

Richard Callen
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Dear Richard,

I do not know how much you remember of what we said to each other the July 4 period of 1992 but I do remember some of it clearly. I remember that I told you I did not know how much time remained for me but that I would use it to the degree possible for me to perfect the record for our history. That was and remains my first priority. Despite my limitations I have done a body of work my younger historian friends and a few others in academe have told me they would have regarded impossible for a younger and healthier man and for themselves. I remember so close to the beginning of that JAMA series telling you what I expected to evolve and what after you expressed an interest in it ^{what} you could and should do with it. I will return to this. I remember and prize what I regard as the finest compliment ever paid me when you said I am the most conservative man you'd ever met, that no matter how extreme something I said might appear to be it was soon to be an understatement.

That was two and a half years after the heart operation I was not expected to survive. I am fortunate that wonderful angel on my shoulder has not yet tired. As my doctors began expecting in 1981, after I survived their emergency operation they did not expect me to survive.

So, I continue to write. I write you this early morning rather than returning to reading and correcting a devastating book on Norman Mailer's Oswald's Tale, which in its rare better moments is no worse than Oswald Stale. Already more than 100,000 words.

Of all I have written I have never read any of those books after publication, not the complete book. Instead I have worked and used that time for working. But I am reading NEVER AGAIN! Slowly because work comes first. This morning, taking it easy as I must for a while after arising, I finished what you may not have noticed I did not title Conclusions, the last chapter. (It was not the conclusion because I finished the hasty draft of its sequel about nine months ago.) It moved me and it is what leads me to write you.

What I told you when you expressed an interest in the book is that I would give you what I believed you could and should submit for a Nobel. Despite the sloppiness and the carelessness in its publication, I believe you should now do that. Perhaps, if you want the copies, with my other work.

I do not remind you of this because I have any craving for honors. Or attention on any kind. I can't tell you how many requests that I be on TV I have turned down since I last saw you. My interest is in attracting attention to the subject and to the content of NEVER AGAIN!

I do it well aware of the fact that not a thing has been done to promote any

of what[†] you have copublished. In fact, there is so little interest in that that about a half-dozen requests for another box of books some of which I intended using to try to promote it remainⁿ without even acknowledgement. Even though I offered to pay for them. It took so longⁿ for the box I requested for Lesar for a press conference he and another friend agreed to hold by proxy for me because any travel is that ~~as~~ dangerous for me arrived too late for the third person I plannedⁿ for it, Dave Wrone, ~~could~~ not participate.

You may remember that I long ago suggested to you that you hold that press conference and that you did not bother even to respond. I've sent Lesar some of the official records based on ^{which} what I stated there was an official conspiracy not to investigate the crime itself if you'd like a copy of them. So I know what the record indicates the reception I may now expect may be.

I am aware also that there may be some complications in this for you although I do not know what they are, if they are.

I do it because I think it should be done and because I think it is worth doing. And that on the remote chance that it might succeed, because that would be good for the country.

If it should happen, whether or not I am still here it would redound to your benefit. At very little cost or effort.

Unless you decide to discard this automatically I suggest that you read what I have just read, the chapter NEVER AGAIN! before deciding.

Although I have no reason to believe it I have a feeling that if you do not others may decide to. I say this on the basis of reactions I have gotten, including from the two historians you know or know of, ~~and~~ from two sociologists, a ^historian you do not know, a lawyer and a doctor, all subject-matter experts, and from others.

On my own situation, I have declined the walk~~er~~ the family doctor prescribed and have begun a program of physical therapy to help me recover the muscles I lost as a result of a strange and irrational auto accident of a year ago in which I was broadsided. I've had a fall that the family doctor^{sup} can lead to my death when a hip and knee buckled and I fell a single stepⁿ onto a sidewalk. after a ~~week~~ month three of the four non-stock pads that are stuck to where my skin peeled back remain. And what I did on returningⁿ from X-rays that ~~showed~~ had not ^{broken} any bones, not in particular of the hip that can be fatal at my age, was to celebrate not breaking any bones. I had about two drinks I've been saving in a bottle of Glenfidich and I sat down with one to quietly ^{ce}lebrate. and then spilled it. So, I drank the other one. This is to say that I still am not frustrated. And continue with hopingⁿ against hope.

Best,

David