

HOUSE OF LOVE

Camden Black Horse, London

DURING the few moments of calm, when the arms aren't flailing, the teeth aren't locked, introductions are mumbled. House Of Love's songs have titles such as "Brussess" and "Shnomp". It matters little since their lyrics are barely audible anyway, although the one boy, one girl harmonies are pleasing enough, if not a totally pleasant *sound*, a satisfactory salve to the *noise*.

House Of Love hate. They came on strong, their objective constantly in sight. They've been patted and battered to fit the odd shaped hole, to feel comfortable even if they really want to be at odds with this Creation regeneration. In the final few seconds they suddenly burst free, a furore of fast strumming and smashing obliterating all that's gone before in the previous half an hour, and in the last half a century. Remember only this. This ain't rock 'n' roll. This is a wipe out.

PUSH