2016

Mexico City Blues - Part IX

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Nine-

prolog
letter to Cassidy

Tenor Saxophone

Bop Style \( \frac{J}{=} 104 \)

| mf |

(alternate with narrator)

Narrator

Everything is perfect, dear friend

When you wrote the letter
I was writing you one

I checked out the dates

Just about right, and One

You don't have to worry
about colics and fits
from me any more
or evermore either

You don't have to worry bout death

Everything you do, is like your hero

Slower \( j = 94 \)

The Sweetest Angelic
tenor of man

Wailing Sweet Bop
on a front afternoon

When not leading
the band

And every note plaintive

Every note Call for Loss
of our Love and Mastery-
just so, eternalized-
You are a great man

Tempo 1 $d = 104$

I've gone inside myself
And there to find you

And little ants too

**Balloons**

Kris-sake Wake-up!

Nuts like Carl -Sol-o-man a sharp Jew I know

say that all's al-re-a-ly end - ded a dream a long time
done  in the Bed-lam high

inside mind listening dreaming to the

music of the time coming through the Aura Hole of old father

time mustache on a Jimmy the Greek stage

Ork song of
Nova Scotia
sil-ly any songs float-ing in the Open Blue

bal-an-cing on Bal-loons Bal-loons BAL-LOONS

BAL-LOONS of rose hope Bal-loons Bal-loons BAL-LOONS

the Vast In-te-gral Crap a Bal-

loons BAL-LOONS is your time Bal-loons
is the end-ling

THAT'S THE SCENE

Empty balloons of gorgeous?

Wild upskies bedazzling radiant?

Immense arcades of secret joy?

Caves of light Ya Ving-o

Slower \( \text{\textit{\( q = 80 \)}} \)

dream-material palaces high in the texture of the high thought?

Nir-va-na Hea-ven? X?
What-you-call-it?  Swear
Huge  milky

areas of silence  permeated by
rose petals crushed in diamond vats  Great baths of

Glor-y?  Sing-ing quiet hum-sound?

Golden Secret Figures
Of Unimaginable
Inexpressible Flowers
Blooming in the One Own
Mind
Slow \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \text{mp} \) \( \text{pp} \)

Es-sence

That other part of your mind Where ev(e)-ry thing's re-fined to thin hare

scream-ers must be in the cav-ern some-where but

was its self-na-ture of lo-ca-tion? Na-da

na-dir na-par-in-nir-va-na ni par-in-nir-va-na but Most
Excellent and Wise servant of Glorious Servant of Buddhist Needs Thagata Akshobya brother of Mer-

udhva-ga kin to Sari-putra Holy and Wise like

No location to thin hare screamers
In the mind's (minute and long ago lament) central comedy

John in the Wood

"Was it a bright afternoon, bright with
Faster \( \frac{d}{=} = 108 \)

Asks the literary type sitting in a chair in an afternoon dream. And you see his

buddy coming in. Holding his coat to the hook. After closing the door. You see it on a Thurber Cartoon in New York.

V-cut and Z-cut in
squares spill ing car-tons of spag-het-ti to their orb

ball OON LINE A NOON POP CLOUD

WORD HOLE and peo-ple thumb through

Re-gal-ly And up comes the laugh the yok

A Tempo $q = 108$

Funny Thurber Cartoon there

"Was it a bright af-ter-noon bright with see-ing?"
look-ing o-ver his news-pa-per or po-et-ry pad

"All things are empty of self-marks"
If it is space
that is perception of sight
You ought to know,
and if we were to substitute
One for the other, who'd win?"
Santivedam St. Francis, A Kempsis Hara

A sinner may go to heaven
by serving God as a sinner

At Sea

The fresh-wa-ter eels of Eu-roe
that climb up their

ri-ver and pre-sum-a-bly raid fjords
and eat up pools
curious Proustian visitors from up the mountain of the sea which

when they die they re-cross to Bermuda from whence they came to
die

Must be that these
eel have a yen to explore the veins of old Atlantis

lan-tis from their sunk-en mountain-top this side Ca-
nar-y-as but no they slide from Europe to Ukraine and down the Belgian rivers and blankly in the void swim back to spawn and die with long-faced pouts.

Poor fish.

In the ocean there's a very sad turtle (Even though the
S S Main-line Fish-in ship is reeling in the merit like mad)

swims long-mouthed and sad looking for the impossible

Except Once afternoon when the Yo-ke oh the old Buddha Yo-ke set a-

float-in is in the water where the turtle raises his be-

watter-y snop to the sea and the Yo-ke yokes the turtle a E-ter-ni-ty
"Tell me O Bhikkus, what are the chances of such a happening, for the turtle is old and the yo-ke is free, and the 7 oceans bigger than any we see in this tiny party."
epilog

Bop Style  $\frac{\text{b}}{\text{n}} = 104$

(alternate with narrator) Brown wrote a book called the White and the Black

(alternate with sax) Brown wrote a book called the White and the Black

Narcotic City

switchin on

Anger Falls -

(musician stops.
brooding on bandstand)