

Perspectives Page

EDITORIAL

We'll Be Back

I was going to entitle this work, "Whad Ya Think?," a reference to the opinion you might express concerning the nine, Fall of '76, issues of this "Capitol Campus Reader."

I've changed my mind, but have still confined myself to the three word title format (contractions do not count), an unwritten rule I agreed seemed appropriate. Not only did I change my mind, but I also had to stop and think, "What possessed me to permit that question contemplation?"

You see, I don't care what you think. Everyone has an opinion, and they're all ridiculous. Opinions don't concern me; work does. A newspaper is not put together by pompous declarations after the fact. This paper is put together by our limited staff. Limited in the sense of numbers that is. It's true, many names appear on the masthead, but they don't all continuously contribute. And who am I to deny someone that prestigious position, Staff Writer.

We don't claim to be the "New York Times." We don't get paid, and our paper is not for sale. It is distributed free of charge on Thursday afternoons at about 1:30 p.m. By the next Monday or Tuesday almost all of the copies are gone. This is an indication, presumably, it's being read. I say presumably because those opinions everyone has, they seem to keep to themselves. I'm not contradicting myself. I'd like to hear your opinions, I just won't listen to them.

I'd like to think you've read the news or interviews, or album/movie reviews, or read the comics, or checked the weather, or read the classifieds, or read the installment type mystery/entertainment stories, or pondered a few seconds on the Notable Quotes, or enjoyed the insane captions under photographs, or frequented the business establishments who advertise, or understood the double entendre with the "Hot Loin" sketch, or saw a spark of beauty in the, otherwise drab, building reproduced always on top of page one, or liked the "Perspectives Page" logo and idea, for that page is supplied for you if you've anything to say, or noticed that "Hebrew Proverb" in one of the issues, those spontaneous ditties usually surface during the early Thursday morning hours, maybe around three on to four o'clock..., there's more, I can't include everything.

Well if you don't read the paper, you are not pleased. I'll not worry, in the least, over my December vacation. The Reader is well aware of the unresponsiveness within this campus. We even put the photograph of a nude girl in one issue. No reaction.

Next term we'll try to see exactly how much it takes to get some response here. We know you are out there. If a rabbit has to be pulled out of a hat, it will.

Have a vacation.

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The Capitol Campus Reader is the school newspaper of Penn State's Capitol Campus. It is published by the students who attend this school. We of the Reader Staff try to accurately represent the voice of the students, and keep them informed as to current events and relevant issues. We are published on a weekly basis.

"Woody" Builds His Own

from page 1

The plane will weigh about 725 pounds empty, meeting the designers' gross weight specifications of 1050 pounds. The weight limitation insures the airplane will realize its published strength, and remain balanced when fully loaded.

The 180 H.P. Lycoming engine is three times what is necessary to fly the plane, which will cruise at 145 m.p.h. and top at 175 m.p.h.

According to Menear, the extra horsepower is needed for stunt flying, to compensate for the power used in turns, flips and dives.

Menear is an active member of the International Aerobatics Club (IAC) of the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA), whose regional offices are in Harrisburg and Fredericksburg, Pa.

The EAA encompasses the spirit of local and national plane makers and flyers, stressing safety through education to its members.

The organization, founded by Paul H. Poberezny, has been a fundamental part of the growth of private enterprise

since WWII when all private aircraft were prohibited due to the high number of accidents.

The EAA is concerned with the growing restrictions placed on private plane owners by the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), and is attempting to promote public understanding of the sport.

Menear's been interested in the sport since accompanying his father and brother in flight since he was two.

By the time he was sixteen, he had passed the written test, logged his 40 hours of cross-country flight time, and received his pilot's license from the FAA.

He graduated from Lower Dauphin High School in 1973, spent two years at Lebanon Valley College as a Psych-Philosophy major and then enrolled for two terms at HACC.

He is dissatisfied with formal education, and is striving for his bachelor's degree to meet the obligations of his chosen career-to-be, a professional airplane pilot.

