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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2005

Music For The Mind

relix

SANTANA

"I die every day. I'm born every day."
The real life of Carlos Santana

Jay Farrar Tells All

The Truth About Tupelo,
Tweedy & Son Volt p. 51

Leo Kottke & Mike Gordon

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High Sierra hi from (seated): Marc and Zachary Brownstein, Aaron Benor, Eric Jurvotisky; (standing): Aeve Baldwin, Avi Pinkus, David Vann

WHILE CARLOS SANTANA IS NOT “OLD,” HE’S BEEN CREATING MUSIC FOR SO LONG THAT EASILY THREE GENERATIONS CAN BE SAID TO HAVE “DISCOVERED” HIM. The musician they encounter is never quite the same—there’s the young Carlos Santana who was caught sneaking through the window of The Fillmore by Bill Graham and who shortly thereafter wowed the world with his band at Woodstock; there’s the guitarist who explored both jazz and his spiritual side; and there’s the “supernatural” Santana, who hitched his talents to other talented musicians, producing a best-selling album, garnering significant radio airplay and several Grammys in the process.

Which one of these is the “real” Santana? All of them, according to Richard B. Simon, who spent some time hanging with the shaman in San Francisco. “I’m born every day. I die every day,” says Santana, explaining his many reincarnations. Perhaps a fourth generation of Carlos Santana fans will discover him in our story.

Elsewhere in this issue we cover every festival that we could get to (and even some we couldn’t) in both The Beat and Soundcheck; we take a look forward at the prospects for hemp cultivation in this country in our Controversy article; and a long-overdue look back at Arlo Guthrie’s “Alice’s Restaurant Massacre” on the eve of its 40th anniversary.

In one of the most honest and revealing interviews we’ve ever published, former Uncle Tupelo frontman Jay Farrar sits in Anthony DeCurtis’ living room and reveals to him—and his dog—the reasons behind the band’s breakup and well-known discord with Jeff Tweedy. If you’ve never thought rock journalism could really move you, this piece will change your mind.

Stay tuned,

Aeve Baldwin

Aeve Baldwin

relix

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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2005

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BY Evelyn Gilbert

Seven decades after its cultivation was banned, hemp has yet again become a hot topic as the DEA recently sought to restrict the plant's importation for use in everything from body care products to paper; for the first time, legislation has been introduced to once again make hemp farming legal from sea to shining sea.

51 **THE LONG CUT**

BY Anthony DeCurtis

It was big news when Uncle Tupelo broke up in 1994, with founders Jeff Tweedy and Jay Farrar embittered over one another's actions. While Tweedy went on to form Wilco and Farrar Son Volt, only Tweedy would publicly discuss the dissolution of the band—until now. Farrar sat down with Anthony DeCurtis this past January, while putting the final touches on Son Volt's latest, to tell, for the first time, his side of the Uncle Tupelo story

