

2016

Mexico City Blues - Part IX

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for
Gerry Podraza

Mexico City Blues

- Part Nine -

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder
2016

prolog
letter to Cassidy

Bop Style ♩ = 104

(alternate with narrator)

Tenor Saxophone

mf

Narrator

(alternate with sax)

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

2

11

or evermore either

13

You don't have to worry bout death

Everything you do,
is like your hero

Slower ♩ = 94

16

The Sweetest Angelic
tenor of man

Wailing Sweet Bop
on a front afternoon

When not leading
the band

19

And every note plaintive

21

Every note Call for Loss
of our Love and Mastery-
just so, eternalized-

23

You are a great man

Tempo 1 ♩ = 104

24

mf

25

p

I've gone inside myself
And there to find you

And little ants too

Balloons

♩ = 60

Tempo 1 ♩ = 104

27

< f *mf* *p*

Kris-sake Wake-up!

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

30

mf

say that all's al-rea-dy end - ded

a dream a long time

34

done Sit in the Bed-lam high

37

in-side mind lies-ten-ing dream-ing to the

40

mu-sic of the time com-ing through the Au-ra Hole of old fa-ther

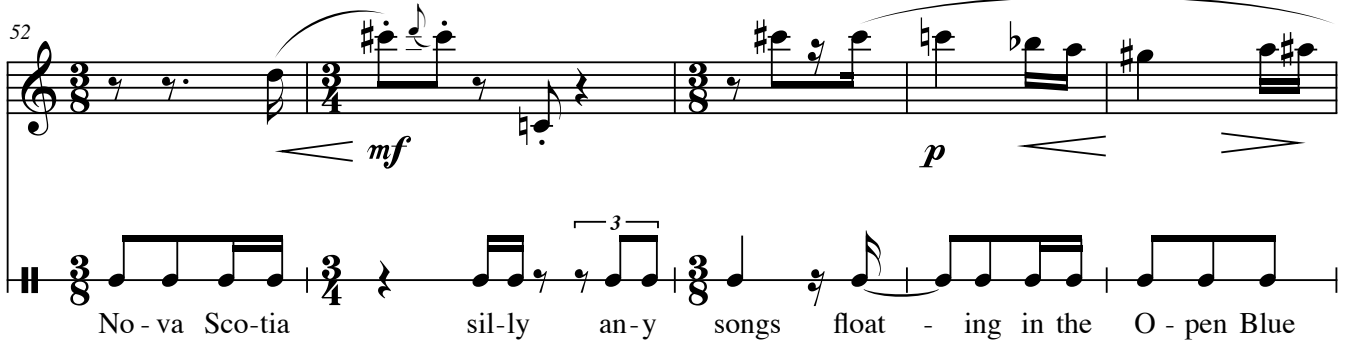
44

time mus-tache on a Jim-my the Greek stage

47

Ork song of

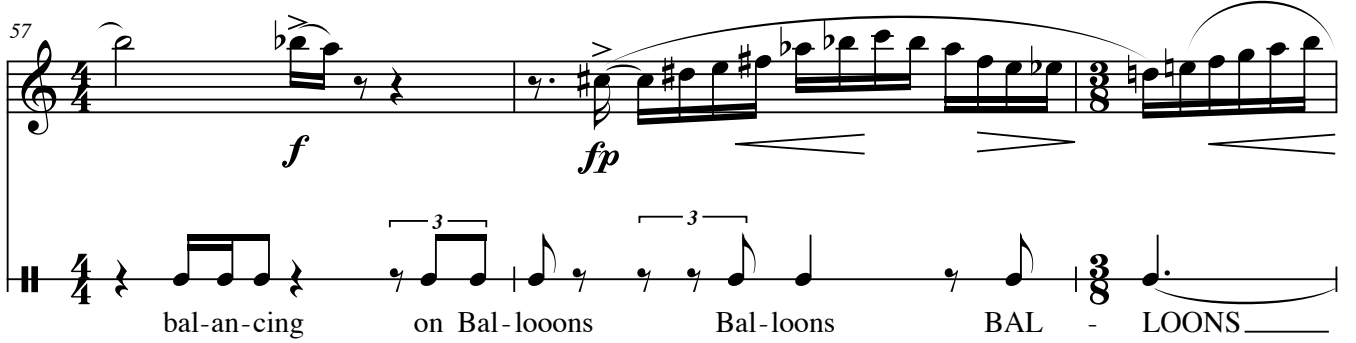
52



mf *p*

No - va Sco - tia sil - ly an - y songs float - ing in the O - pen Blue

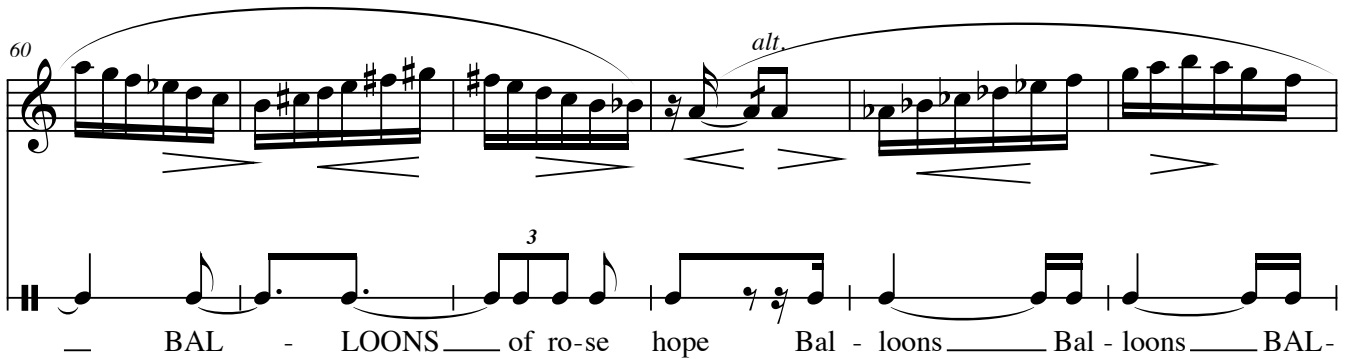
57



f *fp*

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

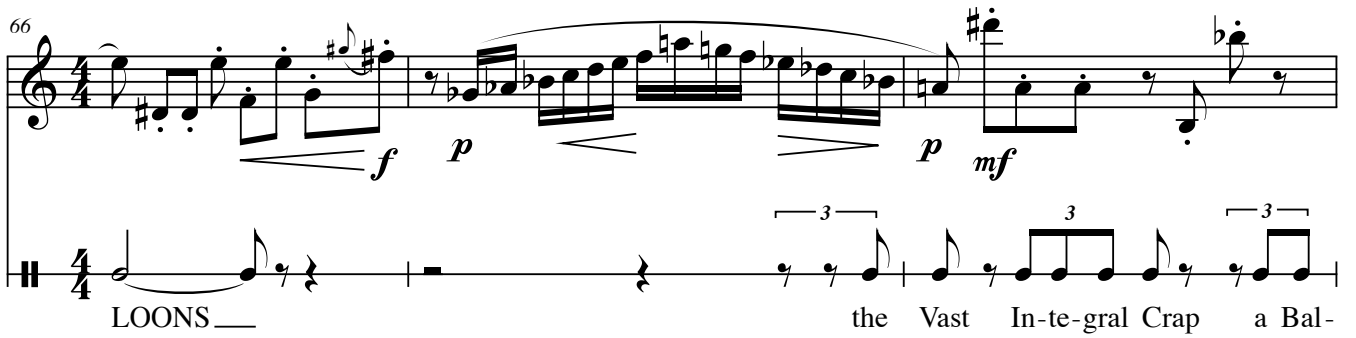
60



alt.