"I've found," Menear says,

"you are not judged by what you know, but how well you are liked."

So, Menear attends classes, does the required work, and uses much of his free time in his workshop.

He estimates it will take 2000 man-hours to build the plane he hopes will be ready to fly by spring of '77.

He expects to enter regional aerobatic competition this summer and eventually to aspire to the U.S. Nationals in Texas.

Stunt flying involves performing certain maneuvers specified by a divisional breakdown, set up by the IAC.

The Sportsman Class involves basic maneuvers geared to the amateur, while the Advanced Class requires the same basics plus an optional routine. The Unlimited competitors perform basics, an optional routine, plus free or unknown routine the IAC distributes 24 hours before flying time.

All stunts must be flown within a 3300 foot by 200 foot box, within the altitudes of 1000

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Patti Smith, Joni Mitchell In Contrast Violent Or Calm Abstract Or Concrete

By Greg Hall

Joni Mitchell and Patti Smith. Two special ladies, and two poets of special merit. Unique talents who set out to create an aural art as potent as anything set to canvas. Patti and Joni: the fire of the sun and the serene of the moon; the violent Van Gogh and the placid Picasso; the insight of Dali's different moods through words and notes encribed in vinyl. Two stars, two masters of their respective forms.



Something about Patti Smith appeals to my alter-ego. Possibly it's the way she lives a fantasy most appealing to the poet in me: she has been granted the opportunity to read her poetry in an extension of her persona, on her own terms, to encase her words within the primitive essence of Rock Legacy and wet-dream promise. Full volume rock n' roll is the medium, and the medium is the message. She mounts her

pedestal of sound and rides the raw power howling poetry like the Queen Bitch of Rock.

She can be snake or worm, hot lead or liquid silver—depending on my mood. She can bleed her limited vocals to draw anger, snarls, screams, and heated lyrical chaos.

Radio Ethiopia, her second and latest album, finds the Patti Smith voice and her Group like storm clouds rubbing for a thunderclap. She quotes Nadja: "beauty will be convulsive or not at all," and the music fulfills this philosophy. Producer Jack Douglas, noted for his work with Aerosmith, places the Patti Smith Group among the best of the heavy metal genre, for he knows walls-of-sound are proper vehicle for Smith's surreal dreamscapes. Patti Smith, free-form, the new poet, the stranger, the nightmare visionary, the artist.

In contrast, Joni Mitchell the artist uses simple beautiful instrumentation to enhance the poetic tapestry woven by fragile voice and delicate phrasing of verse. Her music is the antithesis of Smith's, yet both work towards the same artistic ends. Mitchell's music is immediately accessible. She uses concrete suburban images mixed with upper-class ideals of style and poise. Detached, a creator, a sensitive victim, a fated persona, an interpreter of scenes: Joni Mitchell maintains

sophisticated quality in her poetry and music.

Ms. Mitchell's new album *Hejira*, as usual, blends high artistry with superb musical craftsmanship. Because she chooses never to fit into one mold or formula, the new songs, while stylistically departing from previous albums, are spellbinding and fresh. *Hejira* most often unites her voice and guitar with innovative jazz bassist Jaco Pastorius and minimal percussion.

Other songs are delicately laced with guitar leads by Crusader Larry Carlton or musically supplemented by various members of the L.A. Express. Oddly moving jazz-structured rhythms and repeated exotic chording combined with subdued small percussion create a mantra-like quality throughout the album, and make it hard to believe a simple congregation of instruments could produce such deep moody textures.

I will not attempt to judge who is the better poet between the two. Comparing Joni Mitchell to Patti Smith is quite an unfair comparison, much like comparing Ginsberg or Ferlinghetti to Wallace Stevens. Both albums stand on their own as artistic statements of their creators. Abstract or concrete, violent or calm: *Radio Ethiopia* and *Hejira* are two extremes of a shared vision of beauty as life as beauty.