short for popular #2

CULTURE!MUSIC!SEX!LIFE!



FREE AGAIN, LUCKY, LUCKY YOU, FREE AGAIN

POP!

: short for popular

Welcome to issue two. Again, I bring you lies, trivia, urban myths, ramblings and smut.

Here's how it works: You get something for free that will hopefully interest, entertain or just plain baffle you, in return I get an outlet for my writing

Readers, without you I am nothing.

JOE POP

If you want extra/back/future copies, send an A5 SAE to:

POP!

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Erratum: In issue 1, the article on an encounter with Robert Plant should have included the line "He fluffed and fiddled with his golden hair like Nicky Clark, the television hairdressing expert".

GINGER SPICENNEGGER!

L'ALTON NOW L'AND A WARREN



'PS, I'll be back'

Geri Halliwell's Spice Girls sign-off

Our cover stars are my much treasured fridge magnet of "The Bushwhackers", participants in the panto that is WWF Wrestling. Could they look any more gay?!?!



BULL!

About five years ago I had my septum pierced, and its one of my favorite piercings and I heartily recommend it. Your septum is the bridge between the nostrils, but the piercing doesn't go through the cartilage as many think. If you feel in your nose, between the bottom of the join and the cartilage, is an area of thin flesh. This is where the piercing goes. When I had it done, by a calm and professional piercer, the pain was really minimal, although it made me jump with surprise! I had a septum keeper put in, which is a U shaped piece of stainless steel, that flips up inside the nose and is unseen. When I'm not wearing a ring or tusk in my nose, I keep this keeper in to keep the piercing open. The healing took only about 2 weeks, and unlike other piercings sometimes do, never flares up or is sore.

These days, I don't wear visible jewelry that often, maybe every couple of weeks when I go out clubbing. It's one piercing that really shocks people. Maybe because its so visible, and very primal. It really is the savage with the bone through his nose to some people. However, even though I don't wear stuff all the time, I would never let it close up, as I like the option. Also, the hidden keeper is so small, I never notice it.

When I do wear visible jewelry, it makes me feel so glamorous! Just by putting a ring in makes me feel dressed up for the evening. I feel so proud, magical and powerful, like a Minotour. Other times, it makes me into sleazy dirty pigboy! I also sometimes wear a tusk, but you have to be careful when you snog someone, or else you'll have their eye out.

Under plain brown wrapper.

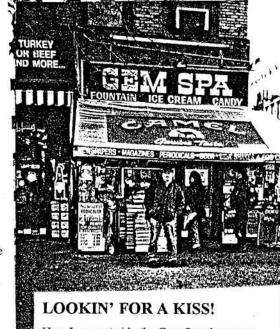
the writing is the best bit!

Here is the opening paragraph from a great porn mag I got while on holiday in Barcelona a couple of years ago. The mag is called "Heavy Toolin', featuring The Manhandlers". The two blokes in the mag, which I date to about 1972, are quite sexy in a home made tattooed, fouffy hairdo, vestigial mustachioed kind of way. But

" Danny Milano liked his new job. It was different than it had been in the Navy machine shop for the last four years. Busier, and for Danny that meant better. Free time had always been a problem. Except for the six months in Singapore when he'd spent every free minute in the tattoo parlor, leisure time meant too much liquor and too many brawls. And while he won more than he lost, Dan preferred to think of himself as a lover rather than a fighter. A nice sweet ass was

meant for fucking, not kicking.

Buck Williams didn't mind the overtime work that had come up that Saturday because he knew that he'd be alone in the factory with the new man in the motor repair department. He remembered the way his asshole had throbbed the day the guy had been hired. The sexy hooded eyes, the dark sharp sensual Italian features, and the myriad variety of tattoos he'd glimpsed all spelt stud to Buck and had had him in heat for two weeks now. And today he planned to give that tooler's tool a workout."



Here I am, out side the Gem Spa drug store. The East Village, New York. I made a pilgrimage, as its where the picture of the New York Dolls on the back of their first album was taken. In the picture, they look just so trashy, scary and , like, out there. Johnny Thunders with his bulging crotch, David JoHansen in a torn off the shoulder tee shirt and all of them like something from another world. That photo had a big effect on me.

On that gum spattered sidewalk, I closed my eyes, and concentrated. Quietly, but surely, I could hear the ghostly clump, clump, clump of platform shoes on the pavement.





CORY SPONDANCE:

A PUNK ROCK ORIGINAL

Many years ago 1 met Cory Spondance at a party in a seedy squat in Hackney. He was very small and androgymous, and also very quick witted and sharp tongued. I was a bit wary of him at first, as he ran with a "fast" crowd who took loads of smack and tuinols. But I got to know him a bit better, and he was always nice to me, but that was due to me deferring to him all the time.

Cory was quite fearless and mad. There was a story, probably spread by Cory himself, that his mum had taken loads of acid when she was pregnant with him. I remember he had a poster of Elvis on his wall, on which he had added antlers, and the name "Elkvis"!

He would run around in leather mini skirts and make up all the time. One day, while waiting for a bus, some geezers started making clucking, chicken noises at him, probably due to his mohican. Cool as a cucumber, Cory turned to them and said, "I'd get that seen to if I were you."

He gave me one day a drawing pad filled with the most intricate, amazing drawings. There was a cut out paper doll of him self, plus 75, yes 75, extremely detailed outfits, including hats, handbags and accessories. I presume it was a result of a nights speed psychosis. It was a work of genius, and I still treasure it today.

I haven't seen Cory for years. Cory, wherever you are, I send my love and hope you are well and happy. You were a one off.







The last thing I want to do is just turn convention on its head and make being big the desired state. Let's all be who we want to be.

Let fat blokes shag smaller blokes, fat blokes

shag fat blokes, smaller blokes shag smaller

One thing, on the subject of language, what terms do we use? Fat? Big? Chubby? Bear? Personally I cant bear the term Chubby, as it sound infantalistic and neutered, and Chubby

Chaser conjures up visions of some one running

If you want to go where the big blokes go, if you

The King's Arms, Poland St., London W1. Very

Bulk Club, Fridays, Bar Nine, Vauxhall. I have yet to go to this new incarnation, but if its anything like before, it will be friendly, attitude

Lately I've been losing quite a bit of weight without really trying due to doing lots of swimming (yeah!) and re starting smoking (boo!) I'm concerned that I won't be big enough to be a "big" bloke! Fuck. Something

BIG & HAIRY MEETS SMOOTH & SLIDY

Gratuitous pic of five foxy tattooed boys.

Frankly, I'd shag 'em all.

14個的學科學

after Christopher Biggins with an outsize

are one or not, try:

free, fun and sexy.

else to worry about!

relaxed traditional type pub.

butterfly net! I'd rather be called FATBOY!

blokes! Let love and sex know no barriers!

Bilah, her blue hair and home made nuns habit blowing in the wind, as she roller skated up the Finchley road to the ice cream parlor she worked in. Breathless and laughing, I ran in her

Gabes, again, taking me to Gateway's on a

Sunday lunch time when men were admitted. She and her mates made me feel one of the

Laurel and I sitting in the school playground, as she mesmerized me with here description of "The lord of the rings". Her version was so much better than the actual book

To Julia, Beck, Gabes, Maria, Val, Charlotte, Bilah, Laurel and also Nicky, Lou, Elaine, Marcelle, Yvonne, Nina, Rachel, Roz, Maggie, Linda, Michelle, Andria, Angie, Min, Lynn, Liz, Becky, Jo, and also to all the others, I say, I love you, I need you and thank you for being my

rom the side of the carton of my official WWF Wrestling Easter egg

PROPERTY