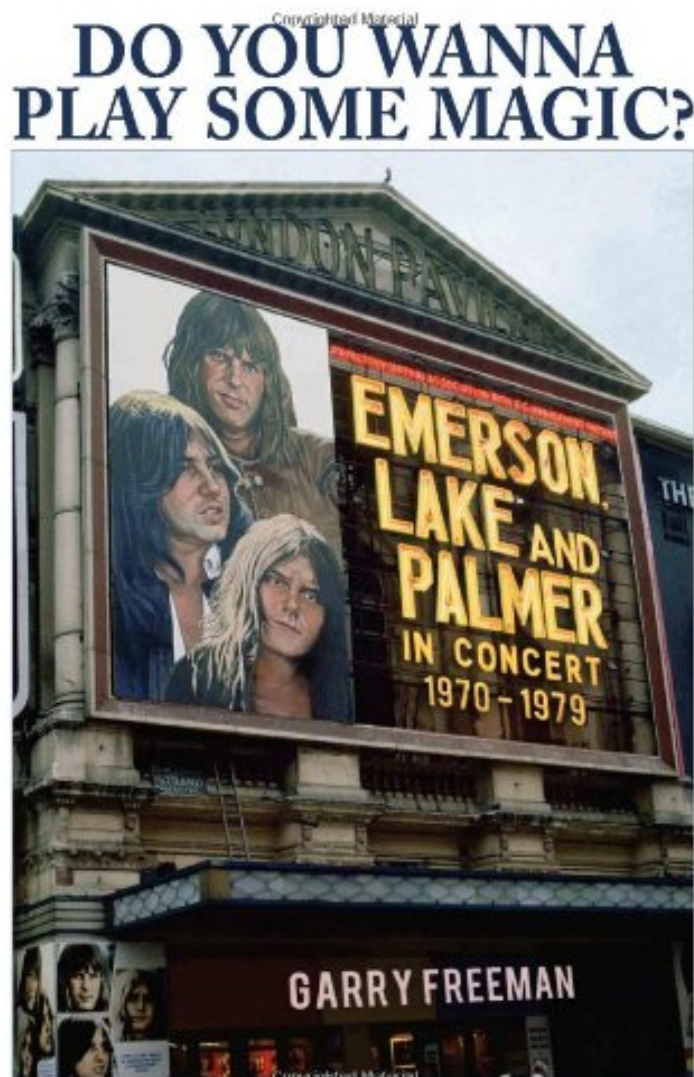


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Do You Wanna Play Some Magic?: Emerson, Lake and Palmer: In Concert 1970-1979

Garry Freeman

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Garry Freeman : Do You Wanna Play Some Magic?: Emerson, Lake and Palmer: In Concert 1970-1979 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Do You Wanna Play Some Magic?: Emerson, Lake and Palmer: In Concert 1970-1979:

10 of 10 people found the following review helpful. Do You Wanna Play Some Magic?By maplesugarThis isn't a book for everyone. I can see how even real ELP fans won't be thrilled. But it's exactly what I expected, a recount of

every available ELP concert Freeman could get his hands on. Which makes it a nerd-only sort of book. And because I'm a nerd and a hardcore ELP fan, I love it. It's not a cover-to-cover read, it's more a reference book. It was disappointing to see that only one show I'd attended was in this, but you can't have everything. For what it is- an exhaustive recounting of every concert Freeman was able to get a bootleg of- it's almost a scholarly work and certainly a labor of love. Which is probably why it bores some people. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A Useful Review Of 150+ ELP Shows By Customer I enjoyed this book a lot. The author reviews 150+ ELP shows and/or boots and while it's not the kind of book that you sit down and read cover to cover, it is a useful ancillary work to scholarly books on ELP and progressive rock like Edward Macan's *Endless Enigma*. This is meant for research purposes and as such, I appreciate the hard work authors Freeman did in putting this compendium together. 14 of 18 people found the following review helpful. Possibly the most boring book ever written By crimsonkng First of all, I am a total ELP freak. I've seen them in concert (in one form or another) a dozen times. I have their albums, their DVDs. I've even met them backstage (at Wolftrap near Washington, D.C.) and staked 'em out in the late '70s in the lobby of the Watergate Hotel. (I know, I'm weird.) But this has got to be the most boring book I've ever read. I can barely get through it. (I'm about halfway through after three weeks.) Barely any comments from E, L, or P. The book is totally from the author's perspective of listening to and/or seeing videos of ELP's concerts. How many times can I read that Greg shouted "Yeah" during a song? Or that Carl's solo lasted 10 minutes or 9 minutes or 11 minutes? Or that the Moog went out of tune AGAIN. Or that the audience loved the show? (How, exactly, does he know that?) Or that Greg sang some incorrect words or that a guitar string broke? I mean, who cares? (I certainly don't.) I thought that the book was going to be E, L, and P commenting on the concerts, what happened backstage, how they prepared for a concert, what did they do after the show, or what the hotels (and travel) were like, what THEIR perspective of the audience or concert is/was. Instead, we get the author's audience-perspective of how fast or slow ELP played the songs. Seriously, how many times can I read that they opened the show with Hoedown? Apparently, more times than I care for. I am a die-hard ELP fan and even I hate this book. I can't imagine how anyone other than a total ELP freak would even consider buying it.

