

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD-ON

"Listen to them. Children of the night. What music they make!" - Bela Lugosi, Dracula (1931)

Although many of the comics who opened for me went on to fame and fortune, Jon Stewart and Ellen DeGeneres surprised me (in the most positive way) by getting chosen to breath the rarified air as hosts of the world's most prestigious awards show - The Oscars. *Well, **second** most prestigious.* I was the the **first** comic chosen to host The Annual Adult Video News Awards Show in Las Vegas 1997. Unfortunately not one of the many talented actresses and performers appearing there **ever** opened up for *me*. Although there was one interesting incident that happened when I went back to host the following year... [*cue to cheesy flashback music and wavy dream sequence*]

"Dreams if they're any good, are always a little bit crazy."- Ray Charles

The first time I appeared at the AVN Show in Las Vegas in 1995 I'm a little nervous making my debut in front of this well-lubed but still - *very rough crowd*. Why did I think they were going to be rough? Cause we're not talking regular people here. We're not talking members of the million dollar life insurance sales round table. We're talking drunk XXX double penetration pornstars, coked out spray-tanned porn producers, both alongside their lower caste brethren, the junk-stuffed fluffers who'd seen, heard and swallowed everything *and everyone*. And as much as I enjoy my porn, I was always a bit flummoxed* by the term "*Porn Actor*." These guys get to bang really hot chicks without having to buy them dinner *and* they get PAID for it! *And* right after that, the broad goes home. On her own. On good terms. **Wow!** These guys don't seem like they're acting to me. They're having a great time and making money at the same time! How about guys like me who have to sleep with the same woman every night for well over a quarter of a century and act like the sex is new and exciting? Now **that** takes some acting chops. Where is **MY** statue? Where is **my** paycheck?

*When was the last time you heard the word "flummoxed?" You will *not* find it in *any* other comic's book. The only other comedian that *might* use it in their book after hearing that I used it in mine is Carlos Mencia.

I knew my wife wouldn't be too thrilled with the idea of me spending a few days hanging around with the hot, barely legal female sexworkers of the blue cinema. But it was a decent paycheck for a few hours of "work," I get to hang out in Vegas for a couple of nights, *and* - of course - there would be *a lot* of porn stars attending. Much like the *real* Academy Awards, it always ran way too long, had way too many dumb acceptance speeches and tried in vain to keep the crowd awake and focused with a comic and a few musical interludes. And like all the "legitimate" awards shows, statues (not dildoes) were given out for best actor, director, picture, etc. the difference being there were also awards for best oral, best anal, best double penetration (DP as it's referred to in the biz) best money shot, and of course, best gangbang - awards that Meryl Streep can only dream of.

I wasn't the first comic to make a guest star appearance and perform in front of the rowdy, drunk, coked out, short attention span audience. Besides my two late friends Bill Hicks and Richard Jeni, one of my comedy role models when I started out, "*detective by day / comic by night*" - Richard Belzer, had also taken the bull by the horns and wrestled with this mob. I was following in the footsteps of some great stand-ups, not that *this* crowd would remember or even give a shit. How much tougher could hosting this show possibly be after the BMMIE debacle? That auditorium was filled with assholes wanting music and nothing more where this crowd was filled with assholes just wanting a big cock inside of it. *I liked them more already.*

What made hosting The AVN show a little easier was the fact that a lot of the male stars attending - Ron Jeremy, Randy West and Steven St. Croix were friends of mine. (Great - guys who got laid more in a week than I got laid in a year - way to start off with the feelings of inadequacy). There were at least a few dozen more who stopped to shake my hand - *but not one female porn star* that knew or cared. It's alright. They probably also wouldn't have recognized Paul McCartney, Moe Howard or the Dalai Lama if they walked by either.

The performance went fine - considering the circumstances - (*you're supposed to call a doctor if your erection lasts more than four hours*) - and I got a call to do it again the following year. The absolute best part of the

awards show was *not* the show itself, it was the hotel lobby *before the show*.

Just like the movie stars parading down the pre-Oscars red carpet in Hollywood, these porn girls like to strut their stuff and show off their *goods much* like a flock of preening peacocks; although peacocks found in nature do not sport silicone enhanced wings or botoxed beaks. Sitting at one of the casino bars watching the girls sashaying into the ballroom was *not* the best part. The exciting, fun part was observing the shocked, midwest tourists and business rubes with convention name tags pinned to their plaid jackets, their desperate needy stares like those of a starving child peering in the window of a bakery, and the accompanying stares of horror and disgust emanating from their *fugly* wives.

