



[Echo and The Bunnymen](#) at [Liverpool Philharmonic](#)

Reviewed by [Jane Turner](#) October 2011

Stop the Press: McCulloch the messiah incites mutiny!

Last night I witnessed a reluctant rebellion in the aisles of the Liverpool Philharmonic! The messiah McCulloch with tongue in cheek, rebelliously called on his followers to “fill that aisle” after an earlier comment that he had “never seen so many obedient people sitting down instead of standing up”. As the messiah spoke of “so many regulations that it is now impossible to make a Lancashire sausage” his followers were roused from their seats and took to dancing in the aisles with gusto – an activity not seen around here for years. Hundreds of happy people ignored the anxious gesticulating of the “chuckle brothers” as McCulloch had cheekily nicknamed the “bouncers”, and the people were at last back in their rightful place, on the land that was rightfully theirs and dancing in the aisles instead of wiggling politely from in or behind their seats. In an appeal to the “chuckle brothers” McCulloch declared “these are our people, they’re not doing anything wrong” and with that the party really got started; Echo and The Bunnymen were back in town!

As well as taking part in an uprising (with little in common with the Arab spring unfortunately), I also had a kind-of “born again” or spiritual moment or two. Watching McCulloch perform in a pitch-black concert hall, with just one small spotlight that cast him as a giant shadow on a side wall, which due to light-trickery and the angle of my seat looked like a crucifix backdrop I had to pinch myself occasionally to remind myself that this was a concert hall not a cathedral.

