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andy hogg aka the pigman

Describe your self: It's an extension of my wrestling persona - one that turns gay women straight and straight men gay. Pink spandex and generous my masculine side. No other colour will do it - anything else would be selling myself short. **My persona's specialness?** My 'n Train - a big gay spox. I think the other guy in the market place, I come rushing across as my persona is in line with his head saying along the way 'well-hey!' There's also Gervin, which you have to see to believe. **What's the fight in the greatest underdog for Britain and spox and the whole world should realise and back to the girl **Wendy** Thomas - he didn't mind what people thought of him. And the wrestler Mark Walkerhall **Booker** if you want a **book** what **book** would you be and why? **Book's Fly** - on the inside I'm the best quality in champagne and on the outside I'm orange juice - mixing the common and the high-class to give them something special. **How do you relax?** a long warm bath and reading magazines - is between the 14 hour, seven day a week, 52 weeks a year job of being the fighter.**

Greetings, grapple fans. I hate to get all I 'heart' 1279 on your ass but in this case it is simply unavoidable. Anyone cognizant in any way during the late '70s and early '80s shares a common memory of local Saturday afternoons, when rain or idleness ruled out leaving the house, an experience as redolent of the era as white dog pen, Choppers, Sherbet Dips and all those other stand-up stand-bys. Sunday afternoon in the era of a maybe three channels meant watching *World Of Sport* on ITV, presented by Dickie Davies (Des Lynam without the lady-silver charisma), and its centerpiece, wrestling. This was, of course, proper British wrestling. None of your WWF rubbish. Big Mike in leotards called Mick and Pat and, er, Kenji Nagasaki grunting and writhing in a haze of cigarette smoke. The twin towers of the game almost always topped the bill: Big Daddy and his never-quite-retains, Giant Haystacks, were bigger than Beckham back then. Well, they certainly had more



It's no game

Stone cold in Dudley: who needs the WWF?

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