

Lines from p.10

we replied. The seasoned attendant grew serious as she waved her arm in the direction of the lot. We would have to narrow down our response, since the parking lot resembled a possible post-World War III America - smoke from many a fire blackened the horizon.

We began walking in the direction we thought free beer might be, passing a small contingency of KLUC personalities. They seemed amused that nobody in the small crowd knew what a "Chippewa" was.

My roommate yelled in passing, "it's an Indian!" and was greeted by one of the personalities with a sneer of superiority. DJs only seem to like people they can make fun of.

Still walking around the bowl, we finally saw the KLUC Boombox. "It's smaller than I thought it would be," my companion said. I nodded, wondering where the beer was.

As we climbed over the rope next to the Boombox, we entered a throng of people that quite possibly represented one-twentieth of the student population at UNLV.

"How many people do you think are here?" my roommate asked. "More than 50," I replied.

Finally entering the beer line, we waited about 20 minutes, and reached the head of the line, only to discover we needed to get stamps on our hands. It seemed like a lot of work for a free beer, and nei-

ther of us wanted to get back in the line, so we watched the band for a while.

"Gonna interview 'em?" my increasingly irritating roommate asked.

"Nah, I didn't get a press pass. They'd just think I was a Liquid Tree groupie," I said.

"They should be so lucky to have one," he said.

Typical of smaller acts, the band tended to talk a little too much between songs, but they seemed to at least know how to play instruments. Sure would have been nice to have a beer, though.

"I'm not getting back in that line, man."

Indeed, my roommate's mind-reading comment summed up my experience at the Silver Bowl that day. We turned and headed toward the car, hoping we wouldn't get mowed down.

As we drove off into the sunset (no, really, Tropicana is hell going west at 6:00), I apologized to my roommate for bringing him along.

"It would have been cooler if you talked to the band."

It sure would have.

I still don't know who won the game.

THE REBEL YELL
Sour Pop from p.9

"They don't do anything to us now, 'cause we haven't been there in a long time. And we don't miss them," he said. A concert schedule which

includes only travel time might make a mere mortal run away in fright, but not The Cranberries.

Said Hogan: "Up until about six weeks ago we spent

six months touring. You just sleep on the bus, that big sleeper bus." Asked about the Huntridge date in Las Vegas on Sept. 29, Hogan replied, "Yeah. It'll be great."

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