

going, like three hours more to the gig. And there's no sign of Blag.

The Outhouse was this old abandoned place that they stuck PA gear in. It was in the middle of this cornfield, which was on the border of one police jurisdiction, whereas the road accessing it was in the other jurisdiction. The police could drive down the road, but they couldn't actually come in and break it up. So it was scary, but kinda cool at the same time, like anything could happen to us out here. We were playing with a band called Cocknoose from Lawrence, and then these big skinhead lookin' guys pull out loaded AK-47s on stage and start pointing them at the crowd, and we're going, "Holy Shit." Both Kyuss and Cocknoose plays, and we were getting worried. So Pete goes, "Dude, why don't you just sing." And that was my first show with the Dwarves, and I had to fill in for Blag, which were kinda tall shoes to fill for the long-haired kid that I was at the time. So I just did it and took off all my clothes, and now I don't think anyone really knew the difference. We opened with "Dairy Queen", and I sang "We left Blag at Dairy Queen..."

TG: What happened when he caught up with you?

RE: He showed up the next day, and he was pretty pissed, and he only had one thing to say: "I want all the money from the show. I want everyone's cut, and I won't say another thing about it." So he got it, and that was it. But he got the band back again by the time we got to San Diego. He just disappeared with some groupie girl and left the band hanging, so I had to fill in again. And it was a packed house, so the band was kinda pissed. Plus we had a whole bunch of jocks trying to kill us while we played.

TG: Did you take care of business?

RE: Oh, absolutely.

TG: Did you ever live in the Dwarves house?

RE: Yeah, I played with them for five or six years. I did my time on the floor, and I had a room there for a while along with, you know, various San Francisco sluts.

TG: Yeah the whoers, I know. How about Blag's post-show disco parties?

RE: That was always a blast. You get done doin' a show, you weed out all the hardtails, and bring down all the gals and dance. And whatever happens, happens.

TG: That's why it says "Hardtail Hotel" in Magic Marker over the door, huh?

RE: Yeah, there are too many hardtails livin' there. You needa get some split-tails up in that place. It's chock fulla hardtails.

TG: I never noticed that there was any lack of pussy around there, or around the Dwarves in general.

RE: Yeah, well, y'know. We're good-lookin'.

I got a story for you. The first time I saw the Dwarves play, Blag punched me in the face. I was fucking pissed off. I saw 'em open for Poison Idea at the Country Club in Reseda. They played, I don't know, fifteen minutes? Which, at the time, was a long set for them. There's only so much coke you can do before your body gives out, right? It

might be him, I have no idea." But there's only one Hewhocannotbenamed. And we got six or eight month's worth of free publicity from that. For the first four he was "dead", and at least two or three where he wasn't. I was thinking "fuck, yeah, write it up, keep it comin'"; I'll collect all the articles.

TG: But the record company didn't agree, which is just retarded.

RE: Oh, they agreed. They thought it was a great idea till it came out that it was a hoax. Then they washed their hands of the Dwarves and the story. It was Sub Pop and it was Seattle, and it was bullshit. There isn't anything good coming out of there anymore, any-

**They [Sub Pop] thought it was a great idea till it came out that it was a hoax. Then they washed their hands of the Dwarves and the story. It was Sub Pop and it was Seattle, and it was bullshit.**

*-Rex Everything*

was a case of "Let's get this show over so we can do the rest of it backstage..." So they're doin' "Astroboy", and I'm in the front going, "Alright!" And Blag's fucking with security, like pulling on their hair and pouring water on them and all this shit, and I'm laughing. And then he comes up to me and and grabs me, and he's singing and puts the mike in my face, and I'm singing, and he punches me. As soon as I come back with my fist, he's gone and the drums are over, and he's nowhere on stage anymore. And I'm going "That motherfucker, I'm gonna kill that guy." And we ended up being friends. Right on, I can take a punch. It was classic Dwarves. It was outta control. It was cool.

TG: You were around for the Hewhocannotbenamed mess, weren't you?

RE: Yeah, we pulled the hoax that he died and fooled the world. (maniacal laughter) Right after that, we were on the road with Flipper. It was a gas because there were people that thought I was him, and Blag was just feeding on it, "Yeah, I don't know if that's him. It

way. I hear that they have good heroin up there, though...

TG: Yeah, and I hear it's also pretty easy to buy a shotgun...

RE: Right. If you need those two things, you're in the right place. All I have to say is this: don't stop doing drugs, and fuck a lot, whoever you can, whenever you can. And don't be afraid to be dirty. That's what rock's about, right? Keepin' it dirty and nasty. A lot of bands suck because they brought the guilt element into rock, like "We gotta be nice and sweet". Fuck that shit, y'know? I like Iggy Pop. At least the Dwarves are still doin' that shit...keepin' it dirty.

*This is what happens when you try to meet a Dwarf on a Sunday. It's pissing down rain, traffic is almost at a standstill, and you can barely see the storefronts on the other side of Van Ness Avenue from the bar where I meet Vadge Moore, the Cousin Id of the Dwarves.*

Vadge Moore: Whatever you've heard, it's all true.

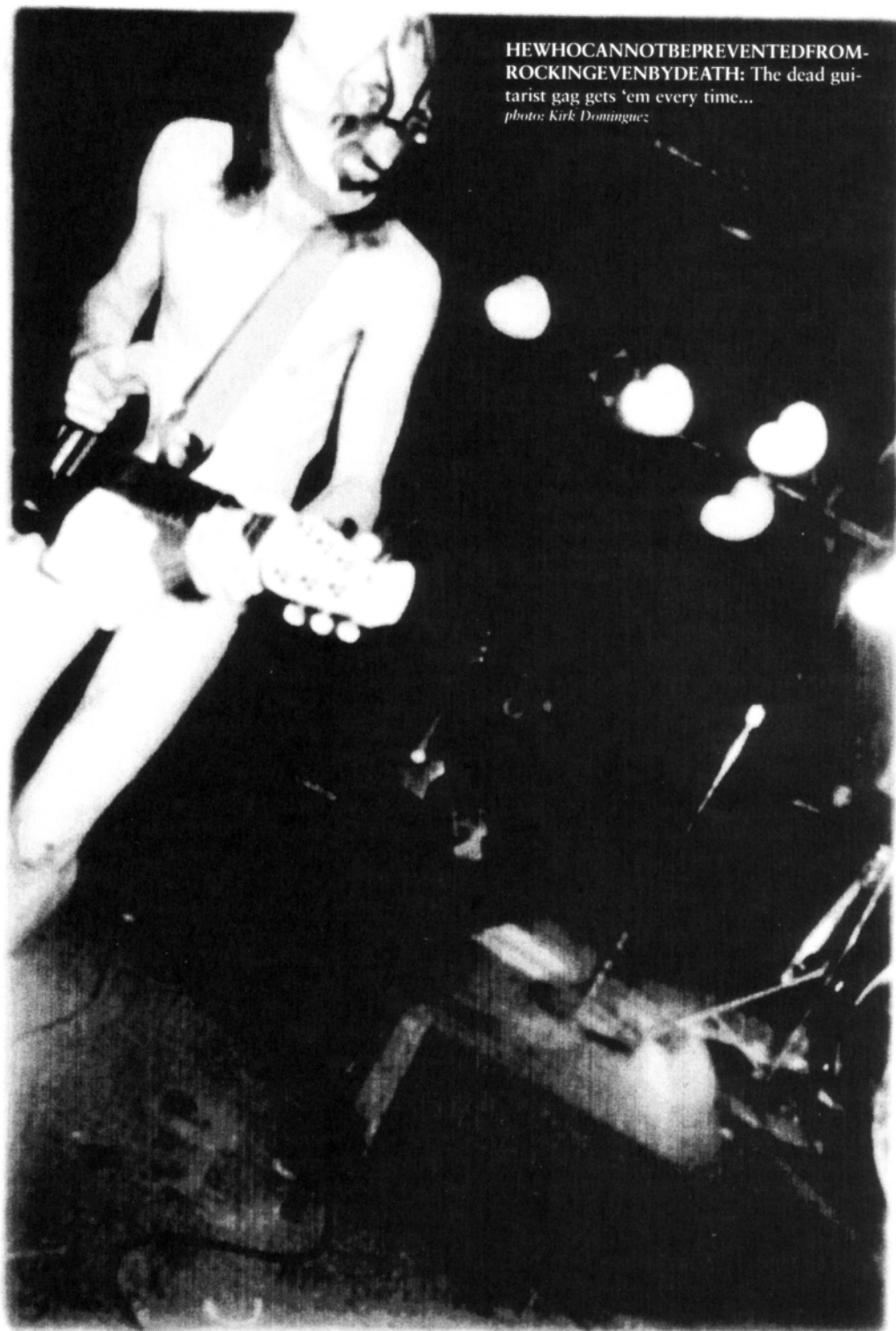
TG: Not only is all of it true, but much of it is about you. Why is that?

