



MEAT



KATE BUSH THE SENSUAL WORLD (EPIC)

Kate Bush fans are a strange breed of beast. On learning that somebody at the record-pressing plant had done a bit of a **Hazlewood** and was pressing the new Bush album and loading it into **Beach Boys** covers, suddenly the LP charts were bristling with the apparent horrors of "Endless Summer" and "Living in the USA". But Kate is that sort of artist, appealing to the rather more serious post-pubescent that has just graduated from the spiral fantasies of C.S.Lewis; teetering on the edge of becoming a fully-fledged member of the local **GREEN** party. Yes the **Bush Bunch** are sensitive conscientious types with vivid if not predictable imaginations and Kate is our **Earth-Mother**: showering us with all manner of cuddly little fables, sometimes tinged with a bit of preternatural dread but nothing to really get us hiding under the bed.

Doubtless the faithful will buy two copies, one to actually play and the other to set up in a shrine of teddy-bears and English roses but "**Hey Knob-face**" I hear you cry, "**What is it actually like?**"

The title track kicks off the joviality with a fullness and warmth that clops along quite nicely while whipping out Freudian couplets left, right and centre. In truth Kate's being a bit naughty on this one, showing us that she can be dead sexy without using the tried and trusted "**Stuff-it -to-me big-boy**" approach that is otherwise so typical of the genre. Delightfully redolent throughout this and the following two tracks is an

Irish, African and Lower Eastern European influences. It is a very distinctive and well-executed sound that just goes to show the less adventurous what can still be done to add a little zing to contemporary pop-music. **Love and Anger** follows with a gently building passion that never oversteps its welcome. There are no spectacular gymnastics here, but a solid momentum propels the track through richer tapestries of layered vocals and stinging bursts from **Dave Gilmour's** ice-pick guitar. A rather witch-like guffaw heralds **The Fog** and we really should know better that its time for a bit of vintage dramatic silliness, from old **Bushy**. An uneasy release from patriarchal influence is the supposed theme of the song, but it can get a little annoying - especially the repeated phrase "**Just put your feet down child**" which actually appears to have been sampled from **Daddy Bush** himself. Authoritative influences have always been a stimulus for **Kate** and indeed this could well be the prequel to "**Waking The Witch**" from "**Hounds of Love**" (play 'em back-to-back pop-pickers!) As if we hadn't had enough of analyzing the woes of the malleable infant then next comes "**Reaching Out**". "**Reaching Out**" swings from a sense of urgency to a feeling of serenity in an attempt to illustrate the blurred learning of the inquisitive child and the proclamation that loving is the most important education of all. Crikey! Quite by chance

(continued overleaf)

