

RELENTLESS

Transcribed by Sarah the Great

(Whistling wind)

(Cheers and applause)

Thank you. How you doing, folks? Me too. You gotta bear with me, I'm very tired, very tired of traveling, and very tired of doing comedy, and very tired of staring out at your vacant faces looking back at me, wanting me to fill your empty lives with humor you couldn't possibly think of yourselves.

Good evening.

It's been a while since I've been here, it's great to be back, wherever I am, I always love it when I'm here. A lot's happened, I guess.

Hey, man, that Clarence Thomas thing, I guess you watched that, eh? Boy, I tell you something, I learned something very important watching the Clarence Thomas hearings, you know what I learned? I don't stand a fucking chance. Don't even call the committee to order. It'd be a real short hearing.

Uh, Mistuh Hicks, are you familiah at all with a video series called 'Clam Lappers' Volumes One through Ninety?

All of them? I don't recall.

Uh-huh. Uh, Mistuh Hicks, are you familiah at all with a man named Manuel, who works at the Show World Adult Video Parlor?

Manny!

Mista Hicks, dey subpoena me, dey subpoena me!

Shit.

Boy, I tell you, after the Pee-wee Herman thing, and then after the Clarence Thomas hearings, pornography has gotten a really bad name in our country. And I'd like to state, for the record, right now - I love pornography. Love it. I have tapes that are pure fucking art, I'm telling ya. People fucking, sucking, every imaginable position, the finest looking women, fucking, sucking - I love it. For the record

Mistuh Hicks, thank you for your testimony. I don't know if we have a place for you right now on the Supreme Court-but, boy, you ever thought about becoming a Senator? C'mere, boy.

Bring some of them tapes over here, lookit that-whooh. Bring them over Teddy's house, yeah, look at that there-oooh. She go to that like a duck to water, look at that there. How, how, how.

That is one of my big fears in life, that I'm gonna die, you know, and my parents are gonna come to clean out my apartment, find that porno wing I've been adding onto for years. There'll be two funerals that day.

I can see my mom going through my stuff.

Look, honey, here's Bill when he was a Cub scout. Look at how cute my baby is. His little short pants, his little hat. Look how cute my baby was. I wonder what's in this box over here. 'Rear Entry', Volumes One through Forty?!

Eeeeeerrrr, CRASH! The only guy going through the gates of Heaven with his mom spanking him. Spank! Mom, they were on sale! Spank! Spank!

Someone named Manny called.

Oh, shit! Spank! Spank!

I don't understand anything, so there you go. You know my problem, I watch too much news, man, that's my problem. That's why I'm so depressed all the time, I figured it out. I watch too much CNN, man. I don't know if you've ever sat around and watched CNN longer than, say,

20 hours in one day? I don't recommend that. Watch CNN 'Headline News' for one hour, it's the most depressing thing you'll ever fucking do.

WAR, FAMINE, DEATH, AIDS, HOMELESS, RECESSION, DEPRESSION.

WAR, FAMINE, DEATH, AIDS, HOMELESS . . .

Then you look out your window (chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp).

Where's all this shit happening? Ted Turner is making this shit up, man! Jane Fonda won't sleep with him, he runs to a typewriter!

"By 1992, we will all die of AIDS!" Read that on the air. I don't get laid, no one gets laid.

I'm writing Jane Fonda, "Will you fuck this guy so we can get some good news, please?" I wanna see a well-laid Ted Turner newscast. Hey, it's all gonna work out, here's sports! So, it's good to be here, wherever I am. Gosh, since I was here, we had a war, that's pretty fucking weird, huh? A war? Wasn't really a war, you know, a war is when two armies are fighting, so, I don't know if you could call it a war, exactly, you know. The Persian Gulf Distraction, is more like it, I think.

Pretty amazing thing, really. Bush turned out to be a major fucking demon, who woulda guessed? Remember when he was first president, he was the "Wimp President," do you remember that? Cover of Newsweek, cover of fucking Newsweek, "WIMP PRESIDENT." Apparently, this stuck in this guy's craw a little bit. That guy was a dynamite waiting to go off.

(Iraqi voice) We surrendah!

(George Bush voice) Not good enough.

(Iraqi voice) We run away!

(George Bush voice) Too little, too late! Call me a wimp, c'mon, fuckers, c'mon! Hold him back! Those guys were in hog heaven over there, man. They had a big weapons catalogue opened up.

