

Too Fat to Fish



Artie Lange
with Anthony Bozza

SPIEGEL & GRAU

New York

2008

Artie Lange

Brazilian Deluxe

5



When a bunch of guys get together regularly at a bar or wherever, they eventually get around to talking about their first time. It's inevitable. *The Stern Show* is a good example, because, aside from Robin, it is definitely a bunch of guys who get together regularly, and as any listener can tell you, the subject certainly comes up from time to time. On the show, Gary and Benjy have actually brought in the girls that they lost their virginity to, and Howard has asked them, in cringe-worthy detail, every single fact surrounding the big event. When the question came my way, I just sort of brushed it aside. It wasn't tough to do—I had done the same with my buddies since forever. Whenever that conversation

came around, I'd handle it with a statement like "Yeah, I lost it to some broad I did it with just once. It was just some girl I met down the Shore."

The "how'd you lose your virginity?" conversation was always something of a touchy subject with me for a few reasons—the first being that, as far as I was concerned, it happened for me very late. It might not have been late in some communities, like the ones where kids are locked in cages until marriage, but compared to the average kid growing up in my town, there was no contest; I lost it pretty late. I had some friends who first did it when they were thirteen. Can you imagine how hard it was to be friends with these guys? In teenage boy terms, they had discovered pussy—the meaning of *life*—when they were in junior fucking high! I was still keeping a record of my whiffleball batting average, when suddenly my buddy Joey got laid and instantly he didn't care at all about that stuff. I couldn't understand why and I made fun of him for it.

"Dude, I'm at .387, you're at .380—you gotta catch up," I said to him.

And he just gave me a look that said, *Uh, yeah, Art, I've actually stuck my hard cock into pussy, so you know what? I'm gonna concede the whiffle batting title to you. Enjoy those small victories, bro.* He'd held in his hands the Holy Fucking Grail of male adolescence. Whiffleball paled in comparison.

My lack of experience in that department was extra torturous for me considering that I actually had a girlfriend in high school—Sue Pacardi, the girl from the bank robbery. Sure, I got to second base, I did some heavy petting or whatever you want to call it, but I was as close to having actual sex with Sue as a four-year one-on-one game of Spin the Bottle would have gotten me. Getting a girl's clothes all the way off was a pipe dream. I had this overly attentive Italian mother who'd shown me how to put my jacket and shirt on properly and how to fold it when I went on a trip, so technically I'd

have been better at helping a girl put her clothes on than I was at getting them off.

So here we go, it's time for me to come clean about this virginity thing, because I'm sick of carrying it around inside of me. For the first time ever, anywhere, to anyone who cares, I'm telling the truth and admitting that I didn't lose my virginity until about a week after my nineteenth birthday. Like I said, where I came from that was late—maybe not for people living in the 1930s and 1940s, but for teenagers living in the eighties, it was pretty fucking late, man. Forget about today, when it seems like every time you look in the paper there's something new about kids having sex with teachers or kids getting caught having sex, doing things that most adults don't even do—all in like seventh grade. Nowadays, they call a female teacher who forces a seventh-grader to have sex with her a criminal. Back in the late seventies, we would have called her the coolest fucking teacher ever. If I had the same kind of success rate I had as a teen today, I can't even imagine how much of a loser I'd be.

Add to that the fact that I lost my virginity to a full-blown Brazilian hooker and you may get an idea why I have yet to break this heartwarming tale out at holiday cocktail parties. Say what you will about it, I don't care, because this girl was unbelievably fucking hot. She was in this country illegally—big surprise—and was eighteen at the time, at least according to her. For the sake of many things, we're going to call her Mary, and predictably, I fell completely in love with her. She barely spoke English, and that could not have mattered less to me. I was devoted to her from the moment she made a man out of me.

Right after my eighteenth birthday, a few months after I graduated from high school, my father, as you know, fell from a roof, and my mom, sister, and I had to deal with all that came with him being permanently paralyzed. None of us knew which way was up for a while, and during that time, I forgot all about juvenile goals

and pranks. But when I did resurface and resume life in the usual way to the extent I could, losing my virginity became an obsession. It was just something I had to do and, more than ever before, something I had to do right *now*. I'm sure it was that lesson life teaches you when you or a loved one experiences a tragedy: Do not take your time here for granted. If my dad could go from the most strapping motherfucker that ever was to someone who needed care 24/7 in the blink of an eye, it could happen at any time to anyone. It made me reassess my life goals, and having sex became the number-one priority. It became clear to me that there was no way in hell that I was going to let myself die a virgin, nor was I willing to enter my twenties a virgin either. I had to lose my virginity while there was still an "een" at the end of my age, end of story.

At the time, I had no prospects at all, but not for lack of trying, all of which did wonders for my self-esteem, by the way. Just shy of my nineteenth birthday, I really began to panic. I remember sitting one afternoon methodically going over my options, taking into account the ever-shrinking time left. At that point, if the opportunity presented itself I would have fucked Rue McClanahan. And that was the day I decided, "Fuck it, I'm doing this on time. I'm having sex with a woman, even if it has to be a hooker." For some reason, I figured that hookers were something I could figure out without any guidance, so if worse came to worst, I'd just find a whore on the street and end this virginity bullshit before my twentieth birthday.

