

Dear Jim, Re Cas 1448, 1996

6/20/76

1991: as used on the pictures Kabak says copyright means, without saying, what is called common-law copyrights. The do not have to be published. It really means no more than ownership except, as I see it, by registering for copyright the copyrighted material is available at the Library of Congress but what is not registered isn't. It is in fact, suppressed as used in this case.

Ed is supposed to be in touch with you on this. He asked me to have you call him first Monday, then Tuesday. Finally I asked him to write you with any suggestions he has or decisions he can cite, telling him Dugan is to brief this and we are not due in court on it until the first.

He said it may be practise, as I told him, but he knows of no law that gives the government the right not to make copies of copyrighted material, that the copyright owner has other redress if misuse is made.

He believed that whether or not it has legal significance (he seems not to, I think possibly) my written offer to Time to pay normal commercial prices is important and can be effective.

After he left it occurred to me that we want to recall in the argument that these pictures of evidentiary value have a way of disappearing. I can make an affidavit on the last visit to UPI, for example—all the evidence gone, multiple copies of trash remain and I'm told it is a question of space.

Scott was looking over some of my 1466-selection from the CIA. He laughed at one point. The documents was partly masked. He told me he has it and in his copy what was masked on mine isn't. Mine was gone over by the CIA, I presume Briggs. Scott's came from the Archives. I asked him to give you copies of those to make the point of injudiciousness in asking and withholding. On the one over which he laughed, what was masked is Helms' signature!

He was more of a pest than ever, and I'm sorry, particularly for him. Scott was fine and willing to do a little work. He wire-brushed the cabinet and did a little painting on it. Ed kept me up late both nights in pointless yacking and then insisted on doing what he wanted rather than what I did. Instead of copying what he wanted for one file at a time he went over many, stacked them up where they could fall, persisted in doing this after my repeated protests that I wanted to work - I couldn't walk past for his presence of pay attention for his chatter - until finally I had to leave my office yesterday. It did no good to try to explain. What he doesn't want to hear outside his office he just does not hear. I was outraged but I was silent and lost that day after the short night of sleep. Today he had to use my machine, asked me to show him, I did, he did it wrong, got upset and said that it was like he would stand over his secretary while she worked. That was it! In the scanty floor space of my office I'd had to put a card table in because he would not walk the perhaps 8-10 feet ~~him~~ to the living-room table, he had a chair there, I had to move the typewriter-table out to let him have this space, and there was no place to stand except where I was. Besides, how was I going to show him how to use the machine or ~~him~~ watch him without being there. He was embarrassed with himself because despite the ease of recalling that the paper's notch goes to the upper right and my telling him to put it down first, he did neither and it didn't work. He was ashamed of himself so he hollered at me, calling me either a crank old freaked out man or an old freaked-out crank. I told him he was in my place, using my files and my materials, that he had wrecked them before and was doing it again despite his promises, that I just would not have it, that he'd do what I want or he'd do nothing. He didn't apologize. He was just silent, did exactly what I had told him and everything worked for him. Only a couple of time thereafter was there anything that could have been unpleasant and I overlooked it. Like he actually criticized me for the possibility of his running out of my 3-M paper. He spent a whole gaddamned day copying my files and hadn't thought of bringing any or asking me to get any. I've a few sheets only and will have to replace

the box in the morning, in the rain.

He didn't even like it when I told him to turn the pages of the files as he copied not to get them mixed up. Finally it dawned on him that with the copying going on at the same time there is no other way to keep control. When he thought not that I wanted to keep my files in order but that he might put a copy he made back in a file he started turning them. I caught him putting them back in disarray after all the hell I raised last time, believe it or not, and had to tell him again that if they project past the edges of the folder they get damaged.

It was deeply upsetting to me to have to go through all this silliness of his, whatever the psychological need that underlies it, but ~~xxxx~~ it won't happen again. It was a mess around the place, with insufferable little things that even after my experiences are surprising. He is a slob, dropping anything and everything wherever he is or chases and expected me to go around cleaning up after him, as I actually had to do to keep food from getting ground into the floor or 'til from having to do it. I even caught him cutting cheese on the formica surface. He leaves clothes anywhere, including two pairs of worn socks in two parts of the spare bedroom. They're thrown away. I asked him to flatten the coke cans when he finished because I have no trash collection and have to carry them off (not that he didn't know) and to keep the burning and the non-burning separate, so he flattens none and throws the overflow into the burning trash. I had to go through all of it when he left. There are so many small things it left me not in condition to work. Joanne, who had wandered off for an hour after Ed announced she would be out for breakfast (two yours late), was sitting with 'til when I laid him out. She was embarrassed and volunteered to 'til that she could well understand how I felt. I think I can now understand how she lives and feel sorry. ...

I went into the bathroom to wash my venous supports and even found not only a mess there but he's used one of my toothbrushes, didn't wash it out, didn't put it back in the holder, just laid it down for me to clean up. If he'd said he'd forgotten his brush naturally I'd have given him a new one.

Scott brought me some papers he and I were reading, several hundred of them. We had them in order and were reading them. But we'll both have to go over them now because Ed took them twice and mixed them all up, even though he knew we were keeping them in the sequence in which they were in order not to have to go over the same ones time and time again. It is not only that he doesn't care about anyone else, it is almost that he has a compulsive need to impede the work of others.

Unpleasant, unsettling experience. I'm now two days farther behind and two mowing days farther behind outside. With the rain and far behind as I was before this will be rough. Fortunately he is the exception. 'til never has to clean up after the kids and I never have any work to do on files after Floyd, Scott, etc.

This, I hope, explains why I'll not be able to send you any interrogatory suggestions in the morning or probably the next day.

Best,