HERB ALPERT DISCOGRAPHY

HERB ALPERT & THE TJB

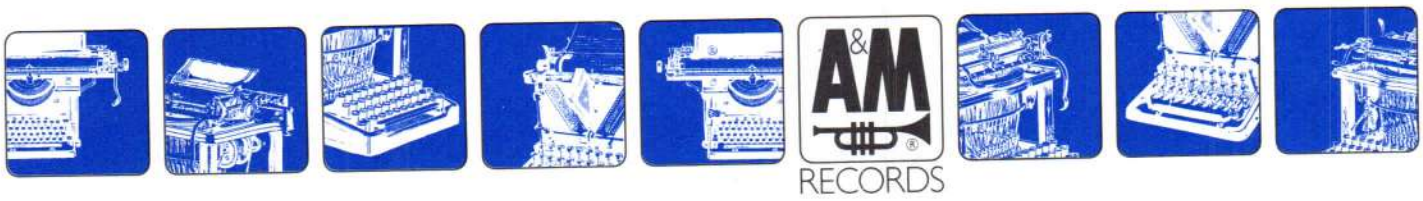
1962	The Lonely Bull
1963	Herb Alpert & The TJB Vol. II
1964	South Of The Border
1965	Whipped Cream & Other Delights
1965	Going Places
1966	S.R.O.
1966	What Now My Love
1967	Sounds Like...
1967	Herb Alpert's Ninth
1968	The Beat Of The Brass
1968	The Christmas Album
1969	The Brass Are Coming
1969	Warm
1970	Greatest Hits
1971	Summertime
1972	Solid Brass
1973	Herb Alpert & The TJB Four Sider
1974	You Smile And The Song Begins
1975	Coney Island
1977	Greatest Hits Vol.II

HERB ALPERT & HUGH MASEKELA

1978	Herb Alpert And Hugh Masekela
1978	Main Event Live

HERB ALPERT

1976	Just You And Me
1979	Rise
1980	Beyond
1981	Magic Man
1982	Fandango
1983	Blow Your Own Horn
1984	Bullish
1985	Wild Romance
1987	Keep Your Eye On Me
1988	Under A Spanish Moon



Biography

August 1988

Herb Alpert

Willingness to venture into new musical terrain has always been a personal trademark of Herb Alpert. His latest musical exploration reveals an adventurous spirit where orchestral music meets the heat of Latin jazz. Alpert has traveled many musical paths; but, none so ambitious as those that have led to *Under a Spanish Moon.*

His latest album features a diversity of new material including a version of Sting's "Fragile;" "Ancient Source;" Keith Jarrett's "My Song;" and "Zamba (Para La Niña Yolanda)." The centerpiece of the record is a stunning three movement suite written especially for him by the noted Argentinian composer Jorgé del Barrio, which serves as the album's title cut. It is perhaps one of the most inspired instrumentals Herb Alpert has ever recorded.

The piece came about when Alpert began developing arrangements of his existing music for a unique set of sold-out concert dates (which took place earlier this summer) with nine different symphony orchestras across the United States. After hearing del Barrio's arrangement for "A Taste of Honey," he asked the composer to write some original music that would evoke the span of Alpert's 25 year career. "Under a Spanish Moon: Rumba Flamenca/Lamento/
Pachanga" was the amazing result.

From this collaboration came another as well, between Alpert and del Barrio's brother Eduardo del Barrio, a keyboardist and composer whose credits include the group Caldera. The outcome of their co-writing was the gutsy, percussive "I Need You" and the album's delicate finale "Hidden Angel." The del Barrios accompanied Alpert and singer Lani Hall in concert earlier this summer with Jorgé del Barrio conducting the orchestras and Eduardo del Barrio performing in Alpert's band.

In the decades of Herb Alpert's brilliant career, there have been over twenty record albums, a string of hit singles which have become trademark successes throughout the world, and a long list of Grammy Awards. The last album, *Keep Your Eye On Me*, was certified gold shortly after its release, and contained several hit singles, including "Diamonds," with vocals by guest artist Janet Jackson.

Last summer, Alpert's A&M Records celebrated its 25th anniversary. The overwhelming success of Alpert's personal career and that of the company, along with a number of other Alpert ventures, which will soon include the launch of an Alpert-created women's perfume called LISTEN, enable him to direct The Herb Alpert Foundation, whose charitable works support worthy music and education projects in this country.

A talented painter for the past twenty years, Alpert's canvases, like his music, have evolved and grown. Plans have begun for the first exhibition of the colorful acrylics in the coming season.

For Herb Alpert, "record" always has been, and undoubtedly will continue to be a word with at least two meanings.

Continued

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Publicity

The Adroit Muse, The Artful Merchant, and the Appetite for Music

by Timothy White

Herb sang lead, Jerry sang bass,
and the whole enterprise
was a genuine mistake.

MAN IN THE SPACE AGE was the theme for Seattle's 1962 World's Fair, a self-proclaimed Century 21 Exposition symbolized by the 600-foot steel Space Needle. All the towering needle needed, in the minds of a pair of obscure Los Angeles music business entrepreneurs, was to be enshrined in the grooves of a hit pop record. And so late in 1961 Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss teamed up as the Diddley Oohs on "Hooray for the Big Slow Train," a quirky mesh of throbbing bass, plunked piano and treble vocal refrain:

> Well I bought myself a ticket to the
> World's Fair
> (Hooray for the World's Fair!)
> I thought I'd grab a train and just
> a-make it up there
> (Hooray, might as well be up there!)
> I was sitting in the choo choo just-a
> feeling no pain
> (Hooray for the choo-choo!)
> Aw, but we were moving so slow I had
> to find me a plane
> (Boo on the big slow train!)
> All I wanted to do was have a time!!"

Of all the trains, planes and promising side-trips that Herb and Jerry were destined to take in the next twenty-five years, their anonymous debut as the Diddley Oohs was arguably the least productive imaginable. Yet even in this pitiably modest bid there were the seeds of a fertile creative family.

"Hooray for the Big Slow Train" was co-written by Herb Alpert and another buddy/backing vocalist named Don Drowty. A year earlier, Drowty, Alpert and Herb's record business partner, Lou Adler, had known a kind of success with a record called "Alley Oop." Alpert and Adler were producing records for a company back in New York City, Larry Uttal's Madison Records, when they suggested (as was the custom of the

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period) hastily cutting a cover version of the Hollywood Argyles' locally preeminent "Alley Oop" for the East Coast market. The vocal group chosen in May 1960 to do the deed was Dante and the Evergreens, an outfit formed by former James Brown/Drifters session singer Don Drowty.

"Herb, who was my manager at the time, phoned me one Tuesday night and asked me if I wanted to cut 'Alley Oop' on a Wednesday," says Drowty. "We did, he put the tape on a plane at L.A. International the same night, and it was for sale in Manhattan the following afternoon. That Saturday, we were on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* show in Philadelphia!

"As we did publicity in the East, Herb and I kept meeting up with one heck of a nice guy named Jerry Moss, who was a hot young promo man from the Bronx. Meantime, our version of 'Alley Oop' rose to No. 15 on the national charts—while the Hollywood Argyles rendition hit No. 1."

