

# Execution

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so, the story goes that,  
life is supposed better as you go along, or at least, maybe more organized and  
even start to make some sense somehow, some way assumes some k-k-k-kind of a ffff-kin  
rational form, like a ledger book, you know at least orderly!!!,is that too much to ask  
–but you know, sometimes  
it just doesn't,–sometimes  
there is a ghost that comes to live in the machine, a ghost that doesn't like  
ledgers with neat little line items of rehearsed memory in a cramped scrawl,  
and prefers the eternally adolescent supernoval teenage acne,  
things that just explode into space, like  
-- a great messy derogatory firecracker stuck in the ass of time, but then  
at some point, there are the dead ends, the events like  
painting Pollack pieces that go shooting off in all directions,  
hither , thither, cartwheeling and trailing great clouds of seminal seismic smoke and  
plumes of awkward direction and screaming staticky portraits and fffhsssst–nothing!  
Just awkward silence flung onto the bright canvas of the skies of tomorrow,  
on commercial free T.V.  
ahhh, sorry I shouldn't abbreviate, (so I have been told),  
like the technology clouds spritzing the cold sky with frozen Challenger,  
or red rockets glaring bb-b-b-bombs bursting from the deeps of space  
then fading to the backdrop of foreign twinkles,  
then bursting again in the rear of the patriotic yogurt truck of mind in  
particolored sprinkles.

Life was like this, then, an explosion and then some forty years in the desert, with no yogurt, no  
spritzing rite of spring, killed--, a wasteland of increasing silence, increasing gloom,  
waiting for one more spark to ignite space, to billow up from the surcease of passions  
a match to light the last fart of love,--  
wept or swept onto neat cobbled streets and frost heaved sidewalks, each breath inhaled from  
tailpipe exhaust crouching below the synagogue of my tongue  
from between teeth, from between the cracks from between teats of serious Thelonial myths  
and riffs painted across white muthafuggin dismembered buildings,  
yeah, 'Lulu's back in Town', and its Pattersonian monks  
and only the steady thump, thump, thumping humming of a half thought out bass obligato  
as the pale fingers of fate skate across the keyboard of, unh, unh unh,  
and maybe its upstairs, or maybe they are, or singing  
'Lulu's back in Town'  
and the yellow petticoats of the mind's architecture,  
neatly laid out beneath a story no one told and never could

Camp Elliot was the summer camp for the Ethical Culture Society of New York. What is ethical  
culture? Nobody seemed to know. We knew only that the pater-nosters were not cold scripture  
infused distant men with grey beards but fiercely rational and eminently approachable modern  
individuals who no one knew really well but everyone seemed to know sort of. It was sort of a  
religion without god, but with a bunch of interesting midwestern looking nice guys instead,

though god was welcome should he have nothing to do on a Friday night but to rant at my Ethical Culture which was also it seemed the culture of women with inexplicably big tits or expensive braces and tightfitting knit tops, and for a shy fourteen year old, either would do, to push off the balcony of my mind out into space, or be pushed either for staring at his tits, or hers or just for her greeting, just in case, a flight of which I have not memory, occurred, only to, the smug smiling push from the diving board of the tent's lip in space and then, -earth, ground and oh yeah, my head hurts, not even from consciously looking but just sort of bemused by the interesting proximity and angle from which this was a new thing.

And yeah, if god was really, really busy, the there were other people you really wanted to talk they were all there too, like Paul Krassner from the flag splayed Realist with his tight black hair and scar, he showed up, yeah and cool people like who were not musicians, and who were not artists, and who were not creators in any way except eminently, -ethical and they were the reasoning minds of the generation of the unreasoning rebellion of a generation we all felt but could not define.

