

Beatpiphany

A long time ago, when the mudworld of the city and its cinder soot and its aromatic alcoholic philosophers and the subliminal subterranean subway slobs who lived their newspaper breakfast lives without once knowing, that is Knowing, was the only world I saw, only the buildings and dirt in the road and shit all over the place—I used to walk through Greenbitch Village and watch the acned would-be pre-hippie beatnik poseurs coming on like they could actually see, beyond all the bogus fungus bullshit of their crafted costumes, and I'd laugh at them and walk past quietly and quickly and wonder what kind of ersatz mother they'd slipped out of those sixteen / seventeen insensible years back, and desicated visions of my mother would arise, engravings of a thin forever ancient woman who used to tell me daily about my father and my dead older brother and drill into my young brain that if God, if there is anything in the world to know, and Know and Love, it isn't gold-plated, and it won't make sense.

But that was all a long time ago, before the hippies, and the boppers, and the disco glitz, and the Ricin and SARS and Ebola and swine flu and popular pandemics and bags of gold dumping down on poverty beyond all reason. Back then all the crazy guys who roamed the nightstreets of jazzamerica in New York, they weren't anything, just category-free, agnostic, dancing sun-motes in the vapors of anything they weren't—those cats were living out their sarcastic lives in the dust and smelly air in the silent hope they could learn to be, really Be, something close to what dreamed up inside, helplessly, like a soul-born charlie-horse, knifing them on if they tried to resist. But now I know what Is, and I can feel in the

desert-ocean breeze of LA all the mad wild sensuous life that breathes up into the world, that life the pod people never notice, and I sit on my rooftop looking into the warm moving sea of everybody and who couldn't just feel all of it drifting up, so finally now, in waves of wonderful Yes.

This time, in some bracket of clockwork, caught by narration in a quick spasm of sequenced moments, I was on my way to Billy-Jo's, a nightclub near Cajuenga where this insane Jewish wop plays the tenor like no homo erectus ever exhaled into that golden hornucopia and dances and jives around like he's been on crack for a thousand years, and I stopped en route into some cozy little dive called San Hola-Mole where I thought I heard a familiar frantic crazy soliloquy sounding spooky-like in flavors of unforgotten Fritz-friend from great white 1950's Chicago city, and I went in and by God by God there he was, old Fritz, west from Chi town, drinking and shouting and sweating like a porcine Mt. Vesuvius and everybody just sitting around spellbound watching and listening and smelling, and the whole group was just crazy in there digging each other.

I went over by the old brown bar, worn down by so many million cool Understanding hands and clapped him on the shoulder, thinking, "Man I've just hit My Town and already I see God and here he is and he is mine, and for Christ sake he knows me and we went down to Mexico together and took turns laying that crazy little Juanita-Mi chick who was half Mexican and half Chinese and half God knows what else, and sure enough old God hisself turns round and takes one long look at me and shivers a little, like he suddenly sobered up, and squints and stops sweating like somebody threw a switch, and he says, bless his crazy wild coronary contraption, "Hey shit it's you Jack! Man have I been just Existing to see you again old buddy let me introduce you to my little crowd here (gesticulating with his bandaged middle finger at the little crowd all amazed that somebody walks in and really knows this wildman of digging and knowing and eating all there is to possibly swallow in this purple world of feeling) whom I've told you all about and you couldn't ever believe in a guy so much the source of the Greatness and Everythingness of it all this is the guy yes it's him, yeah, man, oh! yes, Jock Carrowayseed, he's God! he's God!"

I'm a little embarrassed because I don't know all these cats who have been absorbing Fritz for so long and I sit there wondering for a while if they could assimilate me that is to say adapt their manner, like Thinking

to my way of it, and finally I perk up and say (to the little crowd out there) “Yeah, I’m here alright whatahyugot?” and with that I begin to remember the fantastic historic unprecedented stuff I’ve got to tell old Fritz about the trip across the crazy American nightroad of roar and wind, and how the rockies yes the National Divide are all still there, and everything, and suddenly it all pours out of me so fast all I can do is talk and I tell him and them, because they’re there, I tell all of it in one flood of manic madness and each detail is so crazy and unique and full of Feeling and Happening that I just go on and on completely carried away and the bunch of guys just sits there and watches in wonder as their God (and mine) just sits along with them and listens to me running on about this little hotspot outside Reno where the fat rich ratfinks set up their legal residences for a day or two so they can ditch their links with some hep chick who’s gone off to a new hustler gig with some bigger backyard and just as dirty an azzhole and all this time everybody just sits and listens and I begin to feel like old Jock again and forget all the crap about citizens and capitols and newspapers, masks, infection vectors, patient one, and matrices of dope and junk and the opiate fogs, and for a while we all live through the chain of black nights and creamy girls out of highschool and gallons and gallons of hootch and living and living and Living.

