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**THE DUKE OBSERVES****GG ALLIN****RAW, BRUTAL, ROUGH AND BLOODY**

The ever so fetching and terribly chic Parental Advisory warning which graces the cover of "Raw, Brutal..." has never seemed so perfunctory, so listless, so flaccid. Even if this opus of shit-drenched, blood-soaked mania were to be graced with a meter-wide wrap-around government warning, it would still seem inappropriate.

The Duke has been fascinated with the popular entertainer by the name of GG Allin ever since reading an article in Kerrang! magazine many summers ago. This shaven-headed, goatee-sporting, bullock-naked primate looked like just about the most fascinating rock star anyone could ever hope to encounter. In the intervening months and years, I have had the distinct pleasure of hearing only one of GG's recordings, but suffice to say it was far from memorable. The droning, hollering mess of bad punk that graced those two minutes of mp3-encoded audio did little to convince me of the musical abilities of this monster. But still he fascinates me.

On the 15th of June, 2004, MVD Music Video Distributors release GG Allin & The Murder Junkies - Raw, Brutal, Rough & Bloody - The Best Of 1991 Live. It is possibly the most unforgettable concert video what will ever scar your pupils.

Because love or hate this demented motherfucker, one can't argue that, as far as live performances go, there really isn't anyone even remotely approaching this level of intensity.

For which we can only say thank fuck.

Now, I've been to plenty of gigs in my time. If you were thinking that The Duke was some kind of sheltered individual what never got grossly manhandled in "The Pit", you'd be wrong right there. I've been pushed, prodded and kicked during shows by Green Day and D-Generation, I've had sweating Irish malcontents thrust their naked torsos against mine, I've jumped with abandon as a reformed Dexy's Midnight Runners blew the roof off The Waterfront Hall. I've also sat in awe as Ryan Adams completely deconstructed his back-catalogue with the aid of a grand piano and a cello, and had pints of beer flung around my form as Shane MacGowan roared not two-feet from my face.

But here are some things that never happened;

As far as I recall, although granted, I'm not graced with the



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our opinion.

most photographic of memories, Kevin Rowland didn't interrupt *Come On Eileen* for to take a shit on stage and then roll about in it. I don't think Ryan Adams stuck a microphone up his arse.

Come to think of it, most of them didn't even get naked.

This DVD what I'm about to tell you about, is positively bursting with that kind of nonsense. GG Allin was a psychopath, the embodiment of that particularly unpleasant strand of punk rock that cares not a jot for social reform or political upheaval, but is concerned only with sheer bilious, nihilistic violence.

The bulk of the disc is made up of slightly-above-bootleg quality VHS recordings of three entire gigs. If, perchance, you were thinking of making a purchase, on account of how *The Duke* says it's fucking amazing, then perhaps you might consider the following brief description, ie, this review what tells you some stuff what happens.

These shows were all filmed during *The Murder Junkies'* 1991 tour of America, just after GG's release from prison. We aren't told where the performances take place, but it doesn't really matter. The first glimpse we get of GG is as he strides across the tiny stage, naked but for a spiked dog-collar and a pair of leather gloves. His flesh is a tapestry of self-inflicted wounds and tattoos which appear to have been administered by the hand of a two-year-old, his shoulders sporting such cheerful slogans as "Scum Fuck" and "Life Sucks".

The drummer, too, is naked, whilst the lead guitarist tries his best to adopt the most convincing Johnny Thunders pose he can muster, trying his damndest to look cool, just in case, y'know, the *Manic Street Preachers* or someone might be watching. A proper band.

His shot at glory is nullified somewhat, however, both by the fact that no-one is really paying any attention, and also, just under his ever-so-cool leather-jacket and shades, he is sporting no more than a flesh-coloured cod-piece.

Twenty seconds into the first song, a charming, Kinks-esque number by the name of *Gypsy Motherfucker*, GG's microphone has stopped working. Maybe it's because he has bashed it off his skull so much that already his forehead is awash with blood, but who knows? Maybe it's a PA problem. He steals the one currently being utilised by trendy guitar-hero, and finds it doesn't work either.

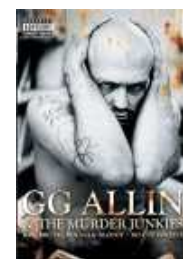
A lesser individual might see this as a chance to holler about the awful restrictions being imposed on their art, but GG just wants to jump into the crowd, run around a bit, punch a few folks, and then beat himself over and over with the malfunctioning mic, each whack being utterly cringe-worthy.

Then, realising the bass player is still audible, he steals said musician's yack-pipe and carries on.

Already, this is more entertaining than a dozen *Shania Twain* "Live In Concert" efforts.

I mean really, *Shania*, put a little effort in. When was the last time you lacerated yourself onstage? I bet not even once this month.

The insane heights get even higher, however, as GG, who incidentally resembles some deranged, tiny-willied V.I Lenin clone, squats, back to the camera, and takes a shit right off



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the edge of the stage.

