has been a massage therapist since 2017 and a dancer for much longer; flamenco and belly dance are her chief styles these days. She greeted me and ushered me back to the high-ceilinged and tranquil treatment room, where she left me with a clipboard to fill out with such details as when I had my last massage, particular areas of pain, whether I liked gentle or firm pressure — all pretty standard for a massage appointment so far, and nothing like the crazy waiver my friend mentioned having to complete before her CBD oil massage.

Over the hypnotic sounds of some spare electronic chords playing quietly from the corner, Costell gave me some insight into the world of CBD massage, which the shop has offered for a handful of years now, seemingly on the cutting edge for the professional use of CBD in body services, at least in these parts.

Because of how few options I was able to find when I searched for a CBD massage, I wondered how high the CBD demand has been. Costell pumped some oil into her hands and kneaded her fingers into my far-too-taut traps; clearly she's an expert multitasker. "In my experience thus far," she said, "most of the people who are the most curious about trying CBD massage have already been using CBD in some form on their own. Not too many people who aren't familiar with CBD and the uses of it are just jumping into a CBD massage."

While there's still some resistance from those unfamiliar with the products and their benefits, with that hesitancy usually centered around CBD's connection to weed in general (not likely an impediment to anyone holding this magazine), the massage therapists at Arcana have been able to introduce some folks to the benefits. "If we have somebody coming in with something really acute," Costell said, "one of our first suggestions will be, 'Hey, do you wanna try a CBD (massage)?' We as practitioners are all really familiar with using CBD for ourselves, so we can advocate pretty well for the fact that it does work. And I think that also helps, especially with somebody who's not familiar with it, for their comfort level, to know that the person who's offering is comfortable enough to use it themselves."

As she turned my head to one side and rubbed her thumbs in deep, precise circles down my neck, she elaborated further: "Once you're in a certain level of discomfort, you're willing to try anything. And I would say that this is one of the lowest risk alternatives to say, going to a doctor's office and getting a painkiller. This is a very good first step for people to try."

I could understand that, with my headache from hell, which I realized was nothing but a dull little twinge now. I can only imagine the lengths to which I'd go for relief if I was dealing



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with that level of pain on a daily basis. Costell applied more oil to her hands as she turned my head to the other side and repeated those delicious neck circles, then pulled gently on my head, pressing her fingertips into the base of my skull. Warmth spread through my neck and shoulders, no doubt the beginnings of the CBD oil's effects — those muscles began to feel like pulled taffy, which may not sound relaxing, but believe me, it was.

There are even benefits for the practitioner, according to Costell. "Using CBD oil with clients, I find that my joints tend to feel pretty good," she said, "where under normal circumstances I would be quite sore." A ringing endorsement from someone who uses her hands and arms repetitively for hours a day.

As she continued to massage the oil into my arms, legs, and back, it was increasingly difficult to focus on conversation — I abandoned my fact-finding mission and drifted away on a toasty cloud of CBD relaxation that penetrated deep into my muscles. Talking only goes so far; sometimes you need to just feel something to understand it.

So you should, whether you stop by Arcana or simply request CBD oil from your usual practitioner, and whether you have some major muscle pain to vanquish or you just want an extra decadent boost of relaxation. As I walked out into the brisk afternoon, my loosened neck and shoulders still radiated warmth, and I checked my schedule for when I could get on Hayley's table again, with the addition of CBD oil, of course.

**WORDS / CYNDLE PLAISTED RIALS**  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER



NO TOUCHING

If you're someone who's totally freaked out by the very idea of being rubbed down by a stranger, no matter how professional, in a dimly lit room, you can still get the benefits of topical CBD.

Seacoast Topicals has you covered with some of their most popular products, available on their website ([www.seacoasttopicals.com](http://www.seacoasttopicals.com)), their store on Weedmaps, and in person at The Farm Stand (Saco) and House of Hash (South Portland). Even if you're uber careful about what you put on your skin, you can feel good about using their products, because owner Valerie Fedorchak can totally relate: "I've always been a bit of a compulsive label-reader. I like to know what's going onto my body. Your skin is your largest organ and I think we should be good to our bodies and our skin."

Next time your bod could use a little extra TLC, reach for some CBD with these best-selling beneficial products (med card required for any products featuring THC).

**Recovery CBD/THC Salve:** With 150mg of both CBD and THC, this ultra-potent salve will do your body so good. Rub some on the next time you have a sore muscle and bask in the relief.

**Hydrating CBD/THC Lip Balm:** This full-spectrum balm features 100mg of THC and 50mg of CBD to heal your chapped lips after a raw Maine winter and get them summer ready.

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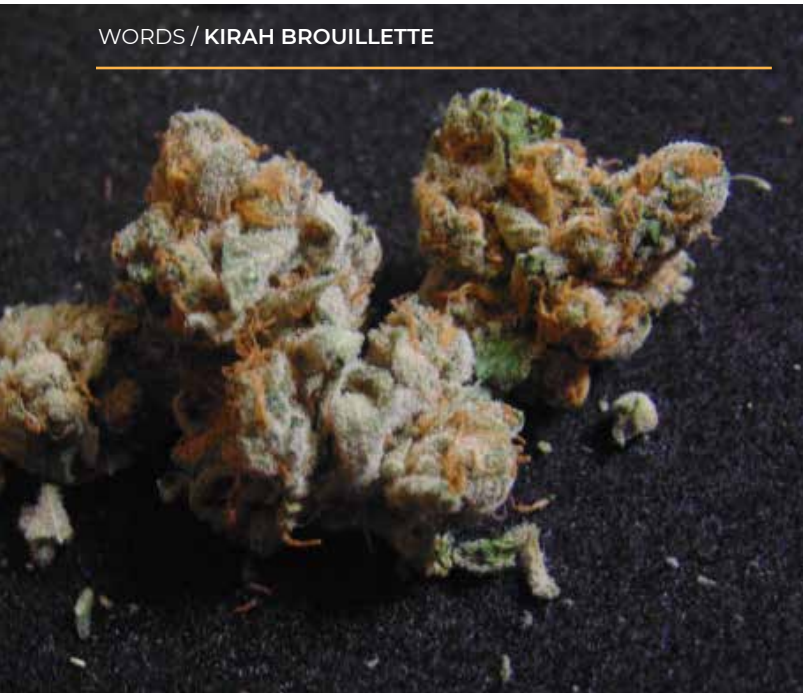
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# GROWER, HEAL THYSELF

Farley’s metaphysical dilemma in moving to rec sales

WORDS / KIRAH BROUILLETTE



“ADDICTS CAN HEAL,” SAYS SAYRA SMALL, CO-OWNER AND FACE OF FARLEY’S CANNABIS FARM IN WOOLWICH. SHE BUZZES AROUND THE KITCHEN OF HER ADORABLE LITTLE MODULAR HOME, ATOP A GENTLE HILL AMONG MANY ACRES OF ROLLING FARMLAND. SHE’S ACROSS THE STREET FROM HER PARENTS’ HUGE, UPDATED FARMHOUSE AND BIG RED GROW-BARN, WORK DONE BY SMALL’S PARTNER AND STEPDAD FRED KING, WHO BEGAN HIS LIFE AS A CRAFTSMAN AND EARLY PRIVATE CANNABIS GROWER.