56 **MIKE GORDON & LEO KOTTKE: THE ODD COUPLE**

BY Michael Deeds

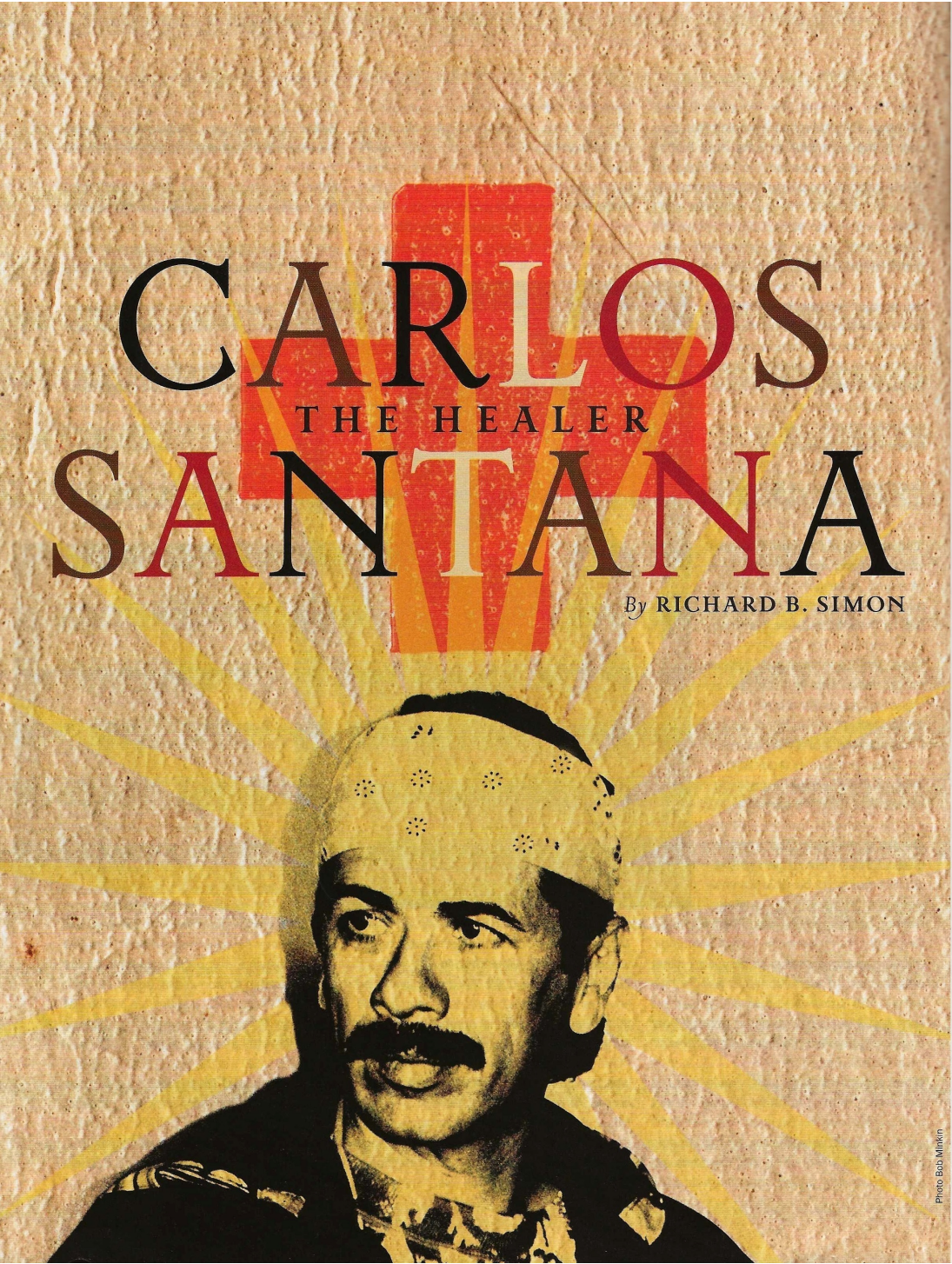
An unlikely couple if there ever was one, Mike Gordon and Leo Kottke are making fine, fine music as evidenced on their recent *Sixty Six Steps*. Kottke, a solo performer for 30 some-odd years till he hooked up with Gordon for 2002's *Clone*, has added a drummer this time around. Michael Deeds caught up with the duo at this year's High Sierra Musical Festival for a tête-à-tête.

60 **SANTANA**

BY Richard B. Simon

In this month's cover story, guitar hero Carlos Santana reflects upon and defends the many musical left turns that have dotted his grit-to-glory career: "Once people like you, they want to chain you into, like, 'Why can't you be that Carlos any more?' That guy's dead, you know? I die every day, man. I'm born every day," he tells contributing editor Richard B. Simon, who remembers Santana's rise from the strip clubs of Tijuana to Woodstock to the award podium of the Grammys and beyond.





CARLOS THE HEALER SANTANA

By RICHARD B. SIMON

In the 1980s and '90s, if you wanted to see some righteous guitar work, you went to see Santana. Mainstream America may have largely forgotten about Carlos Santana after 1972, but guitar aficionados and off-season Deadheads knew better. In those days, the guitarist typically wore an oversized tie-dye that was just as likely to feature the face of Jesus as that of Bob Marley. He wailed on the hits—"Oye Como Va" and "Black Magic Woman"—but in the open spaces on instrumental jams like "Europa (Earth's Cry, Heaven's Smile)" and "Flor d'Luna (Moonflower)," Santana's playing was transformative, the kind that seemed to stop the rain and send you home dry, uplifted and content.

AFTER HIS 1999 SMASH *SUPERNATURAL*, THE DAPPER, black-suited, fedora-wearing Santana has been ubiquitous—on radio stations across the dial in nearly every format, on MTV, at music awards shows, on countless magazine covers and newspaper pages, and even on the shelves in ladies' shoe stores so it might be easy to forget that his place in the pantheon of guitar gods was forged in the Haight-Ashbury psychedelic rock scene.

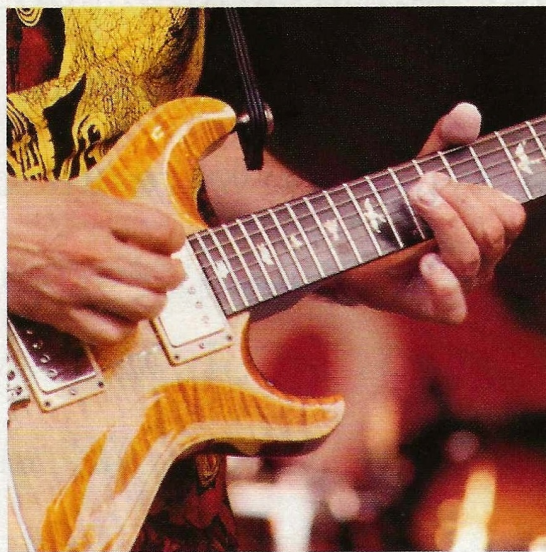
Sitting in a wooden chair on the back patio of his Marin County studio, Santana is wearing loose-fitting clothing, a black jersey with a Santana logo on the sleeve, sandals, a skullcap. He peppers his words with the names of the musicians he most admires, and thinkers and gurus and leaders like Martin Luther King, Cesar Chavez and Archbishop Desmond Tutu. He pays constant homage to his elders, his mentors, the people to whom, he says, he *defers*. The strings of names are an invocation of the ancestors, those who have gone before him and lit the path. Today, he brings up Jerry Garcia a lot.

