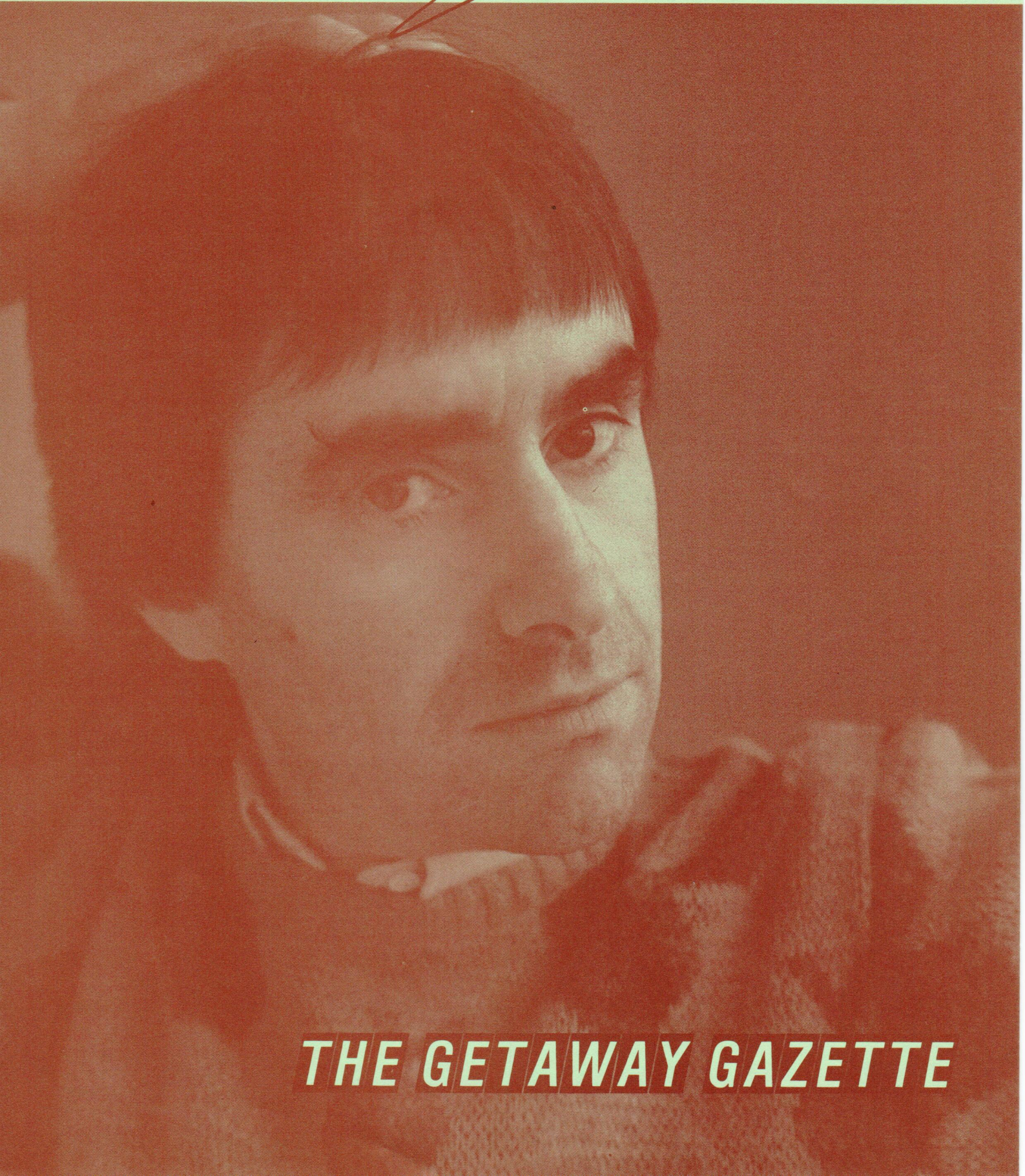


THE NEW *Chris de Burgh* CLUB

P.O. BOX 276 LONDON E2 7BW

JANUARY 1988



THE GETAWAY GAZETTE

Happy New Year and welcome once again to the official C de B newsletter. The arrival of 1988 marks the dawn of the next stage in Chris' career, following his huge international success with *Into The Light*, the album and the tour. Resisting the temptation to slip back in the shadows and enjoy the rewards reaped from his efforts over the past 18 months, Chris is instead already hard at work on his next major project; a new album. As he says: "I'm going to get serious about song-writing again this month. I feel I'm about three to four songs deep into the album right now, which I'm pleased about." Released over Europe in December, his latest single *The Simple Truth* (A Child Is Born) was a taster for the shape of things to come. . . . Having enjoyed his customary hectic Christmas at home in the company of 16 friends and relations, Chris looked back with us on what the past few months have involved – and forward to what the future might hold. On a personal level, one outstanding event is currently looming large on the horizon, and increasing in size every day: "Diane is expecting a baby again," he explains, "at the end of March."

SUMMER, SPORT AND SCHOOL . . .

"I spent the summer at home in Ireland. As I mentioned, I did have this big plan to go on holiday but, to be honest, having spent almost a year on the road and lived in something like 150 hotels, the last thing I wanted to do was check in to another. It was quite a nice summer here in Ireland, not great, but much better than the last two years. The house was lovely, the garden was fabulous and we saw a lot of friends. It was a very pleasant time; relaxed and laid-back with various barbecues held, and so on. I did a couple of odd work things, too. For example, I went up to Berlin and received an award for International Concert Artist of the Year. It was a big event with people like Jennifer Rush, my old pal Joe Cocker and phone-ins from Tina Turner and David Bowie, who were in America. It was a star-studded bash, and they gave us these awards – enormous brass things – but before I received mine, I decided what I was going to do. I actually got the comper to announce that I was going to give it back to be auctioned, at a later date, to raise money for the sick children of Berlin. So I returned it and, subsequently, I heard it raised 15,000 Deutsch marks – about £5,000 – which was lovely. Now, what else did I do after we last spoke . . . you'd better tell me! Oh, yes – during the summer I got into golf. I've been playing for a number of years, but I really started to enjoy it. I played in several celebrity tournaments, one of