

Charles Drago  
12 Stephens Hopkins Court  
Providence, RI 02904

7/19/93

Dear Charles Drago,

Your field is advertising and public relations.

You therefore know that merely posing the question, aside from its formulation and asking Why? to an affirmative statement of it, makes it an automatic defamation.

Evica did, finally, write me. I had intended to <sup>d</sup>address his copout in detail but neither it nor he is worth the time. He can give you a copy and any comment on it.

He did not enclose the Marrs or White letters <sup>to me</sup> and he did not say they were the only ones raising that question. He also did not say that Harry Livingstone, who has a book coming and who is the only one of whom <sup>I</sup> know to have ever suggested any such thing, had no connection with the question.

His is the "commercial" interest. With an initial hardback print of at least 50,000, I presume you do not really question my use of the word.

The timing and the question itself serve his evil purposes. So far <sup>as</sup> I have any way of knowing, his alone.

There is the inherent question, what qualifies either White or Marrs in particular to pose any such question and what qualifies any of the others of you to dignify it or ask anyone to provide a paper on it.

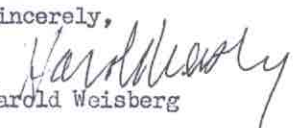
Oh, for that matter, does anyone of you know enough of what I have done to give any such question any thought at all?

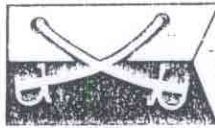
Obviously, you all assume that your ignorance does not deny you knowledge of what I have done, especially along the infamous line of that infamous question.

Clearly <sup>^</sup> your personal ignorance includes what you neither know nor understand, what you say I did with regard to "Oliver Stone's work". In that regard, those to whom you refer as my "fellow researchers" are not <sup>^</sup> either my fellows or researchers.

Distribute any copies you'd like to. I have not heard from Rose.

Sincerely,

  
Harold Weisberg



Armstrong, Ellington & Parker  
Public Relations/Advertising/The Arts

July 15, 1993

Harold Weisberg  
7627 Old Receiver Road  
Frederick, Maryland 21702

Dear Harold Weisberg,

I am indeed in receipt of your letters to George Michael Evica dated June 21 and July 7, 1993. And in yesterday's post I received from Mr. Evica copies of his response to you and correspondence addressed to him from Messrs. David R. Wrone, Jack White and Jim Marrs.

Please know that I delayed my own response until such time as Mr. Evica, your primary correspondent, had time to draft and forward his letter. Having successfully extended that courtesy, I now feel free to communicate my reactions to the thoughts and emotions contained in your missives.

I shall not patronize you. You deserve better. So read these words with the certain knowledge that, in spite of my undiminished respect for you, they bear not the slightest taint of undue deference to stature or, for the matter of that, age. It's "man to man" time.

There's no need to respond to your charges on a point-by-point basis; Mr. Evica has done so rather well, I think, and I remain fully in accord with the substance of his well-articulated rebuttals. Instead, then, allow me to express in the most honest and, I hope, caring way possible my deepest feelings about all of this sturm und drang.

Try to accept the notion that, on some superficial level at least, I can understand the indignation and hurt you must have experienced when you reached the erroneous conclusion that Mr. Evica, Jerry Rose and/or I had questioned your personal and professional integrity.

Now at this point you're probably poised to demand, "How dare you presume that the opinions of those three men possibly could matter to Harold Weisberg?" And you know what? You're right. What we think of you shouldn't matter! But unless my appreciation of human nature is tragically flawed, I did detect pain in your words. And to the degree to which I may have contributed, directly or indirectly, to that pain, I apologize.

As the information proffered by Mr. Wrone so eloquently underscores, your contributions and sacrifices in service to the search for the truth in the case of John Fitzgerald Kennedy's murder shall remain forever unequalled. You don't need to hear this from me; I



Harold Weisberg  
7627 Old Receiver Road  
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make the statement merely to clarify further the perspective that informs this letter.

As for your words, they offended neither my manhood nor my sense of professional self-worth. Believe it or not, I have been in the position of having my character impugned by truly venal men (it all had to do with long-forgotten, spirited defenses of jazz music; the particulars aren't important except to note that, unlike the current situation which we address, they included real efforts to damage and defame me). Confronted by that assault, my knee-jerk response was damnably similar to your own. My righteous indignation knew no bounds, and although I would have perished rather than admit it, I was deeply hurt by the words and deeds of cads.

This is not to excuse your words. They are unjustified. You are wrong in your assessments of George Michael, Jerry and I. But I want you to know that somehow I empathize with the feelings the empowered your words.

Messrs. Evica and Rose certainly don't need me to come to their defenses. And We Are All Mortal remains, in my opinion and in those of most informed, unbiased readers, second only to the Whitewash series, Accessories After the Fact, and the research of Peter Dale Scott as a primary font of Kennedy assassination scholarship. And "The Third Decade," in its startling longevity, broad scope and in the absolute integrity of its editor must be viewed as the preeminent research journal for our community.

Yes, "our community." With the utmost humility I include myself in the group of men and women who struggle to discover the truth about President Kennedy's murder and to effect justice as a function of that truth.

Know that I take great pains to preface all of my writings and remarks about this case with the unequivocal statement that I have not contributed a single bit of original research to the cause. I go on to explain that my roles as novelist and observer are, respectively, to lend the peculiar powers of art to our quest for truth and justice, and to prompt self-analysis and the maintenance of the highest intellectual and moral standards within the legitimate critical community as I perceive it.

You should also know that, not only have I not realized dollar one from my efforts, I am decidedly "in the red" as far as work on the Kennedy case is concerned. Don't hear any implied complaint here; I know that, in relative terms, my sacrifices amount to very small spuds indeed.

I am in fact writing an assassination-related novel. But to date, although professional readers (editors, literary agents) have praised the quality of my work, not a single publisher has seen fit to go to the trouble of opening the cover.

Harold Weisberg  
7627 Old Receiver Road  
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(I have absolutely no information about any "commercial book" that may include an indictment of your work. But I'd like to know about it, so would you please consider sharing what you've got on the subject?)

I must now directly address the issue of my contribution to the "Harold Weisberg as 'disinformation agent'" story. In a private, pre-conference meeting with Mr. Evica, we discussed a subject heading called "Venting and Vessels." We were referring to the phenomenon in which coverup perpetrators release disinformation to selected individuals, sometimes within the research community, who then go on to disseminate widely that material, which in turn is identified with their own good names.

I expressed regret over the way you handled the circumstances surrounding your receipt of an early draft of the script of "JFK." I had no problem with your objections to the myriad factual errors in Oliver Stone's work. Rather, it was the manner in which coverup artists utilized your public comments in an underhanded, unethical campaign to diminish the work of your fellow researchers that so troubled me.

I opined that you might have anticipated such a strategy, and that therefore you could have fine-tuned your response accordingly.

All of this was made clear to Mr. Evica, and perhaps my thoughts contributed to the formulation of his "disinformation" question. Be that as it may, I reiterate that I stand behind his strategy vis a vis the stimulation of thought and emotion on the part of conference presenters. As the response of Mr. Wrone indicates, George Michael's method, applied with impeccable judgement and ethics, prompted a rather important letter.

In closing, I have to admit to you that Harold Weisberg's opinion of Charles Drago does matter. To me. You will believe of me what you will, and I have neither the power nor the inclination to alter your thinking other than to explain in full detail my position in this affair.

All that remains to be said is that I shall always think of you with undiminished admiration and respect.

Sincerely,



Charles R. Drago

cc:  
George Michael Evica  
Jerry D. Rose