

2-15-75 SINCE I LAST WROTE in this journal---this house is a sitting duck. Mother didn't want to put up grills or heavy screens because she didn't want to 'look out through bars', but I've got a security complex and lotsa paranoia, so I don't mind living in a luxurious prison...since I'll have the keys.

He now sleeps in "her" bed and I sleep in the black mahogany bed that had been in "his" room. The black bedroom set is much more masculine and suits me better. Augie doesn't care.

This large basement room is now completely given over to REG/SFR production.

Jerry and I have had word of the current true market value of this house: \$22,000. And after deducting the 7% fee a real estate agency would charge to sell the house, and after deducting the estimated probate costs (if we wished to sell the house to anyone outside the family), we arrived at \$20,000 as a fair price for my purchase of it.

Thus I get one-third of the \$20,000, Jerry one-third, and Darleane one-third. I have to pay them each about \$6,700.

There is slightly more than \$13,000 in the savings and loan accounts to divide.

The deal is that I pay Darleane her full amount and as much as I can to Jerry, subsequently paying him off monthly (with interest), while still retaining an emergency fund for myself.

But I believe I can ask my dad for a gift of \$3000, which would pay off Jerry and leave me enough to take care of taxes and provide the emergency fund a cautious man insists upon.

LAST WEDNESDAY Augie and I went to an iron-work shop near here and ordered heavy iron screens for the back door and rear windows---to make the rear and sides of the house extremely burglar-resistant. After that---depending on the money situation, I'll have the high kitchen windows "decorated" with wrought iron grills, along with the side dining-room and livingroom windows. Also on schedule are dead-bolt locks. As is,

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SFR #12 these last 13 days---running it off somehow on the increasingly skittish and idiosyncratic Gestetner....collating enough copies for the mailing.... And of course I ran off and assembled, addressed and mailed REG #1.

REG #1 surprised me. I thought 400 copies would be enough, but I underestimated the subscriptions and now have about ten copies left---with more subs drifting in every day. I'll clearly have to run another 100. Maybe I should run 200 against back issue orders....

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 * *****

I HAVE ELIMINATED the Grant Can-field heading for REG to use the space for text and because I don't want to have to run it separately again, two runs for the first page, each issue. Besides, the stencil didn't "burn" properly, and I don't feel it's worth another \$2.50 to try another. I'll use the illo as a photo-offset heading for a SFR/Richard E. Geis letterhead when I run out of IAC/Richard E. Geis letterheads.

I HAVE ABOUT DECIDED to go to photo-offset with SFR #13, too, with a second class mailing permit application and with a mailing sans envelopes. A heavy cover stock should be sufficient. With those savings the extra cost of photo-offset production is almost wiped out as opposed to mimeo.

YES, I SAW that Cher Special on TV a few days ago. All Cher has is that body and the guts to wear revealing gowns. As a singer she makes a good hog-caller.

United, she and Sonny were a funny, entertaining team. Divided, they each fall flat on their low-talent asses.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Let me write
 2-15-75 for you a
 short scenario:

I met a young woman through a singles contact magazine. She's about my age, slim, with a slightly protruberant stomach, not-pretty, not ugly. She is a writer.

At our first meeting we liked each other and after a few hours of talk about ourselves and our viewpoints, she asked me to kiss her.

We made love. She had said during our talk that she preferred french loving, and I was willing to go along with that. It was very much mutually satisfying.

We saw each other several times and made love each time... Then I discovered that she was writing a personal journal and selling copies to at least 400 people scattered around the country. Further, she was startlingly honest about herself and her life experiences in this journal. In fact, she had written of her time(s) with me!

This is what she wrote about me:
'D— is a nice guy, a little too self-conscious and alternately dominating and begging child, but interesting and worth knowing and keeping on the string. He's a very good tongue-man and I popped-off at least three times. He said I had a great mouth after I sucked him off. He is not afraid to make noise when he comes and wasn't shook when I did my moaning/screaming number during my orgasms. He says he's awkward socially, and I believe him: I don't think I'll take him to any of my friends' places for parties. He exaggerates his coordination handicap, but it's probably psychologically necessary to him, so let him have it.'

My reaction when I read that? At first I was scared of her; I'm not used to women that tough and sharp. I didn't care about her writing about me. I wanted to read her whole journal series. And I was grateful to her because it is very rare when anyone gets an honest assessment of themselves: the view from another mind, unvarnished, is both jolting and valuable...it can blow your mind and expand it.

Of course, the above didn't happen. But, God, how I wish it would. The point is—are there women who would react "my" way if they discover I write about them in this journal?

To what extent am I free to write of my experiences with others? How do I balance my rights and needs against their rights? Does the golden rule apply here?—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you?

Here's a quote from a book I'm reading:

'The art of overcoming obstacles is not a matter of morals but of character and consistency. We conquer trouble when we discover what we are like and decide to follow a way of life that matches our natures. Frustration appears if we live and act on half measures.'

—David Seabury, THE ART OF SELF-ISHNESS. (Pocket Books 78426, \$1.25)

That is Seabury's italicized words, not mine.

The key is to find out who you are! Then be yourself!

The danger is that you (and I!) may not be such nice people as we like to think. In fact, as my self-illusions peel away, I am being faced with the problem of self-acceptance. I am faced with the terrible "shoulds" of society: I should be this way, and should do those things, and should think these thoughts...

But I think I have something to give to you out there by being myself. And in this journal I am engaged in the long process of finding who and what I am and in letting you observe.

To a degree this is exhibitionistic—and to a degree commercial. And THAT isn't supposed to be nice. But it is part of me. I've got to have an audience (and got to messiahistically "help" that audience) and got to make a profit. ((Is 'messiahistically' a word??))

