

JANUARY 1981 \$1.25

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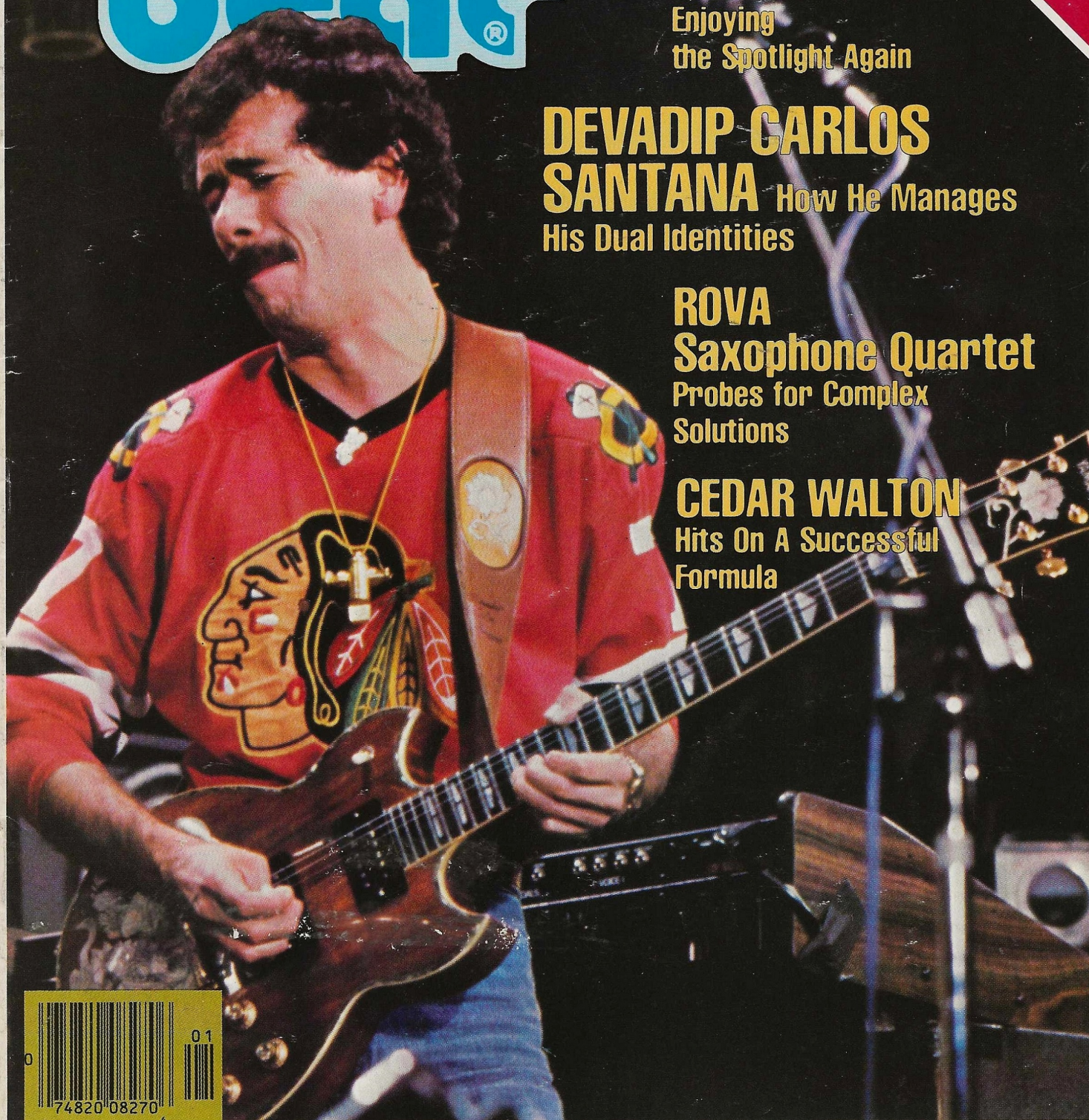
THE  
COURT MARTIAL  
OF LESTER YOUNG  
**EXCLUSIVE REPORT!**

**JAY  
McSHANN**  
Enjoying  
the Spotlight Again

**DEVADIP CARLOS  
SANTANA** How He Manages  
His Dual Identities

**ROVA**  
**Saxophone Quartet**  
Probes for Complex  
Solutions

**CEDAR WALTON**  
Hits On A Successful  
Formula





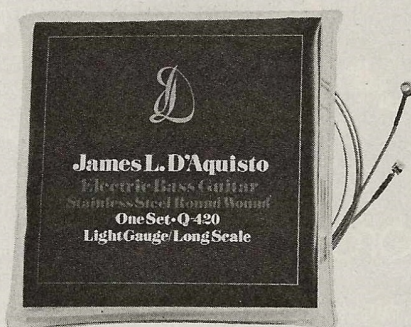
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## James L. D'Aquisto