Salvation came, ironically enough, through holy matrimony. My buddy Shecky's brother was getting married in November 1986, and he had his bachelor party on a night that is a legendary moment for New York baseball fans. It was held on October 11, at one of the shittier union halls in Elizabeth, New Jersey. I have no idea about the hierarchy among organizations like the Knights of Columbus and the Elks, but I can tell you that the union that owned the place where they threw the bachelor party was much further down the

food chain. I can't imagine that they were even nationally recognized, because, to be kind, this place was the recreation center that time forgot. Elizabeth, New Jersey, is generally a nice, working-class neighborhood, but a large part of it—the part that no one likes to talk about—is a really shitty ghetto. And that's exactly where this hall was. Clearly, the best man, who, like the groom, was only about twenty-five, had gotten his shit together late, because this room wouldn't be anybody's first choice.

Like many of my life's more memorable experiences, the backdrop to this one was a history-making baseball game: the night the Mets beat the Red Sox and won Game 6 of the World Series. For those of you who know nothing about baseball, and I'm sorry for you, I'm talking about the infamous game where Mookie Wilson's grounder rolled through Bill Buckner's legs and the Mets won. That error changed the momentum of the Series, and the Red Sox could not come back: The Mets took Game 6 and went on to win Game 7 the very next night.

At the bachelor party, the game was a major focus of the evening, because people there had bet on it and quite a few of the partygoers were Mets fans as well. I was not one of them. I'm proud to say that from the moment I could first recognize a pinstripe it was only the Yankees' navy and white for me. The Mets and their stupid orange and cheap blue always were and still are such an abomination to me. I'm so anti-Mets that I was actually rooting for the Red Sox that night, and no one there could fathom that I, a die-hard Yankee fan, could do such a thing. Whatever—those people are fucking idiots. The Red Sox might be the Yankees' archenemy, but it seemed so obvious to me that the fucking Mets team that year was worth hating much, much more. I mean, Lenny Dykstra, Keith Hernandez, and Darryl Strawberry? That whole fucking team was just a bunch of gung-ho cheerleader types. I couldn't stand those motherfuckers.

DICTIONARY VERBAGE

Years later, when I found out that they were all doing blow and getting into bar fights when they weren't playing ball, I felt like an idiot. If there's one thing I've always valued in baseball players, it's the ability to be a fucked-up badass and still put up the numbers. Now, I still think the Mets as a club fucking suck, but that late-eighties team, I have to admit, was cool as hell. I was just too much of a dumb fuck to know that at the time. But that shouldn't be a surprise to anyone, especially me. The only guy I hated back then and still hate is Gary Carter, because it's clear that the guy has always been an uptight motherfucker. Never trust a catcher who never needs a shave. They're just not right.

In any case, that night, in a shitty room in Elizabeth, New Jersey, about forty guys stood around watching the Series instead of celebrating Shecky's brother's final night of single life. The party didn't look to be shaping up into anything much—it just felt like we'd gone to a really crappy bar, where the drinks were free, to watch the game—until the best man told all of us that four whores were coming down. Apparently, they were going to do some kind of lesbian show that they'd encore by blowing guys or doing whatever else we could negotiate with them in what the best man called “the back room.” That got my attention, all right. It looked like I'd get out of my teen years with some degree of self-respect after all.

A hooker was a sure thing, but I was nervous about it anyway, so the next time I needed a piss break I went to check out this “back room” the guy had mentioned. I came out of the bathroom and looked down the hall—nothing, not even a broom closet. I was a little drunk, so I figured I'd missed the door or the hallway to this place. But as I looked around, I slowly figured out the obvious: the “back room” was the john. Now, that would have been fine if we were somewhere with a passable can full of high-end amenities, like a door that locked. But we were working with a “back room” that even the cheapest hooker would never call her boudoir by choice:

DICTIONARY VERBAGE

There were a few stalls, a dingy trash can, and an atmosphere that reeked of the skeezy and grotesque. It was a clear indication of where the night was heading: This run-down, perfectly innocent catering hall was about to become a pit of vice.

In addition to the whores, someone had arranged for a few really low-level gangsters to show up to run gambling tables. They hauled in blackjack and roulette set-ups, and a few people started playing craps in the corners. There was liquor, there was blow, there was weed, and there were a couple of big kegs: It was the most low-rent, fake version of Vegas there ever was. The crowning glory was the pint-sized black-and-white TV at one end of the room that everyone crowded around. The game had become such a big deal that most of the guys couldn't care less about the other distractions.