The camp itself was run by Doug and Adele Frazier and their 'menage-a-dog' of Dobermen Pinschers. And they were also just such 'nice ole'' people, with Doug pushing his sixties with a bemused smile and who might have been a cleaned up bulldozer operator or just a clerk in a all night deli or even an ex tap dancer, you couldn't tell, not really, and Adele, you know she wore those riding pants that flared out at the top but not velvet, corduroy and golden boy, and Russ Neufeld, he was the amoral, working class poet skinny with brillo hair, self appointed companion of the camp lonely hearts, older by only some three gigantic years and I don't know why we were all shocked when we heard some years later that he had ordered Susie G. DeGelsey to strip in his little bedroom partitioned off from the barn, while the girl counselors were teaching collage and crafts in the basement below, and the hell that would rain on him was an echo of that which would later rain on me, cause even those who had no way of knowing if they were an actor or the audience or just another wiseass jewboy who was by order by the Fuerher compelled to view the work shirted german booty and the thought of the pot o' gold and or maybe it wasn't even the freakish swiss cheese or the fondue cooked in the ritzy upper east side apartment where we all remet under sallow light but then and there in the freakish production of "Waiting for Godot" and as if for a fourteen year old there were not enough things already left unexplained, that this guy never even showed up at all!!!, -and yes everyone seemed in on the joke but me, but then, after the play was over and everyone left, I sat there in the gloom, -still waiting, still hoping, -because I had no way of knowing whether I was an actor or the audience in that neutrino laden soup of and 'thenandthere' and there was Aurelius drunkenly f.ing the Econoline Van in the middle of the night and not someone in the van but the van itself and me wrestling Russ and 'winning!' -yes 'winning!' and none of this, none of this could be explained in the least except that it was some part of some cosmic spinning protoenergy forcefield that was careering off, going to give birth to not only the universe but the weirdest ten years America had ever seen, and we her children, were just getting a preview.

And that maybe, that was it. Now that I think of it. Of the waiting, the endless waiting, for something, someone, some thing who would never come, -and again, that was probably Aurelius as well but then again it all seemed like they were already there, humping the tailpipe of destiny,

waiting for the backfire of Vietnam to burn your dick off, –but we were all only there on lease from some, heavenly insane circus like the giant puppets that lay inexplicably on the ground near Kfar Saba.

And then Dylan went electric. And Molly's in the basement, thinking bout the government And some gloated and then some fainted. Me,– I lay in the silent wool scratchy bed right next to the couple hoping that it was not someone who I knew, but it was, with Bob, there making out, and her and me so jealous I could not even move, and Dylan was on Highway 61 and the Vietnamese were there taking revenge on jewboys and even jewboys from Hibbing's Minnesota with perpetual frozen shrugs and the holy ones who had actually touched the holy German booty, and the fathers who were black and the doctors who were black even in that years before Civil Rights, and even smarter and much smartair (really) and smarter than we could even be, –and nicer and who, who whoaa, hoaaa,– and Bobby whose smile was more a snarl than a smile, and whose name was not McGee maybe that was what she saw in him, the ineffable cruelty of humor, –the inscrutable, electrification of desire.

Then one day we all walked down to Jeffersonville, and it was so funny, because here we were, hungry, veterans, ex-inmates of the big bang and the big band, and indeed “Lulu was back in Town” and not only back in town but having a soda at the Rexall drug store there in calm Jeffersonville, whose phlegmatic residents it seemed barely noticed us, us creatures from a quantum reality of electric-non-electric shocking, coma inducing book black doctor, vanfucking, workshirt fantasies of collage stripping and Vietnam coming, –and we were just a bunch of kids from the crackpot camp up the hill. And Jeffersonville, it was not even laughing, but was just like frozen, frozen before there was frozen yogurt, like that one moment in the explosion when everything just seems to stop, –and go verry slowwwwwly, and every thing seemss soooo clllearr because who's in a rush to die anyway, –and who is in a rush to go back anyway, –and so what if we were strange, and well, –what the heck, I'll just have me a soda pop and hold the sprinkles.

