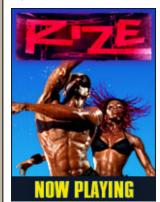
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DVD Review - GG Allin & The Murder Junkies -Savage South 1992

Posted by Duke De Mondo on July 05, 2005 03:10 PM (See all posts by Duke De Mondo)

Filed under: Music, Music: Punk Rock, Music: Video, Video: Music - Scroll down to read comments on this story and/or add one of your own.



GG Allin and the Murder Junkies - Savage South -Best of 1992

DVD from Music Video Distribu Release date: 29 March, 2005

Shit, man, it's been just too long.

How many DVD's been in and out The Duke's DVD player, how many documentaries been observed, how many live shows witnessed, and none of them featuring anything that a fella might mistake for the sight of GG Allin squatting center-stage and taking a shit right there, then maybe picking some up and throwing it at some malcontent down front, maybe chewing on some for a second, maybe rolling around in it for a time.

It's been almost a year since I last sat down with <u>Hated - GG Allin &</u> The Murder Junkies, or GG Allin - Raw, Brutal, Rough & Bloody. I was almost starting to forget how hilarious those camp poses and dances were, how incredible it is to see a fella kick folks right in the teeth in the middle of a tune, how tiny that ever-present sex-limb really was.

Thank all that's holy, a DVD arrives in Mondo Towers, a Digital DVD Disc by the name of GG Allin & The Murder Junkies - Savage South: Best Of 1992 Tour. I could hardly hold the damn thing in my hand without blacking out with the anticipation. What nonsense would GG get up to herein? How many shits would he take? How many fights would he get into? How many times will he play "Cunt Sucking Cannibal"? How naked will he get?

Plenty shits, plenty fights, plenty naked, plenty "Cunt Sucking Cannibal". Who in their right mind would expect anything less?

Savage South presents three performances from the tour of the same name, three shows from February 1992, being shindigs in Atlanta, San Antonio and Austin.

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It seems only just for to take them each one as a separate incident, each one bursting at the guts with demented scandal.

So then:

The first of the incidents:

Wreck Room, Atlanta, GA, 2/14/92

or

GG Versus Jesus

As with all the shows on *Savage South*, the quality here is bootleg-level, both with regards visuals and audio. A time stamp, lots of shaking around, plenty periods of prolonged black when GG dives into the audience and the camcorder can't cope with the lack of light. God knows what he's singing or what the songs sound like, since for the most part a cacophonous garble is all a fella can hope for.

Now and again a quip seeps through the mire;

"We lost our drummer last night because the motherfuckers arrested us", for example. Plenty other gabbling about "motherfuck" and "fuck you".

It hardly matters, mind. Who gives a pink yak's piss what GG might be ranting about, who can hope to decipher a word since the microphone stops working every couple minutes owing to the number of times he smacks it off of his skull? The blood's pissin down his mug ten seconds into the first song, the mic gets thrown someplace, another appears, GG batters it into his head and it dies like the twenty-nine others.

Throughout this first show there's a telly screen behind the band, an interview with Metallica, Lars Ulrich yacking silently away as GG dedicates "Kill The Police" to The Atlanta Police Department. GG notices Lars now and again, asks something about "What's this fucking shit?", but there's plenty for to take his mind off it, like the two almost-nude female dancers, for example, one on either side of the drum-kit.

This first show is the least memorable of the lot, although it still features plenty prime GG tomfoolery. The lighting makes it impossible to see what the hell's going on when GG bounds into the crowd, returning a verse later with fresh blood on the jaw, the bright-red underpants that bit further down his arse. Thankfully, though, he tends to stay on stage most of the time, preferring to take his rage out on his own skull, preferring to serenade the female dancers, specifically the one stage-left, tiny thong not concealing for a second an array of piercings in the nether-regions.

GG sings to this metal-riddled hoo-hah plenty times, sometimes sticking his head up into it, at one point doing so whilst the lady bends so far back that the two of them tumble to the ground, knocking half the drum-kit over in the process.

