

# ENTERTAINMENT MEAT



**KRATCH**

**PETER MURPHY**  
**Love Hysteria**  
*(Beggars Banquet)*

Talking about Peter Murphy's music is a bit like, as one popular television V.J. phrased it, "dancing about architecture." Still, his second solo LP, *Love Hysteria*, is best described as original and completely different to everything else coming out of the UK these days. Although not immediately accessible, this is easily his most commercial effort to date (with the exception of Socrates the Python which is as black as ever). You might even hear the first track off the album, "All Night Long," in the more daring club (s) around town. Yet no matter how pleasant or melodic his music becomes, it still retains it's atmospheric and esoteric quality, not at all unlike Bauhaus' *Burning From the Inside*.

One of the most striking elements of Murphy's work is his lyrics, which are not necessarily literal or easy in any way - each song is like a short epic or journey into visual images, as most evident in the aforementioned *All Night Long*, which actually lifts dialogue from Jean Cocteau's screen classic "La Belle et la

Bete." Murphy seems to use visual imagery as a catalyst for musical expression; if not interpreting a painting or film, his music leads you into its

own dark world of theatrics, telling stories through melody. The best track on the album in my opinion is "My Last Two Weeks," a surprisingly simple piece that makes excellent use of vocals, keyboards and percussion with beautiful, haunting lyrics. *Love Hysteria* as a whole is a strong follow-up LP to *Should the World Fall to Fall Apart*. He has managed to keep the mystery and darkness of his earlier style while creating a much more produced, studio worked sound.

Peter Murphy has always been one of music's most enigmatic characters; a constantly changing image, unpredictable switches in style and an elusive and private personality. For those die-hard Bauhaus fans, his solo career is likely somewhat of a surprise if not a disappointment. But for the rest of us, *Love Hysteria* may prove to be the find of the year.

**ANDREA NOLAN**



**SAM BROWN**  
**STOP!**  
*(A and M)*

**JULIA FORDHAM**  
**Julia Fordham**  
*(Virgin)*

Call me a generalising sexist pig if you want, be it appears to me as if we can produce two broad categories of female performers in today's popular music medium. The first of these is the most obvious and generally typified by the manipulated vehicles of vile record company execs that churn out insubstantial and superficial throwaway drivel urged into ambiguity by a tepid disco beat. Included here are those stunningly attractive young women whose mentors hope will inspire the fantasies of an army of pubescent males given to dreams of being smothered by an ample bosom. Also included are those unfortunates that are mere children themselves and yet have been chosen to deliver song after forgettable song of factory produced musical and lyrical nothingness. An image and very little else.

On the other hand our second group consists of those artists that have eschewed the need to be packaged as

a supermarket item on the meats section and succeed in delivering the message as well as an ability to produce a memorable piece of music in its own right.

Fortunately the two albums reviewed have land squarely in the second category and make no attempt to slide into the first.

Sam Brown is already an accomplished veteran of the music industry, having contributed to the work of Dexy's Midnight Runners, Adam and the Ants and Spandau Ballet. Here though Sam has stepped out by herself and put together 'Stop!' an album of 12 self-penned songs. Stop! is not a particularly spectacular work but it does entice me to drag out an old reviewer's cliché, namely "it certainly shows promise!" because that's exactly the sort of impression it gives. Many of the songs are a little too simple in overall structure and do not inspire any willingness to be played again. The maxim here is, it's short on structure make sure its got a knock-out punch hookline to stimulate the imagination of the dim listener.

Quite often there's not much more than a tap on the shoulder. Even the title song is a little drab and induces late seventies flashbacks with the bubbling organ and the sickly use of orchestration.

One moment of minimalist magnificence though is to be found in the lovely and distributing 'I'll be in love'. Which uses a repetitive keyboard phrase interlaced with screaming groans from Dave Gilmour's guitar. This certainly is a track that needs to be played again and again.

Julia Fordham on the other hand is a talent that immediately smashes through the turntable dust cover like a gleaming monolith. On this eponymous first release our Julia has packaged together a collection of generous, warm and sensitive observations on everyday attitudes and social nuances. Here you will find yourself tingling all over from a whole plethora of musical inflexions that suggest feelings of joyous celebration and ever grim irony. At other times Julia will grab a big emotional sledgehammer and leave you breathless for about five minutes until such a time as its possible to jump up and down again.

There is a subtle condemnation of apartheid in 'Happy Ever After' which avoids heavy political lambasting but is still remarkably effective. Remember how you get all mushy and say stupid little nothings after a flat of beer? This disturbing trait is dealt with quite effectively on 'Few Too Many'



delivered so softly and gently that somehow one receives the impression that Miss Fordham is singing especially to the individual listener. It is this level of intimacy combined with such blatant prowess in song writing and musical ability that makes this commendable work a dynamic catch. Do not let it pass you by.

**STEVE GRIFFITHS**



The lovely Julia Fordham participates in the first of our regular competitions - "Where's my nose?"