

5-29-75 I had a few thoughts about having this Journal done photo-offset...but to make it practical I'd have to apply for and get a 2nd class mailing permit. I sort of cringe from letting a postal official read REG at this point.

As-is, the economics are that on the Gestetner, with 10¢ per piece postage (18¢ for foreign subscribers) the costs are equal IF the second class permit is granted.

Thus: mimeo: 10¢ postage, 3¢ paper + ink + staples + address stencils.

photo-offset: 3¢ postage + 10¢ printing cost + staples + address stencils.

The difference is the use of artwork if I wish and a saving in time running off the mag and the superior appearance of offset printing.

But I still boggle at my sex life going into the post office beaurocracy.

Maybe if the subs get up to 600 or so, and if my sex life stabilizes.... (But even so, I may wish to continue the sexy-violent fiction..) I don't know. Could be I am over-sensitive, or over cautious, or over chicken...or still not quite secure enough.

In any case, REG #3 is going on-stencil....even though the Gestetner monster is now creasing and creeping stencils at the 300 count. It gets worse and worse. I'll put in different ink rollers and see if that makes a difference.

#

I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE. A month or so ago the Teddy Bear Club sent me a sample copy of their bulletin and assorted offers to subscribe to their other gay and bizarre sex-contact magazines.

Who gave them my name and address I have an idea, but won't mention; it doesn't matter because I was/am interested in the gay/extreme sex freak scene, and the TBC and such are where it's at as far as mail contact is concerned.

I sent in an ad. It was printed last week. They changed my ad slightly, but the main thrust was there.

'OR.-W/male, tough-minded, 47, 6', 168, wants a sweet young woman who loves to give and to take lots of FRENCH. ALSO WANTS an older man who will suck on command, day or night. NO sex in return. S-1427.'

Their caps. And surprise, last week I got three letters in response. All, unfortunately, from gay men. One in Alaska, one in New York, one here in Portland. To date I have not found my sweet young woman who loves FRENCH.

I sent thank-you-but-it's-too-far-to-peddle-my-bike letters to the Alaska and New York men. I sent a let's call and talk letter to the Portland man who represented himself as 39, slim, and agreeable to my terms.

I called him and we talked a while, and it was agreed that I would peddle over to his apartment on Wednesday, it being within 40-minute range, in near S.E. area.

I went and met him. Cultured man, well-dressed, about 39 as he stated, slim, self-assured... a nice guy. No obvious hangups. I like him.

After about fifteen minutes of talk and evaluation (mutual, because he doesn't suck just any old cock in off the street), we went up to his bedroom and got undressed and...

I forgot to mention that he doesn't have a car, either, which is why I went to his place.

...he very adroitly and skilfully blew me. He is a ¾-deep-throater. Excellent technique. I complimented him, and he was pleased with me/my climax.

And then— Strange. He diplomatically urged/hinted that I should leave. Things to do, people coming over. But wants to see me again.

I got the experience that hour of being a sex-object, of being of primary value as a walking cock-with-semen-to-be-sucked. And after he got what he wanted—tossed aside. *Sob*

I felt slightly offended. Yet, truth-to-tell, I would have left almost as quickly if he had not nudged when he

did. So we had a mutually beneficial meeting. I regret it not. I will see him again, probably.

I confess I do not understand the compulsion to suck cock that some gay men have, even with no return sex. The man I was with was as aroused (or more so! emotionally) than I when I came. I wasn't at all emotionally engaged, just sexually.

Yet they do like it, do it, and I am happy to oblige. I hope I can find a gay man of similar culture and mein who sucks as well who has a car.

I suppose I'd like to have several women and men friends. The women for mutual oral sex, the gay men for one-way sex.

There has not been as yet any response from the tabloid ads I sent in to be printed. They may not have been published yet.

No response from the six OREGON STAG ads I answered. I suspect they were all phoney "house ads" put in by the OREGON STAG publisher to give the impression of a thriving collection of swinger ads, and to collect the dollar forwarding fee per letter. That could mount to a pretty penny.

#

I ordered the wrought-iron window guards for the kitchen, side diningroom and side livingroom windows. \$185. quoted price. When they are on the windows with six to eight lag bolts each, this fortrees will withstand all but the most determined and professional burglars. 99% of the break-and-entry is done by late teens and early 20s semi-pros or amateurs. And a real pro will hopefully see the window guards and deadlocks and decide the effort and delay required wouldn't be worth the possible rewards.