(Hillbilly voices) What's G-12 do, Tommy? See, it says here it destroys everything but the fillings in their teeth, helps us pay for the war effort. Well, fuck, pull that one up! Pull up G-12, please. SHOO. BOOM! Cool, what's G-13 do? Big Sears weapons catalogue. 'Weapons, for all occasions!' You know.

See, everyone got boners over the technology, and it was pretty incredible. Watching missiles fly down air vents, pretty unbelievable. But couldn't we feasibly use that same technology to shoot food at hungry people? Know what I mean? Fly over Ethiopia, "There's a guy that needs a banana!" SHOO. The Stealth Banana. Smart fruit! I don't know. Once again, I was watching the fucking news, and it really threw me off. It depressed everyone, it's so scary watching the news, how they built it all out of proportion, like Iraq was ever, or could ever possibly, under any stretch of the imagination be a threat to us-wwwwhatsoever. But-watching the news, you never would have got that idea. Remember how it started, they kept talking about 'the Elite Republican Guard' in these hushed tones like these guys were the bogeymen or something. Yeah, we're doing well now, but we have yet to face-THE ELITE REPUBLICAN GUARD. Like these guys were twelve feet tall, desert warriors. KRRASH. NEVER LOST A BATTLE! KRRASH. WE SHIT BULLETS! Yeah, well, after two months of continuous carpet bombings and not one reaction at all from them, they became simply, 'the Republican Guard.' Not nearly as elite as we may have led you to believe. And after another month of bombing, they went from 'the Elite Republican Guard' to 'the Republican Guard' to 'the Republicans made this shit up about there being guards out there'. We hope you enjoyed your

fireworks show. It was so pretty, and it took our mind off of domestic issues! The Persian Gulf Distraction.

People said, "Uh-uh, Bill, Iraq had the fourth largest army in the world." Yeah, maybe, but you know what? After the first three largest armies, there's a real big fucking drop-off, all right? The Hare Krishnas are the fifth largest army in the world, and they've already got our airports, okay, so. I think that's the greater threat right now. Mr. Onion Head in Terminal C is scaring the shit out of me. Get him away from me. What an amazing thing, though. You know, and the amazing thing, obviously, the disparity and the casualties. Iraq - one hundred and fifty thousand casualties, USA - seventy-nine. Iraq - one hundred and fifty thousand, USA - seventy-nine. Does that mean that if we had sent over eighty guys, we still would have won that fucking thing, or what? One guy in a ticker-take parade:

(Hillbilly voices) I did it, hey! You're welcome! Good work, Tommy, how'd you do it? I pulled up G-12! It was in the catalogue! Worked like a charm! You know, my biggest problem with the whole thing was that blood lust that came out of everyone, you know, this blood lust, man, it's really unbelievable.

Like, I was over in England. You ever been to England, anyone, been to England? No one has handguns in England, not even the cops. True or false? True. Now-in England last year, they had fourteen deaths from handguns. FFFFFourteen. Now-the United States, and I think you know how we feel about handguns-woooo, I'm getting a warm tingly feeling just saying the fucking word, to be honest with you. I swear to you, I am hard. Twenty-three thousand deaths from handguns. Now let's go through those numbers again, because they're a little baffling at first glance. England, where no one has guns, ffffffffourteen deaths. United States, and I think you know how we feel about guns-woooo, I'm getting a stiffy-twenty-three thousand deaths from handguns. But there's no connection, and you'd be a fool and a Communist to make one. There's no connection between having a gun and shooting someone with it, and not having a gun and not shooting someone. There have been studies made and there is no connection at all there. Yes. That's absolute proof. You know, fourteen deaths from handguns. Probably American tourists, too.

(Angry tourist voice) You call this a sandwich? BANG! BANG! You don't boil pizza! BANG! BANG!

(Scared English voice) That's the way we eat here, that's the way we eat here! BANG!

(Tourist voice) This food sucks! BANG!

And boy, does it suck. Okay, great. If I had a gun, I woulda been number fifteen on that fucking list. Okay, though, admittedly, last year in England, they had fourteen thousand deaths per every soccer game, okay. I'm not saying every system is flawless, I'm just saying, if you're in England, don't go to a goddamn soccer game, and you're coming home. It's weird-they don't have guns in England, but they have a very high crime rate, which tells you how polite the fucking English are.

(English voices) Give me your wallet!

All right.

