

Two shows that already happened and succeeded were those by **Global Village** and **House of Love**. The former took place at Zelda's a little over a week ago and gave the more than ample crowd a taste of something they don't often get — a local band with a national future. These guys play horn-y world-beat stuff, up-tempo with a sense of humor. Their set was made up of danceable numbers which used the three-piece horn section and the audience's urge to work up a sweat to maximum effect. A friend of mine turned during the second number and said, "Hell, I'd sign them in a minute." I agree. Go see them.

House of Love's opening set for **Peter Murphy** at the mosquito-ridden Southern Star Amphitheater last week was tremendous — a ribald holler at the beast of musical complacency. Most of the songs are completely different from one another, but there is a consistency in the virtue of the material.

While the current fad in Britain revolves around taking loads of happy narcotics and playing bad patchouli oil/hippie music (no, I *can't* play guitar, my fingers are too slippery), HOL is making complex and dexterous music.

"All we really do is attempt to put the sound in our heads into music," says drummer **Peter Evans**, bleeding from a skeeter strike to the neck. "It's very difficult to describe to anyone, there's too much that happens. But we normally *almost* get it exactly the way we want it."

The show exhibited a band unafraid to explore a **Velvet Underground-ish** cacophony one minute, driving, aggressive pop the next. It was reassuring to see such an event take place, and their album, *House of Love*, is nearly as good.