“They can heal themselves and others ... if they have the tools,” she says as she offers me the bowl of candy I’ve been eyeing. I grab a fun-sized Milky Way and unwrap it slowly, watching her move from the fridge for a mini can of Pepsi to the porch for half a Marlboro, back to the purple oil-slick vape she has on her counter for a quick puff — like a butterfly, her hair under-shaved on one side and long on the other, flitting from place to place in an endless cycle of stops. Occasionally, she alights on the wide wooden dining table where I sit, and lets me toss another question her way. Each answer she hits back alters my perception of what it means to be a mother, a recovering addict, and a cannabis-business owner. I can feel her rearranging my grey matter one coil at a time as we chat.

She says things like:

“Cannabis can get people off opiates, but in [some recovery circles] that means you’re not sober, which is bullshit, in my opinion. They’ll accept a doctor putting you on benzos for anxiety cuz it’s a prescription, but not a plant that treats it the same way but without the [physical] addiction? Fuck that.”

Or:

“Some [local] medical canna businesses going rec are just out for the money ... like Wal-Mart for weed. But others of us are trying to figure out a way to make money but stay in the business of healing.”

It’s no easy task, with the change in law limiting rec purchases to those aged 21 and over, and disallowing the service of medical patients and rec users in the same storefront, “which totally kills access for children — a huge issue for us in the decision whether to go recreational or not,” Small says, referencing the tough decision she and King faced earlier in the year when they pondered going recreational.

Kids are the exact sort of patients that inspired Small and her dad to open the first Farley’s storefront here in 2014, after they received their first cannabis refugee family from the south, “a little girl who had seizures so bad she could barely function,” Small says. “The first dose we gave her, you could see the relief wash over her face — and her parents’ — and we knew that we needed to expand this business from word-of-mouth patient care to a full-blown store, in order to help reach as many people as possible.” We’d been sitting for an hour before the interview began, sharing stories of addiction, love, motherhood, politics, and sexuality like best friends, despite only having just met. Small’s energy is that authentic, and enticing — her sassy mouth and sly smile among the reasons it’s so easy to click with her.

As she speaks, I rush to write her words down, give up quickly and record our talk instead, which returns to the many ways in which cannabis heals people, physically, emotionally and spiritually — something Small knows better than most.

Sometimes, The Universe steps in and radically alters our path, setting us instead on one that initially seems misaligned to our current circumstances. Often, it is these proverbial forks in the road that not only cause the biggest upsets, but through that disruption render our true purpose, our best selves — a reckoning of sorts that eradicates our past and ushers in who we are truly supposed to be.

For Small, that disruption came first in the form of a surprise pregnancy with her now nine-year-old son. It was a gift that, “made me wake up to the realization that I was dying [from drug addiction] and that if I didn’t get clean, and fucking FAST, I would not only lose the baby but my own life, too,” she says. “Took me too long to realize it, but I did.”

Along with the pregnancy came an offer from her parents to return home to Maine from Seattle, where she’d run to a handful of years previous, after her parents kicked her out in a “dose of the toughest love to save my life; they said they couldn’t watch me die in front of their eyes anymore,” she says. In that city she fell into her deepest addiction hole ever,


going in and out of treatment programs, “many many times,” she says. So many that even her counselors had begun to lose hope that she could or would ever heal. But it was the opportunity to heal others that her parents offered her upon her return to Maine that was the catalyst for her sobriety and, ultimately, the basis of Farley’s Cannabis Farm, a business that went from small batch, medical providership in 2012, shortly after Maine legalized medical cannabis, to the booming business it is today.

”


For Small, that disruption came first in the form of a surprise pregnancy with her now nine-year-old son.

Farley’s is a family business first and foremost, as exhibited by its name, the name of the family dog, a gorgeous golden retriever. But the ethos extends to the way they conduct business on the daily. They’re known along the midcoast for their

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Employee hiring is something Small takes seriously. She is always looking for folks who are, “unique, open minded, kind, and who have a healing energy, a maternal energy if that makes sense? Even if they’re men,” she says. “I want people who not only love to smoke and appreciate cannabis culture, but who also understand that our bodies are wired to be healed by this plant through our endocannabinoid system, and can speak mindfully on it,” Small says. She is hugely supportive of the LGBTQA community as well and considers her business an open and affirming space for every race and gender identity — a fact she’s proud of.

Ultimately, though, it’s the products, especially the flower itself — grown almost entirely on the farm by Small and King — that is Farley’s crowning glory. Personally, I’ve tried cannabis from many midcoast shops but Farley’s is unique in its combination of quality, availability, and options — featuring flowers specially grown to meet every need, from anxiety reduction to pain relief to plain-old “the kids are gone, I wanna puff down and eat Thai food on couch-lock status all weekend” vibes.

It’s these things that make Farley’s shift to recreational sales seem like a smart financial move. Small still isn’t sure when the full recreational doors will open — they’ve been closed to the public for walk-in services and only recently had their license approved for rec sales and need to expand aspects of the business like hiring new employees to move beyond their current pick-up only services, adding shop security, and expanding outsourced products — but Small is confident that business will continue to thrive.

“We all have to make money, right?” she says, staring thoughtfully out onto the hills beyond her back porch. “And we will. But we also need to keep our core goal of healing. It keeps me up at night, the fact that we could lose medical patients in this process.”

When I ask her how she plans to reconcile this push and pull between her business and her heart, she shoots me her slyest grin and says, “Oh we have a plan. A donation plan, specifically geared towards kids and those who can’t afford the medicine they need. ‘Cause I’ll never stop healing.”



WORDS / KIRAH BROUILLETTE  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER



**FARLEY'S  
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superb customer service and bomb-ass flower. I found them shortly after moving to Bath from Portland when I sought Rick Simpson Oil for my autoimmune disease and was blown away by the true care and the knowledge of each budtender I spoke with as they guided me through their in-house healing options. They feel like triage nurses trained in cannabis in all its forms, aware of diseases, their symptoms, and the types of cannabis best used to treat each issue. Most importantly, though, they’re friendly, and endlessly patient, every single time.

# REGULARS (BEFORE) II



The following excerpts are outtakes from **Tanya Whiton's** novel-in-progress, “Regulars.” Set in Portland, Maine in the early '90s, “Regulars” is about what happens after a troubled young woman, Lael Green, insinuates herself among the staff and patrons of a local dive, The Grove — and then disappears under suspicious circumstances.

These “Outtakes” are about what happens before. This is the second installment in “Beer & Weed.”

