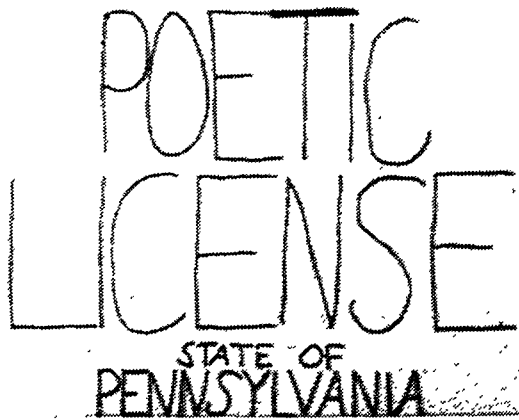


POETIC LICENSE

By Marc Woytowich



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You can imagine my surprise when I received my poetic license two weeks early in the mail. I heard that they stocked the Fairview gamelands with a variety of artists, and I was anxious to try out my new 30.06 on a fleet-footed poet.

Last year I did not use a rifle. Instead I tracked a writer all winter with a shakespeare, only to see him bagged by a shotgun blast before I could get close enough to "finish his verse" myself.

This year would be different. I brought along some bait that would lure even the most cagey bard into my sights. Whitman and Blake for a romantic quarry, Roethke and Dylan Thomas for a more contemporary prey. I also picked up a copy of "The Hunter's Anthology" to make sure I got my wordsworth.

Only two hours in the Elysian fields, and I spotted him. A poet! "Captain, oh captain!" I exclaimed to myself as I clicked off the safety. He definitely had that "contemporary" look, but something told me that he was a romantic at heart. And that's exactly where I wanted that first



slug to go. Using my hunch, I opened a book and called out: "Little lamb, who made thee?" I was right. The poet rose and continued the verse. "Dost thou know who made thee?" he called out in a melodious voice.

"No, but you're gonna find out in a minute." I thought to myself as I lowered the crosshairs to his chest. Innocence or not, I was gonna drop this fairy like a bowling ball on an anthill. I hoped my ammo would surpass my analogy as I squeezed the trigger on my 30.06.

Bang! It hit him like an inspiration, throwing his body backwards with the lead slug exploding in his chest. A perfect shot, and just in time to punctuate his last line. "Tyger tyger

burning bright!" I yelled as I ran towards the fallen bard.

When I reached him I couldn't help being impressed by the size of my kill. He was quite a longfellow, at least six foot. He'd weigh a solid one-sixty, before he's "dressed" that is.

Before I tagged him, I checked his reading material. Just as I thought, a four-point Blake. His rack would be a proud display next to the Impressionist I bagged in last year's Water Color Derby. I sang a sweet sonnet as I dragged the corpse to my car.

I lifted him to the hood and paused for a victory photo before I tied him down. Yep, there's more meat to a poet than just eating his words. Food for thought, you could say.



Music Review—David Bowie

It's been twelve years since David Bowie laid down the tracks for his first LP, "Images 1966-1967." Since then he has scored a number of firsts, among them his public admission of bisexuality, and, along with Alice Cooper and Lou Reed, he was one of the original pioneers of glitter rock. David Bowie has also crossed unknown frontiers of musical sound. His latest release, "Lodger," is evidence of that fact.

If you had ever wanted to design an LP jacket so that people would not buy it, then "Lodger" is what you'd be looking for. What he's trying to do here is a mystery to me. Although the package is ugly, the inside is worth examining.

It's no secret that Bowie has been looking for a complete sound ever since Ziggy Stardust died inside of him five years ago. Leaving the glitter (and guitarist

Mick Ronson) behind him, he stretched out as far as he could in the "soul" area — perhaps too far with his disco-appeasement, "Golden Years." That can be excused however, since it was a hastily-written single to promote an album.

Since "Station to Station," released in early 1976, Bowie has teamed up with Brian Eno, an experimenter in avant-garde synthetic music. On "Lodger" the lack of soul — and Carlos Alomar — is being replaced by Eno's electronic melodies.

The main different between this album and Bowie's earlier stuff is that nowadays his vocals have assumed the forefront. Whereas Mick Ronson's gutsy guitar licks were enough for Bowie to keep up with, it seems now that his music barely supports them. Which isn't to say that lyrics are the highlight of this LP. On the contrary, unless you share Bowie's fantasy for a rendezvous in Africa, you will get little meat out of the "Man of Words" this time around.

I'm sure Bowie would not want his past achievements to be held against him; there would be as many criticizing if he didn't change his musical style. An artist should never be compared against himself. Bowie will always be changing, and our separate tastes may or may not change with him.

