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Live, From the Wiltern—Volume II, Mildred Alexander in a second release of selections recorded during her 1965 ATOE concert at the LA Wiltern. Available by mail only from Theatre Music Co., 2037-A Mission Ave., Oceanside, Calif., Location Service Recording label No. LRSV-1266-3501, stereo only, \$4.79 postpaid.

This is a sequel to Volume I, reviewed in the Spring of '66 *Bombarde*. It's the second set of excerpts from Miss Alexander's October 24th, 1965, concert on the 4-37 Kimball organ in the L.A. Wiltern theatre and is bound to please all who like Volume I, the big Kimball sound and the ingratiating style of "Millie" on pipes. Actually, the recording is technically better in Volume II; some compression has been applied to lessen the extreme differences in volume level which marked Volume I. From the purely musical viewpoint there would seem to be more variety in Volume II.

The idea of issuing a recording "as is" from a tape made during a concert takes courage. Whereas recordings made in studios usually involve many "takes," here we have "take 1" of each tune (including audience noise and applause), all recorded within a two hour period, and sans editing. As Miss Alexander says, "There it is—with all my goofs—for posterity to hear." Fortunately, we are all not as critical as Mildred, and the "goofs" of which she speaks don't seem to materialize during playback.

The console riser is a peppy, full organ "Who Cares?" with some tricky percussed variations followed by a sentimental "My Old Flame" pursued by a languorous counter melody and glossed with some interesting "9th chord" chromatic harmony. A

distant but insistent Tom-Tom sets the beat for a sultry "Moonlight and Shadows" which features the Kimball's normally drowned-out Tibia. "My Ideal" features some trifling with the percussions and more offbeat harmony.

"Salute to Dixie" starts out with a "Dixie chorale" played on untrem'd Vox Humanas (the Kimball has four) but the effect is a little sheepish. We suspect Millie couldn't find the Tremulant stopkey midst the vast array in time to add some life to the "voices." But she found it in time for the fast second chorus on always growing combinations. The salute closes with an upbeat "Rockabye My Baby."

Rubenstein's "Kammenoi Ostrow" is a reminiscence of Miss Alexander's sojourn at the Radio City Music Hall 4-58 Wurlitzer a few years ago (to the horror of some of the RCMH music directors who insisted that a woman couldn't handle the beast). It's a quasi-religious composition which builds in volume to close side one in a blaze of Easter glory.

A sprightly rhythmic opener for side two is provided by Anderson's "Serenata." It leads into the "Girl From Ipanema" and a fast "Tico Tico" during which Millie stomps out a persistent "Cipher" (continuing sound from a stuck pipe action). To balance her Southern medley, Miss Alexander comes up with a "Salute to the Nawth" which crashes through a series of vintage "Glory, Glory Hallelujahs" then hops to the present to a "San Francisco" (yes, *that* one!) alive with fog horns, cable cars and siren-equipped squad cars. "Manhattan" gets much gentler ballad treatment while "Lullabye of Broadway" goes frenetic. So much for the Nawth.

It's thunder, wind and rain effects during a "Stormy Weather" demonstration of the Kimball's battery of "toy counter" and silent movie effects, which titillates the audience audibly. After "Singing in the Rain" (Xylophone pitter-patter) the console sinks into the pit to "Look for the Silver Lining." Storm ended, concert also.

Jacket notes are adequate and include a closeup photo of Miss Alexander's glamorous gams, shot as she pedalled in spiked heel shoes. A few copies of Volume I are still available.

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In Concert—Jim Roseveare, at the Wurlitzer 3/13 organ in the Oriental theatre, Portland. Gamba label J101-R, stereo only, available only by mail from Bill Peterson, 565 No. Portland Blvd., Apt. 101, Portland, Oregon. Price \$4.95 plus 25c mailing charge.

Here's another brave soul with the courage to release selections on records taped during an ATOE concert. Jim Roseveare, a university student, claims he isn't a professional musician. He most certainly qualifies, as this biscuit proves. He's also a severe self critic. Of this recording he

says, "If I flub notes—for which these is no excuse—and play things too fast, be sure to point these things out" (in the review).

Sorry, Mr. Roseveare, we didn't pick up much to wail over in ten playbacks. To the contrary, the talent exhibited puts Jim easily in the upper ranks of newcomers to the recording field. And anyone who can come off this well on a record made in one "take" before an audience—well, let's look at the record.