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(ISSN 0012-7568)

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Cover Photo: Darryl Pitt/Encore  
Cover Art: Kelly/Robertson

January, 1981  
VOLUME 48, NO. 1  
(on sale December 18, 1980)

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down beat articles are indexed in down beat's annual, Music Handbook. Microfilm of all issues of down beat are available from University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: down beat, MUSIC HANDBOOK '80, Up Beat, Up Beat Daily, American Music-For-Export Buyers Guide.

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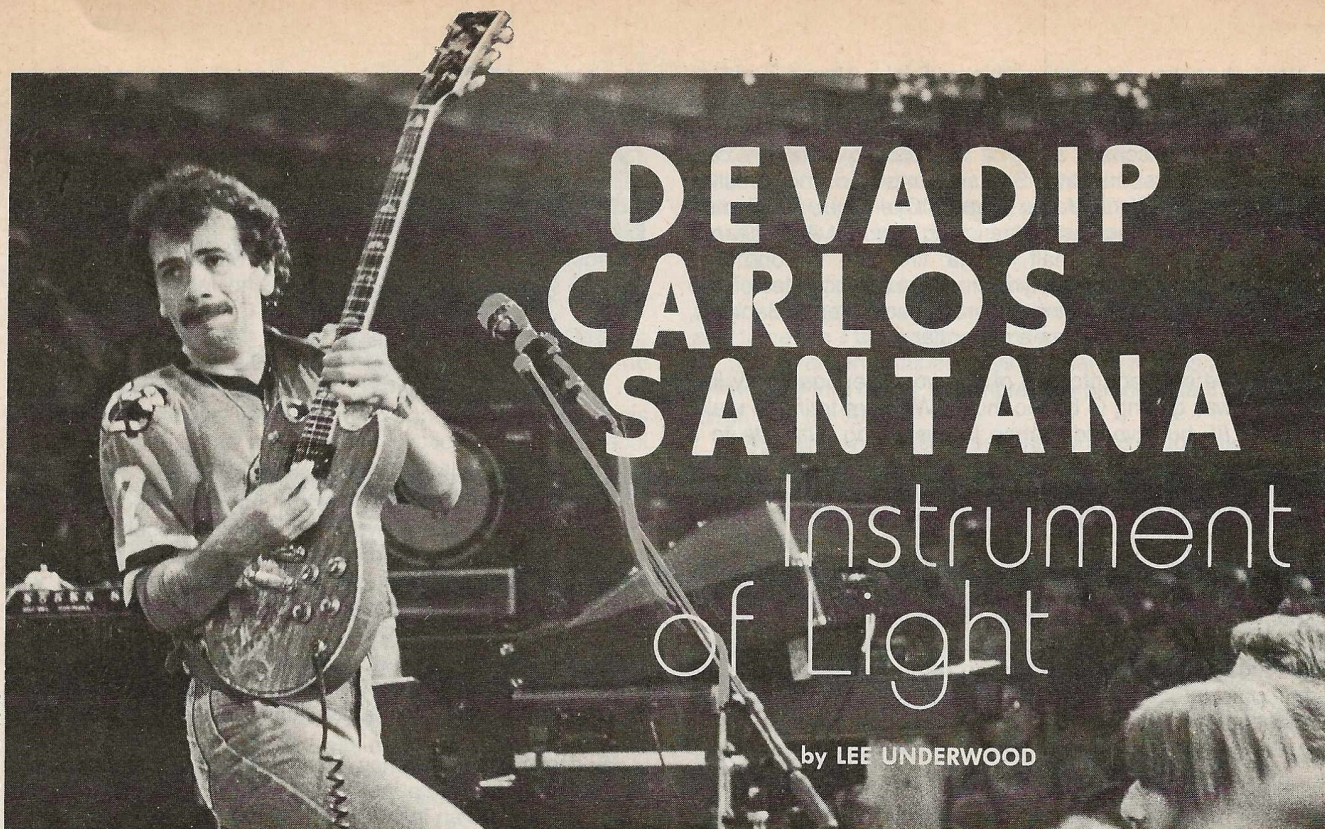
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# DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA

## Instrument of Light

by LEE UNDERWOOD

The dishwasher rinsed the last plate and slammed it into the rack, hung up his apron, grabbed his paltry paycheck on the way out of the Tic Toc Restaurant, and rushed home to his crowded Mission District apartment. "Gotta hurry, Ma," he said, handing her the check, dressing quickly. "Miles Davis is on tonight." "Miles who?" "Davis, Ma. Bye." Out the door.

