

Wrong time, wrong place

*The House of Love,
Leicester University*

THE lights dimmed, the crowd hushed, and out of the time machine stepped The House of Love.

At a rough guess I'd say the band had overshoot the era they really belong in by about 20 years.

But who cares? The four earnest players simply tucked themselves behind their '60s bowl haircuts and got on with it.

If you can forgive a band for only knowing three chords and sounding like they've listened to too much Velvet Underground, there's a chance you might like The House of Love.

Unfortunately I can't and don't. The painfully-short half-hour set almost made me wonder whether it was worth their while setting up the equipment.

A glimmer of a good tune surfaced in *Destroy the Heart*, the current single. But, by that time, the show was over.

I pity those who shelled out £3 a ticket for the experience.

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