**In the previous installment of Regulars/Outtakes, Zeke, owner of a local dive in financial straits, waits for his dealer — Eddie — to show up. A young drifter, Lael, tries to track her mother down. And Mike, who’d come back East intending to start a business, falls into his old boozy routine.**

**ZEKE**

On Monday, Zeke tallied the weekend’s receipts. He’d had to pay two of his cooks to keep them from walking. Plus the rep from Eastern, a beer-hauling muscle man turned corporate stooge, had appeared at the end of the night like a genie to collect. No bump for him. Zeke surveyed the kitchen: a half a sack of potatoes, some wilted salad greens, chicken that smelled like a fart. A spanakopita he could run on special, with French fries, and what else? They wouldn’t get through the first hour. He rolled his tongue between his teeth and his cheek, bit down, tasted blood. His nerves were singing. He wanted to smash something.

He was going to have to ask his parents for money.

That fucking malaka Eddie was pushing him into a raw, bright space. Each day of delay made his soul shrink. He was a family man who enjoyed a good time. Not a dealer. All the weighing and measuring, the coded talk — he wasn’t good at it.

Zeke jogged back to the third floor to grab his keys and a windbreaker. He swept a sheaf of unpaid bills into the trash. It had been over a year since he’d had to go begging for a loan. A beautiful year. He needed a reason. A good reason. A new one.

Then it came to him: Sherrie. He’d tasked her with managing the books, and look what she’d done? She’d scrambled the accounts so disastrously there wasn’t even enough to buy ground beef.

On the 20-minute drive to his folk’s house, he thought about just how to put things. He would use “we,” not “I.” It was important not to place himself anywhere near the center of this latest crisis.

In Bampa and Mama’s living room — white carpet, brass table, framed posters of Mykonos and Santorini — Zeke made small talk. He told them what the kids were up to. The boys were tearing up the ball field, just like their old man. Marika was going to be in a play. The littlest one, Laney, was climbing up the furniture. Kathie, his third wife, was painting the kitchen a caramel color. Poopy-looking, he didn’t like it, but what did he know about interior design? He even asked after the health of an aging aunt.

BP — so called by the boys, and it had stuck — fixed Zeke with knowing, cynical eyes.



FICTION

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Zeke inhaled, rested his hands on his knees, and leaned in. “We have a small problem,” he began.

BP made a clicking sound with his tongue.

“You know how we had Sherrie handling the books...”

“Sherrie?” his father said.

“The pretty redhead, with the daughter,” Mama said. “As if you don’t know who.”

BP gave a mild shrug.

“She’s been taking accounting classes.”

“You gave a pretty waitress the checkbook?” his mother said.

“That’s not...”

BP shook his head. “Unbelievable. Forty-two years old, thinking he is a young playboy.”

Without warning, his mother began to weep, mascara sliding down her round cheeks.

“Mama,” Zeke said. “Don’t cry. We can fix it. I already told Sherrie I’ll have to let her go.”

He glanced over his mother’s shoulder at BP, keeping his expression sober, in spite of a welling feeling of victory. The old gamoto had accidentally touched too close to a far more painful subject.

“Doris, please don’t cry,” BP said, placing one large, ringed hand on his wife’s broad back and then rising to his feet. “He will do better.”

Zeke kissed his mother and stood, and the two men walked toward the door. Outside in the driveway, BP reached for his wallet, and extracted a sheaf of hundred dollar bills. “We did not give you The Grove so you could make a clubhouse. If it were up to me...”

“Dad, the bands bring in customers.”

“This will cover Sysco and the butcher. Beer and liquor, you’re on your own.”

Zeke tried for an expression of gratitude and landed at a grimace. It was just enough to keep him treading water. Not a moment of relief. He hadn’t told them about the party, either. They would expect him to cancel it. But there would be at least 50 people, all wanting a good time. And surely Eddie would show his face before then.

Afternoon light bounced between the picture windows facing the street and the sparkling exterior of BP’s navy blue sedan, creating a

cacophony of reflections, jagged and blinding.

“Ezekiel?” BP said.

Zeke came back to the moment.

BP raised an eyebrow. “You might want to think twice about firing a woman who knows your accounts.”

**LAEL**

It was clear — speeding up Interstate 95, dark woods looming on either side of the highway — that riding with Eddie was a mistake. He was coked out of his mind. He kept yammering on about his buddy Zeke and some bar called The Grove. Lael was gonna love it. All the artistic types hung out there — poets, musicians, painters. Lael and her guitar would fit right in.

It was a pain in the ass, carrying the guitar — always banging her in the knees. But it worked, like a big, ungainly key. She didn’t have to play it, although she knew a few basic chords. She was only required to smile and shake her head, keeper of an imaginary narrative that was, oh, too complicated to get into just then.

Maybe later.

The real story? There’d been work in Gloucester, cutting fish. Lonely and stone bored, she’d stood 10 hours a day in a frigid, concrete room, wearing a plastic bonnet and poncho, cutting cod, had-dock, and tuna into steaks and fillets. The smell of saltwater and fish blood, damp concrete and guts permeated everything. Every few weeks, Eddie dropped off a load of swordfish. Then he’d clown around, flirting, until one of the older ladies told him to beat it.

It hadn’t been hard to pry her loose.

Now, the whole history of East Coast seafaring was spilling out of Eddie’s mouth, Gloucester, of course, being the noblest port of all.

“You’ll like Portland, though,” he assured her, before launching into a digression about the lawless ’70s in the city’s Old Port. The delights of a sailor in a town full of willing whores, with ale flowing from every tap!

Eddie glanced at her, pinched his leaking nose, and apologized. He’d never partaken of such pleasures, himself. Well, maybe the ale.

“Whatever,” Lael said. Like she cared. His face was a powdered donut. He’d showed her the fish flats in the trunk, sword steaks on ice hiding his triple-wrapped stash. She’d done a little to keep him company and now her teeth were chattering.

She saw Eddie’s shoulders tense. A sensitive guy, with a temper to match. Even if it was all words, it left a wrack line.

FICTION

Shit, Lael thought. Shit, shit, shit.

She smiled at him. “Tell me more about Zeke.”

Ah, the glory days. Zeke, the All Star player. Eddie, sternman and purveyor. They went wa-aaaaaaay back. Snort.

Lael strained to see past the perimeter of trees, looking for the lights of a town.

Finally, signs for Portland. Eddie hurtled off an exit, rocketing her across the bench seat and onto his lap. She looked into the back seat at her pack and the guitar — getting the pack would complicate things. The guitar, she could leave behind. They drove up a one-way street, down another. The city looked old. Historical — like all these wooden-teeth towns. The saltwater smell reminded her of the cutting room.

She was suddenly exhausted. Empty from traveling, weary from tolerating the company of anyone who would take her in.

Eddie bounced into a parking lot next to a brick building where a group of people were gathered on a rickety back deck, strings of lights swaying in the breeze. Shouts of laughter, the sound of a shuffling country song. A party. Something she’d seen so many times before, as if through a window — a group of friends enjoying each other.

