From: Paul Dunbar
To: Alice Moore - New Orleans, La.

Dayton Ohio April 19th 1896.

Dear Miss Moore: This rainy sunday finds me still lingering in Toledo - idly busy, lazily industrious. On the last few days, the sun has kissed the face of April into smiles and blushes, - but today she is back at her old trick of weeping and sulking, like a petulant maiden. And I am like the day, full of moods and changing feelings, now sad, now pensive, now gay. Just at present there is not much gayety in me. The clouds and the wind and the rain depress me. But I am not going to show off my blues on you as I am sure you have enough to bear. Let me offer my deep sympathy in the death of your grandmother. I know that her extreme age does not lessen the shock, for death is always sudden.

That home of yours down there with its four sad women needs the presence of a man. If it were so I could, I'd come down there myself and try to "cheer you up a little." But I am now halting between the two intentions of going to the far west for a month's sojourn or to Washington, D.C. I shall probably end by doing neither as usual.

What on earth are you writing now? anything? I have been mentally stagnant for some time na-

until last night when a couple of poems wrote themselves. The Century has also just accepted another. I never sent you a copy of the "New Bohemian" which I mentioned a long while ago, because its contents grew entirely too erotic. I am a Bohemian, but not of that type, – there is as much purity of thought, motive and action in Bohemia as elsewhere – perhaps more. In this world it isn't so much, among what people one lives or where one lives, – it is more how one lives.

Your peremptory demand for a picture has compelled me to make a hurried sitting (or standing) and I enclose to you the result. Don't look at it too closely or you will find that I am standing in a crooked position. The photographer-ess is a friend of mine and we were joking and cutting up at the time. She is such a charming woman that any man would be willing to go wrong for her (Confound it – I had intended to make a face and say I'm 'crooked' – when a lot of people came in and spoiled it all.)

The girls were down stopping, and I have been having a jolly good time and they had powdered me and black my eyebrows and

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under my eyes, — it was lots of fun at the time, but merciful heavens! I forgot to remove it before the company came, and here I sit writing with my head bowed low in order to conceal my shame, just waiting for a chance to make a break for my room. (An old maid across from me is watching me so closely that I think she must have discovered my secret — but I just my hand to my head and beg pardon for hastening on to finish a very important letter.) (Old maid smiles. I swear, inwardly.) Ah thank heaven — have been to my room & washed it off. Am entirely myself now. Must go back to the company, and be deceitful and smiling and affable,

Goodbye Sweet heart

Yours

Paul Pinkar

Will go home next Saturday. If you write me before then address me 733 Hicks st.

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