

9/18/73

Dear Phil,

My apologies. I thought I'd answered your Chicago card.

The accumulation of years neither slows me down, reduces my interests nor gives me more time, so I stay forever too busy on projects that have little commercial prospect. Currently and for some time it has been, as you almost indicate, The Watergate. I'm deeply into it and a book that will be an enormity and of which my wife has retyped about 250 pages.

What you say of it is more of an understatement that you have any way of knowing.

And despite the seeming diligence of the press and the attractiveness of the televised hearings, another whitewash is and long has been in the works. If nothing else explains, and with different people there are different explanations, fear does.

I doubt anyone could summon the skill to treat this as it requires.

An agent spoken to by a friend offered the opinion that a comprehensive treatment is beyond the capacity of any mortal. So, I have no agent, as well as no prospect for a contract.

Otherwise, there is nothing new here. Things are still very rough.

Your reference to the long and self-imposed silence is cryptic, but it betokens something personal, so I say no more than that these things are understandable. Hope whatever caused it is past. Throwing yourselves into the magazine should be good for whatever it is/was.

The temperature of Fall alone has come here. The dogwoods and an occasional yellowing poplar leaf are the only other harbingers. The dogwoods are berried and beginning to redden. Ours are particularly beautiful. Of course, the days are shorter. In a perverse way that shortens my short nights when I awaken and can't ell the time. Summers I can await the first dim light. Now it is dark to 6:30 and that is late for me. So, sometimes I'm at az it by 3, more often a little after 4.

There is nothing new I can tell you of those you knew. I have heard nothing.

If your Volkische Boebackhter hasn't told you, New Orleans remains sui generis, what with the Garrison trial, the government making deals with all the co-defendants it contrived, fake plots to off Nixon and the like. In all these things, the weirdest of recent developments is Garrison becoming his own lawyer. On the fake plot, it seems that the accused was half a continent away, but nobody bothered to check the second-hand report of a peranoic plot reporter. So, despite apparent interest, that poor man is in jail, charged with crimes on which he was given immunity to surrender, crimes that if true exist only because of the injustice against him.

Sound familiar?

My wife calls me to lunch. Hope you are both well, and thanks for writing.

Best,

# Steppenwolf

Box 55045  
Omaha, Nebraska 68155

A JOURNAL OF POETRY AND OPINION

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editor Philip Boatright

associate Miss Jean Shannon

Dear Hal.....


I note postmark of your most recent letter to be 30 Nov 72. I don't know if I replied at that time—I have been through a long period of self-imposed silence during which I have not written anyone. I think I did send you a postcard from Chicago a few months back.

So how are you? Fall has eased the Great Plains summer heat and also reminded us of the urgency of publishing STEPPENWOLF FIVE—which will take all our energy for next few months. Printing costs are absolutely staggering...offset process no savings over letterpress, either, so we'll probably stay with the latter method and again have our British printer do the work.

Watergate astounds; the mind very nearly boggles. I say very nearly because Mr. Nixon's morality has never been without tarnish, so far as politics are concerned. That he would surround himself with characters of like persuasion is probably only natural, on reflection. In any case, a dismal situation.

My friend, let me have a note from you when time permits.

Best personal regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'D. L.', written in black ink.