by Bruce Beresford Gordon brucegordon@brucegordonmedia.com / (310) 714-7871 www.brucegordonmedia.com

I know a guy so ugly, he can't even get a <u>hooker</u> to go to bed with him. He never offers them less than a hundred bucks, but they always say: "I'm <u>not that kind of girl</u>!"

I know a guy so <u>cheap</u>, he sent his family on a cross-country budget vacation -- the travel arrangements were handled by <u>UPS</u>!

In Washington, the House and the Senate chose candidates for a Congressional Marijuana Task Force. The volunteers eagerly sampled Columbian, Kona, Panama Red, Acapulco Gold and Sesamean. — They were in a "joint session!"

The best wedding gift a groom can get is 100 bottles of <u>Aspirin</u>— for when the honeymoon's over and the wife begins her <u>headaches</u>!!

A trumpet player asks a priest about birth control after 2 kids. Priest suggests the <u>rhythm method</u>. 3 years later, the priest sees the musician again and asks how it worked. Horn player says: "Well, Father, you already knew Johnny and Billy... ...and these other 4 are my "<u>rhythm section</u>!"

Convict at prison confession: "I was baptized the night I beat up my parole officer."

Priest: "Then why in Heaven's Name did you continue to do such rotten things?"

Convict: "The water dried off!"

UCLA's Law School is typical of today's universities when it comes to drugs and alcohol. When a law professor walked by an empty room he noticed a student go in with some strange bottles. He peeked inside to see her mixing what looked like a <u>Rum & Coke, a Tequila Sunrise and a Bloody Mary</u>. When he finally asked her why she was making drinks there after school, she said: "I'm studying for the <u>Bar</u>!"

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Retiring hooker has nowhere to go, and decides to get a job at a convent to forget about men.

Mother Superior: "We only hire people with a substantial amount of experience in their field."

Hooker: "Okay."

Mother Superior: "Position applied for?"

Hooker: "<u>Missionary</u>!"

Man with Cockney accent: (H)'ey mate, (h)'ow's your sex life?

His friend (with distinguished "Queen's English" accent): I beg your pardon, but I'm a gentleman. I only talk about sex to <u>the person with whom I do it</u>.

Cockney man again: Oh, talk to yourself often, do ya?

Hotel bellman to incoming couple: "Do you have any baggage you want carried?"

Man: "No, my wife can walk up to the room on her own!"

This guy in the store smoked so much, his clothes began to take on the odor of a <u>cigarette</u>. Smelled like one big <u>butt</u>.

Maid applying for job: "\$40/day. I don't do windows, floors or laundry.

Wealthy woman:	"Well what do you do for \$40/day?"
Maid:	"Dust, while I watch the soaps."
Woman:	"Not my \$40.00!"
Maid:	"O.K., just \$20/day— but <u>no dusting</u> !"

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I ran into a nut on the bus one day who claims he has the ultimate mate. She never has a headache, never says: "No," and is always ready for sex, whenever he's in the mood. I not only found this hard to believe, but I got really confused when he said that the only problem was that he had to keep her away from sharp objects. I asked him if she was prone to suicide or something.

- He said "No. She's prone to deflation:"

Not just anybody should be allowed to be a volunteer firefighter. There were a couple of guys at a recent hotel fire who were so dumb, when asked to help <u>stamp</u> it out, they went to the <u>post office</u> to fill up their hoses.

______is a guy who was <u>born</u> mean. He didn't like the way he was pulled out of his mother's womb, so <u>he</u> slapped the doctor!

When the doctor slapped him to see if he was alive, ______ tried to strangle him with his umbilical cord!

I was eavesdropping on a woman's consciousness-raising session to see what goes on. The subject of the day was "The Female's Sexual Fulfillment." It seems that the ladies don't appreciate it when a guy gets his and then rolls over and falls asleep, while <u>she</u> hasn't even had a chance to get started. The conclusion was unanimous: <u>nice</u> guys "finish" last!

A: What's the latest?

B: Nothing. But then no news is good news.

A: I'm a journalist!

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Two rednecks were trying to get into the only party in their small town one night:

Redneck #1: "Hey, I wonder if I could get into that there <u>bar mitzvah</u>?"

Redneck #2: "I don't think so; you ain't wearin' no "Yamaha!"

I used to be such a loser with the ladies that I considered writing some books on taking cold showers.

