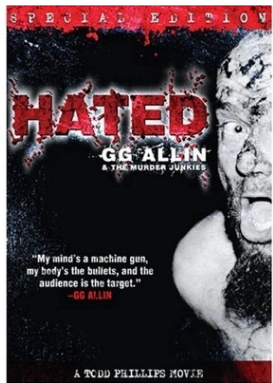


Music: Hit & Run Reviews

DVD Review: HATED *GG Allin and the Murder Junkies*

BY GRANT BRITT
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The Deal: "Don't think about the future -- fuck tomorrow." -- G.G. Allin, sharing his punk philosophy.

The Good: Dead since '93, punk pioneer G.G. Allin set a standard for overindulgence in the grand style of Sid Vicious, going out with a heroin overdose. "You never plan on finishing a tour," Allin bassist/brother Merle says about going on the road with Allin and his band, the Murder Junkies. "It either ends up in jail or the hospital." Allin usually performed naked and bleeding and was always willing to share all his bodily fluids with the audience. "My body is a temple," he tells news/shlock purveyor Geraldo Rivera, when asked about defecating on stage then launching it into the crowd. "My body fluids are communion." *Old School* director Todd Phillips directs (as much as he can) this documentary chronicling the life and death of a madman whose devoted admirers included serial killer John Wayne Gacy. Gino, the naked Murder Junkies' drummer who believes he's telepathically connected to lunatics, says Allin is "God, Jesus and Satan rolled into one." Allin told Geraldo his mission is not to entertain, but to annihilate. "He pretty much hates everyone," explains brother Merle, following a clip of Allin lying in bed swilling beer, muttering the mantra "I hate you motherfuckers" over and over.

The Bad: This thing is like a bad car wreck. You know you shouldn't look, but it's so grossly fascinating it just keeps pulling you back to it. This is punk in its rawest form presented by a guy who doesn't give a fuck about anything including himself.

The Verdict: You have to watch this bad boy in stages. It's just too overwhelming to take in all at once. Brace yourself.