Mexico City Blues - Part I

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/musicsnyder

Part of the Music Commons

http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/musicsnyder/116

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Music, School of at DigitalCommons@University of Nebraska - Lincoln. It has been accepted for inclusion in Randall Snyder Compositions by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@University of Nebraska - Lincoln.
I want to be considered a jazz poet blowing a long blues in the afternoon jam session on Sunday. I take 242 choruses...

CHOR-US NUM BER ONE of blues in finger snap

Bill's pad
CHO-RUS NUM-BER TWEN-TY THREE

of San-Fran-cis-co Blues

FOUR TEEN CHOR US-ES

of Blue Cit-y Blues
FIFTEEN O CHORUSES of Green wine blues

Sing you a blues song
Sing you a tune
Sing you eight bars of
Strike Up The Band

eight of Indiana

eight of Israel

eight of Chubby's Chubby

eight of old War-dell

Yes baby
Count Blue Ba-sie's fat old chock wall-o-pin Fat
Rush-ing was a wow old sa-loon man

A vast ca-vern_
nervous

39

pp

mf

p < f >

huh? I stop and jump to other field

you wander around like Jap prisoners in Salt Lake Cit-ies un-der San-Fran-cis-co's sew-age di-

aster "an expl-er of souls and cit-ies"
"A low-down junky" who's discovered that the essence of life is

found only in the poppy plant

with the help of opium the addict explores the world a-
new and creates a world in his own image

with the help of Madame

accel... pp,

pop py,
I'm an idealist whose idealism

I have nothing to do the rest of my life but do it and the rest of my life to do it

I have no plans no dates no appointments with
any one so I leisurely explore souls and cities

Geographically I'm from and belong to that group called

Pennsylvania Dutch but I'm real ly a citizen of the world who hates
Communism and tolerates Democracy of which

Plato said two thousand years ago was the best form of bad government

I'm merely exploring souls and cities from the
van-tage point of my iv(o)ry tower built with the as-
sis-tence of O-pi-um
that's e-nough is-n't it?
All about goof-balls all about morphine so I read all about it that's what it said
lethal dose is thirty times the therapeutic dose
very painful death

morphine

or heroine

never try to kill yourself with

morphine or heroine

it's a very painful death
Freely

excited

Doctor give me a main-line shot of H grain

Jesus I thought the whole building was falling on me

went on my knees a-wake lines come under my eye I looked like a madman
in fifteen minutes I began to straighten up a little bit
Says "Jesus Bill I

I thought you was dead a goner the way you looked when you're stand in there"

Then I always manage to get my weekly check on
Pay my rent get my laun-dry out al-ways

have e-nough junk to last a coup-(a)-la days have to

buy a cou-ple a need-les to-mor-row

p f
feels like shov-in a nail in me

Just like shov-in a nail in me God damn cough

For the first time in my life I pinched the skin and
pushed the needle in and the skin pinched together and the needle stuck right out and I

shot in and out Goofed half my whole shot on the floor
took another one

Freely

humorously

nothin a junk ey likes better than sit tin

quietly with a new shot and knows mor row's plen ty more
Junk-ies that get too high

shoot up their old stock of stuff

and sit

stupidly on edge of bed

nodding over the single

sentence in the paper

they been staring at
all night

Six seven

hour-s they'll do this or get hung-up on par-a-graphs

You go on the nod then you come up then you start read-in it a
rit...........................
a tempo

139

then you go on the nod again and every time you

144

read it it gets better

Freely

146

as an aside

You don't r-mem ber the next re birth but you re mem-ber the ex-per-i-ence
Took me all evening to read three or four pages

os-si-fied on the nod

Fast $\frac{1}{3} = 112$

Junk-ies should be practical nurses and be given permits to get
three to five grams a day every day the older addicts need more

Drug addicts are human beings less dangerous than alcoholics and alcoholics aren't so bad. Look at the speed drivers... look at the
Dharma Bum

Slow, Incantatory \( \frac{3}{2} = 56 \)

accel repeat ad lib

repeat ad lib
The great hanging

weak teat of India the finger nail of Malaya the wall of

China the Korea Tipous-se Thumb the Salamander Ja-
pan the Okinawa Moon Spot the Pacific the Back of Hawaiian Mountains

Kines bal-cornies

Faster \( \dot{=} 72 \)

abruptly agitated \( p < f \)

ah Tarzan and D. W. Griffith the great American di-
rec-tor
Stroll-ing down dis-grun-tled
Hol-ly-wood Land
to toot
Ne-
bras ka
In-di-an Vil-lage
New York At-lan-tis Rome
Pel-e-us and Mel-i-san-der
Swans of balls Spots of foam on the o-cean
Raga $\frac{3}{4}$

\[ \text{\textit{sing}}\]

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

\[ \text{\textit{quasi tablas}}\]

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

Man is not worried in the middle.

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

Man in the middle is not worried.

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

He knows his Karma is not burdened.
ied but his Karma unknown to him may end

which is Nirvana kill have Karmas of ill

good men who love have Karmas of dove
Snakes are poor Denizens of Hell have come surreptitioning through the tall grass to face the pool of clear frogs.

What I have attained in Budhism is
Freely

no thing

what I wish to attain is no thing

A Little Faster

Let me explain

In per-ceiving the

Dhar - ma I a-chieved no - thing
What worries me is not nothing but everything.

The trouble is number but since everything is nothing.