Eddie climbed out, hollering a greeting, and the music came to a stop.

A large man jogged toward them, caught Eddie by the shoulders, and shook him violently. Not exactly the welcome he’d described. Lael slid out the passenger side door and hurried to grab her backpack, which distracted the big man. Eddie slipped free.

“Where are you going?”

Crap.

“Who’s this? You got some girl mixed up in this?” the man shouted.


As Eddie approached her, Lael cringed. He made a puzzled face, a dog thwacked on the nose with a rolled up newspaper. He tried to put an arm around her. Lael shrank back against the car.

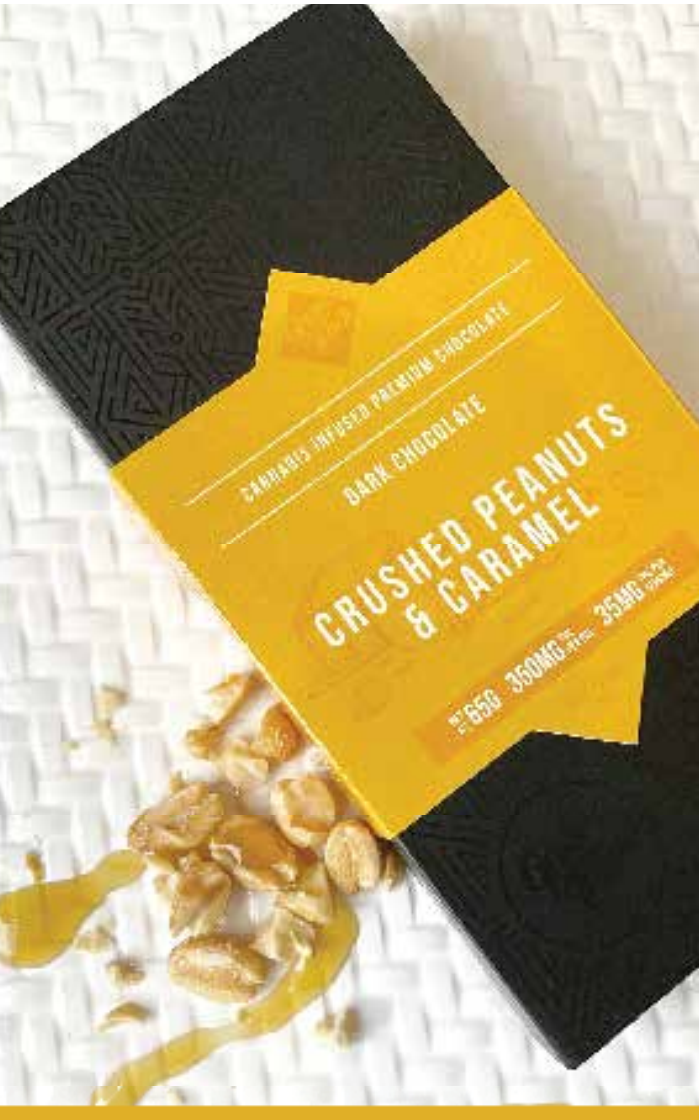
“This is my girlfriend,” Eddie said.

“I am not your girlfriend,” Lael told him.

A woman with reddish hair and cowboy boots was sprinting across the parking lot, yelling: “Get your hands off her!”

Lael shot Eddie a small, satisfied smile. Wherever she ended up, it wouldn’t be with him.

 WORDS/ **TANYA WHITON**  
ILLOS/ **MIKE GORMAN**



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# GROWING OUTRAGEOUS WEED OUTDOORS

WORDS/ **DIRT DIVA**

## Step 4: Pruning

Before we groove on into June, I need to confess something: I killed my seedlings.

I assumed I had dead beans and/or the li'l' sprouts were not warm enough. I had no idea that I had a mouse in the house. Yup, this mouse was definitely a buzzkill. So I went to my dwindling seed stash and sowed three more beans, knowing there is time to recover.

Wishing my beans supersonic growth with the help of a makeshift cold frame, and still feeling a bit defeated, I wanted a back-up plan. Luckily BeanStock was in town this weekend (NECANN runs a number of events for the cannabis industry). I went and bought a clone from NakedFarmer, a cultivator here in Maine, just in case the recently sown beans are jeopardized.

Seedlings are my preference, though, because clones lose potency over time, being a cut from the mother plant, and yield less, as the buds are not as big or as dense as seed-grown plants. Clones do not have a tap root like seedlings do, which makes it difficult to handle the weight of the flowers, and the roots can be compromised due to possible insect infestation or fungus, not knowing the exactitude of the source, which may threaten the health of your garden.

However, the most stable gardens expect the unexpected and give attention to possible disruption, so as to create a quick solution. Going forward and keeping the faith that my beans will pop and that they will defy the laws of scheduling, I carry on.

At BeanStock, I talked with primarily indoor growers from Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont. In the wake of human ideals, I recognized that each grower had different principles on how to attain the highest yield and quality. Preference and practice seemed to come down to ethics, environment, and the variables of strains and genetics.

There is dualism in the decision making, to prune or not to prune. The utilitarian may view pruning as a way to dominate production



and maximize expected yield to compensate for lack of space. Deciding not to prune, aka natural outdoor growing, has a less intrusive and controlling perspective, as a result of natural resources.

Keep it simple. Balance, practice, and gratitude develop bountiful flowers, no matter how you look at it!

Pruning techniques are best performed during the 3rd-to-5th week of the vegetative stage, when you have five nodes on your weed plant. This period insures that your plants are strong enough to withstand the procedure and to recover as quickly as possible. Water and apply compost/Pro-Gro sun tea directly after, to help aid in the shock and stunting the plant will endure, possibly for one-to-two weeks.

There are a few pruning techniques out there, often referred to with a numeral code, for example 2-4-3, indicating how many leaves on young plants are allowed to grow before the growing tip is pinched or cut off.

Prune your plant the first time right after the first two leaves have formed. Pruning encourages the growth of the side branches at the base of the leaves. The buds are formed on the side branches.

The side branches are subsequently pruned after four leaves have sprouted. Then those branches are pruned after three leaves have sprouted. There you go, 2-4-3.

Some strains and genetics have other codes like 2-4-6 or 2-6-0, with the 0 indicating that no pruning is to be done at that site.

However, these cannabis pruning techniques are technically old school. New cannabis varieties are available that may not need pruning. In fact, pruning could seriously reduce the yields of the new cultivators. Research your strains.

Autoflowers should not be pruned. They have a much shorter vegetation stage (the growth of fan leaves aka the solar panels and lungs of cannabis plants), and move into the flowering phase much faster; pruning would be dreadful to the life of the plant.

Consider, if you like, these pruning techniques to explore in your backyard garden:

**Topping:** Snipping the top leading tender bloom off. This is to encourage side branching and promote two lead colas. Topping is predominately used by indoor growers because of space issues that cut down on their yields.

