

Hunt

Everette Howard Hunt is the American James Bond.

Women swoon at the thought of him. They dream wet dreams imagining his muscular body cradles their soft ones in the dangers of the night. They fight to be the one in his life at any moment in it, in any den of conspiratorial iniquity anywhere in the world, wherever this man of incomparable vision and understanding may at any time be saving the world ~~far~~ from the ^{threatens} Red terror, that always ~~endangers~~ all the world. In his unique all-knowing way he is always at the right place in time's nick, to foil the darkest deeds of the most devious political villains, to save the svelte damsel - and they are all lovelies when he is on the job - who is always involved in all these unparalleled daring adventures that, save for him alone, would exist only in fiction.

He is, in short, the world's greatest secret agent. He is at once St. George and Thomas More, Adonis out of ~~Gaia~~ Venus by Apollo, the apotheosis of breeding arranged by Zeus. This man of physical perfection has ~~the mind to equal the body, the intellect to match the~~

has the intellect to equal it. He is the pinnacle of human perfection. Thus it is that ^{The fair} ~~the~~ damsel all distress ^{ed,} all do swoon; that the ~~villain~~ ^{mands,}

Except in ^{post-Watergate} ~~Berling~~ Ending. On his wife's suggestion, it has no happy ending and Willy Brandy remains the T top Russian agent in all of Europe. And then she died in a Chicago airplane crash. ~~lives~~ in four-score Howard Hunt novels.

... the Everette Howard Hunt who lives in the mind of the Real Everette Howard Hunt.

It is the Everette Howard Hunt who lives nowhere else.

In real life he is more decimal 007 than the fabled version.

He is a fumbler whose successes were disasters, a man the captive of antedeluvian political and religious beliefs long since passed by the modern world without his comprehension of it, a man who spent most of his adulthood spooking for the CIA with such conspicuous success that ~~they~~ ^{it} cloistered him for the last years of ~~his~~ his 20 with the ^{it} ~~CIA~~, ended

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has the intellect to equal it. He is the pinnacle of human perfection. Thus it is that ^{the fair} ~~the damsel~~ ^{marks,} all distress ^{ed,} all do swoon; that the yellow ~~Reds~~ turn white and the white ~~Reds~~ turn yellow when he sweeps in, at the crucial, quintessential instant, be it Berlin or Moscow or Hanoi or Havana, and alone and unassisted does them and all their dirty deeds in ^{Insert}

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"Monsieur Jacques" when he was in New York, as secretly he often was. A man who eats ten dollar lunches has to be important.

He also has to have much money.

They and his own incompetence.
And this lust for money and his extremist belief of the extreme of the right did ~~him~~ ^{Hunt} in.

All his artificial world fell apart at The Watergate. It started going down the drain in Baldwin's toilet. Since then he and all with whom he was associated, from Richard Nixon down, have been living an entirely different kind of make-believe.

He is a conniver, as who would not be, whether or not born with the ^{talent} gift, after 20 years of doing dirty deeds officially designated as patriotism, ^{That all} ^{During all that time what} all this that for mere mortals is criminal ^{in him was} officially ~~made~~ alchemized into sacred duty.

Having been protected ~~all~~ through all of his two decades of dirtyworks ^{secret} by government, when left to his own capabilities, without all the ~~arcane~~ power of the CIA behind him, he blew it all.

There is a vast difference between working for the CIA, which has an entire part devoted to dirtyworks ^{called "Plans"}, and working for the President, who ^{thinks he} is supposed to run the whole world and can't spend all his time cleaning up after his Hunts.

It is no trick at all to slug a man from behind. Those who spend their lives in sneakiness come to expect to get away with anything simply because they always have. It is no trick at all to break into the unoccupied home, the empty office. Any dolt can do it. Most honest people never think how easy it is to break and enter because they never do it. Hunt's career is not all that spectacular nor was it really successful. He failed in his greatest moment and lacked the common crook's street intelligence to recognize that he, personally, failed, and that he, personally, was ^more responsible for that failure than any single man.

It is the official story that Hunt became Nixon's ^{main} ~~chief~~ spook-in-residence because of his friendship with Charles Colson, White House ^{chief} ~~dirtyworker-in-residence~~. Perhaps so. ^{encounter} Perhaps the accident of their ~~meeting~~ at a meeting of the Brown University alumni association ^{2 1/2 years earlier} in Washington led to Hunt's and Nixon's undoing.

But perhaps not.

Hunt's greatest failure was as the CIA's chief political agent in its Bay of Pigs fiasco.

~~As~~ Vice President Richard Nixon was the action officer of the Eisenhower White House through all of the planning and preparing for the Bay of Pigs.

Can it be that ~~these two~~ ^{he and Hunt} shared these responsibilities without ever meeting? Or is ~~that~~ it that because this fragment of history had been unrecorded that nobody realized it?

~~It is typical of the~~

Can it be that the real reason Hunt could blackmail the White House - the official White House sources did let it be known that Hunt's threats to talk were not about the break-in. relationship with Nixon?

Hunt's earlier associations ^{16A} were hidden with diligent care in all the official investigations of The Watergate. They do not figure in the indictments so it can be presumed they do now show in the investigations of the FBI. They do not figure in the various Senate and House hearings. Especially were they avoided ^{The Gray confirmation} in the Ervin committee hearings. When Hunt was a witness he was not asked. More, when Senator Baker started going ^{The Staff's} over ~~an~~ encapsulation of Hunt's ~~own~~ career, he suddenly and awkwardly laid ^{Hunt's past} it aside ^o ~~the staff paper on Hunt's past.~~

It is typical of the bumbler Hunt that he exposed ~~it all~~ ^{himself} and provided ~~the~~ all the leads for ~~the~~ exposing ^{others} of the ~~rest~~ that I have followed as best one man can.

There was ^{is a} this compulsion for self-justification by ⁱⁿ the man who ^{in his own mind} lived his own fictions, a ~~the~~ yearning to think and be thought of as better than ~~he~~ and more than he really is. ~~and~~ ^{politically biased and dishonestly incomplete,} so it was that ~~he~~ wrote a fictitious account of his part in the Bay of Pigs and there ^{History. It also is} called it non-fiction. ~~It~~ It is a romanticized excerpting and reordering of ~~reality,~~ ^{it} ~~is also the place in which~~ ^{where} he pulled ~~the~~ plugs,

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Can it be that the real reason Hunt could blackmail the White House - the official accounting comes to almost a half million dollars - is because of ~~his~~ previous relationship with Nixon?

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