

THE House Of Love at Huddersfield (like Moses in Morecombe) have new songs, kinetic composition that utilise the pioneering pyrotechnics of Loop and Spacemen 3, but from within the confines of convention. Their experiments allow for a liberty of expression and a honeyed musicality, a candy-coated cacophony of screeching peach chaos. "Se-dest" builds from a brooding, melancholy trickle of sober percussion and wisps of Terry Bickers' guitar vapour to a scalding shower of angry acid splinters. And back again. "Never", The House Of Love's next single, is Guy Chadwick's quasi-religious celebration of love as salvation, a momentous series of climactic affirmations: "I've seen the light . . . My love is real . . . I'll never let you down", illuminated by a goldrush gush of guitars.

"Happy" is continually torn apart by Janus-faced love, the anguish of abandon. Live, it is a fulsome, flushed flesh-out of the vinyl version, a buxom exaggeration. "Salome" is a scorching gallop into the essence of love's dual existence: "I love the way she cries . . .", exclaims Chadwick, his mind drenched by a welter of pleasure and pain, while a blizzard of arctic particles melt into a furnace of cauterizing feedback sleet. "Shake And Crawl" is possessed by the grandeur of languor and stung by sadness: "I don't know if love will be here again", aches Guy, oozing with an electrifying sense of loss.

The kiss-off is a maelstrom of epic turbulence, a ferocious approximation of the mental torment incurred by infatuation. The curvaceous tumble, the descending melodic spiral of "Don't Know Why" is met by a storm of sizzling guitar as they make their ascension towards the firmament.

"Do I love you . . . ? Do I care . . . ?" agonizes Chadwick as The House Of Love drown us in the hallucinatory luxury of doubt. The godlike glow of "In A Room" crackles like radio interference from the sun. The House Of Love are jackknifing beyond our *widest* dreams, torching the past as they leave Earth's orbit. Flame on.

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