

STEREO STEREO STEREO STEREO STEREO STEREO STEREO

SOUNDS OF SINNANON

PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

featuring
ARNOLD ROSS
JOE PASS
DAVE ALLAN
GREG DYKES
RONALD CLARK
BILL CRAWFORD
CANDY LATSON

Jazz and narcotics are unfairly linked in the public mind. Addiction is rare among jazzmen and, reportedly, actually runs lower than in the medical profession. Yet there is a small minority of musicians who suffer from this terrible illness, and the problem cannot be solved by pretending it doesn't exist.

Alcoholics Anonymous has helped countless victims of a similar sickness. In this issue, you will read the inspiring story of pianist Arnold Ross and a remarkable new organization that is providing dramatic proof that addicts too can be cured—or, more precisely, can cure themselves. It is a story meant not just for jazz fans, but for everyone interested in the moral, mental, and physical health of man.

STEREO-48

(A4019/54019)

SOUNDS OF SYNANON

ARNOLD ROSS, piano; JOE PASS, guitar; DAVE ALLAN, trumpet; GREG DYKES, baritone horn; RONALD CLARK, bass; BILL CRAWFORD, drum; CANDY LATSON, bongos

SIDE 1:

C.E.D. (Pass-Ross)—3:10
AARON'S SON* (Dave Allan)—4:25
STAY LOOSE (Arnold Ross)—4:18
PROJECTIONS (Greg Dykes)—5:05

SIDE 2:

HANG TOUGH (Joe Pass)—6:25
SELF-IMAGE (Dave Allan)—9:00
LAST CALL FOR COFFEE (Arnold Ross)—4:30

recorded at
PACIFIC JAZZ STUDIOS
Hollywood, California



There are times in the ironic drama of life when happiness and fulfillment bloom out of misery and despair. The modern jazz *Sounds Of Synanon* were born in the deepest misery and degradation and in the most hopeless despair, for the seeds of the music were planted in seven individuals whose lives had been blighted by drug addiction.

Arnold Ross... Joe Pass... Dave Allan... Ronnie Clark... Bill Crawford... Candy Latson... These are the seven who had forgotten how to trace, who existed from fix to fix; whose pursuit of heroin may be traced through jails and penitentiaries, sanitariums and hospitals and suicide attempts, to a final day in each of their lives when, like drifting flotsam, they were cast against the sanctuary of Synanon House.

Synanon exists to save lives by keeping the drug addicts who live there away from the narcotics that enslaved them. And what is Synanon? It is people getting well. Inside the forbidding red brick old army at 1351 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, Calif., the miracle of rehabilitation is a 24-hour phenomenon. Between midnight and dawn or at busting noon a sick addict may appear at the reception desk seeking help.

"No dope fiend wants to get well; he wants to want to get well," is a hard-boiled saying at Synanon House. But the residents there share an aggregate knowledge of dope addiction so practical in its intimacy that no member's fantasies are ever swallowed as facts. The foundation's residents are humanists; they are not sentimentalists. And if they live to save lives and battle the monster of addiction, they are determined to fight with utmost efficiency, unencumbered by the baggage of a do-gooder attitude that puts more value on intentions than on results achieved. Synanon is for work, not for words.

Fulcrum and inspirer of the work at Synanon House since September 1958 when the foundation was established, Charles E. "Chuck" Dederich is still at the helm of the organization. (The opening track in this album, *C.E.D.*, is dedicated to him.) In the first article on Synanon magazine in January 1961, "An educated and eloquent man, Dederich, at 47, bears the physical scars of his own long sickness—alcoholism. He hasn't had a drink in five years and now runs the foundation with an understanding, strength, and a determination that is contagious.

"A professional statistician, Dederich for many years held top positions in advertising, merchandising and public relations. 'For the last 10 years, before I quit drinking,' he said drily, 'I was a promoter—in the negative sense of the word.'

"Walker Winslow, author of *The Meninger Story* and *If A Man Be Mad* and an authority on mental health problems, has had ample opportunity to study Dederich and his techniques.

"Dederich," Winslow said, "is an intuitive psychologist. He's one of the best I've encountered, and I think any good psychiatrist would agree with that. He has taken the rationalizing mechanisms of the addict and the alcoholic and has neutralized them, too, he has a remarkably positive personality. Firmly expressing himself firmly to these people, by holding them in line firmly, he's expressing a real concern

for them. His approach is probably the only way of reaching them and securing them, and his firmness really discourages the phonies who wander in."

