

C O P Y

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PAUL STANDARD

September 6, 1944

Dear Gerhard:

Snooping about your shop as per custom yesterday I was so struck by the poetic quality of Nell Dorr's unearthly photographs as to wish that her album's title might be written - rather than printed or gold-stamped. And as your decision seemed as yet unmade, I wondered if you would at least consider using my attached flat-pen trials in whatever way you may wish. And if circumstances should altogether prevent their use, I shall not feel too badly, if you and she would at least consider that the sight of her pictures drove me straight to my rusting pen. I wish my formal writing were worthy of her work, but my small powers are only, alas! small powers.

But Nell Dorr's pictures are memorably powerful in their sometimes awesome stillness and in their contained love of childhood, of nature and of its flowers and seasons. That final snowbound scene took me home to Ellenville, N.Y. because I too recall snow scenes just barely visible in the gray-white mist. It seems a shame to hide such light under a family bushel. That series should be published; and if Miss or Mrs. Dorr is willing to show them to Oxford University Press I'd be glad to prepare John Begg for their coming. Or else, if she prefers I'd be glad to give her a line of introduction to Arthur Rushmore at Harper's, Milton Glick at Viking or Ray Freiman at Random House. In short, you may from these lines almost believe that I like the photos and want a wider public to share my pleasure in them.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) PAUL STANDARD.