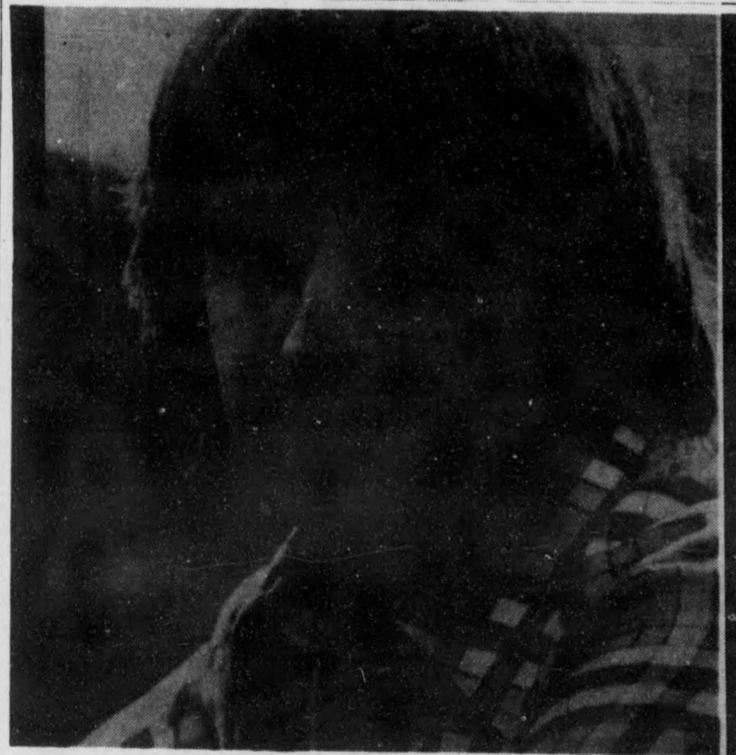


Chris de Burgh

Immersed in the healing grace of love

And I have brought you silver, I have brought you gold,
And spices from the Indies in the hold; I've seen ships on the horizon,
That I'd swear were going down, And now I know for certain,
The world is round, I have seen, my eyes have seen,
Oh, one day says Galileo, A man will reach the sky,
And see the world completely, From outside,
And gazing down from yonder, On a world of blue and green,
He'll say with eyes of wonder, I have seen, I have seen,
My eyes have seen.

C. A & M Records



Chris de Burgh is the definitive 20th century troubadour.

He comes to us directly from the illustrious tradition of the self-taught, self-possessed gentle balladeer who wanders from place to place singing courtly songs of love that touch the heart, and fiery stories that provoke the mind. And Chris de Burgh is a contemporary master of the art of gentleness as his third A&M album, *AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY*, makes crystal clear.

The life of this young Englishman is filled with the kinds of coincidences that suggest his gift of song was more than a random coincidence. Born in Argentina in 1948, he grew up in Malta, Nigeria, and Zaire. Then in 1960, he moved with his family to a 12th Century Norman castle in the South of Ireland. The dilapidated castle was restored, and ultimately transformed into a private hotel. It was here, at Bargo Castle when he was 16, that Chris' first impromptu performances were given before the assembled guests in the great dining hall on his holidays from Marlborough College in England. After earning

degrees in French and English from Dublin's Trinity College, he began writing in earnest, and the castle became the inspiration for his debut album, *FAR BEYOND THESE CASTLE WALLS* in 1975.

There are further coincidences surrounding Chris' background that give pause to reflect. The de Burgh's (his mother's maiden name) trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror and James VI of Scotland. His family tree includes the ancient Kings of Ireland on one side, and the Barons of Normandy on the other.

"A song must be good enough that you can play it on stage with a single instrument - like the minstrels of old," Chris insists. He aims his songs at mature young people, "people with a brain on their shoulders, who can think about what I am writing and also think for themselves". His second album, *SPANISH TRAIN*, provided just ample food for thought.

AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY, produced with skill and grace by Paul Samwell-Smith, wheels us through a lovely lush landscape populated with summer rains and lullabys, the lights of Paris and

broken dreams. Throughout, Chris de Burgh immerses us in the healing grace of love. Chris' strength lies in his word imageries and his revealing deep thoughts on subjects that are close to the heart.

On "Broken Wings", his honest simplicity combines with a high sense of drama — and an angelic chorus — to produce a remarkably powerful ballad. "Round and Round" is a delightfully hypnotic spinning wheel touched with easy magic. On "Summer Rain", he cuts loose on a tasty old-fashioned tune with a jaunty music hall feel to it. And in "Brazil" (where a song from his first album topped the charts for three months) he celebrates the land "where Carnival is king" in a warm percussive flow that's bound to set your toes tapping.

Writing in the *London Daily Mirror*, Jack Lewis said of Chris: "He does not write 'poppy' material — the kind of quickfire stuff beloved by djs that soars up the charts to become eminently forgettable after a few weeks. His is music to return to."

Enduring and endearing: exactly. Chris de Burgh's extraordinary artistry almost makes words of praise seem extraneous. It's simply there, a gift he shares with us, and we're the richer for it.

And that, after all, is the trademark of the true troubadour.

TNB present night-mares

The winner of Broadway's four major theatrical awards in 1975 is Theatre New Brunswick's final play for the 1977 season.

EQUUS, by Peter Shaffer (the British playwright whose earlier hits include *Five Finger Exercise*, *Black Comedy*, and *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*) has been an unparalleled hit since it first opened in London in 1973. The New York opening a year later was every bit as much a block-buster and the show closed only last month, after three years of playing to ecstatic critics and standing-room-only audiences.

EQUUS is a psychological inquiry into a crime. A semi-literate stableboy brutally attacked six of the horses in his care, systematically blinding them. It seemed motiveless. He loved horses, yet one by one in a purposeless scene of violence, he blinded them. Why? The boy is obviously disturbed — but why?

The boy is sent to a psychiatric institution by a compassionate magistrate who senses the depth of his misery. The torturous psychic investigation, as the doctor reaches deep into the boy's mind to exorcise the demons lodged there, was described by one critic as a "high-brow detective story, a galvanizing psychological thriller."

As the doctor journeys back in time with the lad to the night of his bizarre crime, one of the most enthralling moments of contemporary drama unfolds. Actors wearing elevated hooves take up silvery horsehead masks and



James Reeves: SHADOW OF THE HAWK

become prancing, terrified beasts facing the sobbing instrument of their destruction in a truly frightening, balletic scene.

New York Post critic Martin Gottfried commented, "They really are horses. I cannot recall a single theatrical instance that surpasses this for creating the most seemingly impossible acceptance of fiction. A devastating experience."

But the play is not about violence. It is about the need to worship and the inability of many to do so. As the psychiatrist digs deeper into the boy's mind, he realizes that the boy has a fantasy love of horses, has defied the horse as a life force (the spirit Mr. Shaffer calls *Equus*) and that the boy has entered realms of passion that his own humdrum existence could never know. On one side Shaffer describes the flat, sterile mediocrity of modern life with its stereotyped attitudes and lack of passion. On the other, is a boy who has chosen to worship a compelling god rather than none

at all.

"That boy," says Dysart, "has known a passion more intense than any I felt all my life." He cannot, of course, excuse the horrific results of that passion, but in patching up the boy's tortured mind and psyche, what will be lost in spiritual energy?

The play's unforgettable theatricality staggered the critics. "Peter Shaffer has fashioned a galvanizing psychological thriller, the sort of drama that shoots adrenalin into people; that roars through an evening with blazing dramatic pyrotechnics." (*Time Magazine*) "A devilishly masterful work of craftsmanship, and it is not to be missed." (Brendan Gill, *The New Yorker*)

In Theatre New Brunswick's production of this fierce and enthralling drama, Ted Follows plays psychiatrist Martin Dysart. Mr. Follows is well-known as a director at TNB (*Othello*, *A Flea in Her Ear*, *Diary of Anne Frank*) but

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