

1985 Xmas letter -
Never finished or
sent

Dear Special Friend:

Perhaps I should say "chosen one" to make my Jewish friends
peek at himse, I couldn't write you this letter at Xmas. It's
an
not the upbeat flight of hilarity like last year's. At best a few
bright rays of sunlight shine through the meanancing grey cluds which
have enveloped my life. Forgive me.

I am alive. I have not forgotten you. But my annual "Xmas"
letter seems to have gotten out of hand. Everyone, except Mirsha,
(last year's hero - this year's forgotten asst) has demanded,
threatened and/or begged to be "unicluded" this time. I am a but
soft flesh caught between the irresistable force and the immovable object

Opening the closet of one's inner self is not easy. Reaching out to
old friends this way is fraught with problems. It's like speaking up at a
mall town meeting. And when you discover some take your private letter
and make 80 or 100 copies of it to distribute to all the members of
their film companies, you realize that your privacy is evaporating.

When copies are made and sent to strangers in Detroit and people you never
met tell you how much they enjoyed your Xmas letter, you understand those
who ask to be excluded because "that Xmas letter of yours has become too
&
notorious and too widespread --- I have a career to think about."

But this is my life, good and bad. And you are my special few friends.
I want you to know. The public be damned. I write for you, from my heart.
If they stick their nose in, fuck 'em/.

My past letter have been a bit timed and contrived. "Xmas" is that cheery time of year, so I've waited until my spirits have been on the upswing and then I've pumped out my annual gleeful tidings.

But 1985 was different. It started out badly and became steadfastly worse. I've entertained you from the mountain tops, but this year I send you smoke signals from the valley of despair. Hopefully, but not certainly, we'll get back to the light entertainment stuff next year.

Let's see where we were, at last report---so, we can make all those appropriate corrections. Oh yes, I had become obsessed with a male George, my new Beau Marlyn Monroe half my age. Marsha was elaborating upon and improving her arrest record for hooking. Willie had moved uptown & become the manager of a card shop despite his inability to read and/or write (our amazing little Willie!).

My business was slowly drowning in a sea of overhead and I was working harder each and every year for the same or fewer dollars. David was playing in his garden while his new mate worked out his masochism by kissing customers' fat behinds at the lamp shop. to keep ~~the whole thing~~ us all afloat.