"What most wives fail to realize is that their husbands' philandering has nothing whatever to do with them." - Seth Lord (John Halliday), *The Philadelphia Story* (1940)

In 1997 I was the first in a long line of comics to actually host the show. My co-host that first year was the young, talented and deliciously angelic 23 year old Jenna Jameson. The year before at The AVN's she'd taken home the trophy for *Best New Starlet* and was standing backstage accompanied by her father when I mentioned to a him a *bit too sarcastically*, "*you must be quite proud of your little girl.*" He actually seemed extremely proud, although somewhat oblivious, kind of like the lobotomized Chief at the end of *Cuckoo's Nest*, and without missing a beat - seriously beamed, "*Yes I am.*" Did he think that all those cocks entering his daughter and all that cum glazing her face more than a dozen Krispy Kreme donuts was just more of that CGI magic of the movies? My paternal mind wandered as I realized that *my* daughter was only eight at the time and all I could think about was how I better start putting something away for college. ***Now.***

"Now I know why tigers eat their young." - Al Capone

One of the best acceptance speeches that I was lucky enough to be present for or I wouldn't have believed it was when one bimbo received the award for "best anal scene" and thanked her parents ***and*** God. Not sure

what the fuck went on in that household growing up but church on Sunday had to be something. A little later on in the evening it was my honor and privilege to introduce porn princess Jasmine St. Claire, whose claim to fame was that she broke the world-land record by having "300 sex acts with 300 hundred men" in a 24 hour period. (I think she was also the first woman on the moon, but history, for some strange reason, only remembers the gangbang thing.) Filmed for posterity in *World's Biggest Gang Bang 2* it must have been heart breaking for Annabel Chong who had only managed to have sex with 251 men in the first *World's Biggest Gang Bang*. I'm sure that bittersweet defeat must have felt similar to the feeling Babe Ruth's widow must have had when she watched from her Yankee Stadium box seat and had to congratulate Roger Maris when he hit 61 home runs breaking her husband's record.*

*I wish Babe Ruth could have been at the show that night because according to all the stories and folklore, he probably got more pussy than *any* of the guys in attendance. As a matter of fact, he probably got more pussy than Roger Maris *and* the two guys that passed him in career home runs - Hank Aaron and Barry Bonds put together!

But even at the Porn Awards someone had to critique my act. When I pointed out Jasmine's incredible stamina and accomplishment and mentioned to the crowd that she was *"trying to break into mainstream cinema (which she was) and her debut film was going to be for Disney and called Jasmine St. Claire Does 101 Dalmatians,"* I was told she wasn't happy with my joke and that I embarrassed her in front of the entire industry. Really? I guess I should have shown more respect and said *301 Dalmatians... two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.*

Whenever I return from my Vegas porn adventures, the first thing all the boys want to know and hear about is all the great after-parties and pussy that I must have had. Well, truth be told, *No Parties, No Pussy*. I've been married long enough to know I *will* somehow get caught which leaves me with *No House, No Money*. The next day at hotel check-out I will invariably run into some actor or producer telling me about the debauchery going on in so and so's suite with naked chicks blowing everybody and ashtrays full of coke. *"You could've gone Bobby... I would've taken you."* I think if I played for The Rolling Stones back in the 70's, somehow I would have missed *that* party also. Not that I really give a shit. I'm married. I *know* for a

fact if I cheated on my wife, somehow, someday she would find out. And *no* I don't really think a late night blowjob from a pornstar is cheating. But I know my wife does. And so will her lawyer. *Shit - I'm gonna get my balls busted by her just for writing this in my book!*

"A man doesn't know what happiness is until he's married. By then it's too late." - Frank Sinatra (Joe E. Lewis), *The Joker Is Wild* (1957)

The bottom line is I've gotten laid plenty in my life. I didn't say *enough*. I said plenty. I've even nailed my own wife a bunch of times. After a show I'm much happier getting back up to my room, taking a shower, turning on the television, and if I *really* feel adventurous, ordering a cheeseburger and Heineken from room service. There have been nights at a nice hotel that I don't care if it cost fifty bucks. I worked hard, I deserve it. You only live once. If you lived *twice*, then maybe I would go for the pussy... *And a cheeseburger.*

