

 $\mid \underline{clubs} \ by \ \underline{night} \mid \underline{bands} \ \underline{in} \ \underline{town} \mid \underline{club} \ \underline{directory} \mid \underline{pop} \ \underline{concerts} \mid \underline{classical} \ \underline{concerts} \mid \underline{reviews} \mid \underline{hot} \ \underline{links} \mid$ 

## \*\*1/2 G. Love and Special Sauce

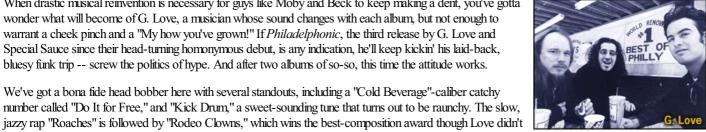
## **PHILADELPHONIC**

(550 Music)

When drastic musical reinvention is necessary for guys like Moby and Beck to keep making a dent, you've gotta wonder what will become of G. Love, a musician whose sound changes with each album, but not enough to warrant a cheek pinch and a "My how you've grown!" If Philadelphonic, the third release by G. Love and Special Sauce since their head-turning homonymous debut, is any indication, he'll keep kickin' his laid-back, bluesy funk trip -- screw the politics of hype. And after two albums of so-so, this time the attitude works.

We've got a bona fide head bobber here with several standouts, including a "Cold Beverage"-caliber catchy

number called "Do It for Free," and "Kick Drum," a sweet-sounding tune that turns out to be raunchy. The slow,



write it. Conversely, "Rock and Roll" is a good groove but comes off cheesy with a not-as-effective Sublimestyle series of shout-outs. Add an unexceptional a cappella closer and a 1:20-minute waste of space called "Thank You" and the final score is still more hits than misses. It's no G. Love and Special Sauce, but at least they're back on the right track.

- Robin A. Rothman



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