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More Flips and Minor Fugues

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Once I was young and had so much more orientation and could talk with nervous intelligence about everything and with clarity and without as much literary preambling as this; in other words this is the story of an unself-confident man, at the same time of an egomaniac, naturally facetious won’t do - just start at the beginning and let the truth seep out, that’s what I’ll do -.It began on a warm summer-night we went out for a walk the three of us...
a friendly rivalry

we went to the Red Door to hear some jazz

which that night was Charlie Parker with Honduras Jones on drums and others in resting
Narr. prob-ly Roger Be-loit too who I wanted to see now and that excite ment of soft night San Fran-

Sx. nf

B♭ Tpt. nf p nf

Tbn. nf p nf

D.B. nf p

D.S. nf

24

Narr. -cis-co bop in the air but all in the cool sweet un ex-er ting beach so we in fact ran

Sx. p nf p

B♭ Tpt. p nf p

Tbn. p nf p

D.B. p nf p

D.S. p nf
from Adam's on Tel-agraph Hill down the white street under lamps ran jumped

showed off had fun felt gleeful and something was throb bing and I was pleased that she was
able to walk as fast as we were

a nice thin strong lit-tle beau ty
to cut a cross the street with

and so strik ing

ev-ry bod-y turned to stare

the strange beard-ed A-dam
dark Mar dou in strange slacks

and me big glee ful hood
At The Red Drum

Narr.:

So there we were at the Red Drum a tableful of beers a few that is and

Sx.:

Bi Tpt.:

Tbn.:

D.B.:

D.S.:

all the gangs cutting in an out paying a doll ar quar ter at the door the little hip pre tending wea sel there taking tick ets
Faster (♩ = c. 112)

Narr.  
Pad-dy Cor-da-van floating in as prophesied (a big tall blond brake man type sub-ter-ra-ne-an from

Sx.  

B♭ Tpt.  

Tbn.  

D.B.  

D. S.  

Narr.  
East ern Wash-ing-ton cow boy look ing in jeans coming in to a wi-ld gen-er-a-tion party all smoky and mad and I yelled

Sx.  

B♭ Tpt.  

Tbn.  

D.B.  

D. S.  

p<< f
proph e-sy-ing the fu-ture style of A-mer-i-ca with short al most crew-cut but with curls black snak-y hair snak y walk

pale pale junk ey a-nemic face and we say junk-ey when once Dosto-

mic face

pale

junk ey snak

hair

pale

junk ey

Mallets
-ev-sky would have said what? if not as-cet-ic or saint-ly? but not in the least?

but the cold blue boost-er face of the cold blue girl wearing a man's white shirt but with the cuffs un-done

Narr.  
Sx.  
Bb Tpt.  
Tbn.  
D.B.  
D.S.  
Faster Bop (\( \frac{3}{2} \) = c. 144)  
Narr.  
Sx.  
Bb Tpt.  
Tbn.  
D.B.  
D.S.
the but tons
so I remember her leaning over
talking to some one after having been slinked

un-tied at the but tons

the flowing pro pelled shou lders

bending to talk with her
hand holding a short butt and the neat little flick she was giving to knock ashes but repeatedly with long long

frog er-nails an inch long and also orient and snake like) groups of all kinds and Ross Wallenstein
the crowd and up on the stand

Bird Par ker

Very Fast \( ( \text{ } \text{ } = c. \text{ } 200) \)

\begin{align*}
\text{Sx.} & \quad \text{Straight Mute} \\
\text{D.B.} & \quad \text{Open} \\
\text{D. S.} & \quad \text{Mallet}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Narr.} & \quad \text{Slow} \\
\text{Sx.} & \quad \text{Alto} \\
\text{B. Tpt.} & \quad \text{Open} \\
\text{Tbn.} & \quad \text{Very Fast} \\
\text{D. B.} & \quad \text{Open} \\
\text{D. S.} & \quad \text{Mallet}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Narr.} & \quad \text{Bird} \quad \text{Parker with}
\text{Sx.} & \quad \text{Mallet}
\text{B. Tpt.} & \quad \text{Open} \\
\text{Tbn.} & \quad \text{Very Fast} \\
\text{D. B.} & \quad \text{Open} \\
\text{D. S.} & \quad \text{Mallet}
\end{align*}
sol-emn eyes

who'd been  bus ted fair-ly  re-cent-ly

and had now re-turned  to  a kind of bop dead  Fris-co

but has just dis-

-co-vered  or had been  told a bout the Red  Drum
the great generation gang

wailing and gathering there

so here he was on the stand

ex-

am-thing them with his eyes

as he blew his

now-settled-down-in-to

reg u-lated-design "cra-zy" notes

the
Narr. 16

D.S. 165

boom ing drums the high ceil-ing

Sx.

Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D. S.
after a brief cutout with Paddy and my-self for a quick ten-cent beer at roaring Panter a's where Paddy and I

in our first talk and laughter to-get her pulled wrists
Very Fast \( \text{\( \downarrow \equiv \) c. 200} \)

get ting high tingly on the beer and
now it was the be gin ning re turn ing to the Red Drum
for sets to hear Bird

whom I saw di stinctly dig ging Mar dou se v(e)ral times
also myself directly in to my eye looking to search if I was

real

the

thought

look

as if he knew my thoughts and am-
Narr. bi-tons or re-membered me from o ther night clubs and o ther coasts o ther Chi-ca-gos not a chal-leng-ing look

Narr. but the king and found-er of the bop gen-er-a tion at least the sound of it in

Sx. j

B♭ Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D.S. j

D.S.
be while being therefor na tur(al)ly the greatest

while watching Mardou and me in the infancy of our

love and probably wondering why or knowing it wouldn’t last or seeing who it would be hurt
as now obviously but not quite yet it was Maud whose eyes were shining in my direction

thought I could not have known and now do not definitely know except the one fact on the way home the

Slower Bop Tempo \( q = c. 144 \)
Narr. session over the beer in the mask drunk

we went home on the Third Street

bus
sadly

through night

and throb/knock neons

Sx.

B♭ Tpt.

tbn.

D♭

D. S.

Narr. and when I suddenly leaned over her to shout some thing fur ther

(in her secret self as la-ter con-fessed)

Sx.

B♭ Tpt.

tbn.

D♭

D. S.
her heart leapt to smell the "sweetness of my breath" (quote) and sud den ly she al most loved me

knowing this as we found the Russ-ian dark sad door of Heaven-ly Lane
...a great iron rasping on the sidewalk to the pull, the insides of smelling garbage cans sad-leaning together, fish heads, cats, and then the Lane itself, my first view of it.

Bluesy (\( \text{j} = \text{c.} \ 80 \))

Heavenly Lane

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Nine

Fif-
ty One

cutt ing a long with my'sketch book on a wild Oc
tober evening when I was dis-cover ing my own wri
ing soul at
I saw the subterranean Victor who'd come to Big Sur once on a motorcycle was reputed to have gone to Alaska on

same

with little subterranean chick Dorie Kiehl there he was in striped Jesus coat heading north to Heavenly Lane to his pad

Heard to have gone to Heavenly Lane to his pad

Lane.
and I followed him awhile wondering about Heavenly Lane and all the long talks I'd been having for years with people like Mac Jones about the mystery the silence of the subterraeans "Urban Thor-eaus" Mac called them
as from Alfred Kazin in New York New School lectures back East commenting on all the students being

interested in Whitman from a sexual revolution standpoint and in Thoreau from a contemplative mystic and

\textit{a tempo}

\textit{from Alfred Kazin in New York New School lectures back East commenting on all the students being}

\textit{interested in Whitman from a sexual revolution standpoint and in Thoreau from a contemplative mystic and}
anti-materi-al-is-tic as if exist-ential or what-ev-er view-point

and won-der of it the dark lit-tle beat bur-lap dresses

the stor-ies you'd heard a-bout

the Pi-erre-of-Mel-ville goof
great ten or-men
shoot ing junk by bro-ken
win dows and start-ing at their horns
or great young po-ets with beats ly high in Rou-

a ult-like saint-ly ob-scur-i-ties

Heaven-ly Lane the fa-mous Heaven-ly Lane where they'd
Bluesy \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \ \text{c. 80} \)

all at one time or a - nother the beat sub ter - ra-ne ans lived like Al-fred and his lit-tle sick-ly wife

something straight out of Dostoevski's Petersburg slums you'd think but really the American lost bearded idealistic - the whole thing in any case)

Incise \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \ \text{c. 120} \)

Epilog

dou - f - ting hung over the court

[Music notation with musical notes and text]
ac tu al ly the back court yard of a big twenty family ten e-ment with bay windows the wash hung out

\text{Narr.}

\text{Sx.}

\text{Bb Tpt.}

\text{Tbn.}

\text{D.B.}

\text{D. S.}
and in the afternoon
the great symphony
of Italian mothers
children fathers

fin

and

smells
cats meowing

Mexicans

the music from all the
ra di-os
whether bo-
ten or of spaghett-
or loud
suddenly
K P F A symphonies of Vi-val-
harp sich in-
per-
thedral in-
tel-lee-tu-als
3
-for man ces
boom
b am
the tremendous sound of it
which I then came to hear
all the summer
wrap in the arms of my
love
man

walking in there
now
and going up the narrow stairs
like in a ho vel
and her door.