He smoked his last joint and downed the last shot of wine from his bottle on the way to the Fillmore. Broke, he hit on hippie kids standing in line. "Just a buck, man. You can spare it, can't you? That's all you got? Thanks." Still not enough. Inside, Miles' band started running the voodoo down. "Damn!"

He ran around the side of the building into the alley, and slammed a wooden orange crate up against the wall beneath the restroom window. Prying the window open further, he wedged his head inside, his shoulders . . .

"Hey! Whatta you doin'!" hollered Bill Graham himself, grabbing him by the collar and hauling him inside. "You again?" yelled the Fillmore impresario. "You're *always* hangin' around here. Whatsa matter with you? Where's your money? You too lazy to work?"

"I *do* work. I gave all the money to my mom for rent. Besides, my band ain't got a gig yet."

"You got a band?"

"We're the Bluesband. You remember me. I jammed with Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop last month. People loved us. You remember?"

"Yeah. I remember."

"Another guitar player, Tom Frazier, he heard me, too. He liked me, so we put together the Bluesband."

"This Bluesband of yours, any good?"

"The best. How 'bout a shot?"

"Audition next Tuesday. Be there."

"Thanks, Mr. Graham! Can I go inside?"

"Go on. Next time, you pay!" Graham hollered after him.

On stage at the audition, whanging out B. B. King and Chuck Berry licks, he was proud of himself. He remembered his poverty stricken childhood, first in Autlan de Jalisco, Mexico, where he was born July 20, 1947, then in sleazy Tijuana, where he was raised. He remembered his fruitless

efforts to learn classical violin from his well meaning mariachi father. He remembered his three years as a Tijuana strip joint Top 40/blues guitarist (only a boy, 11, 12, 13 years old); his whole family of 12 moving to San Francisco; his runaway return to Tijuana; his older brother literally kidnapping him back—drunk, stoned, lost, lonely . . . Now, on the same boards where Miles Davis played, here he stood with his own band, yowling blues by Muddy Waters, Little Richard, Ray Charles, down home, gut wrench, chitlin boogie taco rock.

"Okay, okay!" Graham hollered from the darkness beyond the spotlights. "Enough! Howlin' Wolf and Steve Miller play here next month. You open for them."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Graham!"

"Bill! The name's Bill! Get the hell outta here!"

Two years later, at Bill Graham's urging, Carlos Santana started playing a tougher, more biting combination of Latin fire, urban blues and good ol' rock 'n' roll.

Wearing a velvet, burgundy colored jacket and gleaming snakeskin boots, Santana sat engulfed in a green easy chair, his eyes glazed. Guitarist Larry Coryell excitedly yammered about meditation and this guy in the picture, Sri Chinmoy. Carlos looked at the picture and shuddered. Fear. The picture had so much light in it, so bright, so pure. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, lit another joint. "Take it away. I don't want anything to do with him." He felt exposed for all to see. The only light he wanted was the spotlight at the Fillmore, where he now played on a regular basis, heading the bill in December of 1968, the first unrecorded band ever to do so, *Evil Ways* bringing the house down every time.

With organist Gregg Rolie and bassist David Brown from the first group, percussionists Mike Carabello and Chepito Areas and drummer Mike Shrieve, still unrecorded Santana took the stage at Woodstock in August, 1969. They were a smash. Soon after, they appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Columbia signed them. Recorded in October, 1969, *Santana* sold over 2,000,000 copies. There wasn't a juke box in town that didn't play *Evil Ways* and *Jingo*.



Now, when they gigged the Fillmore East in New York, Miles Davis sat in the front row nearly every night, talked with them backstage, called the studio every day to see how the fiery *Abraxas* LP was coming along. It was coming along fine: the rhythms blood lust primitive; Santana's melodic lyricism fuller, bolder, stronger; *Black Magic Woman*, *Oye Como Va*, *Samba Pa Ti* hit bound in the can; Miles loving *Incident At Neshabur* most of all, the first half conga fire, the second half mesmerizing in its free flight lyricism. *Abraxas* exploded on the rock scene like a shimmering red orange acid dream. Santana, the man and the band, was a superstar.

