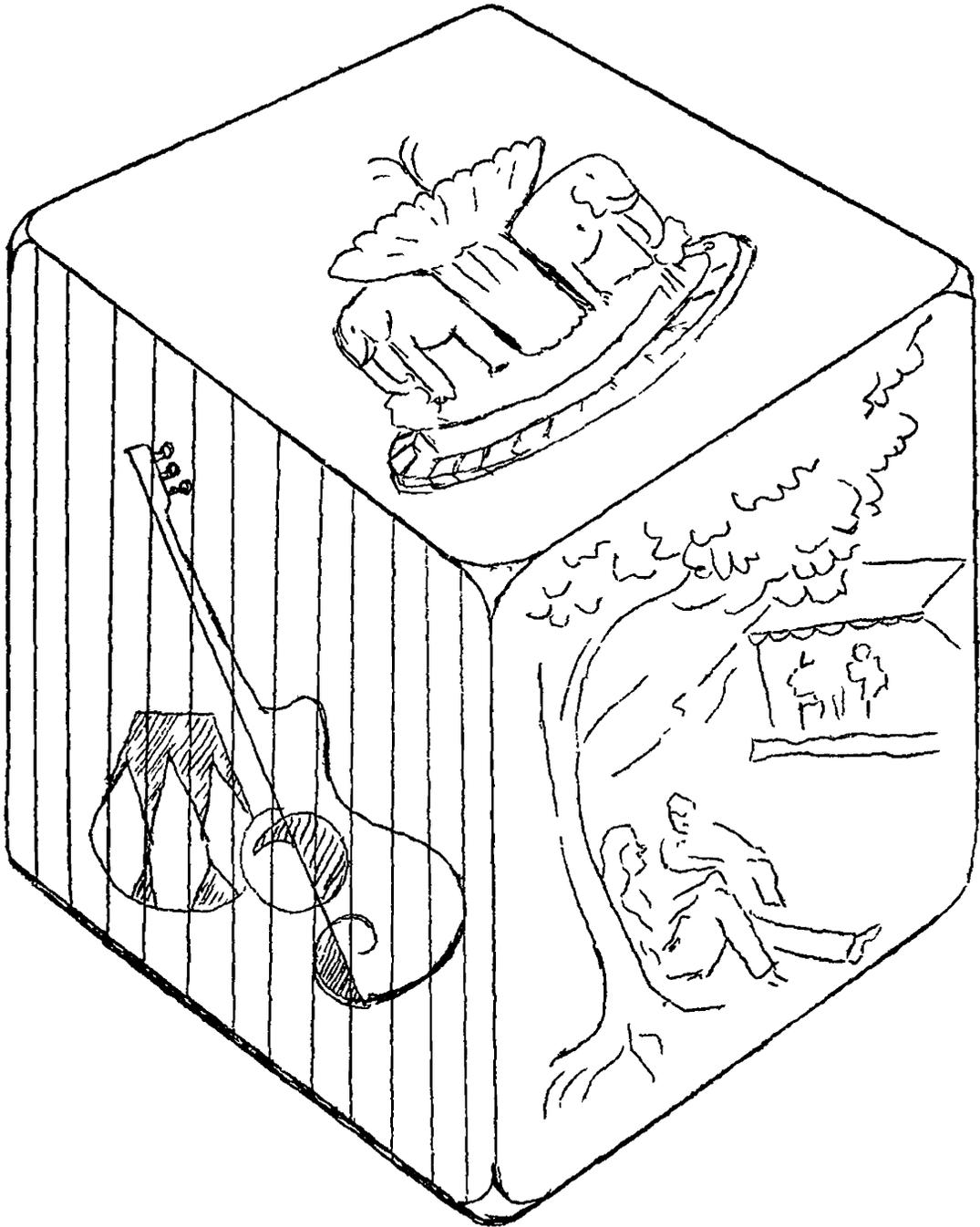


Campastimes



MG ACTS 3&4

JAIN

7:30 AM. : The air is cool and the morning still. In the hostels, there is now a steady trickle of breakfasters into the mess. Mrs. Indiresan relaxes in the portico of her house, her newspaper spread out in front of her, sipping hot coffee. Shantikunj and HSB wait in hushed anticipation. MG 84, the little babe born on Tuesday is still asleep, thumb in mouth, dreaming of her first two days. The old clock in the mess, invariably fast, now reads 8:30. The coordinators who for the past halfhour have thought of nothing else, steel themselves and take the plunge in motor cycle scooters and cycles. 9 AM. : Small groups of idle spectators relax to take in the colourful scenery. MG 84 is awake to another day. As she is being suckled, smiling, she takes a fresh look at the world - the Third and Fourth Days.