More and more I see that it does no good to try to be what I'm not, and it does a lot of good to let myself be what I am under the cracking facade of the should-be Geis.

The first loc I've gotten from a REG subber is from an Oregon man. He wrote in part:

'I do know, however, that each time I read one of your zines I do a little soul-searching of my own, perhaps just a bit more honestly than usual, in perhaps a different direction, under different light. Personally, I find that helpful.'

That makes me feel good. That makes the do-gooder in me glow. (While another part of me cringes and sneers.)

So okay, now I can get to—

A HEAVY HEAVY DATE that occurred this Thursday. In the mail on Monday, I think, I got a short letter from a woman named G—. She had gotten my name and P.O. box address from the friendly Introduction Service here in the Portland area. They advertise every day in the OREGONIAN classifieds. She gave her telephone number and said she was 'heavy set'. Didn't mention her age or height. Or weight.

I have a semi-hobby of trying to

analyze handwriting, especially that of women who write me. As I looked at G—'s writing I saw the deep, full y's and g's and p's and interpreted them to mean she was experienced/interested in the physical side of life. Her a's and o's were mostly open, unlocked, and that meant she would be open and honest about herself, be willing to talk, not secretive....

I called her. She had a sweet, soft, young voice, pleasant personality on the phone. She said she was 48 years old. We agreed to meet downtown on the corner of 6th and Yamhill—the center of the downtown district.

I got there early, she got there late. (She doesn't drive, neither do I.)

I was looking down Yamhill toward 5th when I heard her voice behind me: "Dick?"

I turned— She was very heavy, very plain, with greying hair. She looks old enough to be my mother. Glug. So what do you do? (In fact, she looks older than my mother, who to her dying day looked 15 years younger than her age—and while I'm at it: I came across a folder of old, old photos last week, and one of them taken in the thirties shows mom with six-year-old me...and she was a beautiful woman—having a stunning mother locked in my child's memory—cross linked with me the adult—must do something to my psyche; it must be why I switch into my Child often when I'm with a very attractive woman, and why I often beg for affection....)

I thought of taking her to lunch and perhaps gently easing out of it. But I finally suggested we take a bus to my home for lunch and talk. I could not hurt her. And at the same time I wanted...what? She didn't turn me on physically. (She is even heavier than C— at her heaviest. I think G— must weigh 250 pounds on a 5'3" frame.)

We got to my place here. I showed off the house, and Kookie the cat got friendly with her. And I made her a sandwich and served a piece of cake, milk. We talked and talked...

My analysis of her handwriting was correct; she was candid and honest a—

about herself. I learned her life history...about 95% of it, anyway.

(Generally speaking, if I talk with someone for a few hours alone I can come away with their life, character, personality, hopes and fears in my mental file. There are always secrets, of course—things they've done they're ashamed of—or things they think I'd think ill of them for having done.)

We sat side by side on the couch and I eventually asked if I could kiss her. She said yes.

Here I must admit I wasn't too enthused...but I had a what-the-hell attitude: I decided to go as far as I could with her, and if she was insulted and left in a huff, well...that's an easy way to end a meeting with someone you don't care to see again. It's a cop-out technique.

We kissed and she kissed nicely...and was turned on. I began to caress her and was stopped at certain places by a hand-on-wrist. She said she didn't go all-the-way at a first meeting. (Her shoulds operating.)

Yet I persisted—while kissing her and being my charming, persuasive best—and lo....she let me unbutton her dress and fondle her intimately.

After that to bed was a very cooperative move. There was no more reluctance or resistance on her part. She wanted it. I had "overcome" her scruples...which she had wanted overcome.

She had at least four distinct, strong orgasms and complimented me. She showed, in turn, a surprising skill as a fellatrix. And I learned one of her "secrets"—a ten-year oral sex affair which had ended only last year.

She's a pleasant, nice woman. I'm tempted to ask her over again. Yet—(and I'm ashamed and uncomfortable as I admit this) her extreme overweight and extremely plain face turn me off. She carries her weight well—it's solid flesh—but I would be ashamed to be seen with her if the viewer had reason to think us intimate. She looks too old and fat. That's the core of it, baldly stated. It is all very well to say that a person's character and personality are more important than "looks", but appear-

ance does matter.

God knows I'm no prize, but I look younger than 47 by five years and I have the will to keep my weight down.

I suppose I'm agonizing too much over her and my "rejection" of her for "shameful" reasons.

THE "SECRET" SEEKER Yeah, I've got
2-16-75 a few things to

get recorded—for my benefit, since this is my journal, something I'll read in the coming years and the writing of which, with honesty, is my joy and therapy one way and another.

A couple weeks ago—soon after mother died—I sent some personal ads to two or three of the half-sheet tabloids that feature stories every issue on ESP, Ted Kennedy, Jackie Onassis, etc. They sell millions of copies, some of them. Augie buys them regularly.

A few of these scandal sheets have columns of personal ads—women and men seeking mates.

My ad describes me as gentle, slightly handicapped, with a nice home, bohemian-minded... ('bohemian-minded' may have been a mistake. But honest. I did not say 'possible marriage' as most do.)

These ads should be published soon, in March, I guess. It is interesting to speculate on the possible response. I could get up to a hundred letters. How delightful! How frightful!

I also put an ad in THE SEEKERS, a swingers' ad-zine. Looking for a woman who adores french love...or a man who will suck on command (and no reciprocity). (I do have a Master in me...and a Passive in me. But the Passive applies only to sexually aggressive women of which I have met none so far and which applies only to sex. Nobody dominates me socially or professionally.