them with Terry Wogan, and after that we had a terrific night – when all sorts of people sang songs, and I got up and did a couple of tunes, too. My golf handicap is about 22 now; I don't play enough to bring that down substantially. Rosanna started play school in September, and it was an instant hit with her. She obviously adored it, and it gave myself and Diane three free hours in the morning. As any parent knows, three free hours in the morning is just amazing. Diane and I, we wandered round the house and didn't know what to do with ourselves; it was so quiet! I did, however, manage to amplify my wine collection, and I read a lot of books about it. I did the odd radio show, went to weddings – I'm just flicking through my diary here – and went to some more barbecues! I started to do some running again and, more recently, I'm back into squash, too. Mind you, running in the wintertime is really tough on your chest, because it's so cold. Round where I live there are a lot of hills, so on a two-mile run, a mile-and-a-half of it is actually uphill. But it was just great getting back into the mainstream of being here again. And without a doubt, it was actually the longest non-stop period that we've spent in our new home since moving into it in September 1986. We did a lot of things around the home – like getting various bits and pieces fixed."

SIMPLY TRUE

"I started writing, I suppose, in about the middle of October – which was almost immediately interrupted by a recording session for *The Simple Truth*. It was a very quick decision to record that, in fact. What happened was I did a TV show during September, which went out on Channel Four in the UK two weeks later. Following that, a lot of people said they loved the song – and it suddenly seemed like a good idea to record it. So we had it all set up and got all the musicians we wanted within a month. We decided this time that I would be the producer because, to be honest, I've co-produced the last few records anyway and I know myself well enough to know how to produce an album. Or, in this case, just a one-off single. The whole thing was done over about five days, but it then took around five to six weeks to put it together to be released. I don't think it's as instant a tune as, for example, *Lady In Red*, but it was nice to get back on the airwaves again around Christmas. I think it's a good song, I don't know quite how appropriate it is – but it will definitely be on the next album, whatever happens. It's a great album track. The other thing that happened in October – since you remind me! – was indeed my birthday. Now, how did I spend it? It was obviously a very low-key thing. I think we must have gone out somewhere – but maybe we didn't. I can't remember . . ."

