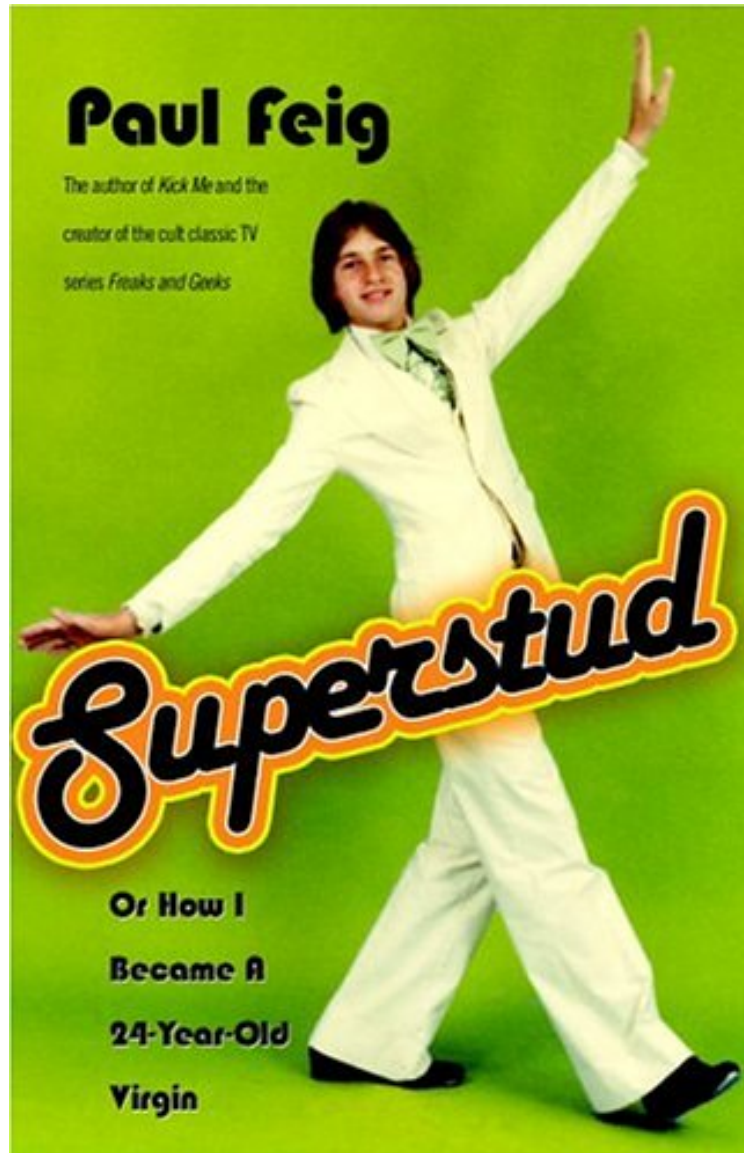


[Get free] Superstud: Or How I Became a 24-Year-Old Virgin

Superstud: Or How I Became a 24-Year-Old Virgin

Paul Feig

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Paul Feig : Superstud: Or How I Became a 24-Year-Old Virgin before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Superstud: Or How I Became a 24-Year-Old Virgin:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy CustomerEnjoyable read.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. My sister recommended this bookBy AmyElizUgh. My sister recommended this book. I was about 30% through the book when I realized that he had discussed nothing but masturbation. How long can someone

talk about masturbation?! It gets old. Not only did I dislike this book, I stopped reading it part way through and actually threw it in the trash. 2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Paul, we knew you when...By John CorkDisclaimer: I knew Paul back in the day. Sure, it was mostly just one semester at USC. We lived on the same floor of the same apartment building. We hung out a bit, and yes, Paul once accompanied me as a "third wheel" on a date. The event wasn't traumatic enough to make it into his book, thankfully! Alas, I've had no contact with the author for many a year, so this isn't a log-rolling review. Paul, Paul, Paul...Wow, this is a horrifyingly honest book. Herr Feig goes into gory details about his love life that are both captivating and unexpected. You expect a recounting of bad dates, young women who used him as a ticket to meet better-looking, hipper guys, and Paul has his moments. But, as other reviewers have mentioned, Paul's actual dating life falls right into the bell-curve. Most of us seriously "date" between one and five others during our undergraduate term in college. Paul's right there in the middle of that. But what turns this upside down is the inner workings of Paul's mind, explored in forehead-slapping detail. It is compelling, and not just because I remember little bits of his neurosis poking through during the three months we spent bits of time together. No, Paul holds nothing back. This isn't a screed about how unfair women can be to geeks. This isn't about surface faux pas that create sitcom-esque misunderstanding, ruining any chance at love. This isn't even about a quest to get laid. This is about a raging conflict in Paul's mind between the world as it is and the way he chose to perceive it for so many years. See, Paul's funny. He's got a gift. Some comedians, like Lenny Bruce and George Carlin are funny because they express your Id, your uninhibited desires. Paul's humor when I knew him was so much about anxiety, and it was so good, you could easily think that the funny comments were meant to mock the anxieties he was addressing. He once saw me hug a girl I was dating as we returned to our apartment. He was literally twitching as he went on an hilarious rant about public displays of affection and how they could be so disturbing to onlookers. But by the end, it was clear that his comments, like this book, were honest expressions of how he felt then and there. Paul's battle with the realities of sex are heartbreakingly funny and cringe-worthy. We are talking about a guy who eroticized Tampex instructions but must not have understood the line drawings because he later fails to understand the basics of female anatomy. And that is what makes this book so compelling. It is so unflinchingly honest. We all go through the trauma of trying to find love. We all think we want sex or affection or just to be alone for a while. We all think at some point that we've found something special and then discover that no matter how good it looks on paper, it just doesn't feel comfortable. It is strange and messy and humiliating and, ultimately, just part of the journey. But Paul's trip should remind us all that whatever our journey—whether better or worse than his—we have to feel comfortable in our own skin before we can feel comfortable against someone else's. And slowly, while nearly breaking his own neck, Paul lets go of his denial, his fear, and comes to terms with the imperfections of the journey to find love. He never finds love in this book, by the way. But he does find a way to share intimacy, to let himself finally enjoy to some degree the comfort of companionship. I think I can speak for many who knew him back then: it wasn't all that much easier even if you weren't having neurotic conversations with God. The ironies were just as rich. What Paul Feig does is tell the story so honestly and so completely. And most of all, he makes it very funny. Kudos.