Madison Records soon folded in an unrelated IRS inquiry, no one around the Evergreens initiative making a farthing on their fly-by-night venture. The thoroughly disillusioned Herb Alpert and Lou Adler decided to amicably dissolve their professional union at this juncture and explore divergent options.

"'Big Slow Train,' was supposed to be a kind of sequel to 'Alley Oop,'" says Drowty. "Yet another shot at the brass ring for Herb and I—plus a new ally, Jerry Moss." Moss had since moved to Los Angeles, established himself as a prime independent West Coast promotion force, and set up a publishing company, Irving Music, named for his father. When Herb asked Jerry, with whom he'd begun socializing, to co-supervise the "Big Slow Train" session, they combined their last names and christened it an "Almo" Production, published by Irving Music. The single was released on Dore Records, a teen pop label with a roster that boasted the Teddy Bears ("To Know Him Is To Love Him") and Jan and Dean, whose "Baby Talk" Top Ten smash Herb Alpert and Lou Adler had produced in 1959.

"The single bombed, really laid an egg," says Drowty. "But it seemed unimportant at that point, because we all felt we'd seen the future of something: a bunch of friendships that could endure into the 21st Century. Sure enough, our collective Big Slow Train would eventually arrive, hoorays included. That train became known, of course, as A&M Records."

IT'S ALWAYS DIFFICULT to pinpoint the birth of a dream, particularly one in so fluid and transitory a realm as the music industry. for most, it arrives as casually as an overheard snatch of melody, a fragment of well-fashioned sound that fires the imagination and makes one feel, if only for an instant, that life is without blemishes or limitations. For ears so attuned, music has the power to abolish time and banish boundaries, providing a potent taste of uplift and purpose. Jerry Moss was that sort of listener—and dreamer.

Jerome Sheldon Moss was born on May 8, 1935, the second son of Irving and Rose Moss, and his first home was a small Anderson Avenue flat near Yankee Stadium in the West Bronx. Jerry had entered the world just as the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra's rendition of "Lullaby of Broadway" was peaking on the recently premiered "*Your Hit Parade*," the weekly radio program ranking the nation's favorite songs according to sheet music sales and airplay.

Beyond the West Bronx, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was opening the second phase of his New Deal in the United States, calling for Social Security, better housing, farm assistance and equitable taxation; while in Europe, the Nazis were expanding Germany's borders and formulating their anti-Semitic Nuremberg Laws.

One of 11 children by Russian-Jewish parents, Irving Moss had departed Baltimore at the turn of the century for the bustling wilds of New York City, where he had met his Harlem-reared bride. Jerry was about six when his father, a clothing salesman for the Sach's retail chain, moved the family (including 14-year-old son Fred) to slightly larger quarters on Echo Place.

"Our dad was a loving, hard-working man," says Fred Moss, "but wee never had much money. That was okay, because nobody else in the neighborhood did either. When Jerry and I were growing up, the Bronx was still a very pleasant suburb of

Manhattan, a place where you played ball in broad streets that had sparse traffic. We had a peaceful, unhurried life in which the biggest problems were at the dinner table. For some reason, Jerry couldn't stand hot chicken– my mother had to let it get cold before he'd even touch it."

Jerry earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Brooklyn College while at the same time working as a weekend page for ABC-TV during school. He resigned this position to toil for three unrenumerated months in Greenwich Village as a production assistant on an ultimately unreleased movie. Other canny career moves were stints as a television script reader and a theater manager.

He was an army recruit in 1958 when, at a chum's wedding reception, he chanced to meet a man named Marvin Cane. Admiring Jerry's buoyant manner, Cane told him he'd make a "great music man"– verbal shorthand for the often-freelance diplomatic corps that client record companies call promo men. Jerry had been offered a job upon his discharge, and so in August 1958 he sought out Marvin Cane, who started him that November at $75 a week. His first assignment: a sweep of the Philadelphia radio stations, to encourage the local deejays to spin Coed Records' latest product, "Sixteen Candles" by the Crests. Jerry, a fan of Tito Puente, Machito and the La Playa Sextet, was mildly skeptical of the disc's artistic merits, but dutifully caught a train to Philly, then pressed on to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and St. Louis, gaining converts with each station he besieged.

On January 5, 1959, "Sixteen Candles" entered the *Billboard* charts and swiftly rose to the No. 2 spot, with no small thanks to the single-minded efforts of 24-year-old Jerry Moss. After 11 heady weeks, the record sank from the national surveys and the new promo veteran was left with little but a subtle ringing in his ears. In few arenas does glory fade quicker and more completely that the record game.

Still, Jerry was shocked. He came to love the spacious accommodations, the room service, and the bubbly social life ("Jerry always had champagne tastes," says brother Fred. "He was the first person I knew who saved to by $20 shirts.").

Meanwhile, the entertainment industry was changing, broadening. *Your Hit Parade* had long since jumped from radio to television, and popular music was fast becoming a product of mass consciousness. After a year and a half with Mr. Cane, Jerry, searching for a vocation with more financial stability and staying power than promotion, said goodbye to New York and set his sights (as well as a watch inscribed "Jerry– remember who discovered you. Marvin") for Los Angeles. To him, Southern California symbolized golden opportunity, cold chicken, fine hotel suites, and $20 shirts.

LOUIS ALPERT AND TILLIE GOLDBERG'S first date was the Fireman's Ball at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles in January 1925, and they were married that June as Ben Bernies rendition of "Sweet Georgia Brown" was the most popular song in America. Louis was the Russian-born manufacturer of an exclusive line of ladies' apparel, and Tillie was a bookkeeper in the White House, a downtown department store. Louis brought his family to Chicago in the 1900s from a little village near Kiev, Russia, while Tillie's parents had emigrated from Romania.

The Alperts' second son, Herb, was delivered at midday on March 31, 1935 at Cedars of Lebanon on Fountain Avenue.

"My doctor was a Seventh-Day Adventist, a very religious man," remembers Tillie Alpert with a laugh, "and he had to run off to church as soon as the baby was born."

The Alperts (including first boy David and daughter Mimi) were a happy, close-knit family that resided in a roomy Spanish-Mediterranean stucco house on Fuller Street in Los Angeles. Each summer on their wedding anniversary, the parents took their tots to Catalina Island for a vacation. As the kids grew, they were also treated to annual August trips to the Highland Springs resort in Beaumont, California, for horse-back riding, hiking and hayrides.

At home, music was the primary source of recreation. Mr. Alpert was proficient on the mandolin and in her childhood his wife had received classical training on the

violin. While older brother David showed a flair for the drums, Herb demonstrated no interest in music until the age of eight.

"My husband and I had gone away for the weekend to a place called Murietta Hot Springs," says Tillie Alpert, "and when we got home there was a horn in the house. We asked the children where it came from and Herb said, 'I rented it from school with my allowance.' I asked him how long he was allowed to keep it, and he said six months."

The horned was a Rudy Muck trumpet, leased from Mrs. Balo's music-appreciation class at Melrose Avenue School. Eager to encourage the boy, Mrs. Alpert arranged for an Italian teacher, a Mr. Mariano, to take Herb on. "But he wouldn't practice much," she says; he focused instead on athletics.

