

The next night he came back to wire his creation. Somehow, I sidetracked him to Hoboken where he immediately commented on how "filthy" the floors were. Next thing I knew he was whipping up a delicious fattening meal - his first of many. Within a few days he had moved in. He's been here a year now. He's the one who brought that notorious black bitch, that common whore of the streets (whose own mother tells her she's "lower than a dog") into my life. She's been here for eleven months. When and where will it end? I hope never. But if it does end, it'll probably end in jail for all of us.

Yes, my little home has become a common brothel--a place crawling with whores. And all I do is collect the rent and eat the food. Willie cooks. Marsha does the laundry. They share the housework. Each chips in \$50 weekly for rent and food. And, oh yes, I don't have sex with either one of them in case you were perplexed and wondering. Too much drink on New Year's is one thing. A fumbling mistake in the dismal cold of January is one thing. But a momentary lapse of judgement doesn't mean one can't recover one's good judgement and common sense. Besides, little Willie has grown into a big butch thing this past year and trashy Marsha never was my cup of tea. No, we all live together but we all go out to make money, we all go out to get laid.

And, yes, this is a strange household. But I've never been happier. No cooking, cleaning, household chores. Good company. Plenty of excitement. An endless stream of attractive and interesting friends passing through.

And Willie and Marsha are two of the nicest people I've ever had the pleasure to know. The above descriptions, while technically accurate, give the wrong impression. Willie is a hard worker who aspires to become a chef. Marsha is a gentle and lovable person who wouldn't harm a fly and who would, and has, given the clothes off her back to a friend who is cold and hungry.

No aggravation. No tension. I've never lived in a more enjoyable social atmosphere. By budgetting herself (she gets a monthly disability check), Marsha doesn't have to go out and get arrested trying to make a five-dollar bill on the West Side Highway.

Willie has reading problems which he is working on with the help of a private tutor once a week. My only reading problem is finding time every day to read the N.Y. Times cover to cover. It's the biggest single habit in my life and the one which really gives me the most pleasure.

Unfortunately, Willie likes pasta dishes which aren't the best for the waistline. I think I've gained close to ten pounds..although I'm not nearly as fat as the distorted photo of David hugging me makes me look like. I'll try to put together a few photos and enclose a page of them for those of you who are curious. It depends on which ones turn out the best in black and white.

I know it's a dull year. The world didn't end. And all I have to tell is about work, (always a bore), and Willie and Marsha (the less said the better).

Anyway, I hope all of you will come to visit this year and have the experience of a lifetime. I'll make this a short letter since I think I'll do a more respectable one for the family & others. And I really have very little time---just enough to say MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!



as always,

Judy