

John Howard Griffin

3816 West Biddison
Fort Worth, Texas 76109

May 18, 1967

Dear, dear Nell,

What wonderful letters you write. It is not necessary to thank Jacques - he wanted very much to do this; but you should have his address:

Jacques Maritain
Fraternité, Ecole Theologique
1 Avenue Lacordaire
(31) Toulouse 4, France

Everything here remains about the same, which is very much better than if it got worse right now. The infection is stable. They are keeping me down for a couple of months; and sedated, alas. So, I am in the wheelchair most of the time, and now I can work in the new darkroom with it - which is a blessing; and today I am cooking: corned beef brisket & (slow boil with bay leaves, then served with mustard); small white beans, green salad - for supper tonight - while Piedy is out doing all the errands.

Yes, as you say, it is not very edifying to watch the newscasts. We seem to be spinning like dervishes in all parts of this crazy world. You do the great thing - create the curative beauty that is infinite in its importance. I write articles trying to explain to people what makes these explosions occur (as in Houston this week) - and listen to a great deal of music, and take great joy in reading your letters and in seeing these marvelous photographs of yours which are now framed and on the wall in the music part of the living room.

Amanda is toddling now, learning new words every day and beaming like the sun every waking moment. I photograph her incessantly, hoping someday to develop and print ~~xxx~~ all these wonderful things.

This must be all for the moment. Best, best love to you from all of us. Penn was over last evening. Always he asks about you and asks me to send you his love. He is a great friend, though a poor letter-writer.

John