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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** **Spandex!** My's Train - a big gay artist. 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 Gervais, which you have to see to believe. **Spandex!** For the whole world to realize how much of a cunt I am. That the figure is the greatest endorsement for Britain and spirit and the whole world should realize and back to the girl **Wrestling** **Thomas** - he didn't mind what people thought of him. And the wrestler Mark Walkerhall **Booker** if you want a look what **Booker** **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. **Sex** **My persona?** a long hard bath and reading magazines - to between the 14 hour, seven day a week, 52 weeks a year job of being the figure.

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 brutal 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-retired, 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?**

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW BURMAN
TEXT BY ALEX CAMPION
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