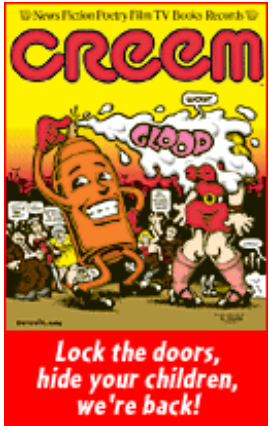




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Show me 'slightly annoyed.' Good. Now show me your best crooner. Good. Now show me your dick!

**Iggy Pop**  
**Live San Fran 1981 [DVD]**

Target Video/MVD

I was at the Divadence Spa this afternoon having a Peruvian mud facial and luxuriating in an organic cucumber bath when my cell rang. The call display read "Eleganza" so, of course, I answered.

"Queeeeeenie!" Lisa yelled before I could even say hello. "Have you seen the new *Vanity Fair*? The annual music number? I just had lunch with Matheu at Musso & Franks and he showed it to me. Queenie, what is *wrong* with today's kids? They call *that* dressing like a rock star? Have we *really* come to this? When someone like *Jayne County* had more style?"

"Jayne County?" I laughed. "They've never heard of *Bryan Ferry*, let alone his grievous gaucho getup! The problem with today's kids is that have no sense of history whatsoever. I'm afraid that the days of Pierre Laroche and *After Dark* magazine are *long* gone. Now if you want to see style with a capital S, you should watch Iggy's new video. It's—"

"Jim needs a shave," Lisa interrupted. "Seeing that scraggly shrub is like seeing Lou Reed's chest hair," she laughed. "Too much visual information!"

"Ewwwww, stop!" I snorted. "You're making mud go up my nose!"

"Why are we even *talking* about this?" Lisa shrieked.

"Because of Iggy's new video!" I shrieked back.

"What, that Stooges video CREEM put out?"

"No, an even newer one called *Live San Fran 1981*. It's a two-camera shoot primitively captured on videotape with ham-fisted aplomb by director Joe Rees. Technically it's just a tad above *Gary Numan: The Touring Principle* in terms of antiquated production values."

"Oh well," Lisa sighed. "How does Jim look in it?"

"*Everyone* looks good. So good, in fact, that this must see DVD should be made mandatory viewing in every

fashion design class. Mike Page is wearing a teal Devo jumpsuit with matching dewdrop chandelier earrings. Carlos Alomar is resplendent in camouflage battle fatigues with his glasses nerdishly sticking out of a bank robber's balaclava. I can't tell the difference between Gary Valentine and Rob Duprey, but they're certainly a stylistic study in contrasts. One of them is wearing a preppy scoop neck slacker sweater that's almost future grunge. And in your basic black suit and tie, the other one looks as if he stepped off the cover of *Parallel Lines*. And speaking of Blondie, you have *got* to see Clem Burke! Clad in crimson, he looks just like Sylvain Sylvain did when the Dolls were in their red patent leather period, only a *lot* hotter."

"Clem would've looked *so* great drumming in the Dolls!" Lisa agreed. "So I guess that leaves Jim in his usual shirtless sartorial splendor."

"Guess again, girl. I can't believe that Robert didn't mention it to you. You know what he said to me when we watched it together? Robert said, 'He's dressed like his Nazi girlfriend.'"

"He's waht?" Lisa said incredulously.

"He's wearing a black miniskirt, stockings, garter belt, leather jacket, and a blue tie over a bare chest."

"Stockings... or *pantyhose*?"

"Black... silk... stockings."

"How's he look?"

"Dressed in a mini skirt with his front cap missing and exposed fang sticking out, Count Popula strolls through his paltry *Party* album looking like a roughed up tranny hooker who's a few suck sessions short of the blow dough needed to complete his sex change operation."

"Wow," Lisa laughed. "Now *that's* poetry!"

"This is probably the only Ig gig where he doesn't strip down by the end of the show. In fact, not only does he keep his leather jacket on for the entire duration, Iggy actually *dresses up* for the encore by changing into a button down shirt. And with his wet hair plastered down over one side of his skull, any resemblance to dictators living in Argentina or dead is purely intentional."

Lisa started to say something but her cell cut out with a sudden burst of static. I was about to call her back when Amazona walked in to hose me down with some hot coconut milk.

—Queen Ferriday  
April 2005

Photos by Robert Matheu

← LESS

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