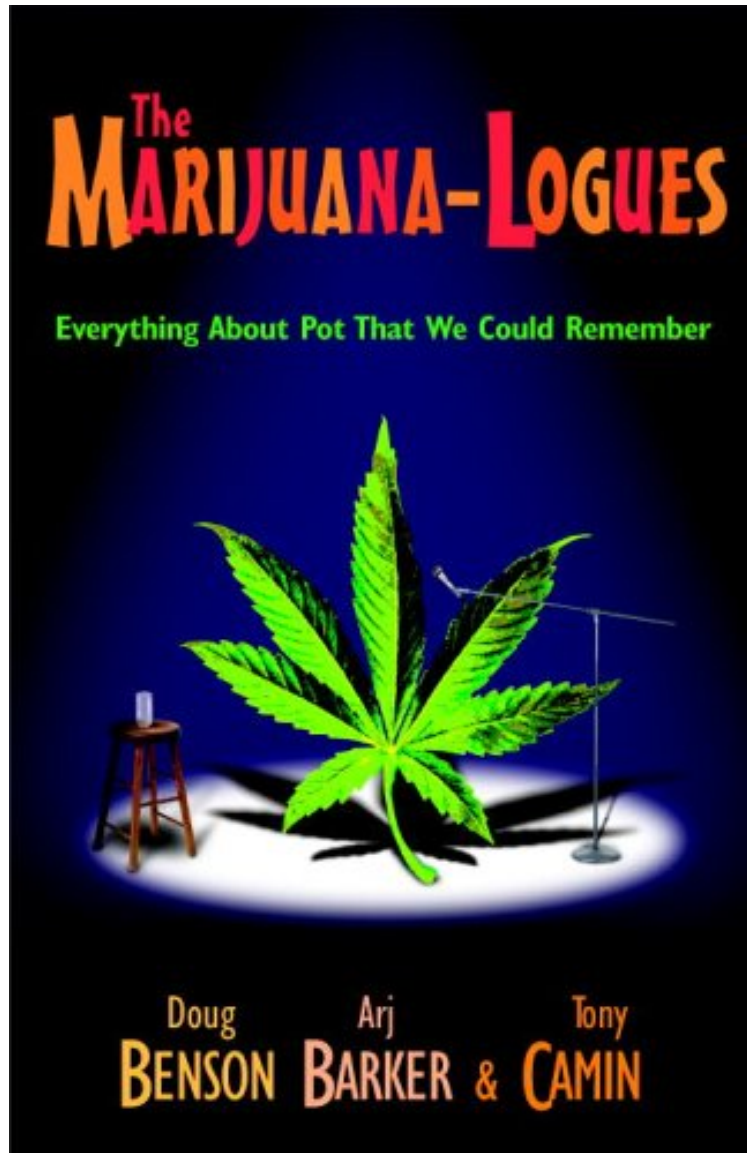


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## The Marijuana-logues: Everything About Pot That We Could Remember

*Doug Benson, Tony Camin, Arj Barker*  
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Sweet ass! A 200ish-page book about pot and pot-related stuff. Can you believe somebody paid these guys to publish a whole book about The Chronic? Man, that is so sick! The Marijuana-Logues started as an Off-Broadway show, consisting of these three guys, Arj Barker, Doug Benson, and Tony Camin sitting on stools and elucidating and illustrating the wisdom of weed. Since you probably never got motivated enough to actually go see the show, now is your chance to enjoy such gems as, Some people say marijuana is a crutchyeah, crutches help people walk. We think thats a good thing. In this sturdy volume (not made from hemp paper, so dont try to smoke it), youll find many highly creative essays on the virtues of that fine fine plant, as well as some herben poetry, high-ku, marijuana fun facts, marijuana fun snacks, and other up-here stuff [point to your head].Some choice buds from The Marijuana-Logues:ARJ BARKERS FIRST TIMEThe first time I smoked pot, I was in the back seat of my older brothers car. It must have been some pretty good weed, too, because Im an only child. THINGS YOU WILL NEVER HEAR DOUG BENSON SAY WHEN HE IS OFFERED SOME MARIJUANANo.FEMALE COMPOTABILITY by Tony CaminMy girlfriend thinks that I smoke too much pot. I, on the other hand, dont think I smoke enough pot, because if I did, Id be finished. And Im not. Look, we all have our vices: I like to smoke a little weed; she likes to feed the baby. Different strokes for different folks.

