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you move.

THAT DISMAL SCIENCE It's probably
1-14-75 called 'the dis-
 mal science' be-
cause nobody gets interested in econom-
ics until the economy turns sour.

Currently, as you all know, this
country is into a recession. What you
may not know is that in spite of the
present "concensus" that the bottom will
be this spring-summer-fall and that re-
covery will begin maybe late this year,
there are several underlying structural
weaknesses in the national and interna-
tional economic house of cards.

1. Primarily debt. Corporations
and governments and individuals are in
debt up to their ears. They have had
to go deeper in debt to keep paying on
their old debt. Any sustained period
of lowered sales and/or income will put
tremendous pressure on the system. More
and more bankruptcies. More banks in
trouble as loans go cold and die.

Item: The United States pays 30 bil-
lion per year in interest on the nation-
al debt. And 1976 will probably show
at least another 40 billion more debt—
and that means another 3+ billion in
interest.

2. All of Europe and Japan are in
recession. They are and will continue
to be buying less from us. (And we from

them)

3. The little-noted Commodities Fu-
tures Index is falling through the floor.
This means lower prices coming—an end
to inflation, temporarily.

So we need a nice little war to spur
our economy. In any case the govern-
ment will print more and more money to
try to keep the economy running. But
until the huge debt structure that we
have built up over the past 34-5 years
has been collapsed we won't really be
able to mount another long-term boom.

So— A PREDICTION OR TWO:

1. Interest rates will go down per-
haps to 9% prime rate...and then zoom
up past 12% as government, business and
individuals scramble to finance the ev-
er growing load of debt.

2. Inflation rates will subside for
a while, and then surge to 20% or more
per year as the governments pump-priming
effort. (using printing-press money)
works its way through the system.

3. Gold will go to...you name it.
Some (now) ridiculous figure like \$300.
per ounce.

Well, enough for now. We'll have
one more labored "recovery"...then...
the final crash/revolution.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
1-14-75

My frustrat-
ion is rising.
I've been

Lucifer will allow me to publish from
down there.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
1-15-75

Not only moth-
er nature can
fool you.

Imagine my surprise when C--- called to-
day. (Some of you will remember C---
from the quarterly REG series in 1972)
C--- is an old flame, extremely diffi-
cult to keep unlit. There is some kind
of magic chemistry that links us...

Anyway, she called to tell me that
she and her husband have decided to part.
She to keep her 5 year old boy, he to
keep the one-year-old.

She wants to get together again, ob-
viously, but I cannot accept her boy.
Kids get in the way. I have no tolerance
of them in my life...or in the life of
a woman I commit myself to. I've always
been this way—a horror of being a fath-
er, even indirectly. I have long since
stopped feeling guilty about this. I am
what I am.

C--- and I split up, finally, basic-
ally because she wanted home-husband-
children and the respectable life. (And
at the time I was tired of her faults
and didn't value her virtues.)

Now...? Probably nothing. I imag-
ine my price is too high for her to pay:
leave both kids with her husband.

MOTHER DIED

Midnight

Wednesday, January 15
1975

Around eight o'clock at night last
Wednesday, mother and Augie came back
from investigating a "car wreck" a block
away. It was a neighbor who was blind
drunk and had run his car up onto the
lawn of a handicapped couple on the corn-
er of 17th and Ainsworth. Mom and Augie
had heard of it from the police report
on their scanner.

Mother complained of a sudden, in-
tense headache: 'It felt like something
popped' inside.

She took two Excedrin and they drove
down to 30th and Ainsworth to pay the
phone bill at the drug store. But her
head hurt so much Augie went in and paid

it. They had intended to go on to shop
at Fred Meyers but Augie decided to bring
her home.

As she left the car and walked toward
the back porch she staggered. He helped
her inside and put her to bed, fully-
clothed, and called me up from the base-
ment where I was alphabetizing the REG
subscriber stencils.

I went up. I was in my robe and
slippers, having had an early bath.

She was holding her head. As Augie
told me what had happened, mother said,
"Dick, I think I'm dying." A kind of
surprised apprehension in her tone.

Augie and I agreed she should go to
the hospital. I sat beside her and held
her hand. Augie went out to back the car
in for easier access from the back door.
I went to bring her coat and scarf to the
bed and to help her up.

But she was unconscious and I could-
n't rouse her. I went to the back door
and called Augie in. He and I moved her
onto her side, head down, face slightly
down. (She had said a few moments ear-
lier that she felt like she had to vomit,
for me to get her a towel, which I had
done.)

She was breathing heavily—a kind
of snoring sound—and did vomit a bit.
This while she was unconscious.

Augie called the Portland Emergency
number and got an ambulance on the way.
He called mother's sister (Aunt Bobbie)
and I kept my fingers on mother's pulse
which was strong and steady.

The ambulance arrived with sirens
and flashing lights five minutes later.
Two big, strong attendants came in and
one immediately said she'd had a stroke.
Neighbors came over. I was rattled.

I rode in the front of the ambulance
and Augie closed up the house and brought
along a robe, slippers and her purse.

We went to Emanuel Hospital Emergen-
cy. The attendant in back radioed the
hospital we were coming and that he had a
serious stroke victim.

When we arrived two minutes later
the armed hospital guard said, "Room
Seven." They rolled her right in.

I had to answer basic questions at

living/working for three years in this
basement apartment and I find that mas-
turbation and wheat germ is not enough.

