TOGETHER
TO THE TUNE OF
COLEMAN'S
"EQUINOX"
Sarah Webster Fabio,
poet, reading poems by
Sarah Webster Fabio.
with special music accompaniment
SIDE ONE
1. Eclipse (poem "Eclipse," by Denianke (Leon Williams),
   read by Denianke
2. Interrogation
3. Together/To The Tune of Coltrane's "Equinox"

SIDE TWO
1. A Black Gal's Mean Ol' Low Down Blues
2. Tribute to Duke Ellington
3. Black Is

Sarah Webster Fabio, poet, reading poems by Sarah Webster Fabio

All poetry with stated exception is the original work of
Sarah Webster Fabio

Musical Collage for "Tribute to Duke Ellington," "A Black Gal's Mean Ol' Low Down Blues" and the arrangement
for John Coltrane's "Equinox" composed by Denianke (Leon Williams)

Original compositions are the combined efforts of Wayne
Wallace, Ronald Fabio, Cyril Leslie Fabio III.

Narration, male dramatic readings—Thomas Fabio

Musical Directors**

Technical Staff—Bob Clemons, Alice Bruce, Anna Jones,
   Renee Fabio, Cheryl Fabio, Rollando Morris

Engineered by Fred F. Cohn

Produced by Sarah Webster Fabio—Co-produced by the
   group "Don't Fight The Feeling"

"DON'T FIGHT THE FEELING" BAND MEMBERS

Wayne Wallace, Lead Guitar
Denianke (Leon Williams) piano, soprano sax, flute, tenor
   sax, alto sax
Ronald Fabio, Bass
Cyril Leslie Fabio III, Congos
Lawrence E. Vann, Drums
Thomas Fabio and Rick Hopton, Special Effects.

** Leon Williams Denianke director, arranger & saxophonist, music
   Griot Wayne Wallace co-director, composer & guitarist.

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9715
TOGETHER/TO THE TUNE OF COLTRANE'S "EQUINOX" - An LP Recording

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"DON'T FIGHT THE FEELING" BAND MEMBERS
WAYNE WALLACE, LEAD GUITAR
DENIANKE (LEON WILLIAMS) PIANO, SOPRANO SAX, FLUTE, TENOR SAX, ALTO SAX
RONALD FABIO, BASS
CYRIL LESLIE FABIO III, CONGOS
LAWRENCE E. VANN, DRUMS
THOMAS FABIO AND RICK HOPTON,
SPECIAL EFFECTS

Interrogation
Do I
TRUDGE across
time and
your memory
with too heavy
thud?

And,
would you
prefer my
naked pattern
or the
subtle shuffling
of my
moccasined feet?

Or,
none at all?

No
interrupting sounds
to trample
brittle twigs
of yesteryear;
to splinter
the silence
of intervening
monotony.

And, now,
are you
pained
and/or
GLAD?
Together

For John Coltrane

we we
we be;
tonight
we be
who we
must be.

we be
doing it:
understanding,
knowing,
sharing
all that
there is
to be
understood
known,
shared.

There is no
tight
room where
we light
the dark;
no webs of
doubt to
cloud our
clear
black minds
at one
with the
night
before
and behind
us.

We be
night folk;
we ride
night trains
through our
world and time
and out
of it—
spaced,
until we be all soul:
soul of man
soul of woman
soul of God
soul of you
soul of me
soul of Coltrane
soul of we.

Wee Weee

out of this
world,
zapped
with ecstasy.

Wee Wee Wee
Wee Wee Wee
Blow, Man,
Blow out
our minds,
sear our
souls,
set our
bodies aglow
with spirit,
unity of
minds
in tune
with God.

There is no
fog in this
room where
we light
the dark;
no webs of
doubt to
cloud our
clear
black minds
at one
with the
night
before
and behind
us.

We be
night folk;
we ride
night trains
through our
world and time
and out
of it—
spaced,
until we be all soul:
soul of man
soul of woman
soul of God
soul of you
soul of me
soul of Coltrane
soul of we.

Wee Weee

Night train
whistles,
Coltrane
blows,
blares
sound into
the air,
disintegrates
that shroud
of fog,
now shot
through
with sunrise
as fog
and night
and yesterday
fade
away

Wee Weee,
a clear sound
now; a clear
note,
polishing the
face of our
new day.
Wee, wee,
Blow, man,
blow
wherever
you are.
It be the
day of
us, of
we. Wee
Weee
A BLACK GAL'S MEAN OL' LOW DOWN BLUES

Ma Rainey came from Georgia
where for Black folk pickings was lean.
Yeah, I said, Ma Rainey came from Georgia
where pickings were sho'nuff lean.
But, with the help of Pa Rainey,
I tell you her living wasn't so mean.