INSPIRATION OUT OF ANGER

On November 8, 1987, the world was rocked by the bombing and the resulting deaths at Enniskillen in Northern Ireland. The tragedy had a profound effect on many, and prompted Chris to write *At The War Memorial*, a song of mourning and of hope. For the first time anywhere, *The Gazette* is pleased to reproduce below the complete lyrics, dictated personally by Chris. This is followed by his thoughts on what happened on that day.

*Standing at the war memorial, children holding hands,
People getting ready, they're all waiting for the bands.
And old men with their memories of comrades gone
away,*

*Yes, it's great to be in Ireland upon Remembrance Day.
When the wild wind came without a word – just a
sudden flash of light,*

Many there were taken; husbands, children, wives.

*And a young girl in the ruins felt her father's touch,
And her dying words were 'Daddy', I love you very
much.'*

And her words did more to make us one,

Than a hundred years of the bomb and the gun.

Let the so-called patriots see what they have done.

Let them wake up in the morning to another day of pain.

*Let them feel the endless heartache that never goes
away,*

*And let them hear the voice of millions that said it on
that day:*

"I am ashamed to be Irish on Remembrance Day."

Standing at the war memorial, children hand in hand,

Another year is over – perhaps we understand,

That words of love are stronger than words of hate.

Let us not forget what happened on Remembrance Day.

Whatever you believe in, whatever flag you wave,

Let us not forget what happened on Remembrance Day.

"My mother and father went out to Argentina that day. I just remember that I was in church with my family because Remembrance Sunday is a tradition worldwide; you remember your dead. And I recall afterwards, when I heard about the slaughter, feeling absolutely sick – and furious. I have never felt so angry about anything in my life. I remember watching Gordon Wilson talking about his daughter, Marie, and I just repeatedly broke down. People I spoke to afterwards, both the young and the old, they all said they couldn't bare watching him because they had tears in their eyes. I just got so angry and my instant response was to write a song. Some people might paint a picture, write a poem, kick the dog or go and vent their fury or their creative rage in different ways . . . me, I just write songs. It's the way I am. So I wrote a song and I had it done within three days – which I think is the fastest I've ever begun and finished a tune, including all the words. I was just so bound up with it that I did it to the exclusion of everything else I had been trying to write. By the following Friday, I really wanted to perform it. Just once. There was no point hiding the light under a bushel. I didn't feel it was actually a song to record in the long-term, but I did want to do it that one time. So, on the following Monday, I went down to the radio station and performed it on the biggest weekly show there. It wasn't a good performance. I couldn't use the piano I had wanted to – I had to do it with the guitar – and I was just very emotional about the whole thing. The response was fantastic, though; people were writing in for days afterwards. It got picked up by BBC Radio Ulster, by BBC Radio One – and it got picked up in America. Lots of places, worldwide, got in touch about this thing. And I had to say, look, what I did was no more important or no less important than a guy going to sign the book of condolences which opened up here in Ireland. About 100,000 people signed that book, ordinary Irish people. I just thought it was really, really important at that point for the people in the North of Ireland to realise that the ordinary people of the south were as disgusted as everybody else.

My attitude was, quite simply, that there was no point recording it for Christmas because you can't do that; it takes too long. Also, it's a fairly miserable tune. It's a gentle look on a savage thing. So I didn't think it was appropriate – but that's not to say there may not be an opportunity to get it down on vinyl subsequently at some stage.

"I don't know whether it can be an album track, or what – but I'm leaving it for the moment. I was actually playing it to myself the other day, and it still sounds good, so I'm not being coy about not playing the song or recording it. It's just one man's view; you don't have to take it as a political statement. Believe it or not, when the bomb went off, there were some people in this country who cheered when they heard the news. It's pretty amazing to hear that, but that's what we're dealing with."

