

Porter, Fairfield

12--25--66.

Dear Eliot: Thank you for the Island book, which I love: it is your best collection of photographs, I think even better than In Wildness. ~~What~~ Where is the one in the front that is not titled, taken from? I can't identify anything except the Camden Hills. The foreground islands don't look like GSHI or Bear Island, and I can't be sure that it is a weir at the South West beach on Eagle. In this book each photograph is better than the previous one, and there is never a let down. I also like the Adirondacks book, which I got as soon as it came out; and I had ordered this last one at the local book store (which is the best book store between Fifth Avenue and Montauk point, and whose proprietor, a native of Bar Harbor who hopes to buy an island in Penobscot or Blue Hill or Frenchman's Bay is one of your admirers) when your present came. In the Adirondacks book some that I very much like are the first wide landscape with slopes of millions of leaves in the foreground and a mountain in the distance, and the ones of deserted orchards in which sight is carried beyond itself to a kind of total knowledge of the world as a whole.

In February I go to talk at an art festival at Kent State University in Ohio, where the subject of the festival is: The arts Today: the Symptom of a Sick Society? It occurs to me that the question is put by someone who starts by thinking that the arts today are sick, not society. My opening is February 18, and I will just get back in time to attend it.

A young friend of Jimmy's who visited at the island last summer has sent him and Anne and me three "fake Fairfield Porters" which are so much better than what I can do, that it is amazingly encouraging to the way my paintings may after a time get to look.

With love to you, Aline and Pat -- and whoever else may be with you at Christmas.

Fairfield