GG's clumsiness is second only to his campness when it comes to **Reasons Why Savage South Is Hilarious**. Look at that pout he's got going on! Look at how many times he feels himself up, striking Morrissey-esque poses, by god, although I don't know that Morrissey

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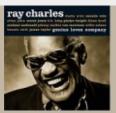
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by billy hopeless
its a beauty eh! [more]

On You say Yes, I say No, You Say I Don't Know, Ohhh by theSliver Oh and yes, I'd never be able to say calloo callay... [more]

On *War of the Worlds* - A review by Matt Paprocki
They died from the basic bateria in the water and ...



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would be so soaked in his own shit.

I don't know that Morrissey ever assaulted a bible with the ferocity GG approaches said act.

During the penultimate song, see, GG lifts a painting of Jesus that he's got hidden away someplace, and as a few roars of disapproval rise out the audience, he first smashes the frame over his head, flinging bits of glass and wood at anyone who happens to be within flinging distance, then proceeds to smear his blood all over the canvas.

"Jesus Christ sucked my fucking ass!" he announces.

Theologians will be aware that said event is curiously absent from any of the four gospel accounts contained in the New Testament. Maybe Dan Brown knows all about it, maybe it's some conspiracy of some kind, maybe the catholic church been utilizing albino assassins for centuries in order to keep the hideous GG truth under wraps.

Whilst no end of hilarity is to be derived from the sight of GG rubbing the painting into his groin, it stands to reason that what he really needs to do is grab a bible and start tearing the pages out with his teeth. He throws chunks of text at the audience, and before long chapters chunked from out *Job* or *Exodus* are being sent towards the stage anew.

Thankfully, someone reaches up the tattered remains of the book just as GG realizes his microphone has sputtered to its end for the Nth time. Best to just smack the bible off his head instead, least till another microphone appears.

The microphone business seems to cause GG no end of anguish throughout the proceedings. He flings a malfunctioning one away, gets a new one, smacks it off his head a few times, then barks fuckriddled at the roadies. What does a man need to do to get a microphone that works, in this day and age? I seen Robert Johnson smash a mic off his teeth fifty times before shoving it up the sphincter of a passing horse, and that motherfucker was still ringing out clear as day a week later.

Scarcely twenty minutes after he first took the stage, black robe hung over him like he were a prize fighter, GG's away again. What more need he add? He's sang to a lady's hoo-hah, he's knocked over the drum-kit and flung a load of cymbals into the audience, he's bounded on top a pool table and caused no end of ruckus, he's torn apart the bible with his teeth, what the hell else could anyone want?

True, his underpants remained on throughout, barring a crowdpleasing flash of his arse, and an audience member's request that GG stick the microphone up his ass was sadly thwarted, and, perhaps most disappointing of all, he didn't lay a fresh shit even once.

Still, there's two more shows for to get through. I imagine the screen will be awash with GG dung before the night's out.

The Second Of The Incidents:

DMZ, San Atonio, TX, 2/16/92

[more]

On 'I Am Not A Junkie' by ninutschka kurt cobain was a great person.and nirvana was a v... [more]

On War of the Worlds: Let's

play the theorising game by Aaman Funny. Fixed a few spelling

errors in the post [more]

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Most prolific Commenters for last 24 hours (updated 13:20) Dave Nalle (27) Silas Kain (22) Phillip Winn (21) Bryan McKay (19) dietdoc (17) Eric Olsen (17) Nancy (17) Tan The Man (15) HW Saxton (14) Aaron, Duke De Mondo (14)

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GG Versus Perm-Man

The first thing a fella notices when this second show kicks off is that the lighting is infinitely better than in the preceding soiree. Before the band take the stage, the camera-operator pans around the audience, letting us see just what kindsa folks might go check out a GG Allin performance of an evening. Two blokes are stood face-to-face whilst a third grabs hold both of their heads and smacks them into one another. Around them, folks stand unfazed, drinking beer, smoking, that sorta thing.

Maybe it's just cause the venue reminds me of the university hall in *Hated*, wherein GG didn't even get to play a song before a buncha students were racing out the doors, terrified by GG's mild-mannered display of sticking a banana up the hole then flinging bits at the punters. Maybe it's just cause, thanks to the lighting, it's fairly obvious there ain't no divide whatsoever between the audience and the performers, but whatever the reason, **The Duke** felt a tinge of fear creeping in.

Bad shit was gonna go down, both metaphorically and literally.

God in heaven, I was right as all fuck.

