

George Carlin

"Rape can be Funny"

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Ohhh, some people don't like you to talk like that. Ohh, some people like to shut you up for saying those things.

You know that. Lots of people. Lots of groups in this country want to tell you how to talk.

Tell you what you can't talk about. Well, sometimes they'll say, well you can talk about something but you can't joke about it.

Say you can't joke about something because it's not funny. Comedians run into that shit all the time.

Like rape. They'll say, "you can't joke about rape. Rape's not funny."

I say, "fuck you, I think it's hilarious. How do you like that?"

I can prove to you that rape is funny. Picture Porky Pig raping Elmer Fudd.

See, hey why do you think they call him "Porky," eh? I know what you're going to say.

"Elmer was asking for it. Elmer was coming on to Porky. Porky couldn't help himself, he got a hard-on, he got horny, he lost control, he went out of his mind."

A lot of men talk like that. A lot of men think that way. They think it's the woman's fault.

They like to blame the rape on the woman. Say, "she had it coming, she was wearing a short skirt."

These guys think women ought to go to prison for being cock teasers. Don't seem fair to me.

Don't seem right, but you can joke about it. I believe you can joke about anything.

It all depends on how you construct the joke. What the exaggeration is. What the exaggeration is.

Because every joke needs one exaggeration. Every joke needs one thing to be way out of proportion.

Give you an example. Did you ever see a news story like this in the paper?

Every now and then you run into a story, says, "some guy broke into a house, stole a lot of things, and while he was in there, he raped an 81 year old woman."

And I'm thinking to myself, "WHY??? What the fuck kind of a social life does this guy have?"

I want to say, "why did you do that?" "Well she was

coming on to me. We were dancing and I got horny. Hey, she was asking for it, she had on a tight bathrobe." I'll say, "Jesus Christ, be a little fucking selective next time will you?"

Now, speaking of rape, do you know what I wonder? I wonder is there more rape at the equator or the north pole.

These are the kind of things I think about when I'm sitting home alone and the power goes out.

I wonder is there more rape at the equator or the north pole. I mean per capita, I know the populations are different.

Most people think it's the equator, I think it's the north pole.

People think it's the equator because it's hot down there, they don't wear a lot of clothing, guys can see women's tits, they get horny and there's a lot of fucking going on.

That's exactly why there's less rape at the equator. Because there's a lot of fucking going on.

You can tell there's a lot of fucking at the equator, take a look at the population figures.

Billions of people live near the equator. How many Eskimos do we have?

Thirty? Thirty five? No one's getting laid at the north pole, it's too fucking cold.

Guys say to their wives, "hey tonight honey, huh, tonight, huh?"

"Are you crazy? The wind chill factor is three hundred below."

These guys are deprived. Their horny. Their pent up. Every now and then...p-pmm...they bust out, they got to rape somebody.

Now, the biggest problem an Eskimo rapist has, trying to get wet leather leggings off a woman who is kicking. Did you ever try to get leather pants off of someone who doesn't want to take them off?

You would lose your hard-on in the process.

Up at the north pole you dick would shrivel up like a stack of dimes.

That's another thing I wonder.

I wonder, does a rapist have a hard-on when he leaves the house in the morning, or does he develop it during the day while he's walking around looking for somebody.

These are the kind of thoughts that kept me out of the really good schools.

