

COLUMN

I WRITE WITH AN AXE

by Brett Gellert

It seems like the world is going to hell in a hand cart again.

It figures that since old George "No Nonsense" Bush convinced those nasty communists into becoming like the good old U.S. of A. (which, of course, means more highly-publicized unemployment, violence in the streets, and their

own brand of incredibly small, hamster-under-the-hood, compact car with a name like "The Butt Rash") the world is being enveloped by people who just aren't happy with their government and neighborhood.

We're not dealing with your full-scale, cross-dressing dictator (remember Khadaffi on the cover of VOGUE), just your intolerable, looking-for-a-war type leaders —

people who don't like religions or the name Kuwait.

While these problems are notable, they aren't what I want to deal with today. I want to discuss the cultural collapse that is rapidly approaching.

In the early 80s, professional wrestling was the hottest rage in non-musical violent entertainment, which was fine with me. When your only alternative to having a good time is Michael Jackson, you take what you can get. Wrestling was like Saturday morning cartoons without the squeaky voices.

Now Monster Trucks are taking over.

I realized long ago that what we considered to be sports began dying out with the invention of

mini-golf. Once I saw (and this is the absolute truth, I swear) professional mini-golf, I knew that the world had truly changed — and left only sorrow and madness in its wake.

Now, we have crazed hicks running around places like Alabama, building trucks out of nuclear submarines and riding lawn mowers. And I still can't understand why people pay to see some guy named Billy Joe Bubba drive a monster truck over crushed cars.

I mean, I could see it if the cars were on the highway. In fact, if someone went crazy on Steeles Avenue during rush hour and just happened to be driving a monster truck over puny cars, laughing like a deranged postal clerk who bends envelopes clearly marked "Do Not Bend," we could see the justification for monster trucks — I hate traffic too.

the American heartland who stick more than one engine on a tractor. I feel sorry for the bankrupt farmer who sees this. Obviously, the pressure of losing your farm gives you some sort of brain disease.

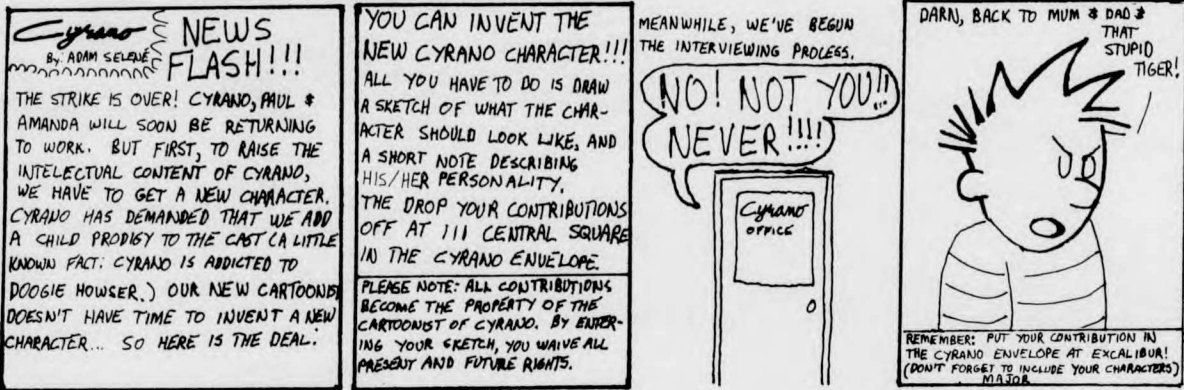
"I don't know Ma. The kids has growed and everyone's gone broke. Hell, I think I'll weld a few more engines on the tractor and travel cross the country, try to make some money."

Men who weigh well over 300 lbs. are instantly in Days Of Thunder. Not to mention the announcers, who think that their "sport" is the most important thing since World War II. They just about pee themselves when someone talks to them.

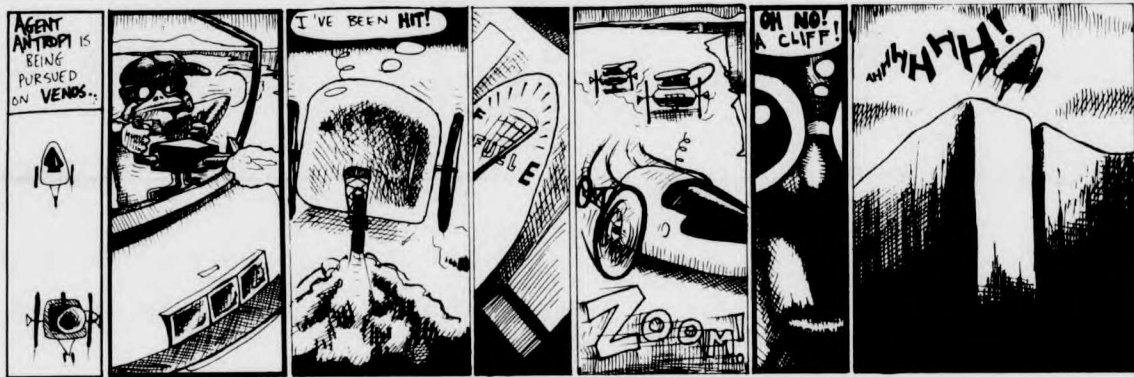
I can't imagine what will come next in sports. I can only guess it will involve flying large planes full of dynamite into stadiums filled with oil tankers.