I was one of them—until the whores showed up. There were four of them, and two of them were kind of cute and younger. Or maybe I should say *young-ish*: Like a medium-hot girl who likes to go out on the town with fat friends who make her look better, the other two hookers were such train wrecks that the better two looked fresh as spring daisies. One of the old ones wasn't just old, she was elderly—and she had a lot of miles on her. And the other one, I swear to God, looked *exactly* like Larry King. She was wrinkled and just monstrous, and her tits were hanging down below her knees. Of course, she was the one who came up to the best man and said in a classic smoke-and-whiskey-drenched voice, “We're going to put on a lesbian show first, and then we will hang out with all of you *individually*.”

Guys, as a rule, are idiots. Simple, stupid idiots. We reacted as if we were at a friend's house and his mother had asked us for some help with the chores. “Okay,” the best man said. “What do you need for that? Do you need anything from me?” In response, the woman let loose a line that became an instant classic among my friends. She looked at him very intensely; you could tell she was seriously thinking about it.

“Okay,” she said in a really gross, sultry kind of croak. “Do you have any rope or bungee cord?” I wasn’t sure I’d heard her correctly.

“Uh . . . yeah,” he said. “I think I do.”

She and the guy went out to his car and found some rope in his trunk. Then they pulled an old banquet table to one end of the room and she got naked. A few guys proceeded to tie her down, following her very specific instructions.

“You,” she said to one of the guys, “wrap that bungee cord around my wrist—twice. Good. Now hook it to the table leg. Now you—tie my ankles to the table with the rope. Do it tighter.”

It all got disgusting real fast. First of all, the table was old, rotting wood and so nasty that all I could think about were splinters getting stuck up her wrinkled ass. Then, once she was spread-eagled and strapped down, she announced in her Wicked Witch voice: “Any of you can do what you want to me. You can fist me, you can lick me, you can stick anything you want up my pussy and my ass. Anything—as long as it’s not sharp.” There were definitely options in that department, because she’d arrived with a few different dildos, Ben-Wa balls to slip in her asshole, and butt plugs. And apparently, if none of that was satisfying, you could just shove your arm in there.

Bachelor parties are a unique and often uncomfortable male-bonding tradition, because they are where you find out once and for all who in your crew is a true pervert. My experience has been that it’s usually the nerdiest, most laid-back, passive guys you know. This party was no different: There were a couple of really conservative-looking twerps there who became as happy as kids on Christmas as they got, literally, elbow-deep in this broad’s cunt. Those two led the charge into hell, because after them, people started taking pictures with their arms all the way up her, treating her like she was a photo op at a tourist destination. It was pretty awful.

While that was going on, the other three girls tried desperately to lure the rest of us away from the ball game. They got topless and started shoving their tits in people’s faces and rubbing up on everybody. It was a great role reversal: Their power as chicks had been stripped away, since all of us preferred to watch baseball on a shitty, small black-and-white TV than pay them any attention at all. It was more than just a game, though—it was turning out to be one of the best World Series games of all time, so it didn’t help them any that none of the girls were what I’d call a young Carmen Electra.

I remember every detail of that game, and it went like this: The Mets were down by two runs and down to their last out. Gary jerk-off Carter got a hit, then Kevin Mitchell got a single, so there were runners at first and second. Then Ray Knight singled, driving Carter home and Mitchell to third. Then Bob Stanley threw a wild pitch, sending Mitchell home and tying the game. After that Mookie Wilson’s hit rolled through Buckner’s legs, sending a run home and winning it for the Mets. Stanley’s wild pitch was the error that won it for the Mets, I don’t give a fuck what anybody says. It wasn’t Buckner letting the ball roll through his legs, it was Bob Stanley’s wild pitch—that was the big error. That tied the game and gave the Mets momentum, and it would have gone into extra innings. And besides, Wilson might have beaten out the throw anyway. I remember it clearly: Buckner was hobbling to get that ball, so his throw wouldn’t have been anything special.

In any case, the Mets won and everybody went fucking crazy. Every guy in that room started yelling, either in anger or from joy, depending on how they’d bet that night. We kept on like that for a good ten or twenty minutes afterward, in spite of the fact that there were tits being shoved in our faces on all sides. Aside from a few pervs with their hands up the old broad, no one could have cared

less about anything but the game. Then that wore off and everyone started to branch off and involve themselves in whatever vice—gambling, drugs, hookers, all of them—they preferred.

I played blackjack and a little craps, the whole time trying to plot how I was going to make my “transaction” occur. I did not put my fist or anything else in the woman on the table, though I definitely marveled at that freak show like it was an exhibit in a museum. While I was gawking, one of the two cuter chicks, the one who looked Hispanic, came up to me topless and in that hot accent said to me: “You wanna blow job?”

I didn’t even need to think about it. “Yeah,” I said. “Let’s do this.” She told me to go into the bathroom and wait in a stall, which I wasn’t happy about, but I’d gotten a blow job like that before, so it wasn’t unfamiliar. The familiar ended when she put a rubber on me before she began to blow me. When I saw the rubber, I didn’t think there was any way this was going to work. But it did: I was pretty pent up, plus, even though she wasn’t some great beauty, I found the girl kind of sexy. Most of all, she was just really good at her job. In about fifteen seconds I came, because let me tell you, she was that fantastic. But the best part was the price—\$5. A really good blow job for \$5? *That* is a bargain. When she came in to do it she was nude except for her thong, and when I gave her the money I wondered where she was going to put it. Before she started in, she took off one of her five-inch heels and dropped it in there with about twenty other crumpled five-dollar bills. I’m not gonna say that there were a bunch of horny fucks at this party, but when the girl left she was about 6 foot 7.

