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Seventeen

March 1994

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On the road with **BLIND MELON**

Touring with a rock band is a lot like summer camp: no sleep, bad food, and good friends



Blind Melon's tour bus is a lot bigger than the Partridge Family's, complete with stereo, microwave, television, kitchen, and bunks that resemble coffins. I'm sitting next to Rogers Stevens and Christopher Thorn as they strum their guitars. "Las Vegas stinks," Christopher declares. We have just spent two days in the city of decadence and are now on our way to San Jose, California. Blind Melon is on tour, opening for Lenny Kravitz and supporting their debut album.

During the night we hit a truck stop. This place makes the school cafeteria seem like a four-star restaurant. Brad eats something unidentifiable while Christopher opts for the mashed potatoes. You can't go wrong with mashed potatoes.

The next morning we pull into San Jose and I'm amazed at the number of fans waiting to see Blind Melon. Shannon looks a little tired and tells me he can't wait until the tour is over. "We need to catch our lives up to an even flow," he says.

Going on the road with the band, it's obvious that touring is hard work. It's not glamorous and it's definitely not one long party. "We're not decadent, crazy guys," explains Christopher. "We're really boring." They might not be crazy, but boring? I don't think so. —Mel Tolz

Christopher Thorn enjoys a rare chance to order room service

Blind Melon has to stick together when they're on tour

Rogers Stevens eagerly abuses a pinball machine

Brad Smith recommends we have something simple

Shannon Hoon croons to a crowd of bee lovers in Las Vegas

Drummer Glen Graham isn't sure what's for lunch