TINTORRETTO

Ethiraj : Nnnnoooo Yyyesssy.h ... No!No!!

CEG : Is the character dead ? ... Also.

Co-ordinator A.N. Prasad : OK. Does anyone want late meals ?
..... O.K. don't get excited OK..... OK OK ..

What with all the teams highly excited, the event never rose to any high standard. Occasionally, the questioning was illogical and often, crass - "Male?" "NO." - then "Female?". Some of the real life characters chosen were ... (Andhra's naked saint), Irona (Rich robot) and Gen. Dyer. The competition had a new dimension in using photographs - one of them, a nude. Participants established an easy camaraderie with the audience and exchanged rockets at regular intervals. The coordinator is indebted to Ethiraj for enlivening the show with their jumps and squeals.

Results : First - IITM, Second - St. Josephs College of Arts and Science.



HOOLIGANISM

This competition was also euphemistically called guessword. The best thing about that event is that it is over. True, the compere was nervous and inexperienced, but this is no reason to blame all his announcing, and all the participants then on smoking. Joe was asked to vanish from the scheduled OLT, he had the cheek and the cigarettes to return twice with the same foul-mouthed connections. Where are the security people? And how did all the ruffians around happen to assemble in one particular place in one particular event? It is a real pity that a Sashikumar was not around to put this audience in the right place, that is behind bars.

The competition itself was very brisk from the beginning, few words coming the way of the audience. The end was as thrilling as an IIT'ian could hope it to have been. Scoring well initially, the IIT teams A and B were neck to neck with the WCCs and Loyola. Thence only the WCCs and IIT B performed well, veterans Joy Thomas and Vainar having inexplicably gone into the doldrums. However, at the very end they underwent a marvellous recovery that warmed the cockles of every IIT'ians' heart, sharing an honourable second place with WCC(A) at 43 points, 3 behind WCC(B), the winners. The performance of the WCC teams was very commendable.





Viveka amply demonstrated their atrocious sense of direction and also that "East is East, and West is west", in their composition " East meets West". They have evidently mistaken Santai Kunj for Greenwich.

We were about to call the SPCA on hearing excruciatingly painful howls of what we thought to be an alsatian being strangled, but it turned out to be the background for one of the Viveka numbers. Thank God it remained in the background .

Guindy Engg., and mike adjustments seemed to have gone in about the same time , for one could hear the unearthly sound the mike usually makes before it is toned down, Only when their flautist stopped to taka a breath we knew what was what. Their " Pryanāngal" in the music world have clearly led them astray. Only a kutti gang of scraggy Tharamani kids yelled their heads off cheering for the singer who to them appeared like Mohan the actor, when he actually he looked like Mohan's photographic negative.

AFMC Pune seems to have got their seasons mixed up. Singing Christmas carols in Indian light isn't exactly the stamp of authenticity on their knowledge of the earth's movements. Stella Maris' " Dil Thad Thadaal." made our hearts go thadaal thadaal.

DEBATE

The event was one big farce- dramatics and gesticulations ruled the roost. The six finalists were paired and given a topic per pair. Five minutes for each speaker and then 3 minutes for haggling with ~~the~~ heckling at opponent's questions. The audience was given 3 minutes to question and rocket both speakers.

The topics : i) ' Are cultural festivals like MG justified?' ii) ' India imports Benz cars and exports engineers

-- Our export and import policy needs to be reexamined'
iii) Our attempts to ape the best making monkeys of us!
Anitha (Stella) kept sending " a wave of shock-waves"
thro' the audience as she discussed western influence on
India. Srinivass' (Loyola) prepared speech was easily
the best. Sujatha (LSR) seemed to have her "eco-fundas"
straight and was adroit at handling all questions put
to her -- a quick wit brought her the first place
deservingly.

Results : 1st - Sujatha Venkatraman (LSR)- Topic 2
2nd - Srilatha (LSR) - Topic 1
3rd - Srinivas (Loyola()) - Topic 2

DRAMATICS I

With touching faith in MG punctuality, the audience
began arriving at 7:30 (and continued to come and go for t
the next 4 hours). The judges rolled in soon after and
the event began less than an hour late.

BMS B'lore (A fishy Business) showed remarkable
anticipation. Unhampered by tumblers not containing
gin and tonic or not containing Sherry (whoever she may be)
and talking boiled salmon disguised as egg sandwiches in
their stride, the actors spoke before their cues, heard
door bells before they rang and left the stage before
the boeing started. Felicity was convincingly stoned.
Perhaps the rest of the cast should have been, too.
(Stoned that is)

Last t year, LSR was slick and professional. This
year the only thing about them was their refusal to trust o
our mikes. Fumbling cues and muffing lines, then stumbled
through a mercifully brief play (The incident) with
creditable aplomb. Despite its defects, the play was
definitely way above what preceeded it and among the
best of the night.