Jim brings the console up to a lively "Let's Dance" peppered with Posthorn riffs then bursts briefly into broad waltz tempo just before a 4/4 closer followed by applause. An introspective and brooding "Bad and the Beautiful" comes close to the magic of Jim Melander's arrangement of "Foggy Day," about as high a rating in the fantasy field we can give. Wonderful phrasing. It's back to accelerated tempo rhythm for "Deed I Do" and punctuation from percussions and Posthorn, while a Krumet-sharp combination carries the ball.

One of Mr. Roseveare's special talents is in musical mimicry and when his subject is Jesse Crawford something wonderful happens. Three of the tunes on the disc are Crawford recreations, this one being an otherwise forgotten sobber, "Broken Rosary," which is a good example of Mr. Roseveare's demands on himself. It's just plain gorgeous "Jesse" balladry, especially when the next one is the late maestro's memorable "Miss You." Impeccable phrasing is evident throughout the record but nowhere is it demonstrated so effectively, the Crawford originals supply a yardstick.

"Romantic Guy I" provides a thunderous and jazzy closer for side one and side two starts with a big organ "Ridin' High" which includes a brief conversation between Tibia and Posthorn, tempo changes and a fine "Paramount-Publix" finale.

Next it's back to the '20s for a revival of Crawford's "Blue Twilight" which seems slightly fast but otherwise sound "JC." The recreation of the Crawford registration is unusually close considering that Jesse's records were "miked" at close perspective in a studio while Jim is working in a theatre. Incidentally, Dennis Hedberg's fine maintenance of the Oriental organ is a big factor in the quality of the sound presented here.

"True Blue Lou" is a "medium Fox Trot" ballad while "Nochecita" comes through as a beguine with a tango bridge. Variations on a theme are evident in "Once in a While," which is given a sentimental ballad treatment soaked in Tibia honey.

The closer is again a "console riser" in swinging tempo, lots of riffs and variations—"I Feel a Song Coming On."

Engineering and surface quality are excellent.

For The Records, cont'd

Szorzando! Jerry Heiman at the Rodgers theatre organ, Accent label AC-5015, available only by mail from Accent Records, 12635 Halo Drive, Compton, Calif. Stereo \$5.00, Mono \$4.00, add 25 cents for handling.

Here we go, devoting space to an electronic organ record again—so rest assured there is good reason. Jerry Heiman is known as a good jazz man from his jam session performances at the annual Home Organ Festival but this record introduces an entirely different aspect of the Heiman talents. There are 10 tunes and each is an arranging gem which emphasizes the mood of the piece. Each has a well conceived intro which hits strongly of things in store.

But the amazing thing about this record lies in the techniques of recorder Wally Heider; never before have we heard a Rodgers (or any other electronic organ) miked with a result which, at times, comes deceptively close to pipe sounds. We have heard the Rodgers 3-deckers in person and on other records, but never with the pipe-like qualities often obtained here. Hence we conclude that the difference must be in the recording method and in Jerry's playing technique.

In fact, the forgery is so good that even defects can be readily detected—such as the “string trem” being in need of adjustment (too much wobble, in places).

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A Session With Don Simmons at the 4-18 Wurlitzer, Oaks Park, Portland, Oregon. Gamba D-102-S, Stereo only, \$4.95 plus 25 cents postage, available only by mail from Bill Peterson, 565 N. Portland Blvd., Apt. 101, Portland, Oregon 97217.

1966 ATOE conventioners are sure to have a vivid recollection of Don Simmons in his small console cubbyhole, as he beat out some of the most invigorating, toe tapping music of the entire convention. The *Bombarde* reviewed his previous recording, “Big Band Jazz,” played on the same unenclosed instrument, with a nod of approval. Working against a complete lack of swell control, Don manages to provide much variety by registration changes and even more so by an ability to provide interesting “fillers” and jazz variations on melodies, or “rides.” The reader should not confuse what Don plays with previous conceptions of “rink music.” Don maintains the beat, true, but he also provides mucho musical interest value; it's rare organ jazz he plays, not “thrupp, boom, splat!”

The session opens with a wild “Rag Mop” done in big band style which just won't let one sit still. The second tune features reeds and mixtures in “slow fox trot” tempo. It's “If He Walked Into My Life” which is from the Broadway show “Mame.” The Glockenspiel and 4' Tibia

introduce “Million Dollar Baby” who perambulates alternately between reeds and well quinted Flutes and Strings, then gambols among tinkley doo-dads between phrases.

