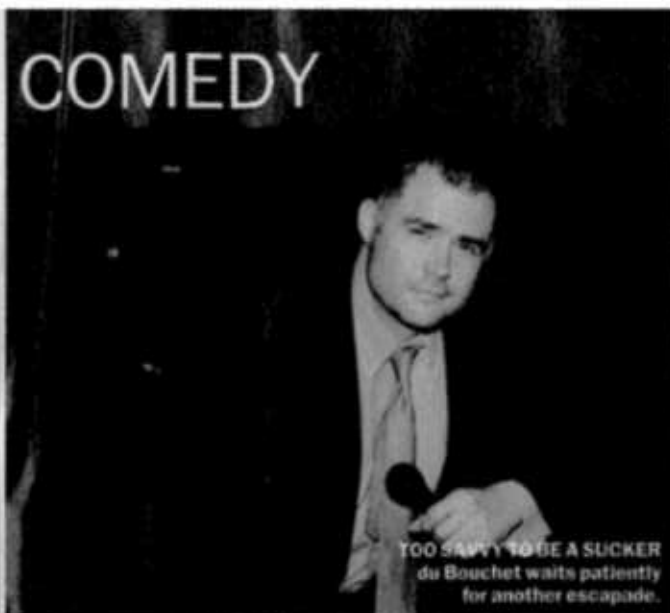


COMEDY



TOO SAVVY TO BE A SUCKER
du Bouchet waits patiently
for another escapade.

Blow hard

For the sex issue, we solicited comedian Andres du Bouchet to spew his strangest true tale

By **Andres du Bouchet**

And now: "The time I met a woman claiming to be a yoga instructor on 83rd St and less than ten minutes later she was giving me a blow job for free, after which I still made the midnight showing of *Anchorman*."

July 8th, 2004. I purchased a ticket to this particular film because, on that night, I had an itch to hear Will Ferrell say ridiculous things in a loud voice. Little did I know what coming attractions this film would have. Or should I say, ejaculating attractions? Or should I say, ejaculating penis?

Galumphing along Broadway with absolutely no free-blow-job-

from-a-stranger expectations and lurching along awkwardly as I am wont to do, I heard a female voice.

"My penis is a lot like Vincent D'Onofrio's career."

"Excuse me," she said. "Can I ask you a few questions?" After confirming that I was neither married nor gay, she continued, "I'm a yoga instructor from Chicago and I'm doing some experiments with my energy. Here's what I propose: We

go upstairs to my friend's apartment, you wash your cock, I give you head and you leave."

I nodded thoughtfully, put my smart consumer mind to work and resolved to play the part of the tough customer. "You can understand my skepticism," I said. She was going to have to convince me to allow her to give me head. After promising I wouldn't be robbed or videotaped, I sternly conceded, "Alright."

In the elevator, she laid out the ground rules: No shoes inside the apartment, and absolutely no talking; I was to "wash my cock" and proceed to the bedroom. I checked my watch and she asked if I had anywhere to be. I said I had tickets to see a movie at midnight. "Maybe you'll make it," she said. Little did I know what other sort of making it there would be. Okay, at this point I knew.

At the door, we removed our shoes. She gestured to the bathroom. Inside, I disrobed, and—Holy shit! Look at all the oils, lotions, potions and notions! Oral Pleasure Gel. Anonymous Cock Glaze. Tasting A Stranger's Boner Cream. If it was indeed "her friend's" apartment, they shared similar interests.

I showered and strode naked out of the bathroom. My new acquaintance was also nude. There we were: two people who clearly needed to get to the gym, but only one of whom actually claimed to have been. She gestured to the bed. I laid down. The ceiling was unremarkable. As she leaned down to gently kiss my inner thighs, her large breasts dipped below my field of vision like the twin suns of Tatooine. My penis responded and she commenced the main event.

Now might be a good time to tell you a bit about my penis. It's a lot like Vincent D'Onofrio's career. Not huge, but putting forth excellent work in lower-profile character roles, despite a reputation for unreliability and quirkiness. It's not everyone's cup of tea, but some find it very compelling, and now it stars on *Law and Order: Criminal Intent*.

She suddenly shifted her techniques, taking up a frantic, mechanical rhythm that threatened to send D'Onofrio back to community theater, a method I refer to as the I GONNA MAKE YA COME!!! This woman was putting the "ow" in blow job. Soon, I was flaccid, but eventually ejaculated a disappointing dribble.

Here's where the story gets strange. This woman who was so wary of shoe dirt, fastidiously harvested all of my ejaculate, gathering it into her mouth with little sweeping motions of the fingers. And there it stayed. She did not swallow. She did not spit. With a motion of the arm, she silently said, "Get dressed and leave—now." I reached for my shoes. Tapping me on the shoulder, she—with a mouth still full of my come—gave a pleasant tsk-tsk finger wag and gestured to the door. I put on my shoes in the hallway and left.

Months later, I pondered that she might have collected my sperm in an effort to get pregnant. Either way, *Anchorman* was hilarious.

For information on *Naked Trampoline Hamlet*, see listings.

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Stand-up clubs **98**

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CARLOS MENCHA October 6-9 From Comedy Central's <i>Weekend Update</i> , NBC's <i>Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee</i> , and <i>Comedy Central Presents</i> (and his comedy album <i>How to Live: A Manual</i>)	PIERRE October 6-9 From NBC's <i>Dad Comedy</i> , FOX's <i>Comedian</i> , and the Fox <i>Dad Jams</i> (how to be a rapper)	TRACY MORGAN October 14-16 From NBC's <i>Saturday Night Live</i> and <i>The Tracy Morgan Show</i> and the film <i>The Longest Yard</i>	SHANG October 14 & 16 From NBC's <i>Dad Comedy</i> , FOX's <i>Comedian</i> , and the NBC's <i>Comedian</i> and the album <i>Shang</i>	OTTO & GEORGE October 13 From the <i>Travis</i> <i>Shogun Show</i> , and <i>Cops and Anthony</i>	JOHN WITHERSPOON October 20-23 From <i>ABC's</i> <i>Who Mugged Who?</i> , <i>Stand</i> , and the <i>Vampire Brothers</i> , and the <i>Travis</i> <i>Shogun</i> movie	THE NAUGHTY SHOW October 20, 21, 23 A hot blue of comedy (and comedy featuring some of NYC's biggest comedians, hosted by <i>Blue Eggs</i>)	PAUL MOONEY October 27-30 From Comedy Central's <i>"Duggan's Show"</i> (and his film <i>Stardust</i>), and his albums <i>How to Live</i> and <i>Shogun</i>

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