BAL - LOONS of ro - se hope Bal - loons Bal - loons BAL -

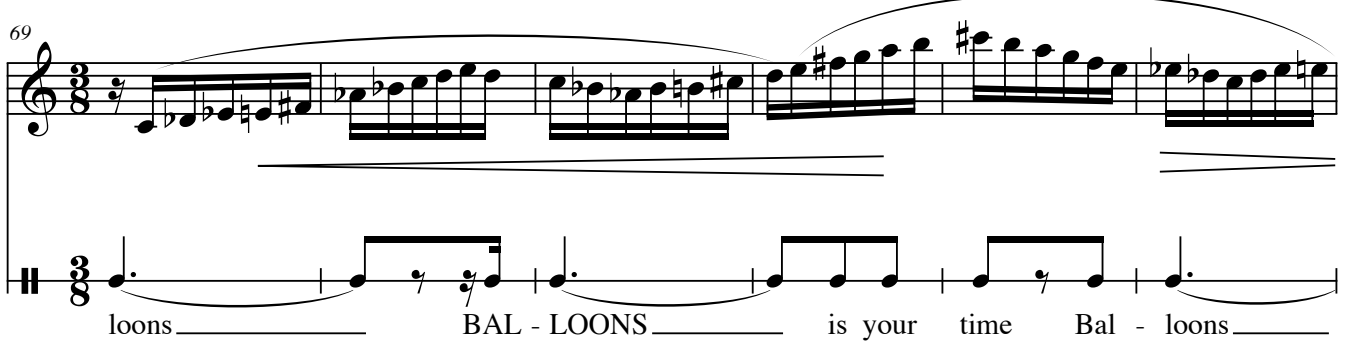
66



f *p* *p* *mf*

LOONS the Vast In - te - gral Crap a Bal -

69



mf

loons BAL - LOONS is your time Bal - loons

6

75

— is the end-ing THAT'S THE SCENE

1

79

Empty balloons of gorgeous?

84

Wild upsies bedazzling radiant? Immense arcades of secret joy?

89

Caves of light Ya Ving-o

Slower ♩ = 80

92

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

Nir - va-na Hea-ven? X?

95

p *f* *pp*

What-you-call-it? Swear Huge milk-y

98

mf *pp*

ar - e - as _____ of si - lence per - me - a - ted by

101

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

rose pet-als_ crushed in dia-mond vats Great baths of

104

mf *pp* *mf* *3*

Glor-y? Sing-ing qui-et hum-sound? _____

107

pp

White light of black e - ter-ni-ty? Golden Secret Figures
Of Unimaginable
Inexpressible Flowers
Blooming in the One Own
Mind

8

Slow ♩ = 60

110

Es-sence That

2 Ethereal ♩ = 80

113

o - ther_ part of your__mind Where ev(e)-ry - thing's re - fined__ to thin hare

117

__scream - ers__ must be__ in the cav - ern__ some - where__ but

121

was its__ self - na - ture__ of__ lo - ca - tion?__ Na - da

126

na - dir na - par - in - nir - va - na__ ni par - in - nir - va - na but__ Most

131

Ex - cal - lent and Wise of Glor - i - ous Ser - vant of Sen -

135

tian - ent Needs Ta - tha - ga - ta Ak - sho - by - a bro - ther of Mer -

139

udh - vha - ga kin to Sar - i - pu - tra Ho - ly and Wise like

rit.....

144

John in the Wood

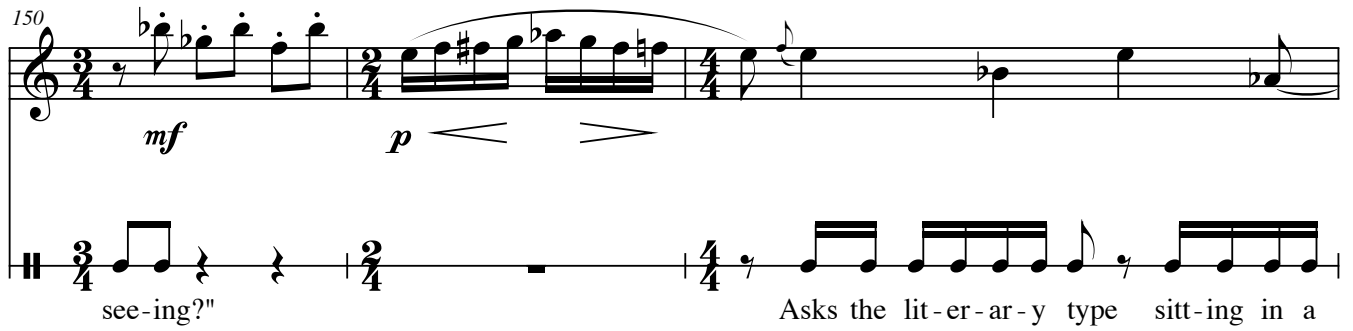
No location to thin hare screamers
In the mind's (minute and long ago lament)
central comedy

