

C.P.R., 342 Madison Ave., New York Sept. 11, 1944

Paul Standard

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Dorr:

In the train going back to town I tried to review my eight hours' happy traffic with my Westport hosts, and found the most pleasure in reflecting that at no moment of that time had I felt, or was I made to feel, my true status as a simple stranger. The thought that insistently recurred was that now & again I had had to tell myself to at least make some pretence of strangeness, if only for decency's sake; but I fear I made a poor fist at it, & I can only hope you did not set me down as belonging to the breed of brash publicity folk.

Those last twenty minutes were fairly crammed with discoveries: that eyes newly exposed to Fred Fairbank's chancery cursive can be as fascinated by it as I was on first beholding it; that photos charged with poetic vision can only be made by a poet - as I saw when my eyes took in the opening lines on the page facing that transfigured flight of birds; that an engineer with a degree of reserve can, at the sight of some lines by Shakespeare, become a superb but unaffected reader.

So how can even a professional stranger long remain strange among you? And as I am only an amateur

Stranger, I kept wondering where I'd seen my plight in some sort described. At home I soon found out: in Coleridge's marginal gloss to the Rime of the Ancient Mariner (Part iv); "In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the Stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue they belong to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

Thank God for Coleridge! How else could the confused undersigned convey any hint of what his day's stay with two kind & understanding people has meant to him? Having thanked God, I feel awkward abt. having so far failed to say thanks to yr. good selves. Let me hope I've at least implied it! And I've written Fella a full report of the day's multiple wonders, so shall be eager to have you visit us after our return from the west. I have hinted at many points of correspondence which the wd. have (& in due course shall have) noted in you both.

Please, Mrs. Dorr, do send down the passages you wish transcribed for yr. square album, giving outer dimensions of the page size.[§] And directly you're ready to tackle the publishers named, just command me to release that salvo of preparatory letters to the respective art directors, most

penitent, sincere & grateful

Paul Standard.

§ These have just arrived.

Mrs. Mrs. John Van Nostrand Dorr, Westport, Conn.