This show right here is easily the most violent I've seen. A seemingly never-ending procession of revelers race past the stage, jumping up for to take a swing at GG before running off again. It's like some kind of hooligan carousel, the same heads reappearing every so often, the same fists flung in the hope of connecting with GG's bleeding yap.

Quite a few do.

One character in particular, a fella with a bizarre perm, gets in more tangles than most. He's there all the time, sometimes getting kicked in the head by GG, sometimes smacking the demented goon right the fuck in the teeth. At one point he hits GG, and, to his surprise, our hero decides to run after him, dragging Perm-Man back to the stage where he sits on him and pounds his head repeatedly. At least twenty folks dive on top of GG and Perm-Man, and all the while the band play on.

Merle, GG's brother, only seems to get annoyed when the rabble bang against his guitar, causing him to miss a note. Only then will his disdain be apparent. Rest of the time, he's just stood there with the cigarette hanging out the mouth, the Elmer Fudd hat and Hitler 'tache, the ludicrous sideburns.

Everything a man might reasonably expect from a GG Allin performance is on evidence throughout this San Antonio shindig.

All the hits get an airing; "Bite It You Scum", "Expose Yourself To Kids", "Be My Fucking Whore", all manner of crowd-pleasing ditties.

GG takes a couple shits, also, which you'll recall was so deplorably absent from the Atlanta offering. Also, he's naked most of the time. Right from the off, in fact, he's got his willy out for to be fondled by an adoring fan. By the time GG's ran off-stage for to punch a lass for no apparent reason (and she then takes after him, causing him to flee with all sortsa haste), his underwear has been eaten by the infamies going on all around. Who knows where they ended up? Who knows how they remain so damn shiny?

<u>Beaumont</u>

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Temple Stark, pt 2

Michael Geoghegan, pt 2 Robert B. Parker, pt 2, pt 3 Following the final scrum, with all challengers sent shit-soaked back to their corners, GG stands victorious at the front of the stage, hands on hips, before an uncouth gentleman leaps up to thrust a fistful of knuckles into his idol's mug.

GG has had enough. He flings all sortsa equipment in the direction of this scallywag, including an amplifier stack the size of three men, before storming off to the usual chorus of "You fuckin suck!!!" and "I love you GG!!!!"

The performance is over in just under eighteen minutes or thereabouts.

The Third Of The Incidents:

Cavity Club, Austin TX, 2/18/92

or

GG Versus Everyone

With Live 8 going on this past weekend, I couldn't help but think about how wonderful it would've been for to see GG up there, maybe doing a duet with Coldplay. Maybe "Yellow", throughout which GG might take a cack and rub it into Chris Martin's Hair.

You're such a scamp, Martin would announce. Maybe he'd write it on his hand.

Perhaps GG could've come on in-between bands, even, a compere of sorts, someone for to keep us all interested whilst Pink Floyd or whoever get all tuned-up, GG flinging his bum-paste at Bob Geldof and telling us all how "Geldof sucked my asshole" or whatever.

He could've led the crowd in a mass-singalong. "Expose Yourself To Kids". Roars of recognition. They all know the words.

"Do it now before they grow up and it's too late!"

Smiles all around. GG naked and shit-caked, save for the white wrist-band.

Alas, GG's been dead and gone for over a decade, and so it was left to, I believe, Madonna to keep things suitably debauched, cacking herself with great zest on the Live 8 London stage.

However, whilst GG Allin's physical presence sadly eludes us, thank god there are Digital DVD Discs like *Savage South*, that we might continue to bask in his legacy, his smelly, naked legacy of terror.

Any the hell how.

This third incident can't hope to compete with the violent onslaught of the previous outing, but it's better than the first.

GG seems in good humor at the beginning of the show, giving a cheeky grin to the crowd, taking his willy out for a fondle, posing for his followers, doing a camp dance throughout "Bite It You Scum".

A man might even go so far as to say Sir Allin looks half content. He

Michael Z. Williamson
Tom Verlaine
Daniel J. Flynn
"Mr P" - young Bush
administration operative
Motorhead's Lemmy
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Chimaira, Machine Head,

<u>Trivium</u>

Pete Trewavas of Marillion

Sascha Konietzko ('04)

Johnny Clarke

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Me'shell Ndegeocello

Greg Ginn

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seems to be enjoying himself, he takes a couple obligatory craps following "Die When You Die", he feels himself up for another time.