"Then we entered into one of the worst periods of my life. Success was getting to be too much. We were trying to make *Santana III*, but overindulgence in everything available to a successful rock 'n' roller was becoming a problem. I started catching my friends shooting up in the bathroom.

"I myself was not happy. I began to experience an incredible amount of loneliness and emptiness. The experience of drugs had become very, very boring, and very hazy. I never used smack, but there was no more joy in wine, grass or mescaline either, only a tremendous sense of emptiness.

"We did manage to finish the album, then the band fell apart. I put together another group to go down to Lima, Peru. The communist students rioted against the USA. For our own protection, we were shuttled out of the country. Rock 'n' roll madness at its peak."

"I just can't work with you guys anymore," he told his band. "You still want straightahead rock 'n' roll. I have a different vision. I want to embrace everything that appeals to me. Listen to this—Gabor Szabo, John Coltrane, Wes Montgomery. You hear these guys? Listen to Miles. You hear him? I got to expand. I got to be *serious* about the music, serious about the rehearsals, serious about the hours we play, the motivation, the clarity of mind, serious about the inspiration infusing the music."

There was that word: *inspiration*.

In 1973, Carlos Santana became a disciple of Indian guru Sri Chinmoy, rejected the "earth music" of hot crotch rock 'n' roll, joyfully embraced the "universal music" of the Divine Spirit, and recorded *Caravanserai*.

"John Coltrane most of all. He made me stop in my tracks. Through him, I realized there *is* a Supreme Creator waiting to embrace me, a Creator who would give me the tools I needed to be happy and to make the world happy, to make the world a better place than it was when I came here. It was John Coltrane's tremendous spiritual commitment that inspired me to seek my own, which led to Sri Chinmoy. Without Sri Chinmoy, I would be doomed.

"I have come to the realization that, at least to me, every man, either cleverly, slowly, surely or stupidly, is geared to self destruction by overindulgence or through insecurity or whatever. There are many reasons.

"If you don't embrace the spiritual path, you become a victim of whims . . . a victim, just a victim. Bob Dylan embraced the Christ. Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter embraced Buddhism. I have embraced a path which enables the inner pilot to take charge of my life. If I hadn't embraced some sort of spiritual path, I might have become just another one of those

#### SANTANA'S EQUIPMENT

"Ninety-nine percent of the time I use a Yamaha guitar, but with humbucking pickups. I use three amps. For most of my playing, especially soloing, I use a Boogie amp; for that 'wall of China' solo sound, I play through a Marshall. For rhythm, and for that Pat Metheny sound, I use a Roland amp with Yamaha bottom speakers. I have an old Vox wah-wah pedal and a new Roland echo. My strings are Yamahas: .008, .011, .014, .024, .036, .042."



*In the lap of the  
unknown  
Is the river of smile.*

Sri Chinmoy

winos on the Bowery. That's really scary to me.

"I need a teacher who will teach me *music*. Money, power, name, fame—these are toys to me. Even the occult powers are toys. Because of Sri Chinmoy, I have been able to put the toys away. Sometimes I may fool around with them or trip with them, but I am not possessed and obsessed by them, so they will not destroy my life. The Universe is one Divine Organization. The ultimate chief, the ultimate boss, is the Supreme. Here on Earth, Sri Chinmoy floods me with Divine Light. From him, through me, my immediate family, the band, the audience receive it.

"Because of Sri Chinmoy, I have been able to see that, first and foremost, I am an instrument. I can be an instrument of Light, or I can be an instrument of Darkness. An instrument of Light is infinitely more significant for the world, for my parents, for my country, for my Lord, for myself."

#### DEVADIP CARLOS SANTANA DISCOGRAPHY

SWING OF DELIGHT—Columbia C2-36590 (1980)  
MARATHON—Columbia FC 36154 (1980)  
ONENESS—Columbia JC 35686 (1979)  
INNER SECRETS—Columbia FC 35600 (1978)  
MOONFLOWER—Columbia C2-34914 (1977)  
FESTIVAL—Columbia PC 34423 (1976)  
AMIGOS—Columbia PC 33576 (1976)  
BORBOLETTA—Columbia PC 33135 (1974)  
GREATEST HITS—Columbia PC 33050 (1974)  
ILLUMINATIONS—Columbia C32900 (1974)  
WELCOME—Columbia 69040 (1973)  
LOVE, DEVOTION, SURRENDER—Columbia C 32034 (1973)  
LOTUS—Columbia 66325 (recorded in Japan, July, 1973; released Dec., 1975)  
CARAVANSERAI—Columbia PC 31610 (1972)  
LIVE—Columbia 65142 (1972)  
SANTANA III—Columbia 30595 (1971)  
ABRAXAS—Columbia 64087 (1970)  
SANTANA—Columbia PC 9781 (1969)