Lost in love and don't know much? Paul Feig knew even less...Like any other red-blooded, straight young man, Paul Feig spent much of his teenage years trying to solve the mystery of women. Unlike most red-blooded, straight teenage boys, however, Paul Feig was sadly at a considerable disadvantage. He was tall and gangly. He had a love for musical theater. And, perhaps the death knell for his burgeoning sex life, Paul was a tap dance student. (And we have the pictures to prove it—see the front cover.) Infused with the same witty and infectiously readable style of his first book, *Kick Me*, *Superstud* chronicles the trials and tribulations of Feig's young dating life with all the same excruciating detail as an on-air gastric bypass—and you just won't be able to tear yourself away. Feig's series of shudder-to-think but oddly familiar (come on—we've all been dumped by someone we didn't even like that much) anecdotes include: his first date, at an REO Speedwagon concert with the most endowed girl in school, who leaves him sitting next to a puddle of puke; his first breakup, accomplished by moving across the country; his mortifying date with his secretly bigoted girlfriend; his discovery of a new self-love technique that almost lands him in the hospital; and his less-than-idealistic "first time," which he nevertheless elevates to biblical proportions. In *Superstud*, Paul Feig tells all in a hilarious but true testament to geekdom, love, and growing up.

From Publishers Weekly It bodes well that the dedication to this book is laugh-out-loud funny, and indeed, Feig (*Kick Me*) does not disappoint in this comedic tale of his early sex life, or lack thereof. The author, creator of the television series *Freaks and Geeks*, was always a romantic, but sex, in many ways, frightened him. As a practicing Christian Scientist, he believed he should not only refrain from sex, but from masturbation, too—yet his adolescent hormones disagreed. His confusion was compounded when he heard a radio preacher declare, "[E]veryone knows that each time you masturbate, God takes one day off of your life." Feig writes in desperation, "Everyone knew this? Nobody told me about it.... How many days had I lopped off my life so far?" At heart, the memoir is a one-note story of sexual frustration. Feig doesn't delve deeply into his religion, his family relations or his life outside of the physical. The book's many flashbacks will satisfy any child of the 1970s (e.g., Feig is wild about roller skating). While his eventual

deflowering is anticlimactic, the account of his journey to sexual manhood is witty and entertaining and one to which any former sex-addled adolescent (male or female) will relate. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist Feig, creator of the cult classic TV show *Freaks and Geeks*, offers a second book about the trials and tribulations of his youth. His first, *Kick Me* (2002), recounted his hilarious and often painful navigation of adolescence, and *Superstud* covers similar territory but focuses specifically on Feig's interactions with the opposite sex. In a light tone that nonetheless manages to convey the gravity of his actions at the time, Feig recounts his early forays into photography, motivated by his discovery of his mother's fashion magazines, which are filled with scantily clad or naked women. He tells of his attempts to woo a girl three years older than him at the roller rink and a date with the class babe at an REO Speedwagon concert that goes terribly awry. At heart, Feig is just a sweet guy in search of a girlfriend, so readers will be gratified when they get to the last chapter and epilogue to learn about Feig's happy ending. Just as he did in *Kick Me*, Feig perfectly captures the whimsy and tone of adolescent reasoning. Kristine Huntley Copyright © American Library Association. All rights reserved. From the *Inside Flap* Lost in love and don't know much? Paul Feig knew even less... Like any other red-blooded, straight young man, Paul Feig spent much of his teenage years trying to solve the mystery of women. Unlike most red-blooded, straight teenage boys, however, Paul Feig was sadly at a considerable disadvantage. He was tall and gangly. He had a love for musical theater. And, perhaps the death knell for his burgeoning sex life, Paul was a tap dance student. (And we have the pictures to prove it--see the front cover.) Infused with the same witty and infectiously readable style of his first book, *Kick Me*, *Superstud* chronicles the trials and tribulations of Feig's young dating life with all the same excruciating detail as an on-air gastric bypass--and you just won't be able to tear yourself away. Feig's series of shudder-to-think but oddly familiar (come on--we've all been dumped by someone we didn't even like that much) anecdotes include: his first date, at an REO Speedwagon concert with the most endowed girl in school, who leaves him sitting next to a puddle of puke; his first breakup, accomplished by moving across the country; his mortifying date with his secretly bigoted girlfriend; his discovery of a new self-love technique that almost lands him in the hospital; and his less-than-idealistic "first time," which he nevertheless elevates to biblical proportions. In *Superstud*, Paul Feig tells all in a hilarious but true testament to geekdom, love, and growing up.