FERGIE'S FAVOURITE

November was a fairly busy and eventful period for Chris – in the final stages of the month, at least. *The Beaujolais Nouveau* came in on the 20th – it was "quite nice" says our man at the spittoon – and on the 25th Chris and Diane celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary. "We couldn't get a baby-sitter, but it didn't matter," he says. "We stayed in and had a very nice evening." The following day, Chris flew out to London to keep a royal date at the *Cafe Royal* . . .

"It was an event called 'The Amazing Greats Ball', which was a show in aid of leukaemia research at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital in London. It was hosted by Joan Collins and attended by the Duchess of York. At one of my Wembley dates last year, I'd donated the proceeds from the show to the Duke and Duchess of York's nominated charity – which was the Leukaemia Research Fund – and it turned out then that Fergie was a real fan; a genuine fan from way back. At the *Cafe Royal*, I was supposed to sing a couple of songs, nothing formal, and Joan Collins was the hostess. Tickets were £100 each and there were 600 people there, which was great. At the official line-up, Fergie asked me what I was going to sing. So I said 'Well, what would you like me to sing?' And she said 'Oh, sing anything. Sing . . .', and she reeled off a whole bunch of tunes – including *For*

Rosanna and Lady In Red. Well, the dinner was lengthy and liquid, of which I did not participate because I never drink before a show. The result was that people were very unruly — so much so that they wouldn't even keep quiet for an auction that was held. The auctioneer kept shouting at them to keep their voices down, so I knew I had a big task ahead of me! Joan Collins introduced me and it turned out, amazingly, that she was a real fan as well — and it was a pleasure to meet her, of course. So I got up and started off with Don't Pay The Ferryman, with the audience shouting the words 'Don't do it!' that got rid of some of the energy directed at me, and from then on it was standing ovations all the way through. I played about seven or eight songs, at least five more than I had planned to. It was fantastic; everybody was leaping to their feet — and Fergie was up there with them. Just at the very end I was saying 'Well, thank you very much — and now it's time to start dancing. I know who I will be inviting up for the first dance; the Duchess of York, if she feels like it.' It was just a little joke, but she gave me the thumbs up! So after my little show, I sat with the Duchess for a while, half an hour or something, and then she said 'Look, before I go — we must have that dance.' We had about 20 minutes on the dance floor, which was great. She's a good dancer. It was very much a night to remember! I was thrilled, in fact I was amazed, at the power of one person over 600 people with a piano and a guitar.

"In some ways it was shocking for me because, when I played for Rosanna, there were people all over the place in tears, dabbing their eyes, and absolute silence. It turned me on, yet again, to the idea of a solo concert or a short solo tour."

ANOTHER SEAL OF ROYAL APPROVAL

Shortly after his Cafe Royal performance, Chris travelled to Germany and sang The Simple Truth live on TV — in front of 20 million viewers. Then it was back to England on December 4 for a Royal Gala Concert at the London Palladium in aid of the Prince's Trust. The event also featured Elton John, Art Garfunkel and James Taylor. Over again to our own royal correspondent:

"Again, during the royal line-up before the show, all the artists involved had assembled to meet Prince Charles and Princess Diana. Prince Charles had apparently heard about me the previous week from the Duchess of York, and he said 'You're quite the operator, I hear.' What overwhelmed me even more was when he came up to me after the show and said 'You're a genius! You put shivers down my spine with your songs.' And the Princess, her first question to me was 'Why did you write a song for Enniskillen?' I was amazed that she knew about it. So I told her why, and then we had a chat. She said 'Yes, I wander round the Palace all the time, me and the Duchess, with our Walkmans and headphones on — and we often listen to your album, Into the Light.' I thought that was great. And, after the show, I introduced my wife to the Prince and Princess. It was a fantastic evening, that one."

THE WRITE STUFF

Long-time readers of the Gazette might recall Chris talking about the trials and tribulations of producing new material. Writing and crafting songs has always been a painstaking, intimate experience for him — and continues to be so . . .