I find myself looking in the real est-
ate ads for cheap houses. I find myself
wishing my dad would finally blow his
lungs from emphysema and/or lung cancer
and leave me his 25-30 thousand bucks.
(At age 71 he smokes two or more packs
a day in spite of what the docs tell him
and in spite of having nearly died of a
collapsed lung two years ago. I gave
him a carton of cigs for Christmas. heh-
heh.)

I find myself making small, tentative
moves toward finding Her, the woman who
matches me—and maybe beats me.

But I need to leave this womb I ran
to nearly three years ago. I need more
privacy and room. TAC/SFR and REG and
the books are crowding me.

Yet mother periodically tells people
(in my hearing) that she doesn't know
what she'd do without me.

So...I'm more or less waiting till the
old lady (in her 70's) next door who has
heart disease and her husband who has
cancer and emphysema either die or are
forced to move so I can buy their house—
or the 80+ year old lady widow who has
a nice little house catty-corner to our
back yard, who is hallucinating burglars
all the time, to have to be put away....

Then there's the small house up the
block which is just right but a bit out
of my reach financially—since I am ex-
tremely reluctant to take on a big mort-
gage at usurious rates in the current
economic climate. Cash or a very small
mortgage, okay.

A house next door to mother would sat-
isfy us all—keep my conscience satis-
fied and give me my freedom.

At the moment I have decided to wait
till fall at the latest. I should have
more money by then and the direction of
the economy should be clear by then.

Of course mother nature could fool me
and hit me with a truck. If that hap-
pens, people, I want you to know you've
lost your subscription moneys. I doubt

the nurse's window and sign forms. I sat in a chair and waited for Augie. He arrived with her things and one of the ambulance attendants sat next to me and took name and numbers from the OPS-Blue Shield and Medicare cards she kept in her wallet.

Aunt Bobbie and Uncle Claude arrived. At just about that moment the nurse called me and said the doctor wanted to see me.

(Let me amend the narrative a bit: Augie, at home, had also called Dr. Myers, our family doctor, and Dr. Myers was waiting for a report from the Emergency Room doctor.)

The Emergency Room doctor told me that mother had suffered a severe (technical name for stroke) and they were sending her up to the Intensive Care Unit on the third floor. They had her on oxygen.

I followed her up in the Emergency elevator. Augie, Claude and Bobbie followed in the public elevators. We waited in the small ICU waiting room.

After a few minutes a young doctor entered and told us it was "very serious" and that we should call close relatives.

I called Jerry, my step-brother, who is also the executor of mother's estate. He arrived a half an hour later. We called mother's other two sisters: Billie (also in Portland) and Lily, in Warrenton (near Astoria).

Mother entered the hospital around eight-fifty P.M.

Dr. Myers arrived. He called in a neurosurgeon, just-in-case. They took all kinds of tests, and a kind of sonic procedure where they "sound" the skull and brain to find the location of the "insult". They rolled in a portable X-Ray unit.

Dr. Myers conferred with us, as did the fat neurosurgeon. She was doomed. The brain was swelling. As blood is denied a part of the brain, it swells. This in turn squeezes the rest of the brain, further compressing arteries and veins. Without blood, the brain dies. The tide of dying was reaching her lower brain, the stem, where automatic bodily mechanisms are regulated. In a few mo-

ments that, too, would die. They had her, still, on oxygen and a breathing machine.

Mother had always said she didn't want to be kept alive as a vegetable. She did not believe in keeping a body going if the mind was gone and could never be recovered.

Bobbie, Jerry, Augie and I said this was our view, too. (Even heroic measures by machine couldn't have kept her heart going more than four or five days, anyway.)

And so...they turned off the machines and the oxygen...and let her go.

And we had to call Billie and Lily and tell them.

Augie and I came home and had a drink and talked and cried....as I'm crying now...and about 3 AM we went to our beds...but neither of us slept.

BEFORE THE FUNERAL
1-16-19-75

funerals are brutal. The ordeal of arranging for a funeral is as tough.

Thursday morning, sleepless, I had to get the show on the road. I called the Little Chapel of the Chimes on Killingsworth and spoke to Mr. Johnson, who is in effect the family funeral director. Set the date for the funeral: Monday morning at 11:00 A.M.

Then—I had to call mother's best girl friend—life-long friend—and break the news to her. That broke me apart. I asked her to call as many of their mutual friends as she could, and to ask them in turn to call friends.

Then the phone rang and rang with friends calling to express their shock and sorrow.

And all through this I was on the ragged edge of tears—and often over it. And endlessly my stomach felt sick and I couldn't eat.

At one P.M. Augie and I met Bobbie and Billie and Billie's husband, my Uncle Charlie, at the Chapel. Up the deeply carpeted stairs, down the deeply carpeted hall to a deeply carpeted room with Mr. Johnson where we made the arrangements.

Which songs on the organ. Which songs to have the vocalist sing. Details of mother's life—major interests, accomplishments...so Mr. Johnson can make a nice talk during the service.

Then down the hall to a two-level series of rooms to pick the casket. Family consensus—mother liked pink, so we picked a "feminine" pinkish casket—#645.

All together, including vault fees and such, total cost of the funeral is \$1500.

Billie brought along a pink dress for mom to be buried in, and after we left the Chapel we went across the street to the strategically located florist's to pick out a coffin spray or whatever it is called, and a corsage for Mother to wear while on display in the Slumber Room and during the services.