VM: They don't call me Vadge Moore for nothing. It has to do with me being a very dirty bird who likes to be involved with dirty things. Every day when I wake up I try to figure some way to satisfy my carnal desires, in some way, shape, or form. And I do. I always find a way. It's so easy..

TG: How had you even heard about the Dwarves?

VM: Oh, I'd seen the name around and read about them. At first they were like a psychedelic garage band like the Morlocks. Then when they moved here, people started saying, "This is no psychedelic band, this is more like GG Allin, these guys are nuts. All they do is play feedback and smash things and kill people." And I said to myself, "Wow. That sounds pretty cool." I was in Sonic Brain Jam at the time, and Tony Gill [now known as Wilson Gill...] started trying to find ways to open up for the Dwarves, because they were getting a big name for themselves. And so the bands started talking. Then Blag's fucked up girlfriend at the time - although which one wasn't fucked up; given the nature of who she was going out with, she's gotta be - ended up moving into this house that Sonic Brain Jam had at Fell and Fillmore, which was where *Blood, Guts, and Pussy* was written. We had a rehearsal studio in the basement there. And that's where I met Hewhocannotbenamed, and we started a side band called the Gaping Wounds with his girlfriend.

Eventually Blag moved in there, free of rent and off his girlfriend, I might add. It's definitely a Dwarves legacy to always live off your girlfriend. Then they put out *Toolin' for a Warm Teabag*, which I just thought was brilliant. I thought they were the greatest band that walked the earth, as indeed they are. Sigh Moan, the drummer at the time - who was just as fucked up as I am but without the brains - couldn't quite play as fast as they wanted to play at that point. So they all agreed that at the end of the Teabag tour, he had to go. I just remember that as soon as they came back from tour, Sigh Moan walked in the house and said, "Welcome to the Dwarves, I'm outta here." Then he just walked out of there. Blag came in and said, "We have to have a talk." And from that moment I was in the band, which has now been going on for eleven years.



HEWHOCANNOTBEPREVENTEDFROM-ROCKINGEVENBYDEATH: The dead guitarist gag gets 'em every time...  
photo: Kirk Dominguez

TG: I'd heard you were a bit more of an ingenue prior to joining the band...Maybe a little sweeter, maybe a little more naive...

VM: Well, the Dwarves were a vehicle for, in psychoanalytic terms, the shadow to come out. And I realized early on that if I was going to be in this band, there were aspects of my personality that are devious, evil, violent, sexual, and nasty that I wanted to explore, and I utilized the Dwarves to

do that. And I now am a much happier person.

TG: Much more fulfilled...

VM: Much more fulfilled...Now the various victims that surround me, who were in my path all those years, have had to deal with me wrestling with that shadow and that dark side. Maybe they didn't come out so well, but I certainly did.

**TG:** Well, that's the Satanist credo, is it not? "Do what thou wilt" shall be the whole of the law," and all that?

**VM:** Yes, absolutely. You find your true nature and you follow it, regardless. As long as it truly is your nature. As long as it serves you, and makes your life better.

**TG:** A catalyst and conduit for your expression...So how do you now contemplate not being a Dwarf?

**VM:** I'll always be a Dwarf. It's like the mark of Cain. You really can't get it off. It was just time to go. If being in the Dwarves has taught me anything, it's be headstrong, be eccentric, be intelligent, and realize when it's time to drop something that no longer suits you as well. It was the greatest ten or eleven years of my life and it shaped my personality in many ways. I would never take back one iota of a second of it. And I can say that because I survived, I blossomed like a dark flower in the soil of the Dwarves.

**TG:** I suggested to Salt Peter that you were the Id of the Dwarves, and he said, "Idiot, maybe."

**VM:** (laughing) Salt Peter's wit is razor sharp. Of course, he's a *homosexual*...But that's okay.

**TG:** Also, we talked about the short Dwarves sets. I think it's essential to the experience of the Dwarves that it be such a short, intense burst of energy...

**VM:** It's like sex with us. An intense, short burst of energy. That's all you get, baby, that's all she wrote. Could you make me a steak sandwich? Thanks.

**TG:** Or...

**VM:** Get the fuck out of the tour bus...

**TG:** I did hear *that* story yesterday...

**VM:** She deserved it. She wouldn't screw me. You get on the tour bus with Vadge Moore of the Dwarves and expect to be taken to Spain and wined and dined, you damned well better put out. If you don't put out, you can expect me to pull over and put you out in the middle of the Autobahn, which is exactly what I did. If she doesn't understand the rules of the game, then she's gonna have to contemplate it in the middle of darkness, in the middle of nowhere on the Autobahn. The funniest thing was that she left her boyfriend that night in order to stay with me and drive with us to Spain. I guess she ended up flagging down a

car and going to the nearest town and calling him and begging him to pick her up.

**TG:** That's sort of a Dwarves legacy too, Blag told me about going into a club and looking for girls who were fighting with their boyfriends and finding the whole band a place to stay for the night.

**VM:** The Dwarves are well-known for finding girls that can't stand their loser boyfriends and wanna explore the dark side. And they do.

**TG:** And they tend to burn some bridges



along the way.

**VM:** Yes they do. I still can't sit with my back to the door. You never know when some enemy from your past might come in the door. I want to see them first. You never know when you're gonna hear, "You fucked my girlfriend, or my daughter, or my sister, or my dog..."

**TG:** Or "my paraplegic..."

**VM:** (laughing) Yeah! My sadomasochistic paraplegic...

**TG:** This, I think, is a quintessential Dwarves story...

**VM:** I found this lovely young woman sitting at the bar where we were playing. Was it Cleveland? I don't know. This must have been '93...We were touring with Flipper. A bunch of really sweet fellas, Flipper is. A bunch of upstanding Bible-belt type guys...

**TG:** Yeaahh...A good influence, overall.

**VM:** Yeah. Very. Of course. Putting the Dwarves and Flipper on tour together is like putting Lucifer and Adolf Hitler on the road together.

But anyway, there's this gorgeous blonde sitting at the bar and I walk up to her and, as usual, start hitting on the hottest-looking or ugliest chick...whatever I can find on that particular night. We started talking, and it turned out that we both had the same obsession, which was the Marquis de Sade, who is still one of the best authors and philosophers, and one of the greatest devils, who ever

lived. We started going into how I really enjoy sadism, and she did too, only in a masochistic sense. We kept talking, and she revealed that she would like me to really beat her ass. And I'm realizing this is definitely the girl for me tonight.

So I go do soundcheck and come back, and she's there. I said "come on backstage", and she grabs these crutches. And I thought, "Jesus Christ, what the hell is the matter with her?" To get into the backstage, you had to go up these stairs, so I carried her. Once upstairs, I asked her what had happened, and she said she had been up in a tree, really drunk, and had fallen out of the tree, and that since then she had been paralyzed from the waist down. I was thinking "Wow, I've had sex with a lot of women in my life, but I've never screwed a paraplegic."

**TG:** Too bad that's not an actual commandment.

**VM:** At times like that I wish I had a little sample of Mr. Burns, "Eh-xcellent." When



we were done playing, I saw her waiting by the side of the stage and just sort of hoisted her over my shoulder and took her upstairs. They had these showers upstairs, and I threw her down next to the shower - she's hobbling on her little crutches - got my ass in the shower, and started soaping up, grabbed her hand and had her give me the best hand job I think I've ever had in my life. In this shower, where the entire crew of the club has just gathered at the door to witness this disgusting display of a paraplegic barely keeping her balance on one crutch as she's trying to jack off my dick in the shower.