"You have to understand that getting into it takes about three weeks. Because I have to tell you one thing, and this is important, I think, for the fans to understand also . . . It's that when you've made eight albums — which currently involves, I believe, 92 or 93 songs — and you've had enormous success worldwide, it's a very complex thing to actually motivate yourself again. To motivate yourself means that you have to tap the reason why you started in the first place. My motivations were never making money — otherwise I would have stopped by now — but it's a very complex thing to actually want to jump back into the arena again. You know that you're going to get your nose bloodied in there, you know that the critics are going to stamp on your fingers more than ever before. It's just like getting ready — putting your clothes on — to go into an athletic event where you know you're going to come out battered and bruised. I can't think of a closer analogy. And it's not like one on one boxing, it's more like a team sport where you know you're going to get knocked about. When you're nice and warm and comfortable on the sidelines, and you're enjoying your success, it takes an awful lot to actually want to go back in again — as you can understand. So it takes about three weeks to actually motivate myself back in again. Sometimes it works well, other times it doesn't; it can take longer. That's the reason why I don't really expect me to hit the thing hard and start writing concertedly for the album until around the time that people read this. "There comes a time when I know that I have to make myself write — and there's nothing more daunting than a blank tape. One of the other problems is that I don't write bad songs any more; if it's really awful, I don't touch it. But it is getting harder and harder to tell the difference between a great song and an ordinarily good song. It's like with any craftsman — any painter or a guy who builds furniture — he knows that to get that inspiration for that brilliant picture or brilliant piece of furniture, he's going to have to work hard at it. He's not going to do a bad job. So it is getting hard to separate the two types of song — because you only know you've got a brilliant song after it's recorded and becomes successful. It's a cart before the horse situation, a very complex thing, as I say. I'm not down about it, in fact I'm feeling really good about it, and the fans should understand that I'm not about to stop. But that business of jumping in again . . ."

SEDUCED BY SUCCESS?

Looking back on his recent achievements, and on his career progress in general, an obvious question to ask is: does Chris still feel the same, or has fame and fortune altered the way in which he sees himself? His response came quickly and without any hesitation: "I feel exactly the same, but the snag is that other people think about me differently. I'm quite certain that a lot of the long-term fans are suspicious now about what I do, because they think I've been seduced into the mainstream. But that happens by public demand — and not by personal pressure. One of the things I'm extremely aware of is that seduction into the mainstream. I mean, it's

very easy for me to walk around this place here in Dublin; everybody knows me, people wave and smile, there are kisses and autographs — and it's very comfortable. It makes you feel good and you know that it's easy to stay in that particular area. But being mainstream is a thing I'm wary about — because it could be the key to a door for my future which involves, you know, wearing tuxedos and singing gentle ballads until I'm 65. I think that's something which I have to avoid. On the other hand, if I ignored the mainstream too much, the chances of my having that success again are diminished. It is, again, a juggling act to try and please myself, as well as attempting to please the millions of people out there who want to hear a certain style of music. So I've kind of come to the conclusion that the best way of achieving that is to have an album full of pretty complex tunes and ideas — plus single-type songs that satisfy the demand of the business to actually have success. You see, you can put out an album with no singles on it and, initially, it might do well — but then it would stop. That means the touring side of things would grind to a halt, all the momentum from over the last years would grind to a halt. Like it or not, singles are very, very important to get on the radio. Look at George Harrison's recent song; it's not a particularly good one but, my word, it's catchy — and it's a big hit. A single is just a great way of attracting the attention of the public to the rest of your work. However, the actual recording and the choice of the songs, for somebody like me, is critically important — because if it's a cop-out song it's going to sound bad, and nobody is going to buy it anyway. I know I got some response from the last newsletter, when I was talking about singles, from people who were horrified and saying 'Oh, God, he can't have an album of singles!' I think they misconstrued what I was saying.

"What I mean is that I will have the deep, emotional and powerful tunes still — but I also have to bear in mind that there are people out there who love my ballad singing. It's not an attempt to satisfy all of the people all of the time, because that's dangerous, too, it's just that I've got to satisfy all of the criteria in me as an artist that I set out to achieve in the first place."