With *Caravanserai*, and then with *Lotus* (recorded live in Japan); *Love, Devotion, Surrender* (with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin); *Welcome* (with Tom Coster); *Illuminations* (with Alice Coltrane), and *Borboletta* (with Airto, Flora Purim, Stanley Clarke), Devadip Carlos Santana stretched his soul and imagination further than he had ever dreamed possible. The forms were long and extended, the harmonies lush and tranquil, the jams between himself and McLaughlin, Alice Coltrane, pianist Coster and jazz saxophonist Jules Broussard often ethereal, often complex, virile, even ferocious, always imbued with the inner light of spiritual transcendence.

Throughout these records the music appealed, not to the listener's dancing, sweat drenched pelvis, but to his or her sense of aspiration, creativity, harmony, brotherhood, personal love, human love, Divine love. The power of Light. Once rejected, Sri Chinmoy's picture now became Devadip's constant companion on stage, in the motel rooms, at home.

In April of 1973, he married Urmila, who founded the Dipti Nivas Health Food Restaurant in San Francisco. When she is



not on the road with Devadip, she still operates the business as "a form of fulfillment, a divine enterprise dedicated to serving humanity."

Her father, Sanders King, is a prominent Bay Area guitarist, well known for his work with the late, great Billie Holiday. Miles Davis speaks highly of him, as does B. B. King (no relation) who ranks Sanders among his favorite top three guitarists. Devadip's father in law also performs a strong and superbly sensitive solo vocal on the *Oneness* album (*Silver Dreams Golden Smiles*).

By August of 1973, when he formally became Devadip ("Lamp of God, Light of God, Eye of God") Carlos Santana, the 26 year old guitarist had indeed changed his "evil ways."

Music now flowed into his world from all sides: from his distant Mexican roots and the soulful violin of his mariachi father; from the songs and guitar of father in law King; from the eyes of his loving and radiantly beautiful wife Urmila; from the melodies, poems and songs of guru Sri Chinmoy. In a phrase, Santana had *gotten it together*.

"I now feel as my wife does. 'We don't like to trip anymore,' she says. 'We like to *deal* with life, face on, transforming it, illuminating it, changing it.' Crawling around stoned and acting weird isn't for me. I like to play my music and be in control of myself."

"When I turned over a new musical leaf and recorded *Caravanserai*, I felt insecure. I was moving into the unknown. I didn't read music. I was working with advanced musicians like saxophonist Hadley Caliman, guitarists Neal Schon and Doug Rauch, percussionists Chepito Areas, Mingo Lewis and drummer Mike Shrieve, who were well into jazz. I was trying to stretch myself beyond rock 'n' roll."

"When I recently recorded *Swing Of Delight* with Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Tony Williams and the other guys, I did not feel so insecure. I call these musicians 'The Himalayas of American Music,' because they are so high, you know? But I did not feel so insecure, because I have

learned a great deal through the years.

"Back when Miles used to come hear us every night at the Fillmore East, I began to realize that maybe—just maybe—we had something important to say. Then Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and I recorded *Love, Devotion, Surrender*. Along with Django Reinhardt, he is one of the greatest guitarists there has ever been, so that gave me more confidence in myself."

"Since that time, I have learned even more, not only about music, but about myself. I am a musician, not an entertainer, and therefore I am no longer insecure about playing."

"To me, an entertainer plays the same role as a bear on a motorcycle in a circus. He impresses people. He makes them laugh and go 'Ahhh!'"

"A musician, however, is somebody who floods the listener's heart with inspiration, hope, faith, light, joy, harmony—all the nutritious qualities that an entertainer will not be able to deliver."

"I still do not read music, but I know how to compose music and make melodies come alive. Every time I see Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul or Herbie Hancock, they say, 'Hey, Melody Man!' I have learned how to improvise, and have also learned you do not have to be superfast or supercomplex in order to improvise well." He might have pointed to *Golden Dawn on Oneness*: unaccompanied nylon string guitar, simply plucked and strummed on two chords only: nothing flashy, just a little somethin', marvelously musical.

"Through Miles Davis, I learned about the use of space between the phrases. Miles and Wayne Shorter taught me a lot about that. Silence gives people time to absorb the music. Otherwise, you just sound like a machine gun."