**TG:** Too bad you didn't get that one on video, huh?

**VM:** Then afterwards, we went home to her friend's house. She kept telling me how she was so into S + M, so into being the victim. Well, I am always into satisfying a victim's whim, so we end up in this room and I start fucking her, but she can't feel anything from the waist down. I'm screwing her in the pussy, but then I realize that she can't feel shit so I start screwing her in the ass. She has no idea what I'm actually doing down there. She can't feel anything. I ask her, "How can you possibly get off on this?" and she says, "It's in my mind. The thought that you are doing it gives me orgasms in my mind." So I said, "Well fine, I'll pound away..." I just tore the hell out of her ass-hole with my dick.

After I came, she tells me, "Hit me." So I say, "You want me to hit you?" She says, "Yeah." So I hit her like this (makes a slapping motion) "No, hit me harder!" So I slap her a little harder. "No! I mean really hit

me!" So I smack her even harder. "No, like this!" And she draws back her fist and she punches me right in the mouth. I'm thinking, "You fucking bitch!", and I just start pounding with my fists over and over again into her face. She starts squealing and screeching and tells me to bite on her tits, so I start biting her tits. And she starts in again, "Harder! No, harder! Harder!" So I bite into her so hard that blood comes out on both sides of my incisors. I'm leaving all these bite marks all over her tits, and there's blood dripping down her chest.

**TG:** Leaving your mark?

**VM:** Actually, come to think of it, I leave bite marks on lots of girls.

**TG:** Sort of as a stamp of approval?

**VM:** Yes, it's like, "You've been a naughty girl, and you deserve this."

When we were spent, and you can't get any more spent than this, I go, "Honey, I've gotta go piss." And she's lying on this bed, her useless legs splayed, blood trickling down her tits, her face just looking like ass, 'cause I had beat the crap out of her, and she goes, "Pee on me." And I go, "What?" And she goes, "Pee on me now." So, alright, I stand over her, hold my dick in my hand and start pissing on her from the top of her head all the way to the bottom of her feet. The whole time, she's writhing in my urine, screaming "Oh, yes, your piss is burning my wounds!"

**TG:** Oh, no.

**VM:** Then I just went, "You're okay!"

**TG:** "You're alright?"

**VM:** "You're not alright, but you're fine for tonight."

**TG:** And the whole time the rest of the band was in the other room, going...

**VM:** "Oh boy. We're gonna hafta call Quincy after this one."

**TG:** Well, that is substantially more detail than I had heard.

**VM:** That's because I was there.

**TG:** How about some of the bets you've engaged in on the road?

**VM:** Well, first was the bet with the Reverend Horton Heat during the '93 Sugarfix tour in Europe. Me and the Rev bet who could screw the most women in a two-week period, the final day being Valentine's day in Paris. And everyone in the Dwarves camp was telling Jim Heath, the Rev, "Dude, do not get in a bet like this with Vadge Moore. 'Cause he will screw anything, I mean *anything*, to win this bet."

**TG:** Everything counts!

**VM:** Well, they had to be human. And female. And all you had to do was get your dick in past the portals, there. All you had to do was pierce the labia sandwich there. He and I were really into just sitting around and drinking a lot of whiskey together. We really enjoyed getting loaded on whiskey. One night, just before the band started, I said, "Dude, do you have any idea what undertaking you are about to involve yourself in?" He just laughed and said, "Ah, don't worry about it Vadge, I can take it. I've taken better than you." And I said, "No, no. The question is have you taken it worse than me?"

So we had an actual starting line, the first night. There was a piece of tape we lined up at, "On your mark, get set...fuck!" And we both ran off and started hitting on women. But it's my theory that if you try too hard, you look desperate and you don't get shit. It's when you hold back and act like you don't give a shit that you end up with the pussy. But we couldn't do that. We had to keep hitting hard, 'cause we had two weeks to go. That night, it came down to he and I, and two fat girls. One was hugely fat, and the other was thinner but just so unattractive you can't believe it. Her face looked like it had been used like a nuclear waste dump. The really fat one was just grossly fat, and both her ass cheeks would probably fit on that sofa over there.



Of course, they're friends, so we end up going back to their house that night. Jim and the girl with the nuclear waste face go off into some room, and me and the hugely fat woman end up in another room. I'm sitting there thinking, "Well, gotta do it." So I just started smashing down the tequila as fast as I could, but not so much that I couldn't get it up. And knowing what I had to do, I got it in and got it taken care of. I even got off, which was *amazing*. The next morning Jim Heath comes out, it must be eight in the morning, totally hung over, and he just comes staggering out. The whale next to me is totally passed out. I'm lying on my back, and Jim comes walking over and says, "Didja?" And I just go, "What do *you* think?" And he just makes this face like (simulates agony) "Oh, no..." Because he *hadn't*! Because he didn't believe that *I* would! So he ended up having to go back in the room with this *hideous* bitch...

**TG:** With a hangover!

VM: Exactly!

**TG:** Without even the benefit of the drunk!

VM: Exactly! And then later, we had to go meet the tour bus, and he just looked at me, "You are one scary motherfucker, Vadge."

**TG:** So, you won?

VM: Oh, I won.

**TG:** Was it all just on your word?

VM: Oh, there had to be witnesses. It had to be verifiable. There was the Jim Heath Camp, and the Vadge Moore Camp. Some people were Camp Heath, and some were Camp Moore. It had to be with a girl you had never met before.

So it was the last night in Paris, France. Marky De Sade had some girl who wanted to screw him, but he spurned her advances because he was in Camp Moore. So she ended up screwing me that night in this beautiful hotel room in Paris.

Hewhocannotbenamed was in the room next to us, and since this girl was my game-making point, he and his slut were asked to confirm it. His girl - who was Italian, I think - said, "All we hear all night long was *mucha screaming* and *mucha groaning*. Alla night long, non-stop, never stop the screaming and the groaning." So Vadge wins.

Generally, when you're on the road with the Dwarves, there's this idea that you're *the Dwarves*, and that you've gotta get some drugs and pussy. Teenage women and free

cocaine. Or, if not teenage, than at least something that's not so old that it has to take its teeth out before it gives you a blowjob.

But if you're in the Dwarves, you've gotta understand that you have to live up to this legacy.

**TG:** How about you and Rex and the ugliest girl competition?

VM: Oh, man. *My god*. You know, I thought I

this really ugly girl in some town, but on the last night of the tour, in Seattle...oh my god, Rex just pulled out the ugliest...(shudders) This girl had been pursuing me all night long. She was clearly a Moore Whore. That's what they call the really fucked up, sleazy, nasty women. 'Cause they know that if they hit on me, no problem. If I'm drunk enough, sure, I'll take it a few laps. She was hideous. She was hugely fat, in a really bizarre way. She was like Bluto, from Popeye, but without the mus-



**YOU'LL NEVER MEET A FINER, MORE UPSTANDING COLLECTION OF LADS:** Vadge Moore, Blag Dahlia, Salt Peter and the O.G. Stupid Baby Gone Mad himself, Hewhocannotbenamed; California, 1990.

*photo: Robert Barclay.*

had gotten it, I don't remember what town it was in...Jesus. The Ugliest Girl You Can Screw Competition. I could only have that competition with Rex because Lord knows Blag won't touch anything that...With Blag, if they don't look like some supermodel, then he's just not interested.

**TG:** Or, some teenage girl...

VM: Yeah, some teenage girl. Blag has an obsession about braces. It totally drives him crazy. Whereas I'd rather not get my willy caught in something like that. Anyway, I thought I had it made with Rex. I'd screwed

cles. She had these teeth that were *amazing*, all these sharpened vampire incisors but shooting out in different directions. Some were pointing up, some were down, and some were right on top of others.

**TG:** Nice. Snagglepuss.

VM: Oh, man. She was *hideously* ugly. And I thought, I've already made it, I've won. Why do I have to subject myself to this sick freak? So I stupidly went after this hot little blonde, who ended up not even screwing me. Rex took this disgusting whore back to a van somewhere, screwed her once, and then

screwed her *AGAIN*, which I don't know *what* the fuck...

