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The House of Love The House of Love PolyGram/Fontana

House of Love frontman Guy Chadwick lives (and loves) in that universe where lyrical melancholia and ringing, crystalline guitars co-exist. You're familiar with the place if you've heard any of The Church's late-80s stuff, although Chadwick's nook is a trifle darker (no matter what he says) than Churchman Steve Kilbey's. Chadwick's i.s.o. moral sal-

vation in a soulless world—one of those poor lambs who's constantly travelling without arriving. Thing is, what he glimpses along the way is usually noteworthy: heartless hearts, the mirage of reality, elusive and allusive love. Wisely, he doesn't sugar-coat his chilled observations, choosing instead to couch them in either a) quiet, talk-y mind-broods that recall Leonard Cohen's brilliant first album from a million years ago ("Somebody's Got to Love You," "Blind," "Se: Dest") or b) those plinging, translucent, liquid guitar rockers so frequently invoked by The Church ("In a Room," "32nd Floor," "Shine On," "Don't Know Why I Love You"). Nothing here quite as splendidiferous as '88's "Christians" (it's their first self-titled album), although, plying, "Hedon close. A smart tiptoe through garden.