

October 1, 1982

[REDACTED]  
Cocoa Beach, Florida [REDACTED]

Dear Randy,

Great to hear from you. Sounds like you're living an exciting life, what with transvestites and hustlers in the front room.

Our thunderstorm season seems to be gone here now, and we've had perfect beach weather for the last three days, and so you ought to come on down for a visit pronto. I know you -- you'll procrastinate or think that you're needed around the store or something -- and before you know it you'll think it is too cold to come. Actually, most of the winter here is still beachy and warm. In any case, I'm sure you could use the now lovely weather, the status-symbol color that a tan always gives to New Yorkers, the real way you can tell the rich from the poor in a Manhattan bath house.

I don't have to return to work until October 18th, so why don't you come before then. The new Disney futurecity has just opened. Did I tell you we have two gay bars in the vicinity? And when one gets eager for the big city, there's always Orlando, with its many bars, clubs, baths, etc. I have not yet been there, however, since getting to Cocoa Beach, because I've decided to get used to small town life. You'll surely want to take in the space center museum, sites, etc. All close. Come on!

I don't have a phone. The only way to get a phone message to me is to leave one with my folks: [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I can meet you at the airport. The airfare from New York to Melbourne, Florida is relatively cheap. I think they want to get more business at the Melbourne Regional Airport -- 20 miles distant from me.

They are just now completing a paint-renovation on my apartment house, so everything is spiffy, waiting for your arrival. As I said, my door is only 40 steps from the sand.

Give my best to Peter Dvarackas and David Combs. I believe I recall Marsha. Wasn't she rather an early morning Christopher Street fixture and, perhaps, a member of STAR? An anarchist of sorts? I seem to recall that she fed the masses, like Jesus, by grabbing bread

through the gate of the supermarket early AM near Christopher and 7th. Could that be the same Marsha?

Enclosed are a couple of pictures of a bearded Nichols, one with Logan taken in July. . . also they show our lovely beach and the card shows Ala and Cocoa Beach. I live about 3/4 of a mile north of where this photo on the card is taken.

You don't have to pack a whole bunch. Cocoa Beach attire is mostly shorts and thongs - - T shirts at night.

So -- hurry hurry hurry.

love,