"When I was younger, I was very narrow minded. I was into straightahead black blues. I thought jazz was just boring cocktail music. Then I discovered Gabor Szabo. He is a spellbinder. He has been a tremendous inspiration to me, so melodic, so spacial and intimate. The day I heard Gabor was the day I put away my B. B. King records. Gabor opened my ears to the other musics—Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, many others. He expanded both my listening and my playing. I wrote *Gardenia on Swing Of Delight* for Gabor, and I look forward to recording an album with him someday."

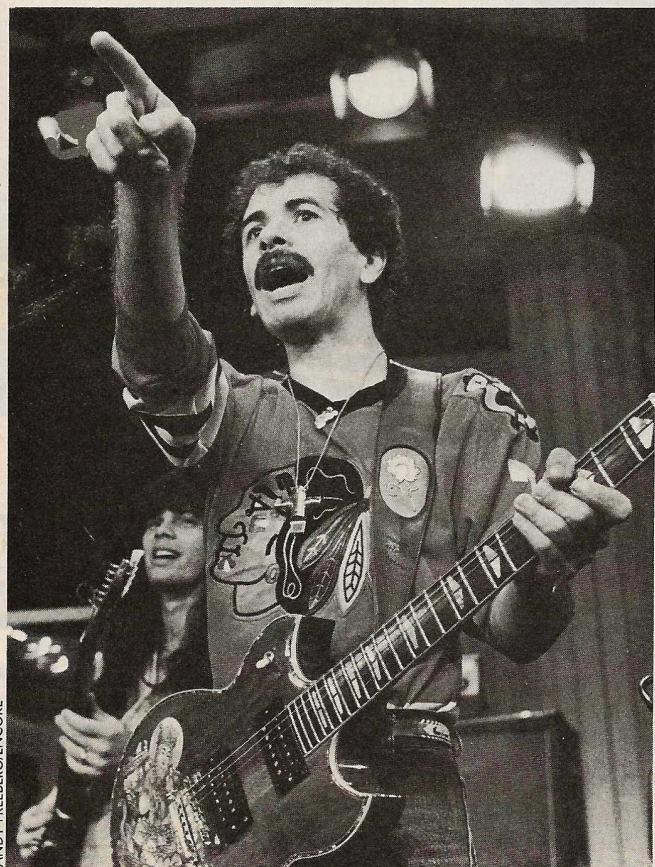
"*Swing Of Delight*, and *Oneness* before that, both expand different kinds of musical muscles for me. I don't like to call the music 'jazz,' because I don't think of it as jazz. It's more of a fluidity of imagination that Herbie and Wayne have been into for awhile. It doesn't have to do so much with structures as it does with emotions and moods."

"In being with these great musicians, I felt my own imagination stretch and expand. It helped me lose whatever insecurities I might have had. Now, after playing with them, I look forward to going into the studio someday with McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Elvin Jones. I know now that such a thing is not impossible."

*Caravanserai*, *Illuminations*, *Borboletta*: daring, inspired, bursting with passion and evolving abilities, containing all of the Tabasco sauce of whiplash congas and throbbing bass lines, but infused with expanded consciousness, emotions of depth, height and substance—visionary music that in the marketplace, unfortunately, wasn't worth a plate of refried beans.

In mid 1975, Carlos and manager Bill Graham had a little talk. Graham, a professionally pushy loudmouth, didn't like Santana's "refinement." A long time salsa freak and former waiter in a New York Latin club, Graham urged him to return to that "ethnic, sweaty, street tar quality everybody liked."

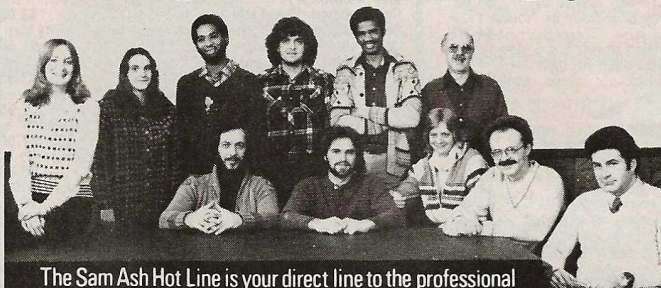
*Amigos* was the result. Featuring the upbeat *Dance, Sister, Dance* and the stunning melodism of *Europa*, *Amigos* became Carlos' first LP to reach the Top 10 since *Santana III* in 1971. Columbia was ecstatic. *Amigos* once again captured that Latin/blues/rock magic which had made the earlier *Evil Ways*, *Black Magic Woman* and *Oye Como Va* such commercial whoppers. Significantly, one of the many animals on the cover