That situation was altered somewhat when Herb arranged for a second round of training from Pappy Mitchell, a jazz trumpeter of some reputation in Los Angeles and the author of several instruction books. Herb was thrilled with Mitchell's skills, attending classes for the sheer pleasure of hearing his teacher stretch out on the instrument.

Moreover, the boy appreciated the gifted Mitchell's appetite for music achievement, an attitude summed up in the man's often expressed philosophy that "Life's a candy store. You can take whatever you want from the shelf– but you have to work for it."

Through Mitchell, an enthusiasm was engendered for the music of Harry James and Raphael Mendez, but other mentors, among them his parents, were urging him in a classical direction. At the age of 13, Herb was taken under the wing of Ben Klazkin, first trumpeter of the San Francisco Symphony, who used to exclaim, "Oh my God, I love the way you play!" during their meetings. A classical career seemed secure– until adolescent boredom took hold and Herb actively avoided his lessons as he entered Fairfax High School.

Music might have been wholly eclipsed by football, baseball and girls had David Alpert's club band not sparked his younger brother's interest in performing. With linen sheets covering the living room rugs and furniture, Dave and company would rehearse weekly in the Alpert home, Herb occasionally sitting in. At 15, Herb formed the Colonial Trio with drummer Norm Shapiro and pianist Fred Santo, and entered a competition for a local TV amateur program called *High Talent Battle*. After winning some eight face-offs in a row playing dance music, the Colonial Trio received enough attention (even considering the scarcity of televisions circa 1950) to line up three lucrative dates every Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Any lingering appeal classical music still held for Herb was forgotten when lionized bandleader Ray Anthony scored on KPFK in 1950 with the Capitol Records instrumental hit "Young Man With a Horn." The single spurred Alpert to become a pop record buyer, his inaugural purchases being "Sh-Boom"; the Dominoes' risque Federal R&B hit, "Sixty Minute Man"; and the Clovers' ominously sensuous Atlantic single, "One Mint Julep." And when Herb wasn't with his girlfriend or holding down the bandstand, he frequented bistros on the Los Angeles jazz circuit: the Hague, Sardi's, Jazz City, and a cabaret across from the Ambassador Hotel where Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker often cut loose.

Herb was now a music major at USC and getting a vivid dose of the musician's lifestyle. But after a last summer fling of "playing every night, chasing as many girls as I could, and being a bellhop and playing on the weekends" at the Paradise Resort in Ontario, California, he decided he was more ready for the army than anything else. So he voluntarily moved his name up on the draft list and proceeded via Union Station to boot camp, riding the overnight Oakland Lark Streamliner on the Southern Pacific's Coast Line as far as San Jose, then catching the milk train to Monterey.

"I took my horn, a Benge, with me; slept with it on the endless train to Fort Ord, outside Monterey," say Alpert with a laugh. "When I got off the train, I was lying my ass off, telling them I just got off the road with Count Basie or somebody. I said, 'Man all I can do is play trumpet, so they asked me to organize a marching band in basic training.

"I went into the army with Merv Rusy, a friend who was absolutely tone deaf. I told them he was the first cymbal player from Texas A&M, so I got him into the band,

and we shared a room together and had special privileges! Instead of carrying M-1 rifles on our backs on these brutal runs, we carried our instruments. It was fun!

"After basic training, I was sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky, and that's when I realized I wasn't as good a trumpet player as I thought I was. There were trumpet players from all over the country, and especially from New York, and they did things I could only think of doing. It was a nice eye-opener for me."

While in the army, he wed his high school sweetheart, and became interested in jazz, listening to Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker and Miles Davis. When his discharge came in 1956, he returned to the bandleader life with renewed vigor, doing balls and hotel parties at the Beverly Chateau, Park Manor, Beverly Wilshire and Beverly Hills Hotels. It was steady employment, "The musical equivalent of pumping gas," but Herb was anxious to start both a family and a serious career.

These responsibilities and options were weighing heavily on his mind when he sat down to write "Pick Up the Papers Even Before They Fall," an anti-littering ditty devised for a contest sponsored by the Los Angeles County Parks Department. He mailed off the sheet music, waited anxiously, and heard nothing—ever. It was at this daunting threshold of his composing initiative that he chanced to encounter Lou Adler, a loquacious shirt salesman and ex-insurance agent—"His pitch was great!"—who had sold Herb a $10,000 double-indemnity insurance policy. Adler confided to his new policy-holder that he was an aspiring poet with an eye to making it as a professional lyricist.

Their first published effort was "Circle Rock," recorded by the Salmas Brothers vocal group for Keen Records, and later by Sam Butera and the Witnesses. Early in 1959 the Herbie Alpert Sextet issued "Huly Gully/Summer School" on Andex Records, and that same year their production company had a novelty single, "The Trial," on the tiny Arch label. These and other efforts summarily vanished from the marketplace. The breakthrough arrived when Alpert and Adler were hired as $35-a-week staff songsmiths at Keen Records, a burgeoning concern funded, according to Alpert, "by three brothers that were manufacturing airplane parts." Label head Bob Keen achieved liftoff, saleswise, when outraged Specialty Records boss Art Rupe banished Soul Stirrer's lead singer Sam Cooke and A&R man Bumps Blackwell after they insisted on pursuing a risky, two-song secular session. Rupe dreaded offending the gospel audience that was Specialty's bread and butter by turning the spiritual crooner into a pop star.

So Blackwell submitted the tapes to Keen, which notched a two sided No. 1 with the supposedly sacrilegious goods: "You Send Me"/"Summertime." Alpert and Adler were assigned to provide Cooke with additional material and guidance to garner the teen market. They wrote a moderate success for him, "All of My Life," and then collaborated with Cooke on the authorship of a 1960 standard, "Wonderful World." When Cooke defected to RCA in 1960, Herb and Lou turned independent, producing and furnishing Jan and Dean with more post-"Baby Talk" grist for the pop mill: "There's a Girl" and "Clementine." Jan and Dean soon jumped to Liberty, and the Alpert-Adler team, once again without an artist to create for, elected to cut their losses and struggle on individually.

For his part, Herb had a wife and baby son Dore to consider (with a daughter, Eden, to come), so he took work as an athletics instructor, and decided to try acting at the suggestion of a Hollywood producer who worked out at his gym. He was sent to a Paramount casting director for a "fishbowl screen test," reading for a minor part in Cecil B. DeMille's biblical epic, *The Ten Commandments*.

"They liked me," says Alpert, "but said I needed to study, so I did—with a lady named Estelle Harmon and with acting coach Jeff Corey. But I didn't think I had a natural flair; I was too tight, too inhibited. It might have been fear. And being away from records for a while, I got a chance to recharge, and wrote some more songs with a lyricist who lived around the block from me. We did one titled 'Tell It to the Birds,' and another called 'Fallout Shelter,' and I had been fooling around at the piano with a 1930s standard I'd arranged called 'Gonna Get a Girl.'"

