

REVIEW**DVD Review: G.G Allin And The Murder Junkies -
*Terror In America***

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Duke De Mondo

Happens to us all, man, each and every one. At some point, in day-to-day life, for whatever reason, everyone gets to feeling like they're fed the fuck up, truth be told.

Maybe a fella's been ignored a few more times than usual by the lasses all gathered 'round the fag-machine. Maybe his joke's been getting even fewer laughs. Maybe the woman he's been busy falling in love with just ups and offs and skidaddles out his life by way of the *American Idol* voting public.

Look at him there, all weepin'. "She didn't even get to finish her song."

Maybe work's been suckin' the color out his balls and nobody gives a rancid wank about some book he's been writing on his breaks from yonder labor.

Maybe he's got Jenny Lewis in the ear-holes, those words all a-quiver with frustration and resignation.

Maybe he's sat on a park-bench watching the neon spray all whisperin' from twixt the legs of some bar cross the city, some red-lit revue all sophisticated decadence, some slosh-fest he'll never be part of.

And he's thinking; What I oughta do, what would make me feel alive again, if only for a second, y'unnerstann, if only for half a moment, what I oughta do is just take a big shit and then grab the shit in my fist and then throw the shit at the face of some surfer just happened to be there at the time.

Maybe I'll wrap a flag round my nuts and then take it off my nuts and then, and only then, take yonder flag and shove it right up my arsehole till the fabric's ticklin' my liver.

Maybe I'll sing a song about "Bite It You Scum" to the hoo-hah of a lady all gothed-up and high on the filth-fumes round about.

Or fuck it, maybe I'll just grab *Terror In America - G.G Allin & The Murder Junkies Live 1993*, maybe I'll just fling that in the ol' discy-spinner-boxeroo and watch as G.G does all that so I don't have to.

He'll be a tad disappointed, our hypothetical friend, he'll be mumblin' himself to sleep all about "he didn't shit even once" and "not a drop fell out from G.G's anus!"

Who knows why, who knows what crazy maniacal concepts led to the decision, but for whatever reason, not once during the three shows collected on *Terror In America*, flung shelve-wards by the wondrous folks at MVD, not for a second does G.G decide to squat for a bit and take a big ol' cack right off the stage.

He's also got a beer-gut could fell a council estate, s'no use tellin' us he ain't got nothin' wortha shittin'.

Sometimes he bends over like he might shit, but then no, teasing you is all, like when Radiohead play the first few bars of *Creep* and then plough into some insufferable tripe off of the last record instead.

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But look at that terrifying rage in the furthest corners of his eye-holes. Think ye not that a shitless stage means a tame ol' G.G.

When our pal wakes up from out his shallow slumber, when he danders downstairs and, finding nothing better to do, flings on *Terror In America* again, knowing what he knows about the absence of dung, poop, messy, he'll find himself staring with unfettered glee into the very gaping willy-hole of pure nihilistic abandon.

Show One - Angry G.G

Asbury Park, N.J.

Bruce Springsteen made a fine ol' debut album all about Asbury Park. *Greetings From Asbury Park*, he mumbled, telling us bout how he "burst like a supernova" and "combed my hair, it was just right." G.G Allin, fresh out prison and playing live with the Murder Junkies for the first time in 15 months, he ain't got no time to worry 'bout hair or collapsing stars. Stalking the stage with what looks like a surgical coat covering his white y-fronts / thong get-up, he gets to quoting from a magazine article, some observations on G.G from out *Mondo 2000*; "If you are a young gun waiting to go off" he hollers, "G.G Allin will help you take aim and fire. So that's what I say to you. Take aim and *fire*."

Take aim and fire. At what? At G.G, seems to be the crux of the crowd's understanding.

