

What I learned from Andrew Dice Clay

His revised nursery rhymes set the comedy world on fire which later came back to haunt him as the constant request for Mother Goose lines grew tired.

Crowds didn't mind getting dumped on by Dice as long as he gave off that endearing wise ass smile that said, relax buddy, I'm just breaking the ice.

His drawn out introductions threw the crowd into the hysterics from just coming up with original ways to play with his cigarettes.

Dice talked about sex in a casual, relaxed manner as if he was hanging out with the boys in Vegas in their own private cabana.

Other comics resented his rock and roll stature because his cock sure attitude cut through their lame airplane jokes like an extra sharp razor.

When you sell out Madison Square Garden, there is nowhere else to go but down especially when your reputation is built on being the most foul mouthed clown.

Film critics didn't give Ford Fairlane a fair review cause there is nothing critics can't stand more than a good looking, funny Jew.

Dice hasn't aged well in those leather coats but that's what happens when you light up all those smokes.

For a man of his acting talent, he didn't have much of a film or TV career but I guess that's what happens when you drop the F Bomb on MTV for the entire world to hear.

If you ooze confidence like Dice you'll never get the gong, especially while performing bits like 42 Too Long.

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