He felt some of the songs he'd generated might be appropriate for Gogi Grant, a one-time Era Records star ("The Wayward Wind") who had advanced to the RCA stable. When Herb met with RCA producer Dick Pierce about Gogi, he found *HIMSELF* the

recipient of a recording proposal, which he pursued under the stage name Dore Alpert. ("I guess I always like the name; bot from the record company and from the great Hollywood screenwriter-producer Dore Schary.") Several singles were floated, among them "Little Lost Lover/Won't You Be My Valentine," but the public passed.

LOS ANGELES in 1962 was a city in love with its own adolescence, a heady disposition several decades in the ripening. Between 1920 and 1930, over 2 million people had poured into the Southland, seeking the citrus-and-sun-drenched good life widely disseminated in Santa Fe rail advertisements, Sunkist promotions and a mountain of booster literature. Los Angeles County greeted 1,272,037 new permanent residents, most of them drawn by the employment magnet of the fabulous Huntington Beach and Signal Hill oil strikes, the myth-mongering power of motion pictures, and the all-weather transcontinental highway system that incited the first westward migration of the Automobile Age. If New York City was the melting pot of Europe, Los Angeles was the assimilation basin and social laboratory of the United States.

The joy of the resettled parents with this balmy and freakishly moist desert Eden on the sea was passed on to their offspring, who made a feast of its lush landscape and its unfettered attitude towards vocation and livelihood in the modern age. While California students were among the most numerous volunteers for President John Kennedy's newly created Peace Corps, most young inhabitants and smitten newcomers were content to discover challenges within its hedonistic borders.

For 1962, the New Year commenced with frothy abandon and pop frenzy, as Chubby Checker, Ray Anthony, and the Champs hosted a "Holiday Twist Spectacular" at the Hollywood Palladium. Each of the headliners was riding high with a dance or instrumental hit, but Checker led the pack with "The Twist," a record destined to reach No. 1 thirteen days later—just as it had back in the fall of 1960!

The nightlife was also hot in the Hollywood clubs, from the blues and folk scene at the Ash Grove, to the more urbane La Brea Inn, as well as the swinging P.J.'s, where Bobby Darin drank and eager starlets joined the backroom bongo players until 3 a.m.

Jerry Moss had hit Los Angeles in the spring of 1960 with $300 and the assurance of a warm bed at his aunt's house if things didn't pan out. After a brief investigation of hiring prospects at the William Morris Agency and opening in the booming television trade, he opted for record promo reconnaissance on the L.A -San Francisco-Seattle orbit. 1962 found him flush, with a nice rented pad and a shiny Volkswagen, and he edged with cautious confidence into the production and publishing branches of the business.

Unwinding at haunts like Martoni's, a restaurant near Liberty Records that was a favorite with the music industry crowd, he began bumping into Herb Alpert. Herb was bartering studio overdub time at Liberty, huddling with engineer Ted Keep in an attempt to refine a self-produced vocal track he believed in. Alpert and Moss gradually solidified their acquaintanceship of yore with evenings of shop talk and good cheer in the La Cienega piano bars. Occasionally Herb, fresh from studio woodshedding, would bring his trumpet along and jam with the saloon keyboardists.

Jerry was impressed with Herb's adroit technique and the easy eloquence of his playing, and asked if he'd consider providing the horn break for a track HE was producing, "Love Is Back in Style." Herb obliged, and then shared his latest unreleased track, "Tell It to the Birds."

Moss suggested that, since they were putting their own money into these songs, they should double their prospects by forming a partnership. Each man deposited $100 in the checking account of a new firm they dubbed Carnival Records (after the Broadway musical of the time) and on July 25, 1962, they released "Tell It to the Birds" (with Herb's "Fallout Shelter" on the flip side) as a Dore Alpert project. While the single was no match for David Rose's "The Stripper" or Bobby Vinton's "Roses are Red"—the hottest product of the summer—it did attract the interest of Dot Records A&R man Wink Martindale, who bought the master for $750. That profit was pumped back into Carnival, which next released "Love Is Back in Style"...to an icy reception.

Undeterred, Alpert and Moss retreated to he makeshift studio Herb had rigged up in his garage at 419 Westbourne Drive and tinkered with "Twinkle Star," a catchy

melody by dance-band colleague Sol Lake, layering horn parts to spice the arrangement. Breaking that Sunday for an afternoon's recreation, Herb and Jerry took in a bullfight in Tijuana, that featured *Rejoneador* great Carlos Arruza. The splendor of Arruza's equestrian courage, combined with the pungent brass of the Mexican band that serenaded the ring, provided an atmospheric musical brainstorm.

They recast "Twinkle Star" with a quasi-Mariachi verve, cut the new version in a proper studio, and added authentic Tijuana bullring spectator cheers that engineer Ted Keep pulled from the sound effects library. Jerry pronounced the inspired melody "The Lonely Bull," and tagged Herb's peppery melange of trumpet adrenaline and a matador thrust as "the Tijuana Brass featuring Herb Alpert." The record was readied for an August 1962 release, but the Carnival handle had to go, due to a discovery of prior usage. No corporate appellation made more sense that the simple initials that announced the partners' bond: A&M.

"When Herb and I got together," says Moss, "we didn't have the money to incorporate, so A&M Records for a while was a division of Irving Music, which was sort of funny. I just gave Herb half the stock in Irving Music, because we didn't want to put a lot of money into something we didn't know the future of. But soon 'The Lonely Bull' became our first major copyright—selling over 700,000 units. Herb and I were able to split our first real royalties, and it was a very exciting beginning."

And it was infectious. While A&M's garage outpost was little more than two phone lines beside a scuffed piano, it had a surplus of believers.

"Many of the best records of the day were coming out of garage operations," says Don Drowty. "Dean Torrence and I went to high school together at University High School in West L.A., and he and Jan's hits had their start in Jan's Bel Air garage. The Four Preps, who were also from University High, did all their rehearsing in a garage. I was just out of high school, and going for a degree in special education for the handicapped, when I started helping Jerry and Herb pack and ship records from Herb's garage. Nothing could have seemed more natural in the L.A. record world—or more exciting."

Jolene Burton agreed. A bookkeeping and accounting staffer at Al Bennett and Simon Waronker's Liberty Records, she had seen first-hand in the last five years how Jan and Dean's garage compounds had laid every terra-cotta brick in the handsome Liberty edifice. When she overheard Jerry Moss's ruminations about expansion during cocktail hour at the La Brea Inn, she proffered her services as comptroller/accounts manager extraordinaire. It wasn't long after Jerry, Herb and Jolene installed A&M in new offices at 8255 Sunset that two Tijuana brass albums (*The Lonely Bull* and *Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass, Volume 2*) were on the charts.

Things were ticking along, but A&M still needed the signature record that would make itself a mass presence. Herb's third album, *South Of The Border*, produced just such an identity element in the single "The Mexican Shuffle." The Clark gum company licensed the percolating track for a saturation radio and TV campaign for its teaberry-flavored gum. The sprightly dance step created to punctuate the "Teaberry Shuffle" resulted in A&M's second hit and that signature song.