So, we'll see what happens. I have a desire to meet and go to bed with dozens of women...to gorge myself on pussy and hot clit, to get sucked off by as many different women (and men?) as I can manage...until I either tire of it or find Her. (I doubt there is a Him in my future.)

If I don't go this route I'll regret it. And I want no regrets when I die.

If I don't let it all hang out in this journal I'll regret it. And I want no regrets when I die.

Now I must turn to getting out SFR (TAC) #12. Because if I don't I'll regret it.

WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE....
3-3-75

I haven't called G— again, but I think I will tonight. I'm horny, I confess, and masturbation, even with the magic artificial vagina while watching a porno film doesn't seem satisfying; the sensation is as intense, but I want a warm body, too. And a hot clitoris to lick. I get a kick out of giving kicks.

Last week I laid out \$120. for six heavy iron grid-work screens for the windows—mentioned this, I think—and last Saturday—uhm—two weeks ago—Augie and I put them up: ran bolts through the window casings and used wing-nuts to hold them. I sprayed the grids gray with De-Rusto. Six bolts per window. Then things is on to last, and it would take a big, brawny burglar with a big pry bar and a ladder to get in through one of those gridded windows.

This last week I ordered the same heavy-duty iron grids for the basement windows—ALL the basement windows—and Saturday we used 1½" staples and L-screws to secure them. Those staples are a bitch to hammer in...and would be a bitch to loosen from outside. (The grids are on the inside of the window and show through the window on the outside. The L-screws I used to secure two windows: the "Cat-house" window and the SFR window I use to receive paper/printing and use to push out boxes of SFR ready to be taken to the post office. The grid on these windows is only on the window so that the window can be opened. The L-screws are sunk into the window casing and the angle is turned with a pair of pliers to hold the window or to free it when necessary. The L-screws are big and very hard to turn.

But, oh, what a sweet feeling of security it gives.

It should be noted that the basement window grids cost an additional \$40. Tonight we go to buy deadfall locks for the doors. Tomorrow we'll go to the iron works and order the ornamental iron window guards for the kitchen, dining-room and side windows of the livingroom—another \$240. I estimate (tops).

In the space where my bed used to be down here in the former party room, I have fashioned a U-shaped work module: two desks and a long, low work table. Also, I have another fashioned in an L-shape beside the fireplace, next to the Gestetner.

The function of this U-module is stenciling/typing/layout for SFR/REG. The function of the L-module by the gestetner is work-space for mimeoing and collating for SFR/REG. The function of the U-module in the other room is as always mailing/mail/records.

Eventually I'll have to construct bookshelves in the two attic bedrooms, but for a few years I'll be able to keep all the s-f books and magazines down here; tonight (3-3-75) we'll get wall standards and shelf supports for 18 feet of wall. (Have to get cement bolts.)

I hope I'm not premature in all this house-security and wall shelving; the state of Oregon has not yet released the savings and loan accounts in the estate and Jerry and I have not legally finalized the share arrangement.

I visited my dad last monday (today being 3-3-75...I'll have to put a calendar on the wall here...) and asked him to give me \$3000. to help buy this house and for taxes, etc. He readily agreed. Friday I went over and he had the check waiting for me. Sometimes I am astonished at life.

I feel a bit of a free-loader for having asked for and taking the money. But (I tell myself) he'll never need it, he has (I learned) \$13,000+ left. (Not as much as he had led me to believe.) and this \$3000 makes it possible for me to own this house free and clear and provides a reserve, and lets me go to a photo-offset SFR with a trouble-free

publisher's conscience. I can afford the iron window guards and can even afford a fairly large paper-cutter/trimmer for the half-size SFR format...saving money and inconvenience. Thanks, dad.

FICTION, FICTION, WHO'S GOT THE FICTION
3-3-75

I kind-of want to continue MASTERS OF DEATH in this issue but wonder if I'll have time. I have a bit of resistance to writing any more fiction because I'm self-conscious of the symbolisms that'll crop up, and because it's simply work to write my best fiction, and because there's a lot of life-culture-sex-economic items I want to discuss...and time is limited, as usual.

Well, I'll spend some time tomorrow on it and see how it goes. And let the symbolisms hang out as they will. I had an idea of using this REG fiction writing discipline to create sellable stuff (with a bit of editing), but the more I think about it, the more I think I want to take off all the self-commercial restraints and try to let go. Commercial writing sets in deep ruts. It may take several more issues to even begin to break out.

HANDY KNOWLEDGE

It is better to own a car that has too powerful an engine, than one underpowered, I am informed by Augie, ace mechanic. Why? Because a low-powered car's engine will wear out quicker and may actually use more gas than a heavier, high-horsepower engined car.

The thing is, the bigger engine doesn't have to work as hard, even at top speed. Like a Rolls Royce, a big-engined car, if properly cared-for, will last longer and require far fewer repairs, than a small put-put-pop in a small "economy" car. Sometimes it is wiser to buy the belchfire eight.

AND, sayeth wise old Augie, always keep the engine oil clean and fresh; replace it even oftener than the manual suggests, because engine wear comes primarily from the grit in oil. The cleaner the oil the longer your engine will last and the better it will run.

CAUSTIC COMMENTS

NEW TIMES, an over-priced (75¢) news/cultural/social commentary magazine which I subscribed to in a weak moment...and which I have to use in this journal occasionally to justify its expense and as a business deduction...mentions an interesting statistic:

In 1975 the interest payments on the national debt—36 billion dollars—will almost equal the total federal budget of this country in 1950.

Oh, well, it's only money. Just be advised to put your savings into things. Buy the very best quality you can find. Buy for long use. Buy land. Spend your money, because it will lose value faster and faster in coming years; far faster than any allowable interest it will earn in any legitimate savings institution. Savers are suckers: 7% on their money while the government manufactures a 12+% inflation. That's a "hidden" tax nobody much thinks about, but it is eating away the value of the nation's savings and reserves of wealth.