Still, ain't no crowd in the here or there could mess with G.G any worse or with any more vehemence than G.G messes with G.G. Throughout "Bite It You Scum," "Look Into My Eyes And Hate Me," "Take Aim & Fire," and "Outlaw Scumfuc," G.G slices his chest with a crushed can, smacks said aluminum off his head a couple dozen times, climbs the speaker stacks, hangs from the rafters and head-butts the very damn roof.

Blood gushes from the wounds in his scalp, horrible black globs trickling down his jaws.

The audience applauds every thud of the microphone 'gainst teeth. G.G just glares, those eyes burning holes in that carved-up skull.

What's going *on* in that carved up skull, a fella gets to thinking?

Even with the slashing and battering and the flailing, see, even with the hollering and barking on 'bout "I fuck all the prostitutes I know / They tell me I smell like raw sewage," even still, G.G seems oddly restrained. Maybe that time in prison done shook him up a tad with regards the old "action / reaction" shindig. Maybe he's contemplating the legal consequences of a kick to the face of a stranger or a gobfull o' shite spat at a lady down front.

Even Tiny G.G has remained behind that fetching undergarment, save for a brief flash of pube (a fairly distressing development, considering how clean-shaven Tiny G.G usually appears).

For a moment, just before "Terror In America," G.G pauses, scans the crowd. Who are these people, these folks who've braved any number of Princes, Paupers and Beggars all hugging the streets of Asbury Park for to make it here, to the Fast Lane, a tiny venue snuggled 'midst those "flags of piracy," that "countryside burning with wolfmen fairies"?

"Everyone's wrecked on main street from drinkin' unholy blood" Bruce had observed. These folks here, are *they* wrecked on the unholy blood?

G.G leans over and punches a fella in a leather-jacket right the fuck upside the teeth.

The crowd erupt with orgasmic euphoria. "Yeah!!!!"

Cause it's just not a G.G Allin show if he's the only one choking on blood. Damn place spasms and shakes, all that tension, all those verses that went past with not a solitary slap

to a gig-goer's chops, they just served to make this one swift blow all the sweeter.

Look at them there, clamberin' over one another in a frenzied lunge t'wards G.G's knuckles. C'mon then, y'big slab o' toss, come swing your fists over here, see what you get. What you'll get'll be a kick in the lungs.

This delirious give and take 'tween G.G and Audience, it lasts for much of the remainder of the show.

Every now and then some brave soul'll race for the stage, testosterone bubblin' in the hairs 'tween the teeth, they got fists raised and eyeballs clenched and heads throbbin' with tension. They'll aim a punch at G.G's side, or arm, or arse, then sprint off to the far wall before the mad fucker turns back to face them.

Most likely he'll get them any road, most likely those feet gon' hit that fucker sometime or other before show's end, most likely that smug yap gon' get fisted at some point.

Throughout the set a strange bond seems to develop between G.G and a surfer-type stood at the front of the stage. Surfer Lad sometimes participates in the shenanigans round about. Sometimes he'll punch or get punched, sometimes he'll shove someone or yell about "motherfucker," but whatever he's doing, Surfer Lad rarely leaves his spot, even when everyone else has sensibly scampered to fuck since look there, that mad bastard's comin' at us with the fuckin' drum-kit!

Surfer Lad looks like whatever's going on in his head, it involves him and G.G and nobody else. The only time he seems unsure of himself is when G.G gallivants off on one of his occasional dalliances to the furthest corners of the venue, kicking and spitting and roaring at folks thought they'd be safe back here, way over here by the exits in groups of twelve or twenty. During these spells, Surfer Lad takes to head-butting the monitor in front of him, again and again and again.

G.G and Surfer Lad got a weird connection goin' on. Sometimes the Messiah anoints the Disciple's face with The Red, shoving his bloodied scalp into the enraptured reveler's yap. Sometimes G.G punches him, and Surfer Lad retaliates, but it's more flirtation than anything else, a thread carried to some sort of conclusion when the two passionately kiss for a moment, G.G then grabbing his bud's hair tween his teeth and tugging at it like a wolf tearing the bollocks out a dead bull's scrotum.