South Of The Border also heralded the arrival at A&M of former Capitol and Kapp Records promo ace Gil Friesen, plus the engineering prowess of Larry Levine, previously Phil Spector's right-hand man at Hollywood's famed Gold Star Studios. Gil urged Herb to put together a first-rate touring band to support the magic the trumpeter was making with Levine in the studio, and soon the TJB became a live attraction too. With the Herb Alpert horn becoming ubiquitous, the stage was set for a monster Tijuana Brass album. A friendly phone call from distribution and retail business associates Henry Hildebrand and Irving Smith in New Orleans yielded an unexpected bounty: an instrumental by Minit Records house arranger Allen Toussaint called "Whipped Cream." Al Hirt had turned it down. Was Herb interested? Yes—and it sold 150,000 copies.

Jerry envisioned a conceptual album of food themes—*Whipped Cream and Other Delights*, as he nominated it—and nudged Herb in that direction while art director Peter Whorf concocted a visual for the record jacket: top California model Dolores Erickson's zaftig form, barely covered with a blanket of shaving cream. The single from the sensuous collection, "A Taste of Honey," was the soundtrack for the Summer of 1965.

"I don't think anyone in the family had any idea of the enormity of what Herb and Jerry had accomplished until the end of that year," says Fred Moss. "Late that Fall they brought the band into New York City for appearances at Basin Street East and wound up selling out for three solid weeks. Jerry took a whole table one night, inviting our mom, my wife and me. By the time the opening acts, George Carlin and Astrud Gilberto were done, the excitement was unbearable. Herb's trumpet cut through that place like a locomotive! That's when I realized the power of the Tijuana Brass."

As 1966 unfolded, Herb and the Brass had no less than five albums in the Top 20 simultaneously, a stunning achievement at a time when the kingpins of the British Invasion (Beatles, Rolling Stones, Dave Clark Five) ruled the Hot 100. That was the good news.

The bad news was that A&M sorely needed to diversify its roster.

Granted, the Tijuana Brass was outselling the Beatles two to one, and a diverse roll call of acts (the Baja Marimba Band, Chris Montez, Claudine Longet, the Sandpipers, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, We Five) was registering steady gains. (So much so, that A&M needed twice the corporate space its 8255 Sunset Facilities could provide, relocating on November 6, 1966 to the storied Charlie Chaplin movie lot on La Brea and Sunset Boulevard).

But there was a more free-form sound afoot nationally than any current A&M act could approximate, a dizzyingly diverse strain of rock more personal, uncompromising and intense than any that preceded it. Some called it acid rock, others attached the terms "psychedelic" or "underground" to its more prosaic offshoots, but it was more accurately rock that made its own rules, doing exactly as it damn well pleased.

"At that moment," says Jerry Moss, "I think our image was of a sort of semi-hip, jazz, Latin-sounding label using MOR stations to sell albums. At Monterey Pop in '67, the so-called underground emerged, and as successful as Herb was at that time, this new force was looked on as a different kind of medium. The movement was definitely towards rock 'n' roll."

The Monterey International Pop Festival, attended by 50,000 during June 16-18, 1967, was the rallying point for this new age of rock. Jefferson Airplane, the Electric Flag, the Byrds, and Buffalo Springfield augured the music's bright hybrid capabilities; The Who splintered all show-biz properties with its auto-destructive atavism; the Mamas and Papas and Ravi Shankar soothed potential acid casualties: Otis Redding was splendid; Janis and Big Brother stopped the show with incendiary blues-rock bluster, and a savagely transported Jimi Hendrix burned his Stratocaster for good pyrotechnic measure.

"I went to Monterey," says Moss, "and we didn't have anybody there, and it was a *drag*." So Moss and Friesen set to work scouting those who could triumph at the inevitable sequel to Monterey Pop—when and where that might occur.

Jerry flew to England and met with powerful British producer/manager Denny Cordell and his associate David Platz, signing Procol Harum and the Move. A licensing agreement with Chris Blackwell of Island Records brought Spooky Tooth, Fairport Convention, and Free to the United States, as well as riveting reggae singer Jimmy Cliff and an incomparable Anglo-Greek singer-songwriter with the unlikely moniker of Cat Stevens. Finally, Moss cut deals for the Anglo-folk-esteeming Strawbs, and frenetic arena rockers Humble Pie, a randy squad that would later divide to display the separate careers of Steve Marriot and...Peter Frampton.

Coaxed aboard back in the States were folk firebrand Phil Ochs, "heavy Hammond" rock organist Lee Michaels, slyly soliloquizing rap progenitor Melvin Van Peebles; and the seminal country-rock disciple Doug Dillard and Gene Clark, and the Flying Burrito Bros. But before the rich insight all these new signings embodied could take hold, the next mass gathering of the dawning rock epoch was announced: the Woodstock Music and Arts Festival, slated for August 15-17, 1969 on Max Yasgur's 600-acre farm in Bethel, New York. And this time A&M has an artist on the bill, an ex-pipefitter for England's East Midlands Gas Board named Joe Cocker.

Denny Cordell had an inspiration and he acted on it. Cocker's producer rented a helicopter to serve as a Woodstock shuttle for the A&M contingent of Jerry, Gil, Almo's

Chuck Kaye, attorney Abe Somer, Cocker and himself. The men found themselves dropped into a teeming human panorama unlike any seen before or since.

"It was phenomenal," Moss assures with enduring awe, his thoughts leaping back to an accumulated sea of over 400,000 celebrants, from which three deaths, two miscarriages, two births and untold private epiphanies would spring. "Joe came on with the Grease Band and the show was just so GOOD. But as Joe finished his encore, we saw storm clouds moving in and the skies literally opened– it just poured. We all scattered, running through these fields and came upon these vans of kids from San Francisco and Detroit, so some of us jumped inside one of them, waiting out the rain, relaxing, and generally just enjoying the company. As darkness was coming on, we took a shot at seeing if the helicopter would show, and as we started walking up the hill, Joe miraculously appeared and the copter landed. It was amazing!

"Drenched and feeling fantastic, we were taken to Grossinger's, and walked into the hotel to find it was Singles Night there! Talk about culture shock– it was *hysterical.*"

Cocker left the next morning and took to the road in America to support his debut A&M LP, *With A Little Help From My Friends* (such as Steve Winwood and Jimmy Page). This first modest road trek would lay the groundwork for the historic Mad Dogs and Englishmen Tour, which counted some 42 musicians and singers, sound crew, roadies, groupies and support personnel who defied categorization. The first album clicked commercially, and was followed by another solo LP and tour, but A&M had a deeper investment in the woolly cavalcade. The Mad Dogs and Englishmen Tour, a zestful assortment of new faces (Leon Russell and Rita Coolidge, for two) and rollicking rock fire, was to be captured on vinyl and film for posterity's sake.

"It was such a heralded tour," says Moss. "All the players were of super status. Leon– I mean, keyboards were his forte, as his 1970 *Leon Russell* LP made clear, but as a guitarist and leader, he was extraordinary! And, of course, we signed Rita Coolidge from that troupe. Problem was, after it was all over, we *barely* came out of it with the album, let alone the film."

Moss sighs, then smiles, and continues the saga. "When they got off this long march, Denny and Joe came in, and they were tired of everything. We talked about the album, but they were bored with the music, they'd been through so much. But we had a lot riding on this very expensive event.