**Scrogging:** Placing a netting above your weed plant so branches (at about 4") that have grown above the net are tied down and grow sideways instead of vertically, which can be a great way to 'hide" them.

**Fimming:** Discovered by a botched topping attempt, where two top tips were snipped, thus encouraging four leading colas.

**Supercropping:** Bending a branch at week 3-to-4 of vegetative growth, choose the flexible upper regions of shoots that aren't stiff. Hold the branch not the main stem. With your thumb and forefinger squeeze and gently bend/wiggle the shoot. It will have a wilted, limp feel. Gently bend down at a 90-degree angle. When you are bending branches to damage their inner tissue, be careful not to break them. This stresses out your plant and releases a hormone that increases the THC content. This too may be a method to "hide" your weed in your backyard garden.

Whatever technique you use for your curiosity and practice, be sure that you wash your hands if you handle tobacco and use sharp clean clippers. And no matter how tempting it may be to remove a leaf, be sure to not strip the stem or branch. Infection is not a good thing; it is an easy thing to get and hard to get rid of.

Encourage optimal growth by applying Pro-Gro 5-3-4 compost sun tea during the vegetative growth until somewhere around the 4th of July. Administer it twice a week during early morning watering, which allows sunshine throughout the day to protect from mold or fungus to the root system.

Periodically check the back of the leaves for any sign of pests and send out happy, healthy growing vibes. Next month, we prep for flowering.



WORDS/ **DIRT DIVA**  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER





# KNOW WHERE TO THROW

Disc Golf tips from Jessica Beckett,  
top-ranked female disc golfer in Maine

WORDS/ SAM PFEIFLE

PHOTOS/ MATT ROBBINS PHOTOGRAPHY

**W**andering Acker's Acres, one of Maine's older disc golf locations, nestled in the backwoods of Bowdoinham, it's easy to understand the sport's allure. The two 18-hole courses jump over a pond teeming with turtles and bullfrogs, through pine-carpeted tree stands, and down paths that seem to lead anywhere and everywhere.

It's all of the pleasures that Maine has to offer, without quite as much clear-cutting and watering required for "ball" golf.

And no one seems to enjoy it more than Jessica Beckett, Maine's top-ranked female touring professional and the caretaker at Acker's, doing everything from running the clubhouse to mowing the lawn. "I really don't like to be inside," she says of why she's made disc golf her profession. "A lot of the courses are dog-friendly, so it's a good dog walk. And the people are nice." Plus, she grew up in the woods north of Farmington, and her father was a Maine Guide, so there was little chance she'd grow into an office job.

Beckett played high school basketball and softball back in the '90s, but it wasn't until her travels took her to Montana that she picked up a disc and started throwing it at baskets. Then, about seven years ago, back in Maine, she decided to get serious about it.

"I was always into sports," she says, "and my competitive nature just kind of kicked in, like, 'oh, I'm kind of good at this.' It's definitely a personal sport. You can't blame anyone else but yourself."

Lately, she hasn't had anyone to blame at all. After taking top-20 finishes in the amateur worlds in North Carolina and Pennsylvania in 2017/2018, people started paying attention. Including Millennium Golf Discs, the only female-founded disc-golf company of any size and still more than 50%-owned by women, who asked her to join their squad.

"Honestly, that's all I had in my bag," Beckett says, "so it just kind of fit me pretty good. I didn't have to change much."

That, and her continually strong performances, upped her into the professional ranks of the Professional Disc Golf Association, where the prize money might not be the same as the "regular" professional golf tour, but where membership is growing rapidly. In 41 sanctioned events since 2017, Beckett has taken home 17 victories; here in 2021, she has one first-place finish and two seconds. Not bad.

And that first place was among her better wins, she says, taking out a field of 18 pro-ranked women, winning by four shots over



two higher-rated players, and earning \$555 at the Discmania Presents Welcome to the Jungle VI event in Fitchburg, MA. She'll be traveling back down there shortly, she says, to provide commentary for the event video, produced to help sell the sport on YouTube and beyond.

Already, ESPN had the Pro Tour Championship on for the first time this past December, and there's buzz we'll be seeing more of the sport on a variety of media in the near future.

No wonder. Unlike many sports that are relatively inaccessible once you get past your teenage years without taking part, disc golf is something anyone can pick up and enjoy just about immediately, and lends itself to amateurs discovering they love the sport and want to try to work their way up the ranks. Most tournaments are open to just about everyone, and divisions are broken out by age groups, abilities, and gender to give everyone a shot at tasting those sweet victories.

That's probably why the pandemic has seen disc golf really explode: With folks looking for outdoor activities, disc golf is a cheap way to get some exercise in a low-stress environment. Maybe even blow off some steam by chucking a disc as far as you can.

## TOURNAMENT PLAY

Want to check out how the pros play? There are a few good, competitive tournaments coming up in Maine that are worth watching:

**June 27:**  
**Acker's Acres Summer Showdown**  
at Acker's Acres, in Bowdoinham, ME

**July 9-11:**  
**Vacationland Open**  
at Stevens Mountain View, in Turner, ME,  
and Devil's Grove in Lewiston, ME

**August 20-22:**  
**Maine State Championships**  
Pineland Farms, in New Gloucester, ME,  
and Bittersweet Ridge, in North Yarmouth, ME

"Last summer was cool," Beckett says. "We had a lot of families, more moms and kids last summer than I've ever seen. The moms might throw a little, the kids might throw a little, and now the weekends here are very busy. They're creating more parking because it's been so busy."

And if you want to try your hand at competition, Acker's (and most venues; call ahead) runs a tag league where you get paired up against a random competitor on Wednesdays, and a doubles competition, where you get paired up with a random friend, on Fridays. Just show up.

If you want to bring a little beer and weed, that's more than fine, too. As long as you practice basic etiquette — it's a family-friendly environment at most courses — you'll find most other players on the course will join you for a pop and a puff.

Beckett says she's partial to dabbing (that's how she started her day when we met up for a photo shoot), but doesn't mind a good flower and isn't overly picky. On the beer side of things, "I like a good IPA," she says, with a Geary's often handy. She's even dabbled in growing, though calls it, "nothing special."

Humility is part of Beckett's brand, though, so her outdoor is probably straight fire.

"My best professional advice," Beckett says for those looking to get a start, "is to just let the bad shots go. Keep a smile on your face and just play your game. Anyone can play." How good you eventually get? Like most things, she says, "It's how much you want to practice and how far you want to take it."

For Beckett, that's pretty far, indeed.



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# WHERE TO PLAY, WITH A POP AND A PUFF

WE ASKED JESSICA BECKETT FOR HER FAVORITE EIGHT DISC GOLF COURSES IN MAINE, THEN WE PAIRED THEM UP WITH A LOCAL BREWERY AND A LOCAL DISPENSARY, SO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET SUPPLIES BEFOREHAND. GET OUT THERE THIS SUMMER AND ENJOY ALL THAT MAINE HAS TO OFFER.

