



EASY RIDERS

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

The Phil Kaufman Club, Camden Town

IT'S like a brutally dispossessed George Best, his cottoning on that he's in fact wearing diver's weighted boots rather than calfskin soccer shoes. He nips off the field, changes footwear, trots back, tackles the opponent, and zig-zags the length of the pitch to score. It's precisely like that. The House Of Love have just twigged that they can't hear themselves through the stage monitors. The problem is rectified, and it once again becomes ludicrously, casually clear that what we have here is this land's finest band.

It's actually quite an appropriate image, that they can't hear themselves; despite all the perspicacious grilling of Guy Chadwick, one still senses that they're water-skiing behind an unknown craft, fuelled by some unnamed

phosphor based fuel. That's not to say they're not becoming stars, however. Terry, a guitarist who neither flinches nor smiles and is deadly cool despite this, is quickly realising that the sound he produces is several leagues beyond anyone else's, with its nuances the size of continents. Thankfully his right arm describes an arc rather than the stunted up-down trajectory of most of his English indie peers.

Their set now is like a Greatest Hits Showcase, beginning (beginning, indeed) with "Christine", followed by the soon-due single "Destroy The Heart" which, once out, will ensure beatitude, no question. Then follow "Shine On", the layered cake of "Real Animal" and "Salome", right through to their out-sonicking of Sonic Youth on "I Wanna Be Your Dog". If Iggy had appeared he'd have combusted.

Perhaps The House Of Love sound like you always thought the greats, from Marc Bolan to Lou Reed, sounded in your head, the perfect sound

system, I'd always contend, with its Remake/Remodel mode. If so, then obvious inner ear must be currently undergoing some of thru-the-mobius-strip type jaunt. For if The House Of Love sound so other in our conscious reality, what the thump must they be doing to hidden bits 'neath the cortex? Perhaps this explains the lump on Guy Chadwick's forehead.

Not to take anything away from him and his songwriting proclivity, but it's now ever more transparent that it's The Sound, the loosening the harness, that glues us to The House Of Love that truly leads us blissward, out of the text and of gender distinction. Certainly, the treatment meted out to a chap who muttered "Velvet Underground" through his cogwheel and beard ensure that he won't be exercising his manhood a good couple of weeks. I have seen the future rock 'n' roll blah blah blah.

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