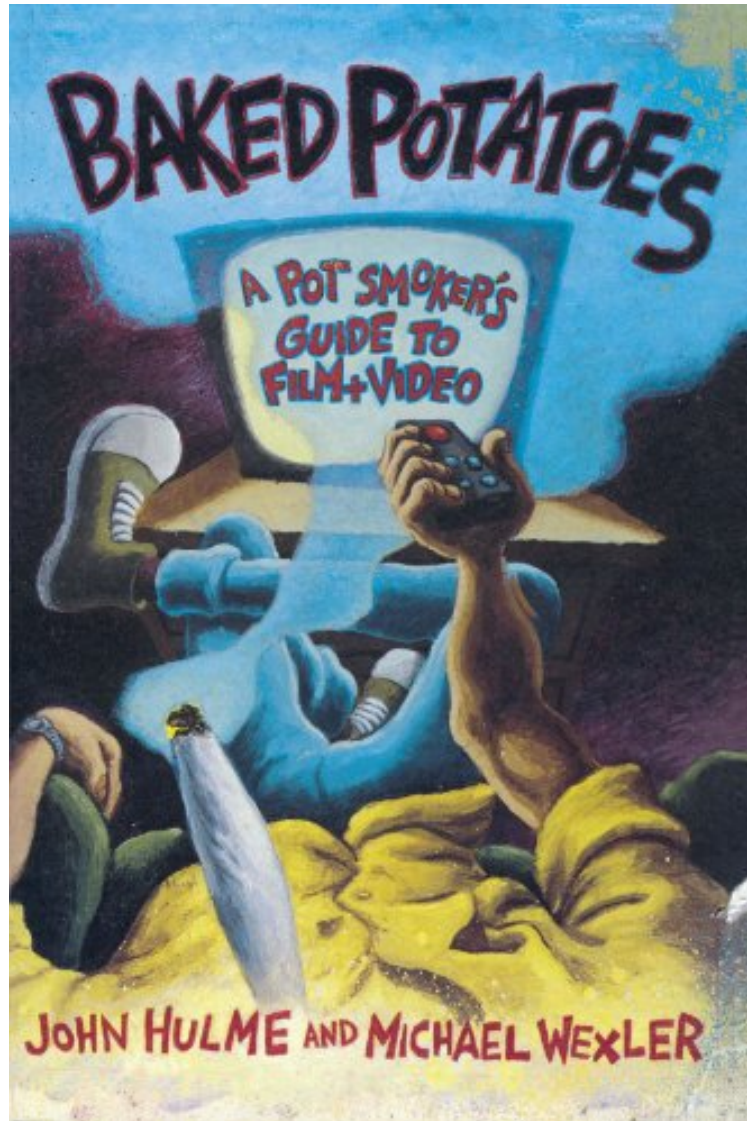


(Download ebook) Baked Potatoes: a Pot Smoker's Guide to Film and Video

Baked Potatoes: a Pot Smoker's Guide to Film and Video

John Hulme, Michael Wexler

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John Hulme, Michael Wexler : Baked Potatoes: a Pot Smoker's Guide to Film and Video before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Baked Potatoes: a Pot Smoker's Guide to Film and Video:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A must-buy book if you can cope with a single hideous flaw By Bart Everson Here's a book from Doubleday (1996) that addresses two topics close to my heart: THC and TV. Cinema and Sinsemilla. Vipers and Video. The title says it all: Baked Potatoes. Get it? No, it's not a cookbook, except in the most

twisted sense. This is a video guide for stoners. In fact, it's the only video guide for stoners. Sounds great, right? If you're like me, you're probably ready to buy it right now. But be advised: there is one serious problem with this book that deserve your careful consideration. Yes, a vast array of films are reviewed. Yes, there is a freaky graphical rating system that is almost like a work unto itself. There are also numerous appendices with useful information, like how to cope with really bad paranoia. And, yes, the writing is entertaining enough to make this a great sit-sh*t-and-read book, a virtual must for the bathroom libraries of the drugged and indolent. However, all these positive attributes are compromised by the single hideous, glaring flaw which I am about to disclose. Imagine the next time you walk into a video store at 2 a.m., just before closing time, with a copy of Baked Potatoes in your pocket and a wad of crumpled bills in your hand... You stalk the aisles, looking for an appropriate video to take home. It has to be the right one, something that will amuse and satisfy the circle of friends who are even now sitting on the floor of your home and readying the five-foot hookah for your return. But you're pressed for time. Suddenly nothing looks good. Then you see it: The Money Tree! Big pot leaf on the cover. Could be it, but are you sure? Better check Baked Potatoes. Now the hideous, glaring flaw becomes apparent: the publishers have failed to include an index of any sort!!! Now what are you supposed to do? Thumb through it like some kind of neanderthal? How utterly appalling. Obviously with a flaw of this magnitude, I can only recommend that you buy as many copies as possible and burn them in the streets as a protest. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. What a fun book! By Samurai Mafuni Great shape, book is clean, it came fast and in very nice order. Wish it had more up to date movie reviews but this isn't a book review, it's a sellers review. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. perfect quality By Michael Garcia Been trying to track this down since I had a copy at a video store I worked at in 96. Very worthy, and fun