But for all the biting and kicking and punching, G.G has no desire to *hurt* these people. Make them bleed and poke their eyes, certainly, who wouldn't? But without these folks he's just that gabblin' hillbilly stood front that town hall audience way back when, as can be viewed in Todd Phillip's blindingly brilliant *Hated - G.G Allin And The Murder Junkies*. Back then, nobody gave much of a gypsy's wank about this lunatic, this deranged schizo spouting on 'bout "You cunt!" and "Fuck you!" and so on and so forth, there was nothing *dangerous* about him, or at least no more danger than a man might find in the actions of coked-up preacher stood naked in your kitchen with a knife the size o' Venus in his grip.

Here, though, with the likes of Surfer Lad and Leather Jacket Man hangin' on his every obscene sprawl, G.G *means* something. The whole violent parade, it's like sex-crazed stags butting heads 'gainst one another. For sure, they're ramming skulls, but they're the same, those stags. They both got the same goal.

The audience shout "Fuck you!," but they'll also shout "You're God!"

He'll ask them to hate him, but he's not beyond making a wee quip now and again for to give them a chuckle.

"Jesus sucks dick!" one fella shouts.

"Well he fucked me in the ass, so you're lucky" comes the click-clack response from the stage.

G.G's on the verge of taking whatever it is he does that bit closer to the throb of popular culture. He tells the crowd all about how they'll be hearing a lot from him in the next few months, how he's gonna be on *Jerry Springer* soon.

(The *Jerry Springer* episode in question would've been a glorious addition to this release, but, alas, no. The sight of Springer chastising G.G for calling the audience "cunts" remains one of the finest moments in all televisual history.)

This sense of purpose in his every shambling thrust, this sense of anticipation, of something about to occur, it rises in sheets from the gashes in his chest and has a man forgetting that G.G didn't even take a shit.

Who can notice anything of the sort, when our man's all yacking off along the lines of "This is not Lollapalooza!" and "This is the *real* Rock N Roll underground! Not the frauds, not the phonies, not the majors. This is a small crowd but we're all winners cause no-one else had the balls to come."

G.G, however, has balls. Or *one*, at least, as is evidenced when he starts tugging at the thong through "Kill The Police" and a nut gets tangled up in the fabric.

G.G even comes back for two encores. "It's against my better judgment" he says, "But it *is* our first show in fifteen months." He gives an a-cappella version of "I Live To Be Hated". "The band's not here, who the fuck cares?" Not these folks, that's for damn sure. Still, The Murder Junkies return to do it properly, G.G flashes Tiny G.G a time or two, everyone cheers.

"We all stand as one!" someone announces.

"*Will* we" G.G muses. "I wonder..."

After all, weren't none of these fools sat in that prison cell.

Show Two - Randy G.G

Atlanta, GA

In 1970, Kate Millet produced a piece of art called "The American Dream Goes To Pot". What it consisted of, you'll be aware, was a cage housing a toilet, which in turn played host to an American flag. Millet was angry and disgusted and saddened by what she saw going on round about her, and did what any sane individual would do. She flung a flag in a toilet.

In 1993, G.G Allin was thinkin' much along the same lines. He arrives on-stage wearing nothing save for a bandana and an American flag draped over Tiny G.G. Throughout the set, he'll pull at the flag, set fire to it (even with Tiny G.G cowering underneath) and, by way of extravagant finale, shove it right the hell up his arse, right up, till nary a star nor stripe remains. Fumbling around up there for a minute, he retrieves said item, waves it around and then tries, unsuccessfully, to tear it in five.

This show, recorded on the fifteenth of May 1993, is by far the most entertaining of the trio presented in *Terror In America*.

G.G hasn't even crossed the stage before he's punched someone in the head, one of those punches has a fella recoiling from the screen on account of the sickening crack done coughed out the speakers. Later, he'll hit someone so hard with the microphone that the venue actually gasps as one, stunned by the gut-troubling thud.

