

Cambridge

Monday

Dear Eliot,

How absolutely wonderful of you to send me those photographs. Packed so beautifully as they were they came safely, and as I looked at them I could hardly believe my own felicity. The light on the window panes in the Castine house with the gingerbread porch, is the detail that fascinates me most. I become mesmerized looking at those two windows, and there rises in my mind's eye hundreds of other such houses, seen through train windows or from automobiles, and I sense the kind of static life that goes on in those rooms, smell scented beef and cabbage, lean against sofa cushions with heads of Indians on them, open the large tome on the parlor table which proves to be a music box rendering the overture to "Martha." The shadows on the clapboards do all the rest.

In the other Castine house I keep on wondering how the grasses by the step can be perfectly in focus, and also the bit of vine way up, (and back) on the third story. That's Bob's favorite. He has about 24 photographs now that he wants rather to exhibit, but when he came in, looked at your pictures, he kept on staring at them for a long while and then said, Dear me, maybe I ain't a photographer after all!

Gerta likes the Rockland House the best. People are never



apathetic about those pictures. They announce their  
"favorite" at once .

You are an extraordinary photographer, and I do feel  
so terribly lucky to have, now, four of your things.

I thank you like anything. I miss you too.

Affectionately

Edith