**TG: Does it make her uglier if you screw her twice?**

VM: No, it just makes HIM uglier. I mean she was so hideous as it was, why'd he have to go and subject himself to another round...But he did, and so he won, hands down. I have to give it to him. I could have had her, since she was all over me, but I figured I already had it. I didn't think anyone in their right mind would... But then, Rex Everything is not in his right mind.

**TG: And there was your very fancy ex who came to the club...**

VM: And I buttfucked her in her front seat and sent her home. We got back together after that.

TG: Really?

VM: Yeah. I don't know. It's this power I have over women. It's uncanny.

**TG: Didn't you once have to move out to get rid of one?**

VM: We had a wonderful long distance affair. Then she moved out here, and after it became not so wonderful, I had to leave the house. She stayed, but through my machinations I got her booted out and moved back in.

**TG: Speaking of that particular woman, you have this habit of picking a woman up in one place, and then moving her some other place and leaving her there for others to deal with.**

VM: What has been known to happen is that girls who I've screwed on the road have been known to just come out from wherever they live. They just show up without any thought that I might actually have a steady screw when I'm there who wouldn't be too excited when some whore I screwed in Baltimore shows up at the end of the tour at a show in San Francisco. But that has happened a couple of times.

**TG: Girls don't think that way.**

VM: Yeah, they just think (talks in a moronic high voice) "He liked me." This one girl followed me around Germany. The second time she came around, and I was trying to get her away from me because I was busy already with some new pussy, she said to me, I'll never forget, "Don't you believe in love at first sight?" And I said, "How clueless can you possibly fucking be?"

That's how a lot of these women have been. Do they really think that one night - all sweaty in the fuckin' van, while I'm trying to keep the rest of the band members out so I can get my nut off on their stomach - is gonna turn into a love affair? What are these women thinking? It's just unbelievable...

**TG: And they're not all teenagers, either...**

VM: No, they're usually in their twenties, and some are even in their thirties. It's a case of "Daddy musta screwed you hard, baby, 'cause your mind's all messed up."

**TG: Well, they're ripe for the plucking, as Howard Stern is so fond of pointing out.**

VM: Yes, and now Howard Stern is single. We should get together.

**TG: Yeah, you'll show him around...**

VM: I'll show him what it's like, take him on a Vadge tour of the city, and get his willy wet.

**TG: It seems like Dwarves stories always center around sex, drugs, or violence. Rex seems to be at the center of a lot of the violence.**

VM: I've seen Rex kick ass a few times, yeah. Rex used to like to play naked. If you're going to replace Hewhocannotbenamed, and you don't have a mask, or some other schtick...Well, he had to play naked. And Rex has a gigantic cock. Rex's cock is huge, it's gigantic, it's *monstrous*. So, whenever we played, he played naked so he could let everybody see how big his dick was.

**TG: Is that what it was? Advertising?**

VM: I would assume so, as in "You want a piece of this?" Of course most women could probably only *take* a little piece. And one night, some guy was just totally obsessed with Rex's dick. While Rex is playing, he keeps reaching up and grabbing his balls and his dick. Me and Blag had pulled Rex aside earlier and said, "Look, please don't send someone to the hospital..." Rex has a history of violence and warrants and stuff like that.

**TG: From being in other bands?**

VM: From just being Rex. So we're like, "Please don't kill somebody. Please don't hurt anyone too bad, don't put anyone in the hospital. Because if you do, then you're gonna get thrown in jail, and the tour's gonna be over." So Rex is *trying*. I've seen the video. Rex is telling the guy, "Stop it! Get your hand off my dick!" And the guy just keeps persist-

ing and persisting in grabbing his dick and grabbing his balls. Finally, Rex pulled his guitar off and started beating the hell out of the guy with it 'til the guitar broke into two pieces. What apparently happened is that they found the guy curled up in a corner somewhere, bleeding, so they called 911. As they were carting the guy out on a stretcher, our roadie asked him, "What do you think of the Dwarves now?" And the guy goes, "It's not a Dwarves show 'til you bleed." Amazing!

But Rex has done that numerous times. There was one time in Austin, Texas, at the Liberty Lunch. This group of fans was really pissed, 'cause they said we only played what they claim was fifteen minutes. Now it's a notorious fact that Dwarves fans always think we only play five or fifteen minutes, even when we actually have sets that last anywhere from 20 to 40 minutes. But they always say, "You only played five minutes!" Well, these guys are pissed and they're yelling into our backstage area, trying to engage us in a fight. And me and Blag we're like, "Whatever...Fuck these guys. They're not even worth our while." But Rex is something different. He's a youngblood. He wants to kill. So he goes running out there. The next thing I know, Blag's got my arm and is going, "Vadge, we got a problem here, man. Rex is out in the parking lot about to fight six dudes. We gotta get out there." So we're like, "Oh shit!" and everybody grabs a guitar or a bottle or something and goes running out to the parking lot. These guys keep talking all this shit, and we're all standing around, and Rex has got this Stratocaster in his hand, and I've got a bottle, and Blag's got something...These guys are wearing our t-shirts, too. They're wearing *Blood, Guts and Pussy* shirts. They're yelling, "You didn't play long enough! We drove all the way from San Antonio to see you!" And I'm like, "We don't care where you drove from, you fuckin' pussies. You came to see a Dwarves show. We play short sets. Get the fuck out of our face!" But they just can't let it go. Finally, Rex just looks at one of the biggest guys, and goes, "Alright, you want some of this? You want some of this? Let's go!" And the guy goes, "Yeah! Let's go!" And Rex just takes the guitar and smashes him upside the head with it, and then it's on. Six guys are jumpin' us. Marky de Sade gets hit over the head with a gallon of vodka and is knocked out. Me and Blag are just fighting whichever guy is nearest, and Rex goes chasing this guy out of the parking lot. I knocked one guy out, I saw Blag kick some guy in the face, then we were just using this one guy as a punching bag, Blag hitting him in the face and me hitting him on the back of his head, until he finally figures out a way to run away. Then we remember, "Okay. Marky's out, we need to get him to a

hospital right away. Where's Rex?" And we can't find him. Then we start hearing all this screaming.

What happened was, John from Flipper realized what was going on, and he saw Rex chase that one guy down. Well, when Rex chased the guy down, some of the guy's friends were following and cornered Rex in the parking lot, had him down on the ground, and were kicking his face in. So John from Flipper went running out there, and actually grabbed the neck of the guitar from the ground and started beating anyone he could get his hands on senseless. That's when me and Blag came on the scene, and we punched these guys and chased them away. We picked Rex up, and he was all bloody and fucked up, and he had this sorta glazed look in his eye. But when he saw the guy who had been kicking him in the face walking away, Rex started stumbling in his direction. He grabs the guitar neck from John and goes running up behind this guy, who's now talking to his girlfriend, going, "Oh, man...That was a bad fight..." Totally blindsiding this guy, he hits him as hard as he can with the neck of the guitar. The guy just falls, his girlfriend starts screaming, and Rex just spits in her face, and yells, "Fuck you people!" and walks away.

Later, we end up at the emergency room, and the people we had been beating up were

in the same lobby. So a fight started happening in the lobby, and they had to call the police to come in and warn us all not to fight or they'd take us to jail.

TG: So I guess that covers Sex and Violence. Of course, I've heard *some* stories about drugs...and the search for Bruce Lee's grave...

VM: Me and Blag were looking for Jimi Hendrix's grave. It was in Seattle. I think we ended up maybe finding Bruce Lee's grave, but he and I were so high, god, I have no idea...At that point, when you're so high on acid, what do you care? We were staying at Danny Bland's house. He was playing in a band called Cat Butt at the time, so this was in the early days of Sub Pop. And Gwar had their big truck out there, and we had just done a show. It was in this really nice neighborhood, I can't remember how he had arranged it, but Cat Butt was living in a really nice section of Seattle. It was kinda Seattle's version of Pacific Heights, or Seattle's version of Marin County, and it was this nice house that they had just destroyed, and everyone from L7 to Nirvana, *everybody* was always out there partying. Our Dwarves van was parked not too far from the Gwar van. Blag was really high and feeling pranksterish, and our roadie Monterey Mark was passed out in

the van, half-naked, in all his tattooed glory. Blag decides to slide the van door open. The following morning, which was a Monday, all the mothers and fathers taking their kids to school had to pass by this open van and the disgusting display of this large, tattooed roadie snoring loudly enough to wake the neighborhood.