At 57, Santana sees no need to beat around the bush. The first thing he does is take *Relix* to task for printing a Ted Nugent quote that insulted Garcia. "One of the main things that I learned from Bill Graham and Jerry Garcia is that the Grateful Dead vibe—it almost wasn't even about the music, it was about the vibe," Santana says. "You come to a concert and you leave all the other stuff outside, like a bubble—both feeling good and being nice. With all respect to everybody, I think we can do better in honoring Jerry, because Jerry was the center of it."

That's what Santana really wants: more respect for everybody. He is on a healing mission, and his new album *All That I Am* is the third installment in a conscious effort to get back on the radio and spread his message. Along with a few straight-up Santana Band barnburners, the new disc features Big Boi from Outkast and Mary J. Blige, Aerosmith frontman Steven Tyler, Will.i.am from the Black Eyed Peas, Los Lonely Boys and a trio with pedal steel wiz Robert Randolph and Metallica axe-slinger Kirk Hammett. The album has pop leanings, too, with Joss Stone, JC Chasez from *NSYNC, and even southern rock singer Bo Diddley, from *American Idol*. Santana is unapologetic.

"If you look at who I've been playing with, from Jerry Garcia to Stevie Ray [Vaughan] to Jaco [Pastorius] to John Lee [Hooker] to Miles [Davis] to John Handy, it's not new for me to coexist with a lot of musicians. It's all where your heart is at, and what are your intentions, motives and purpose."

His purpose is to reach as many ears as he can, and to play in every musical vein to get there. It wasn't always so—and it has been a long journey from the "narrow-minded Mexican" who he says died long ago, to the "multidimensional musician" who envisions a world with no walls, no boundaries between musics, musicians, nations, religions or people.



Roots of a Mexican Blues Man

SANTANA WAS BORN IN 1947 IN AUTLÁN, JALISCO, A TINY Mexican town with no fences, where everyone's chickens and goats roamed free. He lived with four sisters, two brothers, his mother, Josefina, and his father, Jose, a renowned mariachi violinist.

"My father was probably *the* musician in that town," he says. "Every time he played, women would go crazy. With the violin, I saw how people adored him, literally. Old people, young people—of course, women. And I said, 'That's what I want to do and what I want to be.' There was no choice for me."

His father taught him to play the violin with an approach that would one day make his guitar attack one of the most recognizable sounds in popular music.

"I learned a lot from him, more than anybody else, about adoring the note before I give it to you," he says. "It's a musician's duty to penetrate the note, before he gets it to you, so when you get it—excuse the expression—it just fucks

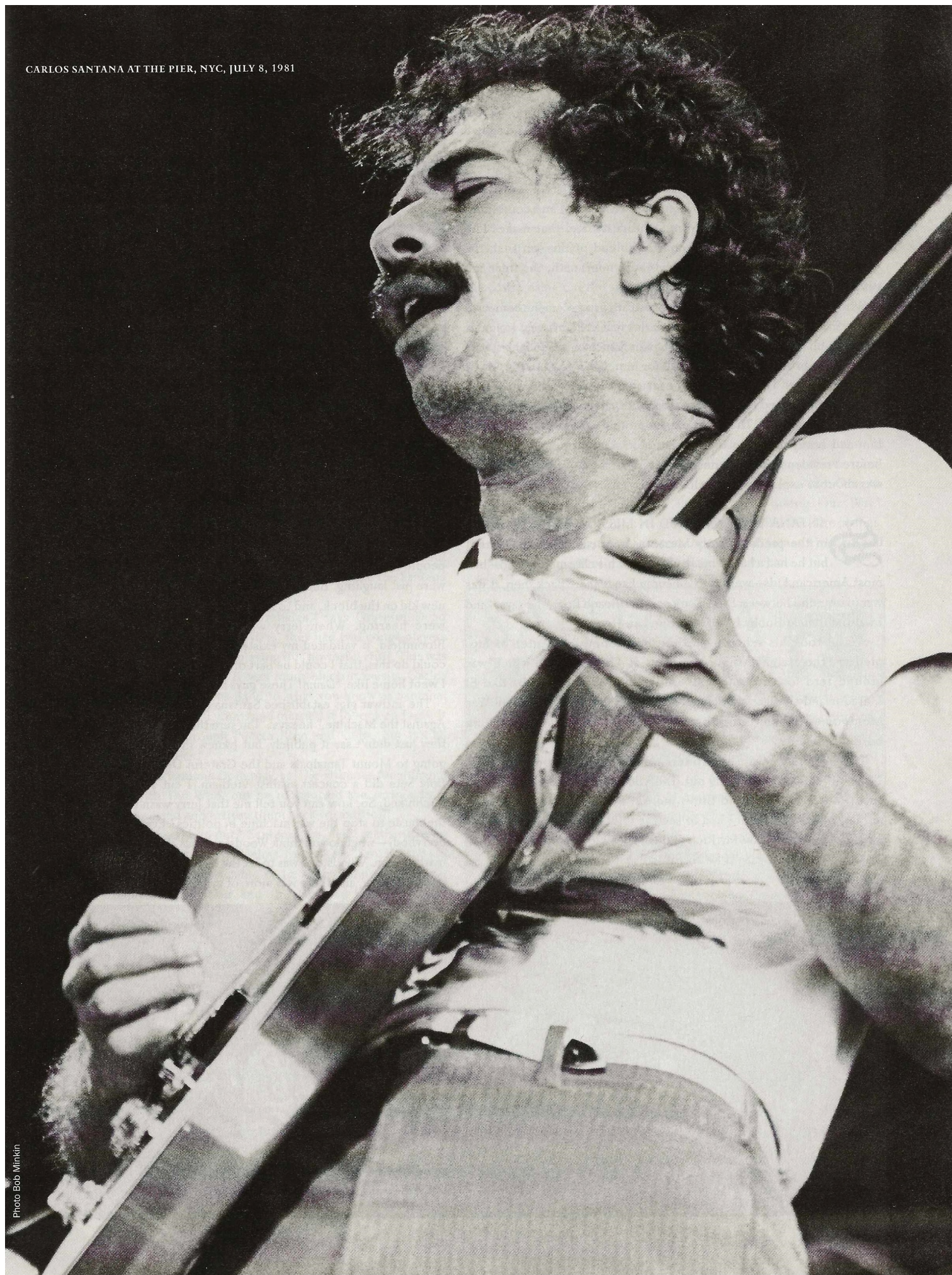
you all up. It messes your existence. You could be the most cynical hardcore critic and a melody hits you, you gotta surrender."