## ▲ Acker's Acres, 180 Dingley Rd., Bowdoinham

They don't have a website, but you can call 207-737-2656. Hey! It's Jessica's home course. She can't exactly pass it by. But she believes in the place, too, with its well-established courses that are both accessible for beginners and challenging enough for the pros. Plus, it's got a lot of shade, so it stays cool on hot days when the sun's out.

## ■ Highbrow (Medical)

49 Topsham Fair Mall Rd., Topsham  
207-FLO-WERS  
<https://www.highbrowmaine.com/>  
Highbrow's flagship operation, this is a suburban dream come true: Stop in at Hannaford, grab a sandwich at Panera, and hit your favorite weed shop, all without having to change parking places. Right now, everyone's clamoring for their THC beverages. The lemonade packs a punch.

## ● Sea Dog Brewing

1 Bowdoin Mill Island, Topsham  
207-449-1750  
<https://topsham.seadogbrewing.com/>  
Of all the Sea Dog locations, it's hard to find one prettier than this. The old mill building sits right on the water and it's the perfect spot for an outdoor breeze this summer. If you're looking to get adventurous, try the Hazelnut Porter with a hearty meal — it'll stick to the ribs.

## ▲ CR Farms, 702 Lewiston Rd., Gardiner

They don't have a website, but you can call 207-215-9508. Like a number of courses in Maine, CR features 21 holes — a full 18, plus a few in the middle to keep things interesting for those who like to mix and match their 18. Beckett loves the people who run the place, including Cathy McDevitt, who also competes at the professional level, and says the clubhouse is one of the better-stocked in Maine.

## ■ The Bud Bar

325 Water St., Gardiner  
207-588-7211  
<https://thebudbar.wm.store/>  
Right in Gardiner's quaint downtown, this is a great spot for exploring the town common, walking along the river, and maybe hitting a pub or two (we recommend the Blind Pig). They've always got a good flower selection, but on a recent visit we spotted a Cannagar Thai Stick. Watch out.

## ● Bateau Brewing

149 Water St., Gardiner  
207-203-0015  
Nah, they ain't got no website. They already had frequent live music and a great selection of taps right on the water. Now they've got a game room with pinball machines? Sign us up. The 220 is the flagship and it's a hell of an IPA, by all accounts.

## ▲ Devil's Grove, 455 Grove St., Lewiston

<https://devilsgrovediscgolf.com/>  
Beckett says she appreciates how much work Devil's has been putting into their courses. The original, "The Demon," has a ton of elevation changes and requires some technical throwing. Their new 18-holer, "The Devil," has three different tee-box locations on each hole, making it versatile enough to keep you coming back for new and different experiences.

## ● Gritty McDuff's

68 Main St., Auburn  
207-376-2739  
<https://grittys.com/>  
Everyone knows the Portland location, but the Auburn location is kind of sneaky low-key. The back deck, hanging out over the Androscoggin, is one of the best spots in Auburn in the summer, and you'll never be sad you ordered a bitter, one of the few you'll find in Maine.

## ■ The Healing Community MedCo (Medical)

40 Lisbon St., Lewiston  
866-42-MEDco  
<http://www.thcMEDCo.com>  
This is the "downtown" location and it's where things are happening in Lewiston, not far from Baxter Brewery and some great

▲ Course ■ Cannabis ● Brewery

dining spots like Mother India and Boba. It's a good opportunity to try a hard candy, do a little shopping, and work up an appetite for a killer meal.

## ▲ Pineland Farms, 15 Farmview Dr., New Gloucester

<https://pinelandfarms.org/recreation/summer/disc-golf/>  
Beckett says, sure, the courses are great here, but don't miss out on the food! The farm store is brilliant. Plus, this is a legitimate championship-style course layout, with a "big-boy, big-girl course" that can take three hours to hike and amazing atmosphere, from the cows by the course to the bicyclers and runners blazing past.

## ● Nu

437 Lewiston Rd., New Gloucester  
207-926-8284  
<https://www.nubrewery.com/>  
An isolated spot on a backroad known mostly for truckers using it to avoid tolls, Nu is something of an oasis, with a great sideyard that features solo sets from the likes of Toby McAllister and Andi Fawcett and a fried chicken food truck that always seems to be around. You might find a cornhole tournament, too.

## ■ Hi-Lo

435 Maine St., Poland  
207-515-2656  
<https://hilodispensary.com/>  
Gray-New Gloucester is a weed desert, without even a medical spot, so your best bet here is to hike up 26 and hit Hi-Lo, a perfectly nice single story building on the side of the road, just at the bottom of the hill from the gun shop, and one of the first rec joints in Maine. Mud season hit their driveway hard, but you don't have ruts in the driveway if you don't have customers. It's a family operation with particularly knowledgeable staff.

## ▲ DR Disc Golf, 28 Tupper Dr., Orrington

<https://drdiscgolf.net/>  
"The Bangor boys are a good crowd," says Beckett, and it's a good thing: With three full courses, you can spend the entire day here, just 10 miles from downtown Bangor, and not play the same hole twice. Considering unlimited golf is \$12, and disc rentals are just \$1, you can entertain yourself quite well on the cheap. And if you're just getting started, or with small children, the 9-hole family course is a great option.

## ■ Brothers Cannabis

469 Stillwater Ave., Bangor  
207-307-7009  
<https://www.broscannabis.com/>  
We're not sure what it is, but Brothers is doing something right in getting the local TV stations down to the shop. They were early on the THC beverages and seem to be really hitting the Bangor market well.

## ● Geaghan Bros Brewing

34 Abbot St., Brewer  
207-945-3730  
<https://www.geaghans.com/>  
The Slots are back, now that we're post-pandemic, so might as well hit Geaghan Bros while you're there. Nothing makes a night of losing money feel better like a fresh pint and well-cooked burger. Both are staples here.

## ▲ Bittersweet Ridge, 383 Gray Rd., North Yarmouth

They don't have a website, but you can call 207-346-1477. Owner Bill MacKinnon is a true supporter of the sport statewide, well-known for his well-run tournaments. Maybe better known is course cat, Bob. "He's an icon," says Beckett. This is a challenging course that's close to Portland so often fairly crowded. MacKinnon takes advantage with a big selection in the clubhouse, both of discs and snacks.

## ■ Elevate Maine (Medical)

50 Downeast Dr., Yarmouth  
207-242-8062  
<https://elevate-maine.com/>  
Since they're known for their strong delivery service, it wouldn't be TOO crazy to see if they'd cruise by the course and drop off some \$6 pre-rolls for the back nine. And maybe a lemonade to wash it down with. The opportunities seem pretty endless, with one of the bigger menus you'll find.

## ● Brickyard Hollow Brewing Company

236 Main St., Yarmouth  
207-847-0411  
<https://brickyardhollow.com/>  
This joint is doing something right, as they're rapidly expanding, with new locations in Freeport and Portland open by summertime. But this is the original spot, where you get a bit of local history, can swing by the library when you're done, and maybe in the winter even catch an ice-skate.