The sad truth is that \$5 is probably half of what I had on me. If I’d had more, I would have definitely gotten another blow job. I wasn’t going to let that kind of talent, at that price, get away. I decided that I’d at least find out how much she’d charge me to take my virginity.

I walked up to her when nobody was nearby and asked her, very politely, “So, uh, how much would it be to like bang you?”

“That would be fifty dollars,” she said. “You wanna do it?” I didn’t have overly sentimental expectations for my first time, but attempting it in the lovely rear lounge at this place was too much. So I asked her for her phone number in the same way you might ask for it from a guy who had a landscaping or driveway-paving business. “Listen,” I said. “I might be able to use your services. I’d like to call you next week.”

I got her number, and it turned out that she lived in Elizabeth, over by the Camelot Diner on Morris Avenue, close to the border of Union and less than a mile from my family’s house.

“That works out great,” I told her, still acting like I’d be calling to get an estimate for the deck I planned to add to my house.

It took me a couple of days to get up the nerve, but when I eventually called her, she said that she wasn’t going to be around that night. I knew deep down that my courage wouldn’t last, so I didn’t want to make a plan with her for a few days down the line. I had free use of my father’s handicap van that night, and since it had a ton of room in the back, I figured that tonight was the night: I’d throw a bunch of sleeping bags and some pillows back there to avoid paying for the hotel room that I could not afford.

“I can’t tonight,” she said. “But my sister Mary is here, who is younger than me. She is eighteen and she is very, very beautiful.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yes, you come talk to her,” she said. “I bet that you will like her.”

It was taking a risk, because I had no idea what her sister looked like, but I figured that a whore’s concept of beautiful was probably different from mine. But being cautious wasn’t really on my mind now that victory was within reach—being a virgin was killing me. “Fuck it,” I said. “Tell her I’m coming over.” To me there was no way I could be disappointed, considering what I imagined

she'd look like. I fully expected to have sex with someone who looked like Luis Guzmán.

I drove the van over to their apartment complex. I buzzed up, and she came down, and I was immediately in disbelief. This girl was *beautiful*. She looked kind of like Eva Longoria, that type of hot. She said she was eighteen, and I wasn't about to bounce her if she wasn't carrying ID. I could tell she was no child, so there was nothing sinister going on. And how much older was I at nineteen anyway? I think I might have actually drooled watching her walk to the van, and she could tell: My eyes were lit up like Times Square.

"You like me, right?" she said.

"Yeah!" I nearly shouted, I was so excited. "How much would you charge me to have, you know, full sex?"

"This is fifty dollars," she said. "You want sex and blow job, is seventy-five."

"Fine," I said. "I brought cash with me. I have it right here!"

I didn't care for one minute that \$75 was easily half of my net worth in life—probably more. And the virginity thing was still a concern, but her beauty transcended my mission. I just had to fuck this girl—she was that hot. The only conceivable problem was whether or not she'd do it in the handicap van.

"We don't have to go anywhere, you know," I said, trying to make the back of my dad's van sound like a four-star hotel. "We can do it right here in back. It's very comfortable."

The language barrier was a problem, because, unlike her sister, Mary barely spoke English. She looked at me, looked in the back, and then just looked hesitant. I gestured to the low-budget harem bed made of sleeping bags that I'd put together.

"We will stay right in here," I said louder and slower, like idiots do when they talk to foreign people. And then I tried to reassure her: "Don't be nervous, everything will be okay." At this point, I was praying to God that Telemundo had never aired *Silence of the Lambs*.

"I will not drive to any remote place where I could kill you or anything. We could park at maybe . . . the diner? The Camelot Diner, down the road?" I pointed.

"Camel-o?" she said. "Okay. Camel-o."

"I fuck you in van?" I said. "Is okay? I bang you in truck? No one around, at Camelot, I fuck you in truck, okay?"

"Okay," she said. "Fuck in truck. Camel-o."

Let me tell you, arranging for paid sex is both more humiliating and ultimately more rewarding when you have to think, speak, and hand-gesture your intentions as slowly as if you're a retard. You really feel like you've earned something when you finally get it. As a matter of fact, there would be fewer misunderstandings in marriage if negotiations like that took place right at the altar. The priest could take care of it. Just before the vows, he could say something like:

"Miss, do you understand that you are offering to blow and fuck him for a period of at least one year?"

"Yes."

"Sir, do you understand that she's offering to blow and fuck you for a period of one year and it will cost you a house in the suburbs, a minivan, and a Honda Civic?"

"Yes."