MEDICAL NOTES

About heart attacks—
There are two physical signals that you are in danger of a heart attack.

1. If there is a crease in your earlobes that runs from the lowest point of the "inside" ear (nearest your head) at an angle outward on the earlobes.

Studies have shown that men and women with this crease (and the deeper the crease the more danger you are in) have a far greater number of heart attacks than people without the crease.

(I have a very faint crease.)

2. 'A number of people have an opaque, whitish ring—called a "corneal arcus"—on their cornea (the clear covering over the iris and pupil).'

Apparently the same process that causes a buildup of hardened fat in arteries also causes the arcus.

(I have no arcus.)

Why is everyone rushing to the mirror?

Time to put a new lock on the door.

A— is a woman friend of Augie's whom he has known for several years and whom he has been seeing frequently since mother died.

He brought her over and introduced us—acting as a cupid—and I liked her at first. Petite, 50 (but looks 40), about 110 pounds. Trim. Blonde.

We went to our favorite Chinese restaurant—Wong's, on Interstate Blvd.—and she was rather...dull, self-absorbed, self-pitying. She ate very little of her meal. (Took the rest home in a "doggie bag".)

We've talked on the phone several times as she has called to check up on his whereabouts—as he goes dancing several times a week, seeking a near-ideal replacement for mother—and she checked what he told her with what I knew and would disclose of his plans, attitudes, etc.

We naturally felt each other out—as people explore each other as possible mates, friends, lovers, what-have-you... and I did my usual oral sex number on the phone, finding out her attitude and experience. ('If I love someone...')

For the past month Augie has been trying to go to bed with her and she has been putting him off, pleading a persistent case of vaginitis (two months of sulfa treatments should have it cured...), illness due to an auto accident, headaches due to too much wine drinking, etc. ("I don't know him well enough yet...")

At the same time she asks him to do all kinds of favors, small tasks, loan her money, take her here and there

Last night he brought her over for supper. I cooked hamburger steaks and heated canned beans, put cottage cheese on the table, poured milk.

She had three stiff drinks. We went to Fred Meyer's Home Improvement center to get a new dead-fall lock for the back door—got one for \$10.99, arrgh! the prices!—and she borrowed five from him to buy support panty hose in the main store.

We came home and she got into his bed (fully clothed, sort of, wearing an

ankle-length dress/nightgown she had brought along (supposed to be a thing Arabian men wear in the street—sent to her from Arabia by her ex-husband—which has a regular man's collar but which looks like an extremely long man's nightshirt) and Augie lay beside her on the bed (dressed, sans shoes) on the covers (she under the covers), and I sat next to her on the edge of the bed.

We listened to his hi-fi and talked. Mostly about her life. Full of "accidents" and hospital stays and wrong men.

Obviously she likes me. She calls me 'Honey'. And rubs provocatively against me. When we were all on the bed her "dress" rucked up and somehow her panty-clad bottom made itself available to my hand, hidden by her hip and knees and the piled bedding...so I caressed her, unobtrusively, for a few moments, and she pretended nothing was happening.

I gave her a copy of one of my books at Augie's urgings—YOUNG TIGER (1965)—and inscribed it, 'To A—, with special affection.' She was pleased.

Then, about 11:30, Augie took her home. As she was leaving she grabbed his half gallon bottle of expensive brandy. He took it from her and told her he had some in the car she could have.

He came back an hour later. I was in bed.

(I should mention she had a letter she wanted sent to her son in Hawaii—certified airmail, special delivery. And she assumed Augie and I would pay for it. He gave me 50%.)

Next morning I sent it certified mail—return receipt requested. Cost 48¢ (It had a 10¢ stamp on it already, and first class mail to Hawaii goes air-mail anyway...)

ANYWAY...she called today about 12:30 and wanted me to come down to her house. She only lives about 12 blocks away. She had taken some sleeping pills she said, and had been whoosy earlier when trying to answer the phone and had fallen and cut her forehead over her left eye and had broken a big earthenware pot...would I come down and help her?

Would I scramble her an egg and make some coffee?

I went down to her place—an older home about the size of mine—and was appalled at the litter and strewn appearance. A— is not a neat housekeeper in any respect. Sloppy. Dirt everywhere... Chaos. You've all seen places like that.

That turns me off. I lose a lot of respect for people who live a disorganized pig-sty existence, in their home.

Her cut was/is minor. But her eyes were dull. She was in the kitchen making coffee. She told me to scour a cruddy frying pan and scramble her two eggs. (First she embraced me for long seconds. I tried to kiss her on the lips but she slid her closed lips aside.) She went to bed and I found eggs in an old refrigerator whose interior was as littered and untidy as the rest of the house.

So I served her eggs and coffee in bed...a dirty, unkempt bedroom. She lay on soiled sheets and soiled pillows. (A laugh—on the phone a few days before she said she was a very clean person. Maybe she is bodily clean, but I'll have to see it to believe it.)

I tried to kiss her once or twice but got a swiftly turned cheek instead.

(When in the kitchen she had asked me to do her sinkfull of dishes.)

She asked for aspirin and a glass of water for a headache. I got them for her. Then I said I was going home. Told her to stay in bed, get rest as the clinic doctor had told her. (The previous few days she had had the flu—104° temperature—Augie nursed her.) She asked if I wasn't going to do the dishes? I said no, why should I? I told her people are selfish...meaning me, but I think she took it to mean her.

I think that who make-me-breakfast-and-do-the-dishes bit was a test, to see if I was as soft a touch as Augie. A cunning child is she.

