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**Mexico City Blues - Part I**

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I want to be considered a jazz poet blowing a long blues in the afternoon jam session on Sunday. I take 242 choruses...

CHORUS NUMBER 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
Count Blue Ba-sie's fat old chock wall-o-pin Fat

Rush-ing was a wow old saloon man

A vast ca-vern
nervous

huh? I stop and jump to other field and

you wander around like Japanese in Salt Lake Cities under San Francisco's sewage di-

as - ter "an explorer of souls and cities"
"A low-down jun-key" who's discovered that the essence of life is

found only in the poppy plant

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

with the help of Madame

accel
Slower \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{t}} = 84 \)

I'm an idealist whose outgrown my idealism

Freely

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

Leisurely

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
vant-age point of my iv(o)ry tower built with the as-
sis-tence of Opium

that's e-nough is-n't it?

fp <
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 heroin

never try to kill yourself

with

morphine or heroin

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 a goner the way you looked when you're stand in there"

Then I always manage to get my weekly check on
Monday

Pay my rent get my laundry out always

have enough junk to last a coup(a)-la days have to

buy a couple a need/les to mor-row__
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 to-

gather 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 junkey likes better than sittin

quietly with a new shot and knows tomorrow's plenty more
A Little Slower \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}t} = 92 \)

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

hours they'll do this or get hung-up on paragraphs

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

_gain then you go on the nod a-gain and ev-ery time you

read it it gets bet-ter

Freely

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 $\downarrow = 112$

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 \( \dot{q} = 56 \)

sex fiends

accel........................

repeat ad lib
with quiet awe

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

Kinesbalconies

Faster \( \frac{\text{pp}}{m\text{f}} \)

ah Tarzan and D. W. Griff-ith the great American di-

\( \text{p} < f \) \( m\text{f} \)
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-cen
2 Raga $\frac{\dot{b}}{\dot{a}} = 66$

Man is not worried in the middle.

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 surreptitiously through the tall grass to face the pool of clear frogs.

What I have attained in Budhism is
no thing what I wish to attain is no thing

Freely 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
Dharma

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

\[ \text{Strict Time } \frac{1}{4} = 72 \]

The wheel of the quivering meat conception

Turns in the void
expelling human beings

Pigs turtles frogs insects nits

Mice lice lizards rats
roan racing horses
pox-y bucol-ic pig tics

horri-b-le unname-a-ble lice of vul-tures

Mur-der-ous attack-ing dog ar-mies of Af-ri-ca Rhi-nos roam-ing in the
jungle vast boars and huge gigantic bull

elephants rams eagles condors ponies and

porcupines and pills all the endless conception of
living beings

Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness throughout the ten directions of space Occupying all the quarters in and out
from supermicroscopic no bug

ro Huge Galaxy Light Year Bowl

Iluminating the sky of one mind
poor I wish I was free of that sla-ving meat wheel and safe in hea-ven dead
Ex-plo-ding Snow is Trans-cen-den-tal brill-iant shat-tered Em(e) rald Green

Ru-bi-o-so Mo-sto-fo be spark snaked

Jazz = 144

Dr. Sax

One two one two three four
Mex - i - co Ci - ty Bop

Mex - i - co Ci - ty Bop

I got the huck bop

Mex - i - co Ci - ty Bop
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
Tenement Petersburg Russia Chicago

quasi jazz ride cym
Like when you see the trumpet kind horn shiny in his hand raise it in smoke among heads he be-speaks
lu-ci-dates explains and drops out end of

chorus staring at the final wall where in

Af-ri-ca the old men pe-tered out on their own ac-count
using their own immortal

Salvation mind

Slippery Bop  Slippery Bop
BLUES  "A kek Hor-rac"  I hear in the Aztec night of

Mystery where the Plateau Moon with Moon Cita-pol o-ver 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 Na-da like this scene of A-pish majesty in
Slower \( \frac{3}{4} \), \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 120

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

Freely

Old Man Mose Wal-lopped 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-belly don't hide it  Lead killed Lead-belly  Dead-belly ad-mit

Cool  Dead bel-ly Man  Crazi est

Old Man Mose is dead  but Dead-belly 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 as the image of the Buddha represented in the East the
lidded eyes the expression that says "All is well"

That's what Charley Parker said when he played All is well you had the feeling of
ear-ly in the morn-ing like a Her-mit's joy or like the per-fect cry of some

wild gang at a jam ses-sion "Wail Wop" Char-ley burst his

lungs to reach the speed of what the speed-sters wan-tened and what they
wanted was his eternal slow down a great musician and a great creator of forms that ultimately find expression in

more and what have you Music(ally) as important as Beo
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 Charley Parker whistling them on to the brink of eternity
with his I-rish Saint Patrick pottle 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  

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- (t)led the perfect horn an- y how made no diff (e)rence

Char ley Par- ker for-give me for-give me for not

answ- (e)ring your eyes for not hav-ing made an in- di- ca- tion 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 secret unsayable name that carries with it merit

not to be measured from here to up down

East or West Charley Par-ker lay the bane off me and