



The Ring-tum Phi

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Fancy Dress 1982: Night Of Elegance

by John Wells

Who cares if they went over budget? The SAB turned out what many consider to be the best Fancy Dress in memory, and that's what counts.

The great success of the ball was due largely to its relocation in Warner Center — a move which also contributed to the cost overruns. But it was truly an elegant, swellegant party.

Things started rolling Thursday night when Cameron Hall was filled with spectators to see Atlanta Rhythm Section get down. ARS isn't a very attractive group, but it performed dutifully in the face of a typically apathetic W&L audience response.

The real fun that night was at Zollman's Pavillion, where brews were hoisted to the tunes of Johnny Sportcoat and the Casuals, who wowed the crowd with their usual finesse. Fortunately, the pavillion was not as mobbed as it tends to be on these occasions.

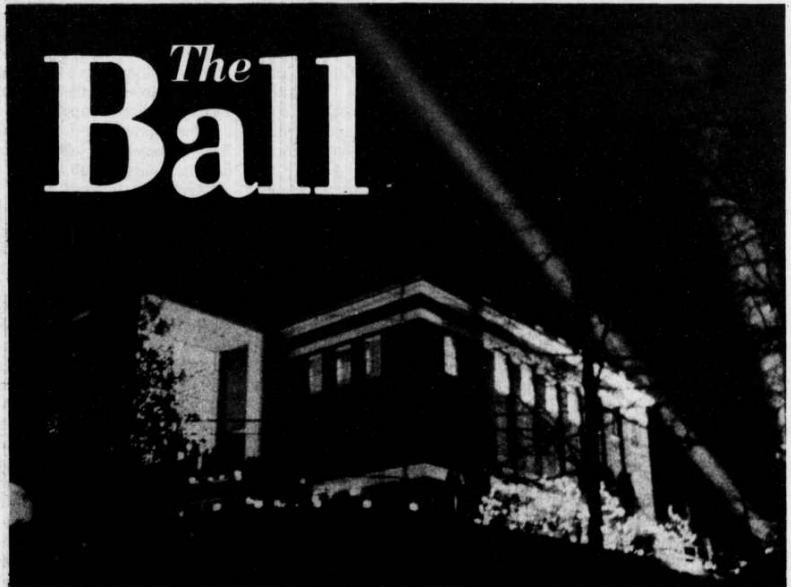
The ball was tremendous. Those who parked in the vicinity of the old train station were treated to a fine view of Warner gym, glittering with lights and framed by the giant shafts of lunar light that rivaled any Hollywood premiere.

Coat-checking was orderly

and swift; faculty folks had cocktails at Lee House beforehand and a tiny room was set up on the 300 level of the gym for members of the SAB, E.C. Calyx and Ring-tum Phi staffs. Peons not falling into any of those categories presumably stashed flasks or relied on tapped beer which flowed ceaselessly.

The Diamond Jubilee ballroom was dreamy: black and white, sparkling white trees, beautiful lighting and gloriously-lit balloons hung in luminescent bunches like glowing pearly grapes. Lester Lanin and his orchestra were at their finest, with some delightful vocals from various band members. Unfortunately the band did tend to play some tunes over and over ("In the Mood," "New York, New York," and "Tomorrow" from "Annie" come to mind) and seemed to think minks like to boogie down to the emotional strains of "Dixie." Most people probably didn't care, anyway.

The *Champs d'Elysees* was fun if only as a place to pause to take in the splendid view of the merry-making below. The Las Vegas-Roaring Twenties-Monte Carlo room was hot and crowded, and some partygoers who didn't go in may have missed a



great band, Eight to the Bar, which also performed at SAE the following night.

Doremus Gym — site of most previous Fancy Dresses until the Student Center came along — was hung with a silvery tent and banners proclaiming past F.D. themes. The room was also hot, but never so much as when Skip Castro lit up the stage at 12 for "Boogie at Midnight" and the crowd went wild. Skip was in excellent form, strutting the stage and roaming through the audience. Great

lighting. Anyone who wasn't interested could glide along with Lester for the remaining time.

And it really went by too fast.

Young belles from near and far swept along in their dresses, which ranged from antebellum hoops to current Princess Di-inspired ruffled taffeta in shades of white, pink and light blue. The men were quite dignified-looking, some of them in pretentious tails which were stunning until you looked close and saw that the shirt and tie material resembled the cloth

they use in those big rolls of bathroom hand-drying dispensers. There were a few nauseating tie-and-cumberbund combos (the pink and green had to go) and a pair of red pants advertising a favorite soft drink.

It was less crowded than the Student Center used to be, although not much cooler (better access to outdoors) and less liquid appeared to be spilled on the floor, although that didn't prevent some from sliding all over the place and eating tile. I don't think they cared, either.

