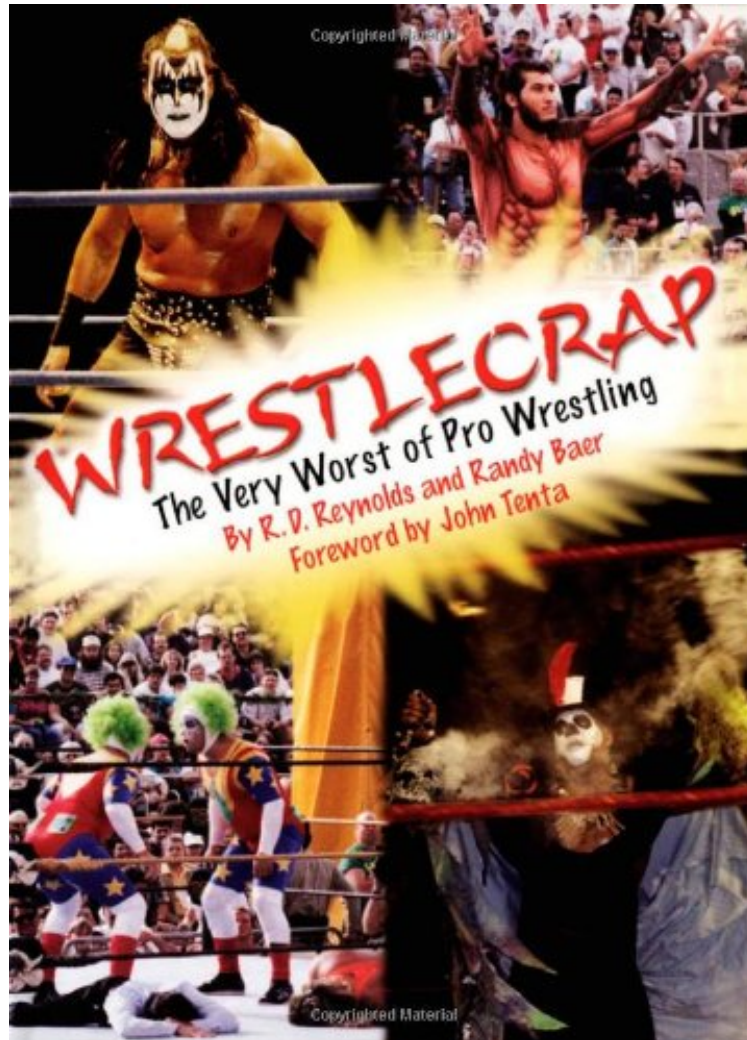


# Wrestlecrap: The Very Worst of Pro Wrestling

*R D Reynolds, Randy Baer*

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#989089 in Books Reynolds, R. D./ Baer, Randy 2003-10-01 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.39 x .71 x 6.78l, 1.15 #File Name: 1550225847160 pages | File size: 67.Mb

**R D Reynolds, Randy Baer : Wrestlecrap: The Very Worst of Pro Wrestling** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Wrestlecrap: The Very Worst of Pro Wrestling:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good Stuff!By Garrison Haines-TemonsThe history of professional wrestling has seen its fair share of colorful characters and soap opera storylines. Wrestlecrap documents the silliest of those gimmicks from the cartoonish WWF days in the 1980's all the way to 2003 when the book was published. Whether it's a voodoo priest named Papa Shango who put curses on his opponents, a magician who was one monocle away from looking like Mr. Peanut, or a baseball player named MVP (Most Violent Player) to name just a few, the idea was for various wrestling promoters to throw something out there and to see what stuck. In many cases, they're simply throwing wrestle-crap.The first quality I'd like to praise this book for is the historical significance and research