I haven't once saw David Gray take a shit onstage. This one time, when he was performing *Babylon* on Top Of The Pops, I was sure he was about to strip off, stick his fingers in his asshole and do a big turd right there and then. He didn't though. Just shook his head a little and sang about the lights are changing red to green.

As he stands up, giving his shit-streaked thighs an affectionate pat, GG notices a chair on the stage, which is fit for nothing if not flinging with gusto into the audience. Then a bottle gets tossed.

During the third song, the highly poignant *Expose Yourself To Kids* ("Do it now", the lyrics advise, "before they grow up and it's too late!"), GG jumps onto the floor once more, and rolls around for a while in the freshly minted dung. Shortly afterwards, he climbs back onstage, where a fan reaches him a drumstick.

Where the fuck did this guy get a drumstick?

Who comes to a gig equipped with their own drumstick? Did he figure maybe the drummer might see him and invite him up for a number? Since you made the effort, and all, bringing your own stick and so on.

Anyway, GG sees this as opportunity to play with his rectum once more. He bends over and shoves the musical implement up his arsehole. During *I Love Nothing*, he tries to further enrage his prostate by attempting the same procedure with his microphone. Another fan tries to assist, balancing a chair with one arm as he tries to insert the leg alongside the mic.

GG thanks him by kicking him in the spine.

GG Allin appears genuinely dangerous in a way that, say, Marilyn Manson, for all his "shocking" theatrics, never could. Manson's performance is carried out exclusively within the confines of the stage.

GG, by way of contrast, seems to view the stage as little more than a decent place to put the drum-kit. He scales the rafters, hanging upside down and falling for to smack his ribs on the edge of the platform. He runs into the audience, scaling tables and kicking pints of beer into the faces of spectators. Truly, there is no safe haven. As the sign outside suggests; "Enter At Your Own Risk."

There is very, very little to like about GG Allin, certainly going on this evidence. Despite an alleged love of The Beatles and Alice Cooper, his music has all the complexity of an especially muffled and tuneless fart. He is shockingly misogynist, utterly despicable as he trails a woman by her hair across a floor smeared with his shit.

And yet *The Duke* finds himself unable to look away. It's mesmerising.

And those folks in the audience, the ones that Jerry Springer once worried about so convincingly, since they were all being victimised and disturbed? They love it. They love every dung-caked, blood-soaked minute of it. They grin as GG punches them in the face, or forces himself upon them. "You rule!", they suggest, a point-of-view which GG seems to embrace wholeheartedly.

And we're only 6 songs into the first show.

By the time the touching ballad *Cunt Sucking Cannibal* is aired, the floor in front of the stage is awash with piss, shit, beer, broken glass, smashed tables and dismantled chairs, an assemblage into which GG gleefully bounds.

He is commanding, and yet deeply disturbing, as he slices himself asunder with broken glass, or smashes the microphone against his temple for the umpteenth time. It's disturbing because it's real. Sure, it's maybe no less a performance than that of Slipknot or Eminem, but GG Allin seems genuinely psychotic. Those gashes ripping open across his head are *real*. That deranged cartoon glare that he sports so fetchingly as he pokes his fingers into his anus, is *real*. The teeth that are spat into the face of onlookers are *real*.

The microphones have pretty much given-up by the time *Die When You Die* is announced, and so GG strides about like some faeces-riddled gorilla before grabbing his jacket and leaving. The crowd chant for his return, which he does, popping in for one last assault to a nearby fan. Applause roars throughout the venue.

The second gig takes place in a somewhat different establishment, with no stage as such, simply an area of the floor which is cleared and surrounded by protective barriers, giving the effect of some kind of human zoo, although GG regularly escapes his confines, racing around through the audience.

The show begins with GG holding up four free-drink tickets. His bargain is simple. A free drink for a blow-job. Surprisingly, no one is very keen to accept the demands.

Unperturbed, GG bends over and lets a disgustingly liquidy shit fall onto the floor. "You can get arrested for that in Milwaukee", he announces. "Let's see if you can get arrested for it in Chicago." This is the Communion, apparently. GG scoops up the running mess and flings it into the audience, before deciding that the thing to do would be to piss into it, and then smear it over his chest.

Again, when did Stereophonics last smear shit on themselves? What gives, Kelly Jones? I saw at least two concert videos, and not once did I see any faeces rubbing.

That's just downright shoddy showmanship, Stereophonics.

By the time the first song kicks in, GG's face is obscured by blood, and before the end of the track, he can't cross the stage without slipping onto his lacerated arse in the urine-dung mixture.

The audience at this second gig seem to be a much different crowd from the first lot. Rather than the chanting, goading fans, this venue seems to be filled primarily with steel-jawed, glass-eyed biker-types. One terrifying moment has GG walking up to one of these grim-faced behemoths and spitting right into their face. Behemoth spits back, and offers a withering stare, before a bouncer steps in.

Strangely, however, GG seems respectful, affectionate even, towards his band-mates. His venom, his violence and shit-flinging, are reserved solely for himself and the spectators. Even when he bites the bass-players willy, it seems to be more in the spirit of camaraderie than with any malicious intent.

