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Mexico City Blues - Part I

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

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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...

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
FIF-TEEN O CHORUS-ES of Gem-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 Chubb'y's Chubb-y
eight of old War-dell

Yes ba-by
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

huh? I stop and jump to other field and

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

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...
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
an-y one so I lei-sure-ly ex-plore souls and cit-ies.

Ge-o-graph-ic-ally I'm from and be-long to that group called

Penn-syl-va-nia Dutch but I'm rea(l)-ly a cit-i-zen 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 tow-er built with the as-

sis-tence of O-pi-um

that's e-nough is-n't it?
Faster $\frac{d}{dt} = 84$

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 your self

with

morphine or heroin

it's a very painful death
Freely

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 gone the way you looked when you're stand in there"

Then I always manage to get my weekly check on
Mon-day
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-lies 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-

gether 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 sittin

quietly with a new shot and knows tomorrow's plenty 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

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

\[ a \text{ tempo} \]

then you go on the nod again and every time you

read it it gets better

Freely

as an aside

You don’t remember the next rebirth but you remember the experience
Took me all evening to read three or four pages

os-si-fied on the nod

Fast $\frac{d}{\text{ Fast}} = 112$

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
with quiet awe

The great hanging

weak teat of India

the finger nail of Malaya

the wall of

China

the Korea

Thumb

the Salamander

Japan
pan the Okinawa Moon Spot

the Pacific

the Back of Hawaiian Mountains

Kines bal-co-nies

Faster $\frac{7}{8}$

ah Tar-zan and D. W. Griff-ith the great Amer-i-can di-

$\frac{3}{8}$
rec-tor  Stroll-ing down dis-grun-tled  Hol-ly-wood Land  toot  Ne-

bras ka  In-di-an Vil-age  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 \( j = 66 \)

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 Kar mas of ill

good men who love have Kar mas 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 Bud—dhism is
no thing what I wish to attain is no thing

Freely A Little Faster

Let me explain In per-ceed-ing 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

\[ \text{a tempo} \]

Strict Time \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{72}{p} \)

The wheel of the quiv-er-ing meat con-cep-tion Turns in the void
expelling human beings

Pigs turtles frogs insects nits

Mice lice lizards rats
roan racing horses

pox-y 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 ponies and

porcupines and pills all the endless conception of

< f
living beings

Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness throughout the ten directions of space

Occupying all the quarters in and out

f p
from supermicroscopic no bug

Huge Galaxy Light Year Bowell

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

whel-ver

Rubio-so Mosto-fo be spark sneaked

Jazz \( \frac{\text{d}}{=\text{144}} \)

\textbf{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
Tenement Petersburg Russia

Chi-cago quasi jazz ride cym
Like when you see the trumpet kind horn shiny in his hand raise it in smoke among heads he bespeaks e-
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 immemorial

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 Citla-polver over the do-be roofs of Heroe Mexico "Scree..."
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 Monterey when dry is River bottom

Slower

Baseball Rock Nothing Na-da 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 pianist had a grand son called Dead-belly

Old Man Mose Wal-oped the rol-lock-in key port Wa-hoo wild-house Pi-an- y
with monk-ies in his hair drool-ling spa-ghe-ti beer and beans

with a ci-gar mashed in his coun-ten-ance of gleam-ing hap-pi-ness

the fur-tive mad-man 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

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

Charley Parker who recently

quasi jazz time

mf

died laughing at a juggler on the TV after weeks of
strain and sickness was called the perfect musician and his ex-
pression on his face was as calm beautiful and pro-
found 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
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 musician and a great creator of forms that ultimately find expression in

mores and what have you Musically as important 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

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 talk-

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  B♭7  F7  B♭7

477
F  D7  Gm7  C7  F7

483
mf

and how sweet a story it is when you hear Charley
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 any 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 every body 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
ev-(e)rybody

BOP!