

LIVE

Setting the house alight

A CASCADE of acid lighting, billowing dry ice and smoke and The House of Love reappear, reincarnated back from the hype graveyard ready to prove once again that there's more to life than flares and the media excess of Manchester!

Guy Chadwick is by his own admission a sometimes inconsistent chap who suffers at times from a supreme lack of confidence. I hold no worries for Guy's puzzling character, he has that air of mystery and romance that all great frontmen need but his band were admittedly inconsistent.

BY David Owens

Occasionally they set the voltage too high, delving a little too deeply into already charted feedback territories, which seem only to be there in direct reverence to late 60s heroes The Velvet Underground. Chadders would disagree I know, proclaiming himself to be the arbiter of all things 90s but their undeniable 60s influence remains.

The House Of Love's main qualities lie in their mood setting and atmosphere making abilities, achieving this through an amazing sequence of chord structures. Guitar strokes can at times be fierce or fanciful according to the directness of their songs, while I Don't Know Why I Love You burnt quicker than a match to paper, Hannah and The Beatles And The Stones, pregnant paused, 60s drenched and winsomeness at its best, shimmered and swayed for what seemed like an age.

Shine On and an uproarious ver-



Guy Chadwick

sion of Destroy The Heart underlined their gothic tendencies, black and hollow, these songs bridged the gap between the crowd of fresh young head bobbing indie youngsters and hardened goth regulars.

Their problems were mirrored in songs that buzzed vibrantly getting the more bodily inclined of us to spin on a cuban heel or two but there were aimless moments when their songs sulked along like a sullen schoolboy.

Chadwick oozed an aura of 'hey I'm a rock star and I (think) I know it' but consequently I'm sure the House Of Love are still coming to terms with the departure of Terry Bickers, the Love's former brash guitarist. Chadders is still struggling to form that special bond between singer and guitarist that all great groups have, Morrissey and

Marr, Buck and Stipe etc. Simon Walker (their new string merchant) was proficient but offered nothing in the way of stage presence or excitement, indeed when I pointed my camera at him he turned away timidly.

There's a lot that's wrong with The House Of Love, their seeming preoccupation with the 60s being one point but when they're cooking, boy do they cook, swampin the senses with reams and reams of guitar twists and turns and bitter-sweet melodies and harmonies.

They finish with Love In A Car, a puff of smoke, a Chadwick gasp and they were gone into the night as mysteriously as they had arrived.

The House Of Love 1990 Winners Of Pop's Melodrama Award. Spooky but true!