"Do you also understand that in exchange for her blowing and fucking you, you must agree to work nonstop and listen to her bitch every five seconds?"

"Yes."

"Do you also understand that after a period of one year, further blowing and fucking will cost you one necklace per year?"

"Yes."

"And do you also understand that over the next several years you are required to give her two or three children that will cost you a hundred grand a child?"

"Yes."

"And you also understand that after a period of several years the fucking and sucking will cease, but this arrangement will still cost you eighty percent of your worth?"

"I do."

"You may kiss the bride."

It's depressing, yes, but God knows it's the fucking truth.

Anyway, when we arrived at the Camelot Diner, which is still there, by the way, but is now called the Tropicana, I found an appropriately quiet spot in back by the dumpster. This wasn't some big parking lot; people were definitely going to be driving by pretty close to us, but no one was going to think anyone was in the van, so it would probably be okay. There were homes right there too, because Elizabeth is basically the inner city, so if someone looked out of their window at the right angle they might see something. I didn't care. I locked the doors, and then I figured I'd better be straight with her.

"Me," I said, pointing at myself. "First time."

"Eh?" she said.

"First time," I said. "Now, first time." I then used the universal sign for banging, which is putting your finger through a hole you make with the index finger and thumb on your other hand.

She smiled at me, just coy and adorable. "*Lo se*," she said. "I know this."

"Really?" I said. "You *know*? How?"

"*Lo se*."

I was nervous as hell. I had been obsessed with getting to this point and getting laid—not even by a girl this hot—and now all I could do was stall. I tried my best to make small talk, as if she actually understood or cared about one word I was saying. Like her sister, Mary was really good at what she did for a living, because after a few minutes she ignored me altogether and just handled the situation.

"*Dinero*?" she said. "What you want?"

"I would like the deluxe, please," I said, like an idiot. "The intercourse with the blow job on the side."

"De-whats?" she said. I don't know if I said it because I'd seen it in some shitty teen-sex movie, or just because we were at a diner where my favorite meal was a cheeseburger deluxe. In any event, she took the money and counted it, and that seemed to get the message across.

"You want fuck and blow job?"

"Yes, I do," I said. In hindsight, I should have asked her for some french fries too and really tried to confuse the foreign cunt. "So, uh, you like New Jersey?"

After another painful minute or two of trying to make conversation, this girl just leaned over and started kissing me on the lips, which unbeknownst to me was a real treat. As I got older and more experienced with whores, I learned that kissing was not something they did regularly. It's way too intimate. Of course, anyone who saw *Pretty Woman* could tell you that too. That's about the only realistic detail in that film, as far as L.A. street hookers go. If you don't believe me, ask Hugh Grant.

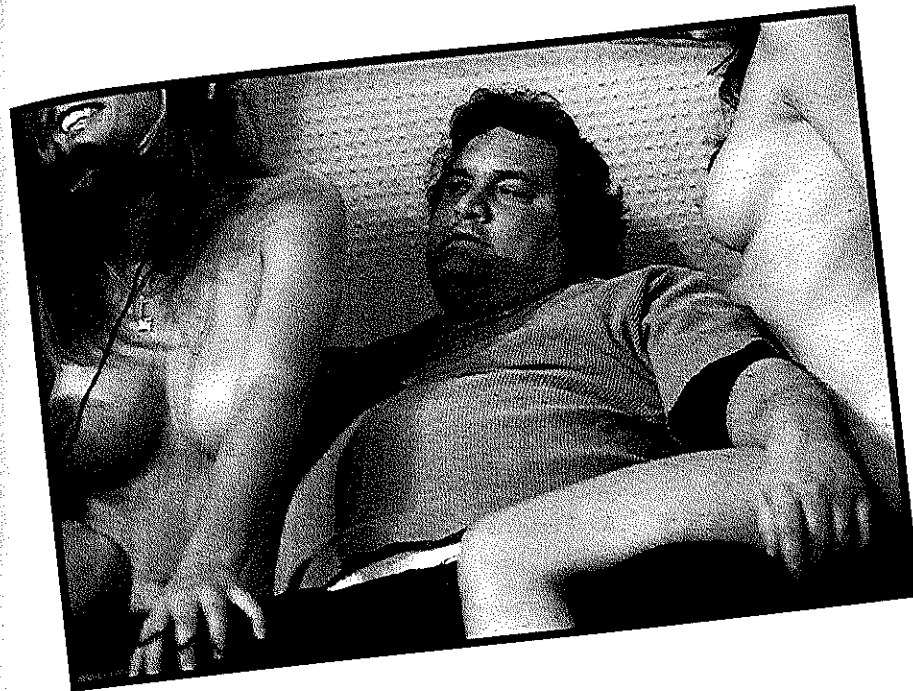
At nineteen, I was thin and I wasn't bad-looking. I'd probably have had a shot at Mary, since I wasn't yet grotesque, as I am now. I swear to Christ, when I was younger I really was kind of a good-looking guy. Then one day in the mid-nineties I woke up and I'd become Vic Tayback. The honest truth is, I thought she was attracted to me; I thought this was like the best date I'd ever had and maybe the start of a relationship. You tend to lose your ability to reason clearly when an incredibly hot woman puts the moves on you, whether you're paying her or not. But I realized that her attraction to me might not be all that strong when I noticed that she'd stopped kissing me until, much like her sister, I put the \$75 in her shoe. I swear to God, I should have paid these broads extra to fuck me with no shoes on, just to see where they'd put the money.