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▲ **Quaker Hill Disc Golf, 146 Middle Rd., Fairfield**

<http://www.quakerhilldiscgolf.com/>

Another course with 21 holes, Beckett recommends the variety of landscapes here, with woodlands opening up into wide open fields. The three “optional” holes, known as A, B, and C, offer variety and allow you to add length to your game as you learn to open up your throws and extend out your drives. They’re persistent, too, open 8 a.m. to sunset every day of the year.

● **Waterville Brewing Company**

10 Water St., Waterville

207-343-0404

[www.watervillebrewingcompany.com](http://www.watervillebrewingcompany.com)

How niche is this place? When you click on the “about us” page of their web site, there’s just one guy, Ryan Flaherty. A team of his own. But he’s put together an interesting selection of brews, from a 3% ABV sour to an oatmeal stout, which we’ll always be up to try. Find them open Thursday through Saturday.

■ **Maple Valley Pharms**

279 Main St., Waterville

207-859-3038

<https://maplevalleypharms.com/>

Order ahead and they’ll have your package waiting to take up to the course. It might be a good idea to try their house-made chocolate chip cookies for a little sugar rush if you’re playing a post-lunch weekend round, but they have a wide-range of partner-produced edible products, along with a big flower selection.

▲ **Burnsboro Disc Golf, Burns Rd., Vassalboro**

They don’t have a website, but you can call 207-458-5932

Family-owned and run by patriarch Rick Burns, Beckett says this course is unique due to the home-made baskets, which have a little more wiggle in them than your standard commercial fare. “Sometimes,” she says, “you throw it too hard and it bounces out and you get Burnsboro’d!” This is a great spot for those just starting out, as the holes also tend to be relatively short.

● **Cushnoc Brewing Company**

40 Front St., Augusta

207-710-1107

<https://www.cushnocbrewing.com/>

Make sure you hit the tap room here as you swing through on your way up to Vassalboro from Augusta. They’ve always got an interesting selection of house brews, and their labeling is particularly well done, themed and sharp. Their Purple Rain Belgian Tripel and Cooler if You Did Imperial IPA give you a flavor of their general cultural taste.

■ **The Green Alchemist**

260 China Rd., Winslow

207-616-3644

<https://www.thegreenalchemistco.com/>

These folks are a trip. They love their flower, produce some seriously high-quality buds, and have a distinctive aesthetic appeal, to boot. Maybe it makes sense they’re also one of the few women-owned shops in Maine? This is a place that cares about the details, for sure.



- 1 ACKER'S ACRES  
BOWDOINHAM
- 2 CR FARMS  
GARDINER
- 3 DEVIL'S GROVE  
LEWISTON
- 4 PINELAND FARMS  
NEW GLOUCESTER
- 5 DR DISC GOLF  
ORRINGTON
- 6 BITTERSWEET RIDGE  
NORTH YARMOUTH
- 7 QUAKER HILL DISC GOLF  
FAIRFIELD
- 8 BURNSBORO DISC GOLF  
VASSALBORO



# LAGER, SPICE, PASTA SO NICE

WORDS / BRIANA VOLK

I have always been a wine and cocktail drinker. Beer was never something I considered ordering unless I was getting a High Life alongside a shot of Jim Beam (ah, to be young again!). But after having my kids and growing up, I guess, I am enjoying beer more and more. I'll admit that living in the beer nirvana that is New England and having direct access to so many incredible breweries doesn't hurt when you want to start learning about and enjoying beer.

One of the delights of drinking more beer with meals has been to learn about how well beer goes with spicy food. This is a dish where pairing it with a lager (the more local the better, Oxbow's Northern Lager is excellent with this dish) just makes the experience sing. It is especially a treat when you're sharing this with friends who aren't as familiar with beer, or pairing beer with pasta, who will be both surprised and delighted to see you pulling out beers instead of the usual bottle of wine. It is perfect for warm summer nights when you can dine outdoors, with loved ones passing around the bowl it is served in.

This meal usually ends with a small cup of ice cream and a darker, moodier brew, but you're free to pick your poison. My plan is to make this pasta all summer long, finding greens that have some aroma when cooked in the sauce but still hold up well to be slightly sautéed.



# SPICY N'DUJA AND PEA GREENS PASTA

SERVES 4

## INGREDIENTS

- 1lb fresh pasta, spaghetti or fettuccini\*
- 2 tbs olive oil
- 3 cloves garlic, crushed or minced
- 6 oz spicy n'duja (if you can get it, I recommend the chubs from A Small Good located in Rockport, Maine) removed from its casing and smooshed into small chunks
- 12 oz fresh ricotta, divided into two approximately equal portions
- 1 large handful of spring pea greens or any fresh, light spring greens you can snag, divided
- Pasta water, reserved from cooking the pasta
- Salt & pepper
- Parmesan cheese for garnish

## DIRECTIONS

Pour 5 quarts of water into a large stock pot. Salt generously and bring to a rolling boil.

While the water is coming to a boil, in a large sauce pan, heat the olive oil over medium-high heat. Once the oil is starting to move in the pan add the garlic, drop the heat to medium, and stir for about 1-2 minutes. When the garlic becomes aromatic, add the n'duja and keep stirring for another 7-8 minutes. Let the n'duja get a little crispy.

Cook the fresh pasta for 90 seconds (or if you're buying, whatever the recommended cook time is). Drain the pasta and hold back one cup of the pasta water. Set aside the pasta and add half the pasta water to the garlic and n'duja. Let it cook down to your desired consistency, approximately 2 minutes.

Once at your desired consistency, add the pasta and toss to coat the pasta with the meat sauce. Add the first half of the ricotta and about two-thirds of the spring pea greens. Remove from heat and continue to toss while the flavors combine and the spring pea greens soften just a little. Taste and adjust seasoning with salt and pepper.

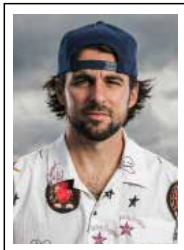
Put the pasta into a large serving bowl. Garnish with the remaining spring pea greens and ricotta and top with freshly grated Parmesan. Serve immediately.