Then home for picking out earrings, a slip, panties, stockings, to find pictures of her showing her best hairdo and makeup style.

More calls to make to out-of-town friends of hers... More incoming condolences. People bringing food—pies, cakes, potato salad that neither Augie nor I can eat. (It'll be served at the family get-together after the funeral on Monday.

That night we ate some clam chowder and bread and butter. It stayed down.

Friday was a drag. Augie and I and Bobbie and Claude went that night to Sir Loin's the steak house where with mother we had always gone. Mom was well liked there and they saved scraps for her to give to the dogs she feeds, the strays that drift by all the time. She fed anything that moved on four legs or flew. Dogs, cats, possums, birds....

My steak tasted like ashes.

Saturday was a drag. Visits. Phone. I have refused to go to the Slumber Room and view her.

I understand Augie visits every day and goes to pieces, kisses her, talks to her, touches her hair...

We all grieve differently.

Tomorrow is the funeral. How I wish I could not go. But I'll pay my dues, damnit.

I've lost three pounds. This is a hell of a way to go on a diet.

I C— YOU Thursday night about
1-19-75 11 PM C— called from
California. Augie and I
had gone to bed to try to rest.

She is planning on coming up to Portland with her kid, anyway. Asked if I wanted her, would I help her. I told her mother had died—she was shocked—and pointed out how she had not been able to make it up here in 1972... Besides, I didn't know if I was going to be able to keep the house, and if I did manage it, it would involve buying Jerry's and Darleane's (she's my stepsister in New Hampshire) share and that would drain all my savings and put me in debt. Things were up in the air....

But I suspect she will come. I'll call her tonight (a time she said in a mailed note would be "safe") and try to discourage her. I'm fond of her but we can't recapture the past. I'm still seeking a dream girl, I guess. I don't want her dependency scene, my push-pull syndrome going full tilt again, with her kid involved.... All I see is hurt for her and guilt for me.

THE CALL I called but the woman
1-19-75 who answered was C—'s husband's stepmother, who, it seems has arrived there from the mid-west to take care of the child (children?). C— wasn't there. I won't try calling again. If she comes, she comes. I believe in letting people do what they want to do—up to the point where they interfere with my plans. The trick is to find people whose desires match yours—at least occasionally.

THE FUNERAL I survived the service
1-20-75 well enough. A few tears welling into my eyes—especially when they played mom's favorite song, PLEASE RELEASE ME. I stared stonily at the rug and did not look up at the 200 or so in the chapel. We, the family, were in a side alcove. Mr. Johnson, the funeral director knew mother

er personally and performed the service. He managed to mispronounce her family name (Dreske), my name, and the name of mother's incredible 20½ year old cat, Muffy. Other than that and a few extemporaneous stumbles, he did a creditable job.

It was when they opened the coffin for the final viewing, and the friends filed past and looked at her, that I began to come apart. And outside in the parking area as we prepared to enter the limousine to ride to Rose City Cemetery, and her close friends came over to offer personal sadnesses...and my friends who wanted to help me—I cracked and bawled like a baby.

Well, I suppose it's good to ventilate...let emotion come to the surface and be neutralized. But it isn't much fun.

I puddled a bit at the final few words of Mr. Johnson at the mausoleum. She was put in next to her second husband, Marion, who died of cancer in 1968.

Then Augie and I took my dad back to his small apartment on Morrison St. (Dad is 71, feeble with emphysema, and getting senile.) And we drove to a family get-together at my Aunt Billie's home out on San Raphael.

We had ham, potato salad, and cake.

We left at 4:30 PM and went to a bar where he had a brandy and I had a strong Screwdriver.

We came home.

Tomorrow Jerry and I will I hope get together and settle the estate and stay out of probate.

God, I'd like to go to bed with a passionate woman right now.

I've had pointed out to me once again the prime truths of life: Do what you want to do! Enjoy your life! Do not have regrets. Everything ends! It is later than you think!

So long, mom. If there's an after-life you're in good hands. Feed a stray cat for me.

C—AGAIN, AND AGAIN...
1-21-75

I've been violating my decision not to comment on or record my personal personal life, in C—'s case, and I shall hereby call a halt to it. I draw the veil..... *squeel...squeel....* Damn veil is rusty.

THE ESTATE Stepbrother Jerry came
1-22-75 over last night and we went through the family papers, mom's will and he made a list of her bank accounts, etc. Jerry is the official executor. I is the executor.

I made clear that I want to buy his and Darleane's shares of the house. Okay with him. Just a matter of settling on a price. He'll send an appraiser to do his thing and go on from there.

There's about 13,000 dollars cash in the accounts and the house is worth about 18,000 net. So with my one-third share of the money plus all my savings, I should be able to pay two-thirds of the house value.

We shall....see. (The grunch of it is that mom was planning on changing her will to leave the house to me and give the money to the stepchildren. That intent and 25% will buy me a cup of coffee.)

THE FIREPLACE Experimentally,
1-22-75 this morning, I started a fire in the fireplace with a few pieces of wood, yesterday's newspaper, and a lot of the accumulated paper that is generated by TAC/REG/SFR mail and mimeoing. This mounts up each week tremendously.

It was my idea that I could burn all my junk paper and save a bit on the oil bill. I'm at heart a miser; hate to see waste. And throwing out thirty or so pounds of waste paper per week seems a damn sin, somehow.

