



This is a peer-reviewed, final published version of the following document and is licensed under All Rights Reserved license:

Murray, Matthew ORCID logoORCID: <https://orcid.org/0000-0001-8956-8062> (2003) Matthew Murray Photographs and interviews Wrestlers at Holyhead Leisure Centre, Handsworth, Birmingham for a personal Project. i - D (232). pp. 45-49.

Official URL: http://i-d.vice.com/en_gb

EPrint URI: <https://eprints.glos.ac.uk/id/eprint/4691>

Disclaimer

The University of Gloucestershire has obtained warranties from all depositors as to their title in the material deposited and as to their right to deposit such material.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation or warranties of commercial utility, title, or fitness for a particular purpose or any other warranty, express or implied in respect of any material deposited.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation that the use of the materials will not infringe any patent, copyright, trademark or other property or proprietary rights.

The University of Gloucestershire accepts no liability for any infringement of intellectual property rights in any material deposited but will remove such material from public view pending investigation in the event of an allegation of any such infringement.

PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR TEXT.

andy hogg aka the pigman

describe your outfit It's an extension of my wrestling persona – one that turns gay women straight and straight men gay. Pink expels and generates my masculine side. No other colour will do it – anything else would be selling myself short. **do you have a special move?** Hog's Train – a big gay giggle. I throw the other guy in the corner post, I come running across so my crotch is in line with his head saying along the way 'veh-hay!' There's also Grovit, which you have to see to believe. **ambition?** For the whole world to realise how much of a cult I am. That the Pigman is the greatest ambassador for Britain and sport and the whole world should realise and bask in the glow **how?** Daley Thompson – he didn't mind what people thought of him. And the wrestler Mark Rutherford – if you were a drink what drink would you be and why? Buck's Fizz – 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 24 hour, seven day a week, 52 weeks a year job of being the Pigman.

Greetings, grapple fans. I hate to get all i 'heart' 1979 on your ass but in this case it is simply unavoidable. Anyone cognisant in any way during the late '70s and early '80s shares a common memory of bored Saturday afternoons, when rain or indolence ruled out leaving the house; an experience as redolent of the era as white dog poo, Choppers, Sherbet Dips and all those other stand-up stand-bys. Saturday afternoon in the era of a meagre three channels meant watching *World Of Sport* on ITV, presented by Dickie Davies (Des Lynam without the lady-killer charisma), and its centrepiece, wrestling. This was, of course, proper British wrestling. None of your WWF rubbish. Big blokes in leotards called Mick and Pat and, er, Kendo 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 nemesis, Giant Haystacks, were bigger than Beckham back then. Well, they certainly had more



<https://www.search.birminghamimages.org.uk/details.aspx?ResourceID=4119&ExhibitionID=4119&SearchType=3>

http://i-d.vice.com/en_gb