New Emerson, Lake and Palmer different

**Works, Volume I** - Emerson, Lake and Palmer / Atlantic Records

By Katy Gragg

Quite a departure from their earlier material. Works is divided so that each performer has a side of their own works, with the remaining side devoted to their combined talents. A piano concerto is Emerson's contribution to the individual performances. The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Mayer uses his remarkable talent on the pianoforte. Unfortunately, it seemed to serve only to showcase his virtuosity, especially during the more contemporary first movement. Emerson also has some problems with transitions during this movement.

The second movement, Antune Molto Cantabile, had only one shortcoming. Hardy two minutes long, its theme is barely stated when the movement ends. It does have a beautiful melody, and had a great deal of potential that could have been further developed. Of the three movements, the third (Toccata Con Fuoco) was by far the best. It has none of the problems of the first movement and, unlike the second, has a fully developed theme. The orchestration is well-composed and well played. The movement is reminiscent of Gustav Holst's The Planets in its style, and the concerto as a whole compares favorably to other classical pieces.

Not all of the soloists in the piano concerto have been further developed. Greg Lake's side has five songs written with Paul Sinfield, including 'C'est La Vie,' a mellow tune that reminds one of the Moody Blues finest accomplishments. Probably the best cut on the album is 'Hallowed Be Thy Name.' It has already gotten a lot of airplay and deservedly so. Similar to ELP's older works, the driving music accentuates the unsettling lyrics:

"But many a drunk got drunker
In the search for some truth he can use.
But none a drunk got drunker
And many a broker's phone.
Set the place, set the time, set the face.
We live in an age of cages.
The tale of an age escaping.
In the search for some truth he can use.
But none a drunk got drunker
And many a broker's phone.
Set the place, set the time, set the face.
We live in an age of cages.
"

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Lake Sinfield make excellent use of the Lord's Prayer to reinforce the themes of the madman in the song:

"Look, the madman said, 'Sire, As a friend, tell me what's in a name.'
Hallowed be thy name.
"

The total effect is jarring, as was intended. The lyrics are imaginative and the results are impressive.

The compositions or Palmer's side range from one end of the musical spectrum to the other - from Bach and Prokofiev to jazz-rock and Joe Walsh.

Amongst the variety, L.A. Nights (Palmer Emerson) is a jazzesque number in which Joe Walsh's guitar accompaniment fits in perfectly. However, the song does get slightly repetitive towards the end. Bach's Two Part Invention in D minor is slow and controlled. The two voices are distinct and clear as they should be. The use of percussion instruments in place of a keyboard is a unique effect, but the ending was dragged out.

Food For Your Soul (Palmer/Smith) is a sharp contrast to the Bach Invention. Its jazz-rock instrumentals are excellent and the standard drum solo is kept in an interesting minimum. The aptly titled Tank (Palmer Emerson) is much in the same vein but is a fine piece in its own right, as is a first-rate interpretation of an excerpt from the second movement of Prokofiev's The Scythian Suite.

Emerson, Lake and Palmer combine their talents on the final side of the album.

Their performance of Aaron Copland's Fanfare For The Common Man lacks brilliance. It is adequate, but more time should have been spent on expressions. They sound like they played the notes, but not the music. Pioneer (Emerson/ Lake Sinfield), a ballad about Spanish galleons and a greedy pirate captain is more alive, more indicative of ELP but lacked the clearer meaning that was more apparent in their earlier works. The whole side could have used more attention. After four years, maybe I expected too much from them.

Works is subtitled Volume I. It makes you wonder what they are going to do next. This album certainly isn't what anyone anticipated, but it is a refreshing change from the usual rock album.

**Slapshot's mixed realism and satire confusing**

Slapshot starring Paul Newman Directed by George Roy Hill A Pan Arts Presentation.

By Gordon Huff

I came away from Slapshot somewhat confused as to exactly what might have been the movie's point. It is simultaneously a satirical look at Small Town Hockey, USA, a serious view of hockey violence and a semi-serious look at the life that surrounds a collapsing minor league hockey team.

These individual elements are quite well done in themselves. It is in their combination that they lose some of their effectiveness and leave the viewer wondering just what the writers are trying to say.

Most of the film is a satire, pure and simple. Those who complain that the film is unrealistic - pro hockey doesn't have that much violence - miss the point. The portrayal of violence, in itself, isn't intended to be taken seriously. Of course there is more violence than in real hockey. The announcers are also more stupid, the general managers more dishonest, and most things in general exaggerated. Much of the fighting isn't even reminiscent of real violence. It is more akin to what happens to the coyote of the Roadrunner cartoons. No one really gets hurt. People just bleed a lot.

However, at the same time, there seems to be a very real hockey-violence element mixed in with all that satire. One example - fan hits player, players go up into stands, and are then arrested - is just too close to reality to be ignored. This mix of the real and the comic is somewhat disconcerting.

The same can be said of the portrayal of the lifestyle-surrounding a folding minor league hockey team. There is a lot of obvious satire, but at the same time, many scenes might have been taken from a serious hockey movie. It is in addition to the action scenes which are the best done in the movie. The players are bussed around from town to town, from bar to bar, while their wives follow them around getting drunk and swapping husbands.

Despite the flaws, the scenes do flow into each other rather naturally, particularly the hockey action scenes which are surprisingly, very well done.

The quality of acting is also quite good. Paul Newman does a credible job as the loping player-coach of the Charlestown Chiefs. Similarly, just about all the other major actors turn in very adequate jobs, not prize-winning but adequate.

The movie contains a lot of good material. Some scenes are hilarious, some are serious. The combination is often not very logical. Hockey fans will probably enjoy it. Non-hockey fans? Possibly not.

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