Here are some facts about home fireplaces which it might be interesting for you to know in the coming months/years of recession/depression.

In most homes the flue is built so
((Continued on page 9))

MASTERS OF DEATH

Fiction by

A. L. Terego

I buttoned open the window about fifteen centimetres, snuggled the bulky laser rifle into position against my shoulder, against my cheek, and lined up on the silvery doors of the Frank Building below. I switched the rifle on. My right ear filled with the sound of distant, swarming bees. The titanium housing warmed my jaw.

I squinted into the 10-power scope. The gleaming, scrolled doors leaped into detail. I experimentally zeroed the fine red cross-hairs on a lovely blonde in blue moss. Her fuzzy breasts wobbled enticingly as she passed the doors.

Why a girl would let that stuff grow on her naked skin—just to be in fashion—was beyond me.

Sherli had had it smeared on her, orange stuff, and let it grow till she was shaggy. Making love with her had been a weird experience. It was like fucking some kind of animal...an alien. I didn't like it. I wanted real, smooth, creamy brown skin to touch and kiss.

My watch told me I had ten minutes before Webster was due to arrive in his distinctive white tricoach. He always entered the center set of doors. Habits can get a man killed.

This time he'd get a firebeam through his skull.

I sat back in the deep roll chair by the window, rifle cradled in my arms, and didn't take my eyes from the target area. I didn't think of anything much. I kept my mind as empty as I could, because a professional killer can't afford to be absorbed in personal thoughts during a hit time.

Especially when he's about to smoke the Premier of New York.

I glanced quickly around the deserted office. Six feet to my left was the open air vent. The rifle went down there as soon as I'd burned Webster. It would fall two floors to where a brother Killer waited to hide it in a stockroom. He had a set of not-quite-smudged fingerprints to apply to the stock and barrel.

The patsy was eating lunch alone two offices over. The frame was set. He was a known provincialist. He'd had contact with agents of the Great Lakes rebel states. He read ASUNDER, the underground provincialist magazine. He was stupid.

I wanted a hasher but couldn't risk lighting up. Not now. Ten thousand pure gulds depended on a clean kill. I could suck high for years in any resort in the world on my share of that much hit money.

I was proud the customer had specified I was to be the trigger. I was the best. Erik Jagger, Killer. Me. Twenty-six clean kills. Seven years in the Guild.

I kept my eyes on the street. Not many coaches around. The economy was getting worse by the week. I had a good idea who was behind the customer who had bought Webster's death.

Now! The white tricoach pulled into the slot.

I settled the laser into position. Safety off. I filled the scope with the coach. Yes—

Webster got out with his four guards. Their problem was his six foot four height. His bald head was a perfect target.

I felt familiar gut sensations, a shiver up my spine. I drifted the crosshairs to the center doors and let him walk right into the fine red X.

My finger tightened just enough on the stud. For an instant the bees in the warm rifle housing went dead. In that instant a pencil beam of pure silver light existed. It tore through the air, through Webster's skull-brain-skull, through the shoulder-chest-arm of one of his guards. It fused a silvery flower on a door frame.

I watched through the scope for a few seconds. Webster was down. I caught a glimpse of his face. The beam had exited just to the left of his pudgy nose. He would look like a red, drippy nostril. His brown eyes were open. No life.

The 1953 election was now fixed.

Then people crowded in and blocked my view. I switched off the rifle.

I took a deep breath. I always had a bad few seconds after a burn. I wondered what he had been thinking about. Money? Power? Getting some sex from that harem of "secretaries" he kept? Maybe deciding to loosen his coat links the first chance he got?

My problem was I had some shreds of conscience left. Trouble was I liked to kill. Well—fuck it.

I started toward the air vent.

Muffled running— The office door shattered inward and two beefy detects lurched through. A third detect followed, ready to fire his old-fashioned .37 revolver. He was in his forties, skinny, with iron eyes.

I yelled, "Hey, don't! Easy! I just found this on the floor by the window." I wore a detect's green and black on-duty jacket. Camouflage. Easy entry, easy exit.

The skinny one didn't lower his gun. I knew when his hard eyes squinted a fraction before he squeezed the trigger. Set-up! Double-cross!

The gun blasted and a sledge-hammer hit me in the chest. The office tilted and twisted. I crashed to the floor, dazed, ears ringing, knowing I was a dead man.

My chest felt broken. Through the ringing I heard awful sucking. My heart thudded, faster and faster, shaking me, trying to keep pressure up, trying to keep my brain alive. Poor, stupid muscle, pumping blood into shredded arteries, squirting blood all over the tan carpet....

I heard a voice. "Finish him!"

I fell into a slewing, soundless world of nothingness.

Twisting. Warping. Dizziness and vertigo and nausea to the nth power. No self-thoughts. No time... Eternity. An endless whirlpool... somehow down and around and down... and faster....

"Zeytum, Zeytum... Canakaal Erba
Zeytum...."

I became aware of low, broken droning by male voices. A weird foreign language.

My mind still spun drunkenly. But— I was still alive. I lay on some kind of fur sheet...blanket... I didn't hurt. I breathed deep— A terrible smell! Something acrid and skunklike.

I opened my eyes. I stared at a high, shadowed, arched stone ceiling. Flickering firelight and the chanting voices came from my left.

My mind hurt. I was still woozy. Where was I? A waft of smoke drifted past my face and I gasped on the horrible odor. I turned my head toward the light.

