

**THAT-- WAS SPECIAL**  
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*By Paul Krassner*

Perhaps the most outspoken stand-up comic of the '90s, Bill Hicks died at age 32, of pancreatic cancer. He refused to compromise in his work. Here's an excerpt from one of his last shows: "If you're so pro-life, don't lock arms and block medical clinics, okay? Lock arms and block cemeteries. Let's see how committed you are to this premise. I want to see pro-lifers at funerals with crowbars opening caskets, going, 'Get out!'... They said they had to break down the Waco compound because child abuse was stepping up. Well, if that's true, how come we don't see Bradley tanks knocking down Catholic churches?... And this is the routine that has virtually ended my career in America. If you have children here tonight - and I assume some of you do - I am sorry to tell you this. They are not special. I'll let that sink in. Don't get me wrong, folks. I know you think they're special. You think that. I'm telling you - they're not. Did you know that every time a guy comes, he comes 200 million sperm? Did you know that? And you mean to tell me you think your child is special? Because one out of 200 million sperm connected - that load? Gee, what are the fucking odds? Do you know what that means? I have wiped entire civilisations off of my chest, with a grey gym sock. That--is special. Entire nations have flaked and crusted in the hair around my navel. That--is special. And I want you to think about that, you two-egg-carrying beings out there, with that holier-than-thou, we-have-the-gift-of-life attitude. I have tossed universes, in my underpants, while napping. That--is special."