*\*So fresh pasta. It is now very easy to find great fresh pasta at most stores or directly from restaurants who are also selling it. I make anywhere from one to three pounds of fresh pasta every week. It is so easy and the effort, I think, is absolutely worth it. You won't be mad you did.*

**Briana Volk is the author of "Northern Hospitality" and "The Wonder Woman Cookbook," and the owner of the Portland Hunt + Alpine Club.**



# THE DAY THE WORLD SLOWED DOWN



**MARCH 11, 2020. IT WAS MORNING. I HAD TAKEN MY KIDS TO SCHOOL AND CAME BACK HOME TO EAT SOME FOOD BEFORE I HEADED INTO THE STUDIO. AT THIS POINT, I HAD HEARD ABOUT THE CORONAVIRUS AND WUHAN, CHINA, BUT IT HADN'T BEEN A BIG DEAL YET IN THE U.S. I WASN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT IT, EVEN THOUGH MY ALWAYS-PREPARED-DAD MIKE PETERS HAD WARNED ME WEEKS EARLIER TO STOCK UP ON TOILET PAPER AND STUFF.**

As I prepared my daily elaborate breakfast sandwich, I saw a clip on Facebook of a scientist (maybe he was a doctor?) on the Joe Rogan podcast who basically predicted hundreds of thousands of people would die from Covid-19 in the United States alone. It sounded preventable. Hundreds of thousands of people dying was like the nightmarish, worst-case scenario.

Still, I ate my breakfast sandwich and texted my wife, who was at work: "Shit is gonna go down!"

As I sat with the dance moms at my kids' dance class that night, like a wizened town madman I warned them that the virus was no joke and they were probably going to close schools soon. I even warned the dance teacher that she should look into alternate dates for the recital while the girls switched shoes. I told them all they had to watch this clip of the Joe Rogan podcast scientist guy.

I imagine they were all happy to be rid of my fear mongering when dance ended.

Later that night, the NBA suspended their season. As a die-hard Celtics fan and follower of the NBA, this was the straw that broke the camel's back. I told my wife, "Shit is going down! They just suspended the NBA season! I'm going to Wal-Mart!"

Checking out only one register was open. There were probably 10 people in line. Nine of them had just a few items. One man, however, anxiously tapped his foot as he stood before two carts full of groceries — enough to feed an entire family of six for several weeks. One man panic-bought entire bulk boxes of Ramen Noodles, various styles of Cap Cod and Lays potato chips, canned soups, a stack of tuna cans, all the pastas, and many bottled waters. One man saw a clip from this scientist on Joe Rogan that morning.

That man was, of course, me.

I returned home and proudly unloaded my survival groceries onto the table. My wife was appalled at my food choices but nonetheless helped me move the excess rations to the basement. We set up an area in the corner that we still refer to as "Basement-ford" — a play on Hannaford. Our own personal grocery store. Returning upstairs, I checked my phone.

"Tom Hanks has it!"

Within days, the schools were closed. My then-upcoming three-week Canadian tour with rapper Chris Webby was cancelled. Every show was cancelled. All sports were suspended. And thus began the chilliest time of my life ever.

I realize the pandemic wrought pain and financial burden and suffering on many people. But for me, all the things I was stressing about got cancelled. All the kid birthday parties, dance classes, studio sessions, and concerts I had been planning my life around got cancelled. I was chilling! For the first time in my 11 years as a professional musician, the pressure was gone. Life slowed down.

My wife is a teacher and she spent her mornings teaching class (and teaching other teachers how to teach class) from a nook we set up near Basement-ford. I would help the kids with their remote learning while making less-elaborate breakfast sandwiches and doom scrolling through all the latest pandemic news. After that, the kids and I would go explore the wilderness behind our house. This was the best part.

We'd lived in this house for a decade but, amidst the hustle of my job, I'd never stopped to just go walk through our woods with the kids. We found icy waterfalls. We jumped on the ice and broke it. We found antlers and leg bones. My son and I collected them by the firepit. We went deeper into the woods each day and eventually found sand pits, trails, and mini-lakes.

Of course, within a few weeks, things sped back up. I was back doing podcasts over zoom, printing and shipping merch orders with my daughter, collaborating on an album over Dropbox with friends, and doing online concerts on Facebook, YouTube, and Twitch.

But those first few weeks of the world-altering death plague were pretty nice. As we rip back into fast-paced, schedule-packing American society, I kinda miss it.



WORDS / SPOSE  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER



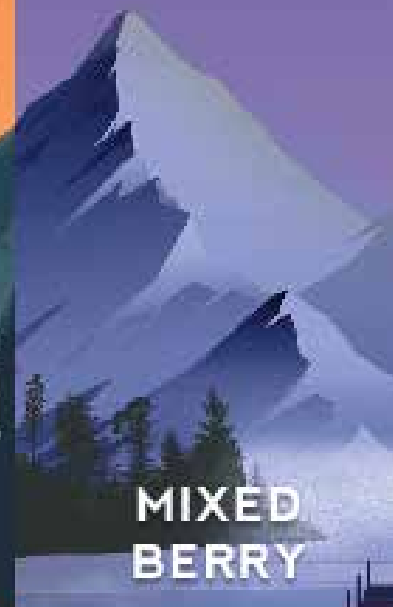
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# Highbrow

A CLASSY JOINT

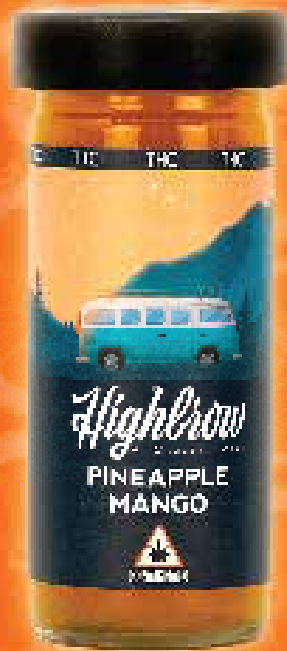
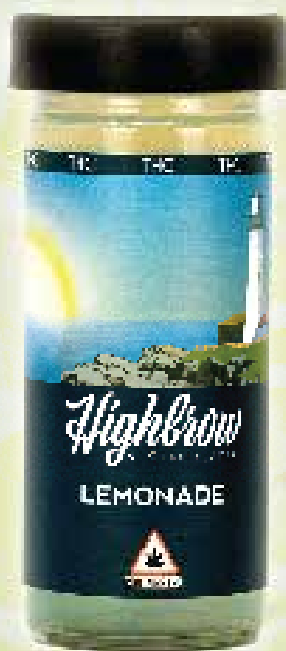
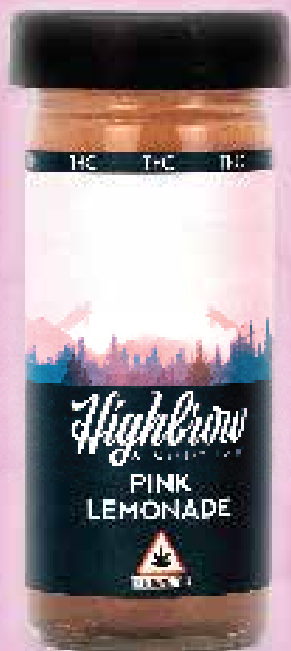


PINK  
LEMONADE

ORIGINAL  
LEMONADE

PINEAPPLE  
MANGO

MIXED  
BERRY



BANGOR  
ROCKLAND

PORTLAND  
AUBURN

NORTHPORT  
S. PORTLAND

WATERVILLE  
BATH



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