Once business was settled, we moved into the rear “lounge.” We sprawled out on the luxurious sleeping bags, and she took out a rubber. She put it on me with her mouth, which a lot of whores have done to me since. That’s such a skill; I suggest that whores everywhere make it a permanent part of their routine. Whores who know how to do it right, please teach your friend-whores.

We started rolling around, her long jet-black hair was loose, she got naked, and then I got on top of her, and because I was a complete and utter novice, it took me a little while to find the proper hole. I didn’t need a guide-in though; I did get it on my own, and once I was in there, I’ve got to tell you, I lasted probably a good minute and a half—which is way longer than a lot of other people have told me they lasted when they lost their virginity. I can be straight about this: My manly staying power wasn’t due to my iron-clad concentration or some kind of tantric sex self-hypnosis I learned about from Sting. It was strictly the awkwardness of the situation, because I was preoccupied with the fact that we were fucking in my father’s handicap van. I can clearly remember my schizophrenic train of thought as I was banging her. It seesawed between *I can’t believe I’m fucking a chick this hot*, and *Jesus, look at those tits*, to *I’d better not leave any stains back here* and *Is tomorrow when I have to drive Pop to the rehabilitation center?* I was somehow in the situation and watching it from a distance at the same time. I was happy to be having sex, but where I was doing it was at once funny and unbelievably depressing.

I never shared this story with my father before he died, and sometimes when I recall it, I think I should have, because he probably would have found it hilarious.

Let me tell you, once I was finished banging Mary, that same delusion that hit when she started kissing me returned—twice as bad. I suddenly felt such a connection to this girl that if I thought she understood more than every third word I said, I’d have told her



all of my hopes and dreams and asked her to be my wife. Instead, we sat in silence for a while and sort of cuddled. It was the most intimate moment I’d ever shared with a woman. Then she started giving me kind of a hand job, which got me hard again, then she blew me without a rubber on. I now know that no matter what you’re paying, this is very, very rare for a hooker.

In my mind, at that moment, she was no longer a hooker—she was a girl who clearly liked me. She was really into it, I thought. She was probably acting, but it sounded to me like I might have even satisfied her on some level. I was so happy with the way my first time went. It was a milestone, like the first time I was asked to appear on *Letterman* or when I played Carnegie Hall. I felt such an instant bond to this girl that I considered offering to help her study for her SATs. I’m sure someone of her background would have been impressed with my combined score of 860.

“Look,” I said to her. “Is it okay if we do this again?”

"Sì," she said. "Sì is okay. I like you." Then she gave me a kiss on the cheek. That did nothing to help me stay focused on the reality of the situation.

After I dropped her off, I went straight back to the Camelot Diner and ordered a bacon, egg, and cheese on a hard roll with a large chocolate milk. I have eaten that delicious, nutritious meal many times since, but it never came close to tasting as good as it did then. This was back when people were civilized and you were allowed to smoke inside, so afterward I lit up a cigarette. God, was that fantastic. As my friend Dan the Song Parody Man says, "A cigarette after dinner is one of the forty best cigarettes of the day."

About a week later, I called Mary again. I had somehow gotten together the necessary \$75 and the same exact scenario happened once again—including my meal afterward at the Camelot. And that wasn't the last time either, because she and I had a thing going: It was more drawn out each time we got together. We spent more time talking and I got to know her a little. She told me that she and her sister were in the country illegally, which gave her an edge that I found incredibly sexy. There was no doubt about it, I was really smitten; I just thought she was a doll. She was adorable and I liked her personality, so I tried to talk to her about how we could get her a green card to stay in the country.

I didn't care if I had to keep paying her for our "dates," I wanted this girl to be my girlfriend. My friends might take some work, but I figured I could easily bullshit my mom about it. There's no rule that you have to tell your mother that your girlfriend is a whore. Besides, this chick was young; she didn't look haggard. She didn't look like she'd done the rope and bungee cord bit at bachelor parties yet, that's for sure. I started thinking of how our relationship could develop, which was completely crazy. I concluded that the best thing to do was just dive in. I seriously considered just asking her to marry me.

Mary and I did it a total of four times. The last time we got together, I actually sprung for a room. It wasn't much of a departure from the van—in fact, in some ways, it was worse. It was a shitty, small motel called the Garden State Motor Lodge that is still there on Route 22 eastbound in Union, a couple of miles before you hit Freilinghausen Avenue in Newark. That was where some of the more happening kids in high school took broads to get laid. I was really into this girl, so I splurged: I went for one of their top-tier, \$18-a-night rooms. This place was one of those establishments where rooms were also available by the hour. I'm pretty sure that's the deal I went for. It paid off too—my girl gave me the usual, plus a free blow job. The time before, she also didn't charge me for the blow job, which was wonderful. It was this kind of treatment that convinced me that we should definitely get married. I mean, how many guys' girlfriends don't charge them for a blow job on their fourth date? Think about how much it costs just getting to the fourth date.

