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435 W22 [illegible]

pt. EE (1972)

WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM?

D.J.

"He's evil"

"Well,-now," said Mrs. Jethroe,

(points to Mrs. Jethroe)

the mother of this extraordinary late adolescent,

(points to himself)

who is 16, and sometimes appears to be twice that age, the one who calls himself D.J., "well-now," said she, "what am I going to do with D.J.? The boy needs to be-spanked. I would just as soon spank a puma. He's evil," said Mrs. Jethroe to her psychiatrist,

(points to the psychiatrist)

who is a Jewish fellow, nothing other, working his ass off in Dallas, which means so to speak that he must spend eight to ten clammy periods of fifty minutes each listening to Dallas matrons complain about the sexual habits of their husbands, all ex hot rodders, hunters, cattlemen, oil riggers, corporation gears and insurance finks, zap! Well, like every one of these bastards (as Mrs. Jeth -- call her Death-row Jethroe -- might say when her breath is big! like the bottom of a burnt-out bourbon barrel) well, every one of these bastards has the sexual peculiarities of red-blooded men, which is to say that one of them can't come unless he's squinting down a gunsight, and the other won't produce unless his wife sticks a pistol up his ass -- that man is of course a cop. If the psychiatrist wasn't such a fink and such a nice Jewish fellow-type as to be working for the general good and wheel of society, and if he wasn't afraid of drilling a little career-and-cancer piss right into the heart of Texas, he would write this book about the ejaculatory jump habits of cops, big ass Southern red neck cops all bullwhipped and bullshitted up into putteez, son, they come more ways - I froth at the mouth, said the killer, but don't think it's [illegible] spit. Well, what's to say, D.J.'s mother, Death-row Jethroe, is the prettiest little blonde you ever saw (looks like a draw between young Katherine Anne Porter and young Clare Boothe Luce, whew) all perfume snatchy poo, appears twenty-five, is forty-five, airs, actually

humors, curl to her mouth, half Texas ass accent, half London wickedness, trill and thrill, she's been traveling around the world, Heartache House in Bombay and Freedom House in Bringthatpore, shit, she's been getting cunt-tickled and fucked by all the Class I Dongs in Paris and London, not to mention the upper dedicated pricks of Rome and Italy while her hus, big daddy Rusty Jethroe, is keeping up the corporation end all over the world including Dallas, Big D, Tex. That's some-ond, son, Big-N we call it. D.J.'s father, Big Daddy, old Rusty, has got the dynamite. He don't come, he explodes, he's a goyser of love, hot piss, shit, corporation pus, hate, and heart, baby, he blasts, he's Texas willpower, hey yay!

Yeah, D.J.'s father, the cream of corporation corporateness, Rutherford David Jethroe Jellicoe Jethroe, came back to Dallas after spending twelve years off and on moving around the world for Central Consolidated Chemical and Plastic, CCCP being what the boys called it till they found out the Red-ass Russians had their Communist Party initials CCCP, so they changed the name, they called it Central Consolidated Combined Chemical and Plastic, the new coagulation of title now being CCCCP or as the team began to say, 4C and P, which is an unhappy conjunction since how much can you foresee before you get -- well, they say people in the Corporate life shoot their urine straighter than a '03 Springfield, we ain't Wasp-like for nothing, y' hear Rangoon? So back came Rusty after twelve big years in the foreign ass vineyards setting up operations for Double CC and Plastic, as he called it, his other fond name being Central-Consolidated, cause they call it that too out where the reindeer run and the flying fishes try out their flying CIA fucks past Mandalay.

this was a terrible day in Texas the night they found out

have to

Back came Rusty to Dallas to head Pew Rapports -- the filter with the purest porosity of purpose -- and Rusty was a heroic-looking figure of a Texan, 6½, 194, red-brown lean keen of color, eyes gray-green-yellow-brown which is approved executive moderate shit hue color for eyes if you want to study corporation norms mores and tempos of shift and success in massive organizational configurations, and since he was big exec, what do you think he look and talk like? Well Clara, go to the rear of the line, he look like a high-breed crossing between Dwight D. Eisenhower and Henry Cabot Lodge, what the buns do you think a corporation exec is going to look like if he got the time to make his face grow the way he want it to grow during all the Fifties while he's overseas, I mean what face did he ever see more of than Dwight D., and Henry C. working his axe, at the U.N. these corporation eggzex are full of will, man, they're strong as bulls these hide-ass Waspy mules with their silvy rim specs, I mean they go direction they want to go, their hair too curly