#

I also bought a small woodstove for a marked-down price of \$17.35, plus pipes and elbows to fit it into the flue of the

fireplace down here. With it I can burn all my scrap paper, some scrap wood, unwanted magazines, newspapers, fanzines, envelopes...bags, food wrappers, etc. It's amazing how much of the trash a household "manufactures" is actually burnable.

I anticipate heating the basement & actually heating a goodly part of the main floor as heat from the stove goes up the stairs and as it heats the party-room ceiling (which is the floor of the livingroom.) Would you believe I expect to save at least 300 gallons of heating oil per year?...which translates to about \$100.00.

IF I HAD TO, I could exist in this house for...about \$50 per month. Rock bottom. No phone, no morning paper, cut way down on electricity. Grow as much food as possible.

This is inspired by the appearance of Elliott Janeway (acute financial commentator) on WALL STREET WEEK last night. There was clearly no love lost between Janeway and Louis Rukeyser, the host. Janeway is a tough old bird who says unpopular things—nasty things—about President Ford (If Ford ever decides to depose Kissinger and become President ...) and about the stock market (It will approach 400 by year's end...) and about the basic fact-of-economic-life which is being forgotten and "papered over" by Congress and the media: the price of energy—primarily oil—has doubled. This makes everything absolutely more expensive. Which means the true cost of living has gone up, and that means the true standard of living has gone down.

Congress is busily trying to spend the country back to prosperity with debt. But the oil-producing countries are hip to the trick of inflating the currency so that the value of the dollar declines so much that it can be used to buy oil "on the cheap". They are beginning to tie their price to a steady-value yardstick...so the price of foreign oil will steadily go up in terms of US dollars. (And since "new" domestic oil and gas has been decontrolled....)

Janeway sees clearly that the price of crude oil has to come down or we are in for a long, long depression.

Yes, we are in an inventory reces-

sion, and when excess stocks of goods are sold down, there will be a slight resurgence of employment and ordering, but it won't be good enough, it'll be sluggish, and 1976 will be verrrrry interesting.

(They're talking about a 100 billion dollar deficit for 1976. The interest payments may run 8 billion per year... and do you realize that in a few years of them kinds of deficits we could be paying interest on a trillion dollar national debt? With yearly interest payments of...would you believe 100 billion? At that point the "dollar" ceases to have meaning. Think of the Lira today.)

What are the West Germans going to do with Italy when their huge loans go sour—sell it to Saudi Arabia?

Watch the stock market—the Dow-Jones industrial average. If it cracks and dips below 585 or so...Janeway will be right again. He looks for the current rally to peter out very soon.

'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 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 FREE-
DOM IN AN UNFREE WORLD

THE BEAST WRITHES AGAIN · 4-4-75

Before I forget— I picked up the wrought iron window guards early this week and Augie and I will screw them in/onto the house in the coming days. They look nice—painted black with two "S" scrolls in each. I'll be able to leave the house without any of the niggling little insecurities... (Yeah, but what if they have a ladder and climb up to the second floor windows? Arrrrk!)

Yes, yes, I visited my gay friend this

Wednesday and with a little preliminary conversation, we got to it; he sucked me as adroitly and skilfully as before, but...but...I didn't enjoy it as much. I mean the climax was sort of blah.

He said I was very good. "Good?" I asked in baffled, pleased, puzzled semi-embarrassment, "How? What's to be good at? I just lay here..."

He said I didn't come right away. I have "staying power". Apparently he values his sex partners for how long they take to come. The longer the better.

This surprised me. I was feeling guilty for taking so long—about 8-10 minutes. Well, okay. Next time I'll just let it take as long as it takes. This last time toward the end I was desperately fantasizing a sweet young woman doing the deed, and fantasizing myself eating her and her going into paroxysms of ecstasy... (Paroxysms of ecstasy...when will my porno days stop influencing my writing???)

He wants me to visit him more often than once a week. Well...maybe Sunday if I have time.

#

I got a reply from one of those ads I responded to from OREGON STAG. A no, thanks from a couple. Okay.

#

I also got a letter from a young woman in Indiana who read my ad in one of the tabloids. She is 30 and says she is 'bohemian-minded' and 'loves writers'.

I sent her the Geis First Letter with Photo: Describe myself, my life, my oral sex preferences... We shall see.

#

Today, Friday, Jerry and I went to my lawyer and had him begin to draw up legal agreements for Darleanne, Jerry and myself in dividing up the estate. No problem. Each share comes to a little over \$11,000. I get the house and they get the money—and most of my money. We'll semi-finalize the deal next Saturday—April 12th.