It's the same with those idiots in

Luckily, we have the Skydome



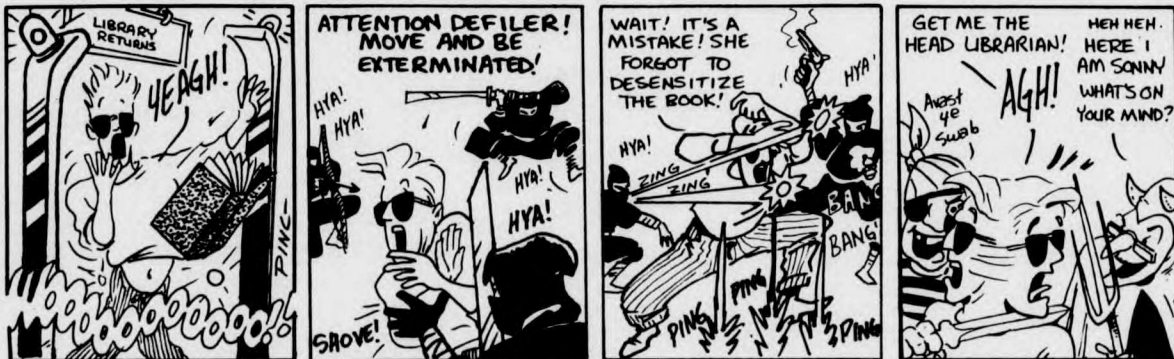
AGENT ANTROPI by Brett Lamb



For Pete's Sake... by Peter Roe

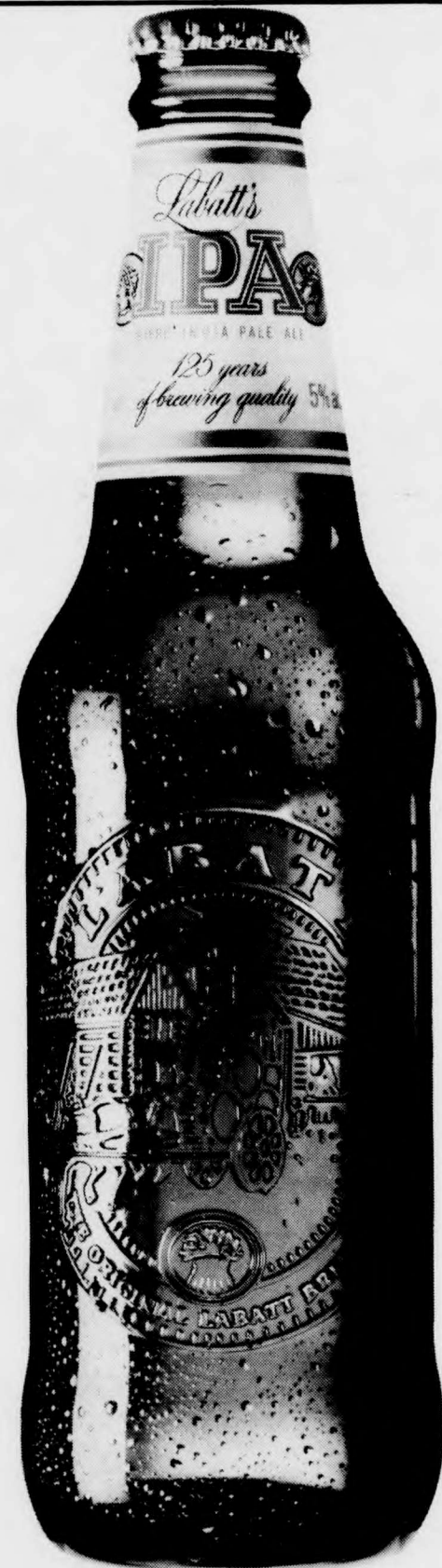


Odyssey by Robert Pincombe



INTERESTIN' TIDBIT: (NOT FOR THE UN-WEIRD) WE AT TOM OFFER THIS SPECIAL "TIDBIT" FOR YOU, OUR LOYAL READERS: TOM, IN ALL ITS INFINITE WISDOM, HAS DECIDED TO INTRODUCE A NEW CHARACTER... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY WE INTRODUCE...

BIFSTOCK THE JOCK



125 years of Labatt's IPA:

What beer was meant to be.

A superior old-style ale brewed by the traditional top fermentation process.