they go bald, their nose too long, they sniff it up, their lips too fat, forget it, we're talking about the wrong man, they tie that nice dry-oiled West Point ramrod to their back just like they're a tomato plant on a stick, I mean they grow into a bat's ass if it help our astronauts along, Rusty ~~and his~~ Cal ~~Life is hard-working. He~~ zip that corporation fly, dig while working as executive, and/or director, and/or special adviser and/or consultant and/or troubleshooter and/or organizer and/or associate of, and/or paid employee for the 4C and P, the CIA, the C of C, the FBI, ~~the~~ the ADA, ~~the~~ the DAR ~~the ADA (yeah, he gives contribs there too right under the table. (Rusty Johnroe and Letterhead America are Up Tight)~~ the Policemen's Benevolent Society, the John Birch, natch, the Dallas Citizens Council for Infighting and Inflicting Symphonic Music, the Benevolent Order of Oilwell Riggers Driilers and Roughnecks, the Warren Commission Boosters, the President's Thousand Dollar Club, the Gridiron Club, the UIA and 4A of D, that is the Underwriters, Insurance Agents and Actuarial Agents Association of America and Dallas, the ~~NYSE (that's Stock Exchange, Skeezix) the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith, a passing honor they gave him, totally honorary, believe you,~~ the RELM Cons - the Rotary, Elks, Lambs, Mmms Consolidated for corporation studs who jes ain't got the time to spread out so they put it all in one dead fuck building -- and the Republican Party, not to mention the Second Congregated Anglo Episcopal and Conjoint Presbyterian Clutch and Methodist Church of Maltby Avenue, Dallas (that's St. Martin's, you faggot!) and the Gourmet Wine and Pate Plate and Fork Society. Forget the country clubs unless you like to read lists, the Dallas Elm and Tree Club, the Dallas Cowboy Turtle Creek Cheering and Chowder, TCU Boosters, SMU Boosters, the Gala Ring and Ranch, ~~Eddie Bonetti's~~ Country Club, take it from D.J., forget this shit. If Rusty was to run around all year, which he does, he still couldn't get his dick in every door for which he's got a card, you know, even Diner's Club, Carte Blanche, American Express, Rusty's a pig! he's a real pig, man! It was all that dried-out sun-baked smoked jerkin of meat his cowboy fore-ass bears used to eat, I mean, man, they used to use that hide for everything before they'd eat it, they'd swap out their mare's dock with it, wipe their own ass with it, pick up the pus from the corner of their eye, blow their nose, mop the piss off their boots, even use that dry old piece of meat to wrap around their dick for stuffing when they want to sodomize a real big fat black cow, why, they repaired holes in their chaps with it, they used to have to beat it with a hoe handle before they could even cook it and fry it in axle grease. I mean, man they were kind of tough. So, no wonder Rusty's a pig. His cells are filled with the biological inheritance and trait transmissions of his ancestors, all such rawhide, cactus hearts, eagle eggs, and coyote. Now, Rusty rolls that Chateau Lafite-Mouton-Rothschild around his liver loving lips, and he can

tell 49 from 53 from 59, all the while thinking of 5ixty
6 and 9. He sings the song of the swine, D.J.'s
daddy, nice fellow actually. Also forgot to mention
he's an unlisted agent for Luce Publications,
American Airlines Overseas Division, and the IIR --
the Institute for International Research -- shit!,
Spy Heaven they ought to call it.

Does this idyll of family life whet your curiosity, flame your balls, or sour your spit? But hush you now. Think no longer of Rusty. The real stuff is turning on. Her princess-ship, Alice Hallie Lee Jethroe is speaking to her Doc, Clam Fink, the Texas Hehe Jew, actually his name is Leonard Levin Fichte Rothenberg, pronounced by all big mind Texans as Linnit Live'n Finit Rottenbug.

HALLIE

~~Well now~~, Lionhard, will you jes take a fix on what D.J.
~~dear Ranald~~ has to say ~~about everything~~? It's enough to make a mother wipe up Aunt Jemima's puke. For I love him like a jewel even if he is a thief. But he's out of his mind. Poor sad little fellow. He's so delicate and beautiful even if he is barmy as a barmaid.

ROTHENBERG

Hallie, let's adjust our sense of the real. Ranald's delicacy and beauty are memory engravings, perhaps are chromosomal etchings, RNA, DNA, RNA, DNA, one for the left eye, one for the right.

HALLIE

RNA, DNA, RNA, DNA.

ROTHENBERG

The facts are these: Your son, Ranald, is six feet one at the age of eighteen, and is considered highly attractive by ~~xxxx~~ his social compeers, as well as mean and vicious.