I really don't care for her as a person. She is what she is and I don't like or respect what she is. If she wants me to do something for her after this that she can do for herself just as easily, she'll have to pay for it in

my special don't-give-a-damn coin—sex.

I'll be as manipulative as she.
I'll deal with her on her terms.

Augie brought her here this evening for dinner. I cooked chicken and we had peas, a salad, cottage cheese. I and Augie drank milk. She had brandy and water. Her excessive drinking is a turn-off for me, too.

Now—as I type this—Augie has driven her over to the library on Sandy Blvd to return a couple overdue books she has out. He'll pay the fine, no doubt. How he loves being used. I cringe for him, sometimes. But he enjoys it, it's necessary to him, so it is not my place to try to change him. I accept him as he is. I accept A— for who and what she is. I simply refuse to be her victim.

I won't call G— and ask her over on her next day off. I would feel guilty asking her to spend an hour and a half getting here, for a few hours of talk, a lunch, and sex. Of course, that is her decision, and if she should think it worth it... I'm tempted to find out.

—And I did. She is busy tomorrow, but will come over on the 13th; I'll meet her at 6th and Morrison downtown to make sure she knows which bus to catch.

Amazing. I smile.

THE STATE OF THE ESTATE
3-4-75

I called
FAR WEST SAV-
INGS & LOAN

this afternoon and was told that the state of Oreogn—er, Oregon— had released the joint account mother and I had there—\$10,000. And I called Willamette Savings and Loan (yes, I should have capped it, or NOT capped Far West) and the state has released the \$12,000 or so we had in there. So now after a few more weeks of waiting to see if Medicare and OPS-Blue Shield have paid all the doctor and hospital bills, and after checking to see if the Social Security has okayed death benefits for mother (which I signed over to the mortuary to pay part of that funeral bill) Jerry and I can pay the Oregon inheritance tax (2% of all net estate worth over 25,000 and under 75,000 dollars),

and then we can go to a lawyer and have the final papers drawn for share payments and house title transfer.

Speed the day.

NOTE ON A—
3-5-75

Augie took her home last night and balled her, from what she "promised" in my presence before they left, and from his indirect comment this morning. (He bought her a new pair of shoes last night—maybe that tipped her scales. Let the donkey nibble the carrot every once in a while. He knows she's a gold-digger (his term) but puts up with it.) In my view she isn't consciously using people—just asking for favors...and if people oblige—for their reasons—that's their decision. Hi-ho. I don't know. All I know is that before she went home with him she kissed me and did not object to my fondling her breast—as he went to get his coat.

I may call the older man I mentioned and go see him tomorrow. IF it doesn't rain, and IF I get enough work done on the piled-up mail and SFR typing. I do not likely take a day/afternoon off.

(Therein lies my reluctance to get involved with too many people, too often: they tie up my time too much. Time I want to spend on SFR, REG, reading. I really resent a person who requires too much of my time. Time is all I got. I want to spend it efficiently. Listening to someone's troubles, repeated with variations, is not my cup of tea.)

#

Okaaay...I just called the man. I'll probably peddle my ass over to his place tomorrow and be brought out, converted, and ghod knows what. I don't think I'll regret the adventure/experiment. That's what counts.

FREEDOM COSTS

It costs time and effort. This business of becoming independent of the establishment—being a city-hippie, only invisible—can be done, but in order to get there I'd have to spend inordinate amounts of precious time putting in a garden and in maintaining it, buy and install a woodstove, work up stand-by life-plans and styles for electricity—

less living... Even devise a system for using rainwater and disposing of sewage

IF all I had to do was that, and IF there was no money coming in, and IF the establishment utilities were close to breaking down....

But all of the above ain't so, yet, so I'll continue with the "sinful" convenience of electric lights, an electric water heater, an electric stove, and TV. I'll even use oil heat (automatic). And an electric washer. God. It's just that I prefer to be creative with my time...and I never did like gardening, or camping out.

FICTION?? IN REG? Well...err...you see...I would rather—at this time—deal with personal events and current event. I just can't see where the time to write fiction will come from. I tend to overextend myself. (Even REG, truthfully, is an everextension.) SFR is plenty work. What I tend to do is steal time from reading—for-review, and the galloping guilties gnaw remorselessly at my mind all the time. "GET OFF MY BACK!" I scream, and they smile and moan things like, "The new Delany...the new Boyd. .the new ORBIT... the new..."

Peace...peace...will it never come to me?

Yes—a grinding pain in the chest, a pain in the head, a looming truck.... (Do they have libraries in Hell?)

HOT-L BALTIMORE

Is going to be a hit if ABC has the guts to let its producer and writers do their thing. The show is unrealistic: those two hookers aren't convincing, and their profession is more and more retreating to mere mention in the scripts. But the two middle-aged gay men are a delight and the recent show where they almost break up (and involve all the other regulars in their problems) did more to "legitimize" the gay life and show them as just people and not ogres or threats, than all the books and articles ever published. The crochety old man and the dotty lady are fun. The never-seen Moose and his indulgent mother are superb creations. The cast is excellent.

SEX, SEX, SEX, IS THAT ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT? 3-6-75
Well, now that you mention it, it is my current #1 interest.

For instance, A— called last night to check up on Augie's whereabouts (he was out dining and dancing with a transplanted Southern Puritan Lady he met at a dance—he'll be a zillion years getting HER to bed—and as we talked briefly, I asked her why, when I tried to kiss her, she always swerved her face to give me her cheek. She said she'd always not liked kissing on the mouth...since as a child her mother always insisted she kiss her goodbye...and she hated kissing her mother.

Well...could be. She's a mixed-up woman, is A—. After this, when opportunity comes, I'll fondle, grope and caress, and forget kissing. What the hell. You only live once.