BALLOONS

148

"Was it a bright afternoon,
bright with

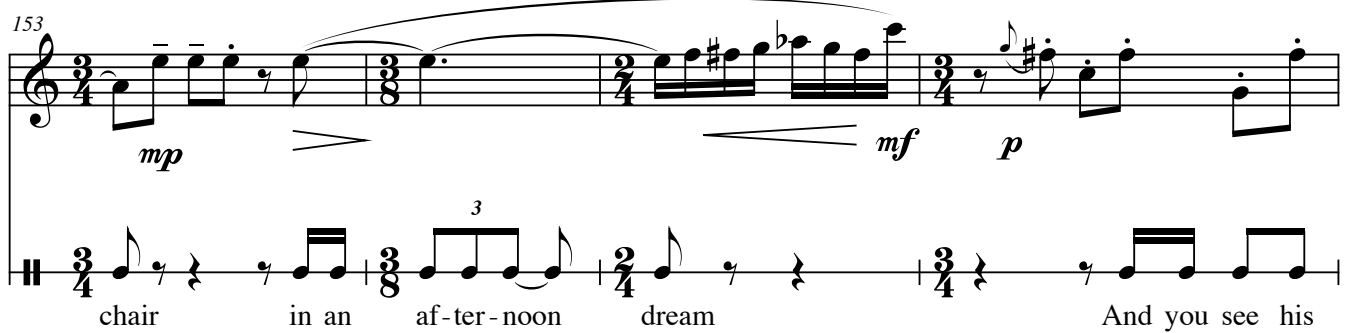
150



mf *p*

see-ing?" Asks the lit-er-ar-y type sitt-ing in a

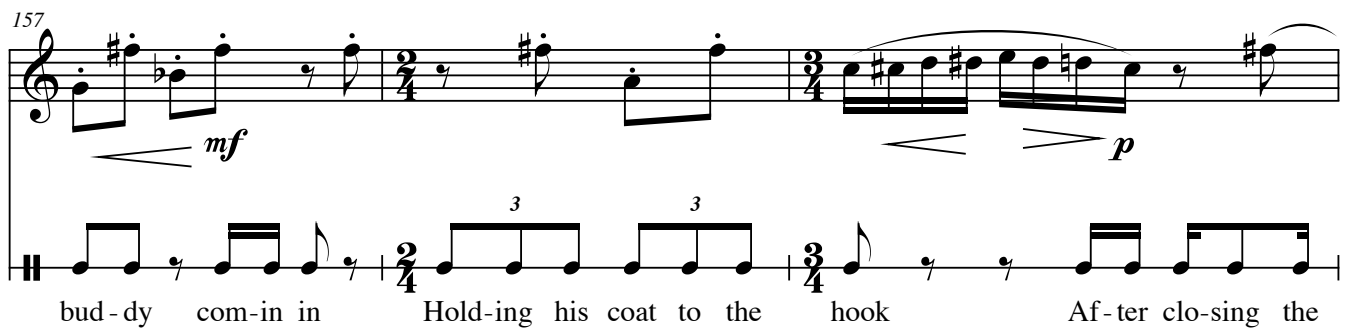
153



mp *mf* *p*

chair in an af-ter-noon dream And you see his

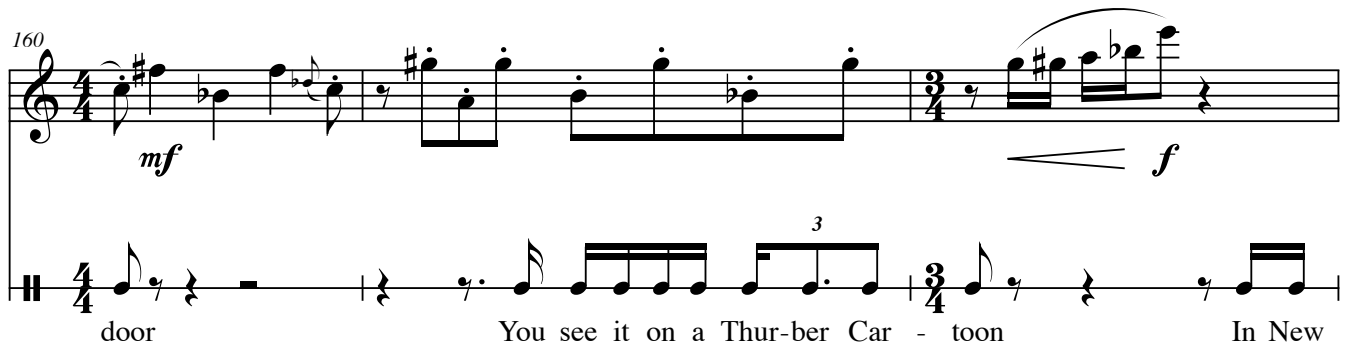
157



mf *p*

bud-dy com-in in Hold-ing his coat to the hook Af-ter clo-sing the

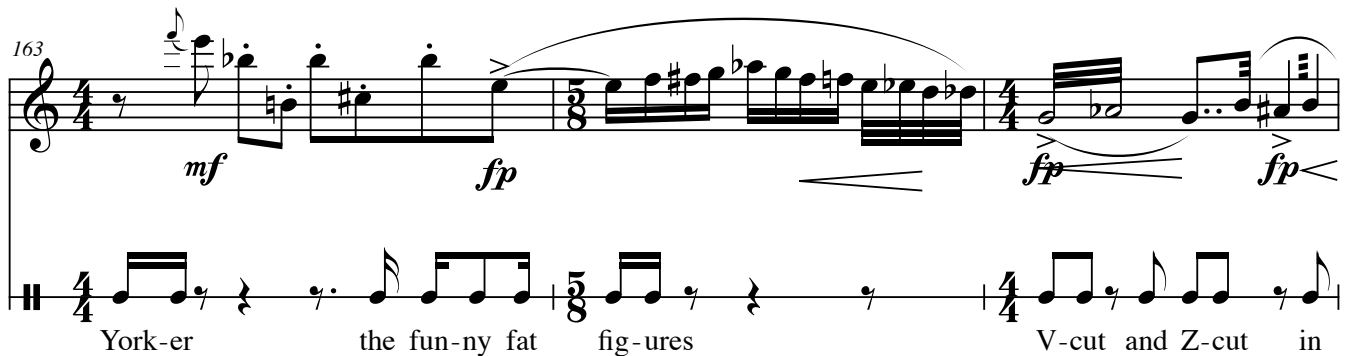
160



mf *f*

door You see it on a Thur-ber Car - toon In New

