

WIRED!

Of course, *one* gig wasn't enough for you, was it? No, you had to do *three*, didn't you? It's all self, self, self...

THE HOUSE OF LOVE ULU/Town & Country Club/ Boston Arms, London

The House Of Love had got left behind. No two ways about it. They hadn't troubled us with new material since spring 1990. And they'd been overshadowed

significantly by ex-guitarist Terry Bickers' pioneering efforts with his new band Levitation.

Meanwhile, a House Of Love EP

had been wasted (by the band themselves, for not coming up to scratch), inter-band ructions had repeatedly stymied the momentum of their glorious 1988 debut 'The House Of Love', and 1990's year-long panglobal tour looked as though it might sadly have sapped the defiant spleen from Guy Chadwick's quill.

Well, think again. Think again.

It was very important they come back with a highly newsworthy caper; something to leapfrog them, gossip-wise, over the ubiquitous Neds, Carters, Slowdives and what have you; something memorable, something cool, something a great guitar band would do if they were thinking big.

Rather than murdering six Radio 1 DJs at random, which presumably at least made it to the shortlist of ideas, they hit on the scam of three gigs in one night - 'The House Of Love x 3'. Three different set lists, three different venues, three different audiences. Or, if you wanted to see all three, you could whack off £20 and be guaranteed not only entree to all the gigs, but also a seat on the specially chartered bus that ferried the sweaty throng from one palatial boudoir to the next.

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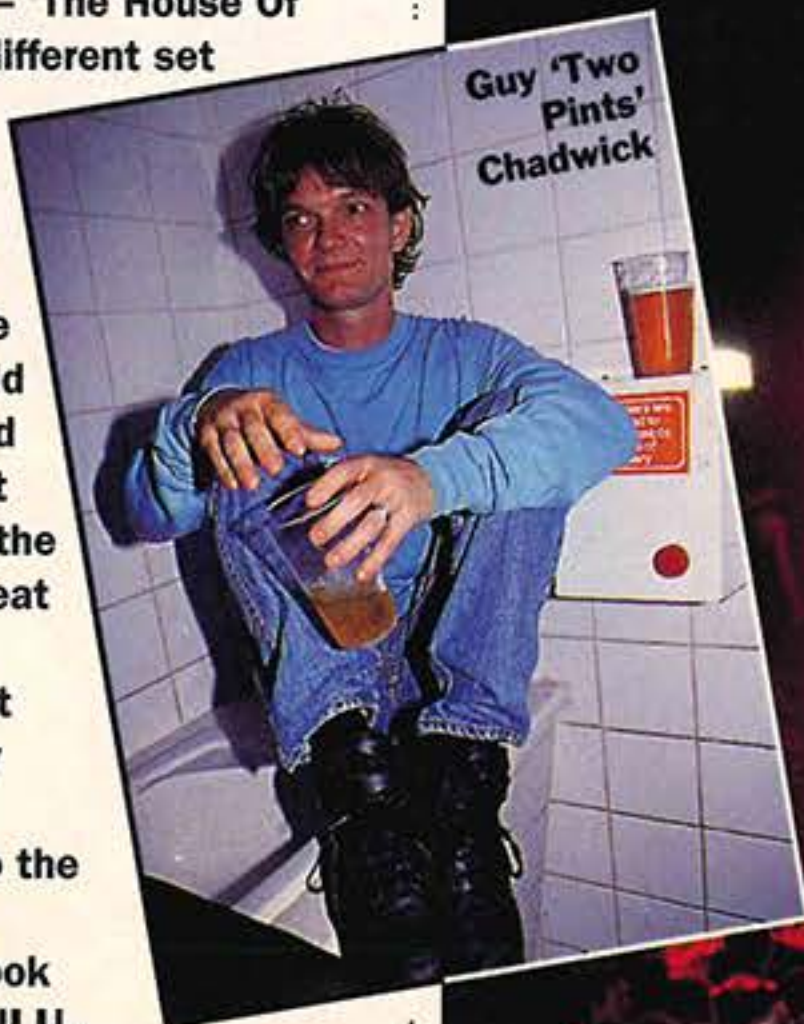
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Guy 'Two Pints' Chadwick