About three metres to my left three old men with long hair and beards, wearing rich, jeweled robes, huddled over a big, copper brazier. The brazier stood on a green mottled block of marble.

I couldn't believe it! It seemed like only a few seconds ago— I flinched at the memory. I croaked, "Hey!
What—"

The droning stopped instantly. The old men turned. I discovered I couldn't move. Wide, crude leather straps, tight across my big chest—

I snapped my eyes shut. My mind swirled. This wasn't my body! I heard footsteps scraping rapidly close... But I had seen somebody else's body! No gaping, bloody hole. No bandages!

Cold, chilling terror flooded me. I panted. My barrel chest— I raised my head and looked down the length of the naked body... my body? I was dead, wasn't I? This big, strong white body wasn't me! I was slim, wiry, quick— and a fullblooded Nig.

No! The hit—the fake detects—

I turned wild eyes to the old men. They peered down at me. One of them, with a strange, neatly-trimmed forked beard, said, "Who are you?"

"I'm—I'm Erik Jagger. What is this? What—

"The thirteenth cast! We have him!"

The other two old men nodded and grinned. One said, "Erzurum will be saved." He recited: "Cholb has written, Cholb has provided, Cholb has triumphed."

I yelled, "WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?" Panic shivered me. My voice was different!—a rich baritone.

Fork-beard said, "Calm. Be calm, Erik Jagger. You were taken from your world as your pneuma faltered. You were dying. Cholb's Net takes only harsh male souls on the brink of extinction."

"I don't understand!" I looked around, wide-eyed, at the marble stonework, the weirdly carved pillars, the leaping shadows from the brazier, the brown furs I was lying on...my new body!

My head felt funny. Was it my head? Dizziness lingered as a strange fringe sensation. My mouth was fear-dry. I cried, "This isn't me!"

The third man, less old than the other two, wearing a gold amulet on a heavy gold chain, smiled and said, "What you have now is probably a far better body than you had in your world. Your essence is in a new home. We hope you will be grateful."

Fork-beard frowned, "Not yet, Tutak. He needs time. We don't want this one to go mad, too."

I asked, "Is this hell?"

"This is Erzurum. We are Wizards of the Grand Council of Wizards who rule Erzurum. We cast a spell...a kind of net...into your world and we saved your soul from extinction. Your soul—your pneuma—took this fine young body which we had...vacated...for you. Now, sleep."

He passed his left hand over my head. A great ruby ring glowed. "Sak-arya, sakarya, saros..."

I wanted more answers but suddenly I was drifting away. Soft darkness closed in. I lost consciousness.

I had strange, murky dreams. A lovely, blonde woman's face rippled with horror. A terror not my own stained my sleep, but faded. A ghost memory of a mind draining... The dreams paled and thinned.

I awoke whimpering, tears in my eyes. He had been in my brain—the last, lingering phantom of his drained mind. His last tears were on my cheeks. He was gone. I had his body...and it was my body now!

The straps still bound me to the great slab of marble. I felt the cold stone through the furs.

I looked left. The fire in the brazier was out. I was alone. The awful stink was faint in the cool air. Gray light filtered into the pillared, vaulted stone room from high in hidden alcoves.

I raised my head and studied my body. I was young, tall, well-muscled, lean. I had brown hair judging by the curly patch at my loins. My soft organ was a lot larger than my "old" one.

This body was real! This world was real! I accepted the miracle.

I grinned and lowered my head. I began to think about what the wizards had said.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Sorry,
1-26-75 people, but I
can't finish

that story. I'm not in the mood for fiction. This personal journal is taking a different direction than I had planned.

The REG I described in IAC 11 was a journal I "should" have written...not the one I really wanted to write.

Mother's death has changed everything, for good or ill. In a way her death is a benefit for me—it frees me from my vow to her to stay with her until she died. I completed that vow. Now, I am able to get out of this basement literally and figuratively.

There has been in me a resistance to writing this journal as I "should" write it—social comments, fiction, de-sexed personal notes. I kept putting it off... I kept having all kinds of trouble with the story (really the first two chapters of a novel I plotted a year or more ago) and I kept backing and filling about telling about C— and my intimate life and thoughts.

I'll say it again: mother's very abrupt death has slammed a bolt of truth into my brain—DO IT! BE YOURSELF! HAVE NO REGRETS!

I suppose I'm a strange, mixed-up person. A stew of contrasting and conflicting emotions, desires, talents, personality and character elements.

I want to write flat-out honest. I have a belief that if I really level with you (and myself) via the process and vehicle of this journal, I'll both entertain and instruct all of us.

In the past and now and in the future it takes a lot of guts to drop the masks and keep them dropped. There is an almost irresistible final veil that yields only to the most determined drive. I'm hip that what I will be writing may offend, shock, disturb some of you. If it gets too tough for you, please tell me to stop sending REG. I'll refund the balance. I'm also hip that there's a certain amount of slaving and drooling now—hot damn! Geis is going to let it all hang out! That's cool.

There ARE ground rules, of course. No names. As with C— an initial only. And no detailed descriptions of people. And no detailed descriptions of sex.

Even so, this new/old direction of REG is liable to lose me a woman friend who will be reading this. She's a very nice person I've met once and like a lot. She may be inclined to like me a lot, too. But this issue may turn her off and wipe out something between us that is being born.