163



mf *fp* *fp* *fp*

York-er the fun-ny fat fig-ures V-cut and Z-cut in

166

squares spill - ing car - tons of spag - het - ti to their orb

168

ball OON LINE A NOON POP CLOUD

171

WORD HOLE and peo - ple thumb through

173

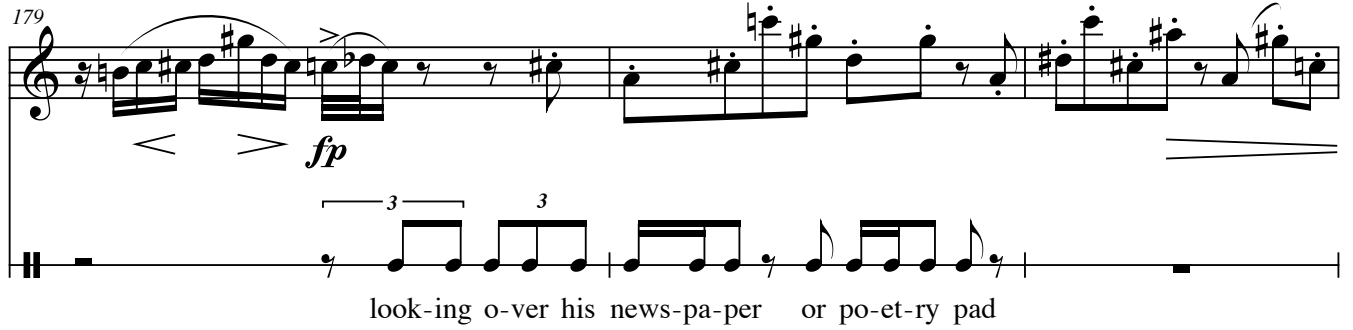
Re - g' al - ly And up comes the laugh the yok

176

A Tempo ♩ = 108

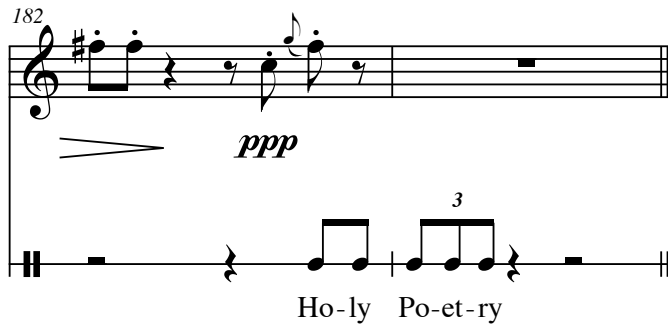
Funny Thurber Cartoon there "Was it a bright af - ter - noon bright with see - ing?"