Simon, couple of red guitars at the Bos

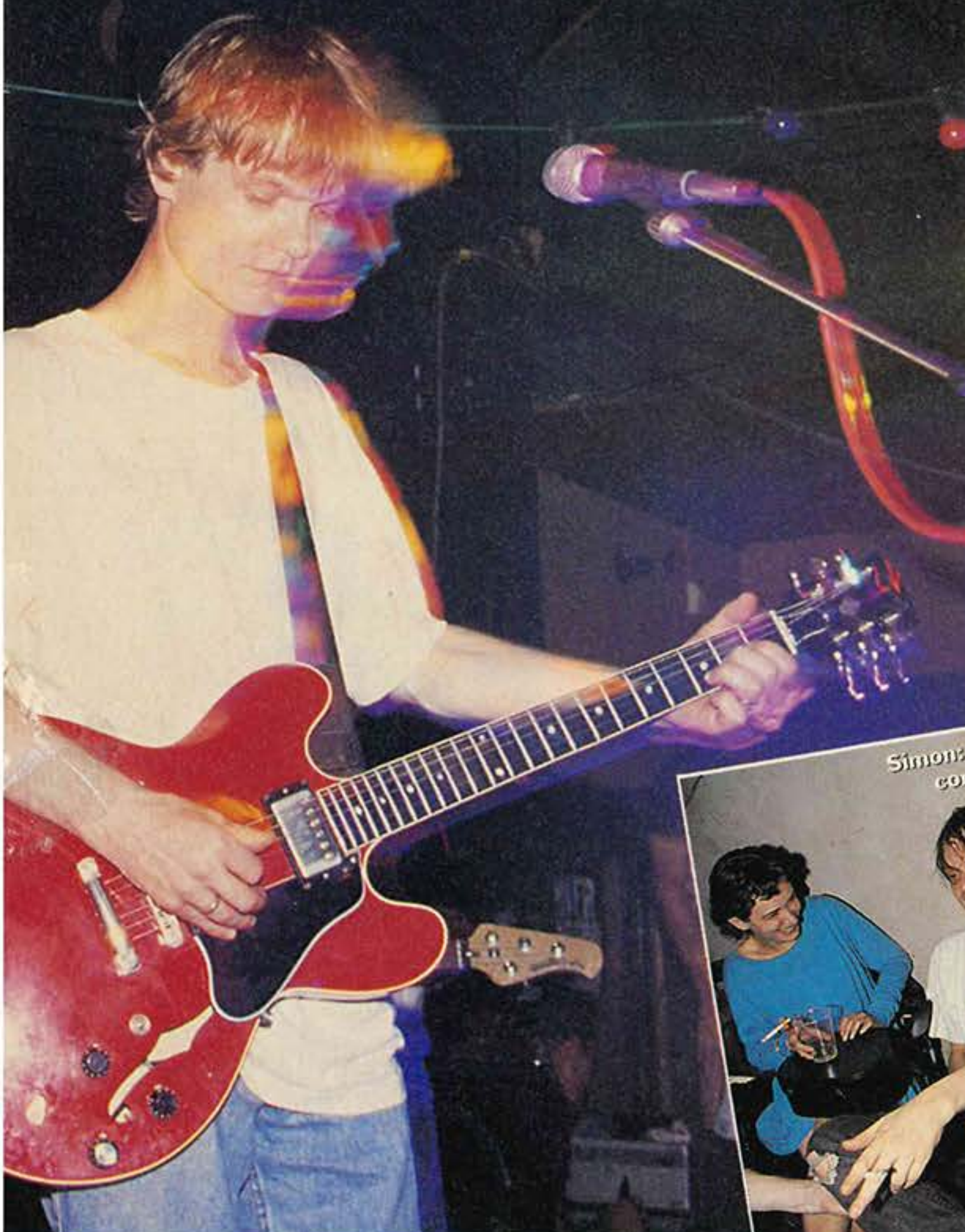


Eye jinks at the the jokes ju cornea and co

Guy in "Dammit, this one doesn't pick up Test Match Special" chagrin



The festivities get underway at



through excerpts from the famous abandoned second album (patched together on last year's mid-price 'Spy In The House Of Love') right up to the exquisitely lilting new single, 'The Girl With The Lonellest Eyes'. It was now starting to look, and sound, very interesting. Walker, long considered by those with shell-likes adjacent to the underground, to be one of this country's great under-valued guitarists, was now sweating fever on every solo - feedback came at you from the soles of your feet up; chords

too speedy for the senses to compute flew at you from somewhere underneath your neck - and all the time the long-suffering rhythm section of Chris Groothuizen (bass) and Pete Evans (drums) flailed away at forgotten beauties like 'Marble' and 'Scratched Inside' as green lasers rent the air. Excellent.