There used to be a good though slightly stale play
called the Dock Brief. Tonight, IITa tried to act it.
Its mangled remains, along with those will be
the salmon, and the horse with the broken horn, will be
interred at dawn under GC. No flowers please.

MCC B'lore seems to be very strong contender
for the rotating playwright award.

---JANTICS

This proved to be a major crowd puller. you could get lost in the crowd as much as in the rules. The tune of war reminded one of the old storm in a teacup-action and action and nothing happening.

Jolly old Rover could have done a better job hauling beach balls from one end to the other, (the only hassle is that after she hauling, it will sit up and beg.)

Editors:-

Srivani
339 Ganga

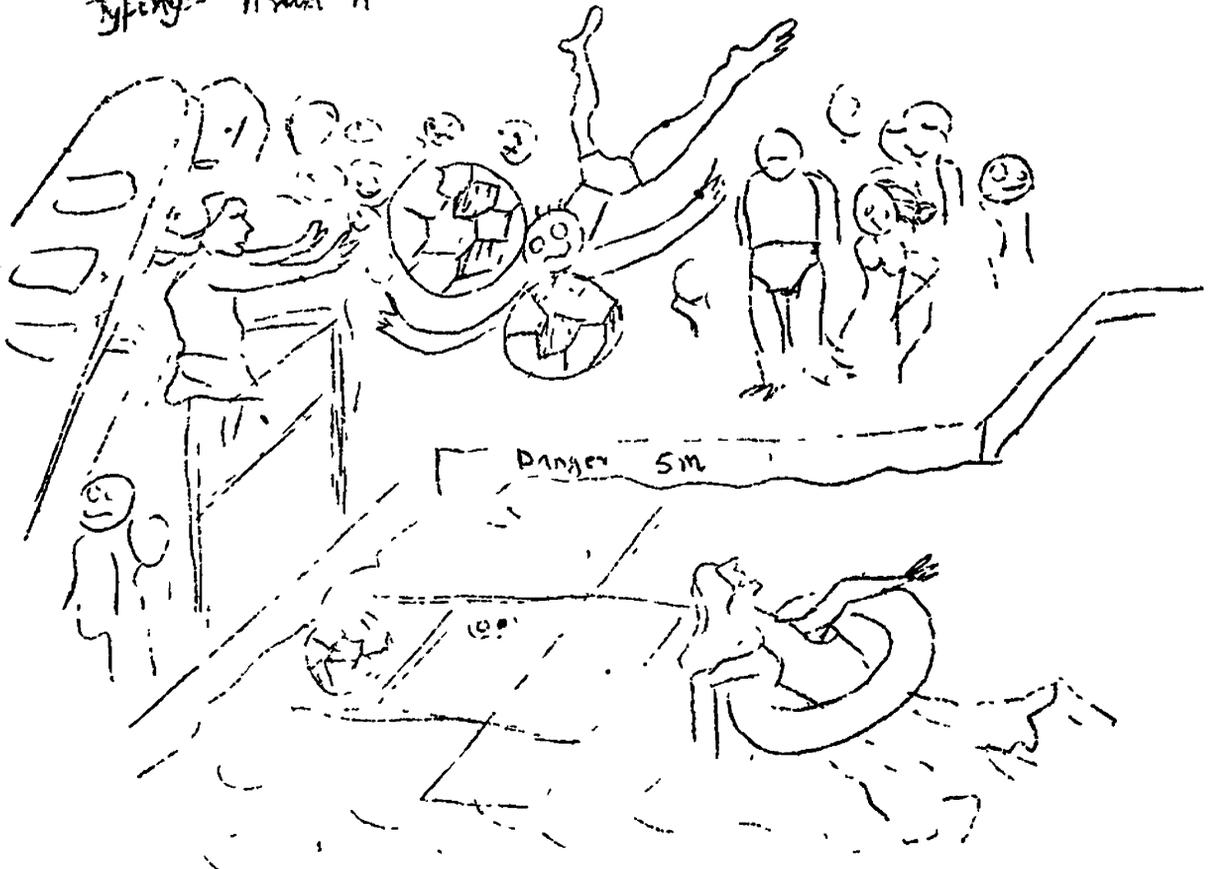
Sneha
104 Narmada

Kumar
307 Saras

Art:- Rafiq

Typing:- Anu A

and Kannan Sudesh



Aquabatics