From undeniable Classics to mind-grating Bad Seeds. From elusive Unsung Heroes to risky Risky Calls. Complete with an easy-to-use five-pot-leaf rating system, incisive self-indulgent babble, troubleshooting procedures for the Bad Seeds gone berserk, and much much more, Baked Potatoes arrives in a blaze of glory, rating and reviewing over 150 films and videos for the discerning high. Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, Blade Runner, Bambi, Repo Man, Superfly, Time Bandits, Highlander, 2001, Evil Dead II, Ganjasaurus Rex, Freaks, Cheech and Chong's Up in Smoke, The Maltese Falcon, Ronald Reagan's 1984 State of the Union Address, Gates of Heaven, Story of Ricky, The Blizzard of Aahhhs, Meet the Feebles! Why say "No" when you can just say "Fine, I have a problem" and be done with it? Why read fiction when you can read strange but easily digestible sound-bite reviews written by marijuana users? There is no reason. Join us for a picnic on the fried cinematic playground. John Hulme and Michael Wexler are the editors of Voices of the Exiled and creators of the nationally syndicated radio drama Vanishing Point. Writers, filmmakers, and radio producers, they have been friends since high school.

From the Publisher From undeniable Classics to mind-grating Bad Seeds. From elusive Unsung Heroes to risky Risky Calls. Complete with an easy-to-use five-pot-leaf ratingsystem, incisive self-indulgent babble, troubleshooting procedures for the BadSeeds gone berserk, and much much more, Baked Potatoes arrives in ablaze of glory, rating and reviewing over 150 films and videos for thediscerning high. Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, Blade Runner, Bambi, Repo Man, Superfly, Time Bandits, Highlander, 2001, Evil Dead II, Ganjasaurus Rex, Freaks, Cheech and Chong's Up in Smoke, The Maltese Falcon, Ronald Reagan's 1984 State of the Union Address, Gates of Heaven, Story of Ricky, The Blizzard of Aahhhs, Meet the Feebles! Why say "No" when you can just say "Fine, I have a problem" and be done with it? Why read fiction when you can read strange but easily digestible sound-bitereviews written by marijuana users? There is no reason. Join us for a picnic on the fried cinematic playground. John Hulme and Michael Wexler are the editors of Voices of the Exiled and creators of the nationally syndicated radio drama Vanishing Point. Writers, filmmakers, and radio producers, they have been friends since high school. Copyright 1996 by John Hulme and Michael Wexler. From the Inside Flap From undeniable Classics to mind-grating Bad Seeds. From elusive Unsung Heroes to risky Risky Calls. Complete with an easy-to-use five-pot-leaf rating system, incisive self-indulgent babble, troubleshooting procedures for the Bad Seeds gone berserk, and much much more, "Baked Potatoes arrives in a blaze of glory, rating and reviewing over 150 films and videos for the discerning high. "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, "Blade Runner, "Bambi, "Repo Man, "Superfly, "Time Bandits, "Highlander, "2001, "Evil Dead II, "Ganjasaurus Rex, "Freaks, "Cheech and Chong's Up in Smoke, "The Maltese Falcon, "Ronald Reagan's 1984 State of the Union Address, "Gates of Heaven, "Story of Ricky, "The Blizzard of Aahhhs, "Meet the Feebles! Why say "No" when you can just say "Fine, I have a problem" and be done with it? Why read fiction when you can read strange but easily digestible sound-bite reviews written by marijuana users? There is no reason. Join us for a picnic on the fried cinematic playground. John Hulme and Michael Wexler are the editors of "Voices of the Exiled and creators of the nationally syndicated radio drama "Vanishing Point. Writers, filmmakers, and radio producers, they have been friends since high school. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. We lied to the casting agent to get the job: band members in the film Radioland Murders. John was a master of the stand-up bass. Mike played the trombone. At five in the morning we exited the house, got in a shitbrown 1982 Cadillac, and drove to the studio. George Lucas had arrived to direct the end of the film, and there was a "buzz" on the set. Grips and electricians chowed breakfast burritos