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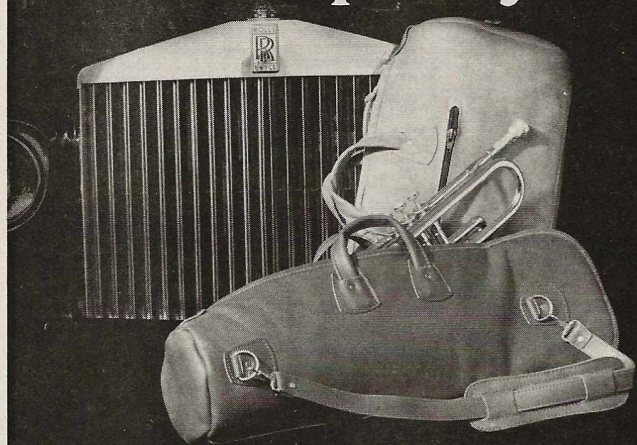
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## SANTANA

continued from page 15

sits in a tree in the upper right hand corner, holding a copy of the very first *Santana* album.

CBS re-signed Carlos to a five year, seven album contract, guaranteeing him more than \$400,000 per album, an ascending scale of guarantees and high royalty rates. Hot on the heels of *Amigos* (1976) came *Festival* (1976), *Moonflower* (1977) and *Inner Secrets* (1978), mostly song oriented, respectfully, tastefully and energetically designed to reach a mass audience.

The critics sharpened their knives and had a party. In the early days they had dismissed Santana as rock 'n' roll; in the spiritual days they had dismissed him as pretentious; with *Amigos* and the others, they carved him up as a sellout.

"Before recording *Amigos* and the following albums, I realized I had gotten too far away from my own roots. Here was Devadip, but where was Santana? I was lost. Musically, it became supremely important for me to reestablish that marriage between dynamism, soulfulness, simplicity, rock, blues and Latin music.

"Those were the musical reasons. There were business reasons as well. It was important to reestablish Santana, myself and the band, in the public's eye so that CBS or any other company would grant me the space, money and time to record Devadip albums.

"Neither I nor any other musician can play jazz and expand his horizons without having a hit. John McLaughlin, Tony Williams and a lot of others are no longer with CBS. You gotta have a hit. Once you get a hit, a recording company will give you enough hours in the studio for you to accomplish another kind of beauty.

"When I write for Devadip, I deal with moods and extended forms. When I write for Santana, I deal more with songs. For that reason, some people have criticized the Santana albums as being 'commercial.'

"But it's much more challenging to write songs. Ask Stevie Wonder. Writing a three minute, 15 second song which is appealing to the masses is tremendously challenging, no matter what anybody says. When a real musician can amalgamate dignity, simplicity, sincerity and imagination, and sell albums, too, that is an achievement.

"It is easier for me to do the music of Devadip than it is to write songs for the group. I play Devadip music 24 hours a day. Therefore it is not so frightening to me to think of doing albums with McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter or Gabor Szabo.

"I need Santana, too. Santana enables me to do projects as Devadip. I also need Devadip. As soon as I complete a Devadip album, I can hardly wait to get back to Santana and play rock and Afro blues and Latin. Both musics are extremely important to me.

"You see, just as there is Muhammad Ali and Cassius Clay, Kareem Abdul Jabbar and Lew Alcindor, so there is Devadip and Carlos. Sri Chinmoy and others are teaching me not to reject Carlos so much, and I am learning how to do this. It is all becoming one now."

Coinciding with the September, 1980 release of *Swing Of Delight*, the sold out concert at the Universal Amphitheater in Los Angeles fulfilled every hope. Under an unusually clear black night sky sprayed with diamond blue stars, 5000 cheering people watched Devadip Carlos Santana sway in place with his guitar. His eyes closed, his face to the heavens, he rode the crest of a thundering rhythmic wave, spinning out the long, floating, fullbodied melodies with which he has enraptured audiences the world over.

Underneath, bassist David Margen heaved the beat and pumped it hard. Gleaming with sweat, percussionists Armando Peraza, Raul Rekow and Orestes Vilato ripped off lick after lick in tandem with drummer Graham Lear. Pianist/synthesist Richard Baker sustained undulating tapestries of rainbow colored chords, appropriately incorporated Tom Coster's



former lines, then joined Santana in spiraling improvised solo/duo lines that cast a smokey-blue dream spell.

Back and forth, the music traversed smoothly between blistering activity (*Incident At Neshabur*, *Black Magic Woman*, *Toussaint L'Overture*) and suspended bliss (*Europa*, *Concierto De Aranjuez*, *Theme From "Spartacus"*). Old tunes spun into new tunes. When Herbie Hancock joined the band for the fourth encore, the crowd went nuts and danced in the aisles.