1) The Joys of Taking Cold Showers

2) Taking Cold Showers in the 12 Positions of the Zodiac

3) Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About Taking Cold Showers, But Were Afraid To Ask

For a dark-skinned person (of African, East Indian or similar descent):

With my old acne condition, I'm glad my skin is as dark as it is. This other guy I know, his skin is a lot lighter than mine. He was offered a job photo modeling for a box of oatmeal cookies!

Fashion.... Everybody wants to be in vogue, chic, GQ, a la mode. I've never really been heavy into rags. One time I bought this outfit; and I thought it was pretty sharp. I was so confident, I asked my lady: "Ain't I <u>Hollywood</u>?" She sized me up from head to toe and said: "No, you ain't even <u>Inglewood</u>!"

Anybody here ever bought a used car? I called myself trying to get something with good gas mileage. You've got to be careful, believe me. Man, I bought one of those teeny-weeny economy cars with a <u>4-</u> <u>cylinder engine</u> so small, it couldn't run a sewing machine. One day I was accelerating onto the freeway, and the cops pulled me over and gave me a ticket for loitering! But the funny thing about this car is that it still guzzles gas like a '63 Lincoln: (act out guzzling). And my mileage gets worse and worse. This week I'm down to 6 miles to the gallon: (pause, look depressed and hit head with palm). — "Wow, I could have had a <u>V-8</u>!"

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There was this real strange guy who lived in a vacant lot across from my apartment. His house was nothing more than a large doghouse that had wheels on the bottom. And he used to pull that house around with him, everywhere he went, no matter how far. I got up enough nerve to ask him one day why a grown man would live in a doghouse. He told me it was the biggest house he could carry around with him. So I said: "What makes you think you have to <u>lug your house everywhere</u> you go?" He said: "Well, you know what they say: "Don't leave <u>home</u> without 'it'!"

So many girls come out to Hollywood, chasing that dream of becoming a model or an actress. And if you really check it out, a lot of them don't even look good enough to make it. I guess a lot of guys in high school told them that they were foxes, so some girls think they should be able to make a living off of their looks. I know a girl so ugly, the only modeling job she could get was a <u>Cal Worthington commercial</u>!

Only for an openly gay (unabashed & irreverent) comedian (to a comfortable audience):

Did you hear? There's going to be a syndicated TV mini-series about the historical hardships of gay people... kind of like "Roots." It's going to be called "Fruits!"

Take Zig-Zag papers out after a lot of (successful) jokes and say, excuse me, here. "I'm on a 'roll!"

Pleasant Woman: "That's a nice blouse you've got on!"

Conceited Woman: "Chic, isn't it? Saw one just like it on the cover of Vogue!"

Pleasant Woman: "Funny, I saw one like it in <u>WalMart</u>!"

There was a girl in school whose teeth were real bad. Let's just say she had bucked gums!

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I used to be so depressed about my failings as a songwriter. It didn't bother me that none of my songs ever went <u>platinum</u>. It didn't bother me that none went <u>gold</u>. But the thing that really got me upset, was that they didn't even go "<u>vinyl</u>!"

A friend of mine can't help but score one-nighters. It isn't that he's real great with the ladies; in fact, the opposite is true. One night he had just finished <u>trying</u> to make love to a young lady he had just met that evening. She asked him if he would respect her in the morning. When he said: "Of course", she said: "You'd better, because I don't respect you <u>now</u>!"

My cousin has a problem with impotency that is so embarrassing, he gets tense whenever he hears Ed McMahon on "The Classic Tonight Show DVDs" say, "Here's Johnny!"

- See, back in college, the girls used to call him: 'Johnny Come-Quick!'

He's got a beautiful wife now, and obviously, sex is not as important to their marriage as it is with a lot of other couples. And it's a good thing, too, because his problem gets progressively worse every year. On their honeymoon 3 years ago, his wife nicknamed him "<u>Minute-man</u>" -- Now she calls him "<u>Tick-tock</u>!"

You laugh, but it's very embarrassing for him. All he has to do is look at woman without a lot of clothes on, and <u>BANG: off with the gun</u>! That's why he stopped going to swimming pool parties. See, when all the guys would get acquainted with the girls by splashing around at the shallow end, this poor guy spent the first moments alone, treading, all the way across on the 10-foot end of the pool.

— What happened was that the girls bouncing around in their bikinis drove him so crazy, that he had to <u>go off</u> on the 'deep end!'