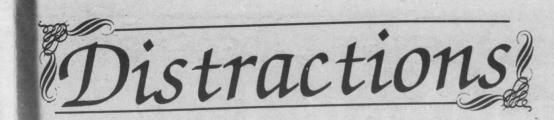
Dec 18

Dec 18



Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB **Editor: Jayde Mockler**

Who was Juan Fernandez Anyway?

Robinson Crusoe didn't mean to do so but found himself stranded on a tropical isle; he fought isolation and fought off the weather and when he was reaching the end of his tether he saw Man Friday and cried "It's my day!" and followed his steps in the shimmering sand

Friday was friendly and knew all the ropes; he was company for Robinson and buoyed up his hopes but while Crusoe's talk he could not understand, he was willing and eager to lend him a hand

They hunted wild goats for their meat and their coats which is fine for the desperate but quite out of style. As they learned how to cope there was plenty of scope so they both settled in for a very long while

when life is elastic and plans are fantastic you have to get by on your wit and your guile. Chance may enhance you and fortune advance if you stick to your goal with a confidant smile

Today and tomorrow roll onward for ever; your rescue may come or your rescue may never. This moment is yours: You have nothing to lose, so follow the tootsteps of Robinson Crusoe

Pamela J. Fulton

Poor Souls are alright Rich Assholes Burn Bright people are Funny Almost like honey It's because of the money Birds are free So are you and me Faces carry it all Maybe it's in your belly It's sure not in shopping malls

Jimpy

Sad September

A billion hearts beating Trumpet roar of life in flight An overwhelming thing A beautiful thing A dangerous thing Walking restless demons

Who shoot the darkening sky And bleed our mothers dry Bringing down her red rain

Until they find another war On some foreign shore But here the battle's ended

With a dying echo In a tiny prison cell One last flutter Begins September And it's over it's so over

Here in latter days Staring at a dusty case No flapping sound save for pages

This silence is an obscene thing This silence lasts forever Dangling in the air Like a dead man On the gallows Memory of sad September

Loathsome power untamed which leaves us only names And lifeless words on pages

Call it blood-lust Call it thamatos Call it something clever It is no god's decree It's a greed-spawned madness Cursing all we ever do Time isn't making sense Add up the evidence These days September comes too often

Much too often...

Geoffrey Brown

Coming of Age

The kitten fritters away her time chases leaves and shadows, skitters after her own tail, but when the shadows shreik and the leaf screams for its life then we know that the skittering and frittering are over - childhood has ended

Ann Passmore

Things they Never Taught us

They never taught us how to throw Our weight around in school: To dole detentions out, be tough And not be made the fool.

They never told us what to do To make the room look bright: To buy our tape and potted plants; (To bill would not be right)

To take the flak on parent night; And how to break up fights; To stay aloof when union's strike And stand up for our rights;

To operate the Xerox When the auto-feed is blinking And take wide berth of certain staff Not of our way of thinking;

To follow up on paper work and get the numbers right; To plan each unit step by step By staying up half the night;

And how to deal with students Who keep rocking on their chairs or drum the desk or hum in class or never keep in pairs

Or how to deal with punching Or calling out of turn Or throwing spitballs distances That fame is sure to earn

They never taught alacrity In spotting top ring-leaders or those who cheat or pass the notes Or are the secret feeders.

No. They taught us how to lecture And how to be deductive In getting what they didn't know From them. Now that's instructive!

They taught the way it should be done As in a model world; But we are in the Nineties And to teenagers are hurled.

We're sent as well prepared As it is possible to be With theory and with wisdom And with winks of "Wait and See!"

But nothing can prepare us For our practicum as well As leap into the Lion's Den Of those we've come to quell

Pamela J. Fulton

No diet will remove all the fat from your body because the brain is entirely fat. Without a brain you might look good but all you could do is run for public office. Covert Bailey