179



look-ing o-ver his news-pa-per or po-et-ry pad

182



Ho-ly Po-et-ry

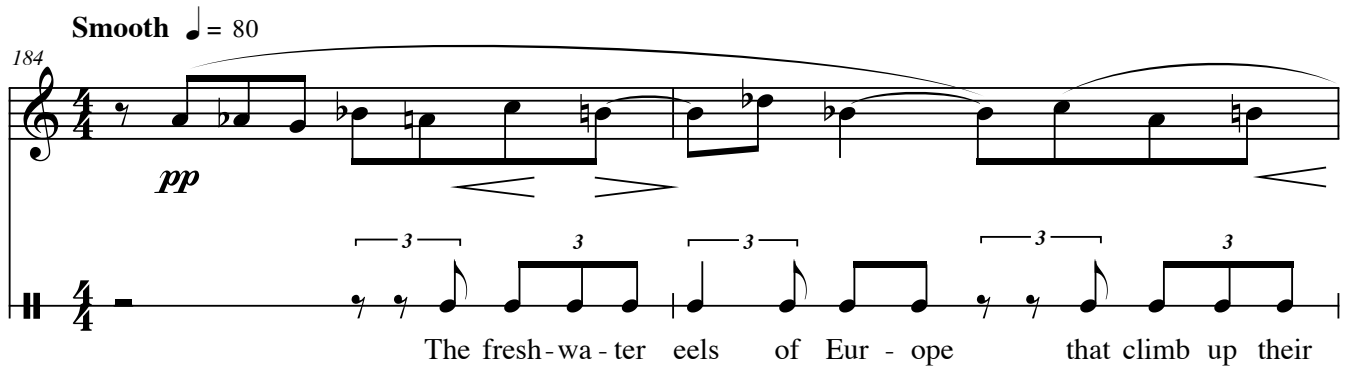
"All things are empty of self-marks"
 If it is space
 that is perception of sight
 You ought to know,
 and if we were to substitute
 One for the other, who'd win?"
 Santivedam St. Francis, A Kempis
 Hara

