

John Howard Griffin

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Dear Nell,

What a marvelous treat to talk with you even briefly this evening. Yes, if you expected a St. Francis type in Penn, I know you were surprised. He is strictly original, a St. Penn though, of that you can be sure.

Now that I know you have a tape recorder, I will send you tapes from time to time.

I am sorry about not sending you my works. I have a horrible timidity about such things, and suppose I really do not like for my friends to read them or even to know about them, which is foolish, I suppose. In any event, you will get to see the major portions of all the novels and histories, etc. in the Reader when it comes out. I am sending you along, however, the only kind of copy I have of Black Like Me, a paperback, autographed to you. I used never even to keep copies of my works, but my wife put her foot down and demanded that I collect at least one copy for each of my children; but that is not possible. We cannot even get a complete bibliography for the Reader because I have published so much in so many languages and have never saved a thing. I love the creation of work, but have a profound loathing for publishing and all that goes with it. It is a real block with me, which I suppose I got from Reverdy who was one of the heros~~es~~ of my youth. I suspect you are the same way. I still die of embarrassment when I am asked for an autograph.

I have finished up finally today the article on Jacques Maritain's marvelous new book, Le Paysan de la Garonne. I had always promised him to help guard his privacy, his desire for obscurity, by never writing about him and his work during his lifetime. But he himself asked me to do it; so it has finally gone in the mails this evening.

All for now. The book will probably be there by the time this letter reaches you.

Best love to you and yours. I greatly enjoyed speaking with your grandson.