TG: You've played in a lot of bands over the years, and with some, things worked out, and with others...

VM: I enjoyed Flipper, touring with those guys. And the Cows, we had a great time with the Cows. They're really cool guys, especially Shannon, who is a twisted genius. Gwar was always fun to tour with. We always have fun with those guys. The Supersuckers, Blag always said they were a perfect combination of Motorhead and us. We took them out when nobody knew who the fuck they were, and when we were making 500, and they were only making 50, we'd throw 'em 200 to keep going. And Kyuss was another legendary band we took on tour.

We met Kyuss in Madison, Wisconsin when we were recording *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* at Butch Vig's studio. Butch Vig was, unfortunately, out of town that week recording a little record you might have heard

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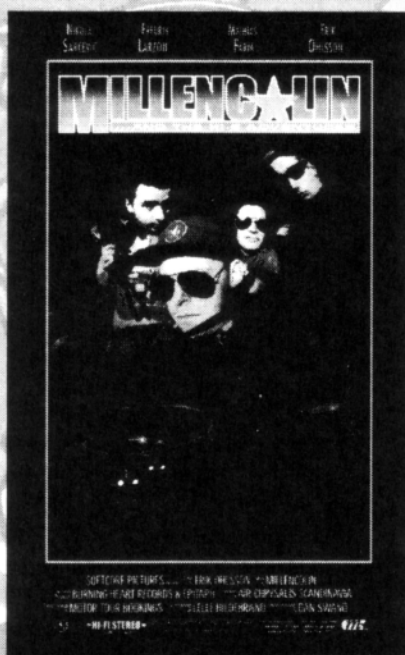
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of, Nirvana's *Nevermind*. We still think he would have made a lot more money if he'd have stuck around to do our record. But we did the record with Doug Bolt, who is a great, great engineer. And we spent a long time in Madison, staying at this place called the Aloha Inn. Sub Pop was paying for it, so we're like, "Fuck yeah! If Sub Pop is paying, then I'm in." Every morning we would wake up after being in the studio till late at night. Then we'd go out to the studio, then do some lunch, then go back to the Aloha Inn, where we had what we called the Triumverate of Ecstasy, which was: do the hot tub, then do the sauna, then a dip in the pool. It was just living in luxury. We'd just put out *Blood, Guts, and Pussy*, and we were now recording our second album for Sub Pop. We were just fuckin' scumbag pieces of shit barely out of the gutter, and they were treating us like fuckin' royalty.

TG: And fighting your way back into the gutter, whenever possible...

VM: Yeah, yeah, right. We used to go to this bar, the Okay. They were big Dwarves fans, and they'd give us free Jägermeister and free beer all night long. One night I ended up finger-fucking some chick under the table with like nine people watching. Another night, we were coming into the bar from the studio, and going into the bar we see this marquee that says: "Kyuss - L.A. Metal" and we're like, "L.A. Metal? (groans) We're gonna *kill* these guys. Let's go in here, get drunk, and beat these guys up, or fuck them up, or throw things at them." So we go in, and then it's Kyuss. And they start playing "God Damn Motherfucking Son of a Bitch" or something, and we're thinking, "Wow, these guys are actually pretty good." We went in expecting...

TG: To go kill Poison...

VM: Exactly. Actually I love Poison now, but then I would have *killed* those guys. It's amazing what kitsch can do for someone. But we enjoyed Kyuss, and after their second song, apparently, they saw us, and they were big Dwarves fans. The lead singer, John Garcia, goes, "We wanna play a song right now, it's called 'Drug Store' by the Dwarves." So later, they came off stage, and they yell out, "You guys are the Dwarves, we love you!" And we start hanging out with them and drinking with them, and we find out they're on this major label budget. They have all this money. So our minds go "Ching!" "You guys have money, huh?" Blag says, "Where are you staying?" And they say, "Right down the way." And we go, "Let's go over there!" And of course they go, "Yeah! Alright!" But later they start thinking, "We can't bring the

Dwarves to our hotel, that's really a bad idea. They're gonna wreck everything and destroy everything and it's gonna be terrible." But we say, "Come on, let's get a buncha beer and a buncha booze and go back to the hotel and bring some whores with us and see what can happen." We ended up just going back and hanging out, drinking with them. But the more drunk they got, the more *uptight* and *weird* they got, to the point that they ended up destroying their own hotel room, in lieu of us doing it. Because they thought they'd better do it before we did. They ended up throw-

TG: "A part of us," I like that...

VM: It's like the lyrics to "Fuckhead": "Us, you're not us, you're a fuckhead."

TG: As for Blag...In many stories, Blag almost seems to be the most mild-mannered of the Dwarves.

VM: He kinda ended up having to be. When I first started in the band, Salt Peter was the calm, cool, sensible Dwarf who took care of business. When Salt Peter left, someone had

**I see this bouncer asking Hewho, "Where'd that naked guy go? I saw him come this way!" And Hewho just goes, "No, no. I didn't see anyone." "You didn't see anybody?" "No...Well, some weird guy that was drunk, he went that way." The guy goes running off. That's one of the great things about being Hewho, just put on some clothes, take off the mask...and you're instantly incognito.**

*-Vadge Moore*

ing the phone through the window, throwing the lamp out after it, smashing everything, pissing on the walls, and doing all this shit because they didn't want to be one-upped by the Dwarves. They were afraid that if they looked like pussies, then we would end up burning down the hotel. Meanwhile, me, Blag, and Hewho are sitting back, going, "Man, these guys are really fucking up this place." So that ended up being a very strong friendship to this very day. And of course Rex became a part of us.

to fill his shoes. And at first Blag *didn't* really, but in the past few years he's become more down-to-earth. Because when you're involved with *this* crew, with *this* kind of insanity: Vadge Moore, Hewhocannotbenamed, everybody who's been involved with the Dwarves...it's just been this incredible pot-pourri of degeneracy. I mean, who would want to have to deal with people like this? And have to deal with the business side of it all. It really takes a strong, intelligent guy to do that.



photos: Mike Shapiro

## TG: Were you there when the Telephone Booth incident occurred?

VM: No. But Blag called me at my girlfriend's house, and he goes, "I wanna come over there right now." And me and my girlfriend had finally got all her roommates out, and we thought we were gonna have this candlelit dinner, some wine, some cocaine, some major sex. In the middle of this, Blag calls and says, "Dude, I just beat up [insert name of former drummer of seminal L.A. punk band here] and you gotta hide me." So he had to come over to my girlfriend's house for a while. This guy had done Blag a disservice, and was hanging around a pay phone near [insert local nightclub in out-of-the-way neighborhood], and Blag saw him and just beat him down in the phone booth, which was an excellent move. I would have done the same thing.

TG: Of course YOU would...

VM: Yeah, but I'm a *motherfucker*.

TG: Well, I'll certainly keep my mother away from you. About Hewho, when I asked him why he wears a mask, I realized it was more a question of why everyone else *doesn't* wear masks. (laughing) He seems a little mild-mannered, almost. But then someone who gets onstage naked except for a mask...

VM: Well, there've been times where it has helped a lot to be in a mask and naked. I remember one time we were playing in L.A. at English Acid. Hewho was playing with his mask on, as usual. And y'know, LA bouncers are notorious assholes...

TG: Was it like, white-shirt-and-black-bowtie-LA-bouncer, or...

