

LUSH

LONDON EUSTON LAST EXIT

LUSH HAVE written an instrumental. And they've called it 'Instrumental'. In self-destructive days like these, when a spade is a post-modernist earth gouging garden implement, we should cherish such logic.

And why not? Two boys meet two girls and Lush are on their way. Wildly immovable, mildly disapproving, they'd rather concentrate on their instruments than wink at the crowd.

Sometimes awkward and angular, elsewhere Lush are smoothly succinct, a mixture for the best chocolate boxes. But this isn't all sweetness and light and good girlie gracelessness. Complex darker moments shade the maturity, with the oddest moment just as 'Thought Forms' nips itself in the bud, when above the applause some chirpy chap is still whistling the melody. That's called instant reaction. 'Etheriel', a (sic) joke, steals the show and refuses to give it back – even though it is two songs too short.

So we'll leave the singer's blazing hair to say it all: blushing succulent, indeed.

Simon Williams