A man might be shocked out his teeth, if G.G wasn't such a lovable scallywag.

Look at him there! All finger on lip and lookin' over the shoulder like some Hollywood starlet in a 1952 comedy concerning folks getting into trouble in the workplace.

"*Why you...*," you might say, shaking a finger and trying to hold back that urge for to give the scamp a big ol' hug.

Or maybe shove a groin in his face, as Gothed-Up Lassie stood stage-right decides during "I Wanna Rape You". G.G starts singing to her boobs, licking and fumbling away, never missing a lyric, then heads down south for to serenade the hoo-hah, as is almost traditional for the performance of the number in question. She dances on, waving her arms in filthed-mad delirium.

Earlier, during "Bite It You Scum," G.G shoves the head of a lucky lady under his flag for to get all acquainted with Tiny G.G. Then another lady. Then a fella, who takes offense at this violation, lunging away from the red, white and blue. Offended beyond all sense, G.G punches the ungrateful wretch in the ear.

No such concerns with Gothed-Up Lassie, not for a moment will she shy from G.G's advances. He'll return to her a few times throughout the show, when he's not throwing traffic cones at the punters or, indeed, squatting over said cone and then sitting on it, pushing down till it's at least a good eight inches up his hole. He'll shag it for a moment, after.

Hardly surprising, given all this kissing and squatting and sucking, that for a good two or three tunes Tiny G.G appears to be in a state that can only be described as "erect". The flag juts out at all sorts a weird angles, kinda angles a fella might expect to see on a fun-size flag draped down o'er a stiffy.

Who knows what sexual shenanigans would have resulted, had these randy frolics continued?

No time for worrying about the in / out, though, not when there's fingers to be pushed up arseholes, or handbags to be stolen from ladies in the front row, or, as happens fairly early

on, boot-laces to be tied.

And to think, the show almost didn't happen.

When G.G takes the stage, after punching yonder fella, he sets about inspecting the microphones. Seems some of them aren't turned on, or aren't working, or *some* damn thing, so he sits by the drum-kit refusing to sing a solitary lyric till someone sorts it out.

"I can sit here all night" he says.

Turns out "all night" means "couple seconds," since he soon tires of the charade.

Incidentally, the one mic he uses throughout, the one he derisively confronts with a sneering "that won't last five minutes," it lasts the whole show, even after it's been smacked off heads and teeth and shoved up arses and tossed into the crowd, given to a fella in exchange for a baseball cap.

G.G gets the mic back, the baseball cap gets flung fuck knows where.

After the flag-up-arse episode, G.G bounds into the crowd, races for the exit, and disappears into the night.

Show Three - Pyro-G.G

Austin, TX

There's an old saying, possibly Italian in origin, that goes something like this;

"Give a naked man some fire and most likely he'll burn the fuck out everything."

Who knows what it means, but whatever it relates to, most likely the audience at this third

show, taking place in The 5th Street Warehouse in Austin, Texas, most likely they nod like men possessed when someone utters that oft-quoted homily.

"You're damn right" they'll say. "Sure as fuck that bare-arse bastard'll set the whole shebang aflame."

G.G plays with fire plenty throughout the set.

Standing there with another flag covering his parts, with the white coat from earlier hung o'er his back, G.G looks like the kinda fella's been itching to set light to something for a time.

Thank god there's a candle lying behind a speaker, a candle which can be lit, can produce flame, and can be used to ignite the streams of lighter-fluid he sprays over the sundry cables littering the stage.

The cables don't seem too keen on burning, lit for hardly a second before the flame disappears, and matters aren't helped by some fella at the front trying to punch our man throughout the procedure.

G.G swings at him, misses, and so sprays the interfering welp with the lighter-fluid.