and bacon and eggs off the catering truck. We got in line, moving with incredible patience, just a hand's reach away from victory, from the steaming vats of hash browns, biscuits, omelets...and then it crumbled. A production assistant had spotted the advance, kindly removing us from the procession and directing us toward the extras' tent. Ah, it was only a matter of time before we would once again gaze upon our bright-eyed colleagues. A potpourri of senior citizens, idiots savants, hopeless aspiring actors, and genetic mutants, puncturing and drop-kicking each other over a table of glazed doughnuts and water. All dressed in 1930's period attire. Opening the flaps of that tent was a moment that cannot be explained. Suffice it to say that there come those points in life when you get a dose of perspective, look around, and ask yourself the big question: How did I end up dressed in tum-of-the-century formal wear in a tent in North Carolina, baked out of my mind, and about to be exposed as a bogus big band musician? It was on that day, in the parking lot of Carolco Studios in Wilmington, North Carolina, at five-thirty in the morning, that we hit rock bottom. But it was also on that day, in the midst of the existential ennui, that we resolved, once and for all, to conjure the idea that would spring us, forever, from the impoverished, Kraft-macaroni-and-cheese lifestyle of doom. The concepts were remarkably crisp, considering the circumstance. Plans for a roving troupe of bingo operators, foraging amongst the extra tents and hosting games for the bedraggled masses. A long-needed innovation designed to alleviate the stress of watching other guests eye your previously claimed cheeseburger at summer cookouts--Burger Flag, small, golf-course-looking toothpick flags with all the major names printed upon them, simple and ready to stick in your burger once you throw it on. Imagine, your burger, grilling away nicely with a little BILL or JENNY flag in it. Go ahead, have a game of softball, taunt young infants, sneak into the woods and masturbate. Your burger is safe. And there was one other idea: an extremely high concept for a book that no one would publish. A book for all our friends and roommates--the couch-riden and irreparably baked. A book that reviewed movies in terms of their quality when seen high. The bingo troupe wore off after we stopped smoking bowls. Burger Flag still seems to make sense somehow. But the Baked Potatoes thing had potential. We typed up a proposal, sent it to an editor we knew at Doubleday, and waited for the reply. A year ago, we had assembled a collection of short stories with him, and this new idea really upped our stock as literary hopefuls. They liked it, but were tentative. Was it legal? Wasn't the whole country into this "say no to drugs" thing? How are the "couch-riden and irreparably baked" going to get up and buy the book? This last one was an especially good question. "Couch-riden" is not the market you are going for when writing your book proposal. Shit. They wanted evidence that there was broad support for the cannabinoid cause. Cheech and Chong? Signed assurances from this girl who lives in our garage? The president got baked? They would think about it and have a decision on Friday. Well, this was a victory in and of itself and certainly one worth celebrating. We got high, paced around the house, and fantasized about the possibilities. Finally, a chance to skewer every no-talent hack in the country for all to see. David Hasselhoff, Roger Ebert, Larry King, run for cover. A chance to call out the bad-seed shwag films of all time and venerate the true masters. A chance to expose the travesty of a ruse of a sham that the whole evils-of-pot paranoia really is. Attention America: Everyone gets high! Our roommates looked on with a great sense of pity. At three P.M. that Friday, the phone rang and we got the news. We had been removed from the band. It wasn't our playing, mind you; they just wanted to take a different musical direction. An hour later, Doubleday called and gave us the nod. How does it feel to be sitting in your living room at four P.M. and Doubleday calls to publish your pot book? Quit your job, get exceedingly baked, call your parents and hang up when you realize what you're about to say. Then get baked. Goodbye Dominoes Pizza! Good-bye golf caddie! Screw you, world. It's time to get fried and watch movies for a year! Baked Potatoes was a reality. Saturday Night Fever***1/2 When I dance, why do I look like a pregnant cow? There was a time when life was all about the classics. The Love Boat, Mission: Impossible, Starsky and Hutch. A time when an honest cat could wear a turtleneck. When a bicentennial quarter meant something to a kid. For God's sake, Billy Joel sounded decent. Almost. Now all you get is tummysizing and John Davidson in a Hawaiian shirt. That's what it's come to. The star of That's Incredible! relegated to late-night info-hell. There was a time when Baked Potatoes roamed the fields with pride, numerous and majestic like the great caribou. A time where potnocentricism was not about separatism. Only now are we rising like the phoenix from our basements and ghettos and venturing again into the light. Things were different in the seventies, and films were one of those things. Saturday Night Fever? Enough said. The disco, the lapels, John Travolta, and that well-placed one-hitter of The Nanny, Fran Drescher. The whole decade was stoned--the filmmakers, the actors, the government. And hence the work endures. 1977 (119 min.) John Travolta, Karen Lynn Gorney, Barry Miller, Donna Pescow, Dir.: John Badham. sex, lies and videotape***Baked Potato visits old college bud, snakes his wife. James Spader carries one key. Lives out of his car. Into kinky videotapes. That's a hero we like to see. Steven Soderbergh deserves an award. Sure he got that Palme d'or thing, but what does that mean? We're talking about the latest gemola in Tinseltown. The thing the Scientologists are mad over. The treasure that Spielberg's been bucking for. BP Development in conjunction with BP Merchandising in conjunction with the Baked Potato General are proud to announce the Hash Brown, just like the Oscar but with long hair, stockier, and made entirely of potato and tofutti. An awards event that rewards true baked merit, an event to honor and praise the Baked Potato films of the year. And Soderbergh is certainly worthy. Five characters, five locations, low-budget indie bombshell, sex, lies is generally credited as one of the first crossover "art" films to spank the modern mainstream. People have sex, people betray each other, people fall in love. The usual human slop-fest but extremely

well-drooled.1989 (100min.) James Spader, Andie MacDowell, Peter Gallagher, Laura San Giacomo.Dir.:Steven Soderbergh.