Yet...if knowing the inside as well as the outside, role-playing Geis will send her screaming to the hills, then she isn't as tough or as mature or as honest herself as I think she is.

I'm still looking for the gal who is as crazy as I am, as sex-mad (in the oral sex fashion) as I am, as antisocial and non-conformist and cynical and idealistic and introspective as I am.

She's out there, somewhere. And I'm going hunting in my left-handed, half-assed way, for her.

So here we go....

BACK TO C—
1-26-75

This is to bring the journal up to date.

C— called again and we discussed her coming up here with her kid. I told her she'd end up in the poor/welfare sub-culture, because I wouldn't allow her to stay with me, and because of the inherent restrictions on privacy and free time a child imposes, we wouldn't see much of each other.

She was disappointed. She had some illusions, dreams... So she concluded she would have to try to mend fences with her husband.

She called again the next day or two and said things had gone too far; she was going to find a cheap place in Venice or West L.A. She asked me to loan her some money. I said I would.

I sent \$150. by Western Union. She is a good friend, whatever else she is and I am. I help friends. As the aphorism in the paper has it: A friend sees you through, even if he sees through you.

But C— is too fat. She's diabetic, a walking hospital bill waiting to happen. She refuses to take off that weight. I can understand that—I have my deep needs and defenses which I cannot give up—but it gets between us. I guess that's its function.

(I told C— I was seeing a woman up here on an irregular basis. ((I saw her once, may see her again.)))

So that is C— to date. I hope she stays in California, with her child.

THE TEMPTING GAY LIFE
1-26-75

Last summer, yielding to an impulse to find

a friend to go to shows with, to talk with, to play chess with...and, frankly, perhaps jack-off with, I ran an ad in the OREGON PLAYMATE magazine. Very discrete ad.

The reason I sought a man are an example of my/our fears and embarrassments. I was ashamed of living in this basement as a kind of child...a kind of poor relation. How could I ask a woman to visit me in the basement...run the gauntlet of mother and Augie... No, no, it could-

n't be endured. A 47-year old man! But a buddy could be passed off as a fellow science fiction aficionado.

Nothing came of the ad then. I paid for several monthly insertions, but the magazine printed it in micro-micro type and then went into a long period of non-publication.

Imagine my surprise last week when I got two contact letters from men who had read the ad in a current issue. One man didn't appeal to me from his letter, so I sent him a thank you for writing note. The other...

He's an older man, square-appearing, and he made it clear he gets his satisfaction from giving a man pleasure. He asks nothing for himself.

This would be perfect for me. Because aside from a curiosity about the size and shape of other men's penises, men have no physical appeal, and I have no desire to suck them or fuck them.

I called the gentleman the other day and we discussed the prospects. He doesn't drive, nor do I, so the fact that he lives way to hell and gone out in the SE area of Portland makes it unlikely I'll ride my bike that far in winter weather anytime soon. I've got to get this magazine out, got to get TAC/SFR out (TAC is changing names to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW with #12, by the way. It's a long story explained in full in the issue), so it may be a month before I see him, if I ever do. I know I'll feel silly and "funny" in that situation, initially, at least. But the idea of just laying back and having someone play and suck and worship my penis is bemusing and deserves trying at least once.

I do have a kind of homosexual history: I and some high-school friends had a few circle jack-off sessions (with "art" studies of naked women to inspire us), and once or twice I experimented with a friend in sucking. And in Venice I knew a few gay men socially. (I knew gay girls, too, but that doesn't count—I wanted to go to bed with them. Fat chance.)

I suppose, in a sense, I'm bi-sexual.

HANDY KNOWLEDGE

1-26-75

Augie and I were eating lunch a few minutes ago and got to talking about house painting. He told me that the old-time house painters he knew in Wisconsin always gave a new, unpainted house three coats of linseed oil a few days before putting on the primer coat of paint. With linseed oil in the wood the subsequent coats of paint would never crack or peel. And some houses went up to 60 years with no problems of that kind. Properly prepared and with top-quality paint in those days, the first paint job would last the lifetime of the house owner.

Nowadays... Builders care only about the paint lasting until the house is sold.

Any unfinished wooden surface—unfinished furniture, for instance, should be given at least one coat of linseed oil for long-lasting painting and a quality finish.

#

Another instance of deteriorating standards is in the quality of wood used in new houses. When the appraiser came by Friday morning to look over the house (to give an estimate of its current market value to Jerry and I) he remarked on the #1 quality wood—unblemished—of the floor joists, and said now trash lumber is used in new homes, to cut costs.

In many ways a forty-year-old home in good repair is preferable to a new house today.

POLITICS

1-26-75

I can't shake the feeling that Nelson Rockefeller quit as governor of New York and made himself eminently available for major office, and became Vice President on cue, just to serve in the shadow of nebbish nice-guy Gerald Ford. Granted, Gerry takes orders nicely (something Dick Nixon stopped doing and got his ass kicked out of the White House for), but I think he will not run in 1976. He wanted to retire before Nixon made him V.P., and Mrs. Ford was particularly anxious to go back to Michigan and stay out of Washington. Now, after her breast cancer operation... The strong

suspicion sits in my mind and won't be stilled, that Gerry let it be known that he will run in 1976 so that he would have leverage with Congress and the public. A 4-year lame duck President isn't much good for anything, and the Republicans (and Rockefeller) need all the angles they can lay their hands on. What's a little political lie, anyway? People expect their President to lie to them.