And Dan Gellert, the verifiablefreakin' banjo genius, with his own curlier brand of black hair sat there in the barn with Earl with his giant beard who was playing Mandolin and baby faced Dave Schnaider with that juicytone fat Gibson just wailing these bluegrass tunes, and bouncing up and down and grinning like a pregnant white whale in an easy swell and me with my dinky Arty and Happy Traum, learn to play like Mississippi John Hurt, paint by number book gripped between my peanut butter slippery fingers and with the Guild D-50 with the crack below the pickguard (cause it was fifty bucks cheaper at Sam Ash), just staring and kind of cowering, staring at these muthas with my tongue hanging out of my head like a certified Ken Kesey looney, flying over the cuckoo nest, –and I for sure had not mutha seen nothing like freakin' that! And I knew, I just knew I was never goin' to be half as good as these guys, nomatter how long I tried.

Yeah, –it was going to be quite a summer. Then like a hammerlock, it occurred to me, yes,

goddamit, I couldn't pick like Schnaider or seduce and write pomes like Russ or even think like Paul Krassner, or be homey and folsky like Doug and Adele or be cruel and humorous or even cruelly humorous like Bob, but goddammit, I could do something, -I just had to figure out what. So like Milarepa, I retreated to the hillside to spend my days in a tent, just trying to figure it out, figure out what it was that I was supposed to be so goddam good at that it sent shockwaves through the ligature of the harmonic spyres that formed the architecture of my dark imaginings about the future. And you know, I couldn't— then Michael Goldenberg, sauntered up the hill, with his barely pubescent sideburns and buck tooth sincerity and he sat down like a disciple at my feet where I sat crosslegged, and looked at me like I was some kind of oracle, like I was gonna give him the lowdown, the freakin' ass grabbin truth about life, and he, I knew had been Vladimir to my Pozzo and I thought , why is he askin' his freakin' dog about the "Truth of Life" what does his freakin' dog know about "THAT". And the answer came quietly,-nothing,- that it was just a scam and that Michael, he knew it was just a scam and he was looking for someone to tell him no MAN!,-it's a scam!,-and I thought that there was something on that hill besides the crushed grass where I had made out with Jane Hudson one starlit night with my finger creeping under her bra, that meant something to me. And you know? there wasn't.

And one day they piled us all in the back of the van, and the rest in the pickup truck and Aurelius, grinning golden Aurelius drove the Econoline and we made a bee line up past Jeff, past the quiet mailboxes of Ellenville, to see the JOHNSON. The great JOHNSON, where the crowds lined the streets, and they handed us the signs the girls had painted up on cardboard in the crafts room underneath the barn and they said "1234, we don't want your stinkin War" and 'Hey LBJ How many kids did you kill today"and other slogans not really on the list of the Ellenville's Chamber of Commerce approved list of slogans for that day, and we lined the streets like it was some party, and god!, was that fun!, and we were havin' all this fun and being ethically cultured and it then dawned on us somewhere, -that somebody somewhere was maybe, -exploding in the sky or on the ground into red yogurt sprinkles. But heyyy! You can't stop progress you know. And the ride back was long, really long, and when we got back, I went to Russ' room to see if maybe Susie Gee DeGelsey was there and she wasn't, so we just drank a beer and then after a while I had to pee. And you know I was just tired, and to walk to the latrines? man they stunk and it was dark and they were far away and I just stuck my wiener through a knothole in the side of the room and took a whiz. Five minutes later there was a knock on the door and Jane Hudson who did not look very happy stood there with her hair wet, with her girlfriend yellin' at us'. They had been down in the basement putting away the signs "What are you assholes doing!!" And then I was really embarassed for only the second time in my life, because even though I was now ethically cultured, I was still a goddam inconsiderate asshole and I thought how wrong Mike Goldenberg had been to look up to Pozzo,-who after all just peed anywhere when he felt like it and I thought, please god,-just kill me now,-Lulus back in town. And, ya know? maybe he did.