At least no one was hurt. How do you have a crime rate and no weapons, man? Does a guy walk into a bank:

(English voices) Give me all your money! I've got a soccer ball! Shit, Ian, that's a Spalding, he's serious! Hand over the pounds! I just don't understand this blood lust, 'cause, you know, I know the world seems really frightening at times, but I think we're gonna do okay. I'll tell you a true story, a true fucking story, man, about blood lust. I was down in Alabama, and I was

playing a town called Fife, Alabama last year. And they wanted me there to host their annual Rickets telethon, or something, I don't know what the fuck it was, but anyway. It was great to be there and anyway this is absolutely true-last year in Fife, Alabama, they had all these UFO sightings. And apparently everyone in town saw these UFOs, all right? Which really pissed me off, because when I was there, about forty people saw me. But, there was no advance advertising, no publicity, that's a big market for me. Anyway, I'm curious about UFOs, so I asked this guy who was there what it was like. And the guy said, "Oh, man, it was incredible! People came from miles around to look at them! A lot of people came armed." People are bringing shotguns to UFO sightings. Kind of brings a whole new meaning to the phrase, "You ain't from around here, are you, boy?" I said to the guy, "Why do you all bring shotguns to UFO sightings? It seems to be there's going to be a point in our development or evolution when you put your guns aside." You know what I mean? Don't you think that should happen, I mean just fucking once? The guy said, "Well, we didn't want to be abducted." I'm thinking, Yeah, and leave all this. Dude, if I lived in Fife, Alabama, I'd be on my hands and knees praying for an abduction every goddamn morning, all right. And believe me, I would not be picky. Greyhound-abduct me. But I said, "What do you mean, abducted?" And he said, "Well, they abduct people and they perform scientific and medical experiments on 'em." "Well, maybe we'll be lucky and it's some kind of sterility/dentistry program they've got going. Maybe they come down here, castrate you, straighten your teeth and split. Sort of a 'clean up the universe' pact." He said, "Huh?" I was almost sure I was talking to that dude.

I'll tell you, too, that's starting to depress me about UFO's, about the fact that they cross galaxies or wherever they come from to visit us and always end up in places like Fife, Alabama. Maybe these are not super-intelligent beings, man. Maybe they're like hillbilly aliens. Some intergalactic Joade family or something. "Don't you all want to land in New York, or L.A.?" "Nah, we just had a long trip, we gonna kick back and whittle some." Oh, my God, they're idiots. "We're gonna enter our mothership in the tractor pull!" My God, we're being invaded by rednecks. My biggest fear. Last thing I want to see is a flying saucer up on blocks in front of some trailer, you know? Wouldn't that be depressing? Some bumper sticker on it - "They'll get my ray gun when they pry my cold, dead, eighteen-fingered hand off of it!"

See, in England, man, they had these crop circle things. Did you hear about that, these crop circles that'd show up, you know? Which two guys have since claimed that they were responsible for, but I believe they're aliens too. They think aliens would actually land around Stonehenge and take off, but I asked people what it was like over there, and they said, "Oh, it was incredible. People came from miles around. Lot of them brought soccer balls." Would you let the aliens land, please? They might be here to pick me up. I don't care what you believe, but you gotta admit beliefs are odd, you know what I mean? You have to admit that. A lot of Christians wear crosses around their necks - you think when Jesus comes back, he ever wants to see a fucking cross? Kind of like going up to Jackie Onassis with a rifle pendant on, you know? "Just thinking of John, Jackie, just thinking of John. Just thinking of John, baby."

Don't love me that much.

Hey, man. Killer idea. You guys like going to the movies? You... you do? Three of you do? I love the fucking movies. Love 'em. Now I'm watching 'Terminator 2', did ya'll see that movie? Well, I'm watching, and I'm thinking to myself, You know what? There's no way they're ever gonna be able to top these stunts in a movie again, you cannot top this shit. Unless... They start using terminally ill people as stunt men in pictures. Well, hear me out. Because I know to some of you, this may sound a little cruel: "Aw, Bill. Terminally ill stunt people-that's cruel." You