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BAND . . .

A couple of Gazette's ago, a brief explanation was promised regarding what Chris' band get up to when they are not working with him. Finally, here it is: "Basically, they have other projects to keep them busy. For example, they play shows with a German pop singer. However, I do kind of feel responsible for them, although there's not a lot I can do. I mean, they do have their own projects and they're pretty happy to work with me for, what, ten months in a year — and then go off and do their own thing. It's amazing; we've been together — myself, Glenn and Jeff — for nine years, and the others for either seven or five years. So it's a very tight unit, and we have a lot of fun on the road — which are the two things that touring is mainly about. I'm forever playing practical jokes on those guys and, in fact, if something happens on the bus or on the stage — then everybody points the finger at me. Whether I did it or not! I've unfortunately become notorious for that. On the last tour, we got thrown out of a hotel in England when a water fight erupted. It happened during the night, and I was the instigator . . ." The full, no holds barred version of that damp and sordid little affair is actually revealed in Chris' recently published biography, From A Spark To A Flame. Since several hundred club members have already bought copies of the book through us, it hardly seems fair to repeat the tale here. Those not familiar with the dastardly deeds of de Burgh on that night know where they will have to look to wise up! . . .

PERSON TO PERSON

With the New Year upon us, it seemed the right and fitting time to introduce a new and hopefully revealing feature to the Gazette; Person to Person. The idea for it has come through the many and varied enquiries sent into the club about Chris. Normally, I do my best to put them direct to Chris — or to answer them within the general text of each newsletter — but there are always some queries which cannot easily be included in the Gazette. Until now. The purpose of this section is for club members to fire questions, however weird or wonderful, at Chris; person to person. A selection will be printed in each future edition of the newsletter, complete with the identity of the enquirer. Forgive me for not doing so in this opening feature; having read various letters, I merely wrote down the questions to ask Chris — and not the names of the people they came from. Apologies to all concerned . . .

Do you have any pets? I ask since a dog is featured on the cover of your first album: "Well, that dog is unfortunately demised, but, no, I don't have any pets. I was brought up with animals all my life, though.

Especially when I lived on a farm, there were plenty of dogs about. My mother has an Irish wolf hound called Crusader — and, in fact, she's had a couple of race horses, just for fun.

"One was called Spanish Train and another was called High on Emotion — and both of them won races, which was great. As for a horse called Borderburg which someone asks if I'm connected with . . . it's nothing to do with me! Anyway, we don't have any pets for the simple reason that it's impossible to look after them when you travel as much as we do. Perhaps one day."

You apparently recorded a version of Nights In White Satin by the Moody Blues. If so, what happened to it?: "It was recorded, actually — and I have no idea what happened to it! It's on a tape somewhere, and was done for the Best Moves sessions. It's quite a good version but we decided instead to put another song I had, Every Drop Of Rain, onto that album."

You once said there would be a Spanish Train Part II — will there be?:

"Well, there is — and it's actually already on record. It wasn't, however, Spanish Train Part II exactly; it was revisiting the devil — in Devil's Eye. That's what it was."

Have you ever appeared on another artist's record, in any capacity?: "I have, and I'm just trying to remember whose! These things, you sort of

forget about; you just happen to be in the studio, and you're clapping along to someone's record or maybe doing a bit of back-up. To be honest, I'd have to think about that one — but it was nobody dramatically famous. Nobody ever asks me!"

What does the artwork on the front cover of the Into The Light album sleeve represent?: It represents a black box with colours exploding out of it. It was done by an American artist whose first reaction, on listening to the album, was that picture. We tried all sorts of other things but, you see, Into The Light is definitely about coming from the shadows, from the dark, and into the open. I was trying to think of a title that suggested a positive, strong reaction and an emotional response — and I think that picture gives a very emotional response, too. It's a very, very strong picture, and the record sleeve is instantly recognisable for it."