Thank fuck he soon realizes the error of his ways, coming to his senses just in time for to kick a fella right the fuck in the face.

Thus begins a thoroughly depraved episode in the Life Of GG Allin.

He rolls around in the shit for a while, smears a good portion of it over his chest, gets down on his knees, when next thing anyone knows a middle-aged fella who looks like he just stopped in for a quiet pint on his way to the golf-club, he bounds onstage, wrestles with GG a while, gets force-fed a few handfuls of dung, then runs off, smiling like a man possessed by only the most mentalized of demons.

GG spends as much time off-stage as on, running around the venue, chasing folks out the doors, getting in fights with biker-types. As he bounds back to the spotlight, he's showered with beer-cans and bottles, resulting in a hideous river of shit and liquor sloshing round about. He rolls around in it plenty. It's only proper.

His theatrics reach a glorious crescendo when, at the show's end, he stands center stage, a hideous dancing antichrist, projectiles bouncing from off of every surface, and then he's off, with nothing but the roaring and the wall-to-wall veil of shit for to assure us all that yeah, GG Allin and The Murder Junkies most certainly straddled yonder stage this eve.

Punk rock nihilistic feces-flinging infamy.

For however much of a detestable misogynist cretin GG Allin may have been, however unlistenable his odes to "Teenage Twat" and "Cunt Sucking Cannibals" may have been, there ain't a doubt in **The Duke's** mind that no one in the history of popular music has assaulted themselves and every motherfucker round about with such evangelical mania as GG Allin.

The man weren't "performing" for a second. That right there is real hate in those eyes, real blood round the gums, real shit dripping from out his long-suffering anus.

Far as I can see, *Savage South* is nothing less than yet another truly unmissable testament to the heights of decadence, debauchery and scandal this goon made it his life's work for to ascend.

A shite for sore eyes, is what.

Thanks folks.

The Duke resides at Mondo Irlando

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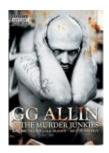
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Posted by <u>Duke De Mondo</u> on July 05, 2005 03:10 PM (See <u>all posts by Duke De Mondo</u>)

Filed under: Music, Music: Punk Rock, Music: Video, Video: Music

Comment on this post and/or leave a message for the author here.

Comment 1 posted by Lono on July 5, 2005 04:54 PM:

Ah Duke, another classic rendering. Your first GG Allin review remains the best thing put to page since HST typed out Fear and Loathing almost 20 years ago.

I must experience this GG phenom, I wonder if Netflix carries any of this. Probably not, but worth a shot.

Comment 2 posted by <u>Aaron, Duke De Mondo</u> on July 5, 2005 05:59 PM:

Glad you liked it, Lono.

Hated should be easy enough to uncover, i would've thought. A finer doc about a fella sticks bannannas up his arse before a paying crowd you will never in your life witness.

Comment 3 posted by Lono on July 5, 2005 08:01 PM:

Good news, I think. Netflix carries all three of these movies. I have 'Hated' in queue and should be reviled by the end of summer at the latest!

Comment 4 posted by <u>Aaron, Duke De Mondo</u> on July 5, 2005 08:12 PM:

fantastic!! Hated, i dunno if you know or not, is the first flick by none other than Todd Phillips, director of such wonders as Old School an Starsky And Hutch. quite a tone-shift, is what, even though Hated is still horribly funny at times.

Comment 5 posted by HW Saxton on July 5, 2005 08:25 PM:

It's too bad you never got to see Iggy in his wilder days, your Dukeship. Akin to seeing GG at his wildest but Iggy had actual talent for with to verify all his on-stage shenanigans and a band that rocked to no fuggin' end.

I saw GG play in a sweltering hot-assed warehouse in Las Vegas in the summer of 1982. This place had NO, I do mean NO, air conditioning. The temps inside the dump were easily hovering above triple digits I kid ye not lad. GG went running into the crowd, slipped on a sweaty and beer-saturated concrete floor and busted his head open about three songs into his

set.He then was set upon by a bunch of Nazi skinhead types who were waiting to beat him up after the show (about 20 of the skins to 1 GG, that's how all skins fight over here) as he had grabbed the breasts of one of their girlie-friends earlier. They got their chance early as it turned out. He was actually CRYING for them to stop. Which they strangely did. Not his best show. A little too real for me I guess. I hate to see masochists in action. It made most folks there pretty repulsed as was partially his intention I'm sure. That's my GG anecdote. Great review though by the by, guv'nor.