#

THAT OLD CLOSET QUEEN AIN'T GOT ME IN HIS SPELL...

I left at 10:30 this morning for his place out in Eastmoreland. Stopped by Abbott & Lind...Lynd? to check out their paper cutters and trimmers.

The one necessary to do the job of trimming 3000 copies of a 38 sheet SFR costs around \$360. Balance that against the estimated \$15. cost per issue to have it done at Action Print (who will be doing the printing). And I avoid the labor and time involved in trimming. No contest. If I could get some publisher to say to me, "Geis, write me a book in the time you'd save having Action Print do the whole printing, collating, folding, trimming job. You'd be money ahead." I'd be totally content.

Lessee, now...a porno novel set in California....a radical group is out to kidnap a wealthy man's daughter/wife/mistress....and he hires private-eye Eric Jagger (never waste a good, commercial character name) to serve and protect. And, hoo, boy, does horny, handsome, rugged Eric serve...and protect, as he bashes, knifes, shoots and wipes out the evil radical group.

But back to the old man and the G—. It took me an hour to get there—about

seven-eight miles. He lives in a huge retired people's modern apartment building. His apt is a small efficiency unit. About 12' x 22' with built-in wall kitchen and closet, plus bathroom. Outside wall is all glass and balcony. Neat. His hobby is painting. He's a fair amateur painter of uninspired landscapes, animals, birds, people.

We talked for a while, and I learned a lot about him. I went to the bathroom to clean my glasses (I HATE dirty lenses!) and when I returned to the main (only) room I signalled by sitting on his twin bed.

It was initially awkward getting my shoes, pants and shirt and underpants off as he tried to fondle me. I had no trouble or embarrassment—got an erection quickly—and I learned that it ain't true that homosexuals can suck better than women because, being men, they know what a man likes best, and how best to do it.

He was all teeth, and scraping teeth do not a good suck-off make. Nevertheless, I managed to come, and he was aroused by my ejaculation, and he swallowed, losing not a precious drop of my precious bodily fluids.

And after a decent period of talk of painting and painting technique, I left. He invited me back and I said I might call him....

But I won't. Too far to go for an inferior orgasm. I don't regret the experience; I'm glad I did it—once.

But he would bore me if I saw him again, and I'd feel I was wasting my time.

Now I go upstairs for a beer. That long ride dehydrated me quite a bit. Took me an hour and twenty minutes to ride home against a vicious headwind.

THE HORRIBLE HUMOR OF CAMBODIA AND OUR GOVERNMENT 3-6-75

Good old Iricky Dickie "incurred" into Cambodia and caused Prince Sihanouk (or however his name is spelled) to be deposed so that Lon Nol could take over and fight the Commies—a handy second front to bother the enemy. (And to hell with the Cambodian people.)

So the "rebels"—part communist, part Sihanouk loyalists, part neutralists, have been fighting the "imperialist" puppet government of Lon Nol ever since...and we the prime mover in this shameful farce are now faced with the prospect of Sihanouk back in power in the grip of strong socialist forces, and our dictator fleeing his country (if he has good sense).

The spectacle of our militarists and State Department moralists and doing-as-he's-told Gerry Ford pleading with Congress for more hundreds of millions of dollars to "aid" Cambodia—to keep the bloody mess going, just a few months more, in order to avoid a 'bloodbath' (that old bogey-horror threat)—is the height of cynical hypocrisy and contempt for Congress, the American people and the remaining Cambodian people. Anything to save "face". It makes me sick. The best thing we can do for those people is stop "aiding" them instantly and let the killing stop.

WORTH KNOWING

CONSUMER RESEARCH magazine, to which I recently subscribed, in its March issue, tells me that the best men's sleeveless undershirts are Munsingwear Kangaroo, style 1105. 3 for \$5.

Best men's briefs are Munsingwear Kangaroo style, and Montgomery Ward Cat. No. 234—75360. 3 for \$4.25. The Kangaroos are 3 for \$5.

THE ECONOMY 3-7-75

The government reports that the official unemployment figure is still 8.2%. This is because 500,000 women and teenagers "gave up" and left the recorded labor pool. Which means that 500,000 new unemployed joined the labor pool.

Ha. At this rate by year's end the official unemployment rate will still be 8.2% and an additional five million people will be uncouneted...presenting us with a real rate of 14-15%—and a real depression.

But the stock market is going up, and if it sustains this long rally to the 900 level I'll concede this is an excessive inventory recession and not a real depression. If, on the other hand, the market slips through the 575 "barrier," we are really in for it.

THE BEAST, HIS NATURE
3-12-75

who lives in Salem, 50 miles away by freeway. She is 39, 5'4", and weighs 180 lbs. She assures me she doesn't look as heavy as that sounds.

She didn't mention it, but I assume she got my name and address from the Friendly Introduction Service in Beaverton. (That Service is now defunct or advertising in another medium, since I notice it is no longer in the "Business Personals" of the OREGONIAN classifieds.)

Anyway, I wrote back telling her I don't drive, that I am a writer/editor/publisher, and "up front, I have to tell you I prefer oral sex, if we become close." I used my TAC letterhead stationery. Ha. Mailed it this morning. (Her handwriting is very scribbly, hard to read, full of uncertainty and conflicting personality and character signs.) Her name is M—.

Also, yesterday, I got the March issue of VOICE NEWS (singles pub.) and sent short "contact" letters to three women who have ads printed. In all 3 I mention I am slightly handicapped, own this home, and "up front" prefer oral sex. Enclosed a good photo of me and with one a photo of the house. Bait.

It is said that a prick has no conscience, meaning that when a man is horny or aroused he will say nearly anything to get sex. (The way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach, it's through his groin.)