"I can't stand people who don't take food seriously." - Oscar Wilde

There was one incident in Vegas that pushed my endurance and abstinence to the limit. It was of course, again, at the AVN Awards. I was co-hosting the show with a few different girls and although they were pros at sucking dick, they weren't exactly pros when it came to **standing** (at a podium), **reading** (a list of nominees) or **delivering** (a joke). One of the ladies actually picked up a trophy herself that night. *A Lifetime Achievement Award*. You know you have to really care and be dedicated to your job to get one of those babies! (I'm told she has a 6-page full color spread in the medical school textbook for vaginal rejuvenation). Anyway, towards the end of the ceremonies she mentioned in passing that she hoped the show would be over soon so she could make it over to catch the last few Metallica songs at The Las Vegas Arena. Coincidentally, I had been trying to reach Lars, the drummer in the band - an old friend of mine - because I wanted to do the same thing. She told me she "dated" a guy the night before who owned a car service so she had access to a free limo *and backstage passes, and nobody to go with*. So Of course I volunteered to chaperone her. Why not? A young, single porn star out late at night in a dangerous town like Las Vegas? I did it mostly out of concern for her safety.

After the show we went backstage to say hello to the band and have a couple of cocktails. I think we even did a few lines of blow. Who the hell remembers? We got back in the limo and as she was dropping me off at my hotel, gave me that *"So now what... Mr. Bond?"* look and asked me what I was doing for the rest of the evening. I gave her a kiss *on the cheek*, thanked her for the show, and told her I was tired, I needed to get some sleep because I had an early flight in the morning. I walked into the hotel, took the elevator to my room and ordered a cheeseburger. And *two* Heinekens.

"I've looked on many women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. God knows I will do this and he forgives me" - Jimmy Carter

A couple of years later when I was hosting the Porn Awards again, all the presenters and co-hosts assembled in the showroom for a late afternoon sound check and run through. My Metallica date was back again but this time had her husband *and baby* with her. She was complaining that it was really slow for her this week in Vegas and she wasn't making much money. Apparently what some of the girls do is make a few bucks fucking Japanese businessmen attending the massive Consumer Electronics Show that takes place the same time as the AVN Awards. It's next to impossible to even find an available hotel room in town that week. She was telling me that she could make a quick few grand everyday spending as little as thirty minutes with her clients, although some of them take a bit more patience because they're so nervous that it takes them a bit longer to get it up. But just as often a guy will shoot his load as soon as she gets undressed, so it kind of all evens out in the end. (Like the Government, a system of cocks and balances), All the while her husband is sitting next to us rocking their baby paying no attention to our conversation. She went on to say that she even lowered her blowjob price to five hundred bucks trying to drum up a little business. So of course Mr. Bigmouth here says, *"Hey, if I had that kind of money, I'd pay you in a second!"* I was married and didn't *really* mean it, It was more of a complement to her good looks and the fact that she seemed kind of bummed out she didn't have any biz. With that she beamed, *"If you give me fifty dollars for a babysitter so my husband and I can go out dancing, I'll blow you."* Now I'm stuck between a rock and a

hard-on because what kind of wuss would turn down a famous porn chick who just gave me a fire-sale price on a world-class blowjob? And yes I'm married, but I'm also *Jewish!* **Such a deal!** With that she leans over to her husband and says matter of factly, "Honey, Bobby said he'd give me fifty bucks for a blowjob so we can go out tonight, O.K.?" Without even looking up, he said, "Sure, just don't swallow." And continued rocking the baby.

"... Stop telling me who's dangerous and who isn't and who's safe and who's a menace... You're all standing out here set to crucify somebody! You're all set to find a scapegoat! You're all desperate to point a finger at someone!" - The Twilight Zone (The Monsters Are Due On Maple Street) 1960

She called me later in the day to tell me the deal was off because the town was packed and they couldn't find a babysitter anywhere at the last minute. I called room service, ordered a cheeseburger and a Heineken, jumped in the shower and got ready for the show.

"She was bad, she was dangerous, I wouldn't trust her any farther than I could throw her. But... She was my kind of woman." - Fred Astaire (Tony Hunter) Bandwagon (1953)