

LUSH MOOSE LONDON ULU

MOOSE ARE either tragically or gloriously archetypal indie kids, depending on where you stand. Frankly Moose proffer a marvellous 20 minutes of drifting dreampop. Admittedly four figures rooted to the spot, an incomprehensible moptop drawler and clumsy errors should add up to a major irritant, but the tentative, tiptoeing music more than suffices: bleary-eyed, unfocussed, the melodies tease and the phazed guitars ring sublimely.

Lush meanwhile sold out ULU a week before the show, and grazed the Top 50 with their 'Mad Love EP'. And they still don't appear to have a clue about what's going on. That's fine – once they suss it, chances are they'll blow it completely.

Shame, then, that having reached this prestigious plateau, tonight isn't half the show it could have been. Blame the band-cooling fans on the side of the stage which seem to whip away Miki's words before they reach the microphone, while the normally scuttling rhythm section is transformed into a booming aural bombardment. All isn't lost: 'Deluxe' is delirious, an immaculate evocation of Lush's finest characteristics – hectic, yet static, glacial but sweating, a hard-hitting welter of lightweight luxuries.

More bizarre is the juxtaposition 'twist Lush's decidedly glamorous sounds and Miki's somewhat native London wit: "Christ, I need a fag," is one mid-set highlight, later exceeded by the heckler-crushing riposte, "Oooh, he wants to SUCK MY TITS!!"

(F)lushed with success they may be, drowning they're not.

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9.6.90
VME