“The Moon Was Yellow” is offered as an impassioned tango salted with Spanish clackers which keeps building in intensity. Fats Waller style variations on “Aint Misbehavin,” played in a deliberate medium tempo throughout, close side one but Don is back to start side two with an impudent, fast-stepping “Aint She Sweet” during which the melody usually has counter melodies buzzing around it in Posthorned profusion.

“Wabash Blues” brings out some of the solo stops in slow drag tempo. The Tibia (a beaut) finally gets a solo passage before the wah-wahs materialize. Although the strict tempo continues throughout “Deep Purple” it is otherwise played as a ballad on the sweet-sounding goodies. A neat “Limehouse Blues” abounds in oriental effects at a good clip while “Do You Know What It Means” relies on a pianistic style during the first chorus then goes to a smoother legato while the Posthorn chirps brightly. It's a pretty tune and Don gets a lot of mileage from it. The closer is a rip-roaring “Georgia Brown” whose flippant Charleston kick is a sprightly as it was before she became a grandma. The bouncing jazz style of Don Simmons is a contagious thing on this platter just as it was in person at the convention. There's something in it which just makes one get up and pace, strut, jig or do a Big Apple “shine” solo. And ladies, it is fine for doing housework to; speeds up the drudgery considerably. But don't attempt to just sit through it.

Jacket notes provide some Simmons history and one of the two photos is Don's *Bombarde* “cover boy” likeness used earlier this year. Recording is clean, surface is tops.

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Dick Schrum at the Seattle Paramount Wurlitzer Pipe Organ, Relay Records No. R-101, stereo or monaural (state preference), either type \$4.95, postpaid, from Relay Records, 8606 35th N.E., Seattle, Washington 98115.

This is Dick Schrum's second record release (but for two different labels) in a quarter, an accident of merchandising rather than presidential precociousness, we hasten to add (this has been in preparation since February). It is played on a different instrument; the wide variety in the arrangements make it an attractive package even to those who have Dick's Marr and Colton platter. A fine color shot of the organist and console adorn the front of the jacket while the back has notes by *Seattle Times* writer Byron Fish which provide info on the artist and credit the Puget Sound ATOE Chapter for the restoration of the 4-20 instrument.

The console comes up to a showy “How About You” that has a repeated between-phrase comment, a percussion chorus and a “half tempo” session on a big combination with a pedal cymbal beat, an exciting harbinger of good things to come.

Next it's that oldie revitalized by that girl who screams “Peeeeepul!”—“Second Hand Rose,” played with typical pre-prohibition trappings of syncopated nostalgia and corny riffs.

Irving Berlin's “When I Lost You” always seemed like a fine example of piecing together of bits of other tunes and Dick's revival, played in full 1920's theatre organ splendor, will remind the home tune detective of several other melodies, among them “Stars Are My Windows of Heaven” and “Come Back to Sorrento.”

“Satin Doll” features the Wurlitzer's ample supply of reeds. Especially noteworthy are the mellow brass between-phrase “fillers” Dick provides.

“Blue Moon” is a wispy thing, played on often ethereal combinations with an enhancing minor melody change to accommodate a novel harmonization.

There's a big “Radio City” sound in much of Dick's arrangement of “Climb Every Mountain,” a tune which has the Wurlitzer alternately making like a huge straight organ and then like the RCMH 4-58, but never “churchie.” It's always solid entertainment, and with a dash of the inspirational thrown in for seasoning.

The flip side gets off to a first rate start with an impish “Rum and Burpsi-Booma” which Dick plays for its humorous aspects. He starts out “vamping” as though waiting for the soloist to come running out of the wings, the “soloist” turning out to be a Cuba Libre encased in chilled Glockenspiel and Chrysoglott. Dick does very well in the Latin idiom with a representation of one of those frenzied West Indies trumpeters outstanding.

Balladry triumphs in “Polka Dots and Moonbeams,” which features silvery flute accompaniment to the first chorus, then briefly to a full combination and back to the shimmer of a Vox and Concert Flute denouement.

It's back to the '20s for a romantic revival, “Cross Your Heart,” which Dick plays with great sincerity (meaning: no attempt to date it with obviously ancient trappings). He makes effective use of a between-phrase figure used elsewhere long ago by Crawford. Nice Tuba obligato.

“Deep Night” is offered as a beguine tempo variation on the well known minor melody, new and different treatment with lots of imagination and dynamic moxie.

A diapason-topped set carries the ball during the first chorus of “Don't Worry About Me,” in ballad array. Next it's a slow rhythm application with lots of expression, closing in a subtle roll-off.

Recording is well miked and the surface is unusually smooth and noise free.