

By **Stephanie King**

If you ever needed proof that life is unfair, just look at Delorean. They should be the biggest dance sensation in Europe following the release of this summer's *Ayrton Senna* EP. But they're not. Which is frustrating, considering

[*Moonson*](#)

is actually,
literally
perfect.

Sounding like [The Rapture](#) playing the soundtrack for [Mario Kart](#) on the N64 with its spangled synths and squealing guitars,

Moonson

screams charisma. A cleaner, sharper version of

[The Go! Team](#)

,
Moonson

is a nostalgic jigsaw of samples and sounds with a brash bold edge, held together by beats that swerve between 80s arcade games and

Ibiza Chillout Vol 4

or some such guff. And I mean that in a good way. A classic four-to-the-floor rhythm pumps up shimmering blips, drum tracks and singer/bassist Ekhi Lopetegi's soft, yelping rap. And then there's the wiggly fade in/out and a set of formidable piano chords.

What is it with piano chords and party tunes? Everyone from [Crystal Waters](#) to [Myló](#) knows that all you need is beat plus diva sample polished off with some firm piano jabs and you're halfway to floor-filling gold.

Moonson

begins with so much speed and immediacy that you could be forgiven for judging it as gripping but disposable pop. But when those pounding piano chords come marching arm-in-arm with 90s house and europop, I experience a Pavlovian urge to throw some shapes.

Moonson's mixing of the best elements from early 90s dance triggers memories of every good night out I've had from the Centre Parcs Kids' Disco to [DUCKiE](#). It's the aural equivalent of liquid MDMA with a side-order of

[MGMT](#)

. If

[New Order](#)

were cheerier, sexier and Spanish they' be Delorean.

Joyful and infectious, *Moonson* is good-humoured, unpretentious party music that both looks back and riffs on house, bubblegum, electro-synth pop and mash-up DJs. Ok, so they ignore dubstep and grime and Delorean probably won't break any boundaries, but that's hardly the point. By readily fessing up to their influences and refusing to add anything cutesy and ironic to the mix, Delorean believe every breath of their own exuberance on

Moonson

. How refreshing.

Perhaps it's because they've been slapped on adverts, but Chairlift's [Bruises](#) and Phoenix's [1 901](#)

should sound as happy, unfettered and innocent as this. Instead, despite being excellent pop songs, they're so sweet as to be sickly and carry with them the unmistakable tang of sales projections and middle-aged cynicism.

Moonson

handles its influences thoughtfully yet remains unhampered by arch self-consciousness. It's down-to-earth, youthful and unspoiled. For me it was love at first listen.

So there we go: Song of 2009 is *Moonson* by Delorean – the soundtrack to a party kicking off,

an anthem for being young, gorgeous and hopeful (if only for four minutes), a sparkling, bubbly glass of magic. It's what good pop music should be: direct, ephemeral, reminiscent of something you've already loved, and yet fresh and exciting in ways you can't quite explain.

Happy New Year.

More from Stephanie King at [Missing Dust Jacket](#)