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More Flips and Minor Fugues

Randall Snyder
University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

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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
we went to the Red Door to hear some jazz which that night was Charlie Parker with Honduras Jones on drums and others in the audience.
prob-ly Roger Be loft too
who I wanted to see now
and that excitement of soft night San Fran-

-a tempo

cisco bop in the air but all in the cool sweet un ex er ting beach
so we in fact ran

...
from Adam's on Tel-e-graph Hill
down the white street under lamps ran
jumped

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

a nice thin strong lit-tle beauty 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 instrange slacks

and me big glee ful hood
So there we were at the Red Drum a tabuleful of beers a few that is and

all the gangs cutting in an out paying a doll ar quarter at the door the little hip pretending weasel there taking tickets

Drum
**Faster**  \( \text{\( \mathfrak{d} = \text{c. 112} \)} \)

Narr. 61

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

Sx. 66

Eastern Washington cowboy looking in jeans coming in to a wild generation party all smoky and mad and I yelled

Bb Tpt. 66

Tbn.

D.B.

D.S.

Sx.

Bb Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D.S.
proph e-sy-ing the fu-rure 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 Dos-to-

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

Faster Bop (♩= c. 144)

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

Narr. 101

3

un-tied at the but tons

so I re mem ber her lean ing o-ver
talk-ing to some one af ter hav ing been slinked a-

Sx.

B+ Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D. S.

Narr. 106

3

-cros s the floor with flow ing pro pelled shoul ders

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

Sx. nf p f nf fp

B♭ Tpt. nf fp

Tbn. nf fp

D.B. nf fp

D.S. nf f mp

Narr. fingernails an inch long and also orient and snake like) groups of all kinds and Ross Wallenstein
Narr. 151
the great generation gang wailing and gathering there so here he was on the stand ex-

Sx. 151

B♭ Tpt. 151

Tbn. 151

D♭ 151

D.S. 151

Narr. 158
am-ning them with his eyes as he blew his now-settled-down-in-to-related-design "crazy" notes the

Sx. 158

B♭ Tpt. 158

Tbn. 158

D♭ 158

D.S. 158
booming drums the high ceiling

A-dam for my sake
Narr. 187

du rushed them out about eleven o'clock

so he could go to bed and get to work in the morning
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 together
pulled wrists
Narr. 207
Mardou cut out with me glee eyed between sets for quick beers but at her insistence at the
Sx. 4
Mask instead where they were fifteen cents but she had a few pines her self and went there and began earnestly talking and
Bb Tpt. 4

Tbn. 4

D.B. 4

D.S. 4

211
Narr. 7 4

Sx. 7 4

Bb Tpt. 7 4

Tbn. 7 4

D.B. 7 4

D.S. 7 4

Narr. 3

Sx. 3

Bb Tpt. 3

Tbn. 3

D.B. 3

D.S. 3
222

Very Fast (\( \text{j} \approx \text{c. 200} \))

Narr.

get ting high tingly on the beer

and now it was the be ginning

re turn ing to the Red Drum for sets to hear Bird

Sx.

Bb Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D.S.

215

222

whom I saw di stinctly dig ging Mardou sev(eral times

Sx.

Bb Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D.S.
also myself directly in my eye looking to search if I was

really the great writer I thought myself to be as if he knew my thoughts and am-
bi tions or re-membered me from other night clubs and other coasts other Chi-ca-gos not a chal leng-ing look

but the king and found-er of the bop gen-er-a tion at least the sound of it in
be while being therefor na tur(ally) the greatest watching Mardou and me in the infancy of our

love and probably wondering why or knowing it wouldn't last or seeing who it was would be hurt
as now obviously but not quite yet it was Mar - dou whose eyes were shining in my di - rec tion

thought I could not have known and now do not de-fi ni - ly know except the one fact on the way home the

Slower Bop Tempo (\( \frac{3}{4} = c. 144 \))

on the way home
session over the beer in the mask drunk

we went home on the Third Street bus sadly through night and throbbing neons

and when I suddenly leaned over her to shout something further (in her secret self as later confessed)
her heart leapt to smell the "sweetness of my breath" (quote) and suddenly she almost loved me

knowing this as we found the Russian dark sad door of Heavenly 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
 last

I saw the subterranean Victor who'd come to Big Sur once on a motorcycle was reputed to have gone to Alaska on

same

last

with little subterranean chick Dorie Kiehl there he was in strideing Jesus coat heading north to Heavenly Lane to his pad
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 of the subterraneans "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

in interested in Whitman from a sexual revolution standpoint and in Thoreau from a contemplative mystic and
anti-materi-al-istic
as if exist-ential-ist 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

Freely
great ten or-men shooting junk by bro-ken win dows and start-ing at their horns or great young po ets with beats ly ing high in Rou-

ault like saint-ly ob-scru-i-ties

Heaven-ly Lane the fa mous Hea ven-ly Lane where they'd
Bluesy \( \downarrow = c. \, 80 \)

Narr.

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

Incisive \( \downarrow = c. \, 120 \)

Epilog
ac-ually the back court yard of a big twenty family ten-e-ment with bay windows the wash hung out
and in the afternoon the great symphony of Italian mothers children fathers Be-

fin-egan-ing and yelling from step-ladders smells cats mewing Mexicans the music from all the
Narr. 3 3 10 8 3 3
ra di-os whether bo ler-o of Mex-i-can or I tal-ian
ten or of spaghett i eaters
or loud suddenly

\( \frac{413}{3} \) 4 3 3 3 5

\( \frac{4}{4} \) K P F A symphonies of Vi val di
harpsichord in tel-lec-tu-als
per-

Sx.

B♭ Tpt.

Tbn.

D.B.

D. S.
Narr. for mances boom bam the tremendous sound of it which I then came to hear all the summer wrap in the arms of my

Sx. af fp ff p

Bb Tpt. af fp ff p

Tbn. af fp ff p

D.B. p

D.S. af p

Narr. love walking in there now and going up the narrow stairs like in a hovel and her door.

Sx. fp

Bb Tpt. fp

Tbn. fp

D.B. p

D.S. coin