know what I think cruel is? Leaving your loved ones to die in some sterile hospital room surrounded by strangers. Fuck that! Put 'em in the movies! What? You want your grandmother dying like a little bird in some hospital room, her translucent skin so thin you can see her last heartbeat work its way down her blue veins? Or do you want her to meet Chuck Norris? Hey, how come you dressed my grandmother up as a mugger? Shut up and get off the set. Action! Push her towards Chuck! (Karate noises) Wow, he kicked her head right off her body! Did you see that? Did you see my Grammy? She's out of her misery, you've seen the greatest film of all time! I'm still feeling some resistance to this, man. What's up? You and your fake fucking sympathy. Okay, how about these guys who're being executed? Don't do that. Poison, electrocute-how cruel! And unimaginative! Put 'em in the movies! Jeffery Dahmer, for your crimes against humanity, of which you've been found guilty, I sentence you to Wes Craven's next picture! Bwahahaha! Ahh! Ahh! Okay, not one of my more popular theories. But just do me a big favor-don't ever say you love film as much as I do. I think we found your limit. So what else, folks? I smoke, if this bothers anyone, I recommend you looking around the world in which we live and... shutting your fucking mouth. Either that or suffer a facial burn, your choice. After all this is America, land of freedom, so you have that option ahead of you. I now realize I smoke for simply one reason, and that is spite. I hate you non-smokers with all of my little black fucking heart, you obnoxious, self-righteous, whining little fucks, my biggest fear, if I quit smoking, is that I'll become one of you. Now don't take that wrong. How many non-smokers do we have here tonight? By round of applause, non-smokers. A few of you. Good, 'cause I have something to tell you. I do. I have something to tell you non-smokers, and this is for you and you only, because I know for a fact that you don't know this. And I feel it's my duty to pass on information at all times, so that we can all learn, evolve, and get the fuck off this planet. Non-smokers, this is for you and you only, ready? Non-smokers die every day. Sleep tight. See, I know you entertain some kind of eternal life fantasy because you do not smoke cigarettes. May I be the first to pop that little fucking bubble of yours, and send you hurtling back to the truth? You're dead too. Have a good evening. And you know what doctors say, "Shit, if only you smoked, we'd have the technology to help you! It's you people dying from nothing that are screwed." I got all sorts of neat gadgets waiting for me, man. Oxygen tent, iron lung-it's like going to Sharper Image! Major rationalizations. We live in such a weird culture, man.

Does anyone remember this, when Yul Bryner died, and came out with that commercial after he was dead? I'm Yul Bryner and I'm dead now. What the fuck's this guy selling? I'm all ears. I'm Yul Bryner and I'm dead now, because I smoked cigarettes. Okay, pretty scary. But they coulda done that with anyone. They coulda done it with that Jim Fixx guy, too, remember that guy, that health nut who died while jogging? I don't remember seeing his commercial! I'm Jim Fixx and I'm dead now. And I don't know what the fuck happened. I jogged every day, ate nothing but tofu, swam five hundred laps every morning, and I'm dead. Yul Bryner drank, smoke, and got laid every night of his life. He's dead. Shit! Yul Bryner's smokin', drinkin', girls are sitting on his cueball noggin, every night of his life! I'm running around a dewy track at dawn. And we're both fucking dead. Yul used to pass me on his way home in the morning, big long limousine, two girls blowing him, cigarette in one hand, drink in the other. "One day that life is going to get to you, Yul." They're both dead. Yeah, but what a healthy looking corpse you were, Jim. Look at the hamstrings on that corpse! Look at the sloppy grin on Yul's corpse! Yul Bryner lived his life. Sure, he died a 78-pound stick figure, okay. There are certain drawbacks.

People'll say the stupidest things sometimes too, "Hey, man, if you quit smoking you get your sense of smell back." I live in New York City, I got news for you-I don't want my fucking sense of smell back. (Sniffs) Is that urine? (Sniffs) I think I smell a dead guy! Honey, look, a dead guy! Covered in urine, check this out! Someone just pee'd on this guy, that's fresh. Just think, if I'd been smoking I never would have found him! A urine-covered dead fella, what're the odds? Thank God I quit smoking, now I can enjoy the wonders of New York, honey, look! I'm Bill Hicks and I'm dead now because I smoked cigarettes. Cigarettes didn't kill me, a bunch of non-smokers kicked the shit out of me one day. I tried to run, they had more energy than I. I tried to hide, they heard me wheezing. Many of them smelled me. (Sniffing sounds) "There he is, get him!" (Pants) "Oh, he's hardly fucking moving, this is pathetic!" (Pants) "Look, he's still trying to get away, he's like a roach, step on him!" (Pants) "Squash him!" "Let's kill him and pee on him. Yeah!"