"Winslow considers Dederich's refusal to compromise as crucial. 'I've seen opportunities here,' he said, 'where a compromise would have gained a few dollars for the foundation in the case of a member earning money and bringing it in regularly. But if this person were damaging the organization, even slightly, Dederich wouldn't hesitate to throw him out.'

Since the appearance of this writer's report in *Down Beat*, Synanon has benefited by the attention thus drawn to it. John Tranchiella, president of Los Angeles Local 47, American Federation of Musicians, organized and staged a benefit concert in cooperation with *Down Beat* in April 1961, from which funds were raised to keep the foundation going. Through sympathetic and influential political contacts, a bill was passed into law in the California state legislature that placed Synanon under the jurisdiction of the state Board of Medical Examiners, thus gaining recognition of Synanon by the state as a legal place for the rehabilitation of narcotics addicts. Television cameras have probed the corridors of Synanon House; *TIME* and *LIFE* magazines, respectively, have printed a favorable article and photo essay on the organization, thus bringing the Synanon message into the homes of America. Donations have poured into the tax exempt foundation from businessmen and a wide variety of sympathizers, and there are now several Synanon houses established in the Santa Monica area.

On the other side of the coin, however, there remains the implacable opposition of the city of Santa Monica, whose civic leaders have sought to evict the Synanon residents. The foundation was convicted in a Santa Monica court of a technical violation of a housing ordinance and Chuck Dederich served a brief term in the city jail as a result of this.

Still, Synanon carries on. A new house—presumably outside the Santa Monica city limits—is being sought. This is no easy task, for although addicts come and go through its doors some with a slim chance for life, others to return to the never-ending quest for a permanent residence is steadily increasing. But the work goes on.

An important manifestation of Synanon's work may be heard in these *Sounds Of Synanon*. There are but a small number of addicted musicians in residence there but the jazz group they have created is a constant morale builder. Consistent with the group consciousness of the residents, there is no leader as such. As a matter of policy, a mutual agreement the musicians work together. This is not to say that talent and experience do not prevail in matters musical. And pianist Arnold Ross is the recognized dean in this respect.

"Like all addicts who come to Synanon for help, Arnold Ross was desperate," this reporter wrote in *Down Beat*. "His first visit... was in May, 1959. He described the events leading to his arrival.

"I'd tried to kill myself, he said matter of factily, 'and landed in County General Hospital. They found needles in my room, and I was booked for 'misdemeanor—marks' When my case came up, my lawyer told me the only way I could avoid the county jail was to commit myself to Camarillo for treatment. So I did. Then, when I got out, I went with (a) club group. I was back on dope fast. I quit the group and tried to kick again by myself, but I couldn't make it. So I came to Synanon."

"Heeding a variety of rationalizations, he didn't remain this first time. But last July 7 (1960), Ross returned and stayed.

"Pianist Ross enjoyed a rising reputation in the late 1930s and '40s with a variety of bands, including the late Glenn Miller's army orchestra and Harry James (1944-47). In 1950, Ross says, while on a tour of Europe as accompanist to a name singer, he started his first serious heroin habit.

"When we got back," he continued, "I kicked. But soon I'd started another. After that, there was no turning back." Today, at 40, Ross has turned back. Or, to state it more accurately, he has taken a new turning. He has taken and accepted the Synanon way.

Joe Pass (Passaloqua), one of the most exciting talents on jazz radio to emerge in recent years, is a native of New Brunswick, N. J., born January 13, 1929. He began formal study of guitar at age 9, sticking with these lessons, he says, about a year. By then, he was gigging around his hometown. He studied in a number of groups in New York, leaving on a tour with the Tony Pastor band. This was of short duration; he had to leave the band and return to school. He chronicles the balance of his life as follows: "Left school and got a Local 802 card. I gigged around Long Island, Brooklyn, and started goofin'—pot, pills, junk. Hopped around the country with different tours. Then I was drafted into the Marine Corps. I was in a year. Meantime I'd been in and out of hospitals and seeing doctors and so on. In the Corps, I played cymbals in the band, worked in a small group at N.C.O. and officers' clubs. Then I got busted. I moved to Las Vegas and worked the hotels there. Busted again. After that I spent three years and eight months at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Fort Worth, Texas. Then I went back to Vegas. I recorded with Dick Contino on Capitol and with several other commercial groups. Meanwhile I was in and out of jails for narcotics violations. I came to Synanon from San Diego after a final 'marks beef.' At the time this album was recorded, Joe Pass had been at Synanon 15 months.