HALLIE

He read the Marquis de Sade at the age of fifteen.

ROTHENBERG

And the drug addict William Burroughs, whome personally I can't see as a talent, I mean give me a hot pastrami sandwich, is now his hero.

HALLIE

Do you mean the Hot Pastrami, Live'n Fixit?

ROTHENBERG

No, sir, I mean William Burroughs. Adjust your sense of the real, Alice Hallie Lee Jethroe, the time has come to program out your attutudes. I saw Ranald at your request, he was recalcitrant, charming, gracious, anti-Semitic, morally anesthetized, and smoldering with presumptive violence, a host of incense, I mean incest fixes, murder configurations, suicide sets, disembowelment diagrams and diabolism designs, mandalas! Face into the eye of the real, Hallolujah, he' s a humdinger of a latent homosexual highly over-heterosexual with onanistic narcissistic and sodomistic overtones, a choir task force of libidinal cross-hybrided vectors.

HALLIE

He has high-breed vectors all rights, he's got the cunningest ancestry, in fact, cause we're on my mother's side from the Norloins.

ROTHENBERG

New Orleans?

HALLIE

Yis, from Norlins, the Norlins Frenchy Montesquious and the Bat Fartsmotherers.

(seeing that Levin Fichte is living on her word, she just knocks over a bottle of one of his urine specimens, adieu albumen!)

Mon Doo Ginsberg, you're sure full of shit for a doctor, don't y'know there are no fine Southern families called Fartsmotherer? Lord knows we ain'ttthat fucking stupid, why even British county stock wouldn't be called Fartsmothererormaybe Assknocking, but not the other, you can't analyze me Living Fichte if you don't know things like that, oh poo I wish you was an Italianate Jew, all earthy and Levantine and suave and had a cunt-tickler of a mustache, instead of your clammy cold Lithuanian brow, what are you, a Talmud hokum? speak up, ass, I just wish you was good enough to kiss my sweet perfumed powdered old pooty-toot, hey Linnit? am I getting out

my egressions now?

ROTHENBERG

I would not call them agressions so much as identity crises.

HALLIE

Oh, poo, let me tell you about the Montesquious. Half-Portuguese, half-French, all that hot crazy blood packed one-quarter into me, for the other half of my mother was just straight Arkansas mule, the Mulies, why they the richest family in Arkansas then, hot out of Peezer, Arkansas, and they used rat paper for tar paper on the Chic Sale, that's how benighted was their latrine, army folk of course, the MacArthurs used to kiss their ass. And my daddy, well he was just a lover of a husband to my ma, and he must have had a dick on him like a derrick, do I shock you, Dr. Jew?

ROTHENBERG

To my cornplasters.

HALLIE

Oh, Linnit, you'll be the death of me yet. Listen to this old hen cackle. Well, Daddy was Indian for sure, and he had a personal odor like hot rocks in the sun which is in me all mixed with the fine sauces of Franco-Portuguese Montesquiou rut -- I mean you should smell my armpits, noxious to some, a knockout to others, I keep them perfumed of course, we want no barmaid's fatal scent on Hallie Jethroe, so I wash, Dr. Rothenberg, three times a day, I don't want nothing but a soupcon of my good sweet crazy full-blooded woman's scent on the breeze off my knees, just enough for to keep the breed alive, talk of high-breed vectors, ~~well, my own sweet husband, Big Daddy, David Rutherford Jethroe Jellicoe Jethroe, Rusty, is just as high-breed~~ as you want, I can't even follow Rusty's family, they're all marshals, and bastards and cowboys, and one desperado, and one railroad tycoon, and one professor at Harvard, first Texas professor they ever had in ~~Upper Clam City, near Clamsville, which is what I call Harvard, now Linnit, you're a Harvard man, tell me~~ straight and clear what I am going to do with Ranald, ~~he's insane, that boy, and he looks just like George Hamilton the actor, who I think is Instant Heaven, he's so brood-looking, yes, there's something Hebrew about Ranald, he's so big and dark and mysterious for~~ eighteen,

Linnit

Rip Torn

just know unlike you, dear Jew, you Talmid hokum, you clammy Have-it grit, I suppose I now have to pony up my fifty dollars for the hour.

ROTHENBERG

Madame, youoowe me eleven hundred and fifty.

HALLIE

You'll have to bust a nut to get it, Rottenbug.

ROTHENBERG

I'll torture you, I love torturing gentile females. All that white buttermilk flesh. Yum, yum. Yum, yum, yum.

D.J.

