

d i s t r a c t i o n s

Tommy Travels

A Deaf, Dumb and Blind Travel Guide For The Debutante Traveler
by Murray Thorpe and Warren Watson



Artwork by Nina Botten

Sit back, close your eyes and tune out your senses and let your imagination go. This week Tommy travels to a place where Preston Manning is just another Eastern Canadian. The place is B.C., British Columbia not Burt's Corner. So, now let's forget politics and think skiing.

On the January 20th issue of the *Globe & Mail*, the top ten Canadian ski resorts were listed. I will list my favorite B.C. ski resorts that I have skied at. In this ranking, the factors I considered were as follows:

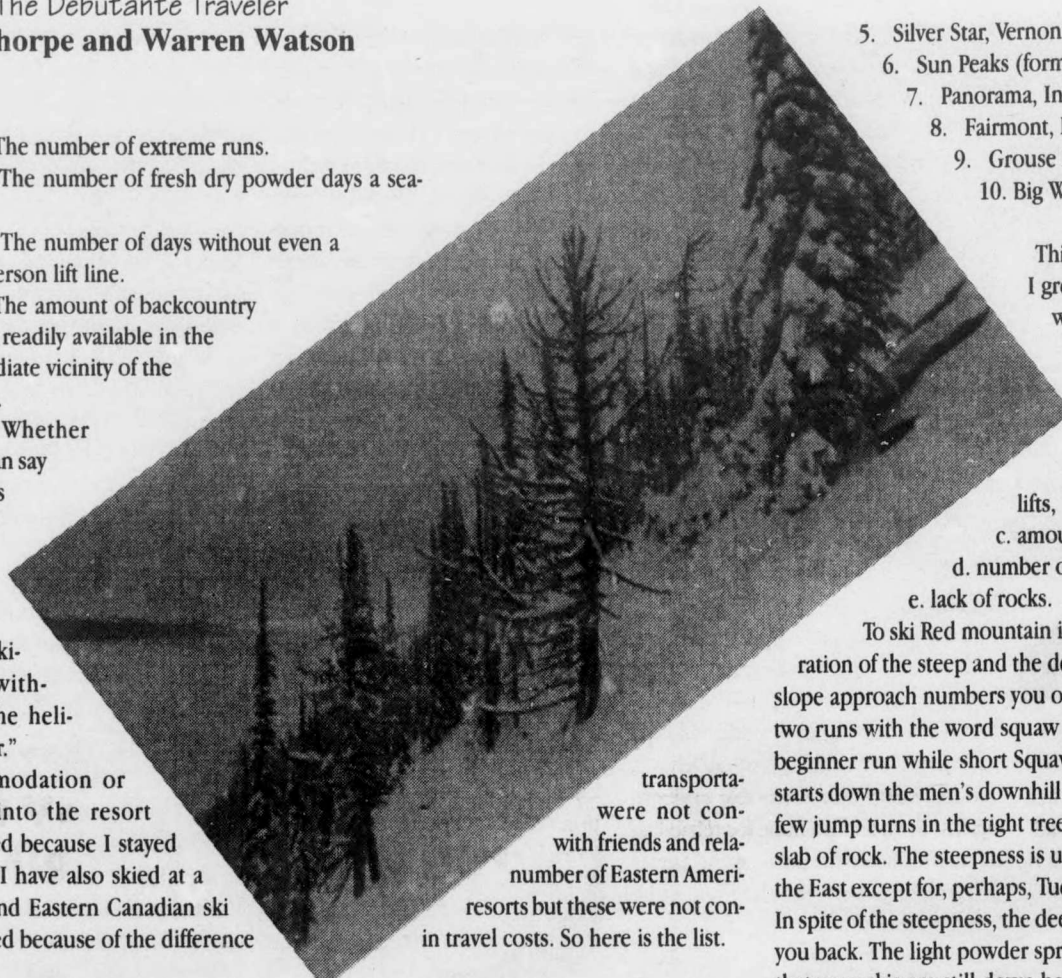
a. The off-trail skiing (both treed and avalanche-cleared runs).

- b. The number of extreme runs.
- c. The number of fresh dry powder days a season.
- d. The number of days without even a two person lift line.
- e. The amount of backcountry skiing readily available in the immediate vicinity of the resort.
- f. Whether one can say "this

is like heli-skiing without the helicopter."

