

Michael Thompson—realist painter

MICHAEL THOMPSON graduates this year with a Master of Fine Arts from the Sir George Williams campus of Concordia University, but he is already a well-established artist of the Realist School. A version of this exhibition was previously shown at Sir George Williams, The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, the Saidye Bronfman Centre in Montreal and the Galerie Mena'Sen, Sherbrooke, Quebec. His work is also touring Canada in *Young Contemporaries '78*. Other group shows include several Concordia exhibitions, and *Realism in Quebec 1970-77*.

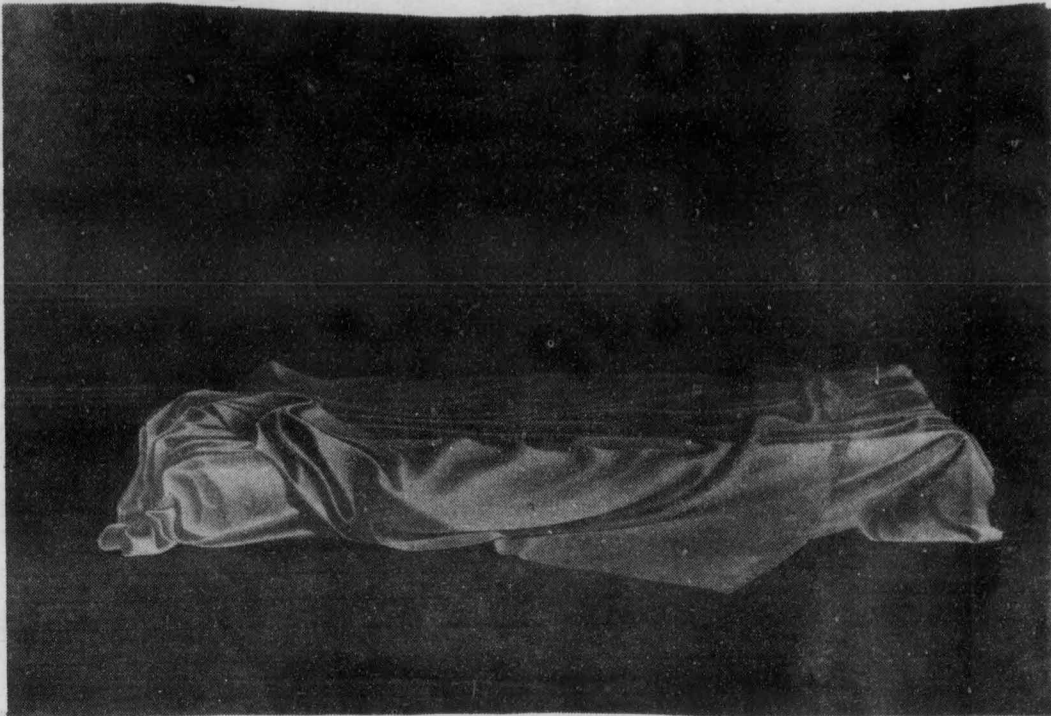
He was born in 1954 in Montreal. His art education includes a Collegial Diploma and Bachelor of Fine Arts from Sir George Williams, and he has received awards in 1976, '77 and '78 during his master's programme.

The exhibition consists of 6

large acrylics on masonite, 2 lithographs, and 6 pencil drawings. The lithographs and drawings are related to the accompanying acrylics, most of them repeating the titles of the acrylics.

We first became interested in the work of Michael Thompson when his exhibition was showing at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Don Andrus, formerly of the Department of Fine Arts at UNB and now at Sir George Williams, was preparing a tour. Since then, we have seen his work reproduced in art magazines and other material which comes to the Art Centre.

We are pleased to bring this exhibition to New Brunswick. He is a "high realist" but with the austerity of Jack Chambers, Alex Colville or Christopher Pratt rather than Tom Forrestall, Ken Danby or Christiane Pflug. UNB Art Centre April 1 to 22, 1979.



BJ'S ? ?

ALBUM OF THE WEEK:
Streethart—Under Heaven Over Hell

The new Streethart album is no surprise. It is chock full of the same excellent rock'n'roll that characterized their first album. There have been a few changes however. Guitarist Paul Dean has left the group and has been replaced by John Hannah. Producer for this album is Manny Charlton of Nazareth. Album cover is by Hipgnosis. The first album contained all original material, all but one song on this album is original material, the exception being "Here Comes the Night". The album was recorded at Le Studio, Morin Heights Quebec. (Just a hop, skip, and jump north of Montreal).

This album is a must for all Streethart fans, and for all the good ol' rock fans who still inhabit this country. DISCO DIES!!!!!! Kenny Shields' squeaky vocals are outstanding, the band in itself is very hard to discredit.

There are a couple of possible singles off this album besides the currently released 'Here comes the night'. Other definite possibilities are 'Hollywood' and 'Baby's Got a Gun'.

Favorite cuts: 'Here Comes The Night', 'Baby's Got a Gun', 'Main Street', and 'Hollywood'. Rating 8.5.

Next week: The Sultans of Swing, Dire Straits.

Unfortunately, it's a short set this week, but I hope to make up for it next week. Don't study too hard.

P.S. Happy Birthday Heidi!!!!

Poetry

THE SAME OLD SONG

In the juvenescence of the year,
As Mr. Eliot did move to say
In one of his earlier published poems,
Came Christ the tiger,
Padding softly in an even stride
Which neither hurried, nor faltered, as He stepped
Off the sidewalk onto clean roads,
In South Africa where they shot Him,
But Christ the tiger
Was, in this case, white.

JOHN NEWLAND

If I gave you a smile
Would you ask for a laugh
If I gave you my thoughts
Would you ask for my heart
If I gave you my fears
Would you ask for security
If I gave
Would you ask for the truth
If I gave you my understanding
Would you ask for honesty
If I gave you my love
Would you ask me for anger
If I gave you eternity
Would you search for your soul
If I gave you the answer
Would you ask me the question
If I told you it was God.
Would you have anything to give
Or are you just empty inside . . .

JANICE P.

If I gave you my opinions

You are a part of me
I know your thoughts
Just as I know your words
Your essence surges to be free.
You swelter with each breath
As your soul is of the body
It knows that part which love pervades
It clings until your death.
But try to deny that element of you
For it is one of your whole
Each touch unfolds another note
Encompassing your harmony too.
The flowers shall not exist without the sun
The grass is not fulfilled without the green
If our souls grow weary as we're apart
How can we be if not as one?

JANICE P.