

NE #6
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VIA
AIR MAIL

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Dear Annie

First of all I'm sorry it's taken so long for me to write you a letter. You know that I'm writing a book and you may think that it would be easy for someone who's writing a book to sit down & write a letter, which is so much smaller. But that's not true. It's hard for me to write whether I'm writing a book or not. And second I don't really have much to say. (You can always tell, when I say that, that it's going to be a long letter) Beeky's pen stopped working while I was drawing a picture of our house with it so I'll write with this one. I guess boo boo has told you about our house. Maybe she didn't mention that the house Frederick Douglass lived in is around the corner, with a plaque and everything saying it was his house and he was the first black civil-rights worker; who started out as a slave and ended up as an important ~~civil rights~~ Government official here in the capital. His house ~~is~~ the African Art Institute now. It's not open now so I don't know what's inside - part of it's a museum anyway. They just enlarged it by adding another building at the back and it will open again to the public April 30th.

Becky and I are having fun doing what we like best to do. except part of the time she's at work but she likes her job so that's all right, I guess. We both get up at 6:15 and do yoga together; the cow, the plow, headstands and breathing and all that for half an hour or so.

Then she takes a bath while I cook a big breakfast, pancakes and bacon and eggs and orange juice and oatmeal and anything else we want. Toast and honey. We eat, maybe read the newspaper to each other. Then she goes to work, at 8:30. I do the dishes then go take a bath with the newspaper.

It's 9:30 when I start working. Today I finished bathing early (because I didn't do the dishes) and wrote a letter to the editor of the newspaper. At 9:30 after I'd finished my letter I called Boo Boo on the phone. Since she's

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supposed to have a half-hour coffee-break at 9:30 I knew I wouldn't be wasting ~~her~~ her time. I read the letter to her and she read one she'd written at work ^{in spare time} back to me about the same thing since we mostly got mad at the same things. We talked for a while then she had to get back to work.

I went back to work too, not back to writing because today I'm making her Valentine's Day present. I got a bunch of good drawing paper and water-color paper at an art store, am cutting it all to size, ironing it into a fold and sewing it into my homemade cover for a sketch book. Pretty good idea, huh?

This paper I'm writing on is some of the watercolor paper I cut to the wrong size.

When boo-heo gets home she's usually pretty tired, but she's so glad to see me she brightens up right away, Right? Wrong. Sometimes she staggers in and takes a nap; other times she just staggers in. But she likes to cook, and she's a good cook so after we've had dinner we're friendly again, after growls and things.

After the Double-Chocolate Almond Fudge Ice Cream one of us does the dishes while the other goes off into the living room or else reads something to the dish-door, then dries the pots & pans. A

We spend the evening listening to records, writing, sketchy drawings and paintings. She's done some good things. Annie we look forward to seeing you so please come. There

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are lots of things to do here, lots of really fine museums, lots of art schools to check out here, in nearby (relatively) Philadelphia + New York.

one of the pictures I am enclosing is of a girl we met on the island of Ibiza. She and her husband are Germans, chess fanatics. We met them in a bar. Freeman played chess with her husband and lost miserably. Every man she played while I was there lost, and she's also beautiful. The other one is Richard (Gaborie) Freeman.

Love, Pat





↑
living room

plan of apartment