Accommodation or transportation into the resort considered because I stayed at a Canadian and Eastern Canadian ski resort because of the difference

1. **Red Mountain**, Rossland (*Globe*: #10 in Canada)
2. **Whitewater**, Nelson
3. **Apex Alpine**, Penticton
4. **Blackcomb**, Squamish (#1)



transportation were not considered with friends and a number of Eastern American resorts but these were not considered because of the difference in travel costs. So here is the list.

5. **Silver Star**, Vernon (#8)
6. **Sun Peaks** (formerly Todd), Kamloops (#6)
7. **Panorama**, Invermere (#9)
8. **Fairmont**, Fairmont Hot Springs
9. **Grouse Mtn**, North Vancouver
10. **Big White**, Kelowna

This is the extent of my Western skiing. I grew up skiing at Red Mountain and I will be the first to admit that it is first only because the categories did not include:

- a. accessibility of the resort to major population centres,
- b. number, speed and capacity of lifts,
- c. amount and diversity of tourist facilities,
- d. number of beginner runs and
- e. lack of rocks.

To ski Red Mountain is to experience the thrill and exhilaration of the steep and the deep. The angles of the trees with the slope approach numbers you only hear in stories. At Red, there are two runs with the word squaw in it. Long Squaw is a five mile long beginner run while short Squaw is not. To get to Short Squaw, one starts down the men's downhill course and turns off into the trees. A few jump turns in the tight trees gets you out onto a snow covered slab of rock. The steepness is unmatched from what I have skied in the East except for, perhaps, Tuckermans Ravine in New Hampshire. In spite of the steepness, the deep snow engulfs your shins and holds you back. The light powder sprays up into your face reminding you that your skis are still down below. Your legs burn, but you ignore them as the slope continues. Hundreds of vertical metres later, the run is finished and you are on the chair thinking of another route down. ♦♦♦

The Hunt

Land to Tree to Sky,
creature upon creature we lie.

In a feast of God's nativity we must conspire,
That we will fall from Heaven's net to the Lake of Fire.

The hunt is long and cold,
but we must be prevalent in finding our own mold.

One day we will be free from bonds of the past,
we will answer to no being such that can last.

Like Lennon before me, I imagine not knowing your name,
and I pronounce that no book shall hold me in vain.

Andy D.

TOUCHED?

by
Dan Lukiv

A touch—
Whose fingers on
Whose cheek?
Not like a marigold?
Like a marigold?
Poignant?
Not poignant?
Exit parson's nose
And swastikas?
Melt down belly-gods
And what
bombs?
gold
Leave the
For what
peasants?

A touch—
Acid prints on
What textbooks?—
Like death-showers
For whose
skin?
Touch history
While it's—what?—still
Warm?

Wanted: Student Contributions of:

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Travel Requests | Poetry about |
| Poetry | Recipes |
| Short Stories | things that |
| Sketches | can be photographed |
| Bridge Hands | Artwork |
| Your choice of the seven wonders of the world | Other Games or things |
| Book Reviews around 300 to 500 words long | that may be distracting |

Contact: **Brunswick Distractions Editor**
Stay Tuned for poetry and "where in the world" contests



RAINWALK

At the top of the mountain,
the whole of the Earth
was in view.

On a rocky perch stood a
throne of gold.

Lions crouched at the ends
of each leg,
with fierce eyes of sculpted
emerald.

There was no wind,
no clouds,
nor hot,
nor cold.

Only warmth.
A long, winding path was
ascended to this special
seat by an elderly man
wearing a long crimson
robe,

and a jewelled crown.
He sat, and from above, an
instrument
fell into his capable hands.

It was made of madrigal
elements;
malleable, replete with
intricate carvings of
angels and demons,
locked together,
in combat.

It had many necks, and a
multitude
of echoing chambers.
A myriad of stings in
varying sizes
and colours



photos by Warren Watson

adorned it.
He nodded upwards to the
Carpenter,
and began.
Slender fingers orchestrated
a symphony
of rustling leaves,
birds,
small animals, and
conversations.
Their harmonies,
rich and vibrant,
washed over all,

crossing oceans,
deserts,
wars, and
borders.
When night fell, he lightly
touched one string,
put aside his gift,
and fell asleep
to the sound of crickets.

fin.

A.T. Madsen