"Trumpeter David Allan was reared, and attended high school, in Chicago where he was born April 1, 1928 into a musical family. His father, he says, was a songwriter and song-and-dance man in vaudeville. At age 12 he was playing in a jazz band with his two cousins. He spent 1916 and '17 with army bands in the U. S. and in the Philippines. Following an honorable discharge from the army, Allan settled in Southern California where he formed a jazz group with pianist Don Friedman, tenorist Lin Halliday, bassist Don Payne and drummer Gary Frommer. During this period he played regularly with Chet Baker, Ornette Coleman, Joe Maini and Russ Freeman. Allan attended Whit-

tier College, Whittier, Calif., and, he says, was one semester short of securing his bachelor's degree in economics "when addiction caused me to leave college." Before coming to Synanon, he was committed to the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Ky.

"My father, trombonist and trumpeter, who plays baritone horn in this album, died in Los Angeles, June 1931. This is his story: "My father was a music teacher and I started playing trumpet at around 10. Through school I played music as a hobby. After high school, I played two years in army bands. While in hospital in Fort Worth, I changed to baritone horn and valve trombone. I worked in local (Los Angeles) big bands, but have done very little work in jazz. In 1958, I became associated with Art Pepper who helped me a great deal. Now I feel that I am just scratching the surface; I'm starting to write music, too. As is the case with my life in Synanon, my life in music is just beginning!"

Ronald Clifford (Ronnie) Clark is another native Angeleno, born September 19, 1935. He attended high school with trumpeter Don Cherry and drummer Billy Higgins and began playing alto sax. Then he stopped playing, he says, until 1959 when, while living with school-mates Cherry and Higgins, he started on string bass. At the time of this recording, Clark had been at Synanon 11 months.

Bill Crawford, a member of Synanon's board of directors and the band's drummer, was born in Seattle, Wash., February 3, 1929. He began musical studies at five years and pursued the study of harmony and clarinet for two years at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. While at the conservatory, Crawford and his friend, Juanita, for the first time, "I never returned to school after that," he recalls. "I spent the next 10 years smoking weed, shooting dope, going to jazz sessions in Los Angeles and San Francisco, in and out of jail and working at various jobs—including four years repairing cash registers with the National Cash Register Co." Crawford arrived at Synanon in October, 1959. At the time of the recording he had been studying drums under one of the best jazz teachers Eddie Atwood and Bill Douglas, well known Hollywood musicians who donated their professional services to Synanon.

Conga drummer Candy Latson, born in Houston, Texas, April 21, 1936, relates: "I've had no musical experience. But I'm a great admirer of Cardido and I'd like to become a good conga drummer. I started playing just one year ago at Synanon when I just happened to see an old conga sitting in the corner. I started tapping and have been tapping what I feel ever since. I would like to learn to play the conga drum very much. All I do know is to play what I feel. But I have a lot more to say, because I feel a lot more." Latson, at the time of the recording, had been at Synanon 21 months.

THE SELECTIONS

C.E.D. is a vehicle for Joe Pass. He makes the most of the opportunity and strides out in a lengthy showcase of an impressive guitar talent.

Aaron's Song is a medium-tempo blues with solos by Allan, Pass and Ross. Allan's trumpet sound is quite reminiscent of the early Chet Baker, possibly reflecting his former association with the now-expatriate trumpeter.

Stay Loose lopes along at medium tempo with a solo by Pass and a followup solo by Arnold Ross, beautifully constructed and with a marked sense of form.

Projection is taken medium up and is a bopish line with a well-conceived solo by Greg Dykes. Ross utilizes the full range of his instrument when he takes off and Dykes is heard in a romping, hard-hitting solo. In the ensemble choruses the trumpet-baritone horn blend is notable as the rhythm section and Joe Pass set an exotic mood.

Hang Tough may well be dedicated to a battered life preserver hanging above the glass doors that lead to the iron balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean outside Synanon's common room. Painted on the life preserver is the admonition, *J.S. Hang Tough*. This track is up and romping with a swinging feel. In the introduction, Ross performs self-assurance and strength in his statement. "Bill Dykes" is one of several notable solos in the album. The horn man shows great depth of emotion and a natural grasp of jazz construction and form.

