

(I do oppose anti-democratic excesses.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not against intelligence as such. I ~~was~~<sup>joined</sup> acted as a British agent in World War II before ~~becoming official part of our own~~<sup>in</sup> O.S.S.

As it has been an historical necessity for every country, I believe that <sup>given</sup> with the state of the world today, every country requires a dependable intelligence service. But <sup>this</sup> ~~that does~~ not and should not include domestic spying, spying on <sup>and communications or on</sup> the private lives ~~and~~ public appearances <sup>of</sup> of its own citizens.

<sup>of what the people can know. Informing the public is</sup> ~~communication, on informing the people,~~ the special function of writers <sup>of</sup> and investigative reporters in particular, <sup>in a representative society</sup>. When government interferes in any way with what writers can write and print, it restricts what the electorate can know. Without access to all information ~~on~~ all sides of all public issues, the electorate becomes no more than a rubber stamp for government. Government, regardless of <sup>the</sup> ~~trappings,~~ becomes, in effect, the American equivalent of a dictatorship.

Extra space

In February 1968, the month after "John" taped his ~~phoned~~ conversation with Paul at the Fontainebleau Motel. but before I knew about it, I was in New Orleans, I asked for and got a special ground-floor room on the courtyard. Three months earlier I had been in the adjoining room, and ~~and~~ Detectives had picked up a ~~rumor~~ rumor outside one. ~~There was a rumor~~ that there was to be a "hit" on me. While I watched and with ~~in~~ in February, my permission, they installed a bug. So, I wanted this special room because I knew the special wiring and where to look for indications of a wired bug.

In November, late at night, I'd caught a man at the door. He was faster and got away. <sup>of information</sup> In February, when a source <sup>phoned</sup> me from the lobby and asked that we meet for a snack in the coffee shop, I grabbed the first jacket I could find and left. When I returned, my address book was missing from the pocket of another jacket. Pick up other N.O., Mpls incidents, etc.