#

Last night I got a call from an extremely attractive young woman I met a few months ago. She lives in another city and we met when she visited Portland. We talked several hours at that time. She's a heart-thumper, and in many ways is my ideal...but in a few ways is not—and I am not her ideal, so... But she called to ask about me, was worried, since she had met mother & knew of mother's death.

It's difficult to "give up" on a woman as lovely as she, but after about 20 minutes of phone talk, and word-fencing (She's hard to bring to a specific point of truth-telling. I suspect, emotionally, she doesn't much like to pin herself down about her feelings for or about someone...at least me.) we had reached a tentative agreement that we had no future together, but would be friends. I don't mind being friends with a beautiful woman at long distance, but up close I would go bananas with frustrations. I want to KISS her and HOLD her and MAKE LOVE with her! Inside this case-hardened shell there's a love-hungry emotionally starved child whimpering for Her.

As there is in most of us who aren't incredibly lucky or determined.

#

Time out to stuff more paper in the stove. I forgot to record that Augie and I set up the stove down here last night. Took three hours to fit the sheet of sheet metal into the fireplace, drill holes to fasten it securely, and cut the stove-pipe hole. (It ALWAYS takes five times longer to do a job that I anticipate. That's the Unwritten Law.)

So this afternoon I am heating the house with trash paper.

#

Last Wednesday before visiting my gay friend, I bought seven or eight porno films from a dealer I know. One of them is "The Foot" in which Linda Lovelace incredibly fucks a girl's foot. And I don't just mean the toes. She "takes" that foot to the top of the instep...about six inches of foot. And that is no tiny foot, either...and there is no fakery.

Of course, Linda has an astonishing-

ly capacious vagina, since in another film I have of her, she "takes" a girl's hand and wrist in a violent masturbation scene. I suspect these Lovelace films may one day be collector's items.

#

Went to H&R Block on Monday and had them do the tax preparation bit for me. I "cleared" over 4000 dollars last year and I have had to write checks for federal, social security, state and . Portland (business license) taxes totaling over \$1075.00. This includes the \$400. I paid in quarterly segments.

But, wow, and Jesus Christ! Over 25% tax rate on a "poor" man's income. Over one-third of that is social security taxes—because as a self-employed person I have to pay both ends of that tax: the employer's and the employee's.

From now on I am going to take advantage of every deduction possible, every loophole, every crack in the regulations! If I qualify for food stamps or anything else...I'll get 'em!

And what gets me purple in the face is how Ford and other government workers moan about the "too generous" tax rebates and lowered rates in the recently enacted tax measure. I had \$3000. to spend last year after taxes. And they piss and scream that I'm getting too much of a "break"?

(Incidentally, over \$1,000. of that income last year was from REG subs in Nov-Dec. Thus my "true" income from IAC was about \$3000. And I earned every penny of it.)

4-7-75 There is something beautifully atavistic, basic, joyful, in a real fire...in a stove.... I hunker down next to my little stove and feel the soothing heat radiating from it, and hear the sound of it...down here in my cave...and I have an urge to grunt and scratch fleas and make crude paintings on the walls.

I cackle and glee as I know I can Beat the Establishment with this stove. heh, heh, heh... I can cook on it. I can heat with it. It provides a life-basic tool. And the fuel for it is free for the taking. I notice scraps of wood

in the gutters on the way to the post office. There is paper by the ton everywhere:

Let the depression come! I'm ready! I've got my stove!

And tomorrow I journey to a nursery and I buy three dwarf or semi-dwarf fruit trees, for planting in the back yard. An apple, a peach, a pear.

I will plant onions, and a few tomato plants, and some cucumber vines. (In my experience (last year) lettuce is a sitting duck for cutworms.) I'll cut down the giant Lilac tree in the back and use it for firewood.

This damn little stove has got me reading my file of MOTHER EARTH NEWS magazines.

THE MORE I LISTEN TO the rhetoric of our national politicians and view the results of our "foreign policy" the more I am convinced that our 'national interests' in other parts of the world, and our 'role of leadership of the free world' and etc., etc., ad nauseum, are nothing more than the wishes of those 'leaders' to be movers and shakers, to be Big Men and to use power.

Power comes from money and/or guns. These men thus must bribe or make dependant or threaten other governments.

Under the flag and shield of doing good and fighting communism these men Make History. What an ego trip, eh? No wonder they hate like hell to give up a single dollar of "foreign aid", a single overseas base, a single 'client state' in Asia or Africa or Europe or South America. No wonder they go into fits and fight (with other people's money and sons and lives) whenever a 'vital' country's people get fed up and start to cut loose.

