



Keeley to the rescue! Katrillion's Music know-it-all (read: editor) sensed my apprehension on the last one--we share an office, so we're telepathic. Luckily, she pulled this winner off the rack to distract the girls from the fringed purple people eater.



Marianne smells potential in this one and agrees to try it on. I'm *all* about it since it's a Baby Houseman rip off from *Dirty Dancing*. I can picture myself doing "the lift" with Johnny just as Marianne twirls out of the dressing room. *She's* all about it the minute she hears the crabby church lady who's running the joint say, "It's vulgar and it belongs out in Hollywood--where everyone runs around with their braziers hanging out." Sold.



Somehow when your grandmother wears it, it kind of looks like plastic junk from 1973--because that's what it is. Pay 25 cents for it at a funky little shack that smells like mothballs, and suddenly you rediscover its true beauty--schlock appeal--whatever. It wouldn't be the prom without accessories so dig in, ladies.