(Whistling wind)

(Audience member: "You have a bad attitude")

We've only just begun... I got all sorts of new dark shit for you, my man. You ever dance with the devil in the moonlight? I don't know what my attitude is, I'm trying to work on it all this time, you know. I'm drinking water tonight, that's pretty amazing, water, it's really weird how your life changes, you know what I mean, water. Four years ago-opium. Isn't that weird, I mean, really! Night and day, night and fucking day! Some of y'all may remember me, I was a drinker. I was a weekend drinker, you know, I'd start on Saturday, and end on Friday, and I thought I was controlling it there. I don't drink anymore, I don't do drugs anymore, either, than, I'd say the average touring funk band. I had to add it up. No, I don't do drugs anymore, either. But I'll tell you something about drugs, I used to do drugs, but I'll tell you something honestly about drugs, honestly, and I know it's not a very popular idea, you don't hear it very often anymore, but it is the truth- I had a great time doing drugs. Sorry. Never murdered anyone, never robbed anyone, never raped anyone, never beat anyone, never lost a job, a car, a house, a wife or kids, laughed my ass off, and went about my day. Sorry. Now, where's my commercial? Why don't I get a commercial? Why is it always that other guy that gets the commercial? "I lost my job, then my car, then my house, then my kids. Don't do drugs." Well, I'm definitely not doing them with you, fuck! Man, you're bumming me out, get him out of here! Who invited Mr. Doom over, get that guy out of here! That guy by the dip, he's bumming everyone out! He hasn't stopped talking, I wish he'd lose his fucking voice! I mean, I've lost my car before, okay. Found it the next day, you know, no biggie. I don't think that warranted a commercial. "I lost my car and uh... oh, there it is by that dumpster! Forget it! See you tomorrow! Honk, honk!" You know, I've lost stuff, I'm not saying that. I knew we were in trouble with that damn egg commercial, that guy.

I knew that was the government's take on drugs, we're fucked, you know. "Here's your brain." I've seen a lot of weird shit on drugs, I have never ever ever ever ever looked at an egg and thought it was a fucking brain, not once, all right? I have seen UFO's split the sky like a sheet, but I have never ever ever looked at an egg and thought it was a fucking brain, not once. I have had seven balls of light come off of a UFO, lead me onto their ship, explain to me telepathically that we are all one and there is no such thing as death, but I have never ever ever ever ever looked at an egg, and thought it was a fucking brain. Now. Maybe I wasn't getting good shit. I admit it, I see that commercial, I feel cheated. Hey, where's the stuff that makes eggs look like brains? That sounds neat. Did I quit too soon? What is that, CIA stash? You see the guy in that commercial, that guy's got a beer gut- "All right, this is it. Look up, man. This is your brain. I

ain't doing this again. That's your - " The guy's drunk and doing this fucking commercial. "Here's your brain." That's an egg! That's a frying pan, that's a stove, you're an alcoholic, dude, I'm tripping right now, and I still see that is a fucking egg, all right? I see the UFO's around it, but that is a goddamn egg in the middle. There's a hobbit eating it, but, goddamn it, that hobbit is eating a fucking egg. He's on a unicorn, but that dam-up-nup-oh-hop, that's a fucking egg, yeah. How dare you have a wino tell me not to do drugs.

(From the audience)

"Why did you quit?"

Why did I quit? Because after you've been taken aboard a UFO, it's kind of hard to top that, all right. They have Alcoholics Anonymous, they don't have Alien Anonymous. I tell you what, though, going to AA meetings, which I have to do, but going there and hearing people talking about their fucking booze stories, you know. "You know, I love the taste of gin, it's so good, tastes-" Fuck you, I've been on a UFO, fuck off! I went drinking with aliens, you fucker, shut up! "I lost my wife-" I lost an alien culture who wanted to take me to the planet Arcturus, fuck you! I mean, I don't know if I've got the resentment, you know, forgiveness part down in the book, but...

(singing) "One day at a time . . ." I just cannot, you know, believe in a war against drugs when they've got anti-drug commercials on TV all day long, followed by, "This Bud's for you." I got news for you, folks. A-1, alcohol is a drug, and B-2, and here's the real one, alcohol kills more people than crack, coke and heroin ... combined each year. So, thanks for inviting me to your little alcoholic/drug den here tonight. You fine, upstanding citizens, you, wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Now. You know what, if I was going to have a drug be legal, it would not be alcohol, you know why? There's better drugs and better drugs for you. That's a fact, so you can stop your internal dialogue. Wait a minute, Bill, alcohol is an accepted form of social interaction which for thousands of years has been the norm under which human beings have congregated in the form of social events and... Shut the fuck up. Your denial is beneath you, and thanks to the use of hallucinogenic drugs, I see through you.