VM: No, this was more like the black t-shirt rolled up with a pack of cigarettes-type LA bouncer. And these guys were total pricks. And here we are, *Blood, Guts & Pussy* had just come out, and we weren't famous. There were only maybe a hundred people there to see us. So these guys were like, "Aaah, lame San Francisco band, fuck this." So we come on stage, Hewhocannotbenamed is naked, and Blag's spitting, and there's all the usual shit. So what they had set up was, not a bouncer for the audience, but a bouncer for each band member. Because they thought we were the threat. Which...they were correct. But I was pissed about this, and I look around and realize that they've got us *surrounded*. So we played like maybe five, ten minutes, and then they're freaking out because Hewho is naked. So they're going, "You guys are cut off!" Finally, what we ended up doing after

ten minutes was just break everything. When we did that, our bouncers started looming over each one of us. I saw my bouncer come up toward me and I just took my bass drum and threw it right at his chest, and then I ran and hid as quick as I could. 'Cause this guy was huge! He would have *killed* me. And Hewho just threw his guitar down and left the stage, and Blag ran outside. Salt Peter, I don't know what happened to him. He can just go somewhere and put on a nice coat, and he would be respectable, almost. But Hewho immediately ran backstage, threw his pants on, took his mask off, and just sat there. As soon as I peeked out from where I was hiding, I see this bouncer asking Hewho, "Where'd that naked guy go? I saw him come this way!" And Hewho just goes, "No, no. I didn't see anyone." "You didn't see anybody?" "No...Well, some weird guy that was drunk, he went that way." The guy goes running off. That's one of the great things about being Hewho, just put on some clothes, take off the mask...and you're instantly incognito.

TG: In hindsight, do you wish you wore a mask?

VM: No.

TG: You need to be recognizable.

VM: Yes, especially since I'm the drummer. I'm way in the back, so...The more recognized I can be by the women, the better.

TG: So was Hewho just not concerned with all that?

VM: No, he was just more concerned with putting on a good show, being twisted, doing a lot of cocaine, speed, or crack, and drinking a lot of whiskey. We all went through our phases. I don't remember Blag having a crack phase, but...I went through a crack phase, too. But I was nowhere near as degenerate as Hewhocannotbenamed. You get Hewhocannotbenamed mixed with crack and prostitutes...Watch out!

TG: Things get a little ugly?

VM: A little messy, but *hey*, who am I to talk?

TG: I don't have the best dirt on Blag, I'm sure. He's a little more secretive. But I have seen him when someone gets on stage with him...

VM: Oh yeah. Don't tread on Blag's turf. And if you do, and he gets rid of you, and you come back for more, and he gets rid of you again, and you come back...You can be sure that I will jump through the drums and beat

the fuck out of you. The Dwarves philosophy on that is this: on tour, you're like a wolf pack. The Dwarves were always considered like Viking Berserkers, pillaging and raping and doing what we do. And you have to watch each other's backs. The basis of what we are all about is that we are a tribe of warriors. Sexual, drug-addled warriors who will always take care of each other. I've seen other bands that don't have that. We always hated those bands we called shoegazers, without egos. You reach a certain pinnacle of success, but then you don't follow it through with the sort of egomaniacal intensity that any real rock band should carry.

**TG: Success should lead to excess.**

VM: Absolutely. Well, excess leads to success. It always has. And if you're excessive, you're going to get the attention of a lot of people.

**TG: Well, that's the snake that eats its own tail, right there.**

VM: Really, the cyclical nature of being. It's very Wagnerian. We're the Wagnerian opera of rock and roll. Complete with all the blood, and the rape and the pillaging and destruction...

**TG: And the Valkyries. I don't know if a band like the Dwarves would do well starting out now. It seems like a forgotten world that the band came out of.**

VM: People are too concerned about being on MTV...You have all these rock bands like Blink 187 or whatever, that seem to thrive on the "kinda crazy, but nice guys" image. They're wacky, and zany, as opposed to dangerous and evil. People always compare us to GG Allin...But I can only think of a couple of instances when I'd agree. One was when Sub Pop had us play the New Music Seminar. They had us headlining on the stage with all the Sub Pop bands, like Big Chief, and all this shit, and MTV was there. Supposedly, all these record company guys and producers were there to see the Dwarves, as an up-and-coming band, "Yeah, these guys look really crazy, but they're awesome, come see them..." I'll never forget, we got so fucked up. We were in New York for a couple of days, did photos with Mike Levine. And we were just getting so fucked up, me and Hewho especially, just drunk and high on cocaine. So Hewho comes out onstage with just diapers on. But, as he's playing, the diapers come off. So now he's naked. Well, one of the bouncers, a huge black guy about 6'2, about 230 pounds, grabs a towel and tries to wrap it around Hewho's body while he's playing. Now, if you've ever seen

Hewhocannotbenamed play, you know he squiggles around like a snake in heat. So the bouncer's trying to wrap this towel around him so that the club doesn't get sued for exposing minors to genitalia or something. Hewho finally got sick of it, and climbed to the top of this PA speaker that was about fifteen feet above the crowd. As he was playing he looked down, and there was this mass of record company dorks, and Hewho just had to pee, so he leaned forward so that his dick was out over the edge of the PA and just started urinating over the entire... I remember looking up and seeing this, and thinking, "Well, there goes our chance to make real money..." (laughing)

**TG: "Guess we're not getting discovered tonight."**

VM: But, yeah, we always got compared to GG Allin, and certainly I can understand those comparisons. GG Allin was really out of his box, but he wrote some really good songs and did some great stuff live. The Dwarves have written nothing but good songs, especially Blag. He wrote some amazing songs, and has done sor for the Dwarves all these years, so we have backed up insanity with really good music.

**TG: With great records.**

VM: Yeah, with great albums. And every time we went in the studio...The first time we went in the studio was really the first time I'd recorded with a band where I knew the material was actually going to come out on vinyl, or CD, or whatever. Even back then, in the *Blood, Guts & Pussy* days, it was always calculated - not calculated in the sense of fake, but calculated in the sense that - we wanna make a record that sounds this way, and once you put the record on, it starts from the first song and it takes you someplace all the way till the record's done. Which is usually 20 minutes or so...but, regardless, it takes you somewhere.

**TG: I can see where people might get GG Allin, but to me that shows they're not thinking about the music. In attitude and style, I think the music is much more akin to the Misfits, not the Murder Junkies.**

VM: Yes, certainly the Misfits. Especially *Blood, Guts and Pussy*. When I first joined the Dwarves, the two records I listened to before we recorded were *Earth AD* and *Walk Among Us*. Blag just said, "Dude, play like this.

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Listen to these records and play like this.” And I did. And ultimately, I think we resemble the Cramps, too, and early Black Flag.

**TG:** I think the line gets drawn to GG Allin, because he is further along on the line of excess, closer to the point of being simply disgusting. But I don't see that in your live show. In your personal behavior, maybe...

**VM:** Well, some crazy stuff happened. I remember we opened for the Rollins (choke) Band, excuse me...The Rollins (gag) Band...Excuse me, I hate to say that name.

**TG:** Here, just say “Luxury SUV,” a few times. That helps me clear my throat sometimes.

**VM:** Yeah, we were opening for them in Houston, Texas. When we hit the stage, it was packed. There were just as many people out there to see us. Somebody always told me that when the Dwarves went on stage, it was like a nuclear bomb going off. I remember clicking into “Backseat of My Car”, then came down with my arms, and my whole back went out on me. But I still, despite all the pain, got through the set. It ended up being the most bizarre set, because the Texas audience - Texas is just fantastic, I love people in Texas, not just ‘cause the women fuck and suck and are fantastic, but ‘cause the audience and the kids in the crowd are just totally insane and willing to do anything to enjoy themselves. I look down at Blag, and I see that there is this girl's head bobbing up and down in front of him. He's standing there, stationary, which is strange, because usually Blag runs around on the stage. But he's standing there, and some girl is sucking his dick the entire time. And in comparison, you could never suck GG Allin's dick like that without a microscope and some tweezers.

**TG:** And why would you? That's the thing, there is no level of sexiness to GG Allin.

**VM:** Except that, what I have discovered over these years is that women are attracted to bad boys, ever since the days of James Dean and Jim Morrison. Women are so attracted to bad boys, no matter what they look like or how they're built. If they think you're evil and bad, they'll come. Which to me is the perfect Darwinian law. As it is in nature, if you're the tough, crazy dominant male, women are attracted to that.

