Holy Camp-Out! For Friday With DJ James Bond

By BARI WATKINS

Marvel Comic Books are Camp. Girl Scout Cookies are Camp. The Rice basketball team is even more Camp now that it has won a game. Ray Needham is definitely not Camp. But the usually sedate Student Center Board’s Camp-Out on March 4 will probably be the nadir of it all.

The party, to be held — of course — at the Junior League Tea Room, will necessitate an initial outlay of $3.00 per couple, and will offer free refreshments and KILT’s emminently Camp James Bond.

Rice Band

“But what,” cries a befuddled freshman S-E, “is Camp?”

“Well, Virginia,” replies a learned sage, “Camp is that which is epitomized by the Rice Band. It is something so sincerely bad that one’s heart goes out to it. Something that has obviously made an effort to reduce itself to beautiful absurdity. Camp, my child, is a thing of beauty and a joy unto itself.”

There are, to be sure, criteria that a truly Camp object must conform to. Every Tom, Dick, and Alfred cannot, after all, intuitively understand the more subtle ramifications of such a precise and exacting discipline. With this in mind, those denizens of the SCB, Mike Karchmer, Lili Milani, and Shirley Revis, have set up certain guidelines for the novice.

Perverted Batman

To be really Camp, a thing must be genuine. The old Batman series is Camp because it was intended to be taken seriously. The new Batman is a perversion because it is trying to be Camp.

It must also awaken a twinge of nostalgia. If a tree falls in a forest and no one remembers, does anyone care? If a person never loved the Green Phantom,