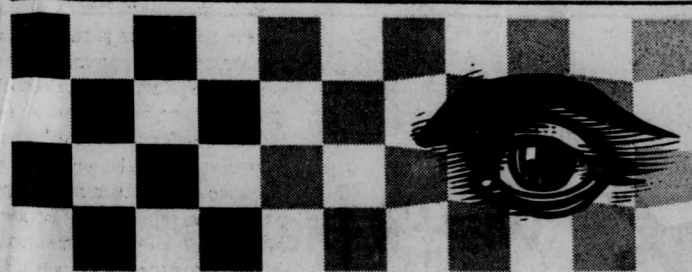


I Weller even
in the album
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's *The Story*
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and 'One For
also a few that
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Seely Shoals is
at one.

g of retreads,
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This is one for

se for real
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avourite album
s compiles the
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hem in themed
one yet is *The*
theme tunes to
films such as
, 'Dragnet' and
every track will
yone who has
st ten or fifteen
chcock turns up
rdered By'. The
extensive notes
to ensure the
little bit more
ries, with twelve
Jambo Fever and
plenty of choices
ates out there.



Distractions

it's something e

Untitled

I want to be a nurse and feel like a diver...

jumping up and feeling light,
unafraid of the height,
unafraid of the unknown.
getting help when I need it,
and offering support
and praise to others.

I want to feel like a swan,
calm and free in the clouds.

I want to be able to see and hope,
and accomplish what I desire.

I want to silence the fears
that hold me back.

I want to dive in...

I want to have control over myself,
and how I act with others.

I want to determine how many
somersaults

I am able to do.

I want to feel the warmth of other
people.

the warmth of water...

I want to be a nurse,
and feel like a diver...

CRASH

Flying doesn't always mean freedom.

Sometimes I am mired
in the nest
that presumes to shelter me.
I spread my wings
but
Indecision,
mal-nourished confidence,
fatalistic pragmatism,
become a quagmire
suctioning my feet
ever tighter
with every flap of my tenuous
dream-feathered wings.
The future lays
like breeze-scattered seeds
on the ground
beyond my reach.
Unable to muster
the co-ordination,
the self-determination

from within.

I am compelled to wait,
to mime the pretensions of flight
in pathetic
theatrical
strokes of beating wings,
of beating hearts
until someone gathers whatever
sampling of seeds
not yet picked over
and bids me nibble.
I consume the leftovers,
those heavy
miserly scraps
that were passed over
by less inhibited seekers,
but I am not satisfied
until I taste
the sweetness of seed
I select myself
until my wings catch the wind
and I am lifted
and soar
away from my nest
toward what I don't know;
truly free
because I can choose
to return to my nest
but never to sink
like quicksand, within
its sheltering humus,
and hubris,
again.

text: dlbasckn
photo: pat fitzpatrick

Welcome to the 1996-97 year of the Distractions section of *The Brunswickan*. This section of the paper brings you the creative ideas and efforts of UNB students. It is a mosaic of imagination, art, the comedic and the funky. We have a wide net and want to sweep you all in. This is an open invitation. Please submit your original writing, artwork, reviews or critiques. Our staff reviews the submissions and publishes the crème de la crème in each issue. Not everything can make it to print, but we do keep an up-dated link on The Brunswickan web site (<http://www.unb.ca/web/bruns>). This, then, is your

chance to "go public" with your genius and our opportunity to showcase the talents, hidden and otherwise, that flourish (or languish) on our humble little campus. Somethings we have toyed about adding: poetry; prose (fiction and non-fiction; full feature, excerpted, and serialized); artwork (colour and B/W; drawings, cartoons, paintings, caricatures, photos, sculptures, body art, etc.); the best of the local web: reviews of web sites from Atlantic Canada, and/or Atlantic Canadian contributors to web sites; recipes; reviews; critiques (movies, books, theatre, comedy, restaurants, computer

stuff, etc.); regular columns from steady, witty and insightful repeat contributors on their trials and tribulations in life, the universe and everything (42) and, well, anything else that is alternative, creative, a little different or downright weird. Send along your submissions to: Distractions, Room 35, SUB or e-mail us at bruns@unb.ca. Please type your submissions so that we don't have to decipher them first (it will save us oodles of dough in eye examinations.) We accept both hardcopies and on 3.5" disk. Thanks, Donna-Lynn Baskin



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