When it’s all over, some day, that night or another, and a dozen others, we just sit and stare around at the bar and the floor and the same guys (even a few more now) and then we look at each other and realize how great it all is and start laughing and carrying on and if you’ve ever heard old Fritz laugh you’ll know you can’t ignore it and it all caught on and we sat around and laughed for God knows must have been another hour or an eternal dawn before we remembered where we were and began drinking again and finally soaked up enough Hotstuff to bed us down for the nightstand. So we stagger up to a guy’s place, a real cat who digs like one of us with a little hifi and jazz records nobody’s ever dug since 1936 and we sack out sprawled all over the place and still soaking up a little bit more Knowing until the sun starts pissing off the night and letting up the perfect drapes and stuff of dark privacy.

All this greatness went on for three weeks just drinking and talking and me digging Fritz and Fritz digging old me and everybody hanging around and throwing in little helps like young Chick who keeps telling

us about his first lay and his first fistfight and his first reefer and first everything then starts in on his second this and his second that and we laughed and listened and didn't give a damn if he was a young kid cause he wasn't the typing fink who sat around in his own dirt all the time and made like a thinking or something impossible and stoic and existential not caring (or at least so pretending) how anything goes on or giving anything value and real Consideration. So all this went on for three weeks and every night we'd all pile into Juke's old Chrysler (that crazywild Jesus Chrysler New Yorker) and bomb down to some new frantic high hole and watch the other people in the world and then we'd drink ourselves back to the apartment and sack out all over the floor around sunrise and sleep all day except maybe to get some dime coffee around the corner in a frenetic little place called Niki's and then just sit around and talk and sleep and wait for that wild American night to come swooping around to bury us and buoy us and bear us up again.

So I'm leading up with all of this to the final realization, the big-head kahuna, the fat city cyclone of grok, that last ending grand finale finish to this long crazy trek, this blood-born involuntary lifeseach virus for the It, the Knowable, the End, the grand terminus of all the bumming and drinking nowhere, the Omphalos place where you simply Exist and Understand with a full knowing of the All, all the All, the exploding reality in the world, and it comes to you, it breaks like a blue sunami, and it represents to you, it paints the glow of life and death and sex and booze and love and everything in the whole God Blessed superfluid cauldron of bubbling life!

So it comes to me. I'm walking down Santa Monica and Fritz is with me with his bandaged middle finger and we're sober as saints for a golden moment, and carrying this really jive-ass conversation about Thorn, old bonkers Thornton from Before, who gets the craziest God-rays out of his pot when he's really gone on the stuff and starts reciting poetry off the top of his head and playing his trumpet and singing and creating like nothing anybody's ever seen before and we would all just sit around in awe and watch him and dig and listen — so we're talking about this cat and walking down Santa Monica and looking around for some young legs and a good piece of ass to follow or just wish about when suddenly I'm not talking, not thinking thinking, just sort of being all about this inevitable soup of sex

and love and life and juice and it hits me, and I realize then and there that Something Final happened.

Fritz looks at me knowing I'm coming and he stops walking and we stare at each other and I just think "I," and I remember the mountains and the road the endless road through the American night and the mares and waves of the Monterey peninsula and the crazy nights alone up there in Martinbeck's cabin with the ghosts and thoughts of death and zen creeping around like melting cabbage leaf and I say to the dogs around by the ship that there's nothing underneath it all, a table set with treetops and bleached blond nebulae with overstuffed understanding and Knowing and jiva screaming (or wanting also) that this is It! and the world can only ocean this and that without ever completely Seeing how that is Bleeding Now, and going and coming with all kinds of everyone and dirty azzoles and hootch and only remember death because because because, and life to only see in that dead field of shining little people and tiny mobs unbounded microbes and total anaxagoras with simple sumps and three-toed middletons and you can't help but deny and kiss wombs in sunlight of When and But it's (it is) YesYes, Yes.