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

At Sea

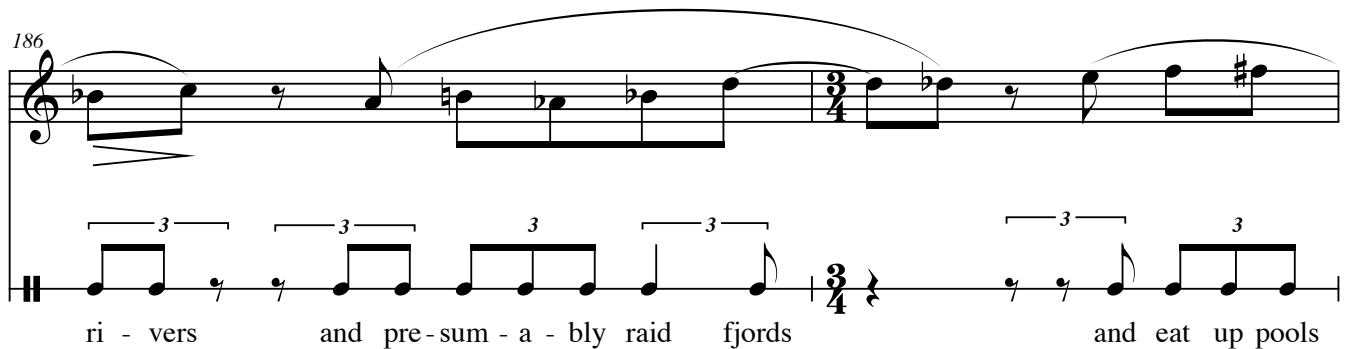
Smooth ♩ = 80

184



The fresh-wa-ter eels of Eur - ope that climb up their

186



ri - vers and pre-sum - a - bly raid fjords and eat up pools

188



cur-i-ous Proust-i-an vis-i-tors from up the moun-tain of the sea which

191



when they die they-re-cross to Ber-mu-da from whence they came to

194



die Must be that these

197



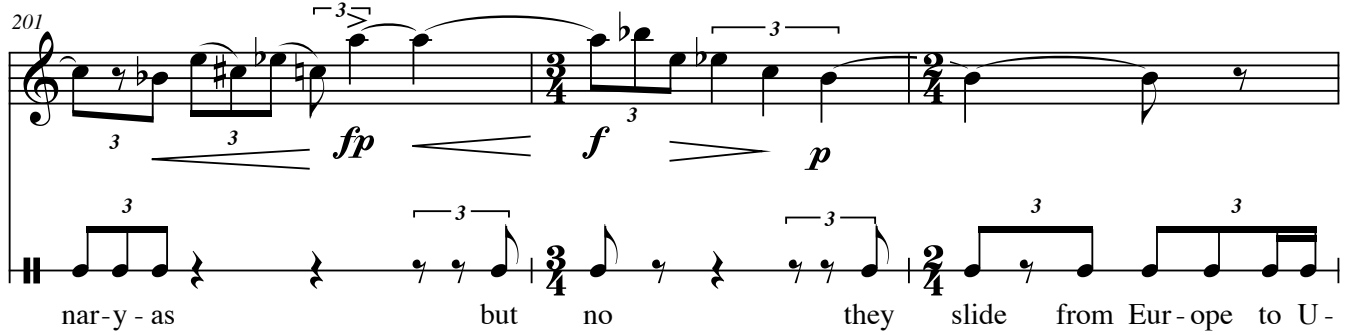
eel have a yen to ex-plore the veins of old At -

199



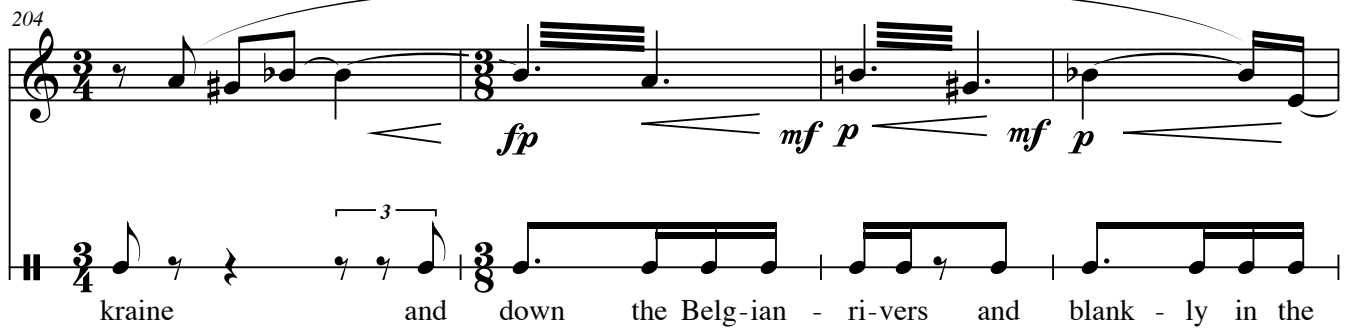
lan-tis from their sunk-en moun-tain-top this side Ca -

201



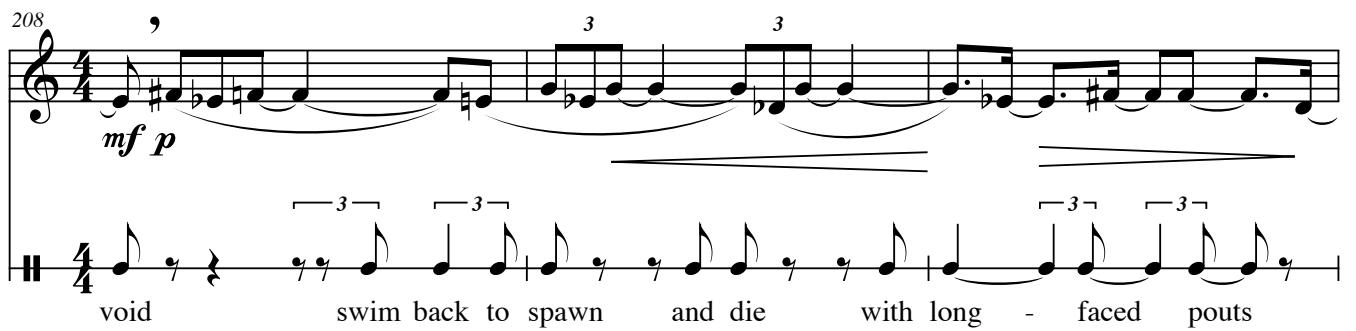
nar-y - as but no they slide from Eur - ope to U -

