



SDU International Club

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER

No.67 – February 2013

February Calendar

“Action is the fundamental key to all success”

Pablo Diego José Francisco de Paula Juan Nepomuceno María de los Remedios Cipriano de la Santísima Trinidad Mártir Patricio Ruiz y Picasso (1881-1973) Spanish artist

February 3rd @ 11.00

IC Sunday music:
from Bach to Blues

Join us to enjoy music from Bach to Blues. Trumpet by Torben Sminge, melodica, bass (Jens Krøgholt) and a range of other instruments will create a wonderful Sunday atmosphere for us!

Meet at the Carl Nielsen Museum, main entrance at 10.45.

Please be on time to get a good seat. No need to sign up. Free entrance.

February 5th

IC goes to dance Lindy Hop
‘Swing the shoes!’

If you want to move with style following the rhythm of Jazz and Pop music, join the Lindy Hop class.

The dance floor is ready for us!

An introduction class is held on the first Tuesday of the month.

The next one will be on February 5th.

Please check this website for more information <http://www.swingshoes.dk/>

There is also a Facebook group. Follow it and stay up-to-date.

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Swing-The-Shoes/164168466981166>



fly

by Evelina Kwartunaite

How often do you think about freedom? How often do you feel free and just happy to fly, to enjoy the distances that don't hold you up?

I was thinking how we really get tied up in our routines, tasks and simply forget the beauty of floating. Freedom is in your veins only if you want it. Just remember to invite that smile that visits corners of your lips, and remember birds' flight, wide skies and the lightness of cherry blossoms in the spring — everything takes up as much space as your world in my little heart – immediate and forever.

*I wanted
the past to go away, I wanted
to leave it, like another country; I wanted
my life to close, and open
like a hinge, like a wing, like the part of the song
where it falls
down over the rocks: an explosion, a discovery;
I wanted
to hurry into the work of my life; I wanted to know,
whoever I was, I was
alive
for a little while.
~ Mary Oliver*



February 7th @ 19.00

IC Dinner of the month

Leave the cooking for one night!

As usual, we meet at Restaurant Kong Volmer to enjoy our dinner of the month.

Join us at Brandts Passage 13,
5000 Odense C.

Old and new friends are welcome to be part of this international dinner in a Danish environment.

Enjoy genuine Danish food and a glass of wine for only 150 kr.

Please sign up with Anna Cohen:

annalouisecohen@gmail.com

February 9th

Children's playtime at The Lions Den. For more info, contact Ying-chan at

ying-chan.lin@uit.no

February 15th @ 22.00

IC bowling

"Midnight Glow" Bowling

Let's go bowling and party together under the bright lights of City Bowling in downtown Odense.

If you get a strike, you get a free drink!

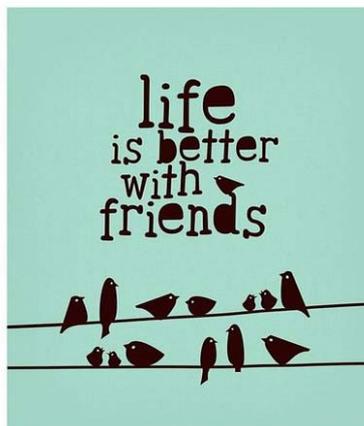
City Bowling, Rugårdsvej 46,
5000 Odense C.

http://www.citybowling.dk/bowling-odense-2.php?p_id=5

Cost: 210 kr. plus rental of shoes (15 kr.)

Let's go and have some end of the week fun!

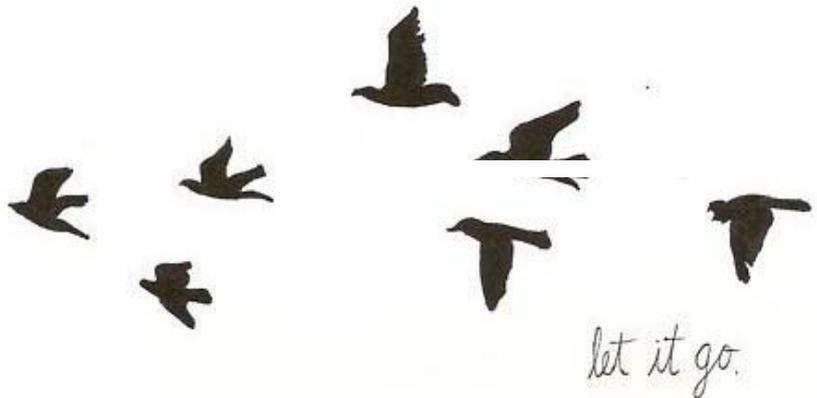
Sign up at annalouisecohen@gmail.com



Exercise

"Imagine yourself in pieces. Imagine all the people who have known you for only a year or a month or a single encounter, imagine those people in a room together trying to assemble a portrait of you, the way an archaeologist puts together the fragments of a ruined facade, or the bones of a caveman. Do you remember the fable of the seven blind men and the elephant? It's not that easy, after all, to know what you're made up of."

Dan Chaon



YOU

by Carol Ann Duffy

Uninvited, the thought of you stayed too late in my head, so I went to bed, dreaming you hard, hard, woke with your name, like tears, soft, salt, on my lips, the sound of its bright syllables like a charm, like a spell.

Falling in love

is glamorous hell; the crouched, parched heart like a tiger ready to kill; a flame's fierce licks under the skin.

Into my life, larger than life, beautiful, you strolled in.

I hid in my ordinary days, in the long grass of routine,

in my camouflage rooms. You sprawled in my gaze, staring back from anyone's face, from the shape of a cloud,

from the pining, earth-struck moon which gapes at me

and I open the bedroom door. The curtains stir. There you are on the bed, like a gift, like a touchable dream.

