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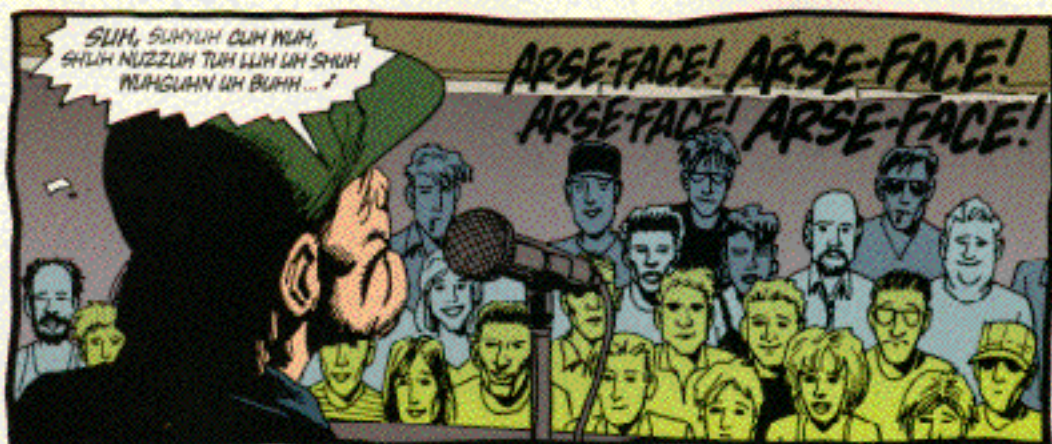


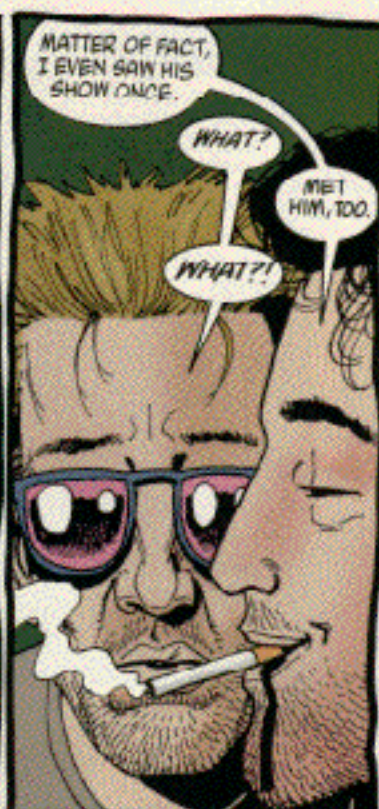
CARTER FINKE
GUYE DILLON

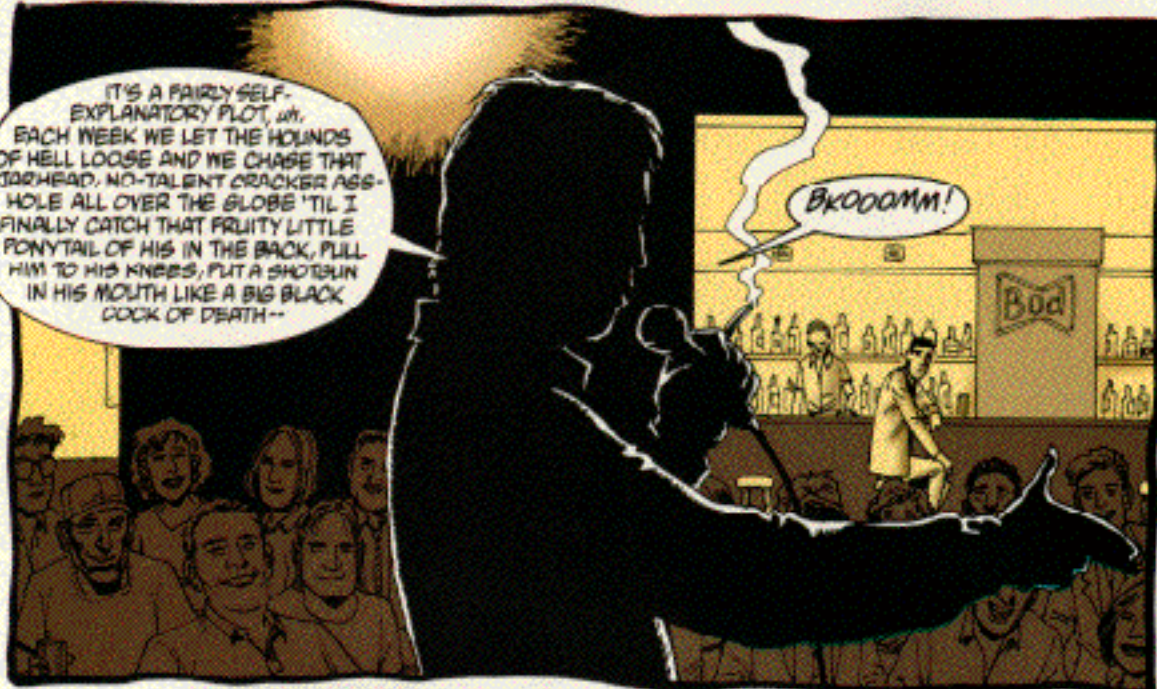


I was told when I grew up I could be anything I wanted: a fireman, a policeman, a doctor — even President, it seemed. And for the first time in the history of mankind, something new, called an astronaut. But like so many kids brought up on a steady diet of Westerns, I always wanted to be the avenging cowboy hero — that lone voice in the wilderness, fighting corruption and evil wherever I found it, and standing for freedom, truth and justice. And in my heart of hearts I still track the remnants of that dream wherever I go, in my endless ride into the setting sun.