**TG:** So if you intimidate other men, you're attractive.

**VM:** Certainly, or other women. Or attract

other women. Which is the whole point. There is a very fine line between intimidation and attraction.

**TG:** It seems like because the set is so abridged, the energy gets built up, but never expelled, never quite achieving the climax that is demanded to bring it back down.

**VM:** The Dwarves have never done, and will never do, an encore. I hope. At least not to my knowledge...

**TG:** That'll be after the epic, symphonic Dwarves record.

**VM:** It'll never happen. There's never gonna be an encore. It ends too soon, the crowd is left wanting, and they wanna start a riot because of it.

**TG:** Right, they're still all riled up. All that energy is still in the room, they haven't worked it off at all.

**VM:** There was a great night after *Thank Heaven For Little Girls* was released and Salt Peter had left, and to replace Salt Peter we had to get a bass player and a second guitar player - that's how great Salt Peter is, he's one of the best bass players I've ever worked with. Salt Peter and Rex Everything are two of the greatest bass players walking this earth. So when he left, we got Crash Landon on guitar, and Eric Generic on bass. Eric Generic looked like an eighties heavy metal dude. The first time we tried him out was at the Coconut Teaser in Los Angeles.

**TG:** Oh, God. Home of eighties evil, and the banana daiquiri.

**VM:** Yeah, everybody try and look like Lita Ford. We hit the stage, and it was sold out. Now first of all, the Coconut Teaser is not that big, but there was a line around the block trying to get in.

**TG:** Plus they sell a lot of room that is in the other room, where you can't see or hear the band.

**VM:** That's L.A. for you. So everyone's pissed off, 'cause they're trying to get close to the stage, they're trying to see us, and they start taking out their aggressions on Eric Generic. Our punk rock audience looks at Eric Generic and thinks, “L.A. Metal, he's a ‘faggot’, kill him!” Not realizing that Eric Generic...Apparently, in high school he was one of the greatest wrestlers ever at his school. He was a big dude, too. But he had this poofy, poodle hair, and these purple pants. We used to call him the Purple Pirate.

Then, as a joke he'd found this giant alarm-clock thing like Flava Flav used to wear, so he'd know what time it wasn't. We used to go, “The Purple Pirate knows what time it ain't!” It was just a joke, we thought it was a lot of fun, we thought it would be great. This punk rock audience was accepting us, and one thing the Dwarves were about back then was not being accepted, was hatred - we just wanted everyone to hate us because we hated them. So we thought if we get this heavy metal-looking dude on stage looking this ridiculous, our crowd's gonna hate him. We didn't realize how much they were gonna hate him. Everyone just started attacking him, live onstage. And he goes, “What, you're attacking me?” And he pulls off his bass and just starts smashing these guys.

**TG:** The stage there is only about a foot off the ground...

**VM:** Yeah, and the place is just packed, so the audience is slammed in there to capacity, so stuffed in that they're practically dying of thirst and lack of air. Meanwhile Crash Landon and the Purple Pirate are smashing people with their guitars because people are attacking them. So huge fights start breaking out, and eventually it turns into a situation with me and Hewho playing while Blag, Crash Landon, and Eric Generic fight off the crowd. Blood is just flying everywhere. Finally, they shut off the power. I just remember standing up in the middle of that thinking, “Yeah!” I kicked over my drums and went to the front of the stage after all this violence and insanity had happened, and I'm thinking, “What do I do now?” So I pulled down my pants and showed them my dick. But that wasn't good enough. So I turn around and showed them my ass. But that wasn't good enough either. So I took the drumstick and shoved it as far up my ass as I possibly can, and sorta wiggle it around. And the crowd just starts screaming, and a guy jumps onstage and starts to lick where the drumstick is going in my ass. Finally, I just pulled it out and turned around going, “Ow. That hurt.”

**TG:** Maybe that is a little GG Allin.

**VM:** Yeah, it is, but I just didn't know what else to do because the whole situation got so extreme and so crazy. Then we went backstage and listened as the crowd tore the place apart.

**TG:** Cool. That's what they get for trying to use an S and a Z in their name. You're actually from the Bay Area, aren't you?

**VM:** Oh, yeah.

**TG:** And the specific area where you're from is famous for turning out degenerates because the level of loitering that a teenager can achieve in that area tends to produce some interesting habits and foster those interests. Would you say that's accurate?

**VM:** Yes.

**TG:** Long afternoons after school, or in lieu of school...

**VM:** I was gonna say..."School?" Is that the thing sorta like work, where you have to get up early and go somewhere you don't want to go. I kinda remember that.

**TG:** So what started your interest in music?

**VM:** What sent me into punk rock was KISS. Really, I think KISS is the ultimate punk rock band. They present a hedonistic view of the world, but as a drummer what attracted me was that simple beat. Peter Criss was extremely simple. I love the simplicity in that. But then I was reading *Hit Parader*, and *Rock Scene*, and *Creem*, and I started seeing this band called the Sex Pistols, and I thought, I've gotta buy this record. When I got *Never Mind the Bollocks*, I thought it was one of the greatest records I'd ever heard. And I became a punk rocker as soon as I heard that album. And then, of course, I got into Iggy Pop and the Clash. But it wasn't until 1980 that I heard Black Flag's *Jealous Again*, and then I went to see "Decline of Western Civilization", and like a lot of people my age I really got turned on by it. I saw that movie, and thought, "Wow. This is it. This is me." My life changed at that moment, and it hasn't really changed since that moment. This is anarchy. This is insanity. This is beautiful.

**TG:** And then you found out the ginchy lifestyle that went along with it...

**VM:** I'd started playing drums at a really early age, like with chopsticks on my mom's pots and pans. Then she bought me a drumkit when I was about eight. So I'd been making up little bands forever, and my first drum hero was Peter Criss. We

played early rock and roll songs, some Elvis Presley, and Jerry Lee Lewis. But then I started discovering Black Flag, and Jim Carroll, and I just realized...All my friends were into Led Zeppelin and AC/DC, which I love, but I realized there was another level I could go to. And, we could have a band. So I got all my friends interested in the Sex Pistols and Iggy Pop. Then I said, "Let's start a band. If these guys can, then we can." It's the archetypal punk rock thing. So I did. We had a band called Crypt. Then a band called the Rat Boys. The Rat Boys were written up in *Maximum Rock and Roll*.

**TG:** Well, you'll never get written up in *MRR* again! You are *so not MRR* material.

**VM:** Who cares? Good. *MRR*, the last thing they did on the Dwarves was the cover story, which was cool. But it was so funny, because after they ran that article they got all these letters saying, "The Dwarves aren't as nihilistic and nasty as we thought they'd be." Because Tim Yohannan came to our house. And we know Tim, so we just sat around and got drunk and had a little discussion, like you and I are having now. And later on people criticized that interview, saying we weren't nasty enough.