Pot is a better drug than alcohol - fact, and I'll prove it. You're at a ballgame, you're at a concert, someone's really violent, aggressive and obnoxious, are they drunk or are they smoking pot?

(Audience) Drunk! The one and only correct answer, tell them what they've won, Johnny. I have never seen people on pot get in a fight because it is fucking impossible! Hey, buddy. Hey, what? End of argument. Say you get in a car accident, and you've been smoking pot. You're only going four miles an hour. Vroom... CRASH. Shit, we hit something. Forgot to open the garage door, man. We got to get the garage door open so Domino's knows we're home!

But I'll tell you the truth, I have never heard one reason that rang true why marijuana is against the law. That rang true, now, I'm not talking about the reasons the government tells us, because I hope you know this, I think you do, all governments are lying cocksuckers. I hope you know that. Good. I mean, marijuana grows everywhere, it serves a thousand different functions, all of them positive, to make marijuana against the law is like saying God made a mistake, you know what I mean? It's like God, on the seventh day, looked down on his creation and said, "There it is. My creation. Perfect and holy in all ways. Now, I can rest... Oh my me. I left fucking pot everywhere. I should never have smoked that joint on the third day. Shit. If I leave pot everywhere, that's gonna give people the impression they're supposed to use it. Shit. Now I have to create Republicans." So, you see, it's a vicious cycle.

And I'm not promoting the use of drugs, believe me, I'm not. I've had bad times on drugs, I mean, just look at this haircut. Fuck. Tell you, I live in New York now, man, tell you, man, the

war on drugs has taken a real cease fire there, it's, I mean, it's incredible. They sell drugs out loud on the street. "Heroin, heroin! Heroin, heroin!" "Coke, coke! Smoke, smoke!" "Heroin, heroin!" Those guys bug the shit out of me. I'm walking down the street one day, this guy's walking ahead of me, passes one of those dealers, he looks at him, he goes, "Heroin, heroin, heroin!" I pass him, he goes, "Glue!" I can afford heroin, you fucker. I'm doing laundry right now. Soon as my shirt's out of the cleaners, I'm coming back and buying some of that shit from you! I mean, he embarrassed me to death, I was mortified.

Glue.

Fucker.

Where's a bank machine? C'mere! C'mere, Mr. Dealer, c'mere! I'm gonna show you my balance! Then I'm gonna buy heroin from that little kid across the street! Fuck you! New York's a rather tense town.

See, I think drugs have done some good things for us, I really do. And if you don't believe drugs have done good things for us, do me a favor, go home tonight and take all your albums, all your tapes and all your CD's and burn them. Because, you know what, the musicians who made all that great music that's enhanced your lives throughout the years... rrrrrrrreal fucking high on drugs. Man, the Beatles were so high, they let Ringo sing a couple of tunes. Tell me they weren't partying. (singing) "We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine." We all live in a-do you know how fucking high they were when they wrote that? They had to pull Ringo off the ceiling with a rake to sing that fucking song. (Beatle voices) John, get Ringo, he's in the corner. Ooh, look at him scoot, grab him! Hook his bellbottom, hook his bellbottom! He's got a song he wants to sing us. Something about living in a yellow tambourine or something. Ringo, Yoko's gone, come down, we can party again! They were real high, they wrote great music, drugs did have a positive effect.

Okay, I'll tell you what else. I'm gonna extend the theory to our generation, now, so it's more plicable. The musicians today, who don't do drugs, and in fact speak out against it-"We're rockers against drugs"-boy, they suck. Suck. Ball-less, soul-less, spirit-less, corporate little bitches, suckers of Satan's cock, each and every one of them. (sucking noises into the microphone). Suckin' Satan's pecker, suck it! Put that big scaly pecker down your gullet! "We're rock against drugs, because that's what George Bush wants!" (sucking noises) That's what we want, isn't it? Government approved rock n' roll? Don't you want to be at a concert one night, look to your right and see Dan fucking Quayle right next to you, man? You know you're partying then, you know you're on the edge! "Fuck it, the Quayle-Monster's here, there ain't no going back! We might be up to eleven tonight, fuck this!" "We're rock stars who do Pepsi-Cola commercials!" (sucking) Luckily, Satan's dick has many heads, so all these little demon piglets can nuzzle up and suckle all at once. "Here comes a fella named Vanilla Ice!" (sucking) "Here comes M.C. Hammer!" (sucking) "Here's Madonna, with two heads!" (sucking) Suckin' Satan's pecker, suck it! It's only your dignity, suck it! It's only your dignity, suck it! M.C. Hammer - oh, I'm sorry, it's 'Hammer', he dropped the M.C. I can't wait till he drops the Hammer too. How about this, drop it all. Good.

