



Stephen Baird may be the only performer who takes pictures of his audience.



Sergeant Pepperoni's One-Man Band kept the skaters happy on Wednesday night.

Wrack 'n Roll
by Alex Party

Our apologies, folks. *Wrack 'n Roll* will return la semaine prochaine with a double whammy

Baird and Pepperoni certainly do entertain

Jammin' with Stephen Baird

By LORNA PITCHER

If you eat on campus, chances are you've seen Stephen Baird doing his thing. Stephen is a street singer from Boston who has been hired by the Winter Carnival Committee to entertain students this week, and has been travelling over campus and giving concerts (for lack of a better word) wherever people gather. He plays guitar, dulcimer, autoharp, kazoo, tambourine, and some strange little pronged instrument I didn't quite catch the name of.

Sometimes he plays more than one thing at a time; the specialist at that feat, however, is also on campus this week - a tall, smiley guy named Sergeant Pepperoni.

Baird started his tour (ramble?) of the campus with a session in the SUB Coffee Shop, where he invited anyone who could play or sing anything to join him. I may be a lousy singer, and an amateur guitar player, but I had a fine time jamming with Stephen. He immediately had everyone interested in the music and many people attracted to his sunny grin and quiet friendliness. He's just freaky enough to fit in well at the SUB, too.

He's the only performer I've ever seen who takes pictures of his

audience and then carries several albums of the photos with him. He loves the people who stop to listen and join in, which is perhaps why so many people love him too. Certainly he made many students' Monday (Tuesday, Wednesday...) a bit more enjoyable.

Let's encourage future Carni Committees to hire Stephen Baird and other touring folk singers, folks. (If you haven't caught his act by now - look for him!)

And Sergeant Pepperoni, we love you too - even if you do give us gas...

Pepperoni spicy

By TOM BEST

Sergeant Pepperoni, otherwise known as that-guy-up-at-the-SUB-who-plays-everything-at-once, does almost that. The only thing he doesn't play while making noises with up to seven instruments at once is an ARP synthesizer - probably because he would trip over the extension cord!

His various inventions include a guttub and a sousaflush (not defined in Webster's). Paul Cole, his real name, has been around for a long time and much of his experience has occurred in and

around Boston. His beautiful voice and mastery of so many instruments makes hearing him play an experience. His style is basically simple, and extremely enjoyable.

His official name is Sergeant Pepperoni's One-Man Band and he is just that - a multi-instrument band all rolled, folded and stapled up into one. Don't miss him. His repertoire goes from "North Atlantic Squadron" (which I really enjoyed) to Yankee Doodle. So far this week I've seen him at the Social Club, in the Blue Lounge (where he knocked 'em dead) and at Buchanan Field during the skating party Wednesday night. So there's a good chance that you'll have an opportunity to see him, all five of him.

Danielle Thibeault reviews

Airport '75: suspensefully entertaining

I saw *Airport '75* and I was truly entertained. Now where this might satisfy the run-of-the-mill movie-reviewer, it makes my task incredibly difficult. How to go about unfolding a tantalizing account of the salient features of a most entertaining movie without ruining the suspense for the prospective viewer?

Well I could tell you how it compares to the original production of Arthur Hailey's novel but if you haven't seen "Airport" or even read the book, that approach would be of no use to you. So I'm simply going to describe it as I saw it and you can take it from there.

Needless to say, it's about a disaster (they are pretty well in fashion these days) and it's based somewhat on the original "Airport" movie and novel. In fact, it still includes George Kennedy (in the role of Joe Petroni) and a plane (from Columbia Airlines) with a hole (in the cockpit this time).

The disaster is set off by the crashing of a small biplane into the cockpit of the Red Eye Special (a 747) en route to L.A. Both planes had been detoured to Salt Lake City because of weather conditions when the pilot of the biplane (portrayed by Dana Andrews) suffered a heart attack causing his vehicle to spin out of control with the expected result.

The engineer is killed on impact, the co-pilot (Roy Thinnes) is forced out of the cockpit by the sudden gust of pressure and the chief pilot (Efrem Zimbalist Jr.) blacks out from the pain of severe cuts and bruises, shortly after putting the plane on automatic pilot.

The head stewardess (admirably portrayed by Karen Black) finds herself in charge of flying the plane out of rocky terrain and keeping it stable while rescue is being devised and carried out. She does this under the supervision of the Chief Instructor (Charleton Hes-

ton) of course, and I don't think I'll surprise anyone if I say that most of the passengers make it through okay. The way they go about it though is what you have got to see.

The cast of characters is almost interminable but it includes a well diversified bunch of passengers that deserve mention. Among them you'll find stars like Gloria Swanson (as herself), Mirna Loy as a "boiler-maker" - drinking old lady Sid Ceasar as her pestering neighbour, Susan Clark as Mrs. Petroni, Helen Reddy as a singing nun and of course Linda Blair a sick child being flown to L.A. for a kidney transplant.

The dialogue is a mixture of the routine disaster-type mumbo-jumbo of screams, hysterical comments on the part of the passengers and redundant pseudo-soothing statements from the well-meaning stewardesses. The only one with any hint of character incorporated into her script is

Nancy (Karen Black) and she pulls it off rather well amidst a rather sluggish tempo of events.

I'm not saying that it's not suspenseful but that there are a few disconcerting lags and that cuts away from the whole. It still manages to be a pretty exciting movie though and Karen Black certainly helps in making the plot a bit more credible by not pulling off a superwoman-type of character portrayal.

Charleton Heston comes across as too cool in his portrayal of the Chief Instructor who must direct his girlfriend Nancy through the tumultuous terrain and falls flat on his face in the process. It is thankful that he is offset by the down-to-earth round George Kennedy who just gets you right there when he manages to talk briefly with his wife during the crisis.

One last thing I must mention, is the photography. The scenery is breathtaking to say the least and

the photography is skillfully performed and tastefully presented. The impression of awe that still overtakes me everytime I see a jumbo jet whizzing by is so well portrayed in this movie. And the big silver eagle in the sky retains to the very solemn majesty that have prompted the artists to associate it with its feathered companion.

All in all, it's an entertaining movie for the suspense and the photography involved. It doesn't involve any outstanding performances apart from Ms. Black, and it's at times just like any other disaster movie, a bit sluggish and shallow. But it's worth the trouble and the money. I doubt you would consider "Airport '75" a waste of either.