In 1955, Santana's family moved to the Baja border town of Tijuana. He picked up the guitar, joining the TJs with guitarist Javier Batiz. Santana learned what he could from watching, but the older guitarist turned his back to him. Instead, Santana studied Batiz's record collection, which was heavy on blues greats like B.B. King, Freddie King and Albert King. Soon enough, the teenage Santana was playing blues guitar in strip clubs during the week, and playing the violin in church on Sundays.

"In Tijuana, I learned a lot about stripping women, literally, with the music," he says. "You play music like 'The Stripper' [he sings the melody], that's when they throw the gloves off and they do the thing with the tassels on the nipples and stuff. Honky-tonk, the stripper song, 'Green Onions', 'Hideaway.' I did that on the weekdays, and then on Sundays, I would go and play 'Ave Maria' in church with the violin. So my life was pretty balanced."

Photo: Michael Sheehan

CARLOS SANTANA AT THE PIER, NYC, JULY 8, 1981



That balance between sex and church, says Clive Davis, who signed Santana in 1968 and co-produced *Supernatural*, *Shaman* and *All That I Am*, is what gives Santana's music its power.

"Carlos can talk as he does today in his wonderful, uplifting, spiritual way, but then he'll go right below the waist and combine it with an awareness of sexuality and sensuality, and that makes him unique," Davis says. "It was always that blend of the spiritual, the inspiring, the inspiration, the noble—but underneath, the fiery and sexual and the sensual."

With a career playing the blues for prostitutes in a scene he compares to the *Star Wars* cantina, 13-year-old Carlos had little interest in junior high school. When his family moved to San Francisco in 1960, he stayed behind. His brother eventually came for him, but he had left his heart with the ladies in Tijuana, and after a few months in America (he joined a band; they offered to buy him a new guitar and amp if he'd stay), he went back to Mexico. The next time, his mother and brother kidnapped him and brought him to the States for good. It was 1963, two days before President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. And San Francisco was about to explode with music.

SANTANA WAS ENROLLED IN MISSION HIGH SCHOOL, in the predominantly Mexican-American Mission District, but he had a hard time hanging with his classmates, who—like most American kids—were into *American Bandstand*. "Back then, it was war in my mind between Dick Clark and The Beach Boys," he says, "and I wanted to hear Bobby Bland and John Lee Hooker."

So, he took his schooling in the burgeoning epicenter of hippiedom, the Haight-Ashbury district; at The Fillmore, which was ground zero for rock and soul; and at North Beach clubs like El Matador and the Jazz Workshop, where he saw jazz greats like Wes Montgomery, Kenny Burrell and Gabor Szabo, and he began to think beyond the blues.

"My university was The Winterland and The Fillmore," he says. "That's the place that I hung out. Everybody knows that Bill Graham used to scream at me and throw me out because I didn't have any money, but I'd sneak in. I had to see the Grateful Dead, I had to see Cream, I had to see Buddy Rich and Charles Lloyd and Roland Kirk, Miles, and I didn't care if he screamed at me. After a while, he just put up with me."

Santana

ON MUSICIANS & LONGEVITY

"Don't get in helicopters, don't take cocaine and heroin, and you're gonna be all right. Then you can have a long life like myself and Louis Armstrong or Duke Ellington, and you can be like 70 and still kick some booty and take some names. You won't roll over. You won't be 60 and be a shell of what you used to be."

