

THE CRANBERRIES

LIMERICK JETLAND CENTRE

THE CRANBERRIES are the stuff on which obsessions can be built. Young, talented, charmingly innocent, they're the latest band to attract the travelling A&R zoo to Ireland. Their gig-count has finally made it into double figures but, even at this stage, you can sense that the ingredients are right.

Foursquare, they cross classic indie boundaries, borrowing as they do from The Smiths to re-invent The Sundays or Everything But The Girl, or a less Stateside 10,000 Maniacs. Dolores' voice is haunting and uneasy, a sense aided by her grimaces and ill-at-ease stage stance. But, on the achingly mature 'Put Me Down', it becomes a soothing sigh.

Her voice is not all on the Cranberry supermarket shelf. Their arsenal of songs is astounding. 'Dreams' and 'Pathetic Senses' are rare beasts, perfect pop moments when all is right with the world and smiles appear instantly on faces. Both employ pounding drums and hazy, jangly guitars, two traditional touches which tonight are showing out without clichéd or weatherbeaten exteriors. And then there's 'Nothing Left At All', building from a vocals and acoustic guitar introduction to something quite magnificent and skylarking.

The Cranberries are still as uneasy with their craft as you'd expect ones so young and so inexperienced to be. But with time they'll develop. Right now, it is merely this audience which is gobsmacked. In 12 months, expect these four to be kings and queen of the pop world. Get ready to be Cranberried.

Jim Carroll