"So I said, 'Look, let's get an independent guy we all respect to come in and listen to it again.' The hero of this story is the brilliant producer-engineer name Glyn Johns, who just happened to be in town. He had worked with the Rolling Stones and EVERYBODY. We didn't know if we had a two-record set, a one record set, or no album *at all.* And Glyn, the master that he is, literally went in the studio and mixed a *side of the album each night for four nights.* He came up with this unbelievable mix that Joe and Denny accepted, and we sold a million records."

A&M was now on a solid rock footing, with acts like Cat Stevens moving from triumph (*Tea For The Tillerman*) to triumph (*Teaser And The Firecat*). And the company had also spent the late '60s tracing other musical terrain for talent. The renowned Creed Taylor CTI Jazz Series commenced in 1967, and the ranks of Wes Montgomery (who went on to enjoy a major pop hit with '69's "A Day in the life"), Nat Adderley, Paul Desmond, George Benson, and Herbie Mann expanded in 1969 with the arrival of musician-composer extraordinaire Quincy Jones. Jones, of course, built on late '60s successes like *Body Heat* to become one of the industry's top all-around talents over the past two decades.

"The CTI deal was another step in branching out," says Moss. "Creed would take the pure essence of what the jazz artist was doing, and then fill in the background beautifully with state-of-the-art-recording, packaging, all of it. Creed's approach was the forerunner, albeit on a different music street, of the Windham Hill label's unified concept."

Yet a dulcet pop duo that Herb Alpert courted in 1969 proved to be the most unexpectedly fortuitous acquisition of all: the Carpenters.

"To many people," says Herb Alpert, "they were just another middle-of-the-road group. The idea of a girl drummer who sang was shrugged off as too peculiar, but I heard

something in Karen and Richard's music, a seductive delicacy. to go from early critical dismissal to selling 75 million records and holding an enormously loyal following was a very profound experience."

A&M also contracted with the singer-songwriter Paul Williams, source of many Carpenters' chart feats, and a few of his own, such as "Just an Old-Fashioned Love Song."

MEANTIME, Lou Adler, whose Dunhill Records did so marvelously with Monterey Pop standouts the Mamas and Papas, had returned to the A&M family in a special distribution deal for Ode Records, featuring Cheech and Chong, and the singing had songwriting of Brill Building stalwart Carole King. The elegantly unadorned union of piano, voice and song that was 1971's *Tapestry*, Carole's second Ode album, was a deeply moving evocation of the solitary creative process itself, and millions identified with its clarity of purpose. *Tapestry* ascended with a serene surety to No. 1 in 1971, produced four top singles, spent 302 weeks on the charts and has sold over 14 million copies worldwide. But Carole King's superb solo output had barely hit its keyboard-paced stride, the country's car radios soon to resound with the crisp fervor of "It's Too Late," "You've Got a Friend," "Sweet Season," "Corazon," "Jazzman," "Nightingale," and other hits from *Music*; *Rhymes & Reasons*; *Fantasy*; *Wrap Around Joy* and *Thoroughbred*.

With the onset of hardrock and a hungry new generation of pop comers, Herb Alpert had recognized the need for a personal and artistic reevaluation. While he reaped a disarming *vocal* hit in 1968 with "This Guy's in Love with You" (the tender ballad, a track from his *The Beat of the Brass* CBS-TV special, was made commercially available by popular demand), Alpert nonetheless remained dissatisfied with his music and himself.

"I fried in 1969," he says bluntly. "I just lost it, lost my fast ball. With the whirlwind experience I had in the mid-1960s, I thought I had the American Dream, but I had lost contact with myself. I was totally overworked, and I didn't know who I was or what I was doing, or who I was doing it for. You become successful, you have a little money, you're respected by your peers, and you've got the brass ring—but it's still empty if you're not feeling good about yourself."

Alpert retreated from the spotlight, parted with his first wife, and concentrated on regenerative production undertakings for among others, Michel Colombier, Bill Medley, Gino Vannelli, and Sergio Mendes. He began working again in 1974 with a reconstituted Tijuana Brass that included former Sergio Mendes vocalist Lani Hall. In Dec[illegible] 1974, Herb and Lani were wed. He also created several critically acclaimed new TJB LPs: *You Smile—the Song Begins* and *Coney Island*; and locked horns harmoniously with a South African jazz great on *Herb Alpert and Hugh Maskela*.

On A&M's rapidly maturing rock front, an artist named Peter Frampton had emerged from the huge chart success of Humble Pie's 1971 *Performance—Rockin' The Fillmore* live album with a new solo career.

"Then, after his 1975 album, *Frampton*, we wanted Peter to do a live record," says Moss, "because his performances on the road in 1974-1975 were so electric, and we weren't selling as many records as we thought we should be from the studio work. I asked him for a concert record, and later, at Electric Lady Studio in New York, Heard the tapes. I thought it was fantastic, and then I asked where the *rest* of it was—they had only made one record."

To make a long account concise, Moss prevailed upon Frampton to include ALL his concert crowd-pleasers in one vibrant, double-album document. *Frampton Comes Alive!* virtually saved the slumped record industry in 1976, selling over ten million units and becoming ranked as one of the best-selling albums ever.

There were other pivotal A&M moves. Billy Preston was signed and scored with smash singles like "Nothing from Nothing" and "Will It Go 'Round in Circles." Joan Armatrading, whose sagacious Caribbean soul-folk constituted a virtual one-woman songwriting genre, was brought into the A&M fold in 1973. As were the Ozark Mountain Daredevils, purveyors of a sinuous country pop exemplified by 1975's winning "Jackie Blue." Nils Lofgren, pilot of the beloved Washington, D.C.-derived Grin was brought into the A&M brood in 1973, fresh from Neil Young's *Tonight's the Night* tour, and fashioned

a clutch of fine releases, notably the classic *Nils Lofgren*, on which FM radio gems "Back It Up" and "Keith Don't Go" reside. A&R department gambles on ex-Yes keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman, the scorching Scottish rock of Nazareth, the Tubes' outré theatrical wit, the Captain & Tennille's breezy MOR cheer, and on Pablo Cruise's scrupulous California pop, all were handsomely rewarded.

Two of the biggest payoffs in the growth-potential category came with Supertramp, an English configuration signed in 1969 whose revamped personnel in 1975 caught the public's imagination with the well-promoted *Crime of the Century*. Come 1976, Supertramp was primed to conquer, and they did with *Breakfast in America*, an international No. 1 album whose pop singles appeal ("The Logical Song," "Goodbye Stranger," "Take the Long Way Home") was almost insatiable.

"It was clearly *the* record of 1979 in America and in Europe," Moss says proudly. "That album sold over a million copies in France alone!"