The day after our rendezvous at the Garden State Motor Lodge, I was on cloud nine and decided to proceed with my plan to introduce her to my family, which was my first step at making this a real, eventually non-payment-based relationship. I was unsure about it, though, because of the profound sadness in our house. My mom was a tower of strength—she was the only thing keeping us all together—and I thought that bringing an attractive girl over so I could tell my mom I had a girlfriend might improve her mood.

I've never asked my sister, but I'm pretty sure she didn't lose her virginity to a male whore. She probably went a more conventional route. Oh, wait—my sister as well as every other girl I'm related to has never had sex. I've never done anything normally in my entire life, really. I am a fucked-up person, let's face it. Quite frankly, I'm lucky to have any sort of job at all, much less a job working on the coolest radio show ever and making the kind of money I make today. Back then I already knew that I was fucked up, and I knew that

losing my virginity the way I did was fucked up, but I thought that I could turn it around. Even though I wasn't going to school like my sister, I'd at least show my mom that I'd met a nice girl and might have a shot at getting married and having some kind of a normal life.

Of course, this story has a sad ending like most fucking things in my life do, particularly when women are involved. About a week later, I called Mary's apartment, and her sister told me that Mary had gone back to Brazil. My heart dropped. I swallowed hard and almost couldn't speak.

"Really?" I said. "What happened?"

"Well, she has a boyfriend back there," her sister said. "He was going to come over here and then he does not. He knows nothing about what we are doing here, okay?"

"That's really too bad," I said.

The sister spoke English pretty well compared to Mary, so she was able to explain their situation.

"She's not coming back," she said. "We are really nice people. We are very religious. We are doing this only to make money so we could get over here, and her boyfriend wants her to go back. But she said you are very nice, and if you want to come by, I will be happy to help you out." Now that's my kind of religious chick.

"Yeah, maybe we could do that," I said, knowing full well that I had no intention of it. "I'll call you." I didn't want to flat-out turn her down, but as far as I was concerned, she wasn't even in Mary's league. I remember hoping that things would get better for Mary in her village, but to be honest, it sounded like the best career a woman could land back there was becoming a heroin mule. And now, years later, after all of my struggles with drugs, I'd like to think that possibly I've done some heroin that sweet Mary shit out at a Best Western in the South Bronx, perhaps at gunpoint. It might sound strange to you, but I guess I'm just a hopeless romantic.

I was instantly depressed, because those "dates" with Mary were just about all I had to live for. I ended up calling her sister back the next day. I told her to have Mary call me if she ever returned to the States, and gave her my phone number. At that point, I had my own phone line in our house, which rang only in my room. I kept that number for another ten years and never got a call.

It took me a while to get over Mary, and as you can tell, I'll never forget her. More than a few times in the months and years to follow, I'd drive by her apartment complex. I kept thinking each time I passed by that I'd see her back in town, just walking down the street, heading home. In the back of my mind, I never totally believed her sister's story. I thought maybe I'd creeped her out somehow, or that she could see I was getting attached and had her sister make up a story. My self-esteem is always good in a pinch.

Nothing can change the fact that I had four wonderful meetings with this girl and she helped me become a man. And she did it while there was still an "een" at the end of my age! Thank the Lord for that! Besides, I guarantee that none of my friends lost their virginity to a chick hotter than Mary. She had a nice ass and she had beautiful thighs. She had real tits that were a solid C cup, young and perky. She was built just exactly the way I like a chick to be built.

In the years to come, one of my favorite bars became a place called McGee's, which later became Suspenders, that isn't far from the Camelot Diner. I spent far too many nights there in my twenties, drinking and getting arrested for drunk and disorderly, for fighting, and also for a DUI. On the nights when no one ended up in jail, my buddies Chico, Shecky, Deeg, and I would usually end up at the Camelot eating cheeseburger deluxes, chocolate milks, cheesecakes, and chocolate layer cake well into the night. I never said anything to them, but I was usually sitting there wishing Mary would walk in. In my drunker moments I'd daydream it: She'd stroll through the door, looking every inch as hot as she was, we'd go out

into the parking lot, and then I'd say to her, much like Abe Vigoda said to Robert Duvall in *The Godfather*: "Mary, could you throw me one for old times' sake?" And much like Duvall said to him, she'd say: "Can't do it, Artie."

Well, that never happened. Instead, I spent many of those nights fending off questions from my friends about how I lost my virginity. I was always so vague that I'm not sure even I remember the bullshit story I used. I think it went something like this: "So, yeah, it was the summer of '85, and I was down the Shore one weekend. This chick was a friend of a friend. I can't even remember what high school she went to, but it was just that one weekend and then she never called me." Yeah, that sounds about right.