When Ford offers to put up his salary to help Thieu fight off the Cong I'll believe in his sincerity and his morals. Let him put his money where his mouth is. (And the same for Kissinger and Rockefeller and Reagan and anyone who is swift to spend other people's money and lives.)

If that is (horror!) "isolationism" make the most of it.

But of course heavy corporate interests also are a factor; big business has always bought governments and "influenced" men in power to support and protect said corporation's property in foreign areas.

AND, let us be honest about this, there is a strong selfish geopolitical factor—we have been living high on the hog in this country by using vast amounts of natural resources. If we want to continue to live high we have to make damn sure we continue to have access to those foreign resources. This means bribing governments and putting down rebellions.

Vietnam and Cambodia and Laos were stupid adventures—luxuries—of a set of men in power who lost sight of priorities. "We" were right to interfere in Indonesia, wrong to get involved in Vietnam. In Indonesia we saved oil and other resources. In Vietnam we tried to save a Catholic dictator.

Following this line of national selfishness, we should make damn sure that Israel is top dog in the near East and is powerful enough to make the shieks and socialist generals of the nearby oil-producing countries think twice about trying oil blackmail again, and to convince them to keep the price of their oil reasonable.

After all, force rules the world and might makes right. (If you win.)

Remember: your government can kill you. You cannot kill your government.

Your best bet is to be as nearly invisible as possible...as you live your life your way.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY 4-8-75 I went to a nursery today and bought three dwarf fruit trees: an apple (Delicious), a peach (early Alberta) and a pear (D'Anjou). In two years they should begin to bear. They cost about \$5. each. They will grow to about 8-12 feet high.

CALLED my gay friend tonight; I'll go over tomorrow and get sucked off. I'll see if the pleasure stays diminished and/or if my feelings about it change.

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD... 4-11-75 Every few days

I find myself remembering that scene in the bedroom when mother lost consciousness...her last words...and then the brief, involuntary glimpse I had of her old, veined hands in her coffin at the funeral home (why are they called funeral homes?) and I feel a welling up, a stinging of tears in my nose...and I fight it down and think of something else.

It occurs to me that this house has become an extension—an expansion—of my self. The iron grids and window guards (Up now, as of last night) and the locks and the stove in the basement...a reflection of my most basic character. (Let us not forget the new fruit trees in the back yard, and the semi-plans to put up six foot fences in back depending on who buys the neighbor houses when those old folks die or move away.)

My world—and you're NOT welcome to it. I suspect I am working to a Plan, and the outer me isn't sure how hard and rigid the Plan is... But I see outlines and shadows, and as time passes I see more clearly.... AAAAAAGHHHH!!!

Simply: I was shaped to be a loner in my childhood. While I loved the powerful Mother who dominated my life (no strong father-figure from my 5th year on) I also resented and hated her...and lusted for her.

Being slightly handicapped is another element. (Being slightly handicapped physically is a bug: you don't quite fit into either the Crippled Slot or the Normal Slot.

Life Outside is a hassle; the people there are a pain and the social requirements and roles are a drag. Most of the time I'd rather not pay the price people and society require...in person. Thus I "hide" physically and sally forth mentally with SFR and REG and so on.

My dalliances with the gay world and my Searching for Her are periodic ventings from minor Drives and Needs. I manage never to get too deep. I contrive never to really realistically look for Her.

There is an incredibly self-center-

ed infant in me that demands that She come to me.

There is a Restriction on my income. I am not supposed to make too much money. There is danger in making too much money: it wipes out my excuses for not being normal. With money I could afford a car altered to accommodate my handicap. With money I'd be more attractive to women. With money I would have no real excuses...

Society's demands and shoulds are set deep and early and constantly reinforced.

So it goes. These character formations, defenses, complexes, etc. are like boulders in the stream of my life...and I flow around them and am bugged by the disturbances and eddies, but they are not so bad that I can't endure them. In fact, I love my boulders.

Everybody has rocks in their heads, don't they?

#

I rode my bike over to my gay man's place and back, and it is simply too damn far, too damn much work, for the benefit. The price is too high. The orgasm was fine. But fifty minutes of pedaling through traffic, up hill and down just to get there...and then the trip back... Nup. Next time I'll take the bus (and not "waste" the time: I'll read a sf book as I ride. (That makes it Okay.)

#

Got a letter from a man who saw my ad in the Teddy Bare Club bulletin. He digs tough-minded men and is eager to suck me off on command. He also likes dirty and offensive language said to him while he sucks.

