



THE CHASM

VADER

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MEGADETH**

**Metal
Gods**

**WIN!
WIN!
WIN!**
Pages 45 & 97!

- Krisiun
- Necrophagist
- Kreator
- Darkthrone
- Jag Panzer
- Therion
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- Gwar
- Abominator
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- Planes Mistaken
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Rewind

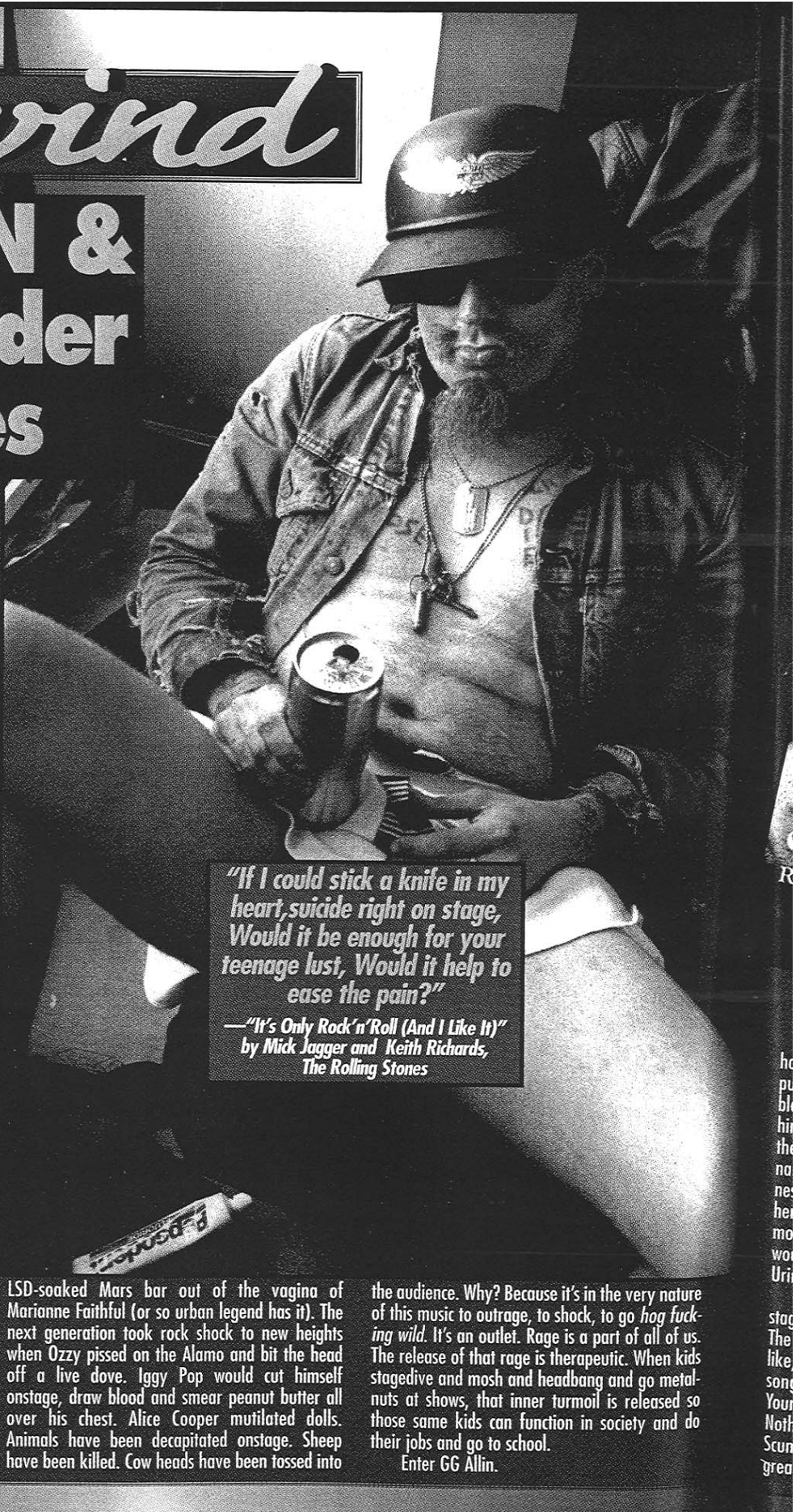
GG ALLIN & The Murder Junkies

by Mike Greenblatt

GG Allin & The Murder Junkies performed at The Gas Station in New York City on June 27, 1993. The following day, GG was found dead of a drug overdose in his East Village apartment. It was a boring and mundane way to die for a man who always said he wanted to go out onstage in front of an audience. In fact, in the decade since his demise, his underground legend has remained so strong that many think he did do just that: kill himself during a set. So when the 100+ minute DVD from GG Allin & The Murder Junkies called *Raw, Brutal, Rough & Bloody: Best Of 1991 Live* arrived on my doorstep, my first thought was, "cool, this must be the show where he offed himself!" That exact kind of clinical detachment was needed to appreciate the art of this man.

The DVD (from Music Video Distributors, Inc.) contains three shows in their entirety—9/27/91 San Diego, CA; 10/10/91 Chicago, IL; 11/20/91 Atlanta, GA—in which GG takes punk rock to its absolute limit. No one in the history of rock'n'roll has ever given more of himself than this man. Of course, it's ugly, it's obscene, it's violent, it's bloody, it's fucking disgusting. But that was GG. And there was a point to it all.

