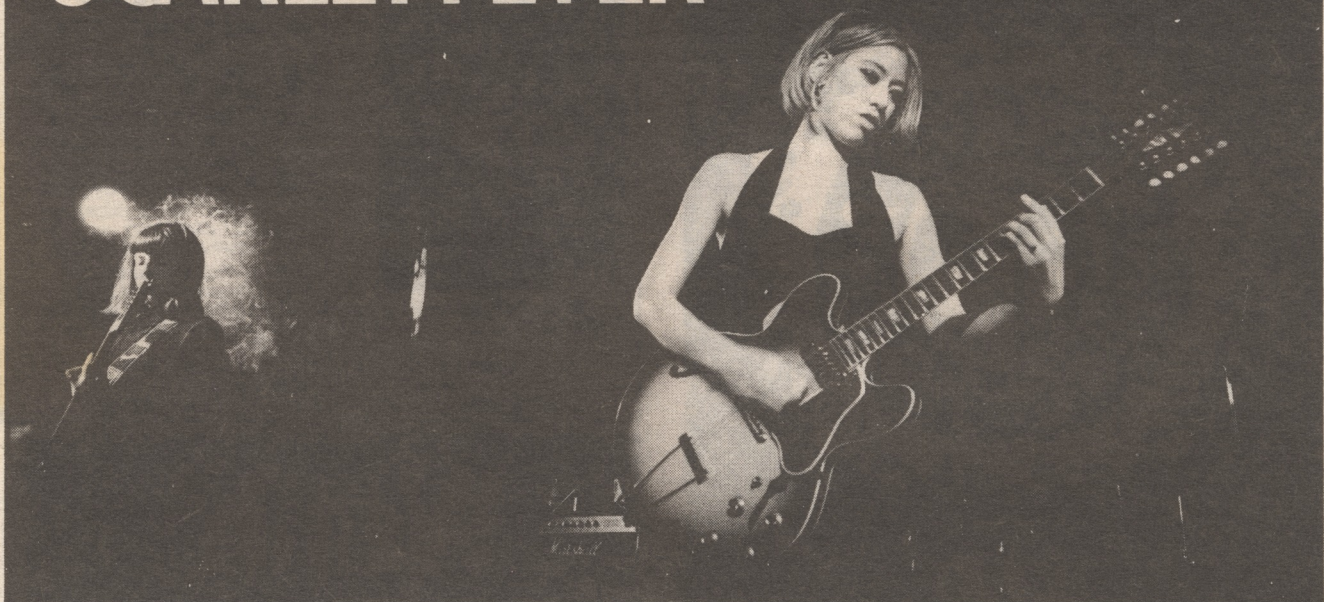


SCARLET FEVER



LUSH

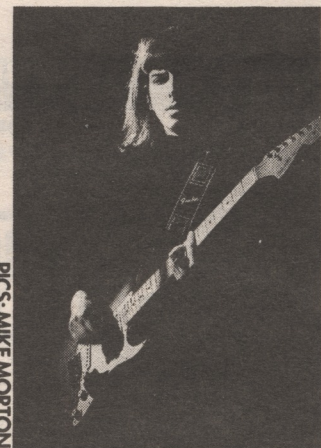
THE OLD TROUT, WINDSOR

PEOPLE like to project their own fantasies on Lush music. Check the rambling poesy in their press cuttings. People have tried to trace their musical lineage, but apparently Lush "exist in a vacuum". Tonight I realise that "Scarlet" and "Thoughtforms" recall some classic moments from Mike Oldfield's "Incantations" complete with posh girl's choir. The middle break on "Breeze" reminds me of The Who's "Tommy". There's something very English and folkly about Lush, especially when Miki gets an attack of the Maddy Priors: "My eye-can lags."

That's when you're permitted to hear the lyrics. What a pleb I must be wanting to hear the words. Christ, I'm all for artiness and random compositions but if the girls bother to write words, let's hear them. Left to my own devices the words become, "You are the sweetness in my eyes/You are a womble in disguise." Tsk, the listener as artist? Well, I must be the tacky one that paints big-eyed Spanish waifs. One risks the label "jaded and cynical" if one doesn't go

into floral tribute overdrive. But Lush deserve more than that.

Emma looks pensive. Her clean voice is note perfect, her guitar playing, mesmerising. Unusual to see a woman who doesn't care if her fringe goes skewiff. She glares at the moshpit as if to say, "Here we are warbling about the rape of our finer feelings, and all you can do is rub yourselves up against each other." Miki works like a packhorse and looks like a poppy. A



PICS: MIKE MORTON

natural performer, she's lost in music. Chris and Steve dig a compelling groove on "Sweetness and Light", but the ranting "Baby Talk" is beyond help.

Occasionally and unexpectedly, Lush evoke the sublime. Did you know that Led Zep were considered a hype when they started out? So were Birdland.

SALLY MARGARET JOY