He lives in San Francisco, but is a traveling man, and periodically comes through Portland.

I told him to come ahead, give me a call, and I'd tell him what to do. As I wrote him: 'Always nice to hear from a dedicated cocksucker...' and I'd be happy to oblige him with 'a drink of hot come.' Hoh. What the hell. It might be fun to swear and revile...while he sucks me. What the hell. A new experience. No regrets!

My ads in the tabloids have brought two more letters from women. One in ... (I forget the state—East somewhere) is 4'8" tall and is 50 years old and a nurse.

I wrote a two-page letter describing myself, circumstances and philosophy. Sent a photo—a copy of the worst pic ever taken of me (If they can take the Geis in THAT photo, they'll be pleasantly surprised by the real ugly me).

And two days ago another nurse, in Connecticut, wrote. She is about my age, is handicapped, too, (by multiple sclerosis) and is lonely. Sensitive and intelligent. Pity we live so far apart.

I wrote the standard Geis letter. I frankly don't expect to hear from any of these women again.

And if I do—what? Do I climb on a plane or bus and go meet her? Well... maybe. Depending. (The Regret Test will rule.)

#

Augie keeps trying to eat his cake and have it, too. Has a heavy relationship with the Iron Virgin out in Gresham (in fact has proposed marriage, given a ring, investigated buying/building a house or mobile home on her leased property....and at the same time has been seeing A—locally, telling me that she won't let him alone (while she tells me he won't let her alone).

But last night he told her not to call him again (which she confirmed to me when I answered the phone...as she called again). Anyway, he invited her to dinner with us last Saturday and she stayed a few hours here that night as he went to visit his Intended.

I asked to kiss her breasts and she uncovered them. Nice, plump, with "pink popcorn" nipples, the kind I like. Wonderfully suckable. (Infantile regression, but whatthehell, I dig it.) I was content with that. I doubt I'll ever try to "force" a woman again, to any degree, even if she has to have it to get over the Guilts. That's her problem. I want a woman without Guilts—playful and sensual and self-aware. (What I want is ME with breasts and a clitoris.)

Auto sales continue to deteriorate. Yet the stock market continues to advance—now to 814. If it cracks 900 I'll expect an inflationary boom in the next few years...a kind of fevered, frantic rush of phoney prosperity. (Even as the rate of unemployment is still too high—at about 6-7%...and the debt structure strains, cracks, teeters, staggers... This country is in a debt fugue now and is in the process of taking a double handful of debt uppers to get back its lost high.

#

The Cambodian and Vietnamese adventures continue to play out their last few scenes. I suspect that if Congress did give Ford all the military aid he says he wants for Vietnam (to re-equip those shattered divisions which abandoned and threw away a billion dollars worth of equipment and supplies) he would be privately appalled. He has been paying lip-service politics and face-saving politics, and I have only the highest grade contempt for him and that egoist Kissinger.

Bill Walton, the Portland Trailblazer's on-again, off-again center, has raised a ruckus here, with his alliance with the radical left and his statements about the counterproductive FBI (true) and the 'illegitimacy' of the present U.S. government. False. We have the government we want—and deserve. Ford is the Common Man. Yeech! In any national vote on issues Walton would discover the majority against him. He's an idealistic young fool. But I suppose youth and idealism and foolishness are almost synonymous.

All will be forgiven, Bill, if you can manage to play basketball to your potential this Fall and Winter without injuring yourself again and again.... (There is some sentiment here in Portland, Bill, that you are a spoiled, pampered, overpaid crybaby...and a bit retarded to boot.)

#

The United States is in danger of "losing" Cambodia, Vietnam, Portugal,

Turkey, Greece...Thailand... That's the phrasing. We are losing these countries.

As I said before once, we are a wonderfully arrogant people (or our politicians are): we own the world, and everyone else is renting from us. (And too many of them ungrateful renters are squatters, tax-rebels, and behind in their payments. HOW DARE THEY act as if they owned their countries!)

FOOD STAMPS Today is Tuesday, 4-15-75, and for the hell of

it I called the local Welfare office about qualifications for food stamps. There is a special form to fill out for self-employed applicants. They'll send me one. I have an appointment on Thursday at 3:30 (I didn't ask for the appointment, the woman on the phone simply arbitrarily informed me I had one at that time. Arrogant public servant.

I called because after I pay off Jerry and Darleane next week I'll be down to my last \$2,000. or so. With SFR printing and postage and etc. costs coming up.

The "need" level is no more than \$1500. in the bank, and an income of \$196. per mo., net.