I expect, sometime early in 1976, Gerry will announce his decision not to run, for very good reasons.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

1-27-75

I've been drinking too much coffee lately, I think. It's a cycle: because of emotional upset I can't sleep well, so the next morning I drink more coffee than usual to keep awake and alert. The extra coffee, in turn, keeps me awake later and often awakens me prematurely—like this morning about four-thirty. And once I've had four or five hours sleep I find it very difficult to get back to sleep. So, today, I drink more coffee still, and probably face another four-five hour sleep tonight... Until I lay off coffee for one whole day and let it work out of my system and get one good solid seven or eight hours...like a log.

I told Augie yesterday that as much as I like him and as much as I value him as a friend, I still don't want to live with him, that I have plans for having a girl friend or two, and that requires a degree of privacy not possible with him living in the house, too.

He agreed and wasn't upset. He'll get himself a trailer in some park and live as he did until last year when mother invited him into the house.

He also, I find, has a new girl friend—he called her yesterday and will have dinner with her tonight. I approve. He has to keep on living, and as we discussed last night, mother's sudden "unfair" death shook him. He thinks he has about 3-4 years left to him—with his bad heart—and he is now determined to work less and enjoy life more. Being of sound mind, he will spend his money while he is alive.

I notice I'm getting lonely during the days. Mother was always around...

I know that I will soon get into a happy-to-be-alone, self-sufficient period which will last a few weeks, then I will become desperate for female companionship...

If I had an outside job where I came into contact with people, my social needs wouldn't become so acute, I suppose, but I live an isolated existence to a great degree, and am by nature withdrawn...afraid of women (in spite of my periods of aggressive behavior) ...and shrink from sitting in bars and would be the wall-flower to end all wall-flowers at a "singles" dance or party. How to meet a few women? I guess simply advertise again in the local friendly Introduction Service bulletin.

Last summer I placed a premature ad and received three or four responses. (I'm great at writing ads that draw) But I cringed away from meeting any of those women because—well, as noted, I was ashamed to ask them to visit in my "inferior" basement living quarters.

Anyway, I wrote last night to one of the women who responded back then. We shall see.

Today I put off running off any of TAC/SFR #12 to do this writing and inadvertently found myself rearranging the furniture in the livingroom and decorating the place. Mother was a devoted gimcrackery addict and managed to litter the house with countless little ceramic animals and fake birds.... Eventually I will be littering this house with countless books....

After I see if I can afford this house I'll try to get a king-size bed. I just want to SPRAWL.

Poor Kookie the cat was shook up this afternoon when she found her favorite chair moved. Them's the breaks, kid. We all got to adjust to the new order.

Tomorrow Aunt Billie and Bobbie come over again to further take what they can use of mother's clothes, etc.

I'll clean the impression roller on the Gestetner now and get it all set for the A.M.

that it cannot completely close. There is always a minimal draw of air up the chimney. This is required in the building code.

(Last month a family here in Portland nearly died when they closed their flue after an evening fire, went to bed, and carbon monoxide and other fumes from the coals accumulated in the house. They live in a cheaply-built newer house with apparently a defective or wrong-built flue in their fireplace. I wonder if anyone has told them they may have a case against the builder.)

Now, because of this minimal draw of air up the chimney, you can lose about 10% of your house heat per day.

So if you don't use your fireplace at all, seal the flue and save...a lot.

I plan to alter the fireplace screen, perhaps with aluminum foil, to 99% seal the fireplace when not in use. One day/night a week I can burn my paper and such with some profit.

(In fact, by flattening the tin cans and judiciously buying foods wrapped or contained in paper products instead of unburnable plastic, metal and glass, and by burying actual food scraps in the garden for fertilizer, I can see I won't need to spend \$6.50 per two or three months for garbage pickup.)

From now on, once Augie moves out and I am finally my own true master in this house, I'll be able to start an interesting series of experiments in self-sufficiency living. Not because I have to...but because I dig that scene. I want to be as free of dependance on the System as I can...

I'm a federalist at heart. I believe people are most free when they are most independent of others' control. If a government can withhold or control your food, your shelter, or your private life, if it can command you by way of your job—you are more slave than free man.

I am self-employed. I am becoming more and more free of the system.

Yikes—I'm a hippie!

Most people today have to say: "I am a number, I am not a free man!"

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
1-28-75

So far just got the mail done, made a deposit at the bank, and am now doing this. Billie and Bobbie are upstairs going nuts: everywhere they look in this house they find another cache of mother's clothes. "So many clothes! Why was she saving them all?"

Also dozens of sheets, blankets, pillow cases, towels, washcloths....and extra bedspreads, drapes.... She was prepared for a total 20-year blockade of the country.

Augie came in from his date last night at about 3:30 A.M. When he came home for lunch a few minutes ago he said that the owner of the service station where he works told him that the gal called and asked if Augie worked there, if he worked regularly, and what he was paid!

This pissed Augie no end. He doesn't intend seeing that gal anymore.

This amuses me. I wouldn't mind a woman wanting to know my financial status—I'd be happy to tell her—anything. It's a legitimate curiosity. But what pisses ME is the too-frequent hypocrisy of women who are interested in a man's money status on a first meeting but who get all shocked and indignant if a man—say me—asks them specific questions about their sexual preferences. 'Is that all you can think of?' They resent being a sex object yet often are blind to their view of men as money/security objects.