When rock'n'roll first started in the 1950s, parents, civic leaders and preachers rallied against it, noting—quite correctly—that it turned their normal innocent teenaged children into wild-eyed beasts. It was in the beat. Previous generations didn't have that beat to freak out to. They had to freak to swing music, fun but nowhere near as dangerous. Ultimately, in trying to censor rock'n'roll after realizing that it unleashed some dark tribal human element deep within the soul, these detractors made the music even more popular. Elvis Presley swiveling his hips on *The Ed Sullivan Show* caused a national controversy. The next generation took shock value further. In the '60s, a Rolling Stone or two pissed in the gutter, then Jagger was busted for drugs when cops found him eating an



"If I could stick a knife in my heart, suicide right on stage, Would it be enough for your teenage lust, Would it help to ease the pain?"

*—"It's Only Rock'n'Roll (And I Like It)"
by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards,
The Rolling Stones*

LSD-soaked Mars bar out of the vagina of Marianne Faithful (or so urban legend has it). The next generation took rock shock to new heights when Ozzy pissed on the Alamo and bit the head off a live dove. Iggy Pop would cut himself onstage, draw blood and smear peanut butter all over his chest. Alice Cooper mutilated dolls. Animals have been decapitated onstage. Sheep have been killed. Cow heads have been tossed into

the audience. Why? Because it's in the very nature of this music to outrage, to shock, to go *hog fucking wild*. It's an outlet. Rage is a part of all of us. The release of that rage is therapeutic. When kids stagedive and mosh and headbang and go metal-nuts at shows, that inner turmoil is released so those same kids can function in society and do their jobs and go to school.

Enter GG Allin.

ed in these pages for years and years, there's no beauty without ugliness, no heaven without hell.

And who could be the ultimate arbiter anyway of where one should draw the line. You? Me? Cops? Preachers? Teachers? Parents? George W. Bush? The answer is no one. There is no line. And GG Allin's life was lived to prove that.

Talk about a life! Sure, he was a sociopathic miscreant, a sex offender, a drug abuser, a convict who spent 19 months in the Adrian, Michigan Correctional Facility, only to be paroled in March of 1991. Obviously, he was hardly rehabilitated. The rage consumed him. So much so that he could be seen fighting with fans once the rock 'n' roll had him in its spell. He'd take the microphone and hit it against his head as hard as he possibly could so he'd start to bleed. Not satisfied with ripping his skin open, he'd continue the assault on his own forehead until he was literally gushing blood. As pro wrestlers who blade their own foreheads will tell you, it's fairly safe to bleed from that part of your body. Primitive medicine techniques had doctors routinely bleed people "to get the bad blood out." In Chicago, he bled so much he was like a damn geyser. The blood mixed with the feces and urine and sweat and when he'd roll around naked in it all on the floor and pop back up for another verse, he'd spray it all intentionally on the fans.

"Who wants to suck my shit-stained dick," he'd politely ask. "You?" One lucky frontrow female fan had the honor of getting her head snapped forward in a mock fellatio routine before GG let her go. She didn't seem to mind. Frontrow fans honored their hero by spitting on him, one collegiate-looking couple gobbing great hordes on GG together while holding hands. Just a nice night out. While giving new meaning to the phrase "Rock Out With Your Cock Out," GG's mindgames transcended the limitations of artist/audience rapport. You went knowing what you were in for or you didn't go. It was punk rock psychotherapy of the highest order...with no limits. Well, actually there was one limit. Whoever held the camera was either very fond of floor shots or had a hard time staying sober. Frustratingly amateurish, the camera oftentimes whirls, dances and skips out of the picture completely on some of the more, uh, shall we say "dramatic moments." But kudos to brother bassist Merle Allin (and keeper of the flame, because The Murder Junkies live on without GG). Without him, there wouldn't be this recorded version of the underbelly of everything rock'n'roll is supposed to represent...but usually doesn't. And, because of Merle, one can now thrill to the shit, piss, blood and sweat in one's own living room without any possible way to get it on you personally. "I have a small dick but I have big balls," shouted GG and he wasn't kidding. An added bonus is an extended interview with mama Allin who waxes nostalgically about her late son. [www.ggallin.com]

GG ALLIN

& THE MURDER JUNKIES

RAW, BRUTAL, ROUGH & BLOODY - BEST OF 1991 LIVE

GG's mission, if it could be called that, was just how to take that same rage that fuels good solid punk music and escalate it into a carnival-like blasphemy that not only involved him turning himself inside out for his audiences — letting them see the naked truth of his soul (as well as his naked dick flopping around like a little worm in a nest) — but sharing his most intimate private heretofore unsharable moments. So what is your most private moment? What part of your life would be the least sharable thing? Masturbation? Urination? Defecation?

In San Diego, as in most shows, GG takes the stage naked. He obviously has nothing to hide. The music is functional accessible punk, workman-like, sorta sloppy but human, chugging along on songs like "Gypsy Motherfucker," "Expose Yourself To Kids," "I Wanna Rape You," "I Love Nothing," "Cunt-Sucking Cannibal," "Bite It You Scum" and "Die When You Die." Of course, his greatest song—"I Want To Fuck Myself"—is also

included. And during the song, he does. It isn't long before the camera catches the act that no other living practitioner of this art ever had the balls to conceive: GG turns around, squats and gives his crowd a supreme gift from his body.

In Chicago, he goes even further, taking that gift and smearing it all over his naked body. He also picks it up off the floor and eats it. Then, as to not be selfish, he flings his own shit into the crowd just in case anyone out there might want to partake of his life-force offering. Similarly, he pisses almost into the crowd, drinks his own piss, and, like drinking the blood of Christ at communion, exhorts the fans to do the same.

There is nothing sacred. Remember that. The limits of the imagination have to be allowed to run rampant. Sure, there's bad taste, offensive material, El Disgusto material, but, as has been repeat-