If I were a woman and was interested in a man as a close friend or husband, I'd give him sex as soon as I decently could...and then watch how he treated me and what he said after his dominating prick has been removed (temporarily) from the equation.

People always say they want to be loved for themselves.. yet it is impossible to separate ourselves from our ugly or beautiful faces, our possessions, our attitudes and values....for they ARE what we are, mostly. We are our behavior and our litter of possessions.

Yesterday I
got a letter
from a woman

I am this house, this SFR/REG hobby-business, this collection of books, magazines, and I am the clothes in my closet, and I am what and how I eat, and I am that collection of porno films and books, and I am feeding cats every morning, and I am the helpful advisor to friends, and I am the oral lover, and I am the cynic and idealist....

AUGIE AND A— 3-12-75

to himself, I think, when he tells me he wants to cut it off with A—. He still sees her almost every day and night, and lies to her about where he is (or will be) when he goes dancing alone (hunting, hunting...). He's unfair to her if he really means to drop her.

She clings, of course, stickily. Jealous, sensing his lies. She is hurt that he is obviously trying to turn her over to me. She resists that casual switch for reasons of self-respect, and because Augie is her best bet as far as a servant is concerned.

Last night Augie went to see another lady (the iron virgin age 60+ from the South) and is spending all of today with her...but told A— that he had to go to Coos Bay for some kind of Auto Dealer's convention.

Why lie—and go to elaborate lengths—if he really wants to dump A—? I suspect he is trying to have his cake and eat it, too.

I don't think he should cater to her as he does, nor lie and "cheat" on her as he does. But they both are of the old school and must play the dishonest games they learned long ago.

And I wonder if his essential masochism doesn't like his role with her, and if he won't in the end stick with her...because she wants him and will override his will. Her child's will is strong.

Enough of this speculation.

FLYING, a diary/memoir by Kate Millett, which I received from Ballantine, for review (because I asked for it), is a very densely written prose—cut to the bone, yet empty:

'The plane is taking off. That one moment flirting with death. Always the best part of the flight. I am at Bryn Mawr again. I walk from the bookstore across an open field. This place and its beauty of trees. Trees bought with money.'

On and on... a kind of shorthand. As if she had whispered into a cassette-recorder every five minutes—a key word, a phrase....

Totally unreadable. It resists the mind. 678 pages of sardined trivia. The gems aren't worth the time taken to find them.

A numbing bore. (Ballantine 24393, \$2.25)

A— IS FOR THE... Augie told me he 3-16-75 told A— he was not in her exclusive property...and he is seeing other women, and she reportedly got pissed off and said in effect, "Don't call me, I'll call you."

The other night—Friday night—she drove up here to see him and he tried to hint to her to leave, that we were having dinner as usual with "family" (my Aunt Bobbie and Uncle Claude, at the SIR LOUIS'S steak house...continuing a routine from when mother was alive) but A— lingered and finally he had to say she could come along if it was okay with me. It was okay with me, even though Bobbie resents A— for "trying to take mother's place".

While Augie was in the basement taking a shower and dressing, I sat on the edge of the sofa (A— was lying down on it—half drunk) (prime reason Augie is cutting her out—she is always drunk, has too many hang-ups) and ran my hand up under her dress, carressed her thighs, hips, loins. She had on support pantyhose. Didn't object. Didn't even "recognize" what I was doing. I stopped after a minute. We were talking of other things as I did this.

CONTACTS—AFTER A FASHION 3-16-75

Those three letters I sent to advertising women in the VOICE NEWS...I got two calls.

One was from a Strange girl who advertised herself as Glenda. She said she

didn't know what science fiction was, didn't know what fantasy was...didn't know what "oral sex" meant... (I had to explain it graphically) and once she understood she said she didn't like to "suck boys" and her reaction to my question if she liked boys to go down on her was a "yeshh".

(When I answered the phone she tried to ask for ALIEN CRITIC (from my letter-head) but couldn't pronounce it, finally suddenly "saw" RICHARD E. GCIS on the other side of the paper.)

She said she is 22 years old, has two kids, 5 and 7 years. (she got pregnant when she was 13??)

When I said I wasn't interested in getting married and bringing up kids at my age, and preferred oral sex to straight intercourse, she started to argue with me that I had to make some adjustments...and so on. She switched and told me she was "really beautiful" and was 38-24-36...then admitted she was only average cute...5', 110 lbs. and had lied because she was mad at me for "rejecting" her.

I got the evaluation of her during that fifteen minutes that she is incredibly ignorant, perhaps retarded, with an inner Child very much in command; in short, she's immature with a vengeance. Selfish, petulant, quick to anger when frustrated, amoral. Said she had a coil in her to prevent more pregnancy. Said her father is rich and will give her a farm and a maid when she gets married. Said three of her brothers were cops. Ha.

She gave me her number but I won't call her back.

The other call was from the tall, plump Virgo who wanted variety. She sounded nice, well-integrated, has a car and a job as a store clerk, and we talked easily and well. It was agreed that she would drop over around 8PM last night.

But she didn't show. I was an am disappointed and angry. She should have had the courtesy to call and cancel (any excuse will do).

While I'm at it I'll record that my

extremely heavy woman friend who lives so far out couldn't make it in on Thursday. When I called Wednesday night she said a girl got sick in her dept. and she had to work Thursday. She said she might get Friday off. She has my number and it was understood she would call if she could make it Friday. She did not call...and now I wonder if she is really interested in seeing me again. Isk. Well, I'll probably call her once more, and find out for sure.

Why can't women just tell the truth?

'You are responsible for what happens to you (even if someone else offers to accept that responsibility), because you're the one who'll experience the consequences of your acts.