During *Bite It You Scum*, which was preceded with the invitation to "tear this fucking place apart", GG bends over and attempts to unload a little more bowel-matter onto the already swamped floor. Sensing the imminent arrival of yet more crud, the camera zooms in anticipatorily on his arse. It's to no avail, though. GG gets up having not even let a "pffft" free from his rectum.

You should have eaten more fibre, GG, is what.

During *I Want To Fuck Myself*, the final song of the evening, GG walks up to a young bespectacled fan, takes his glasses from him and starts wearing them. He looks around a moment or two, considering his options.

The option seems to be to smash the microphone into his nose, thereby breaking the spectacles.

This done, he throws them to the ground and tramples them into minute shards.

You'd think that this indicated some kind of mean-spirited contempt for the folks who ensure that he can get paid to rub shit on his legs every night. Yet, after the show, something truly unexpected happens.

GG walks off and stands beside a pinball machine. Here, a fan comes up and offers him a shirt to wipe himself clean with. GG accepts, and shakes the fella's hand. Then another bloke comes up, rubbing himself against his hero. "Get some shit on me", he pleads. More and more folks arrive to shake hands with this individual who not five minutes ago was flinging his waste at them and trampling their glasses.

The third show is the least eventful of the lot, in comparison to the first two.

It's a venue very similar to the first one, although GG sees fit to wear a fetching black g-string this time around. He exhibits utterly surreal tics throughout, bending over to poke at his arse and then standing up, back arched, looking for all the world like a kid who's been caught picking his nose in class. He lurches with abandon from high camp to highly fucking deranged, and from childlike mischief to full-blown rage.

At one point GG demonstrates his caring side, as he climbs onto a table and thrusts his hands down a female fan's top. He then serenades her with a verse from *Expose Yourself To Kids*, before grabbing her in some kind of bizarre, ritualistic headlock. Unfortunately he slips, unwittingly thumping the woman's head off the edge of a table. He carries on regardless, wandering back towards the stage. After all, there's shitting and what-not to be getting on with. The woman holds her head in her hands. Ok, it was an accident, but it seems to have hurt, you barbaric motherfucker.

During *I Wanna Fuck Myself*, a mini-fight erupts on the floor, as a fan runs up and sucker-punches GG on the head. GG turns and smacks the individual on the jaw, losing his microphone in the process. He clambers onstage, delivers another kick to the skull of the offender, before being reached a replacement mic. This too gets flung at the quick-fisted reveller.

And that's it. GG wanders off midway through the song, trailing what looks like a large speaker behind him.

We are granted one more performance, yet another version of *Expose Yourself To Kids*, with GG decked out in beanie hat and black jacket, looking like some kind of hillbilly Ice-T. Before

the end of the song he has French-kissed at least four women, at least three of whom were compliant, and two of whom actually pay him for the privilege, thrusting dollar bills into his far-from-heaving underpants.

You sigh with relief.

The only extra on the disc is an alarming interview with GG's mother, alarming because she seems so *nice*. Turns out GG was originally christened Jesus Christ, on account of his father had a vision. In addition, snippets of this interview punctuate each of the live shows.

In short, then, this is the most amazing live concert video I have ever fucking witnessed. The music, with the sole exception of the alarmingly-catchy *Hanging Out With Jim*, is diabolically awful. The picture and audio quality is way below average. The same set is basically repeated three times. And yet it is utterly hypnotic, utterly captivating, and utterly motherfucking essential, is what.

In 1993 a Murder Junkies concert in New York erupted into something of a riot, on account of the power being turned off two songs into the set. Some venues, man. They just don't get how the shit on the floor and the piss and the naked bloke with the tiny willy ("but big balls!", as Allin explains) is crucial to the survival of the establishment.

GG threw something of a wobbly, a shit-fit if you will, before heading out into the streets, naked and drenched in filth and blood, in an attempt to make it to the home of good friend Johnny Puke, that he might get loaded and carry on shitting, pissing, bleeding and so-on.

The fans followed him, hurling obscenities and trashcans with equal enthusiasm in the direction of the pursuing police.

Following a vein-full of heroin, GG passed out, his fans posing for pictures alongside his defecation-crusteD body.

Turns out he died.

It's sad, man, and it's even more tragic when you consider that GG really wanted to kill himself onstage, taking as many of his fans with him as possible.

Such a shame, man. Oh well.

The Duke doesn't like GG Allin. I think he was an ignorant, moronic hateful motherfucker, is what, but still he fascinates me. Perhaps in these days of crippling corporate musical "product", when ensembles like Good Charlotte, however pleasing their tunes may be, are heralded as "punk", perhaps now we need to see GG shit himself and then eat the shit and then spit the shit into a motherfuckers face more than ever.

He was a demented, bullying son-of-a-motherfucker, but God bless him all the same.

Thanks folks.

Further Reading

The Duke's Review Of "Hated - GG Allin And The Murder Junkies"

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