

In Sacramento there was an eerie recreation of the tales The Obsessed told in L.A. as Joey of Acid King went onstage despite having a bad case of the runs. But like any good rock soldier, he played the set and even managed to eat a big sandwich afterwards. Stuart (aka Silk Screen Master) replaced me in Sac and took full advantage of the club's golf cart. After the show he carried amps and drum cases.

San Francisco was definitely THE epic, sold out, total destruction night! Three godlike bands with 3 Les Pauls onstage! RAWK!! The ghost of Rob Tyner was definitely in the house! The drummer for Redd Kross was also in the house and he presented Dale of the Melvins with a bag of peaches (It must be some kind of drummer thang). Some dork started yelling "Freebird" during a quiet moment in the Melvins' set. Ha Ha Ha, that was pretty original dumb fuck. Little did he know that Dale had been yelling the same thing a couple of nights earlier at a Skynyrd show at the Concord Pavilion. A ditzzy girl behind me commented how the Melvins sounded like Nirvana (Huh?). I think she had them confused with Stone Temple Pilots. After the show I carried amps and drum cases.

Alcohol consumption for the tour = only 6 or 7 beers of varying quality. Caffeine intake surpassed alcohol on this trip. On the way back to the van some pimply-faced teenagers called us fags.

Epilogue: Both Acid King and the Melvins have continued on that road to Rawk Glory. The Melvins hit the American highways for a month of destruction with L7 and then headed to Europe for another month to ear spank foreigners. Their 2nd corporate rock sellout (YAY!) album, *Stoner Witch*, was released and immediately knocked Boys II Men and Green Day from the top of the charts. Meanwhile, Acid King played shows with The Obsessed and Corrosion Of Conformity and, despite having fewer tattoos and less facial hair than those bands, still scorched the stage with their slaytanic fury. Me? Well, I'm still out and about pretending I'm a rock star. Got any amps and drum cases I can carry?



ACID KING at The Troubadour:
"You're in the jungle, baby!"