That 'net' is fascinating. Deducting taxes on the house, and SFR expenses, and REG expenses, I could easily qualify. (I can likely diminish my visible resources by stocking up on mimeo paper, getting the Gestetner fixed, buying some extra office equipment it would be nice to have...) And possibly qualifying for welfare payments.

I can see the subtle (and not so subtle) lure of something-for-nothing, the invidious dependency syndrome, the altering of behavior to conform to the requirements of the welfare money teat.

As was noted in the paper the other day, the American people have come to regard welfare as a right, not a shame. "Ohhh, the world owes me a living..."

We are more than halfway on the way to becoming a nation of slaves. Seduced by "something for nothing". The eager politicians and bureaucrats say, "Don't save money against the rainy day, don't depend on yourself, individualism is bad, we want to protect people, to take care of you in an emergency, for your own good..."

And one day they will quote regulation C-22 to us: "You owe \$33,000. in food stamp and welfare money, Mr. Geis. Now we have a job for you in Scranton..."

"But—"

"C-22a says that unless you reimburse the Agency the full amount you must accept this job."

"But—"

"C-22b says that failure to reimburse and failure to accept offered employment is a felony punishable by \$50,000. and/or public service for ten years."

"But—"

"Immediate payment of the \$33,000. will be taken to prove welfare fraud. C-22c provides a \$100,000. fine and 20 years of public service..."

"But—"

"Public service is extremely lenient punishment, Mr. Geis. You are free, you are given free public lodging, free meals, and have access and full rights to the free movies, TV hall, and game rooms. You are even given scrip for personal items and small luxuries. Isn't that nice?"

"But—"

"The job we have for you in Scranton is Public Service Grade 1 employment. Your salary, after deductions, will provide you with sufficient income for a small private room, food stamps, entertainment stamps and \$40. cash per month. Isn't that fine?"

"But...I could never pay off my debt!"

"Well, you should have thought of that before you came to us for help! You really are ungrateful!"

"But—"

"Right through that door, #542-26-9596."

"But—"

"Your house and possessions will be sold at a fair value to the government Acquisitions Office, Mr. Geis, as partial compensation to us for the expense of handling your case."

"But—"

"NEXT!"

You think that's satire, huh?

You know you're doomed when you discover your first gray pubic hair.

Tomorrow I'll buy five tomato plants and 2 cucumber plants. Plus a set of

onion plants. I discovered a bud on my new peach tree today. I am ridiculously pleased.

Curious how OWNERSHIP changes ones attitude toward a house, land, etc.

I begin to suspect that the increasing rate (or proportion) of renters to owners means an increasing number of careless, indifferent, landless, rootless, alienated, don't-give-a-shit people.

EGGS Next time you're in a supermarket, weigh a dozen small eggs and a dozen large eggs. Note the difference in weight (less than you would think!). Then note the price difference. Work out the per-pound price of both. Betcha you buy small eggs after that. They're cheaper by the pound than other size eggs.

Probably because of semantics. Nobody likes to buy the "small" size of anything. Large is best! Extra-Large is better! (So distributors are stuck with a lot of small eggs that don't sell well—unless priced low.

FOOD STAMPS 4-17-75 I received the packet of forms and applications from the Albina Branch Public Welfare Division, Albina Human Resources Center yesterday, and looked them over...and cancelled my appointment.

I obviously don't qualify—this week. Next week, after I liquidate my certificate of deposit and my savings account and perform radical surgery on my bloated checking account in order to pay off Jerry and Darleane's shares in this house—and after buying some mimeo paper and buying new ink rollers, and after paying half the printing bill for SFR #13 (as a deposit), and buying stamps for this issue of REG, and buying book-shelf materials... I should be down to around \$1,000. cash, total assets, with net income below \$100 per month.

"Net Income" means income less taxes and medical insurance and business expenses.

I don't know. I may HAVE to get stamps soon. I doubt I'd regret getting and using them, seriously, folk. I have a lot of company.

"Ohhhh...the world owes me a liv-

ing..."

And my life as a Poor Person in the clutches of the Welfare machinery would make good copy. (See how I distort my life to bring all you people good reading? That's the REG Imperitive.)

WHAT PRICE ORGASMS? 4-17-75 I

took the bus over to my gay friend's place yesterday—and managed to read part of Coney's THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH en route despite the jouncing of the bus.

The orgasm was long in coming and afterward he began to show signs of affection—kissing my nipples, stroking my body....

That's even worse than being a mere sex object.

And his sucking technique is less enjoyable now. So now 'tough-minded', Geis will have to tell him to do it different and cool his post-suck ardor.