About the AuthorArj Barker (Late Show with David Letterman), Doug Benson (Best Week Ever), and Tony Camin (Late Night with Conan OBrien) are international comedians (they went to Australia once) and have made many appearances on late-night television, some of which they can actually recall.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.POT VS. VAGINAS Recently, we met a woman. Great story if it ends there. The woman was starring in a production of The Vagina Monologues. Arj started telling her about The Marijuana-Logues, and she got noticeably uncomfortable. What's the big deal? Lighten up 'gina loggers. We're not making fun of vaginas, we love vaginas! Especially vaginas that smoke marijuana. Which we saw once in a foreign country. It cost us six dollars and a chicken. And a lifetime of regret. But the point is, it's not like we're saying pot instead of vaginas. In a perfect world, one could have both. Every day. And twice on Saturday. Or at least have one and be really near the other, but not too near. Y'know, you don't want to start a . . . bush fire. But which one would win in a battle between pot and vaginas? Well . . . Pot is illegal in a lot of countries, and vaginas are illegal in only a few. One you pack in your pipe, the other you pack with your pipe. Both are fun to have around on a rainy day. Both can be hairy and fragrant, to varying degrees. Both can be overpriced if you don't have the right connections. You can put pot in a vagina, but you can't put a vagina in pot, unless you are VERY well connected. With both, it's important to trim them properly. Vaginas are best when they are moist. Pot is best when it's dry. With both pot and vaginas, there's usually an asshole nearby. Both are OK when they are sticky. You can have sex with vaginas. You can try having sex with pot, if you get your hands on a lot of it. Both will end up costing you a lot of money. The bottom line is, if you are lucky enough to have either or both, don't compare 'emshare 'em! NAME IT AND FLAME IT Most people have nicknames for their friends. Marijuana has a lot of friends; but she herself is a mistress who goes by many names. Marijuana is also known as . . . Pot Weed Trees Ganja KGB The Cruc Hash's cousin Mary Bud Puff Green Tea Hemp Grass Sweet Leaf El Diablo De Verde Jazz plants Dry Cocktail Wacky Tobaccy Sparkomatic Wiggitty Lando Calrissian Doprah Winfrey Dr. Phil My Pipe Up Mr. T-HC Gary Sticky Icky Icky Lung Candy Jean Claude van Amsterdam Your High-ness Harry Potter The Quicker Fucker Upper Henry the Eighth Reefer Sutherland Cal Ripkin Joe Dirt Rip Van Stinkle Cheeba McEntire Skunkie Brewster Wheelchair\* Parking Ticket\*\* Underwear\*\*\* Camper\*\*\*\* Dank The reason you don't own a house Mother Nature's way of saying high Our only real friend\*Oftentimes pot is named after the effect it has on someone. For instance, wheelchair weed is called that because you can't walk after you smoke it.\*\*This is week that is so crucial you'd rather risk leaving your car in a street cleaning zone than drive the three blocks to your house.\*\*\*Gets you so high you shit yourself. Bad choice on a first date.\*\*\*\*Smoke this and you will almost certainly end up locking yourself out of your house and sleeping in the yard. If you're already in your house when you smoke it, stay there! THE MARIJUANA SMOKER'S CODE OF ETIQUETTE We Marijuana-loggers feel that marijuana smokers have a bad reputation. They're usually thought of as lazy and dim-witted. Why, this couldn't be further from the tooth. There is actually a strict code of discipline that pot smokers must firmly adhere to. Here are the highlights from an actual webpage from an authority known as "Scooter 512" (or something like thatit could have been "Scooter 513" or "Bandit 300"let's not get hung up on details, okay?) RULE NUMBER ONE: If someone rolls a nice joint, it's good to give the person a compliment on their rolling skills. Something like, "That's some tight shit, buddy!" RULE NUMBER 2: Always remember to thank the person who has gotten you high. Unless it was really killer weed, in which case it is