After protracted haggling the band had settled on the Boston Arms in Tufnell Park as the third of the night's venues. It's a puny, gentle canter from the T&C, yet still the bus was there to hoik the by now fairly tipsy party-goers to their third, and final, port of call. This was to be something of an informal, kinda... loose gig.

Chadwick took the stage alone for the first two numbers (including a great new song, 'Into The Tunnel'), as a rapid display of sidestage bustle took place to get the sound sorted out. The band's chief roadies - a legendarily uncompromising duo at the best of times - were distractingly attired in drag. One of them was particularly fetching in a kind of silver tutu. But Chadwick's pre-gig plea that everyone in attendance wear women's clothing had no other takers. Except, that is, among the female members of the audience.

It was a tad shambolic after the

Guy: what does that T-shirt look like?



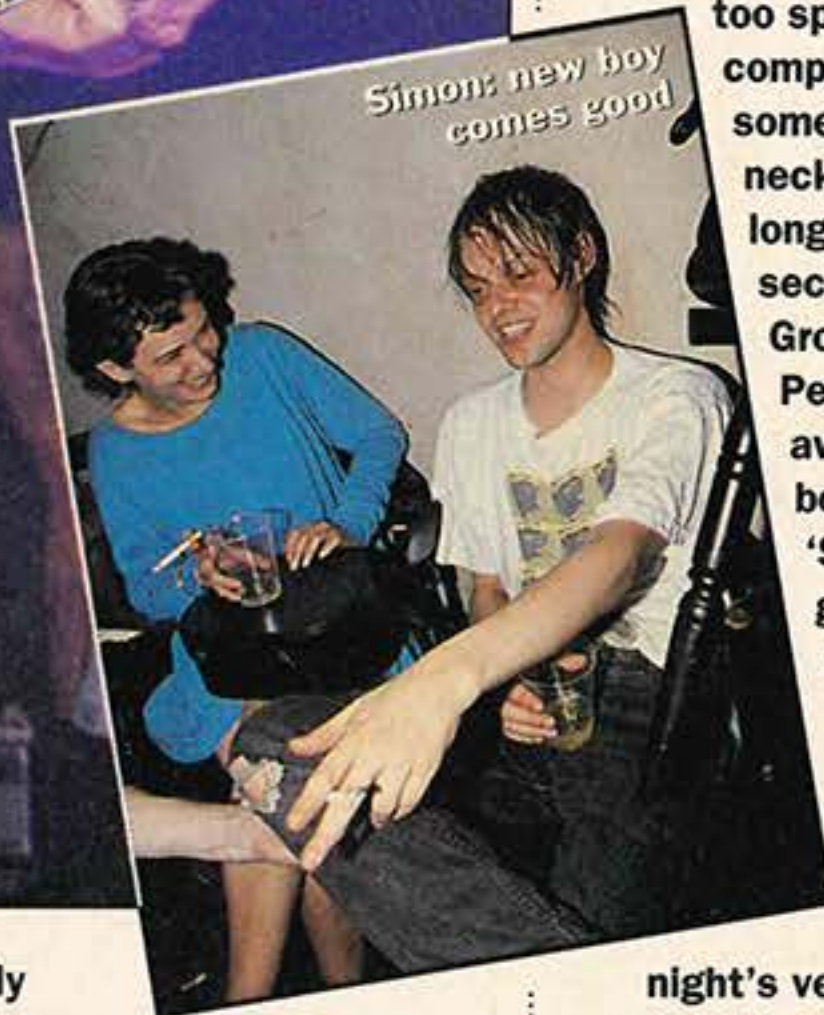
heights of the T&C, but The Sto 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' (with which the band used to encore in '88) the Velvets' 'I Can't Stand It' was right on the money, and the insidious digressions of the light show may seem to the drunken hordes as though Guy Chadwick's face was action-painted in the style of a severely over-exposed rainbow.

When the clock struck three verdict was a resounding 'Home James'. It had been a goodie. On that night Guns N'Roses took on Weezer and failed, The House Of Love congratulated themselves on seven up North London, times three. FIVE. DAVID CAVANAGH