Hey, hey, they really talk that way? That little blond lady, Hallie-perfume and powder on the poo -- she talk that way? And Rottenbug going yum yum yum -- is he out of his fucking skull? Wait and see. Nobody's got any OK patience any more, just cannibals asking for chocolate on their stick -- how the hell do you know what Hallie's saying to Linnit and Fixit saying back? Wait and see? You know what they're doing. They're talking about Tex, Tex Hyde, Gottfried "Texas" Hyde Junior, that's D.J.'s best friend, and know what, get that drop of cream off your jeans before you grow hair in your hand, this is the pitch, Tex is half-German and half-Indian on his father's side, Redskin and Nazi all in one paternal blood, and his mother, well, bless his mother, Tex Hyde's mother is jos old rawhide Texas ass family running back thru fifty-two shacks where in each shack the beans in the pot have been stuck on blacky inside side of the pot for six weeks -- those beans look like gravel, Marshal Boan -- yeah, Tex's mother runs fifty-two shacks right back to the Alamo where all old saddlesore real Texas ass families run back to, why lick the scab on LBJ's knee if one-tenth of all the Dallas ass families that go back to the Alamo was really there, they'd have all drowned in shit they were so congested and Santa Ana could have thrown his marijuana seed on the top and there'd be a forest of hemp now right in the heart of Texas.

Well, Tex Hyde, he's a mother fucker, sell you pot was grown on human shit, and he nothing but D.J.'s best friend. And they are terrible together. Listen to Halleloo. Her tone is full of hell right now, Line It With Hot Bugs is shifting in horror in his seat, cause Halleloo is talking in her bitchy boozy voice

which means don't come near unless you can steer your prick like a whip and French tickler all in one,worm! women know which man has got the spring and who and which is the unfortunate dead ass, here is her words:

HALLIE

Tex Hyde is the son of an undertaker, I mean think of that, a Montezquiou Jellicoe Jothroe a-whopping around with a Kraut mortician's offspring, and all that bastard Indian Hyde blood in the background, firewater and dirty old Englishoil, Indians unless they're descended from my daddy's lines, and never you mind what it was, don' ask if it's Navajo, Apache, or any of those Jew-shit questions, you anthropologist manque, you fuckless wonder listening to the sex'l habits of all us mule-ass Texans, ought to get your ears wiped out Dr. Fink Lenin Rodzianko whateva your name is, an Indian don't tell the secret of his name in a hurry to strangers like you, Clam Grits from Harvard Square, why, honey, that Tex Hyde don't have Eenyen blood like my daddy and my Rusty's daddy's daddy, no,.it's just the sort of dirty vile polluted cesspool Eenyen blood like Mexican -- you know just a touch of that Latin slicky shit in it, vicious as they come, and mated up, contemplez-vous, to fatty Bavarian oonshick and poonshick jawohl furor lemme kiss your dirty socks my leader, can you imagine? the filthiest of the Indians and the slimiest of red hot sexy ass Nazis intercoursing each other, mating and breeding to produce Tex Hyde who grows up in his daddy's big booming business which is stuffing corpses and doing God knows what to their little old pithy bowels and their dropped stomachs and whatever else corpses got which must be plenty or why pay thousands of dollars for a funeral unless it's a fumigation, hey Tonto? and that boy growing up there comes out like a malevolent orchid in a humus pile, or a black panther, that's what he is, black panther with all his black panther piss, I'm dreaming of him, Linnit, and so is my son, the black puma, he's got my son who's just as beautiful as George Hamilton and more clean-cut swearing by him, the pumaand thepanther, I think they took the vow of blood, cut their thumbs and ran 'em around the rim of some debutante's pussy, after the way these kids now live there ain't much left for them but to gang fuck tastefully wouldn't you say, speak up, Linnit?

ROTHENBERG

Now, Hallie, I know you're not going to listen to me.

HALLIE

But I am, my dear. I fully intend to, Linnit?

ROTHENBERG

Yes, milady.

HALLIE

Tell me I've been ladylike. I know I haven't. I know I've been outre and spouting great clouds of baloney from innerspace, I mean you might think my language was the proper vocabulary for a roughneck or a driller, but I adore you, Linnit, cause you got a kind Jewish heart and I always said when Hitler killed the Jews, half the kindness went out of the world.

ROTHENBERG

Now tell me he shoulda killed the other half.

HALLIE

Heh heh, heh heh. Gallows humor, Linnit.

D.J.

Just listen to that Hallie. My poor old Dada He got all the burden of one man's family. Yeah, brood on what Rusty broods about.