perfectly acceptable to forget to say thank you. RULE NUMBER C: Never make your smoke out to be better than it really is. This gets everybody's hopes up just to be let down. Don't go bragging about how you got The Chronic, and then whip out the Down Town Brown on everyone's ass! People hate that. Especially us. RULE NUMBER 14: It is very impolite to hand someone an empty bowl without notifying that person of its potential emptiness. A proper warning would be, "Here ya go . . . I think it might be cashed. Go ahead, give it a try, see what happens. We're all pulling for you. Good luck." RULE NUMBER SEVEN: When rolling a joint, don't ever pack a seed. Instead, pack a lunch. It will come in very handy later. Make sure you pack enough to share. RULE NUMBER 8: You have to allot at least seven and three-quarters minutes of fake interest in the person holding the weed. Say something nice about them or their stuff, like, "Cool pipe," or, "Wow, that's a neat lizard." RULE NUMBER 9: I'm glad your cousin works in a movie theater and let you sit in the projection room once when you were visiting him in Phoenix last summer . . . but what you should really do is take a hit and pass the pipe already. RULE NUMBER 10: If you're getting high with someone and they ask for a sip of your drink, you must give them some. Dry mouth is not fucking funny. In fact, if left untreated, it can lead to the dreaded cottonmouth. Which, without immediate hydration, can turn into full-blown O.M.A.M.\*\*Old Man's Ass Mouth RULE NUMBER NEXT ONE: It is not cool to criticize other people's weed in front of them. Example, "Hey, no thanks. I'd rather smoke horse puke than your low-quality shit weed. Thanks for offering, though." Don't do that. It hurts. RULE NUMBER YELLOW: Hey, don't push anyone to smoke pot with you. It's cool to offer weed to your new neighbor, but if they refuse, back off. In other words, don't do this: "Hey, Mr. Johnson, this is your new neighbor. You're about to smoke pot whether you want it or not. So get over here and suck on my bong!" Don't do that. It's pushers that make marijuana illegal. And politics. And laws. Mostly laws. RULE NUMBER UNICORN: Pass the j clockwise, always clockwise. (That means the direction a clock goes.) RULE NUMBER %: Never Bogart. But if you supply the weed, you can Bacall us anytime!\*\*\*\*If you didn't get that, ask an old person to explain it to you. A RULE THAT RHYMES: When smoking a bowl with other smokers, remember this saying: Don't be mean, leave some green. A RULE ABOUT ROACHES: Don't eat them. It doesn't get you high and it just makes you look like a hobo. A RULE THAT IS SO OBVIOUS IT SHOULDN'T EVEN BE A RULE BUT HERE IT IS: Don't get your spit all over the pipe, bong, or joint. Remember, your bodily fluids are disgusting, so please don't force them upon others. RULE NUMBER 8,763: Dude, don't be a dick and spill the bong water. It smells like Cheech's ass. RULE NUMBER 1.2 MILLION: Please do not, while getting stoned in a canoe, stand up. You may drown. Or worse, spill bong water into the lake. RULE NUMBER CHIMP: The person who rolls the joint (no matter whose weed it is) gets to spark up the joint and gets first hits. RULE NUMBER CIDER HOUSE: If you're getting high in your house with someone, offer them some munchies if you have any. If you don't, that's cool. I mean it's not cool that you don't have food, but it's cool if you don't offer. Cause you don't have any. RULE NUMBER FINALLY: And perhaps the most important rule of them all according to "Scooter 512" if three guys write a somewhat padded but sincere book entirely about marijuana, maybe you should get them high if ever your paths should cross in a comedy club or a dirty back alley. SIDE EFFECTS OF THE POT LIFESTYLE An unexpected side effect of our research for this book was how it affected us. In here shit. You can't see it, but we're pointing at our hearts. Actually, just Arj is. Tony is smoking a bowl, and Doug is doing the typing. (Hi, Mom!) Hey, man, we didn't always smoke pot. For years and years we were "high on life!" But eventually we built up a tolerance. Now that we've embraced the pot lifestyle the world seems full of naysayers who want to point fingers. Here's our response: Some people think that we use marijuana to hide from our problems, but WHATEVER. It would take a pretty big clump of marijuana for us to actually be able to hide behind it. We don't have that kind of money. (They didn't give us much for this book. But if they had, it sure would have been fun to build a pot fort.) Some people say that if you smoke pot for a long time, it'll affect your ability to reason with maturity. People who say that are poo poo ca ca pee pee faces. Other yoga freaks say, "The body's a temple, the body's a temple." That might be true, but as we're not religious, we prefer to lease our temple to demons for private parties. Many non-pot smokers, or NPSers if you will, are afraid of marijuana's alleged side effects. Key words thereside effects: short-term memory loss, low sperm count, a third thingy. Listen, what's so great about remembering stuff? We can't think of a thing. And we're trying really hard. And low sperm count is just a dastardly falsehood, there aren't any less sperm; they're just runnin' a little late. The little guys are high, they're not that motivated. They're down in the balls hangin' out, probably playin' hacky sac. Some people say marijuana is a crutchyeah, crutches help people walk. We think that's a good thing. Besides, did you know that it is impossible to overdose