Happy like reve

Simon: new boy comes good



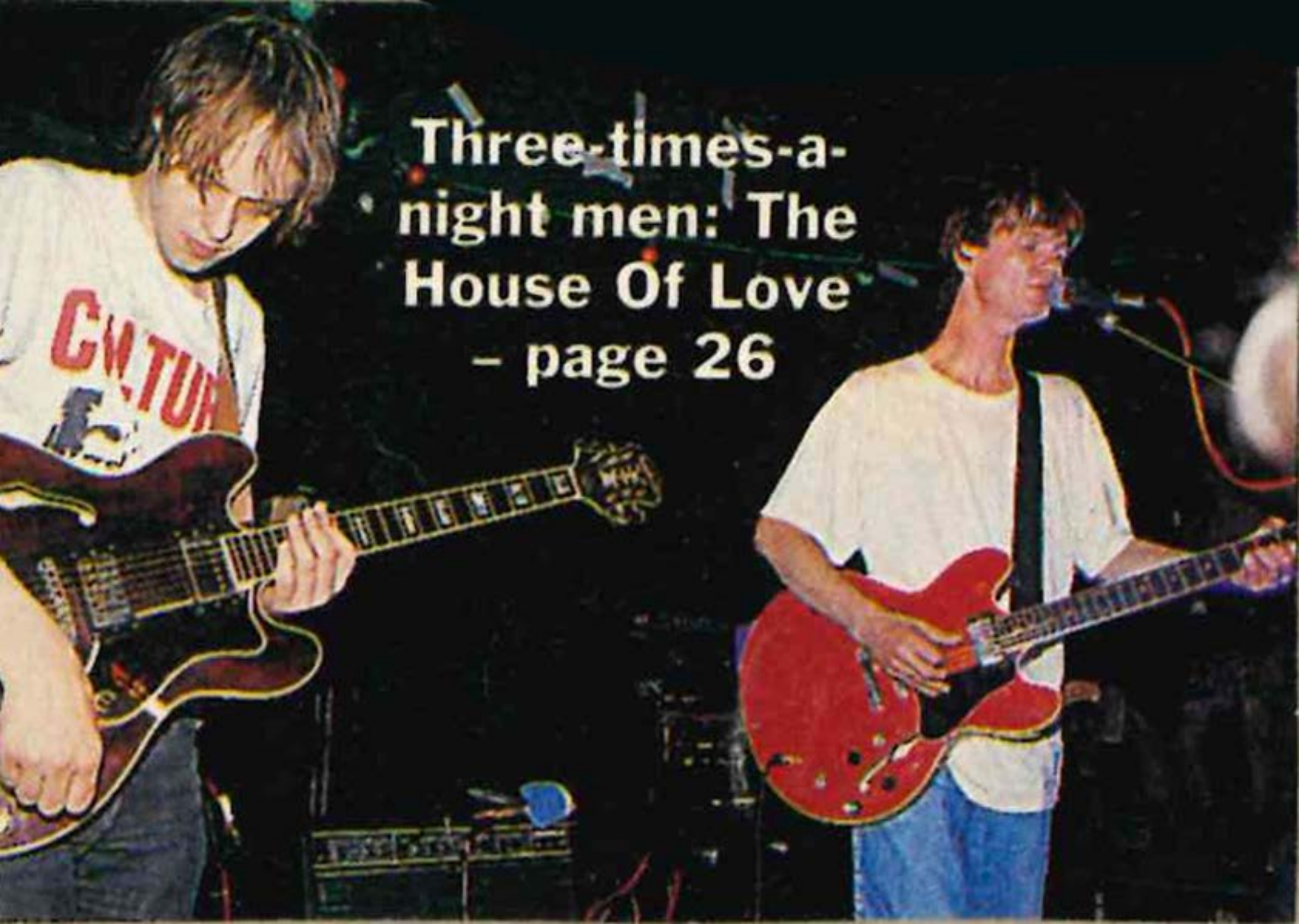
fine stuff indeed. Lead guitarist Simon Walker, who must be fuming at still being tagged a new boy, immediately wrote off two years of faffing around by blasting his psycho-fingered way through 'Road', 'Salome' and 'Sulphur', setting the cool agenda right from the word go. This set was mostly given over to the '88 debut, most of it long jettisoned from the band's live set, all of it sounding as gloriously, psychedelically skewiff as it did on first vinyl impact three summers ago. And by adding deft, long-lost appetisers like 'Plastic' and 'Flow' (early B-sides)

They not only made sense of their mad history, but also treated us to a species of guitar cool you just don't get every day

they not only made belated sense of 1987's mad history, but also treated the adoring audience to a species of guitar cool you just don't get every day.

The second set kicked off around 10-ish at the Town & Country. This was the big one, laser city, an indication of the band's capabilities should that crucial stadium break ever arise, and a bigger stage for Chadwick's songs and Walker's increasingly mindblowing guitar playing to spiral around.

An ambitiously varied set took us from their third single, 'Christine',



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night men: The
House Of Love
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