The Santana Blues Band formed in 1966, with keyboardist Gregg Rolie, guitarists Santana and Tom Frazier, bassist Gus Rodrigues, drummer Rod Harper and Michael Carabello on percussion. They had a regular gig travelling with the Peace and Freedom Movement, which was actively protesting the war in Vietnam. The first time Santana met Garcia, the band was playing a protest gig in the Panhandle, a block-wide extension of Golden Gate Park that runs for eight blocks between Oak and Fell Streets.

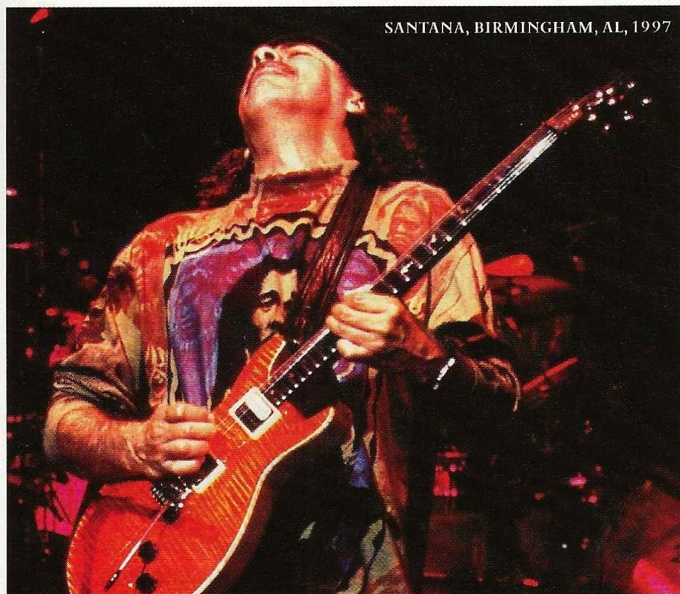
"I was playing 'Chim Chim Cherie'—Mary Poppins—in 'Jingo.' I closed my eyes to take a solo, and when I opened them, there were two people in front of me, Jerry Garcia and Michael Bloomfield, and they were just laughing. But it was laughter of approval. It was like, I'm the new kid on the block, and to my supreme delight, they liked what they were hearing. When Jerry was laughing like that, and Michael Bloomfield, it validated my existence right out of high school, that I could do this, that I could be part of this musician brotherhood thing... I went home like, 'Damn! These guys like me!'"

The antiwar gigs established Santana as a political band—"like Rage Against the Machine," he says. "I'm sure the Grateful Dead, too. Maybe they just didn't say it publicly, but I knew they were in it. I remember going to Mount Tamalpais and the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver and Bola Sete did a concert against Vietnam. I cut school purposely and hitchhiked. So, how can you tell me that Jerry wasn't involved utilizing the music to stop the war machine in politics? Even Jerry, Quicksilver, everybody—what do you think Woodstock was about? It wasn't the stock market, man. Woodstock was to let the man know that we didn't want to play that game, and there was more of us than they thought there were."

SANTANA & THE DEAD, OAKLAND COLISEUM, OAKLAND, CA, 1/26/93



Photo Bob Minkin



SANTANA, BIRMINGHAM, AL, 1997

Salsadelic Warrior

THE SANTANA BLUES BAND WAS PART OF A SAN FRANCISCO blues scene that included Bloomfield, Elvin Bishop and Paul Butterfield, but the percussive heart of what soon became the Santana Band sounded like nothing else in rock or blues.

"They had congas and they had timbales," says Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart. "In the early days, they had two conga players in the front of the band. They were playing this powerful stuff. This was outside of Latin music, because it was loud, electric music. Carlos morphed from the Santana Blues Band to what you know as Santana. He took West African trance rhythms and married it to rock and roll. It just happened to come through Puerto Rico and Cuba, but it's all about West African rhythms."

Graham had banned Santana from playing The Fillmore for showing up late for a gig with The Who, but he recognized the serious buzz building around the band and invited them back to audition.

"That's when it freaked him out," Santana says, "and that's when he adopted us." On top of gigs at Chet Helms' Family Dog, Santana started playing The Fillmore with what came to be sister bands—the Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company—and whoever was hot and in town.

Graham became Santana's patron. He had been helping promoter Michael Lang organize the upcoming Woodstock festival, designed to bring rock's biggest names together for "Three Days of Peace and Music" in upstate New York. In lieu of pay, the notoriously stingy Graham asked that the virtually unknown band be included on the bill.

So, Santana, Rolie, bassist David Brown, drummer Michael Shrieve, percussionist Caraballo, and timbalero Jose "Chepito" Areas went to Woodstock. They were a local band with no national following, but Graham primed them, booking them on a cross-country tour, playing to bigger and bigger crowds as they snaked their way out to New York. By the time they got to Woodstock, they had no fear of the 500,000-strong crowd. Maybe the acid helped, too—they played "Persuasion," "Savor," "Soul Sacrifice" and "Fried Neckbones"—and they just killed. The crowd had never heard anything like the three-

drummer Afro-Latin polyrhythms mixed with B3 organ, electric bass, and Santana's incendiary guitar assault.

