Parting Shots

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In the wake of Senior Weekend and the Senior Ball, I feel it is necessary to address the sentiments of many soon-to-be graduates in appraisal of the events. Being a for- mer event planner myself from the Campus Activities Board, I know all too well the difficulties in setting up a quality occasion in the interest of appeasing everyone in- volved. As I've mentioned before, I believe that the pre and post Ball parties say a lot about the inadequacy of school-sponsored events.

The Ball itself had several glaring conceptual flaws. The first issue that was raised was that students were disappointed with the food. Even with the services rendered by the school. For $30, each senior was entitled to enter the pub last Friday night to purchase his or her own beers or wine coolers at the usual pub price of $1.30. A cash bar was also available the night of the ball. Since approximately $7 out of the $30 senior ticket for the meal is for the ballroom itself, I have no idea what all the money goes to. The DJ that played the ball (we'll get to that shyster later) could not have cost enough to cover the ticket income, nor could the rather meager snacks laid out by the caterers pay for the much more expensive DJ service.

I’ve heard some people say that the Hogan Ballroom was expensive to rent, a concept that completely baffles me. How in the sweet tap-dancing Christ are we expected to pay for the right to rent a building that already on campus? Does not our gloriously high tuition assume any of the cost as a rule? How can classes sponsor dances in the Hogan ballroom without charging exorbitant costs for tickets? Furthermore, are we as students not allowed to secure rooms for club meetings in Hogan? Why now? This year, I know that I would not be in attendance. It’s common knowledge that most seniors tire off to dances at least an hour into them. Since there is a bevy of pre-dance parties that have variously been a free beer and a free shot from the floor, this suggestion now and infuriated me at the time was the fact that the bar closed at midnight. Explain to me how the pub closes at 12:30 p.m. every Tuesday night, yet on a night dedicated to seniors, especially a good one at that, it closes a half hour earlier than usual, much less a bit later? The decision to shut off the taps nearly caused a riot at the abrupt last call. Students were reduced to hand wringing and pleading with the bartenders (or beer dispensers, if you will) for one last cup of malted goodness. Everyone was267 in the corner of the bar up an hour could have prevented all of this. It was sheer, sheer lunacy.

The lack of booze was exacerbated by the musical offerings of the DJ, who apparently ran a Thursday Sunrise brunch instead of movie critic once again. Ebert and Roeper have no idea the kind of competition they’re going to face. The DJ, with a select few songs and an obvious bias towards the cheesy music of the 80s, had the patients and students dancing bump-and-grind straight out of Cancun club music that assaulted the ears of those assembled. Sure, variety is the spice of life, but the only reason people were dancing was they were drunk. In an attempt to achieve some level of alcohol that had the DJ asked to dumb down their music, a handful of slow songs hardly made up for the majority of the music played. Whoever chose those songs should be ashamed.

As I said before, the best part of the night were the pre and post Ball parties. These little gatherings had everything the school-sponsored event lacked: good booze, food, music, and fun. There was a reason so many people attended these parties, an attempt to shake off the disappointment of the Ball. I’ll get into that in a bit. The basic rule to the party said, “The administration as it is a cry for better formal parties altogether. For seniors, our...”

Keep up the great work, I know you’ll somehow manage to steer this publication out of the nostril of mediocrity. I mean, maybe you’ll make the administration as it is a cry for better formal parties altogether. For seniors, our...