I am available for children's parties, by the way. Some of y'all might have a young'un coming of age, and not want to go the traditional, clown/balloon animal route this year, you might want to look me up-"Beezlebozo." Clown from hell. "Hi, kids, it's Beezlebozo time! Tell me something, who here out of you young'uns has never smoked a cigarette? C'mere, kids!" (kissing noises) "What's your name?" (little boy voice) "Tommy." "Tommy, how old are you?" "Five." "Five years old, and you mean to tell Beezlebozo you're not smoking cigarettes

yet? C'mere, Tommy!" (kissing noises, hacking) "Hold it in." "Mommy!" "Nope, it's Beezlebozo time. "Tell me something, who here out of you young'uns has never watched a skin flick? C'mere, kids! See them, them's titties!" "Mommy!" "That is your mommy. It's Beezlebozo time." Clown from hell.

See, I don't know, I just differ, you know, like, you remember those summer trips you'd take with your folks, growing up, you remember those nightmare fucking excursions, you know? Instead of doing that, why don't families take mushrooms? Stay home and trip together. Be a much better trip. The home movies would be tons more fun. Just twenty minutes of someone's thumb. WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. "You see, son, the thumb is opposable, that's why we can use tools and live indoors." WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. "Speaking of indoors, do you get the impression the walls are breathing?" "I do, Mom." WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. "It's like we're all one consciousness, experiencing itself subjectively." WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. "There is no such thing as death, son, it's only an illusion that we are separate beings, in actuality we are all one con-" WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. "God is love and love is all there is, and if that's all there is, there can be no opposite." "Cool, Dad." WRRRRRRRRRRRRR. I think that'd be such a neat trip, to go away, with your parents, I think it'd be more of an eye-opener, perhaps a third-eye opener.

But that's the problem with this country, one of the many, but this whole issue of sexuality and pornography, which I don't understand what pornography is, I really don't. To me, pornography is, you know, spending all your money and not educating the people in America, and spending it instead on weapons, that's pornographic to me, that's totally filthy, and etc., etc., down the line, you all in your fucking hearts know the goddamned arguments, okay, great. But no one knows what pornography is. Supreme Court says pornography is anything without artistic merit that causes sexual thought, that's their definition, essentially. No artistic merit, causes sexual thought. Hmm. Sounds like... every commercial on television, doesn't it? You know, when I see those two twins on that Doublemint commercial-I'm not thinking of gum. I am thinking of chewing, maybe that's the connection they're trying to make. What? You've all seen that Busch beer commercial, where the girl in the short hot-pants opens the beer bottle on her belt buckle, leaves it there, and it foams over her hand and over the bottle and the voice over goes, "Get yourself a BUSCH." Hmm. You know what that looks like, nah, no way. I'll tell you the commercial they'd like to do, if they could, and I guarantee you, if they could, they'd do this, right here. Here's the woman's face, beautiful. Camera pulls back, naked breast. Camera pulls back, she's totally naked. Legs apart. Two fingers, right here, and it just says, "Drink Coke." Now I don't know the connection here, but goddamn if Coke isn't on my shopping list that week. "Dr. Pepper." "Snickers, satisfying." (Mouth-guitars "I Can't Get No Satisfaction") Damned if I'm not buying these products! My teeth are rotting out of my head, I'm glued to the television, I'm as big as a fucking couch. "More Snickers, more Coke!"

That's what I find ironic, too, is that people who are against these things that cause sexual thought are generally fundamentalist Christians, who also believe you should be fruitful and multiply. Boy, they walk a tight rope every day, don't they? "How do we be fruitful and multiply and not think about it?" "We could sing hymns during it." (sings) "One stroke at a time, sweet Jesus. One stroke at a time, sweet Lord."

