

# The Bachelor Party Bible Book 4: New York

The dirtiest party of a man's life meets the city that never sleeps...alone.

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By [Jon Wilde](#)

This is insane. Why am I on my hands and knees, pants down, in front of 30 friends and coworkers? And why is a 200-pound stripper tongue-tickling my tail feather? Journalism, friends. This humiliation is all part of my new job.

Just four months ago, I was a lowly intern from Connecticut, preparing for college final exams. Now I'm Maxim's full-time (if not fully paid) editorial assistant. And while I love the idea of playing the bachelor for three days of Big Apple debauchery, this wasn't exactly the payoff I'd been expecting.

## Crazy train

New York, I'm learning, is a hard-partying, hottie-drenched beast of a city that'll eat you up and puke you out faster than Lara Flynn Boyle at a buffet. And as with the first three stops in this five-part bachelor party thriller (Sin City, N'awlins, Vancouver), we're riding her for all she's worth. My job? To torture-test Gotham City so that when the time comes, you can throw a perverted, mistake-free stag party of your own. This gig rocks!

It's barely 10 A.M., and our 48-hour bash is already in full screech through the tunnels of Manhattan. In recognition of an old-school N.Y.C. tradition, we've turned the last car of the Coney Island-bound W train into an underground rave: ghetto blaster in the corner, booze disguised as vitamin water, and enough girls dirty-dancing on subway poles to start charging a cover. Adding to the excitement is the fact that this entire party has been outlawed by the mayor himself—but, as the bum wailing on a busted trumpet with an I'LL STOP PLAYING FOR MONEY! sign points out, it's only illegal if you get caught.

Fifteen stops later, we hit New York's finest: the infamous Coney Island amusement parks, a festive combination of fireworks, drunk women, and simmering urban violence—just be sure to leave before dark. Ignoring hunger pains, we barhop to KeySpan Park, home of the Crooklyn (as they're known to all who've been mugged in Brooklyn) Cyclones, the Mets' minor league squad and the only team named after a dilapidated, rickety disaster of a roller coaster—which we ride three times, of course. Because if there's one thing that'll prepare a man for marriage, it's the anticipation of quick death.

But before I can start having fun, the whispers start: "Save your strength, kid." "Enjoy your dignity while it lasts, slugger." I have no idea what's going to happen, but I intend to get obliterated before it's too late.

## Pistol-whipped

There's nothing liberating about celebrating your buddy's last hours of carnal freedom in a buttoned-up W Hotel or some barnyard Marriott. Your groom-to-be deserves a stay at Debauchery Central: the Chelsea Hotel, where Sex Pistol Sid Vicious stabbed the love of his life, Nancy Spungen, to death. Clearly, the brakes are off tonight...

Serendipitously, the good folks at the Chelsea have locked us out of our original suite (Room 710) because some celebrity couple is finding out that reality really does bite. Reportedly, a certain sword-swinging actress booted her cheating dead poet husband out of their apartment, and the birdman is hiding in our crib. But it's no skin off our sparkling backsides—there are more working women in this town than we can shake our sticks at, and time is ticking. Here, stripper, stripper...

Times Square has been on a disappointing uphill slope for years. Former mayor Rudy Giuliani's antiporn crusade pushed the last remnants of the low-rent slime factories into Queens...and we're right behind 'em. But not on the subway. The precious moments of a bachelor party can't be wasted on transportation. For \$200 per hour, Centerfold Strips has provided us a stretch Hummer with built-in hotties (an extra \$700 per hour, but with included girl-on-girl action, it's worth it) so we don't miss a single dance en route. And for anyone who's yet to receive a lap dance at 50 mph, let's just say it's a bump-and-grindy ride. If I knew pretending to get married was this much fun, I'd have faked it years ago.

The minute we step inside Wiggles, an all-nude, no-booze fleshfest of the lowest order, it's clear we've come to the right place. For \$20 these girls will grind a hole straight into your Wranglers. And there's no telling what they do in the private Champagne Room (sorry, we really can't tell). But as we settle in, we hear that Giuliani's sexless policies are being relaxed, opening the doors for highbrow joints like Manhattan Gentlemen's Club. To the strippermobile!

This brand-new upscale "club" in a former bank makes Queens a distant memory. Before I can order a \$13 drink, three "law school students" are grinding all over my gavel. As the clock strikes 4 A.M., we stumble into our waiting Hummer, surrounded by Nelly's "Hot in Herre" and the sight of half-naked Alexia and Mandy pouring drinks for the road. Ah, the joys of marriage!

Fourteen shots and untold sexual indiscretions later, we look like Nick Nolte after a train wreck but somehow make our way to the Hudson River by 10 A.M. If you're a hung-over tourist looking to obliterate all aquatic serenity on your way to peeking up Lady Liberty's frock, you've got one choice: the Beast. For \$16 this Day-Glo speedboat is the best way to enjoy an hourlong, 55 mph tour of the planet's greatest skyline. Too bad some of us (Todd) are missing the entire thing, busily unloading the contents of last night's beerfest over the Beast's railing.

## Batter up

Since New York is high culture, we can't avoid hitting the big spots: the Museum of Modern Art, the Empire State Building, the U.N., etc. But who said we had to leave the strippers at home? (Actually, Kofi Annan did; we learned that U.N. security guards frown on public displays of erotic affection.) Let us be the first to say that every man should get a lap dance on top of New York's tallest building.

We were still too tired and hung over to do our own planning for night two... Luckily, in New York there's always another option. We call Eat, Drink & Be Merry (212-585-2371; from \$40 to \$150 per head, depending on sex-travagance). This one-stop shop for all your twisted bachelor party needs has private party rooms from the West Village to the Upper East Side. One phone call and we have at our disposal limousines, girls who get naked in limousines, food, booze, more girls who get naked in limousines, and girls who get naked for the sole purpose of embarrassing your bachelor to the brink of suicide (or marriage, whichever comes first).

So that's how I ended up here at a bar called Jake's Dilemma, with two strippers dressed like schoolgirls (and drunk on Jell-O shots like schoolgirls) beating me with my own belt in front of my coworkers. Sounds like fun, right? Until a third girl cracks a long leather whip against my butt cheeks.

In seconds the room has gone from dive bar to XXX torture chamber, with lap dances in one corner, body shots in another, and one of our guys...uh, let's say he's being sized for a toe ring. Maybe I'm getting off easy.

And maybe not. I can't tell you all the gory details, but soon I'm defending myself with a Wiffle Ball bat as one stripper hurls eggs at me—without using her hands or feet. Such a talented gal. And all I can think about are the photos of all this mess that will without a doubt get e-mailed to the entire company on Monday morning. Ah, well, in this economy I'll find a new job in no time.

Right now we're still on the company dime and leaving no penny unspent. Across town is another Eat, Drink & Be Merry spot that's hosting an all-night beer-pong competition. And I just happen to be my college's reigning beer-pong champion—or so I unfortunately stated on my résumé. Seven rimmers later I'm 300 sheets to the wind and yelling things about my soon-to-be former boss' mother that would make Traci Lords blush. Hopefully, they'll let me tag along for the final stop on this bachelor party parade: Miami, home of the world's smallest bikinis.

See y'all in paradise.