Styx, however, was more of a developing perennial than a late bloomer, the nurtured ascendance of the Chicago-based band becoming one of the best-kept secrets in mainstream rock. Signed in 1975, the group added Alabama guitarist Tommy Shaw who, together with keyboardist Dennis DeYoung, helped hone the reverberant vocal triads that were the theatrical Styx's trademark. In the explosion of commercial acceptance that ensued, Styx dominated a decade of Top-40 and FM radio with romantic fantasy-and allegory-steeped singles: "Come Sail Away," "Blue Collar Man (Long Nights)," "Renegade," "The Best of Times," "Too Much Time on MY Hands," "Mr. Roboto," and "Don't Let It End." Midway in this prolific span came "Babe," Dennis De Young's plaintive love pledge to his wife, which topped the national survey just as a Gallup poll ascertained Styx to be teenage America's rock ensemble of preference.

"Dennis DeYoung has a tremendous vocal presence and is a powerful writer, as well," says Moss. "He provided Styx with love songs like 'Babe,' which sold a million and a half singles. Yet ballads didn't affect the blue-collar support a band that really bordered on heavy metal, because Tommy Shaw and J.Y. contributed songs and guitar work that had a unique and wonderful ferocity. It was a special combination; one that produced, through on stretch, four triple platinum albums in a row."

A different form of ferociousness was transforming the tastes of fans in the United Kingdom, the punk upheaval signalling a fierce new agenda at Rock's cutting edge. Returning to Britain in 1977 to reassess both the country's music scene and the impact its stripped-down sensibilities might have Stateside, Moss was soon deliberating with International Records Syndicate (IRS) overseer Miles Copeland. The IRS organization had been conceived by Miles and drummer-brother Stewart, sons of a globe-trotting ex-CIA agent, and it gathered acts whose canny strengths seemed the glistening crest of the billowy New Wave. (Frontier Booking International—FBI—another whimsically acronymed arm of the incipient family braintrust, was run by Ian Copeland.)

"Miles had a group he was out to prove had something special," remarks Jerry. Derek Green, our managing director at A&M in England, obliged by signing them. I remember hearing the Police for the first time over the speakers in a New York club and I was gone—it totally nailed me. The record was called 'Roxanne.'"

"Roxanne," the anguished ode to an errant street walker, was written by Sting, lead singer of the searing post-punk trinity (Andy Summers on guitar, Stewart Copeland on drums) called the Police. Their A&M contract stipulated a higher royalty rate in lieu of outsized advance and burdensome tour support monies. They toured America by van to build interest for the 1978 appearance of *Outlandos D'Amour* and "Roxanne" and incurred none of the customary debts that stymie a struggling new act.

"When I saw them at the Whisky on that first road trip," says Herb Alpert, "man, I was just beaming from ear to ear. Here, at last, in only three pieces, was a band that had the whole tool box."

Tireless in their determination, keen in their mingled influences (reggae, minimalist funk, African jazz, Arab forms), and catholic in their cultural curiosity, the Police scoured India, Thailand, Greece, Egypt and Mexico for fresh ears and unversed rock rooters, until, in the space of four more robust and brainy LPs (*Reggatta De Blanc*;

Zenyatta Mondatta; *Ghost in the Machine* and *Synchronicity*) no rock 'n' roll unit on earth could claim a wider popular embrace.

Another Miles Copeland find that joined the A&M family was Squeeze, the sparkling vehicle for the songwriting team of Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, plus jack-of-all-trades Jools Holland. Moreover, a distribution/underwriting arrangement with A&M for Copeland's IRS label boosted such acts as the Buzzcocks, the Cramps and Wall of Voodoo, besides allowing the Go-Go's to give new currency to the so-called girl group genre.

Also during this period, A&M reached out to London to sign Joe Jackson, a renaissance music man who has blended commercial triumphs with as eclectic an array of output as any artist over the past decade.

Equally important in the last 1970s were the signings of Southern-rock stand-outs 38 Special, and R&B acts LTD and The Brothers Johnson. LTD shone with gold albums like 1979's *Devotion*, which in turn paved the way for '80s mega-success for Jeffrey Osborne, going solo. George and Louis Johnson's agile guitar alliance forged four platinum LPs and a ballistic battery of singles: "I'll Be Good to You," "Get the Funk Out Ma Face," "Strawberry letter 23," "Stomp!" and "Q," a tribute to their producer and discoverer Quincy Jones that copped the 1977 Grammy for Best Instrumental. Nonetheless, 1979 also saw Alpert speed past much of the in-house competition to earn the biggest success of his career, the vast-selling No. 1 smash, "Rise."

"My nephew, Randy Alpert, had suggested that I consider recutting some of my Tijuana Brass stuff in a disco tempo," Herb recalls. "We tried 'The Lonely Bull' but after ten minutes we knew it was all wrong. Since we already had musicians booked, I asked Randy if he had any of his songwriting material around and he showed me 'Rise,' a dance tune he'd worked up with his friend Andy Armer. Most of those dance records were 120 to 130 beats per minute, but I decided this should be much slower than that. I had this vision of people getting tired of dancing that same groove all night, and moving to something slower like 'Rise' at the end of the evening."

Alpert fetched his trumpet and attacked the track live in A&M's Studio D, feeling downright cocksure by the third take.

"I leaned over to Randy and I said, 'I think this is a number-one record.' He looked at me like, 'Uncle, you're crazy.' The track was a little left-of-center, yeah, but it had emotion and melody, and I thought it was time for elements like that."

"Rise" entered the Hot 100 at No. 83 in July 1979, climbing quietly until Jill Phelps, music director of ABC-TV's *General Hospital*, elected to use it as a heightening element in several episodes of the ongoing soap opera. The exposure helped accelerate the single's sure progress to the peak position. Over in England, disc jockeys failed to note that the 12-inch singles of "Rise" were not 45 rpm, as is the UK convention, and made the 33 rpm record a hit at a disco pace far faster than any Herb Alpert had sought to defy!

Unfortunately, 1979 also compelled a dire round of decision-making concerning A&M's faltering independent cash-flow crises they precipitated. Moreover, A&M was overstaffed and overburdened with borderline artists it could no longer afford to subsidize. New distribution was arranged with RCA, and a corporate reorganization was called for—*post haste.*

"We had a big hole in our ship with our independent distribution status," says Herb Alpert, "and we were starting to sink. The whole record business was in a decline at that time, and when business is bad, you have to pay for returns from retailers and rack jobbers—the record business is one of the very few that still accepts returns on merchandise. Sometimes that merchandise could be shipped to a distributor at a discount, but later returned via a different rack jobber at full price, and you couldn't legally prevent that. The black joke at the time was that you shipped a record gold and it came back platinum. Anyhow, it was a crucial spell in the industry and in the history of our company."

"We had to put our own houses up for collateral," Moss recalls ruefully, "and the bank was initially a little on the cold side, to say the least. I remember us going to meet with the head of the bank, the same bank we'd put millions of dollars into through the

years and while getting our signatures for the loan documents his secretary looked at us and asked blankly, 'Which one of you guys is Herb Alpert?'

"*Talk about cold!* We just looked at the banker, and then at each other. It was really a moment we knew we'd never forget."

THAT MEMORY is now in the distant past, and the relationships that created the A&M family have held firm, while drawing others into its unique artistic fold. The Eighties have been a phase of restored outreach and mounting excitement, with nary a weak line in the ever-expanding chain of new artists and involvements.