"He hit the stage at Woodstock, and he just took that whole thing away," says Hart. "I mean, him and Sly [Stone], it was their festival. He just went out of his body. I know the famous story that his guitar turned into a snake and all that, but I saw. I saw it, and it was really true—I mean, he became one with the universe at that moment."

The debut album *Santana*, with the surrealist lion's head etching on the cover, came out the same month. "Evil Ways" and "Jingo" (a cover of Babatunde Olatunji's "Jin-go-lo-ba") were hits. Congas began showing up on rock records from Hendrix to the Stones. Hendrix, Santana suspects, wanted his band.

The seminal *Abraxas* came out the next year, including the medley "Black Magic Woman"/"Gypsy Queen" (covers of Peter Green and Gabor Szabo, respectively), Tito Puente's "Oye Como Va" and "Incident at Neshabur," about Toussaint L'Ouverture's Haitian rebellion against French colonialists. With Neal Schon joining as second guitarist, *Santana III* (1971) featured the orgiastic carnival rocker "Everybody's Everything," the easy-grooved "No One to Depend On" and the hopeful "Everything's Coming Our Way." Santana, the band, now took its place among The Beatles, the Stones, the Who and the Dead, and Santana, the guitarist, joined Hendrix and Clapton in the ranks of the Best. Guitarists. Ever.

SANTANA ALL THAT I AM



Due in November, the third installment in the *Supernatural* series features numerous hit-making guest stars—and a handful of surefire radio hits. But playing with the youngsters is also infusing the straight-up Santana tracks with fresh heat. The disc opens with psychedelic-era organ tones on "Hermes," a bluesy number that turns fiery with chanting in Arabic, big horn section blasts and Carnival party crowd cheering. Santana's guitar comes on with *reeeeally* thick tone. "El Fuego" is a neo-S.F. Mission groove that opens with Santana picking classical guitar, and winds up quoting The Ohio Players' "Fire." Good stuff.

As for the guest spots—a hit with Michelle Branch (can you say Lindsey Lohan movie soundtrack?), a slow rock hit sung by Steven Tyler, a track with Bo Bice ("Brown Skin Girl") that could be taken as either a creepy fetish song or an anthem for Latinas and Filipinas. "My Man," another hit penned by Rob Thomas, shuffles Big Boi's trademark boom boom boom with Mary J. Blige's good-man-loving slow jam hook and Santana's squealing guitar. The super-positive "I Am Somebody" with Black Eyed Peas will.i.am. is a way-up Latin dancehall number.

Los Lonely Boys add sweet harmonies to "I Don't Wanna Lose Your Love" and Santana is at home playing an awesome twin lead with acolyte Henry Garza. The guitar odyssey "Trinity" is King Shit, here, though—with Santana, pedal steel wiz Robert Randolph and Metallica shredder Kirk Hammett taking turns running leads then returning to the heraldic three-part melody. Radio burnout or not, these tunes will kick live. ★ R.B.S.

The Jazz Man Devadip

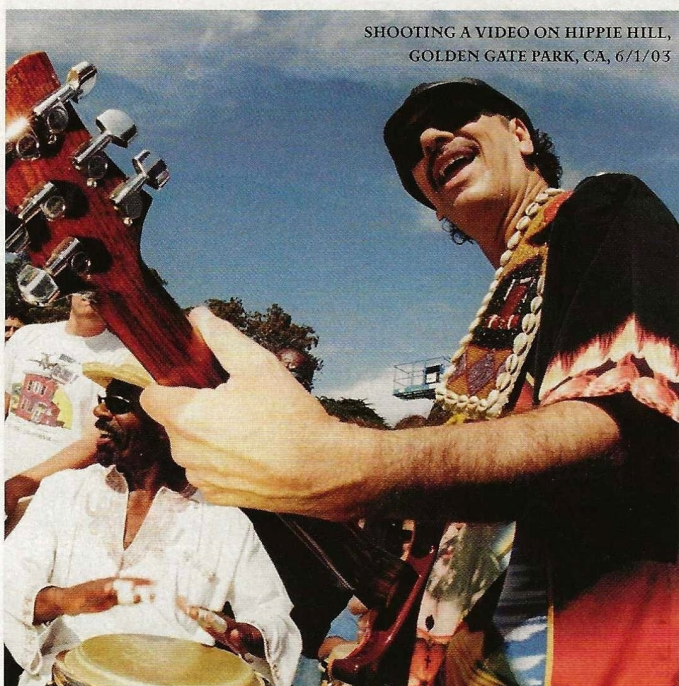
WHILE SANTANA'S CAREER WAS PEAKING, HIS PEER GROUP WAS disintegrating. Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Doors frontman Jim Morrison had all died in 1970. More would follow, enough to make "live fast and die young" a tenet of the rock and roll big time. But not for Santana.