Back in the year 2000 a teacher called Garry Freeman was running a Drum Circle for hearing impaired children in Bradford. His drumming idol was Carl Palmer of Emerson, Lake & Palmer fame. On the principle of nothing ventured, nothing gained, he asked him along to a lesson. Palmer, being a nice guy, said yes, and this was the start of a friendship. Freeman had always wanted to write a book about the band, but everyone said there was no way ELP would ever cooperate: they were supposed to be aloof superstars, after all. Don't ask, don't get: Garry asked and Garry got. Their New York management company was really helpful and got him access to the band who were, in his words, 'perfect gentlemen'. The result is a unique book, which analyses every gig they did in the 1970s, plus comeback concerts. Garry was at some of the UK ones, but he has spent countless hours listening to records (some bootlegs - after all, his other book is the *Bootleg Guide*) and watching DVDs. This is one for the fans only, but there are plenty of them, ELP are huge amongst prog rockers. The forums are already buzzing with anticipation about this book. In addition to Garry's words, the management company has been really accommodating, as has Tony Ortiz, official archivist of the band. They have provided rare photos and memorabilia including one of the band's gig riders and even instructions to the roadies on how to build the stage. This really is one for ELP fans to treasure.

About the Author Garry Freeman is Director Of Inclusion at a school near his hometown of Leeds, England. A self-confessed ELP nut he is well known within the worldwide fan base of the band. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Their sixth Californian show in just nine days, a run broken only by a trip out to Phoenix, Arizona, four days before this gig, it proves yet again that ELP can't put a foot wrong on the west coast. The welcome is huge before they even play a note. The opener is a faultlessly-played, hard-driven "Karn Evil 9, 1st Impression Part 2" that sets the standard for the rest of the show. Funny how the tempo of this one seems to vary on a nightly basis more than any other piece; this version is more stately, less hurried than some recent renditions. Instrumentally and vocally it's uplifting, effervescent and guaranteed to get any crowd going. This audience are up for a great time and they show it in response to that driving rhythm and superb feature spots from Keith and Greg, not to mention that brilliant, if short, drum break from Carl. With a blistering "Hoedown, full of charged-up power, Greg and Carl pound out the beat while Keith stabs the Hammond, and then the ribbon controller, into life. The beat during the solo has an almost funky groove to it, quite different to the last tour, and it kicks extra life into an already vivacious number. The prominence of the rhythm section is clearly a feature of the sound tonight: in "Tarkus" they get gold stars for great drumming and bass work, complemented with several calls of "Yeah!" from Greg. To excellent effect, "Stones of Years" has been slowed right down to the point of being pretty near soulful. The rich Hammond melody is perfect support for Greg's baritone, we can hear every single delicate touch on the drums and cymbals, and Keith pulls off the combined organ/GX-1 solo to a tee. As "Mass" thunders in, it gets a great wave of applause in its own right, and then the same happens when it thunders out into "Aquatarkus". From a martial-driven beat and a fairly laid-back opening, Keith goes into the Star Wars theme and then sets up a recurrent pattern above that fantastic bubbling rhythm. The solo on the GX-1, with the

moog whooshing away all the time underneath, is simplistic in its complexity. Every intonation, every repeated phrase, is matched by the others right on cue. The tag, when it comes, signals a brilliant ending. They get a long ovation, fully earned.