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Following Lee Konitz

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Following Lee Konitz

words by Jack Kerouac

Performance Time - 6:00

Frenetic \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 126

Narrator

Trombone

Fol-ling Lee Ko-nitz the fa-mous al-to

\( \frac{3}{8} \) jazz-man down the street and don't e-ven know what for

saw him

first in that bar on the north-east cor-ner of four-ty ninth and Sixth Av-en-ue

which is in a real old build-ing that no-bo-dy e-ver no-ti-ces

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because it forms the pebble at the hem of the shoe

senza sord

of the immense tall man which is the

Tempo 1

building

noticed it only the other day while standing in front of Howard

Johnson's eating a cone or rather it was too-
crowded for me to get a cone and I was just standing there and I was thinking senza sord

"New York is so im-mense that it would make no diff(er)ence to any-body's ass

if this build-ing ex-sits and is old"

Lee who wouldn't talk to me even if he knew me
was in the bar (from which I've made many phone-calls) waiting with big eyes for his friend to show up and so I waited on the corner to think and soon I saw Lee coming out with his friend who'd arrived and it was Arnold Fishkin the Tristan bass player two little Jewish gazot-sky
fellows they were really as they cut across the street.

and Ko nitz in that manner that was

forceful and I said to myself

Tempo 2 $\text{\textit{\textbf{\textcopyright}}}'\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}\text{\textcopyright}$

He can take care of himself even though he goofs and does 'A - pril in Pa - ris'

from inside out as if the tune was the room he lived in and was going

senza sord

wide vib

fp
out at mid-night with his coat on

Tempo 1 \( \frac{5}{8} \) \( \frac{3}{8} \)

but I have-n't heard him for weeks and weeks

Both of them real small

Fish-kin is five foot three or such

and Konitz five-

among the crowds

cut-ting a-long so I fol-low

and they turn west

Tempo 3 \( \frac{5}{8} \) \( \frac{3}{8} \)

senza sord
tempo-ra-ri-li be-mused first by a sign for a large fur-nished

room with cook-ing priv(i)le-ges and bath in a beat sort of hid-den ten-e-ment

smack in the cunt of mid-town but how can I live there or even be like

Lee Ko-nitz cut-ting a-round the world of men and wo-men when my fa-ther

told me to take care of my mo-ther on his death bed (these my thoughts)
and where d’you think they go but Manny’s the music store of hip-ers and Symphony Sid but which how-e-ver

su-sic store of hip-ers and Sym-pho-ny Sid

at this mo-ment and strange-ly con-nec ted

in one breath

with the feeling I had had while waiting for Konitz looking over big buildings to see Atlantic clouds blowing in from sea and realizing sea is bigger even than New York and that’s where I oughta be

Tempo 1

Tempo 2

is filled with a whole crew of sai-lors ap-par-ent-ly in the store

Plunger Mute
to buy equipment for a big whaling oom-pa-pa Navy band!

and Konitz goes completely unrecognized by them

although the Danny Rich-man-like owners know Lee so well they don't say to him

as I would, they say

*Where you playing now great Genius?*

knowing already of his road plans Lee buys reeds or such in a

*When you leaving?*
box almost but not quite big enough for an alto (and already)

packed and waiting for him) and then he and Fish-kin cut around the

corner (as I follow through a sea of crowds) to a mysterious

marble lobby of big office buildings and cut right upstairs on foot

and in fact a whole bunch of hip looking guys are coming to do same
(avoiding elevators and I studyboard to find out big deal on second floor or

third (walk-up) floor but nothing so the mystery remains

Tempo 2

mains though I still say it must be a music school and this was

Plunger Mute

molto rit.............................. Tempo 3

typical of my lost ness and and loneliness I go around

dressed like a bum with a see-dy envelope have no
Fishkins to walk with unless I'm drunk

and spend my time

Tempo 1

watching the frenetic lights of Times Square the huge

straight mute

current QUO - VA DIS montage that

goes up almost as high as Astor Hotel roof a blue-light

molto accel..............................................
woman tied to a stake that goes higher than her head in blue-light

eyries and neons burning a painting of Rome that has in it

eighteenth-century tenements of Pittsburgh quite Georgian and also Greek

Parthe nons presents on white neons

then huge
lighting up first or during then running then blinking then shivering

then in the climax running blinking shiv-ering as if coming and

this sign is bigger than next door's TEN TALL MEN which is

big enough and biggest I ever saw till QUO VA DIS

and I am lonely and small in all this good night.