One of Santana's most important influences, the jazz sax legend John Coltrane, had undergone a spiritual transformation in 1957 that rescued him from the depths of heroin addiction. His crucial 1964 album *A Love Supreme* was dedicated to God—and it was Coltrane's example that inspired Santana to turn toward both spirituality and jazz. "We all did it because of Coltrane. We found out that it was this, the needle in your vein or this," Santana says, folding his hands. "You fold your hands in reverence to the Supreme one or you shoot smack, you know. There were no in-betweens."

1972's *Caravanserai* was a move toward a new fusion of Latin rhythm with spiritually-inflected instrumental jazz. The opening track, "Eternal Caravan of Reincarnation," nodded to both Coltrane and The Fillmore, its opening rhythm laid down by a psychedelic chirping of crickets before a tenor sax blew its way through the spare arrangement of upright bass and snappy drums, the twinkling of chimes and tinkling of piano. The record jacket quoted a Hindu/New Age spiritual text by Paramahansa Yogananda:

*The body melts into the universe.
The universe melts into the soundless voice.
The sound melts into the all-shining light.
And the light enters the bosom of infinite joy.*

Soaring instrumentals like "Just in Time to See the Sun" and funk like "Look Up (To See What's Coming Down)"—as well as the themes of reincarnation and light—prefigure the next period of Santana's music, which would lean more to Coltrane, Miles Davis and Sun Ra than to Butterfield or B.B. King.



SHOOTING A VIDEO ON HIPPIE HILL,
GOLDEN GATE PARK, CA, 6/1/03

WHERE HE'S COMING FROM

Getting hits with other people's tunes is nothing new to Santana. Many of his biggest and best-known were actually covers. Here's where he found 'em:

"Oye Como Va," Tito Puente, *El Rey Bravo* (1963)

"Black Magic Woman," Fleetwood Mac, *English Rose* (1969)

"Gypsy Queen," Gabor Szabo, *Spellbinder* (1966)

"Jin-go-lo-ba," Babatunde Olatunji, *Drums of Passion* (1960)

"She's Not There," The Zombies, *Begin Here* (1965)

Not all the members of Santana were down with the new direction; Rolie and Schon split and formed Journey. Many, including Graham, accused Santana of committing "career suicide."

"I know I pissed off a lot of people, because they wanted to hear more *Abraxas* and more 'Oye Como Va,'" he says. "Once people like you, they want to chain you into, like, 'Why can't you be *that* Carlos any more?' That guy's dead, you know? I die every day, man. I'm born every day."

As part of his 1972 rebirth, Santana met the guitarist John McLaughlin, who had played on Miles' 1969 electric jazz classic *Bitches Brew*. McLaughlin introduced him to the Hindu guru Sri Chinmoy, who gave Santana the name Devadip ("Lamp of God, Eye of God, Light of God"), under which he recorded for a decade. As fellow Chinmoy disciples, Devadip Carlos Santana and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin recorded the lush *Love, Devotion, Surrender*, covering Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" and "Naima." Santana recorded *Illuminations* with Turiya Alice Coltrane, Coltrane's widow, and she and McLaughlin appear on Santana's jazz-funk album *Welcome*.

Devadip Santana shunned drugs, booze, sex and meat. "From '72 to '81," he says, "I was straighter than *Leave it to Beaver*, man. But I did learn other things that made me high, like reading about spiritual things that transcended being a Mexican rock star—because that stuff was like nothing."

Santana met his wife, Deborah King, the daughter of bluesman Saunders King, in 1972. The combination of influences kept Santana out of trouble for the next 30 years—even if it also kept him largely off the radio. But the association with Chinmoy turned destructive. Deborah Santana writes in her 2005 memoir *Space Between the Stars* that the guru had interfered to prevent the couple from starting a family. The Santanas realized that they were involved with a manipulative cult leader, and they severed their ties with Chinmoy in 1981. Now, while Santana retains his powerful spirituality, he is skeptical of organized religion.

"Once you perceive that you have choices, you don't need to know too much about Jesus and Krishna, Buddah and Allah and Rama," he says. "You have the choice to live your own light. Dance with it. Listen to it and follow it. Jesus will say, 'Man, thank God you discovered your light, because I don't have to carry you a piggyback ride on my back with the rest of the other suckers.'"