Or cut loose from the relationship.

We shall see.

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION 4-17-75

The John Kennedy murder still haunts us. The April 18th issue of NEW TIMES features a long article recapping the event and controversy.

The evidence of a cover-up of evidence is strong—what with key FBI and CIA reports and the President's brain missing from the National Archives.

In fact, seemingly all the evidence that could be used to prove Kennedy was shot or shot at by someone other than Oswald has been removed.

So—why isn't the WASHINGTON POST and the liberal media up in arms? Why isn't CBS digging into this? Why has the liberal media (and the other, slightly less liberal media) supported the Warren Commission theory of a lone assassin despite massive logical and evidentiary holes in that theory?

Why isn't what's sauce for Nixon's cooked goose also sauce for the Warren Commission/FBI/CIA's gander?

Because there is/was a High Level behind the scenes conspiracy 'in the national interest' not to know the whole truth.

As Maurice Stans expressed the philosophy so exquisitely: "I don't want to know, and you don't want to know."

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION 4-21-75

On Sunday's FIRING LINE, Wm. Buckley's public TV program, former Representative Lowenstein cited the convincing evidence that Sirhan Sirhan did not fire the fatal Bobby Kennedy bullet, and made it manifestly Curious why (since there are more bullets involved than it is possible to shoot from Sirhan's gun) the Los Angeles and California authorities utterly refuse to perform the minor and decisive tests with Sirhan's gun (and the bullet fragments) which would settle the controversy once and for all.

Well, it 's this way...it is in the 'public interest' that these political assassinations be kept quiet and that those who insist on making disturbing and alarming noises about them be either ignored, lied about or smeared (gently, with a sigh and a wink) as 'conspiracy freaks'.

But, again, isn't it curious that the crusading journalists and newspapers and networks who were so assiduous in digging and prying at the Watergate mess seem so blind and deaf in these matters.

Not curious at all if you assume that massive moneyed interests wanted Nixon out, and used his own (and his underlings') stupidity to good advantage.

George Wallace, because of his anti-establishment charisma and his courage during his recovery from the assassination attempt (echoes of Franklin D. Roosevelt in a wheelchair), and his effective populism and gradually accumulated respectability, will be the front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1976 if Ted Kennedy does not run. In fact, there must now be some frantic thinking that Teddy HAS to run to save the party from the will of the people in the personage of George Wallace. And—head-to-head—there is some question if Ted Kennedy could beat George Wallace in, say, the Michigan primary.

No question about it, George Wallace will have to be eliminated—for the good of the country, you understand. And if he is gerrymandered or dirty-dealed out of the Democratic nomination, he'll run as an Independent and scoop up millions of burned-up and pissed-off Democrats and Republicans, possibly win the election outright or throw it into the House of Representatives—where, with their probable overwhelming majority, the Democrats would get their man in as President.

Even so—certain interests may decide that an "accident" (if possible) should happen to Wallace...or to one of his children. He would get the message. (As did Ted Kennedy. Of course, if Ted signals his willingness to take orders and staff his cabinet and the White House with Rockefeller agents, he will win the nomination and the election or the vote in the House.

The economy is the key. 1976 will probably show still-high unemployment, escalating prices, an ever-weakening dollar, violent surges on the commodity, stock and gold exchanges. 'Controlling the economy' will be beyond the powers of Ford and/or Congress. Helplessness will be the word to describe politicians and the people. If the voters opt for rebellion—George Wallace. If they opt for Security-in-exchange-for-their-freedom—Ted Kennedy.

Unless Ford declares a National Emergency and suspends Congress and rules by decree. He's a Nice, level-headed guy, is Gerry, the people might trust him to be a fairly decent dictator during the "Emergency".

Man, what a scenario! I scared myself!

WHAT THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DOESN'T KNOW
—WON'T HURT YOU.

It is generally against the law to grow or possess chickens in the city.

BUT—if you bought two year-old leghorns, set them up in a cage or coop in your basement, and used a coop that could be cleaned easily and often....

Seems to me you could have a fresh supply of eggs...for chicken feed. And

nobody need know about it. Just don't talk about it or let the chickens become a Smell or a Hoise. After four years (about 2400 eggs) you can eat the chickens and get another set of young layers.

Same goes for rabbits in the basement. (But not for me; I couldn't butcher anything.)

The point is, you could be virtually self-sufficient in food, unobtrusively, invisibly, if you really wanted to.

Fence your backyard, plant a few dwarf fruit trees, farm most of your back property, keep secret chickens and rabbits....