**TG:** They wanted you to be more what they expected of you, as Dwarves.

**VM:** Yeah, so they could yell at us and say we were terrible.

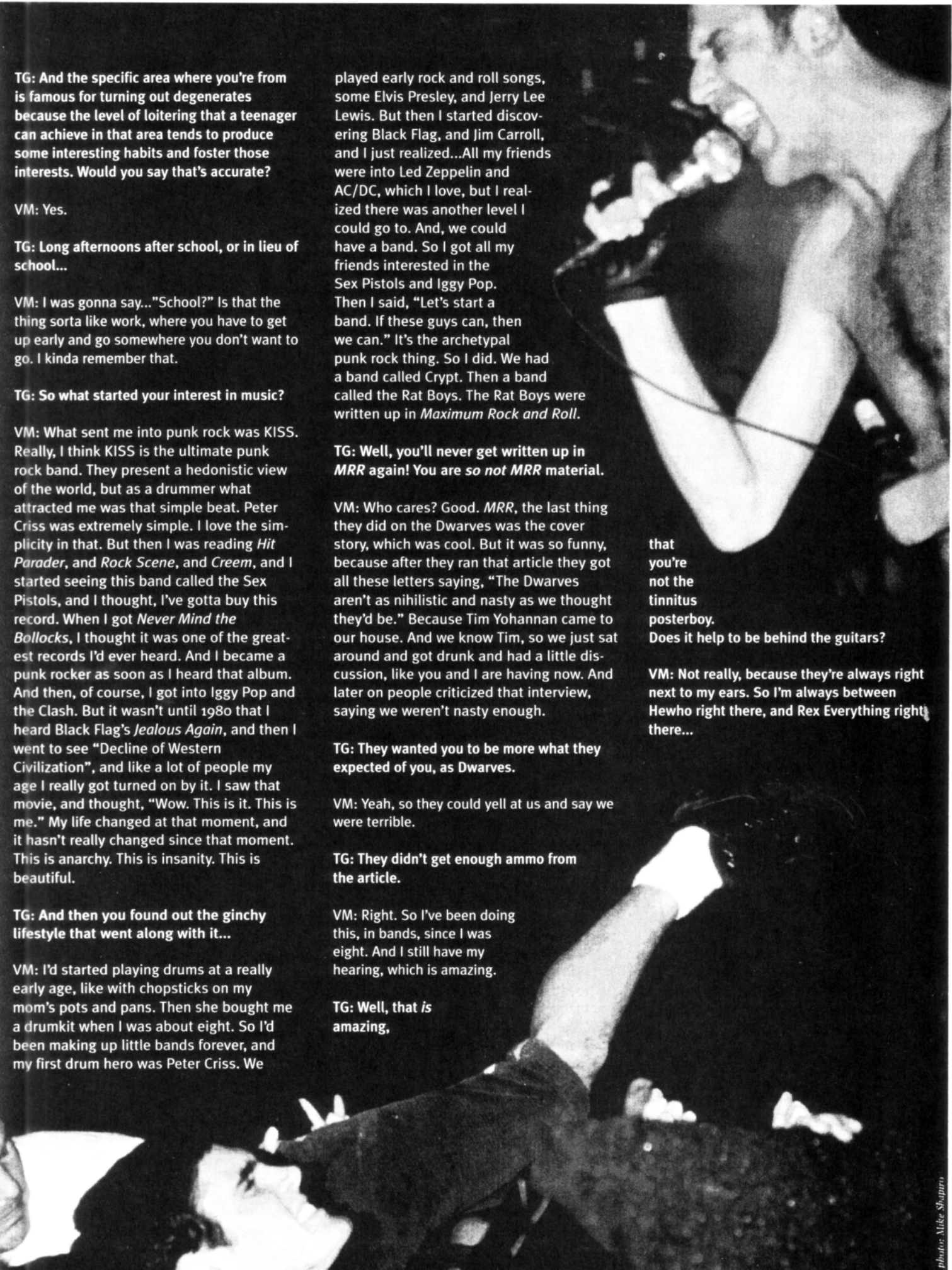
**TG:** They didn't get enough ammo from the article.

**VM:** Right. So I've been doing this, in bands, since I was eight. And I still have my hearing, which is amazing.

**TG:** Well, that is amazing,

that  
you're  
not the  
tinnitus  
posterboy.  
Does it help to be behind the guitars?

**VM:** Not really, because they're always right next to my ears. So I'm always between Hewho right there, and Rex Everything right there...



TG: And now Wholly Smokes...

VM: Yeah. Oh my god, yeah. One of the greatest guitar players I ever played with. Wholly Smokes is phenomenal.

TG: Did you ever play with him in any other bands?

VM: No, but I knew him from the early days of San Francisco punk rock, from the

vodka. Then you'd better get out of his way. I know that a certain friend of both of ours, Mr. Biafra, had a bit of a situation when Wholly Smokes decided that every beer in the cooler had to be thrown, full, at Mr. Biafra. Other than that moment, he would have been like, "How's it goin', Jello." No bad blood between 'em. It's just this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde thing. He was blacked out. It's part of being a Dwarf. The personality just lapses in and out of conscious-

TG: Tell me about your final show with the Dwarves, at Incredibly Strange Wrestling at the Fillmore.

VM: Actually, Jello told me there that it was the best, or the most punk rock set he'd seen us do in about ten years. There was a lot of cocaine involved with that show. I recall Hewho's amp going out pretty much in the middle of that show. And he pretty much said, "Fuck it, my amp's blown,



**DRUGS! ROCK WITH A REALLY BIG "R"! GRATUITOUS NUDITY!:** Hewho (prior to his untimely pseudo-demise) chats with Poison Idea's drummer while Blag and Vadge enjoy the display put on by Sharon Needles — back in the heady days of 1991.

*photo: James Rexroad*

Drunk Injuns and Los Olvidados, they were killer. They opened up for everybody. I think Mike once described them to me as "punk rock whores." Just give them beer and let them wreck the place.

TG: Right, that was back in the days when...You know, come to think of it, it seems like Wholly Smokes lived the most destructive portion of his life previous to his stint in the band.

VM: Yeah, so he was totally ready to join the Dwarves. Wholly Smokes is a very intense individual, very intelligent, very sharp, except when he drinks a lot of

ness and does crazy and wild things. The first rock show I ever went to was Cheap Trick opening for KISS at the Cow Palace. It was the night Elvis Presley died, August 16, 1977. Then I saw Romeo Void and the Jim Carroll Band at the Warfield. The Contractions opened.

**TG: The Contractions, who later opened for Duran Duran at Henry J. Kaiser.**

VM: Yeah, yeah. That's them. Then the first real punk rock show I went to was in '79 or '80. It was Flipper, the Red Rockers, and the Dead Kennedys.

where's the cocaine?" So he took off backstage. I remember at one point Blag yelling for Hewho to just pretend to be playing...

**TG: 'Cause he was standing there pulling on his dick, that's why...**

VM: If you can't play your guitar, just play with your dick. It's amazing, after all these years, what people do understand about the Dwarves. We used to get run out of town, not paid, beat up...Now people expect these kinds of hijinks. Like when we did South by Southwest, and we'd been there not too many months before, and we'd played a pretty healthy 40-minute set. We were all fucked up on coke and booze.



And Blag had this girl in the audience who kept grabbing his crotch. Now Blag is not one to deny a young lady her due, so he's shoving his crotch in her face. After a few minutes of this, she grabs the zipper of his black stretch pants, and undoes it and starts sucking his cock. And now Blag is thinking, "We're all really fucked up...Do I string this set out into some measure of mediocrity, or do I take this girl who's sucking my dick and end the set on a high note?" I think, in Blag's head, it became "I've got head, I'm outta here..." So he wrecks the drums, grabs this girl out of the crowd, takes her backstage, then out to the back. There's this carload of Dwarves fans out back, who want Blag to come party with them. So Blag says, "Okay, but take me back to my hotel first, so I can screw this girl." So they took off, and Blag's in the backseat of this car, getting head, while the people in the front are videotaping it. The next day, that footage was on the internet. Footage of that girl's face in Blag's crotch...

**TG:** So yeah, the internet has been a useful publicity tool, basically. **Word of mouth!**

**VM:** Yeah, so to speak...

After studying these stories over and over, a vision forms in my mind of two sides squared off in a static-charged stalemate. On one side the band, still dripping sweat onto the dusty blacktop from their blistering but cursory set. On the other side the fans, jittery with eager and unspent aggression. Is it possible that this desire to go *mano-a-mano* with the band is merely an extreme form of fan worship? The ultimate tribute may be an Ultimate Fighting Championship between the Dwarves and their fans. The Dwarves get in a lot of fights in Texas, for instance. And yet nowhere are they as rabidly loved by their fans. This defies coincidence.

At times, it is difficult to understand the Dwarves' seemingly endless capacity for shitting away potential. They seem, in the course of their long and sordid career, to have actively shunned success. Where does all this refusal get you? As a band philosophy it seems shortsighted, but without their misbehavior, violence, debauchery, and substance abuse they wouldn't really be the *Dwarves*. I can't say if something like this would work for a band starting out today. As a strategy to gain commercial success, it seems a bit flawed. But it has made the Dwarves a bright spot among the drab detritus of the '80's punk rock scene. By evolving into the '90's, and beyond, they become the Once and Future Dwarves. May they live long and strong. ⊕