that went into writing it. The authors traced the first real gimmick back to the 1950's, when Gorgeous George, an effeminate and arrogant athlete, would spray his opponents with perfume so that they didn't stink up the joint. In the 1980's, Vince McMahon, CEO of WWF, would take this inspiration and create the colorful characters that era was known for, whether it was the muscle-bound superhero Hulk Hogan or the corrupt millionaire Ted DiBiase. The late 90's saw a period of more realistic shades of gray characters with TV-14 rated bloodbaths and sex angles. But just like the end of this biography says: the less things change, the more they stay the same. New company, same old wrestle-crap. While some gimmicks stood the test of time, most of them were too unbelievable to be taken seriously. Even in the year 2017, nothing has changed. As long as we're having a laugh at these bizarre characters (not the wrestlers portraying them, mind you), feel free to enjoy the lighthearted and comedic writing style employed in this book. The style comes off as extremely sarcastic and razor-tongued, but there are also some good zingers in there to leave you chuckling as well. I mentioned the Mr. Peanut analogy in the opening paragraph. There's also a line about how Mantaur, a guy dressed in a bull suit, looks like his costume was made by a deranged taxidermist at Disney World. My favorite zinger in this whole book would have to be the author's answer to, "What could be better than [the plot of the Ready to Rumble movie]?" A trip to the dentist. Getting beaten with a lead pipe. A Pauley Shore movie marathon. I got a few chuckles just transcribing those lines. If wrestling gimmicks and storylines are going to be silly, then expect nothing less than a hearty laugh. While it's nice to have a few laughs at the expense of the characters, never forget that RD Reynolds and Randy Baer are wrestling fans to the core, which means they know when it's time to get serious. Remember, they're poking fun at the characters, not the people playing them. They have all the respect in the world for anybody who dares get in a wrestling ring to ply their craft. It's a tough job that taxes the human body like nothing else. That's why when I read about Renegade's suicide, it legitimately broke my heart. Say what you want about the guy's wrestling ability, but he didn't deserve to have a gimmick completely ruin his life and send him spiraling into the path he took. The way that segment was written was done tastefully and respectfully, which is more than anybody could say about the promoters who saddled the wrestlers with these awful gimmicks. One thing I will criticize the book for is its occasional grammatical errors. I say occasional because they don't happen often enough for me to downplay the fun I had reading this book. But noticeable they are, such as when there are dashes in between words that are already whole. It's as if the book formatting placed the hyphenated words at the end of a sentence in the middle of the paragraph. It looks awkward and doesn't paint a good picture of anybody who takes up writing as a profession. However, I still give this book a passing grade for knowing when to be funny, knowing when to be serious, and caring enough about the sport to delve into its history. Wrestlecrap is nothing to sneeze at (the book, not the actual crap). 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good for Beginning Crappers By Steve V. Based off the long-running website dedicated to the worst angles, feuds and matches in American professional wrestling, "WrestleCrap" carried their popularity into a few books over the years, of which this is the first. It's not a bad book whatsoever and, when it was released, it was likely a somewhat illuminating effort. Now, the book feels more like an unhappy median between coffee table reader and non-fiction narrative. I feel like it would've been better as the former, but we get more of the latter. Each chapter is well organized, yet the narrative structure betrays it and leaves the reader feeling like each topic could've been given a few more paragraphs at least. I'm a fan of the site, but this book felt too much like an introduction to the topic instead of an in depth analysis for fans of the site. If you've never read the site, this a good primer; otherwise, you can skip it entirely. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Most of the worst, but still required wrestling reading. By C. Taylor I bought this because I saw the rave reviews and thoroughly enjoyed RD's other book 'the Death of WCW'. I enjoyed the presentation of that, and figured this was continuing in the nature. It did just that, but included far more humorous affair. The book spotlights several, not every single one, but a big chunk of some of the worst gimmicks and events to happen in the modern sport of entertainment we know as Professional wrestling. Two of the key things I was concerned about was that the book not just be a repetition of 'Death of WCW', and that they didn't just rip on Hogan the entire time. They did a good job keeping that stuff separate, although everything example they give about Hogan in this book is sadly valid. But make no mistake about it, this book isn't solely about cheesy 80s to the failure of WCW in the last chapter, it keeps going, further proving there will always be more Wrestlecrap to write about. I strongly recommend you read this book as well, it's a very educated read and will shock you: The Death of WCW: WrestleCrap and Figure Four Weekly Present . . . (WrestleCrap series)

Outrageous costumes, cartoonish characters, and scripted story lines are featured in this retrospective look at the no-holds-barred stunts pro wrestling promoters have used to attract viewers.