

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ANDREW DICE CLAY

Born Andrew Clay Silverstein in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, the comic exploded onto NYC's comedy scene in the early '80s with his trash-talking alter ego, The Diceman. After reaching the height of stardom and then experiencing a cultural backlash—he was banned for life from MTV after a stunt at the '89 VMAs—Clay spent nearly 20 years under the radar. He reappeared in 2011 on HBO's *Entourage*, and in 2013, in Woody Allen's *Blue Jasmine*. In anticipation of the release of his autobiography, ***The Filthy Truth*** (\$27, Touchstone), out Nov. 11, Clay waxes irreverent on the good ol' technology-free days in NYC.

I grew up in Brooklyn in the '60s and '70s, and everything was better back then. It was just a simpler life. Today, technology has made everything so complicated and there's so much pressure to *always* be available. For example, today you can be out and come home and hear, "Why didn't you answer your phone?" And you say, "You know what? I left the phone in the car." And it's like, "Did ya' *really*?" Years ago you'd call someone's house and they'd either pick up or they wouldn't, because there was no machine, there was no email, there was nothing.

Look, I know there are a million great things about technology, and I enjoy it too, but there's always pressure. I remember one day my ex-fiancée, Eleanor Kerrigan (who was also my opening act), called me when I was in the middle of Manhattan on Seventh Avenue crossing the street. It was the middle of the day, there were a million cars, cabs and buses, and I'm trying to talk to her in the middle of the street and I'm going, "I can't talk like this, I gotta hang up. What's there to even talk about? Can't this wait till I'm back in my room where it's quiet?" There's just nothing to say in the middle of Seventh Avenue when a bus is coming at you and you're trying to answer your phone before it stops ringing.

Kids today are really bad. They're carrying phones and laptops, and everybody is walking around with a backpack. I mean, grown men in suits going to work have a backpack on because they have so much to carry. Years ago, you put your wallet and your keys in your pants, and that was it! It was just a simpler way of life. Today everything's a competition. Look, I'm 57, but I'm a very hip guy. I've got my ear to the street; I understand everything. I'm not the guy whose kids don't relate to him. But the things that people go through just to leave the house kill me. "Oh! I forgot my charger! I gotta go back inside and get my charger!" It's ridiculous.

All that being said, I have one of the Droid phones and I'm probably addicted to it, like everybody else. I pick up my phone every five minutes and I'm thinking, *Nothing is happening*. What am I even looking at it for?

My wife is pretty good about this, but before my wife I dated other women and I'd be at dinner with them telling them something, and they'd be looking at the phone and look up for a second and say, "No, I'm listening!" *Are you listening?* Then look at me! You know how many relationships probably end because of cell phones? It's not even the technology, it's



MAN OF MANY WORDS
The first stop on Andrew Dice Clay's book tour will be in his hometown of NYC, at the Fifth Avenue Barnes & Noble (555 Fifth Ave., barnesandnoble.com) on Nov. 11.

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the people. The people take it too far. And then there's texting. My own son will get a text from a girl and he'll say, "What do you think I should write back?" And I'll say, "Why not just call her?" She said let's get together, why not dial the number now and go,

'OK, where and when?'" Instead, he's texting to see *when* he should call. When I was in my teens I didn't think of technology. A fax machine was a big deal to me—and I still use one! I'm still not good with emails, and I won't do Google. I don't believe in it. I know enough things. I hate the word "Google." I stopped talking to someone because he would say it so much, and he was a big, tough guy! He'd always say, "You know what, I'm gonna Google that." I didn't talk to the guy for three years.