



Ondaatje: bizzare poetry

Michael Ondaatje, recognized as one of Canada's finest contemporary poets, will read from his work in Memorial Hall on the University of New Brunswick campus Friday, March 20, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Ondaatje's work is characterized by images of the bizarre, the unexpected and the macabre. In his poems the molds of personal and social order are often broken violently. His people are misfits, cripples, the lost and in a number of poems he writes about animal, rather than human forms.

He lives in Toronto and teaches at Glendon College. His reading at UNB is free and open to the public.

Hamlet, Jung or Freud?

Psychological approaches to Shakespeare's play Hamlet will be discussed by visiting lecturer Herbert Coursen at the University of New Brunswick, Monday, March 23 in Room 5 of Tilley Hall at 8 p.m.

Dr. Coursen will survey the relatively familiar Freudian approach to the play, first mounted by Ernest Jones in 1949 and still being developed by other critics today. Then he will set forth his own Jungian approach.

The lecture is open to the public.

He is the author of the scholarly work Christian Ritual and the World of Shakespeare's Tragedies, and has written numerous articles on Shakespeare, including a recent Jungian analysis on the death of Cordelia in King Lear.

A creative writer as well as a scholar, he has published seven volumes of poetry. His novel, After the War, is based on the story of Manfred von Richthofen, the famous Red Baron.

Professor Coursen received his bachelor's degree from Amherst College, his masters from Wesleyan University and his Phd from the University of Connecticut. Between his first and second degrees he served as a fighter pilot with the U.S. Army Airforce and taught at Choate School.

Indian painting exhibit

Andre Michel, an artist living in Sept-Iles Quebec will open his second exhibition in Fredericton on March 15th. Until April 13th, the UNB Art Centre will show 35 of his paintings of Montagnais Indians entitled "Paysages, Visages Montagnais" (Landscapes and Portraits of the Montagnais.)

M. Michel will be at the Art Centre for the public opening of his exhibition on Sunday afternoon, March 15 from 2 - 4 p.m.

He says: "The works which are presented to you are but a humble witness of my association with a people I admire. I would like you when visiting this exhibition "Paysages, Visages Montagnais" to feel with me the pleasure I had in sharing their life."

Andre Michel has chosen to paint these people and their land quite directly using strong line and rich colour in a palette knife technique which demands concentration and spontaneity for an immediate effect.

The Art Centre is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday and from 2 to 4 p.m. on Sundays.

India Nite in offing

The UNB India Association will be presenting their twentieth annual cultural show India Nite, at 7:30 p.m. on March 21 at French Cultural Centre, Fredericton.

Like previous years, this would be an evening of variety entertainment of music and dances, depicting the cultural diversity of India.

A nation of cultural, linguistic and religious diversity, India is immensely rich in her flora of classical, modern and folk music and dances, contributed from various regions of the Indian subcontinent.

Admission is free and the Association cordially invites everyone to attend.

ETRYPOETRYPOE

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY

It snowed rice this morning
and no one noticed
except the birds and poor people
who ate it.

It snowed love this morning
and no one noticed
except the cattle at the slaughterhouse
and the old people
who ate it.

It snowed hate this morning
and no one noticed the radiation
except the three billion people
who ate it.

William Cabban.



SHALL I COMPARE THEE

Shall I compare thee to a candy store?
Thou art sweeter than all the sweets combined
Eating thy love as candy is no chore
For you to me appeal so super fine

Thy beauty so rich as chocolate fudge
Your hair is as licorice so black and slick
And your eyes so pretty I cannot judge
And your nose is like a peppermint stick

Oh that face like a banana cream pie
And body as soft as a marshmallow
And oh to know that you're mine til I die
Wow! Am I ever a lucky fellow.

But through time your beauty will not avail
Because through time even candy goes stale.

Gary Caines
1977



WHERE I CAME FROM

Very far away, beyond the horizon,
where the sky converges with the sea,
and where the wind does not dare to go
the sun has gone to rest.

The fatigued day gives a new chance to the shadows,
and mysterious times have welcomed the dark;
soon the noisy environment will confuse its destiny,
and will rest upon the dust.

Just over there, where I came from,
the road of my life is linked to the mystery of my soul,
I am a product of time and space,
and through them, I want to hear myself.

Beneath my feet is the ground and the dust.
I wonder, from which of those elements,
is the substance of my body made from.

Do I really want to listen to myself?
Soon, the new light will be able to reach out,
it will break the shadows, and fill the space;
softly, the sun will touch the face of the earth,
and will place on it, harmony and colour.

The dust has gone to rest,
from where I came, my body has gone,
beyond the horizon, my soul still alive;
and very far away, we have gone to rest.

Daniel Paez

