

John Howard Griffin

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Dear Nell,

Bob Bonazzi, about whom I wrote you last night, sent me this morning some "lines" about you and Penn; to go with my portraits. Here they are.

PENN JONES

The cadence of your heart
is a windmill's arms stirring
more than wind: your wise blood
flows Quixotic and rich.

NELL DORR

~~What is it to bake bread
in bare feet,
To make innocence and darkness
in such a dense decade?
What is it about pure mystery
that we can only sit down
and question
as you bring it to our eyes
in slices for feasting?~~

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* * *

His vision of Penn is obviously colored by Chris's photographs of Don Quixote; and of you not only by your books but by that marvelous kitchen photograph that now hangs in our living room.

Love to you,



of love and marriage and
children
of the past and present
and future
of the changing world
of