

John Howard Griffin

3816 West Biddison  
Fort Worth, Texas 76109

May 26, 1967

Dear Nell,

How marvelous to have the tape of Bennie's Winterreise - and your good notes. Thank you with all my heart. I am in a certain anguish over the two pages of the book. I keep waiting to get sufficiently out of pain to get off the sedation so I can do this for you, because my mind clouds hopelessly in front of the task (which I began again yesterday and failed to accomplish). I know I am holding you up. Now I am three days without fever, but the pain is undiminished, especially in the left hip, the point of the new attack. How strange all this is. I think about the two pages and the thought elicits a kind of tremendous harmony as though all the chants I love were reverberating forward to the edge of memory, but stopping just short of my ability to grasp and ~~ix~~ organize them - quite real in their sounds, but also filled with echoes as though I were hearing them at the far end of some huge cathedral.

What I had wanted to do was to show you the ~~chironomy~~ chironomy, which are actually the strange designs above the chant line in the intimate editions, and which direct the flow of the music: the dynamics, not the melody. The ancients used terms like: "the melody must flow like a feather on the waves of the sea." and "it moves in the natural rhythms of wind stirring a field of tall grain."

I enclose a sheet of ~~subh~~ an edition~~x~~ so you can see.

All for the moment. I cannot sit in any position very long. My great love to you, my great joy in your book.