Photo: Jay Blakesberg

Freedom Fighter

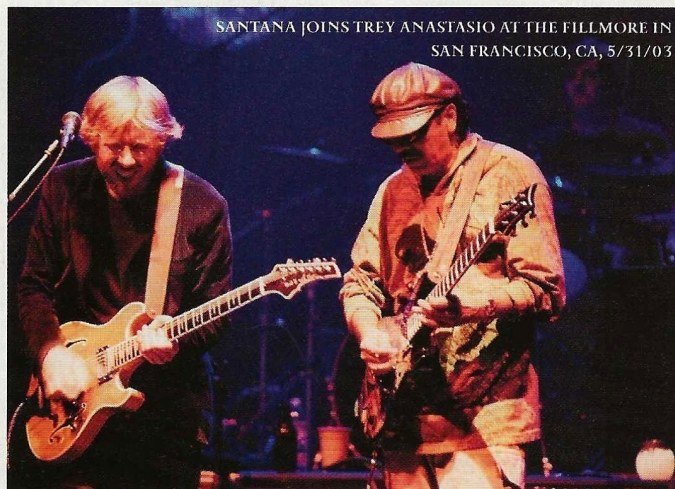
SANTANA CONTINUED TO PLAY WITH JAZZ MUSICIANS—notably with Miles' band on 1980's *The Swing of Delight*—but he also returned to rock, blues and politics. 1986's *Freedom*, with Buddy Miles, nodded to Bob Marley as it paid tribute to the imprisoned South African anti-apartheid activist Nelson Mandela. The band played in East Germany and Moscow to promote a peaceful conclusion to the Cold War. *Blues for Salvador* followed in 1988, winning a Grammy, and Santana staged a benefit that raised \$100,000 for Salvadoran children that also featured Garcia and Bonnie Raitt. Santana played with the Dead at the Mountain Aire festival in California that summer, trading licks with Garcia on "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." He toured with jazz saxophonist Wayne Shorter; played on John Lee Hooker's *The Healer* (1989) and *Mr. Lucky* (1991)—both albums full of guest stars; and brought a little-known Vermont quartet called Phish on tour in summer 1992, and to Europe in 1996.

In April 1999, after playing a few nights at San Francisco's Warfield with Dead bassist Phil Lesh, Phish's Trey Anastasio and Page McConnell headed across town to jam with their old tour mate, Santana, at The Fillmore. Santana was testing out songs from his new album, tentatively called *Mumbo Gumbo*—which was released six weeks later as *Supernatural*.

"I feel like we're watching the tail end of the parade of good and evil," Santana said back then, as his plan to get back on the radio was about to unfold. "We're starting to see a new parade coming, where it's a win-win situation for a lot of people."

But that was before the September 11th attacks and the Iraq War and the world turned upside down. Sitting with him today, I have to ask—does he still maintain that optimistic view?

"Yes," he says. "More than ever. You know, before a baby comes out, there's gotta be pain. We're giving birth, collectively, to world peace in our lifetime, and more and more there's conscious people on this planet who are not buying this horse and pony show parade that George Bush puts on, and [British Prime Minister Tony Blair]. Before the sun comes up, it gets really dark, so I do believe that we're at the point of no return. There's gonna be an enormous wave, like a tsunami, of enlightenment and awareness, and they're gonna say to people like Bush, people who



SANTANA JOINS TREY ANASTASIO AT THE FILLMORE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CA, 5/31/03

have the lust for power instead of the power of love, they're gonna say, 'Fuck you, man, we ain't gonna participate with your trip anymore.'"

Santana is pulling no punches today, and he gets going on President Bush.

"We heard that 'you're either for or against us.' Jesus didn't say that. Jesus and Allah don't have no fights, man. Just say you're fighting because you're greedy. You want more fucking money for the oil."

Santana has earned the right to speak his mind. When he toured in 2003 behind *Shaman*, he and his wife donated all the proceeds—2.5 million dollars—to combat AIDS in South Africa. He worries that tensions between whites and Mexicans in California will degenerate into something like the war between Israelis and Palestinians in the Middle East—and he offers himself to the politicians as an emissary. Only this type of approach to conflict, he believes, can bring peace.

"If we go to Iran, Teheran, all those places where there's bombing, and we bring music, blankets and food," he says, "they'll surrender, joyfully—if you bring love, not this fear, anger, eye-for-an-eye thing that Bush is selling."

Santana has numerous projects in the pipe behind *All That I Am*—among them a double album of instrumentals written with his son, Salvador, with Randolph and Hammett, and with his main collaborator, Santana keyboardist Chester "C.T." Thompson; a DVD of Santana and Shorter from 1988; another DVD filmed at Montreaux, Switzerland, last year with Shorter, McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Ravi Coltrane, Steve Winwood and Angélique Kidjo. He is working on Buddy Guy's next album. He plays on Hancock's upcoming disc, too. And for next summer, he wants to organize a "Superbowl of Consciousness," where Tutu, the Dalai Lama and Maya Angelou speak, shamans from across the Americas heal, and Santana plays.

CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL. CARLOS SANTANA LOVES TO PLAY guitar and make the ladies dance. He sees music as a means to heal the world. And he sees getting on the radio as a way to spread the word.

"I made a conscious decision to play music not necessarily for musicians or hippies," he says. "I wanted to play for people, period. Grandparents, parents, teenagers and little children. That's how I see Santana. It just happens that hippies come along. Straight people come along. Guys with green mohawk hair—they're all in it now." ★

Santana ON WORK

"The passport to any white person, African-American, Asian or Latin person is your willingness to be accommodating. If you come to a restaurant and you sulk and you don't want to be there, then don't work. But if you come to a restaurant and you clean the table and you have nothing to do, then you start peeling potatoes, or you take care of the cash register, pretty soon, instead of just washing dishes, you're in charge of 12 restaurants while the boss is in Hawaii knowing that he can trust your integrity. If you say, 'Well I don't do windows,' don't come to America! Because that's all America is—it's a big window."