She'd moan and holler and
sing her song and you'd feel alright.
I said she'd moan and holler and
sing her song and you'd feel alright.
She wasn't good looking
but, for sore eyes, she was outta sight!

Now, Bessie Smith came from Chattanooga
Yeah, her voice kept section gangs laying tracks.
I said Bessie Smith came from Chattanooga
and her voice kept section gangs laying tracks.
I mean, when she belted out her blues,
they'd lay to the top o' Lookout Mountain,
and, on time, they'd lay right on back.

She was easy on the eyes
and her voice was fine and mellow.
She was easy on the eyes
and her voice was fine and mellow.
You can believe she had no trouble
making time with some other poor gal's fellow.

Now, Billie Holiday started out as strange fruit
and grew into Lady Day.
I said Billie started out as strange fruit
and grew into Lady Day.
I mean, her beauty was too much to be real,
'cept she was naturally born that-a-way.

Billie didn't whoop and holler,
but you better believe she had the right to sing the blues.
I said she didn't whoop and holler,
but she had the right to sing the blues.
Doggies in the window and tisket-tasket weren't her thing,
'cause she knew she'd paid her dues.

Ooh, ooh, I can hear those black gals
singing those mean ol' lowdown blues.
I mean, Man, I can hear them black gals
crying and singing those mean ol' lowdown blues.
I reckon being black and having blues
has gotta be much more about dues than hues.

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Tribute to Duke

Rhythm and Blues
sired you; gospel's
your mother tongue:
that of a MAN
praying in the
miraculous language
of song—soul
communion with
his maker.

a sacred offering
from the
God-in-man
to the
God-of-man.

Sometimes I'm
up; sometimes
I'm down.

Sometimes I'm
down; sometimes
I'm up

Oh happy day
When Jesus washed
my sin away.
(musical background
with a medly of
tunes)

Boss, boss
tunes in
technicolour

SOUL—
Black-
Brown-
Beige-
Creole-
Black

Tan

And
the color
of my fantasy.
When things
got down
and really
funky
fever, fever,
light
my fire.

When things got down
and funky
you bit into the blues
and blew into the air,
"I Got It Bad and
That Ain't Good,"
And from deep
down into your
"Solitude," you
touched both
"Satin Doll" and
"Sophisticated Lady",
wrapped them in
"Mood Indigo" and made

BLOW

(music in the
background)

the way you
should

BLOW, MAN
Ain't

I
each moment
“A Prelude to a kiss.”

Way back then, Man,
you were doing your thing.
Blowing minds with riffs capping whimsical whiffs of lush melody—changing minds with moods and modulations, changing minds, changing tunes,
changing changes, tripping out with Billy to “Take the A Train,” making it your theme—your heat—coming on strong with bold dissonance and fast, fast, beat of the early, late sound of our time.

“Harlem Airshaft”
“Rent Party Blues” jangling jazzed tone portraits of life in the streets.
“Harlem”—a symphony of cacophonous sound, bristling rhythms, haunting laments trumpeting into the air defiant blasts blown solo to fully orchestrated folk chorus.

World Ambassador, translating Life into lyric; voice into song; pulse into beat the beat, the beat, a beat, a beat, beat, beat, beat, beat, beat Do it now.
Get down.
“A Drum Is a Woman,”

and what more language does a sweetback need to trip out to “Mood Indigo,”

Right on, Duke,
Do your thing, your own thing.
And, Man, the word’s out when you get down Bad it’s good, Real good,

And as you go know you’re tops, and whatever you do, “We love you madly.”

Published in Black World Magazine

Black Is Pigmentation

A mirror image of black on black; a preference that leans away from fading colors and imitation whites.

Posture

An on-your-toes approach to the mazeway of the real world; a shoulder squared against what’s happening—the man the hawk, bad luck, blues. A motion, a dance, a gesture, a cool stance; a walking that walk, talking that talk, that is “now,” Man.
Position

Aparthood; uniqueness; 
a separatism permitting 
cutting through 
white irrelevancies 
to confront basic 
issues; a revolutionary 
zeal to overthrow 
oppresive might, 
a moral obligation 
to change a wrong 
to a right.

Perspective

A clear black eye 
that peeps through 
the midnight muck 
of man; a denigrated 
aspect and value; 
a defiant thrust 
to wipe out 
white wash; 
positives of 
assertive acts, affirmations, 
a strong “Yes,” not 
negatives, invisibility 
non entity.

Pride

People power
People magic—Soul
An exuberance of 
existence; an 
eloation of 
self awareness 
and appreciation.
Gut knowing buried 
deep in the womb of 
oppression turning stone 
to bone, to flesh and 
blood, and tears and 
smiles, to love, 
to life; 
pulling 
pulling 
a magnet 
pulling you 
all the way back home 
into a thing that 
is 
BLACK

Published in Black World

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