

The Game's the thing to E. Howard Hunt. Not that he is not a man of belief, deeply and sincerely held belief of the right extreme which he blends with a little of the religious extreme. He is a true believer. There is nothing he would not do to excoriate a devil. His world is full of devils, all those who do not see and think as he does. To him an anti-fascist is a Communist and all Communists are devils to be excoriated. Anyone who ready to drop nuclear bombs on any Communists as Barry Goldwater's whim is also a Communist. He is a you are with us or against us kind of guy. So, he did as he had spent his life doing when he went to work for Nixon.

He is a tragi-comic figure of a nightmare's caricature of Don Quixote, dashing all around questing ^{for} windmills at which to tilt with a lance of goose-quill, a wheezing old man on an imaginary asthmatic imaginary steed for whom each imagined windmill is a real villain. He will slay as he slays his way to an illusionary, self-conceived sainthood.

He is a dreamer for whom dreams are the stuff of life and for whom there is no realization that he dreams or that his dreams are the night's fantasies.

There is no failure for him, for in his mind he can't fail. That in and after his CIA career he failed when he succeeded means nothing to him for he sees only great and glorious success, as befits a saint/dragon-killer. Sure, the Guatemalan democratic regime was kicked out and replaced by a fascist tyranny, but that to him is success because democracy is Communism to him and fascism is decency and freedom simply because it says it is anti-Communist.

There is no failure for him in his self-concept for if he admitted a single one, he would collapse with the crumbling of his self-concept. Thus his failures become successes and his self-concepts keeps a sick ego inflated. That his birglarizing of Ellsberg's doctor's office yielded nothing and that in was part of acquitting Ellsberg was not failure to Hunt, to whom Ellsberg was a special kind of exceptionally devilish bad man. To keep himself emotionally afloat in the void of his life he created for himself special semantical distinctions that to the rational are distinctions without meaning. He has a special category for success in which productiveness is separated. That the break-in at the doctor's office accomplished nothing is irrelevant to him for he was successful in the break-in. Thus the break-in is all that counts in his own self-evaluation

It becomes a thing and an objective in itself so that in his tortured mind it can be a success. He refuses to consider it or even The Watergate failures. Confronted with it he has the childish salvation of his special distinction: it was not a failure. It was only non-productive. He did break in, therefore he did not fail. Having not failed, he is a success.

Thus, to Hunt, the game is the thing, the only thing.

The first break-in at Democratic headquarters to him was a success. The bug that didn't work, well that was not part of his part, so he did not fail. The pictures that were, as Mitchell described them, junk, do not mean failure for his crew did take pictures, in his twisted mind the object of the break-in.

He has more trouble with the second break-in because that one blew up. So, for this he manufactured a special double-agent dragon, predictable to anyone who had a glimmer of his career in spooking and his second-life in his writing. There is no irrationality in his manufacturing to him. He can't even make up good fairy ~~tail~~ tales. Baldwin is a double-agent. Thus he was double-crossed and he did not fail in getting caught. A devil did the ^saint in.

The early parts of this book had long been written before he testified. It was then obvious that he would be one of those seeking to exploit a fiction-diversion of double-agentry which would be irrelevant if true. The Republicans Baker and Gurney joined him in this self-created fiction when he testified in public before the Ervin committee on Monday and Tuesday, September 24 and 25.

Baldwin was a double-agent because:

His uncle was a prominent democrat and a judge. The Uncle was Connecticut's M

"Mr. Republican.

Baldwin

He dated a woman who worked at Democratic headquarters. Well, once he took to dinner a secretary to a lawyer who had a connection with the Democrats. If one dinner could a double-agent make.

Someone had to have tipped the cops off because they were so close and got there so fast. We began by slaying that dragon. The cops could not have been far away in that

part of town.

What the mind of this self-conceived 007 who is really 000 can't conceive is that he is anything other than 007 in real life. So, poor mind, it rejects the rational and makes the rational a special kind of irrationality. The simple escapes him because his self-concept can't survive it. Baldwin drove McCord's truck to McCord's home. For some reason important to his mental twisting, Hunt insists he told Baldwin to drive that truck anywhere but to McCord's home. Bud Baldwin did what he did. If he were a double agent, if he had really been a squealer, could the cops have avoided searching that truck after Baldwin reported where he took it and what it held, including all that traceable equipment, all his "Gemstone" files and all that Creep money in \$100 bills?

In his living nightmare, Hunt has McCord a double agent. The reason is clear to Hunt. McCord defended Baldwin's turning state's evidence. Why did he? The Creep's rejected his request for help with his defense. To McCord, an unemployed man had no way of meeting enormously expensive legal costs if those for whom he risked them did not provide them. To Hunt this was treachery, therefore Baldwin was treacherous, the traitor in the sainted midst.

He also separates himself from all others in measuring himself. Baldwin was a real bad guy for turning state's evidence while hiding all he could from the government, like that evidentiary treasure-trove in McCord's truck. But when Hunt became the longest-talking single squealer in the entire affair - he had spent more than 30 days singing before he appeared in public - he was no squealer, no Baldwin, nothing less than the heroic figure he had always conceived himself to be.

There is no failure in life when the mind will not admit to failure and when it lover's moons of green cheese there is romance.

So, Hunt regards his record-breaking squealing as something other than ratting. He does not conceive that in trying to right wrong he does right. Rather does he believe and say that because the government has trained him to commit all these crimes and paid him to perpetrate them in his long career of official criminality, his practising of the same evil skills in the same kinds of criminality is not criminal when he is no longer working for the government. It, not he, is wrong, the sinner, the criminal.