Comment 6 posted by Aaron, Duke De Mondo on July 5, 2005 08:36 PM:

god almighty, HW, what a thouroughly depressing spectacle. that's somethin these live discs have over Hated, is that you can take them as nothin more than demented abandon. Hated is a much more distressing affair.

what a great, horrible story. thanks man!

Comment 7 posted by HW Saxton on July 5, 2005 09:08 PM:

Duke, 'Twas an ugly scene at that. That can be laid to blame largely on the skin head contigent. They seem to cast a long and ugly shadow over any gig they show up at. Starting fights and head butting people in the mosh pit, tossing up beer bottles in the air and trying to break them with their fists on the way down. Which usually didn't work and someone else would get hit or if it did work cut by flying glass. Right out of the charm school, those guys.

G.G. was good in the short time that he played though. He dropped trou, told off the crowd, told everyone at large to blow him and accosted a few girlies before he slipped and busted his head open. Not bad for being onstage for about 10 minutes!

Comment 8 posted by Aaron, Duke De Mondo on July 5, 2005 09:13 PM:

thats the thing, man. GG is barely onstage 15 minutes in the second show on the DVD, and yet holy shit, what an array of scandals in so short a time!!

mind-blowing, for sure. and the hilariously disinterested band-mates just make it more so. Merle, especially, is a hoot.

Comment **9** posted by <u>HW Saxton</u> on July 5, 2005 09:39 PM:

His brother Merle was in another band called "The Cheater Slicks" briefly.

They were a fucked up and noisy sounding band from Boston or somewhere up in that basic vicinity.

Comment 10 posted by Aaron, Duke De Mondo on July 5, 2005 10:18 PM:

ha! my god, they can only have been the best band in the universe. tonight, i think i'll dream about a concept record concerning Merle's sideburns.

Comment 11 posted by Bryan McKay on July 5, 2005 11:20 PM:

I have to question your sanity for continuing to watch this repulsivesounding garbage, Duke, but if it continues to spawn such continually brilliant writing, I say bring on the trash!

Man sounds absolutely insane though. I'd try watching one of these films if I thought I could stomach it, but I'm not sure I'd make it through even five minutes.

Comment 12 posted by Aaron, Duke De Mondo on July 5, 2005 11:25 PM:

thank you Bryan, and rest assured i question my own sanity plenty.

The stomach thing is interesting... i've never been disgusted, as in physically sick, by any of GG's tomfoolery, even the, um, cack-rolling and such. i've cringed plenty, for sure. this is strange, though. plenty fictional things get a fella feeling nauseaus, and yet here's a grown man rollin in his own filth, and it's hilarious. i worry bout me...

Comment 13 posted by Jim Danger on July 6, 2005 01:20 PM:

Pleasure to read your reviews of GG's filums and stuff. i noticed the question of whom "Jim" is, in "Hangin Out With Jim". Someone gave the standard "Jim Beam" answer, but if you listen to GG's remarks about the song on "Antisocial Personality Disorder", it's obviously not about Beam. It's about me, GG's friend, associate and wheelman from 1980; i "hung out" with him '80 - '83, and we were really into each other, i have letters from him from that period as well as his latter period; he wrote to me on his last day in prison in '93. i Loved GG and still do - and "Hangin' Out With Jim", the only song i know of that he wrote about a human being other than himself, was based on me, not Jim Beam. i drove that "death ship" - which was a '72 GMC van, used to transport he and the Jabbers to CBGBs, various Boston and NH gigs, as well as to the studio many times to record "Is, Was & Always Shall Be". Very few are aware of it, perhaps no one's CERTAIN of it, but i am the Jim of "Hangin Out With" fame. i Live!! and i Love GG very much, and always will. Love/Hate, Jim Danger {now living on Gulf Coast of Mississippi, 46 y.o. - and still recording music of my own).

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