

Second Hand Smoke

Sublime

MCA/Gasoline Alley Records

It's frightening what some people will exploit to make money. Since the death of Sublime's lyricist, song writer, and lead guitarist, Brad (last name an enigma), Sublime has released 4 music videos and 2 albums. This is the second in the post-mortem release category.

Second Hand Smoke is a rather pathetic compilation of previously released material. Now understand me here. Sublime was a great band. Like many bands on the radio today, they hail from Southern California and have a great reggae/punk/ska fusion sound going, but come on (and forgive the forthcoming phrasing), quit beating a dead horse.

The remaining two members of the band have been cashing in on Sublime's new found infamy by releasing songs that have been heard on one of the previous three albums. These songs aren't even remixes, demos or rare live performances... they're all the same damned song! Out of the nineteen tracks on *Second Hand Smoke*, only five of them are songs I have never heard...and one of those is actually an English translation of a song originally recorded in Spanish.

If this album had been released as an EP, maybe I wouldn't be so

hard on it. The previously unreleased tracks are great, following the usual Sublime format of bleach-white SoCal reggae, but 14 tracks of stuff I've heard before gets tedious.

Sublime fans, I have a suggestion for you. Talk some gullible friend into buying this album and just dub the songs you haven't heard. But it sure as hell isn't worth the price your friend is going to pay for it.

JERIMIAH HIERS

Mazes and Mirrors

Chris Colepaugh and the Cosmic

Crew

Day-Glo Music

The easy way to review this disc would be to compare the music to everything that Jimi Hendrix ever



did. Sure, Chris Colepaugh and the Cosmic Crew get more jazzy than Jimi did, but I have never heard heavier Hendrix influences in my life.

Listening to *Mazes and Mirrors* is like running face first into a wall. It pervades your consciousness. Cameron Watson's rapid-fire

drumming sets a pace that Colepaugh and bassist Lynn Daigle more than keep up with. What results is an original disc put out by confident and able musicians.

The tight nature of the disc is to be marvelled at, especially considering Colepaugh's various and sometimes lengthy guitar solos. Possibly it is easier for the band to achieve this cohesion due to the fact that they are a three piece, but, just by listening to them, it is obvious that there is a chemistry that allows each musician to take a risk instead of hiding in the safety of a structured song.

Colepaugh's bluesy solos stand out immediately and take hold of your ear. They aren't as impressive and original as Hendrix's (but come on, we're comparing him to Hendrix...for that alone we owe him respect), but they capture the emotion of each track perfectly.

This band deserves loads of respect, and not just for talent, but also for their execution. If you like late 60s/early 70s rock with contemporary influences, you want this CD.

GREG MCFARLANE

Naked Baby Photos

Ben Folds Five

Caroline Recording

Naked Baby Photos is a collection of live and rare songs by the mad-piano-cartoon-trip trio. The trio's got a great groove, with the cheese fifties-like vocals, but the novelty of this disc soon wears off. The album has a shelf-life of a couple of weeks at best.

Ben Folds Five has a distinctive sound. Their lyrics are straight up, like dialogue from the movie *Clerks*, as is demonstrated throughout the disc.

"Song for the Dumped" and "Jackson Cannery" are phat tracks,

been released a little bit farther down the road, yet I don't think it'll turn any real fans away.

I like Ben Folds Five, but I wouldn't dish the money to buy this album. Listen to it, get some blank tapes.

AVI LAMBERT

REVIEWS



± SPEWS

utilizing Folds' high, clean voice. Their ability to shift quickly from pounding madness to graceful twinkling is unparalleled. The two previous studio albums were similarly full of good songs, and good fun (recorded in their basement).

"For Those of Y'all Who Wear Fanny Packs", a Beastie Boys/Rage Against the Machine-style jam, is definitely worth a listen. Sounds like the boys were hittin' the pipe. Who knows if it was glass or wood. "Philosophy" is another head scratching ditty, about penises and other woes of envy.

Their fan base is growing, as it should. I hope fame doesn't take the fun away from the band. I don't think it will, as Folds is an admitted geek.

I'd say that the album could have

In the Galaxy

Another Girl

BMG

An intriguing mix of folk music and pop sums up the sounds of *Another Girl*, or rather Lynne Kellman, a Vancouver performer/songwriter. Her album, *In the Galaxy*, is a musically diverse collection which incorporates a pleasant variety of sounds and styles.

Although Kellman appears to be quite musically talented, listening to her album causes much *deja vu* and leaves the listener wondering "where have I heard this before?" Kellman bears an uncanny resemblance to the Cranberries and the popular Australian band Frente in almost all her songs.

Despite this similarity, the musical aspect of this album is really its strong suit, for the lyrics are appallingly senseless and unpoetic. There is absolutely nothing deep, insightful or original in the meanings of any of the songs on *In the Galaxy*. In fact, it was disturbing that almost all of her pieces were centred around relationships or love, especially since Kellman sings with this in-your-face "Veruca Salt" sort of attitude.

Kellman needs to get some true inspiration and insight before she writes any more songs. For now she should just stick to instrumental pieces.

JANET FRENCH

Indian Outlaw rocks "Canada"

BY NATALIE MACLELLAN AND ANDREW GILLIS

"It was just the tequila talking...I don't know what they put in Cuervo"...but I wish we'd taken it along to the Metro Centre Saturday night. We might have felt more at home among the cowboy hats and plastic rose flashlights. As it was, the whole experience was just a bit bizarre.

Appearing from nowhere in the centre of the crowd, country super-cowboy Tim McGraw rode to the stage on a flashing (*Saturday Night Fever*-esque) platform. Singing his (politically incorrect) hit "Indian Outlaw", McGraw had the mob of 8,000 rolling in the hay. Yee haw.

McGraw remembered his last trip to Halifax fondly, and was

glad to see that the fans here were as wild as ever. Unfortunately, after the fond memories were shared, he seemed to forget where exactly he was. Knowing he was up north, because of the cold, he played it safe and referred to the crowd as "Canada" for the rest of the night. I guess that's a hazard of touring.

But nobody seemed to mind, as he only had to walk around and smile the right way to have the whole place rocking. He didn't even have to sing to please everyone. The tight jeans were more than enough for the predominantly female audience.

McGraw kept the "Country Boys and Girls Getting Down on the Farm" with hits like "Refried Dreams", "Ain't Even Done with the Night", and "All I Want Is a Life".

Then the predictable occurred on this Valentine's Day. *Not A Moment Too Soon*, super-cowgirl Faith Hill arrived on stage to join her drawlin' hubby in their hit "It's Your Love". The men were chanting "Don't Take the Girl" off the stage" as she gathered a shower of gifts tossed her way and quickly left.

There were flashing lights, video screens and hydraulic lifts. Mesmerized, old women danced provocatively, showing skin that hadn't seen daylight since the 70s. It was more excitement than these two buckeroos could stand. What a way to spend Valentine's Day.

We liked it. We loved it (sort of). But we had enough of it.

Can't wait for Sammy Kershaw to come in April. That'll be one foot-stompin', honky tonkin' night.

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