What's Chris supposed to be doing on the back cover of Into The Light?: "What, staring at a white ball? Well, there's two ways of looking at that; you can either have it that the white ball suddenly appeared in the photograph and nobody knew what it was . . . or else I might be playing with a table tennis bat — which is slightly out of the picture. That, of course, is exactly what I'm doing!"

Did you know that in Uxbridge, England, there is a pub called The De Burgh Arms?: "Oh, I've heard about that place. They've offered me a drink whenever I go in there. Unfortunately, it's a little off the beaten track for me, considering that I live in Ireland."

So, that's Person To Person — and if you would like a question included in it, then send it, clearly marked with your NAME AND ADDRESS, to Person to Person, The New Chris de Burgh Club, P.O. Box 276, London E2 7BW.

PEN PALS

A chance for you to do all the writing! . . .

Sam Dickson, Woodend Cottage, High Stittenham, Sheriff Hutton, York, YO6 7TW, England. (Aged 10).

Kate Moore, 25 St. Helena Pde., Eastlake 2018, Sydney, Australia. (Aged 15).

Nathalie Ahrens, Hövelteichstr. 7, 4600 Dortmund 41, West Germany. (Aged 17).

Mark Orr, 60 Brookfield Avenue, Banbridge, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, BT32 3BZ. (Aged 16).

Cheryl Broadhead, 40 Douglas Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6HP, England. (Aged 37).

Suzanne Belanger, 50 Daigle Street, Edmundston, New Brunswick, Canada, E3V 1L9. (Aged 24).

Robert E. Farmer, 20 Currie Street, Glasgow, G20 9ET, Scotland. (Aged 25).

Lisa Roberts, 14 St. Michael Tce., Mt. Pleasant, Perth 6153, Western Australia.

Christopher Revilles, 80 Upper Yellow Road, Waterford City, Ireland. (Aged 17).

Daniela Klein, Pommerstrasse 67, 6438 Ludwigsau — Ersrode, West Germany. (Aged 18).

David Stringer, 36 Grasmere Road, Gatley, Cheadle, Cheshire, SK8 4RG, England.

Andrea Heller, Kletterrosenweg 17, 8000 Munich 45, West Germany.

Kachi Onwuneme, 163 Jubilee Road, P.M.B. 7366, ABA, IMO — State, Nigeria. (Aged 18).

Nikki O'Leary, 6 Cunard Road, Litherland, Liverpool, L21 8NA, England. (Aged 16).

Ulrike Schneider, Immergrünweg 3, 2000 Hamburg 70, West Germany. (Aged 18).

Maureen Keogh, Butter Hill, Blessington, Co. Wicklow, Ireland. (Aged 14).

Carole Bishop, 36 Sylmond Gardens, Rushden, Northants, NN10 9EJ, England. (Aged 37).

And finally, at the risk of sounding boring: Future pen pals, please write your name and address clearly in BLOCK LETTERS if you'd like your details printed. Specify your age if you wish.

STOP PRESS

Congratulations to Phil Hewitt of St. Helens, Lancashire and Lynne Ash of Wolverhampton who got engaged in July after meeting through the pen-pal section of the Gazette. They plan to get married this year.

THE END OF THE LINE

With his current popularity, a situation built up steadily over the years through loyal support, Chris could seemingly carry on singing, recording and touring for as long as he wished to. But just how much longer can he see himself doing so?

"Well, obviously you can't do it for ever. Regarding touring, as I've said, I've always had this faint dream of doing a solo tour. However, when you're travelling with 40 people, it starts to get unwieldy — and extremely expensive. I don't think I could ever desert the ambitious push to try and be as good as possible by doing what a lot of bands unfortunately have to do — which is play the pub and club circuits. As I'm a single artist, there's no need for that to happen. But with family commitments and Rosanna going to school and stuff, I can see myself having to pull back. The trouble is, you see, I love touring — and I'm good at it! So long as the head remains alert, you can continue for as long as you want, though. That's true. Also, people like the Rolling Stones and Paul McCartney have proved that you don't lie down and die just because you're 40 — or 50, for that matter. Also, interestingly enough, most of the record companies have suddenly realised that the teen market has really collapsed — and that the real strength in record sales now is with the 25 to 35-year-old market. Those people grow old with you; I don't see anybody suddenly deserting Phil Collins or Peter Gabriel or Chris de Burgh just because they have reached a certain age.