I did that joke in Alabama, in Fife, and these three rednecks met me after the show. "Hey, buddy! C'mere! Mr. Funny-man, c'mere! Hey, buddy, we're Christians, and we don't like what you said." "So then forgive me." Later, when I was hanging from the tree.

Here is my final point, oh thank you God. About drugs, about alcohol, about pornography,

whatever that is. What business is it of yours what I do, read, buy, see, or take into my body as long as I do not harm another human being on this planet? And for those of you out there who're having a little moral dilemma in your head about how to answer that question, I'll answer it for you - none of your fucking business. Take that to the bank, cash it, and go fucking on a vacation out of my life.

But see, here's their argument for that, each and every time: "But we have to protect the children, we have to protect the children." Let me tell you something, children are smarter than any of us, you know how I know that? I don't know one child with a full-time job and children. Yeah, they're quick, these kids, man. They're fucking quick.

But where did this veneration of childbirth come from, I missed that meeting, I tell you that. "Oh, childbirth is such a miracle, it's such a miracle."

Wrong.

No more of a miracle than eating food and a turd coming out of your ass. You know what a miracle is? A miracle is raising a kid who doesn't talk in a fucking movie theatre, there's your goddamned miracle. If it were a miracle, then not every nine months any yin-yang in that world can drop a litter of these mewling fucking cabbages on the planet, and in case you have not checked the single mom statistics lately - the miracle is spreading like fucking wildfire.

Hallelujah!

Trailer parks, all over America, filling up with little miracles. THUNK. THUNK. THUNK. "Look at all my little miracles." THUNK. THUNK. "Filling up my trailer like a sardine can." THUNK. THUNK. "You know what'd be a real miracle, if I could remember your daddy's name, goddamn it." THUNK. "I guess I'll have to call you Trucker Jr. That's all I remember about your daddy, was his fuzzy little pot-belly riding on top of me, shooting his caffeine-ridden semen into my belly, to produce my little water-head miracle baby-child." THUNK. "There's your brother, Pizza Boy Delivery Jr." THUNK. "There's your other brother, Exterminator Jr." THUNK. "There's your other brother, 'Will Work For Food Jr.'" Thank you very much, good night.

(wild applause)

(sound follows Bill offstage, backstage, applause fading, doors closing, he's outside walking across the parking lot, gets in his car, starts it up, dials through the radio and finds this song)

Chicks Dig Jerks

Written and performed by Marblehead Johnson.

Aw, man Oh, Hitler had Ava Braun,

Manson had Squeaky Fawn,

Ted Bundy got lots of dates,

I wonder what I'm doing wrong.

I don't pretend to understand women's little quirks

Just one thing I know for sure - chicks dig jerks, yeah.

Well, if I meet one more single mom

Whose true love is up and gone

Tells me on her trailer porch

'Bout that man

Still carries a torch,

Sure, he came home drunk each night

Beat the kids and her in a fight,

But, man, she loves him so,

It's so hard to let him go, aw.
Well, I don't pretend to understand women's little quirks,
Just one thing I know for sure - chicks dig jerks.
Well, I'm sure there's some out there who can relate,
Particularly young men without a date
See some jerk, some fine, fine babe,
Go driving away, aw.
Well, is that a new bruise you got on you?
What does it say, that he loves you?
Sure he beats you, but afterwards he cries, "Oh, baby, I could die."
Honey, I don't think that's nothing to be proud of,
I think it's called alcoholism
I don't think you should move away,
Stay with him till you're in your grave, yeah.
"You're so sweet."
"Can't we just be friends?"
"I think of you as a brother."
Aw, man. You're hurting me.
What do I have to offer you, baby?
Poetry and true love.
That's not enough, I know for sure,
You need someone to throw you through the door.
Well, I don't pretend to understand women's little quirks.
Just one thing I know for sure-chicks dig jerks!
Chicks dig jerks, it's so true.
Tell you, man, be mean to 'em man, they'll never leave you, then,
'Cause chicks dig jerks.
Just ignore 'em.
Act like they're not there.
Man, you're gonna be pulling chicks out of your hair.
They love that.
Act like you don't care,
Aw, look at them everywhere, they come running.
Tired of being a good guy Such a lonely life.
I'm gonna be a jerk Yeah, that's right, I'm gonna step on lots of toes.
Whoo, girls gonna go crazy for that kind of guy.
Baby, I'm gonna act like I don't know you.
Not gonna return one of your calls.
Yeah, I'm a jerk And it's working out.