Through it all, as ever, the band play on. All the hits wheeled out; "Cunt Sucking Cannibal," "Expose Yourself To Kids," "Gypsy Motherfucker," "I Wanna Rape You". Never a beat missed, never a bass-line fluffed.

Even when G.G's vocals are lost to the roar of the crowd on account of a microphone malfunction (G.G swung it at someone's head, an action which proved fatal to the equipment, if not the victim, who just bounds off again whilst folks round about shout either "You fuckin' suck" or "You're fuckin God" depending on the tune being played at the

time), even then they carry-on as if weren't a damn thing out of the ordinary going on.

And of course, there's not.

In-between throwing chunks of the stage at folks and losing the microphone for a couple minutes, G.G sets fire to the flag, then his own head. Someone punches him during the latter, extinguishing the flames, G.G reacting by diving off-stage and smacking the fella in the jaw a time or two.

If a man can't set his own head on fire 'thout some motherfucker interrupting, what the hell *can* he do?

Throw some cymbals at folks, that's what.

The crowd here seem much more hostile to G.G than in the other two shows. For sure, there's always punching and kicking, but this seems different, like they genuinely dislike him. You'd be a damn fool to assume they won't race towards the stage as one, shouting about "You fucking pussy!," then, hilariously, fall over themselves to get away when G.G returns from off-stage with an armful of drum-kit to throw at them.

The crew-members run around picking up stray hi-hats, the band leave the stage, the camera fades to black.

The Bonus Shit

Music Video Distributors have already released what may be the definitive G.G Allin And The Murder Junkies Live DVD Collection Type Thing. *Raw, Brutal, Rough And Bloody - Live 1991*, is a blow-your-brains-asunder masterwork. Wall-to-wall shitting, punching, biting and flailing, and also, the live set back then still had "Hanging Out With Jim." *Terror In America* doesn't scale those depraved heights, although it's still fairly fucking depraved.

What it *does* have, though, is some "Extra Bullshit You'll Enjoy" flung alongside the main events.

Three of these items are fairly useless. Some footage of the boys in the recording studio, lasting just over a minute. A bit of G.G getting his head tattooed. Some frolicking round the family pool, in which G.G throws a woman into said water-hole, then laughs and laughs as she accosts him along the lines of "Kevin!"

He throws her shoes in, later.

One of these pieces, however, is pretty fascinating, if slight. A buncha footage recorded at an in-store appearance at Mondo Video in Hollywood.

Here, he meets fans, looks over some of his old records (including the classic *You Give Love A Bad Name* by G.G Allin & The Holy Men, featuring such favorites as "Scars On My Body / Scabs On My Dick" and "Bloody Mary's Bloody Cunt"), sees one of his own concert tickets for the first time, and talks about *Hated*, which seems to be playing on a TV set behind him. It's a world away from the G.G shoved a traffic-cone up his arse a few paragraphs ago. He seems talkative, nice, even, although, disgustingly, he jokes for a moment about one of the many sexual assaults he may or may not have been involved in, a truly hilarious event, I'm sure we can agree. Worse still, the woman working behind the till finds it just as riotous.

In case you didn't know, G.G Allin died in 1993, after an all-night booze n' heroin extravaganza. As Todd Phillips said regretfully in the post-credits sequence added afterwards to *Hated*: "I'd always hoped he'd go out in a more glorious fashion. On-stage suicide, five dead fans, something rock n' roll could never ignore. Instead, G.G Allin, Public Animal #1, died like a rock star, in typical rock star fashion."

Thanks folks

Hear what happened when The Duke encountered G.G Allin's ghost!



The Duke (Aaron McMullan to his parents and the clergy) is a Northern Irish writer, performer and insomniac currently residing in County Antrim. He is the creator of Mondo Irlando, wherein his scribblings and hollerings can be found, and is currently working towards completing Chapter One, Paragraph One of The Great American Novel. The twist is that it isn't very great. Nor American.

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#1
Stewart Does anyone actually miss this loser?