204



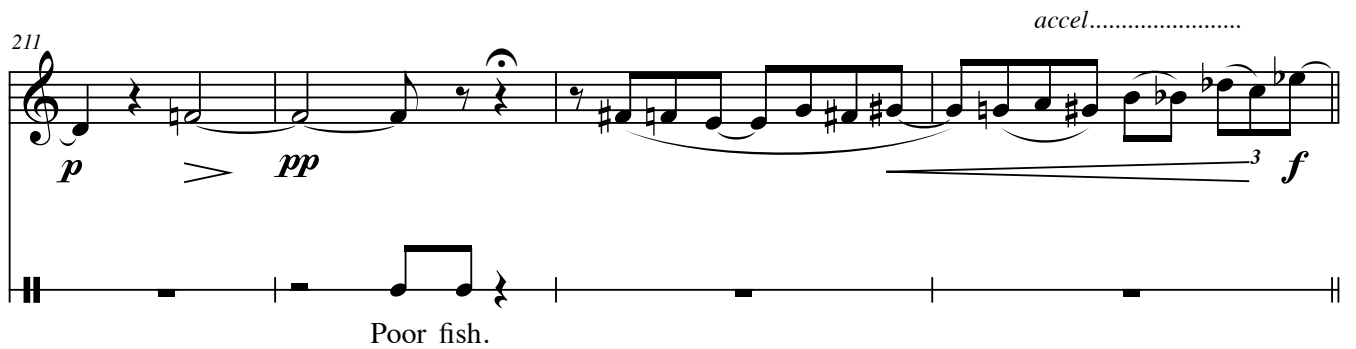
kraine and down the Belg - ian - ri - vers and blank - ly in the

208



void swim back to spawn and die with long - faced pouts

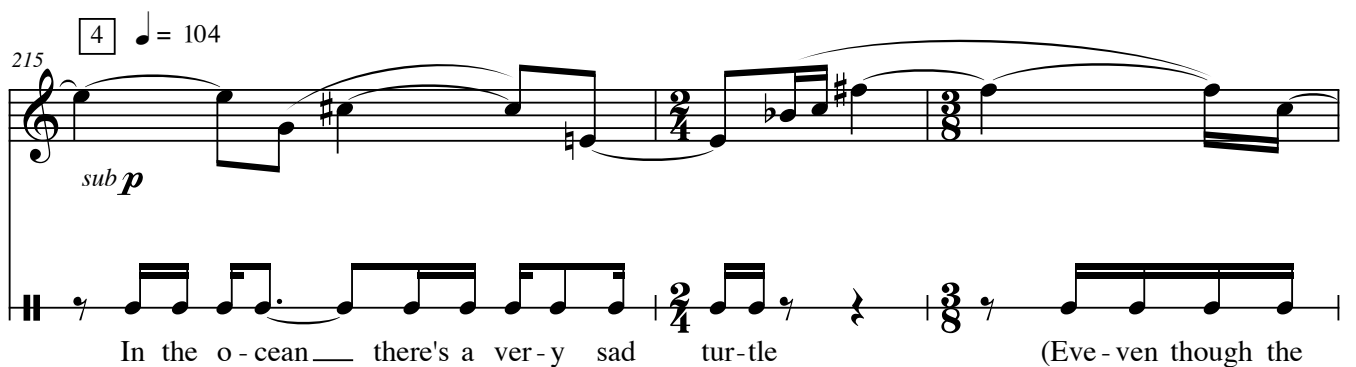
211



Poor fish.

215

4 ♩ = 104



In the o - cean — there's a ver - y sad tur - tle (Eve - ven though the

218

S S Main-line Fish - in ship is ree-ling in the mer - it like mad)

220

swims long-mouthed and sad look-ing for the Im-poss-i-ble

223

Ex-cept Once af-ter-noon when the Yo-ke oh the old Budd-ha Yo-ke set a-

227

float-in is in the wa-ter where the tur-tle rai-ses his be-

229

wat-er - y snop to the sea and the Yo - ke yokes the tur-tle a E-ter-ni-ty

232

"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."

Chan-ces are slen-der in a

236

mil-lion mil-lion bil-lion ko-tis of ae-ons and In-cal-cu-la-bles Yes the

241

Tur-tle will set that Yo-ke free but till then hard-er

245

yet are the chan-ces for a man to be re-born a man in this

248

Kar-ma earth

epilog

Bop Style ♩ = 104

250 *mf* *(alternate with narrator)*

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

253

Narcotic City switchin on

255

Anger Falls -

257

(musician stops.
brooding on bandstand)