

# ELECTRIC MUSIC

By  
MIKE HOCHANADEL

The Roches have sung "The Hallelujah Chorus" onstage for years — blending their voices in a delicious, effortless perfection that would blow Handel's socks off — while looking comically bored, fixing their hair or filing their nails.

But they waited for third superb LP *Keep on Doing* (Warner Bros.) to record it — along with George Gerdes' macabre and witty "Steady With the Maestro," David Massengill's Hitchcock/Elizabethan "On the Road to Fairfax County" and six absolutely fantastic originals.

How these women write songs! The Roches are better than years of psychotherapy, shelves-ful of self-help books or a battalion of Janis Ian's. They pack more insight, more humor, more healing warmth into one song than most writers can manage in a career. Their sound is so rich, so sumptuous; so heavenly and human at the same time that they can encompass any emotion in the blend of their voices.

Producer Robert Fripp enhances their acoustic guitar/voices folk-based sound with miraculously tasteful electric

And yet he shares with his characters a belief in salvation. Two different songs end almost identically:

*"Hey somebody out there, listen to my last prayer"*

*"Hi ho silver-o deliver me from nowhere"*

And:  
*"Hey Mr. deejay woncha hear my last prayer hey ho rock n' roll deliver me from nowhere"*

Another ends:  
*"At the end of every hard earned day people find some reason to believe."*

With their offer of hope and their very real danger, these are songs for everywhere and everybody. They take place in prosaic locations that Springsteen makes cinematically real, and are populated by cops and criminals, and those crazed by love or pain.

And they become everybody's secret, well-known, private epic.

Why did it take Rush so long to figure it out — "We've got guitar, bass and drums and a singer with a high, thin voice; the Police have guitar, bass and . . ."

That's what their single "New World Man" sounds like anyway;

debut — or wait for their next local gig, probably in the reopened, rebuilt JB Scott's.

## ONSTAGE SATURDAY

Fear of Strangers at the Chateau Lounge.

They should be flying, after their strong show outdoors at Lark Fest II a week ago; they're always at least excellent.

Lionel Hampton at the Troy Music Hall.

A walking, talking, swinging living legend who still makes alive music.

## SUNDAY

.38 Special at the Glens Falls Civic Center, with Spys opening.

## Top Ten Records

By The Associated Press

The following are Billboard's hot record hits for the week ending Oct. 16 as they appear in next week's issue of Billboard magazine. Copyright 1982, Billboard Publications, Inc. Reprinted with

In the two years since .38 opened at SPAC for Jefferson Starship, they've updated their Lynyrd Skynyrd-style southern boogie with synthesizers and cracked the Hot 100 *Special Forces* (A&M) is still in the top 50 after more than four weeks.

Spies is led by ex-Foreigner keyboard player Al Greenwood; their debut LP (EMI-America) has a single beginning to hit: "Don't Run My Life"

## WEDNESDAY

The Bus Boys at the Hulla Balloo.

*American Worker* (Arista) isn't as good as Low Budget Rock and Roll but these guys are one of the funniest live rock acts this side of Blotto or Doug and the Slugs.

## Cleveland Ballet Sets Four World Premieres

CLEVELAND (UPI) — The Cleveland Ballet will present four world premieres in its Oct. 15-31 fall season: "Piano Man," by the company's artistic director Ian Horvath, to an original score by Dick Hyman; and three works by



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Producer Robert Fripp enhances their acoustic guitar/voices folk-based sound with miraculously tasteful electric guitar; Tony Levin's bass and Bill Bruford's drums (Fripp's King Crimson mates) are used so discretely you hardly hear them.

Get out the Grammys — Best Female Vocals, Best Producer. The only competition in sight is Joan Armatrading. . .

After a mega-successful year on the road with his E-Street Band, Bruce Springsteen went home, wrote a bunch of songs and recorded them on cassette with just his guitars, harmonica and

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Why did it take Rush so long to figure it out — "We've got guitar, bass and drums and a singer with a high, thin voice; the Police have guitar, bass and . . .

That's what their single "New World Man" sounds like anyway; a fair imitation of modern kops-muzik — alry, distorted guitar and reggae syncopation nervous-energied into a mid-tempo surge.

Nothing else on *Signals* (Mercury) is half as good. Hiding Alex Lifeson's agile guitar in a lot of boring synthesizers is like caviar on Wonder bread, and no band with such uninteresting ideas can afford to waste its strongest asset.