on marijuana? According to the New England Journal of Medicine (gift subscription), you would have to smoke fifteen hundred pounds of weed in fifteen minutes to OD. That's a lot of weed, man. And technically it's not the weed that kills you it's all that delicious cookie dough. Other folks claim that pot makes you lazy. We respectfully disagree with those a-holes. We are multitasking pot smokers. We also can do several things at once. Just the other day, for example, Doug was (1) walking down the street, (2) talking on his cell phone, (3) putting eye drops in his eyes, and (4) getting hit by a car. Of course pot smokers can suffer from a loss of motivation. While this is a serious side effect, and a concern to pot smokers, nobody ever seems to get around to doing something about it. A guy we know recently got caught with two pounds of high-grade marijuana. Since it is his first offense, they make him wear a tracking device on his ankle, and he's under what they call "house arrest." Basically, he's not allowed to leave his

house. Is that the best punishment for this guy? He had two pounds of marijuana. Chances are he was already planning on spending a lot of time at home. A more fitting punishment would be if they said, "OK, pal, you have to get shit done all over town between 4:00 and 6:00 P.M., Monday through Friday! Buy stamps, renew your license at the DMV, open a Blockbuster account, etc." He would never smoke pot again. (Or he would enjoy his errands much more.) So as his punishment stands, the message they're sending him is, "You may not reenter society until you are REALLY good at Xbox! When you can beat Halo on the hardest setting, only then will you have paid back your debt to society. Bitch." Yet another side effect is not being as much of a dick. Sure, after smoking pot you might still be a dick, but scientific studies\* practically prove that you would be an even bigger dick if you weren't high. That said, take another hit, jerko! Then there's the issue of the increased or decreased libido. We met a fellow who, after smoking a biggety bowl, always falls asleep. His girlfriend, on the other hand, turns into a raving sex fiend after only a couple hits! We recommend smoking with those two if you ever get the chance. No doubt about it, pot can make you feel tired and slothful. But so can digging ditches or, in your case, walking to the kitchen and back to the couch. So why sweat it? If pot doesn't do it, something else will. We all have to sleep, and with pot, we just check that off the list a little earlier. Normally you're in bed by eleven, twelve at nightbut, thanks to that skunky-ass rip you took after breakfast, you turned in at two-thirty in the afternoon! Since you never went to work, you got fired. This means tomorrow, you can go to bed even earlier! How efficient is that? You killed two birds with one stoner! Multitasking strikes again! Another potential problem is that pot makes you like pototherwise, why would you be looking at this book right now? Unless it's one of those throwaway Xmas gifts, and you're checking it out, feigning interest for the benefit of the person who gave it to you, while thinking, "What the hell is his problem? I haven't smoked pot since college! Does that dick put any thought into his low-end gift shopping?" But for the most part, people who are into pot, are into pot. (This explains why Afro-man has a career.) People who have pot don't just smoke it. They look at it, smell it, talk to it, pinch it, taste it, hide it, lose it, find it, put on Irish music and make it dance a little pot jig. Or most of those, anyway. Paranoia is an unfortunate side effect that seems to get more prominent with age. It's not so much a fear of cops, or of your parents, but a nagging feeling of, "I shouldn't be doing this, because I have important things to do." At, say, forty-two years of age, you probably do have "shit to do," such as pick up the kids at school, make a house payment, or steer the ambulance you're driving; whereas if you're sixteen, your "shit to do" list includes giving Sean another charley horse, hiding the Honey Nut Cheerios from your little brother and his loser friends, or acquiring new porno mags from your neighbor, the Vietnam vet (who also gave you the pot you just smoked, incidentally). Losing lighters can be a problem. Most people don't know this, but marijuana was actually bioengineered by Bic, in 1733, as a means of increasing sales. And if you don't believe us, look it up on the Internet yourself! And the only other side effect we know of is that smoking pot makes your house smell like Indonesia. Unless you're an Indonesian pot smoker in Indonesia, in which case your house smells like a student dorm room at Cal State Chico.\*We're not aware of any actual studies. But there's got to be at least one, right?