

David R. Brower

August 9, 1984

Dear Eliot:

We can't go on meeting like this--just by chance at the Century Club. When can we intersect next?

I just tried your Tusuque number, almost remembering it correctly after all these years, and found that you are at Great Spruce Head. Hence this note to you there.

The immediate reason is that we just did some housecleaning at Friends of the Earth and turned up what I have learned was brought over from the Sierra Club with my things when in May, 1969, the club and its executive director parted company. The find? The two original albums of "In Wildness . . ." They aren't in quite the shape they were when I first saw them, thanks to Nancy Newhall's suggestion to you, but they are historic. I'll never forget the first impression.

The question: What do you wish done with them? I can well imagine that they are a very valuable part of your papers, wherever they are eventually to go. But the decision is yours, of course, and I await hearing from you. I also await seeing you. But when?

Anne joins me in sending her (our) love. All the others would too, never having forgotten the Great Spruce Head Experience, subsequent to which everything has been an anticlimax.

As ever,

*W. Brower*