



Two Virgins: we don't think

clock in, and down go the kecks.

Bare flesh lies at the heart of every man, woman and child on this earth. Hey! We're all naked underneath these clothes, right? But is that reason in itself to display your reproductive apparatus during an encore at the Digbeth Barrel Organ? Clearly not, if Lux Interior's raddled old abdomen is taken into account. Maybe it's the very primal catharsis, that lies at the heart of musical self-expression, that causes one to shed all manifestations of modern-day life and return to nature. Or maybe it's rugby...

Anyone who's ever been in a student union bar at the local poly or a rugby club disco in Merthyr Tydfil will confirm that young men affiliated with sports teams like nothing better than to air their bottoms after a few hundred half pints of 'strong' lager. This is part male-bonding ritual, part peacock-like mating display—and, of course, it fails on both counts, since rugby players are scared *stiff* of other men's bottoms, and the chance of a drunken moon-sesh getting them even half a snog is somewhat nil.

But they do it, and girls don't, and it is apparent that being *male* means never having to keep your strides on in a crowded place. Apart from the be-gaffered-taped



Errk! Something Pops out

Wendy O'Williams, Hawkwind's Stacia and Annie Lennox once, Women In Rock tend to maintain a level of clothes-related decency onstage (presumably in defiance of the all-male front row's expression of staunch heterosexuality and deep spiritual fulfilment commonly known as shouting "Get yer tits out!" to female lead singers—and then wetting their pants if she even catches their eyes). Elvis Presley wasn't even allowed to gyrate his fully-trousered pelvis on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in rock 'n' roll's early days. How things have changed for the thinly-veiled macho insecurity liturgy, eh kids?

Adam Clayton—re the contro'willy shot'—was obviously never picked for the football team at school. The Manic Street Preachers—all-nude in the vid for 'Love's Sweet Exile'—frequently *left back* in the changing rooms come sports day, evidently. Pop Will Eat Itself—perhaps the men least regularly hindered by apparel in this rude roll-call—now stand accused of being Frustrated Prop Forwards! As this uncomfortably hairy photo-spread (yuk!) testifies—the History Of Boys' Rock is nothing if not an oversubscribed First 15!

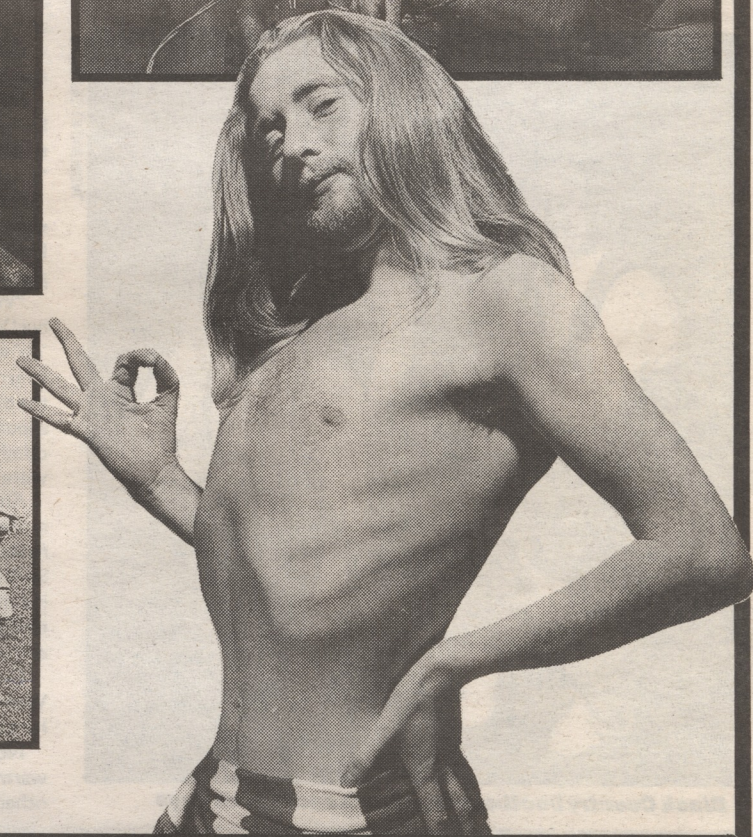
Nice try, folks! And mind the bollocks!



The Moonflowers recreate Houses Of The Holy



Lux Interior: it's the exterior that's the problem!



Above: Dr Hook's Ray Sawyer keeps his hat on . . . Below: Fabulous (it says here) . . . Bottom (!) of page: TFC's Brendan displays his very own xylophone

TEN ACTS WE NEVER WENT TO SEE AU NATUREL

1. SWERVEDRIVER
2. TAD
3. DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS
4. GUY CHADWICK
5. SLADE
6. SHAUN RYDER
7. THE BOO YAA TRIBE
8. ROY HARPER
9. LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (except the second trumpeter, who's right horny!)
10. TRANSVISION VAMP (Hey! Why only one woman in the *NME*'s list, you cry—well, maybe because the deep-rooted sexism inherent in the music industry dictates that only *attractive women* are allowed to become famous Pop Stars and . . . (cont'd, P.91)



Bob Geldof and the Live Aid committee: is that it?