

# Tripping Daisy ruled Vegas on Halloween

BY ARIEL  
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**TRIPPING DAISY RULE!!!** That is the only thing that can be said to describe their performance at Favorites Halloween night. Another good word is "Wow." Creedle and local band Mindfield also played, building up the excitement for the Dallas band. It was just an incredible evening!

Mindfield opened the show mixing some much-appreciated Beatles songs with their originals. Their three vocalists took turns singing the tracks that specifically fit their ranges. Keeping with the spirit of the holiday, guitarist/vocalist Tony Fredinelli dressed in drag, and he was even pretty. Well, he certainly has the hair for it.

Next was San Diego's Creedle. We're still trying to figure out what "Creedle" is. Their name is as difficult to define as their sound. The

audience was taken from hard noise to jazz and even surf music. The one definite statement that can be made is that they were really, really loud. And they could sure spell, too. That's s-p-e-l-l. We were treated to a song featuring the three Vegas deities Mark Slaughter, Andre Agassi, and Dino. Then, of course, they spelled each name. It was just too much fun!

Finally, Tripping Daisy (not Daisies!) came out to take over the stage and the building. They spread a white sheet over the back wall that featured their visual show. Each song was accompanied

Their visual tech never got a chance to breathe. The whole thing was totally spectacular. The band was great on their own, but with the addition of the film and slides the show became completely captivating.

The audience was pulled into

the show by vocalist Tim DeLaughter whose energy level was unmatched. His opening statement to Las Vegas was "we're dressed as compulsive gamblers. We've lost all our money." His keyphrase is "bet on red 22." Unfortunately, 22 is actually black, but that's okay. In Tim's world it's red and that's all that matters. They covered most of the songs on their album *Bill* and added in a few extra.

A high point came when DeLaughter announced that the next song was about "premature ejaculation and she still loves me." He then went into "One Through Four" which features the exclamation "Surprise." As an en-

core they played the 60's

"Green Tambourine" which had a little bit more guitar than the original and was still awesome.

Tripping Daisy are surely the best new band to explode on the "scene" in a long time. They are more than just another band. They are creative and willing to go all out to make everyone have a good time. The turn out was weak and that's a major sin! Hopefully, Tripping Daisy will return soon for another crack at Las Vegas. When they do, ya'll (that's Texan for you) better go experi-



ence them. They're just too incredible for words!

All Photos by Tyson Ho Hau Rebel Yell

## The Zoo is full! Part 3

Nobody should have to pay to stay in the dorms at UNLV, for any period of time.

What do you get? First and foremost, you get a residential housing administration that responds to complaints with, "Do you attend the floor meetings?" Do I attend the floor meetings?

Let's get this straight. Not only do you get the honor and privilege of paying through your nose, but also the honor and privilege of attending meetings and aiding those who are on the university payroll in finding solutions to the problems that face the dorms? Can that be right? Aren't you actually a customer paying for a product you have a right to demand delivery of; the product being a safe, quiet, clean place to live which the university has agreed to provide you?

If your car has problems that are the fault of the manufacturer, are you obligated to help the manufac-

turer find a solution and fix the problem?

I know about as much about brake lines as I do about child psychology and raising other people's children. I don't feel at fault here. I didn't ask for neighbors.

Are you really obligated to attend self-help groups for adolescents away from home? Isn't it a little "cultish" for Residential Life to tell you where you should be? Can they be thrown off campus for this behavior?

I'm not saying Residential Life has an obligation to raise other people's children, but I only signed a contract to inhabit this space, not attend floor meetings and discuss why Johnny can't make it to the bathroom to vomit, or Janey can't make it to the bathroom to urinate.

I had no idea this was a university filled with so many students with bladder-control problems. "Depends" in the bookstore, anyone?

Move out, you say? That's funny. I wish I could.

Thumbing through my residential life contract, I

see the contract is for a full academic year, with almost no loopholes. I hesitate to reveal those I have found in public, since they may prove necessary in the future.

I could get married, develop a food allergy, declare bankruptcy, withdraw, or graduate.

None of those are imminent in this academic year.

"The university agrees to assist residents with cleaning services for hallways..."

A vacuum hasn't touched my hallway for over a week. I know, because all the feces on the floor would be gone if it did, and most of that trash piled up against the wall at the end of the corridor wouldn't be there.

Let's not even mention the drugs, although if I were a businessman I would definitely concentrate on the South complex.

And the police don't walk through the dorms unless they're called. This may seem a minor point, but perhaps random police walk-

throughs could have prevented the first floor of Rodman being blanket-charged for the destruction of a couch in the lounge.

You bet, the contract states everyone is liable for destruction if nobody confesses or the responsible(?) parties can't be fingered. I sure hope nobody throws a chair through the TV in our lounge. I'm already broke.

And what about those cigarette lighter burn marks that keep multiplying in the elevators? Isn't that attempted arson? Apparently I'm the only person who sees it that way. Everyone I talk to thinks it's an exaggeration. From what I've seen on the news, buildings do burn down in this town with some degree of frequency.

In fact, from observing the physical condition of the dorms, and from just reading the contract it is evident the administration has no responsibility to pro-

vide the students with anything. Be glad you've got a bed in your room.

So, as I down this bottle of Jack Daniel's and wipe a booger on the wall, I wonder why I chose the dorms.

I chose the dorms because I thought it would be a good way to get settled into the area and meet some people.

Can't wait until next semester.

### The Bullhorn by Jim Wilson (America's most irrelevant columnist)

The Bullhorn  
America's  
most  
irrelevant  
column  
will make  
you think.