As the Police segued into an impending farewell, each of the trio slipping off into increasingly demanding solo endeavors, Sting mapped out an individual course of characteristic boldness and invention. Constructing an unprecedented musical alliance from a hand-picked, youthful crew of American jazz virtuosos– Branford Marsalis, Daryl Jones, Kenny Kirkland and Omar Hakim– he devised a two-year concert, recording and movie schedule. Two superb LPs, *The Dream of the Blue Turtles* and the live *Bring on the Night* made it plain that a consummate rock figure of the Eighties had vaulted to a new plateau. As the 1990s approach, and with the release of his exquisite solo album...*Nothing Like the Sun*, Sting is *the* figure in the rock landscape to watch.

From out of Vancouver, Canada, an entirely new practitioner carved out an impressive patch of turf. Signed to A&M Canada in 1979, Bryan Adams built on a long-term, solid club reputation in Vancouver and matched it with sure writing credentials. Before this breakthrough, he authored hits for Loverboy, Prism, Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Ian Lloyd, Bob Welch, Kiss and others. He considered calling his second album *Bryan Adams Hasn't Heard of You Either*, but *You Want It– You Got It* became the equally telling title, providing his first single success, "Lonely Nights." Since then, the list of hits reads like a comprehensive rundown of the 1980s' optimum car-radio fare: "Straight From the Heart," "Cuts Like a Knife," "This Time," "Run to You," "Somebody," "Heaven," "It's Only Love," plus the ongoing brace of rafter-rumblers from his fifth LP, *Into the Fire*.

"Bryan has the goods," says Alpert. "He's growing swiftly as an artist and is willing to sacrifice to do it. Also, that pained, lived-in quality in his voice is one that a lot of people can relate to in these difficult days."

When it comes to addressing delicate and troubling topics, there are few with a more arresting and percipient approach than Suzanne Vega, whose fragile vision takes the folk-rock idiom and reinvents it like no figure since Joni Mitchell. Over the course of only two albums, the enormity of her gifts has been thrilling to perceive.

The same potent promise is abundant in the breathtaking ascent of Janet Jackson. Her Jimmy Jam/Terry Lewis-produced *Control* LP knocked the music industry on its collective ear, its production of hits ("What Have You Don for Me Lately," "When I Think of You," "Control," "Let's Wait Awhile," "The Pleasure Principle"), proclaiming a full-blown coup by a major contender who can sing, dance, act and carve out a prodigious new niche in the process.

For the contemporary gospel and inspirational music audience, the A&M-assisted strides that Amy Grant has made in the pop arena have been revolutionary, and helped to further establish Word Records as the most important and innovative label of its kind.

The eclectic nature of A&M is underscored by a series of other 1987 highlights, including Chris De Burgh's first U.S. gold LP, *Into the Light*, David & David's highly acclaimed and commercially successful debut album, *Boomtown*, and , of course, Herb Alpert's triumphant gold 25th anniversary LP, *Keep Your Eye on Me*.

Other flourishing offshoots of the A&M family now include the Windham Hill label, one of the most original and discerning recording enterprises in memory; the pathfinding Welsh Nimbus classical firm; Shoreline, the children's label that features international star Raffi; and brand new distribution agreements with the highly eclectic, Minneapolis-based rock label Twin/Tone; and Los Angeles' hottest independent, Cypress Records, who scored big this year with Jennifer Warnes' album *Famous Blue Raincoat*.

Now under the tutelage of Lance Freed (son of Alan Freed, the man who *named* rock 'n' roll) the Almo/Irving publishing division of A&M has established itself as a significant player over the years, with acquisitions such as the 1969 purchase of the Beach Boys' Sea of Tunes catalogue having been recently rivalled by the classics of the legendary East-Memphis Music.

On the Studio end, A&M's on-site facilities which had been utilized for the production of masterworks as varied as Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark*, Barbra Streisand's *Broadway Album*, and the Quincy Jones-shepherded "We are the World" sessions, have since been completely revamped. Veteran producer Jimmy Iovine and engineering skipper Shelly Yakus, along with Herb Alpert, supervised the transferral of the peerless state-of-the-art board from George Martin's AIR Studios in Montserrat to home base on Sunset and La Brea. Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Eddie Van Halen and Sammy Hagar, and Warren Zevon have used it to rave reactions.

There seems a fruitful place for everyone, with everyone in place. But what of Don Drowty, co-writer and co-warbler on "Hooray for the Big Slow Train," and A&M booster from day one? Well, Don has spent the last twenty-five years at HIS vocation, working in special education for the handicapped and a wealth of other public service areas through the Don Drowty Youth Foundation—with a great many of them under the funding umbrella of A&M Records.

"Since 1962," says Don, "A&M has supported a staggering number of projects. We've done the Concerts for Special Kids across California, Arizona and New Mexico to benefit our public and private schools. In 1968, Project T.O.U.C.H. made 52 trips into the western states delivering wheelchairs, crutches and medical supplies to hospitals, schools and Indian reservations. In 1970, we did Parties for Teachers; in 1977 came the youth-aid Pride Clubs of America, and the Amercian Music Project to help save music in public schools; in 1980 we produced police safety and anti-drug and alcohol-abuse commercials. The Special Employment Bank for youth was begun in 1982, as were the Boating and Fishing Special Games, and Playgrounds for Special Children. The list goes on an on."

FOR ITS FOUNDERS, the A&M Records workday is never done, though the sun still sets on it every 24 hours. And so on a recent evening, through separate entrances, two men enter a cluttered shadowy chamber of repose and instinctively take their customary places. The taller of the two, attired in crisp oxford shirt and loosened red tie, angles his lanky frame into a sagging easy chair, twining his sinewy arms behind his head. he speaks softly of thoroughbred racing and two-year-old fillies, outlets of a still-boyish man of means. The quiet talk turns to the longevity and resilience of the A&M dream.

"You know, as Herbie sometimes says, you start thinking about the people's lives that have been directly influenced, and it's mind-boggling. Quite honestly, for a while it used to trouble me that so many people's needs, hopes and lifestyles were riding on the responsibilities that Herb and I shared."

Then, his subtle grin showing that he is grateful for the shy streak of darkness across his eyes, he asserts, "Herb has given me a meaningful life. His support has made me what I am today."

His confrere goes to the tattered bench beside the grand piano, its top stacked with electronic embellishments, and draws a smudged trumpet from an open case. He touches the keyboard lightly to find a soothing chord, blows a low string of triplets, and then makes an admission, talking as if to himself.

"The thing that keeps coming up to me, talking about our 25th anniversary and getting a little museum together, is the idea that out of a piece of brass came a song, 'The Lonely Bull': and that Jerry and I got together and released a record, and how it has touched thousands upon thousands of people's lives. Not only the people that work for us, left us, married and divorced, distributors, offshoots of that; it just spools out, you know, incredibly long.

"I mean, I'm a musician, and I think about *music*. I wake up and dream about it. It's in my head. And Jerry was able to take that record and really turn it into what we have today. And with all that's gone down in the last 25 years, to still remain with a

good feeling inside...it's quite a tribute to this guy, because he's able to feel good with my strengths and weaknesses. I couldn't ask for anything more from our partnership."