Self-Image is a poignant ballad with Allan breathily taking the lead with a clean, bold, soulful sound. Greg Dykes' statement is more direct and sentimental while Pass waxes lyrical and eloquent. Ross contributes a typical mutually maturing feeling and appreciation of the mood of tenderness. The final, crying phrase on trumpet seems to plead, "Oh, look at me!"

Last Call For Coffee is an odd title in that coffee at Synanon is always on. It is taken at medium tempo in an easy, swinging groove. Paw horn-like solo style is evident and Allan's trumpet again hawks back strangely to the early Chet Baker. Ross digs in strongly when his turn comes before the ensemble returns to take things out with a line reminiscent of the Shorty Rogers Giants records made in the early 1950s.

In the last analysis, this album would not have been made possible without a combination of generosity and unselfishness on the part of individuals and business concerns that helped the musicians of Synanon in ways tangible and otherwise: Hollywood's Professional Drum Shop and Drum City; the aforementioned drum teachers and bass teacher, Ted Hammond; Don Randall of the Fender Sales Co.; who donated a guitar and accessories; Gaines and Stein Music Co.; Pennino Music Co.; Remo, Inc.; Reggie Olds, of the F. E. Olds Co.; who donated a horn to the band; and Los Angeles disc jockey Frank Evans, of KRHM-FM, "one of our strongest supporters," in the words of board member Bill Crawford.

After so many words, it remains evident that mere words cannot begin to tell the story of the men who make these *Sounds Of Synanon*. Let their music tell it instead.

—John Tynan
Editor—West Coast
Down Beat

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Richard Quine

Mr. Alvin Bennett, Pres.
Liberty Records, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Al:

I have just heard the test pressing for the *SYNANON* album, and I want to tell you how pleased I am with Neal Hefti's score, and the superior technical assistance which you and your staff gave to the work.

As you know, I recently finished shooting the film on the actual site of Synanon House in Santa Monica. This is the place which Senator Dodd called "A miracle on the beach..." the place

where former dope addicts, juvenile delinquents and alcoholics have found, as one writer put it, a TUNNEL BACK TO LIFE.

The success of Founder Chuck Dederich in rehabilitating the victims of dope addiction, alcoholism and juvenile delinquency was so astounding that I felt obligated to bring *Synanon's* story to the screen.

I hope that people playing the album can "listen between the grooves" and visualize the tremendous impact *Synanon* has made on all who had a part in the making of the film. For myself, the crew and the excellent cast which included Edmond O'Brien, Chuck Connors, Stella Stevens, Richard Conte, Alex Cord, Eartha Kitt, Barbara Luna and Alejandro Rey it was truly a labor of love.

I am certain the same holds true for all those involved in producing the *SYNANON* album.

Sincerely,

Richard Quine



Neal Hefti

As recently as a half-dozen years ago the use of a jazz composer-arranger to do a film underscoring would have made headlines in the music press. It was an implacable theory on the part of the movie-makers that jazz writers might be nice to visit once in awhile, but certainly no one would want to live there.

That attitude has taken an abrupt about-face, however, and one of the men chiefly responsible for the change is Neal Hefti. He, along with men like Henry Mancini and Andre Previn, has shown that the jazz composer is not only technically equipped to handle the problems of film scoring, but that he

brings with him a vitality and freshness that adds immeasurably to a picture's impact. He provides more than "background music"—he makes the music an integral part of the action.

Hefti's skill at heightening drama, building tension, and supporting action with out intruding upon the dialog can be heard at its very best in *Synanon*. Neal has that rare ability to write simply and sparingly, resisting the temptation to try to make the viewer leave the theater saying, "Wow, did you hear that score?"

You need go no further into this album than the main title, "Zankie," to hear what we mean. It sets perfectly the mood of inevitable tragedy that the screenplay develops.

And one does not have to see the picture to appreciate the irony of "Main Street" or the wistful resignation of "The Wiffenpoof Song" as they are programmed on this album. They tell an eloquent story.

It did indeed take the film industry a long time to tap the rich lode of music that is to be mined from jazz. But when it did make its move, it went first class. It looked to men like Neal Hefti.

SIDE ONE:

- ZANKIE (Main Title) 2:21
- THE PERFECT BEGINNING 2:55
- MAIN STREET 2:19
- BLUES FOR HOPPER 2:16
- HOPE 2:30
- TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT 1:53

SIDE TWO:

- ZANKIE and PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT 1:57
- OPEN HOUSE 1:56
- PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT 2:07
- ZANKIE 2:33
- THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG* 3:16

* Written by Minnigerode, Pomeroy, Galloway, Vallee

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