Indeed, after 18 albums and almost one too many visits to bottomland Darkness, the evolution of this 33 year old artist seemed almost complete. Devadip and Carlos were one.

All the elements were there, blended, intertwined, harmonious—the Tijuana, striptease, honky tonk blues of his desperate childhood; the hard, harsh, light, bright rhythms of Mexico; the slashing rock of the San Francisco '60s; the spacial tranquility of Gabor Szabo; the dark urgency of Miles Davis; the urban funk of the disco '70s—and through it all, like waves of yellow sunshine, the joyful, benign, serene, ubiquitous presence of Sri Chinmoy.

Once lost, now found, little drunken dreamer-boy discovered Light and came home to Manhood, home to where the Heart is.

db

## McSHANN

continued from page 22

the spotlight. His output in the past five years has been astonishing. He leads a quartet with the remarkable Kansas City fiddler Claude Williams. He has recorded solo albums and albums with the likes of Buddy Tate, Herbie Mann, Dicky Wells, Eddie Gomez, Gerry Mulligan and John Scofield. He has appeared on two breathtaking two piano albums with Ralph Sutton. He has been appearing at clubs and festivals all over the world, and is one of the featured stars of Bruce Ricker's exciting film documentary of the Kansas City era, *Last Of The Blue Devils*.

Jay is proud of that movie, which reunites him with other KC stalwarts like Joe Turner, Count Basie and his original rhythm section, Gene Ramey and Gus Johnson.

On a recent trip to New York City, McShann was found playing at Hanratty's, an upper East Side saloon which features solo pianists with its, shall we say, diverse menu (houmos, guacomole, Chinese dumplings and French onion soup constitute the appetizer selection).

Hootie's opening set proves he's not just a blues pianist. *September Song* and *As Long As He Needs Me* are played in medley, Jay's rolling treble punctuating the melodies. 'Deed I Do follows with a light, striding bass and triplets and grace notes in the treble. The set begins to pop and boil, like a kettle of Kansas City barbecue sauce—a vocal *Sweet Lorraine* segues into a rumbling *Exactly Like You*. And, of course there are the blues—*Drink Muddy Water*, *Doo-Wah* (a 14 bar blues original), *Hootie's Blues* and *Georgia*—all treated with McShann's distinct compendium of boogie woogie, stride and swing.

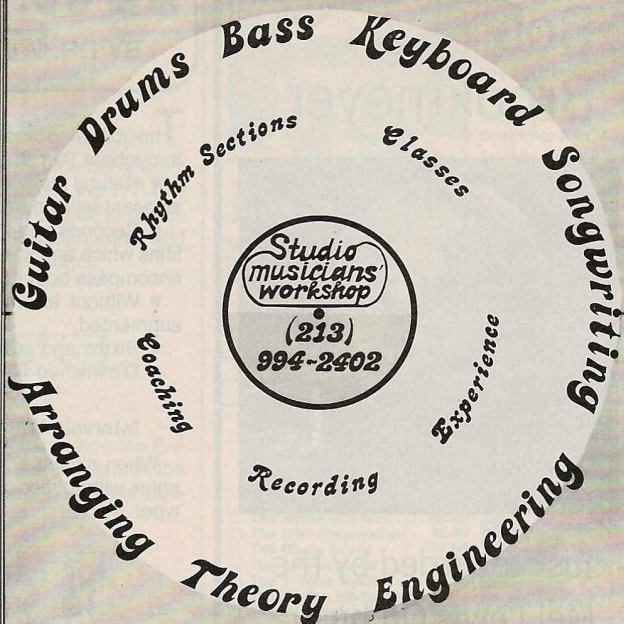
When McShann plays the piano he shuts his eyes, cocks his head as if he was purposely pointing his left ear at the keys, and shakes his massive jowls. He seems to drift off back to 18th and Vine. George Brett isn't the only hard swinger in the heartland.

"Kansas City is rock and roll, country and western. There's a little jazz there, but jazz doesn't flourish like it did during those Pendergast days, so most of the time we're on the road. We live there, but we don't get a chance to spend too much time there."

Those Pendergast days were filled with booze, gambling, loose women and all night jazz clubs. They were also filled with the sounds of Lester Young, Ben Webster, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Turner, Charlie Parker, Dick Wilson, Pete Johnson and Jay McShann. Too bad all political corruption doesn't breed such musical harvests or *this* would be the swiftest time of all.

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