— Bill Hicks, *Revelations*






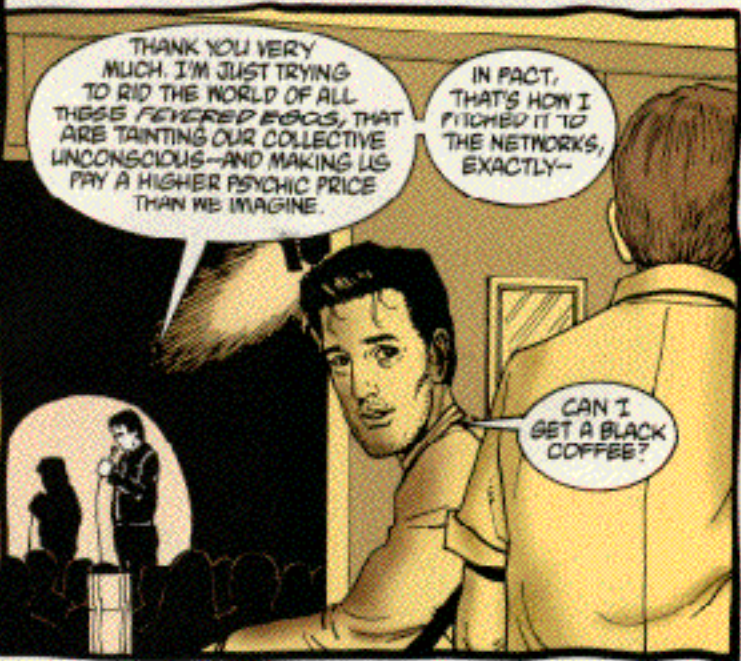


IT'S A FAIRLY SELF-EXPLANATORY PLOT, WH. EACH WEEK WE LET THE HOUNDS OF HELL LOOSE AND WE CHASE THAT JARHEAD. NO-TALENT CRACKER ASS-HOLE ALL OVER THE GLOBE 'TIL I FINALLY CATCH THAT FRUITY LITTLE PONYTAIL OF HIS IN THE BACK, PULL HIM TO HIS KNEES, PUT A SHOTGUN IN HIS MOUTH LIKE A BIG BLACK COCK OF DEATH--

BKODAMN!




AN' WE'LL BE BACK IN NINETY-FIVE WITH "LET'S HUNT AND KILL MICHAEL BOLTON"...



THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I'M JUST TRYING TO RID THE WORLD OF ALL THESE FEVERED EGGS, THAT ARE TAINTING OUR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS--AND MAKING US PAY A HIGHER PSYCHIC PRICE THAN WE IMAGINE.

IN FACT, THAT'S HOW I PITCHED IT TO THE NETWORKS, EXACTLY--

CAN I GET A BLACK COFFEE?



YEH LUCKY FUCKIN' BASTARD. WASN'T HE BRILLIANT, BUT?

HE WAS THE GREATEST GODDAMN COMEDIAN I EVER SAW.



"WE'RE PRO LIFE"
...ALL THE LITTLE
KIDS: "PLEASE DON'T
ADOPT ME! PLEASE
DON'T ADOPT ME!"

"YOU'RE YOUR NEW
CHRISTIAN PRO-LIFE
PARENTS"... "PLEASE,
GIVE ME THE SATAN-
WORSHIPPING FAMILY
DOWN THE BLOCK. THE
ONES THAT HAVE THE
GOOD ALBUMS."