Then I'm worried nil in seeking to attain the
Dhāraṇī: I failed attaining nothing and

so I succeeded the goal which was pure happy nothing

As an aside

No matter how you cut it it's empty delightful baloney
Freely

\( \begin{align*}
&\begin{array}{c}
\text{p}
\end{array}
\end{align*} \)

\begin{align*}
\text{a tempo}
\end{align*}

\( \text{rit.} \)

\begin{align*}
\text{Strict Time} \; \frac{4}{4} = 72
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{The wheel of the quiv-er-ing meat con-cep-tion}
\text{Turns in the void}
\end{align*}

\( \text{p} \)
expelling human beings

Pigs  turtles  frogs  insects  nits

Mice  lice  lizards  rats
roan racing horses  poxy bucolic pig tics

horrible unnameable lice of vultures

Murderous attacking dog armies of Africa  Rhinos roaming in the
jungle vast boars and huge gigantic bull

elephants rams eagles condors pones and

porcupines and pills all the end-less concep-tion of
living beings

Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness through out the ten directions of space

Occupying all the quarters in and out
from supermicroscopic no bug

Huge Galaxy Light Year Bowell

illuminating the sky of one mind
Freely

poor I wish I was free of that sla-ving meat wheel and safe in hea-ven dead

Impersonal $\nu = 60$

Zoom Star
of Holy Indian NIGHT

the Tha-tha of em-i-nence is si-lence

The Clear Sight of Var-i-d Cryst-al Shi-ning Moun-tains shif-ting in the air
Exploding Snow is Transcendental brilliant shattered Emerald Green

whisper Rubioso Mostofo be spark snaked

Jazz \( \frac{3}{4} = 144 \)

Dr. Sax

One two one two three four
floo gle mop I got the thir-i-chir-i-bim bit-chy bit-chy

bit-chy batch batch Chip pel-y bop

noise like that like fall-in off por-ches of
Like when you see the trumpet kind horn shiny in his hand raise it in smoke among heads he bespeaks
lu-ci-dates ex-plains and drops out end of

chor-us star-ing at the fi-nal wall where in

Af-ri-ca the old men- pe-tered out on their own ac-count
using their own immemorial
Salvation mind
Slip - pi - ty Bop Slip - pi - ty Bop
Slip - pi - ty Bop

Slip - pi - ty Bop

f
p
f

Slip - pi - ty Bop

p
f

fff
mf

mysterious

fff
p

Sip - pi - ty Bop
Mex - i - co Ci - ty Bop

AZ-TEC
BLUES
"A kek Hor-rae"
I hear in the Aztec night of

Mystery
where the Plateau Moon
with Moon Cit-la-polver
over the
do-be roofs of Heroe Mexico
*Scree-a-a-ra-sa*
"rat" the scraping of chair followed by Toot and Boom

Punk! says Iron Pot Lid
Tup! says finger toilet

Tuck! says dime on ice Fer-wut-l says beard bird
Howl of Moon - dogs

in Monterrey when dry is River bottom

Slower

Base-ball Rock Nothing Nad-a like this scene of A-pish majesty in
April's hide of hair One Two Three Four Old Man Mose

Ear-ly A-mer-i-can Jazz pi-a-nist had a grand son called Dead-bel-ly

Old Man Mose Wal-lowed the rol-lock-in key port Wa-hoo wild-house Pi-an-y
with monkeys in his hair drooling spaghetti beer and beans

with a cigar mashed in his countenance of gleaming happiness

the furtive madman of old sane times
Dead bel-ly don't hide it Lead killed Lead-bel-ly Dead-bel-ly ad-mit

Dead bel-ly mo dern cat Cool Dead bel-ly Man Cra zi est

Fast Bop $\frac{7}{6}$ = 200+

humorously

Old Man Mose is dead but Dead-bel-ly get a-head ONE TWO

ha ha ha ha
You know what to do!

Charley Parker

Looked like Buddha

quasi jazz time

Charley Parker who recently

died laughing at a juggler on the T.V. after weeks of
strain and sickness was called the perfect musician and his expression on his face was as calm beautiful and profound found as the image of the Buddha represented in the East the
lid - ded eyes: the expression that says "All is well"

That's what Char-ley Par-ker said when he

played All is well you had the feel - ing of
early in the morning like a Hermit's joy or like the perfect cry of some

wild gang at a jam session "Wail Wop" Charley burst his

lungs to reach the speed of what the speedsters wanted and what they
wanted was his eternal slow down— a great mu-
sician and a great creator of forms that ultimately find expression in
mor- es and what have you Music-(a)lly as im- por-tant as Bee-
tho-ven yet not re-gar-ded as such at all a gen-teel con-
duc-tor of string or-ches-tras in front of which he stood
proud and calm like a lead-er of mu-sic
in the great historic world night and wailed his
little saxophone the alto with piercing clear lament in
perfect tune and shining harmony
toot as listeners reacted without showing it and began talking

and soon the whole joint is rockin' and ev'rybody talkin'

in and Charlie Parker whistling them on to the brink of eternity
with his I-rish Saint Patrick poodle stick like the holy piss we

blop and we plop in the waters of slaughter and white

meat and die one after one in time
Solo (optional)

471  F7  Bb7  F7  Bb7

477  F  D7  Gm7  C7  F7

483  \( mf \)

and how sweet a stor-y it is when you hear Char-ley
Par - ker tell it ei-ther on re-cords or at ses-sions or at of-fic(i)al bits in clubs shots in the arm for the wal-let glee-ful-ly
he whis-tled the perfect horn any how made no diff(e)rence

Charley Parker forgive me for not answering your eyes for not having made an indication of
that which you can devise Charley Parker pray for me pray for me and everybody in the Nirvanas of your brain where you hide indulgent and huge no longer Charley
Par-ker but the se-cret un-say-a-ble name that car ries with it mer-it

not to be mea-sured from here to up down

East or West Char ley Par-ker lay the bane off me and
everybody