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## Steel Pulse to make a sunsplash at the Shark Club

During the last decade and a half, the Grammy-winning band Steel Pulse has attempted to earn respect on the international recording and touring scenes. The current Steel Pulse will stop in Las Vegas at 8 p.m. tonight at the Shark Club.

From the group's formation in 1975, by David Hinds and Selwyn Brown in the Handsworth section of Birmingham, England, they've tried to establish themselves as a band that stands apart from other reggae outfits, blending turned-around rhythms and Rasta consciousness with rock 'n' roll, soul and R & B melodies, and topping the mix with multi-layered vocal harmonies.

*Victims* is Steel Pulse's eighth and latest album. It displays the band's musical range drawing from various styles of reggae as well as contemporary pop, funk, hip-hop, rap and a capella.

Hinds, Steel Pulse's chief songwriter, said that *Victims* is the band's strongest work since their breakthrough *True Democracy* in 1982, their Grammy-nominated *Earth Crisis* in 1984, and the Grammy-winning follow-up *Babylon The Bandit* in 1986.

"I wrote the *Victims* title track after reading Kwame Nkrumah's autobiography," Hinds said. "He was the first president of Ghana in the early-to-mid 1960s, after the country had been ruled for more than 100 years by the British. The story was really about the way they had treated the Ghanians in that occupation, especially during the World War II period."

"As it happened, that whole set of tracks was written after Nelson Mandela's release, and as the Berlin Wall came crashing down," Hinds noted. "So on the album sleeve there's

a sledgehammer, symbolically demolishing the old system. The tables were turning and the entity was changing hands from the oppressor to the downtrodden masses. All that was taking place while we were writing these songs, and was why we decided to call the album *Victims*. 'We're victims of the system/and we're fighting back.'"

In the United States, Steel Pulse has headlined the 39-city Reggae Sunsplash '89 tour, topping an otherwise all-Jamaican bill, featuring Sugar Minot, Marcia Griffiths, Half Pint, Sophia George and the 809 Band.

Between their own headlining dates, the band has also gained exposure on the rock 'n' roll touring circuit by opening shows for Sting, Robert Palmer, INXS and Bob Dylan.



Steel Pulse paly at the Shark Club tonight

## Sun-60 are hard to pigeonhole

by Daniel Wylde Duffy

From the coffeehouses of Los Angeles, comes the potpourri alternative sound of Sun-60, a 1960s beat influenced outfit, with a hip twist with their debut self-titled album *Sun-60*.

The band is comprised of Joan Jones and David Russo, who are, according to Avarie Shevin, the band's Epic representative, "very eccentric, quirky, playful and humorous individuals."

Jones is reminiscent of the gals from Voice of the Beehive against a congenial acoustic guitar with the occasional flare of a trumpet. Russo brings to mind a voice that resembles Kenny Loggins on crack.

Visions of a folk style permeate the entire album culminating with Fleetwood Mac sounding "Kiss The Train." "Cold Water" sounds like a happier Melissa Etheridge song, with Doc Sevrenson tooting his horn in the background, which is actually Jones playing a pocket-sized trumpet.

The song "Many Miles" has a pipe organ groove that accents this seductive song in an unusual way while "Should Have Seen The Moon" hints of Janis Joplin and Cat Stevens under a contemporary Tijuana backdrop.



Sun-60 are worth a cup of joe.

### RECORD REVIEW

The true gem on the album is the placid and enveloping "Landslide," that blends a delicate piano with what sounds like Air Supply meets The Alan Parson Project, with a shred of a '70s hipster like Barry Man-

niow.

All of these elements combine to form the spry Sun-60. It is nearly impossible to categorize this band except to say that they are different. Imagine 10,000 Maniacs meets Jimmy Buffet and that will give you a slight notion of the band's sound.



## The Millions strike it rich in Vegas

by Jared Dean

### CONCERT REVIEW

Would capturing be too strong a word to use to describe Laura Allison, the lead singer of The Millions, and basically the band as a whole, as far as their Wednesday night show at the Shark club was concerned? I doubt it.

Allison was amazing. Like an elf, she danced her mystic Gypsy hop between vibrato-riden prose while pouring attention and sharing involvement with a crowd that tasted every note and fed her with praise. Almost as though she were envisioning herself from the midst of the crowd, Allison would perform in a world only known to her and her music.

Marty Amsler, bass player and disinterested band member, sought no praise and acknowledged no one in particular during the performance. Yet he demanded that even casual observers take notice of his blank stare that was captivating, if one could spare a glance

his way which would involve having to remove one's gaze from Allison long enough to do so.

Sparing a glance for Amsler, guitarist Harry Dingman III, or drummer Greg Hill would not have been without its rewards. Even though each member made no unnecessary demands upon the viewers peripherally (letting the focus lie on Allison's embellishments), their melancholy bled art. The music they produced ultimately set the mood and created an ambiance.

Even though most were captivated, there were still those few who made light of the experience, which involved some heckling during an impressive acoustic rendition performed while entombed in the audience. Too bad those distressed couldn't leave the impressed alone.