If I could find a woman of like mind, I'd try it. (May try it as far as the chickens go, by myself, if I don't find Her.)

THE BEAST PROHS BY MAIL... 4-21-75

Got a letter back from one of the midwest ladies who wrote in response to my tabloid ads. This the 30 year old. She sent a photo— not bad. Stocky. Says she doesn't like ANY kind of sex, but writes science fiction. Not professionally, of course!

Got a letter from a lady, 47, 5' 2", 110 pounds, in Canada, just above Bellingham, Washington. She "fits" me closely: non-smoker, a loner, likes music, TV, movies, prefers to stay home, prefers to read, is an amateur artist and likes to be by herself in the sense of being in the room with someone and doing her thing while he does his. Not possessive, not dependent.

Wow. I wrote her a three page letter, sent two pictures. Did mention I prefer oral sex. (She's a widow, by the way.) I have hopes.

Got a letter from a saucer woman in midwest who has visions and is a firm Baptist. *Glug*.

\$**L*&% (Interpret that date!)

I planted my tomato plants a few days ago. Also mowed the lawn nicely after adjusting the hand-mower. I am becoming competent. Little by little I master my environment...my small kingdom.

I'M NOT SURE HOW TO EXPLAIN THIS, FOLKS, but this is the 3rd of April—whup—May, and I am *gulp* ceasing publication of REG.

There, I said it. Now you rightfully want to know why. I was afraid I'd ask that question for you.

Well...there are a lot of good reasons. Let me give a few... It is taking too much time. True, but I could find the time if I really wanted to. I am starting to repeat myself in economics, social views, psychological insights, sexual episodes. But that is the meat and potatoes (repetition, that is) of most magazines and columnists, and is why people buy—they like the messages repeated....

There is one primary reason: I'm getting involved with a woman of approx. my age who promises to be Her...and I do not want to risk offending her or blowing the relationship...because she has asked for complete discretion in our affair and I have said okay. So I can't talk about her or me in relation to her or nothing.

And that is a negation of the complete honesty I trumpeted a while back. I tend to feel if I break that vow—I shouldn't put out REG. Of course, I COULD continue REG as a strictly mundane commentary—social, cultural, political, economic, etc., with no personal stuff.

But you can get all that in any number of magazines and papers. My slant

is not all that unique, informed or perceptive. The core of my value is and has been my willingness to write of my intimate life and thoughts. That's not possible, now.

This lady is coming along as everything I've said I'm looking for in a woman—with the exception that she is not a literary exhibitionist. She is a very private person, and I'd rather have her than REG, given the alternatives.

In short, if I blow it with her because of REG, I'd regret it. That's the way the scales tilt...the ball bounces...and the cookie crumbles.

I note that in SFR #13 I have come into a lot of basic philosophy and typical Geis writing, in reviews and in comments on letters, and I will be doing more of that in future issues of SFR. There may even be a page or a section of "Alien thoughts" having to do with the progress of my "drop-out" life and philosophy, with a 3-month look at the nation, the economy, etc.

That's about all I have to say in my defense, your honor.

The question of what about REG credit rears its head. This is the third issue of REG, which means one dollar of your subscriptions is used up.

Of course if any of you wish a cash refund it is available. But I will go ahead, after, say, July 15th, and apply the \$1 and \$3 balances to your SFR sub-

scriptions. (Foreign subscribers will have their SFR subscriptions extended the appropriate number of issues.)

If your SFR sub expires with #13, say, you can be sure you'll still get #14 (if you subbed to REG for \$2.). Or you can use the REG credit for back issues of IAC....

But after July 15, if I haven't heard from you, your REG credit will be applied to an extension of your SFR subscription.

Thus does Art fall before Expediency. It is ever thus.

SICK TRANSIT GLORIA GEIS

LET ME LEAVE YOU WITH—

'Any individual in the General Market can give to the poor, pay for someone else's schooling, donate money to foreign governments, or hire protection. It isn't his choice he's concerned about when he wants the government to do those things. It's someone else's choice that he's trying to overrule.

'All government actions depend upon one-sided transactions, in which an individual is forced to choose between paying for what he doesn't want and going to jail. These principles apply to any government—from the local school board to the federal government. Governments don't rule; they overrule.'

—HOW I FOUND FREEDOM IN AN UNFREE WORLD By Harry Browne.

RICHARD E. GEIS
P.O. BOX 11408
PORTLAND, OR 97211



Joe D. Siclari
4304 Richmond Av.
Staten Island, NY 10312

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