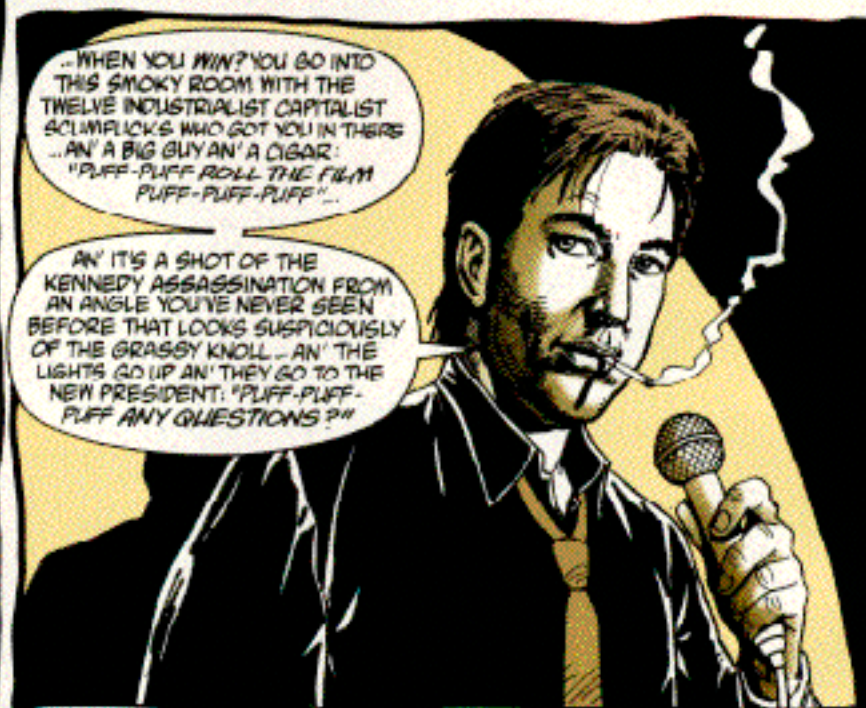


"BEFORE THAT NIGHT, I NEVER
EVEN HEARD OF THE GUY. ONLY
TOOK ABOUT TEN MINUTES
FOR ME TO SEE I WAS
NEVER GONNA FORGET HIM."



"ARE YOU
PROUD TO BE AN
AMERICAN?"

I WAS LIKE--I
DUNNO, I DIDN'T
HAVE A LOT TO DO
WITH IT...MY
PARENTS FLUCKED
THERE, THAT'S
ABOUT ALL...



...WHEN YOU WIN? YOU GO INTO
THIS SMOKY ROOM WITH THE
TWELVE INDUSTRIALIST CAPITALIST
SCUMPUCKS WHO GOT YOU IN THERE
...AN' A BIG GUY AN' A CIGAR:
"PUFF-PUFF ROLL THE FILM
PUFF-PUFF-PUFF..."

AN' IT'S A SHOT OF THE
KENNEDY ASSASSINATION FROM
AN ANGLE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
BEFORE THAT LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY
OF THE GRASSY KNOLL... AN' THE
LIGHTS GO UP AN' THEY GO TO THE
NEW PRESIDENT: "PUFF-PUFF-
PUFF ANY QUESTIONS?"



"WH, JUST
WHAT MY
AGENDA IS!"



AFTER THE SHOW I HAD A BIG SLOPPY GRIN ON MY FACE FOR ABOUT A HALF-HOUR. JUST FELT ... I DUNNO, LIKE I WAS GRATEFUL I'D SEEN THIS GUY, THAT HE WAS THERE SAYIN' THESE THINGS ...

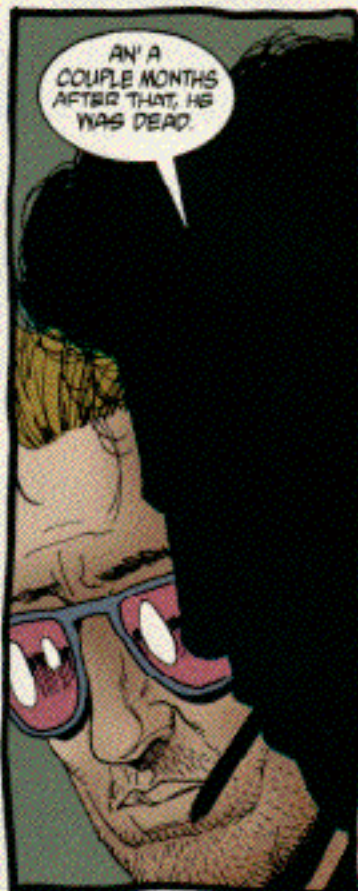
NEXT THING I KNOW HE'S AT THE BAR BESIDE ME.



THANKS-- HOLY SHIT, YOU'RE A PREACHER!



I GUESS THAT MAKES TWO OF US.



AN' A COUPLE MONTHS AFTER THAT, HE WAS DEAD.



PANCREATIC CANCER. HE KNEW, TOO. GUY KEPT GOIN', KEPT PERFORMIN', WITH THE LICENSE GRANTED A DYIN' MAN TO SAY WHAT HE LIKES WITHOUT FEAR.

NOW I DIDN'T AGREE WITH EVERYTHIN' HE SAID OR BELIEVED, BUT BY GOD I COULD SEE THAT GUY STOOD UP AN' TOLD THE TRUTH AS HE SAW IT. NO COMPROMISE, NO RETREAT.



"ANNVILLE BEIN' THE CULTURAL PINGLEBERRY IT WAS, I DIDN'T GET TO HEAR HE DIED FOR SOME TIME.

"ONCE I DID--WELL, I DECIDED I WAS ABOUT THROUGH COMPROMISIN', TOO."