

987 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02138

December 12, 1988

Dear Aline Eliot,

We're a little late in climbing on the "Eliot Porter Day" bandwagon, but with Christmas and the New Year approaching, and not much chance of meeting in person unless some miracle intervenes, we'd like to contribute our bit. Aline's bouquet of summer flowers hangs in our bedroom, and in our somewhat housebound state Eliot's books are the greatest resource for traveling in exotic places and revisiting New Hampshire woods and Maine islands where our happiest times were spent.

Looking back over our lives, I think we experienced our moments of purest joy in Maine, recently married and free of the

problems that mankind is heir to. Beachcombing with Francis while Eliot was taking pictures, and

Then coming back to Great Spruce Head to enjoy Aline's exquisite housekeeping - (How much easier did you find us so well under such marketing restrictions?) - These are the times we remember as unalloyed happiness.

We've been through some difficult times together, too. I'm sorry that Eliot's last visit was marred by Mary's being so sick right then, and wish he could see her now living with much independence in a halfway house and coming home on weekends to help us in all sorts of ways. On the other hand, he would find Francis somewhat depressed and withdrawn, and me limited in mobility as my hip prosthesis wears down a bit. I'm the better M of the two, I guess, as I can still look forward with some hope to what future remains.

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I have been writing poetry (3-volume,
anyway) for the last 15 years, and
Joppy's daughters in London have
decided it ought to be printed and
have taken on the job of getting it
done. As they have jobs of their own,
and small children, it goes slowly.
If it's ever finished, I'll send you a
copy.

We think and speak of you both
so often! This letter is written by me,
but I think I can say for Francis what
~~the Directors~~^{he} would be too reserved or
too macho to say for himself — how
much we love you both.

Season's greetings — such as they are.
Barbara (& Francis)



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