Yeah, the time is soon coming when fornication will be professional athletics, and everybody will watch the national eliminations on TV. Will boys like D.J. and Tex be in the finals with a couple of Playboy bunnies or black ass honeys? well, shit-and-sure, fifty thousand major league fuckers will be clawing and cutting to get in the big time to present their open flower petal pussy, or hand-hewn diamond tool and testicles in happy magnification by Color Vision RCA. Only thing holding this scheme back is the problems of integration. What if the Spades run away with the jewels? Not to mention all the wet pussy in America. Think of that in Color TV -- all the purple majesty, if they do, America'll really be looking for a white hope, huh.

Of course, I'll be having to watch. Oh, the ignominy. Just stick my middle-age dick against the screen. Yeah, the twentieth century is breaking up the ball game: (1) The women are free. They bed down

with too many to believe one man can do the job. (2) the Niggers are free, and the dues they got to be paid is no Texas virgin's delight.(3)The Niggers and the women are tooling each other. (4) The Yellow races are breaking loose. (5) Africa is breaking loose. (6) The adolescents are breaking loose including my own son. (7) The European nations hate America's guts. (8) The products are no fucking good anymore.(9) Communism is a system guaranteed to collect dues from all losers. (9a) More losers than winners in the world. (9b) and out: Communism is going to defeat capitalism, unless promptly destroyed. (10) a. Sexual intercourse is king. b. Jerk-off dances are the royal road to sexual intercourse. c. I am no great jerk-off dancer. d. I am thereby disqualified from playing King Fuck. (11) Therefore, I am fucked.

ROTHSNBERG

Hallie, are you saying you've got to separate those boys?

HALLIE

I know, I know. But they're stuck to each other like ranch dogs in a fuck. Hunting together, playing football together on the very same team, riding motorcycles together, holding hands while they ride, studying karate together, I bet they can't even get their rocks off unless they're put-putting in the same vaginal slime. I hope at least D.J. has got the taste and sentiment to be putting it in the young lady's vagina rather than going up her dirt-track where old Tex Hyde belongs (after all those bodies he helped his fat growing rich daddy embalm, baby) but kiss the lint from my navel, Linnit, a mother can't even be sure of that anymore, because, tiens, mon amour, I even heard of a debutante knock-up case where the boy who had to accept the onus of parenthood was one who had addressed himself to the fore, his buddy's lawyer got him to admit that cardinal fact by the following examination, "Would you, Son, be so filthy and so foul as to address yourself to a girl's daddy's dirt track." "Of course I wouldn't," said this idiot called Son, "do you think I'm a pervert?" "Well, my client is, would, and did," said the lawyer, "so you are the proud papa, the Brains rest," end of case.

ROTHSNBERG

Take the undertaker out of it, that's what disturbs your sense of peers and social compeers. A mortician is

at a social disadvantage in stable structurification of society, but it's not to be calibrated on a final scale. If Tex Hyde were the son of a normal occupation father, for instance if Gottfried Hyde Senior was straight corporation exec like Rusty.

HALLIE

No, no, no, Rottenbug, you're thinking like a tick again.

ROTHENBERG

Tell me why, pie.

HALLIE

Because Tex grew up an undertaker's son, fool! plunging his hands into dead people's vitals, picking up through his fingertips all sorts of black occult steamy little grimes of things, swamp music and black lightning and soundless thunder -- purple wonders, it's like sleeping the night in a rotten old stump -- who knows what song the maggots sing, and what aromatic intuitions inflame the brain. Herbs are the nerve to a fearsome underworld-- listen, baby, I didn't get fucked by Aleister Crowley for nothing, those passes at the Black Masses,...

(putting a gloved finger up to her dear chin)

D.J.

She is incidentally now lying her ass off because she's too young to know Aleister Crowley, but she's like her son, D.J., she's got to brag, better believe it.

Well, this has gone on long enough. Cause you ought to know who had produced this material. Color is rainbow. This has been D.J. presenting to you the private scene of his mother being psychoanalyzed by that clammy little fink, with occasional odd spotlights on his father, and if the illusion has been conveyed that my mother, D.J.'s own mother, talks the way you got it here, well little readster, you're sick in your own drool, because my mother is a Southern lady, she's as elegant as an oyster with powder on its ass, she don't talk that way, she just thinks that way! Do we understand each other now, son? You've had fun long enough. The serious shit soon starts. You're contending with a genius, D.J. is his name, only American alive who could outtalk Cassius Clay, that's lip, duck the blip, Orlando, it's right on your radar screen. Oueep, oueep!