Subtly, in most cases, denied by all, we still live in a buyer's/seller's market as far as man/woman relationships are concerned.

Times/customs/relationships change slowly, for the most part.

THAT DAMN GESTETNER!!!
1-29-75

five stencils—3000 copies each—and to my ultimate horror, that GOD DAMNED machine started its creasing and creeping stencil trip again.

I AM THROUGH WITH RUNNING TAC/SFR off

Not much work done today, either.

on that mimeo! I've had it! I'm ranting and raving! I don't give a sweet shit how much money I lose, or if the economy is going to hell in a rocket-ship—SFR will be offset from now on.

REG, however, will be mimeo, since the problems start after 1,000 copies, and REG will require only 500 copies, tops, I estimate, now.

SECOND THOUGHTS
1-30-75

Had a letter from C— yesterday saying she got the \$150. and is still with hubby till she can earn enough of a stake to venture into an apt. Costs are high. As I suspected, the cry for money was a "test" of my friendship/love. She says now she'll send the money back if she doesn't need it. She may call me.

I've tried the fireplace twice. To burn waste paper. At night. I have found that it requires a lot of attention, I am left with a lot of messy ashes, a stink in the house, and a need to leave the flue partly open (above minimum) to keep long-lasting smoke and fumes going up the chimney.

The result is, I am convinced, a loss of house heat in excess of that generated by the fire. In short, it's probably cheaper to seal the flue, add cheap plastic storm windows to better insulate the house, close off unused rooms and continue to put the scrap paper in the garbage. Besides, automatic oil heat is much more convenient.

Four or five of mother's girl friends are coming over today to pick a memento and go through the lament routine.

Feb. 6th a Veteran's Charity truck is coming by and I'll lay all the stuff on them that's left...and clean out the junk in the upstairs rooms, and storage room.

Got a short note from the one Friendly Introduction Service woman I wrote to— She regrets but I am not her cup of tea. Yes. Well. I suspect

I write too specific, detailed letters about myself and what kind of relationship I want.

I suspect I scare women away. I don't play the Romance Game. I tell them I've written 80+ sex novels....

Still, there should be a woman who would dig me. Maybe if I put a display ad in The OREGONIAN....? No, they wouldn't accept it. *Sigh*

THERE'S A FORD IN YOUR ROCKEFELLER
1-31-75

I have to admire President Ford's dedication to his initial \$1. import tax on oil...seeing as how it will apparently instantly raise ALL gasoline and oil prices in this country a few cents per gallon...thereby making more profit per gallon (instant bonus) on the millions upon millions of gallons of gas and oil sitting in domestic tank farms in excessive inventory.

The rationale for this import tax on imported oil is to reduce consumption and thus make us dependent on those who control domestic oil supplies—instead of the nasty arabs who sell the oil companies oil to sell to us. (Is it 3% of our "needs" that we import from the evil arabs?) Of course no one but the oil company knows for sure how much oil there is in reserve in our ground and offshore—because the oil company won't tell us what the proven reserves are. And neither Ford or Congress is interested in making them tell, so that a rational energy policy for our country

can be set up.

It is all a shuck, another giant ripoff, and the American people are about to be conned and fleeced again. It's the old shell game...or Shell game.

Ford, of course, is far more reliable an agent of the Rockefeller empire, since his boss is now looking over his shoulder as Vice President. Nixon turned out to be a double-crosser and both a fool and a paranoid schizophrenic. God knows we have had fools and madmen as Presidents before, but they rarely made the mistake of defying the bosses who put them into office. When Nixon picked Agnew to run with him again in 1972, and then picked Ford... He was doomed. The media pressure built up and up....

It now appears that JFK, and Johnson, could have been media-blitzed out of office as easily as Nixon. They both were guilty of unlawful acts via the CIA and FBI, etc.

Isn't it remarkable how our masters control our "leaders": whenever a major change in policy is wanted—and the man in the White House digs in his heels. (or is too crazy to do as he is told)—an assassination is ordered or a pressure play is orchestrated. Whenever a maverick rises to seriously challenge the empire of money in ways they don't like...zap! Robert Kennedy gets it in the head. Zap! George Wallace gets it in the spine (and lucky to be alive—he "should" have died). But such extreme measures are too public, too ob-

vious, too clear. The conclusions drawn from the inevitable question, "Who benefits?" too hard to ignore.

As for our current crop of congressmen—what a ludicrous crew of headline hunters. They're all chiefs with plans for saving our nation...and meanwhile Ford and his Rockefeller-picked coterie of big-money agents go ahead with their plan to help their multinational employers.

ELECTRA-GLIDE IN DRAG I saw the
2-2-75 ABC Movie of the
week tonight—

ELECTRA-GLIDE IN BLUE, starring Robert Blake as a short bike cop in Arizona forced to work with barely-submerged nuts as fellow cops, and the usual cliches as hippies, losers and women.

The movie is a rip-off from the arty opening camera angles to the inevitable kill-the-anti-hero cop ending.

Everyone is a phoney or a loser. Only the Harleys looked good. The picture is of the naturalistic/realistic school...and its message is I suppose never be a cop, or have anything to do with cops, or bikers or hippies or old crazy, lonely mountain men... They'll either kill you, bust you unjustly, or rob you.

You might get tight with pretty would-be-but-didn't-try-hard-enough actresses/waitresses. They're fun when they're not drunk.

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