"They don't suddenly become admirers of Beethoven and Bach and say 'OK, I'm 36 — that's it. I'll never listen to pop music again.' The real trouble is that the older you get, the less people there are making good music. That's what I've found. There are a lot of young bands who are just dreadful. Some of them are good, some of them show promise — but I can't see that there are going to be many big, big survivors into the next 20 years among them."

WAX LYRICAL

The latest crop of explanations concerning the method and meaning behind some of C de B's songs . . .

THE KEY: "Didn't I try and answer that one before and I forgot? Well, I can remember now! It's about someone trying too hard to give themselves to somebody else. I wrote the song because I remembered a situation where I was in love with this girl, but she didn't reciprocate — and decided to chase after a lot of fellows. I met her some years later and she was miserable. She thought that, if she'd resolved herself to actually trying to connect with just one person — instead of about 50 at the same time — then it would have worked a bit better. 'The door will open, you've thrown away the key.' In other words, when the time has come to fall in love, it's too late because you've spread yourself about too much — not promiscuously — but just emotionally."

JUST IN TIME: "That's about nature preservation, about preserving life on the planet. It goes a little further into us having to catch nuclear arms. It's one of my favourite themes, unfortunately. We've just got to catch them in time. The song was a point of view I was wanting to put across and, at the time, the World Wildlife Fund was campaigning about the slaughter of whales, the disappearance of pandas and, in general, fighting for any species that was being eradicated by man. It was written amid that sort of climate."

IF YOU REALLY LOVE HER, LET HER GO: "Oh, I got a really good letter about that, from somebody saying 'This is exactly what's happening to me.' What it's about, actually, is parents who are too possessive of their children. It concerns a boy, a young man, literally going into their front room and singing them the song. He's saying 'Look, if you really love your daughter, let her go. Don't hold on to her. Because if you do, she'll just leave — in the middle of the night — and that's that.' He's saying they should let her go with love, and with their blessing because she's going anyway. He's telling them that the way they choose to let her go is up to them, but the best way to do it is with love."

LIBERTY: "This concerns the aftermath of a battle. It's very much a cinematic vision for me of being able to see the fog, the smoke, the horses and the bodies. The irony of it all — and just look at the French Revolution — is that the moment you think you've achieved liberty, the thing disintegrates. Revolution is a very tricky thing, because once you've cleared away the debris of the previous organisation — then you immediately start getting into the same thing again of some people being bigger and better than others. Power corrupts everywhere, and that's what this song has a lot to do with."

UNTIL THE NEXT TIME . . .

That about wraps up this edition of the Gazette — except for two personal 'thank yous' which Chris has expressly asked to be included. "I wanted to say them to Debbie Elliott, who has been sending me lots of information and stuff — and also sent me some lovely crosswords which will hopefully be used in future newsletters. They're very clever and all about me and my music. She also sends me funny stories and pictures of her children. I'd like to thank Nicki from Lowestoft, too. She writes in silver or gold ink on black paper — and she's terrific. She sends me lots of chatty letters, and I appreciate them, too." Hopefully, Chris' comments will satisfy any doubters who believe that he never bothers to read his 'fan' mail. All letters addressed to the Gazette are also looked at — which is why I'm in a position to say an extremely cryptic 'Thanks for an entertaining 'Not The Getaway Gazette', girls' — to Jacquie Stamp and Clare Jacklin from Manchester . . .

In the next newsletter we'll be charting Chris' further progress with the album and bringing you up to date with his movements in general — but, in the meantime, please remember to send any pen pal addresses, person to person questions for Chris or Wax Lyrical queries — together with any ideas or criticisms about the newsletters or the club — to me, Mike, at The New Chris de Burgh Club, P.O. Box 276, London, E2 7BW.

So, until the next time, goodbye and good luck once again!