

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9715

**TOGETHER
TO THE TUNE OF
COLTARANCE'S
"COUINOH"**

**Sarah Webster Fabio,
poet, reading poems by
Sarah Webster Fabio.
with special music accompaniment**

PS
3556
A149
T645
1977

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9715

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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**TOGETHER
TO THE TUNE OF
COLTRANE'S
"EQUINOX"**

**Sarah Webster Fabio,
poet, reading poems by
Sarah Webster Fabio.
with special music accompaniment**

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9715

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FL 9715

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TOGETHER/TO THE TUNE OF COLTRANE'S "EQUINOX" - An LP Recording

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Musical Directors, Wayne Wallace and Denianke

(Leon Williams)

Technical Staff—Bob Clemons, Alice Bruce, Anna Jones,
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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

ECLIPSE

by Denianke (Leon Williams)

I watch
how
heavenly bodies
gradually

a

l

i

gn

and marvel...

how

easily

black ones could

a

l

i

g

n

and

whiteness

BLACKNESS

should

m

a

l

i

g

n.

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?

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MUSIC LP

Together

For John Coltrane
to the tune of Equinox

Weee Weee
together
at the pad;
night lit
with long
tracked sound
of Coltrane's
"Equinox"
moaning,
wailing,
asserting
this tough
tender time
of being
together—

socked in
by fog,
held at bay
outside our
framed
picture
window pose—

sacked out
on grass—
matted rug,
celebrating
in communion
and love
the balanced

world,
the shared
humanity.

Alive,
feeling,
daring
to be,
really
being and
digging
our soulful
awe-filled
selves.

Wee Wee

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
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.
Weee Weeee

out of this
world,
zapped
with ecstasy.

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

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

Weee 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. Weee
Weeee.

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.

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,

*Ohh, Ooh, Oh,
moaning low,
I got
the blues.*

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

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

You reigned King
of Jazz before
Whiteman imitations
of "Black-Brown and
Beige" became the
order of the day.
Here, now, we but add
one star more to
your two-grand
jewel-studded crown
for that many tunes
you turned the world
onto in your
half-centuried
creative fever riffed
in scales of color

from "Black Beauty"
to "Creole Rhapsody"
and "Black and Tan
Fantasy."

All praises
to Duke,
King of Jazz

To run it down
for you. That
fever that came on
with that "Uptown Beat"
caused Cotton when
he came to Harlem
that first time to
do a "Sugar Hill
Shim Sham."

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

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

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

*Boss, boss
tunes in
technicolor
SOUL—
Black-
Brown-
Beige-
Creole-
Black*

and

Tan

is

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

*Down,
down
down
nee-eev-eeer
treat me
kind
and gentle—
BLOW*

*(music in the
background)
the way you
should
BLOW, MAN
Ain't
I*

each moment
"A Prelude
to a kiss."

*Got
it
Bad.*

Way back then, Man,

Break it down.

you were doing
your thing.
Blowing minds with
riffs capping
whimsical whiffs of
lush melody—
changing minds
with moods and
modulations,
changing minds,
changing faces,
changing tunes,

*Break
it down
Right on down
to
the
Real
nitty gritty.
("Solitude"
as background
sound)
Blow,
blow,*

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.

*blow
blow
Do your thing.
Change, change, change
your 'chine
and Take
The
A Train.*

"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

*Ain't
got no
money
Ain't got no bread.
Ain't got
no place
to lay my Afro head.
I got
those low down
blues.
Chorus: Hot-and-Cold-
Running- Harlem*

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

*"Rent Party Blues."
Break it down,
down
down
Right on down
to the
Real
nitty gritty.
(drums in the
background become*

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

drum solo)

(Theme song)

Right on, Duke,
Do your thing,
your own thing.

Take

And, Man,
the word's out
when you
get down
Bad
it's good,
Real good,

The

A

Train.

Right on.

And as you
go
know
you're tops,
and whatever
you do,
"We love you
madly."

Right

on

out

of

this

funky

world.

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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

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

Perspective

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

SIDE ONE

1. Eclipse—poem "Eclipse," by Denianke (Leon Williams),
read by Denianke
2. Interrogation
3. Together/To The Time of Coltrane's "Equinox"

Pride

People power
People magic—Soul
An exuberance of
existence; an
escalation 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*

SIDE TWO

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