'You are the one who decides what is right and what is wrong—no matter what meaning others may attach to those words. You don't have to obey blindly the dictates that you grew up with or what you hear around you now. Everything can be challenged, should be challenged, examined to determine its relevance to you and what you want.'

—Harry Browne, HOW I FOUND FREEDOM IN AN UNFREE WORLD (Avon 17772, \$1.95.

FOLLOW UP 3-20-75 Today I rode my bike to the Lloyd Center to buy ten pounds of wheat germ at the health store, and on the way stopped at an electronics "supermarket" near Sears. This is where I suspected the 'plump' girl worked (she stood me up after calling me following my Contact letter...).

I wanted to price a stereo tuner and speakers for when Augie finally moves out and takes his hi-fi rig—so that makes my visit "legitimate", right?

I entered and immediately saw a young woman who fit her as she had described herself...except this girl was far more than 'plump'. FAT is the right word. 250 pounds at least, on a five feet seven frame. Pretty face, though.

I wonder if she just chickened out that night? I'm halfway glad she did. I don't think extremely heavy women are

really ever very happy.

#

I haven't called G—, the extremely heavy woman who lives far out. I prefer slim women.

Hell, I prefer slim, beautiful, bold women...but how do I contact them? And once contacted, what do I want from them? What and how am I willing to pay them?

(Because in a very real sense we always pay for what we get—in time, emotion, money...)

I spent last Tuesday evening with A— here. She came up to have dinner with me since Augie was going off to spend the night and following Wednesday with his new girlfriend.

She proceeded to get drunk. We played a game of Scrabble and I beat her easily—no great trick—and we watched TV, and I made a usual pass. I suspect I could have forced sex—intercourse—but I didn't want it on those terms. It would have been against her will all the way, a sort of quasi-rape. Fuck it. She had a thorough Roman Catholic upbringing and schooling, and is so thoroughly hung up and tied in knots the best thing I can do for her is leave her alone. Which I shall do. We could never have a mutually beneficial relationship.

She slept in Augie's bed and went home the next morning.

PARTLY IN REACTION to her visit—and my realization that after two hours I get resentful of anyone's presence if I have to be a host and keep them amused or politely watch MARCUS WELBY with them, etc.—I got out my copy of the latest OREGON STAG (a tabloid sex paper) and scanned the hundred or so sex-contact ads.

The heavy question I have to decide is—do I REALLY want a woman (even the PERFECT woman) to actually live with me...or am I "conforming" to avoid my real desires?

Total conformity would be marriage, but that is OUT on all levels. And so is the quasi-marriage of living together, I think. I need too much privacy. I

want to watch MY TV programs at all times. I want to do as I please in this house at all times. I don't want to "yield" to anyone's needs or desires if they conflict with mine...in this house.

So it appears that a girl friend is as far as I can go; a date to have sex or see a show...like that. And yet I also resent the Romance Game—the "courting" procedure where the man wines and dines the woman and spends time with her, is on his best behavior, tries to hold back his impulses to touch her all the time...in the "forbidden" places...while she "gets to know him well enough" to allow sex "if she likes him".

Too much of that Romance Game is a shuck; the woman is engaging in a disguised (from herself, usually) form of prostitution. Everybody a victim.

Men usually want sex immediately, and if the sex is good, then the possibilities of a deeper, long-lasting emotional involvement are worth looking into. (Because in five minutes or less of talk and exchanged body-language messages, two people know if they like each other enough for sex to happen. Delay beyond that is social/cultural Game.)

Women have had to delay and make sure of their men because of the danger of pregnancy. That isn't a real factor anymore, but the cultural conditioning (morality) persists, with a terrible inertia...momentum...

As for me, I sometimes think I'd

rather just call a pretty, honest, professional (call girl) and pay her the fee and not waste the time involved in expensive courting. With a call girl you know you'll get what you pay for, while with a "date" the decision is hers.

Women don't want to be sex objects and men don't want to be money objects. The old ways die hard. There must be a better way for men to get the sex they need. (And women, too.)

Anyway, back to me and my individual needs. I am finding it difficult to ignore a lifetime of social/cultural indoctrination—the public morality—the Shoulds.

I Shouldn't think as I do... I Shouldn't want what I do... I Shouldn't try to do the things that I think will make me happy...

But I'm applying the Geis Regret Test: Will I regret doing this?

And by that Test I shall live my life from now on.

True, I may do some things which I will regret later. I can't always know how things will come out. But I can avoid a lot of frustration and problems by using the Test, and I will always be learning.

I do not lock myself into concrete here. Everything I say is "At this point in time..." Living is learning. The only thing I'm sure of is that I'll die someday and there are things I have to

find out and do.

So—I sent six sex-contact letters to six people—five women who seem to want a lot of sex, and one gay man who seems to be sublimative (active Fr., passive Gr.) and we'll see. A couple of the women may be call girls.

(Short of finding a call girl this way, I know of no way to find one. Not a street prostitute, mind, a real call-girl. I don't move in executive circles or know anyone who knows such a girl.)

I also subscribed to OREGON STAG and sent a personal ad (part of the subscription deal) which reads: "Generous, thoughtful, gentle Portland white man, 47, slightly handicapped, seeks slim, attractive, french-loving young woman under 30."

I await developments.

I do not regret the letters or the ad or what it or they may involve. I shall learn about me.

Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels
alone.

—Rudyard Kipling

STRIKING A MATCH! 3-20-75 Someone
on the

staff of THE MATCH!, An International Anarchist Journal, sent me a few copies in trade for TAC/SFR, and I must admit to crogglements at the appearance of the publication. FORMAL. Full of FENCES.

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