

Conversation with a painter

An exhibition of Angel Gomez-Miguelanez's works is currently on display in the Spanish Lounge (T31). Born in Carbonero, Segovia, Spain, Angel Gomez-Miguelanez has been living in Fredericton since 1980. After studying in Segovia and in Madrid, he has exhibited his works in Spain and Canada, and his paintings are displayed in private collections in various countries.

Your first exhibit in the Spanish Lounge was centered on Spanish landscapes; in your recent exhibits, including the present one, your interests focus on the human figure. Why this change?

More than a change, I believe it is an evolution, a positive one for me because the human figure is an endless source of expression and a powerful communicator.

How important to your work is the physical world around you?

The environment has an enormous importance for an artist because he draws his spontaneous creativity from it.

Your painting "The Immigrants", with its livid silhouettes, surprises me with its striking helplessness, desolation almost.

In this work, I wanted to pay homage to all those people who, for one reason or another, leave their homelands.

But your figures - whether

they are tormented or helpless or, on the contrary, full of sensuous vitality as in the nudes - are faceless...

In my paintings, the power of expression in the human body is such that the faces are sacrificed. Through the subtle use of light and undefined forms, I attempt to avoid a confrontation with reality.

Is your work an essentially pessimistic statement of life?

I don't think that my works are of a pessimistic nature. I simply reflect in them moments, symbolism and states of mind where the spirit is lost and re-found, spontaneously represented in forms and colors.



Brownsworth on Curb Goo

By JONATHON BLANCHARD
Brunswickan Staff

Living in what is known as the "Western World", man has always lived in constant fear of Winter. Now I understand there are those to whom Winter means

freedom and joy zipping down a hillside at sixty miles an hour on curled floorboards, trying to avoid being made into a grease spot by a tree. However,

for the most part of the remaining majority of the population, still in control of our faculties, find Winter, with the exception of Santa time, a dreadful statement on Mother Nature.

Let us face the reality ladies and gents: Winter means cold feet, damp trousers, frost bite and curb goo. For our purposes, we shall deal today with the latter, curb goo being Mother Nature's answer to global progression, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Curb goo, sometimes referred to as the "Brown Scudge", has been a thorn in the side of mankind since before the onset of man, being the downfall of the dinosaur. The next we hear of curb goo, Sir R. ruined a perfectly good cape to save a lady from the Brown S.

Waterloo curb goo was the down fall of Napoleon, it also caused him to lose the battle. Wellington developed a tall boot, which still bears his handle, following this battle to counter the hordes of curb goo that infested most of Europe at that time. Then came the sinking of the titanic, caused by a highly organized battle fleet of curb goo, which as a point of interest could still be roaming our northern waters for yet another victim.

Yes, L. and G., just as summer is darkened by nomad tribes of joggers and fall by attack packs of pumpkins, winter is filled Russian battalions of curb goo!

We are not even safe on our own streets. How many of us have been molested by kamikazi wings of C. G. leaping up from the gutters and ruining our garments? Is it any surprise that Red China has massive investments in Western laundry services? Indeed, one can understand why Hong Kong is the garment capital when one views the now-critical invasion of curb goo eating out the very fabric of our democratic way of life! Something has to be done; someone has to take a stand. We cannot shut our public eye to this pressing issue. Remember *Mien Kampf?*

Although our cities have installed extensive goo pits, calling them storm drains so as not to alarm the public, it simply is not enough. We must at this time consider arming the population with shovels, salt and Bic lighters to control the spread of curb goo. We must direct our industry to the goo effort, we must organize of universities to direct their storehouses of intellect towards a cure for this plight. The people must know what peril faces them at this critical time!

Even Brownsworth, the mind upon which the sun never sets, cannot think of a solution! You can understand my panic; we must fight ladies + G.s. We must fight on the beaches, on the plains, we must fight in the towns and villages, in the very streets of our Nation, even on the doorsteps we must fight. We must never surrender, we will never capitulate until the last vestage of curb goo is removed from our country and sent back into the endless waters of the sea.

Mummer
continued

babes / And across the backs of us willing slaves." He then explains "Swallowing is easy when it has no taste" but warns us at the end of the song "Please don't listen to me / I've already been poisoned by this industry."

Incidentally, the three remaining members of the group - Partridge, Colin Moulding and Dave Gregory - have resolved to do no more touring in their career, deciding to let their studio speak for themselves.

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