I was so embarrassed about the real story, even ten years later, that I still couldn't admit it. It's not like my friends hadn't done dumb shit. I certainly could have told my buddy Deeg—he's the only other guy who went to my high school and wanted to get into show business. We got real tight in our late teens and twenties by walking that road together. We went on auditions and took acting classes in Greenwich Village for the few weeks we could afford to. We had a bond, because to do that at all, we had to be able to embarrass ourselves in front of each other all the time. Deeg is a great guy and he would have understood, but for some reason, I could never get up the balls to share it, even though for years I was dying to tell someone this story.

As for my squiring skills, after Mary, I went into a big drought. I thought that all I needed to do was lose my virginity and then I'd just be having sex all the time, forever. I figured that once I'd done it, I'd have some kind of natural sex knowledge that broads would sense. I wouldn't act any different, but I'd have an invisible manly swagger as a non-virgin that would make me irresistible. I think it's what's affectionately known as having "stank on your down-low."

That didn't happen, but about a year later I went on a ski trip

against my will. Skiing just ain't my thing. Let me put it to you this way: For years my manager tried to get me to do the Aspen Comedy Festival and I told him that the two groups of people I hate most in this world are comedians and people who ski, so it sounded like a living a hell. I do not ski, nor will I ever, but this one time I got talked into it by my buddy Al, his girlfriend Toby, and Deeg, just as a way to get the fuck out of town. We drove up to a place called Owl's Nest in Ontario, Canada, where I spent my time drinking in the lodge. And that's where I met the second girl I ever had sex with. I got her drunk one night on Absolut vodka, and I made Deeg spend the night in Al and Toby's room. I won't name names, but my buddies definitely remember her, because that story has never really gone out of rotation, mostly because on the drive home we were trying to figure out who the girl looked like. An hour into it, I had it: She looked exactly like Elton John. To this day, if anything about Canada or skiing is mentioned, one of my friends will start singing: "It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside..."

There was one remarkable thing about that experience: The girl was a virgin. She's the only virgin I have ever slept with. I do see something humorous in the fact that my virginity was taken by a complete pro and the next time I had sex, I played that role—just not nearly as well. As far as my sexual history goes, I didn't start putting up any real numbers until I began going into New York City to try my luck doing stand-up. Once I was involved in the New York scene and doing coke and hitting after-hours clubs, it became much easier. Anyone who was or is involved in that scene knows it's a no-brainer: You meet broads and you have cocaine relationships, which revolve around doing lots of cocaine and then fucking. Those are never a sure thing, however, because usually girls who want to hang with you for coke love coke way more than they love fucking.

In my struggling years in New York, I probably put up another

seven or eight broads, which for me are strong numbers because I've never been a ladies' man. However bold I may be when I'm on stage or making a fool of myself for laughs, it goes right out the window in the presence of a beautiful woman. And time and success have done nothing at all to change that: I'm still unbelievably shy around women. It's the classic scenario: As a performer, I'm more comfortable on stage in front of 5,000 people than one-on-one with a hot chick.

When I got my role on *MADtv* in the summer of 1995, I was twenty-seven years old. My "number" at that point was eleven. Only two of them were repeat customers—three of them, if you include Mary the hooker. I had only three repeats (I would like to have said "threepeats," but I didn't want to have to pay Pat Riley a licensing fee), but by that point I had been to a lot of bachelor parties, so I'd been blown by about fifty different women. I'm sure many of my fans will be disappointed to hear that of the eleven I had sex with, only two were whores, which makes that nine regular chicks I was able to talk into bed.

I did find out, when I moved to L.A., however, that if you're a regular on a network show, you can be the world's biggest retard and still get laid. And that's a good thing for me, for obvious reasons.

Still, my numbers should be much better. At the age of forty, thirteen years into show business, I have somehow moved up the ladder into the major leagues of entertainment, but my numbers haven't really jumped accordingly. I went from doing stand-up to a network show to having a network deal to being in studio movies and then to a regular spot on the biggest radio show ever. When we talked about numbers again recently on the air, I was vague about it because, for the first time in my life, I actually couldn't remember. I secretly felt so cool that I had actually lost count of how many chicks I've banged. I tried my best to add it all up tonight, and I'd

say I'm up to around eighty. If I'd never gotten into show business, of course, I'd probably still be lingering down around eleven. But, now that I'm thinking about it, eighty is a *really* low number considering the career I've had. I've spent the last seven years doing *The Howard Stern Show*, and that is the ultimate—the best regular gig a comedian can have. Doing *Howard* plus all the stand-up I do, I've seen every kind of groupie, because a headlining comedian in a good club can get sex, drugs, anything. I figure that a guy who was at all good with women and had my same career for the past thirteen years would be up over a thousand. While eighty might be a lot for a normal guy, remember that we're talking about eighty put up by a guy who, in his forties, still sucks with women and is in a line of work where it's easy to get broads. It's much more realistically pathetic when you see it that way, don't you think?