

Prophecy of the Forgotten Phoenix

"When the last straw snaps
Raven-brother, the Night Hawk,
The forgotten Phoenix will arise a final time
And forgive no trespasses. . ."

Dally not with this deep dark bird,
This predator of the night;
Do not be beguiled by his soot-blackened charm
Lest he wield his terrible might.
This Night Hawk, he is the Phoenix by birth
In his swelling breast beats a heart of green
The legends, they tell us this creature's immortal -
The truth to the myth still remains to be seen.
But the Truth, I suspect (slightly biased am I),
Is that all that is living must surely die
Then soon all the world must expect the proud Phoenix
To fall from his blood-flight cross a star less sky.
Countless times before then will he bear mortal wounds
And close them with searing, life-giving flames
But arising a last time, slip through the night air
Wreaking vengeance on his unlucky trespassers' names;
A death-wind.

Who will halt the Phoenix flight? Who will cure his rage?
Who'll prevent the blood-shed night and forge the mighty cage?
Only a champion of kindness and beauty can curb his vengeful feast,
Only the sacrificial pledge of her soul may soothe this savage beast.

By S. Garland

Worrying

I worry!
Do I worry
when I think?

I think!
Do I think
when I worry?

I think

I worry too much
but I don't worry
that I think!

Jens Neumann

Poetry

The Fellow Beside You

The fellow beside you,
is not just a who,
he is almost likely you,
remember,
everything is made out of the same matter,
respect that,
don't kill,
you will kill yourself.

Jens Neumann

Chris de Burgh widens legions of fans

By WILFRED LANGMAID
Brunswickan Staff

Albums such as *Spanish Train and Other Stories*, *At The End Of A Perfect Day*, *Crusader*, *Eastern Wind*, and *Best Moves* have made Chris

de Burgh an artist of truly international renown. *The Getaway*, his first new album in two years, seems to be a safe bet to widen his legion of fans.

The label of artist applies especially well to de Burgh. He creates an interesting and in-

tricate tale while displaying an uncanny ability to weave a significant message into each song, and thereby mould it into a true statement of his coherent beliefs and ideas.

Take the album's first song, for instance. "Don't Play The Ferryman" is a neat little story

song, but closer scrutiny reveals the fact that there is inestimably more to it. The forceful intensity of de Burgh's vocals is ample proof that he is delivering an important message; his advice of not paying up "until he gets you to the other side" is indeed

sound.

de Burgh is arguably at his best in such slow ballads as "Living on the Island", "Crying and Laughing", "I'm Counting On You", "Liberty", and in particular "Borderline". Though somewhat unorthodox, de Burgh's vocals are undeniably beautiful in such slower numbers, and the instrumental accompaniment is consistently just right.

That is not to say that de Burgh cannot create fine upbeat numbers. "Ship to Shore" is very enjoyable, and the title track "The Getaway" is in many respects the album's best cut.

"The Getaway" opens instrumentally in a spirited manner. When de Burgh comes in vocally, the mood is set for him to explain his ideas. He sings "Hey boys tonight we get away to the other side," and we enthusiastically believe him, nodding our heads in true acquiescence to his solution to the threat of world-wide conflict. The solution is so simple that it could just never happen; perhaps we are the worse for it.

The Getaway is an ambitious album which should be a success in every sense of the word. Though listening to Chris de Burgh may not always be a cheerful experience, it is indeed an uplifting one.



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