

Tales of the Golden Eye- by Rick Hoffman

Chapter 1- 1969 Breaking the Butterfly on the Wheel

Filed under: [Tales of the Golden Eye- Conspiracy](#) — Tags: [brian jones](#), [conspiracy](#), [control](#), [doors](#), [Dr Moriarity](#), [eider chess](#), [Hendrix](#), [janis joplin](#), [jim morrison](#), [mid air plane collison- intentional](#), [mike jeffries](#) — rickhoff @ 8:55 pm

Janis, Jimi, Brian and Jim

“Has anyone heard from my old friend Jim? Can you tell me where he’s gone?”

-attributed to Dion DiMucci

“My destination is a profound secret. I shall disappear as if the earth had swallowed me and shall reappear in an unexpected quarter within eight years. Meanwhile I shall accomplish my task.”

attributed to Ignatius Trebitsch Lincoln 1915

The Scourge of the Empire



Notes for the day: Eider Chess’ Journal:

So much for the social amenities. It’s a lovely day today. We have just decided to create a new team- it’s about time. Things have been going slow or fast –its hard to tell. But we all got really nice cars today from GM –a big thanks for that import legislation cock block. Verry nice work when you can get it. ~~And you can get it when you can!~~ But the situation is well in hand operendi is becoming naive to say the least. We have feet on the ground in SEA but that is going to happen any way. Texas- John is secure all obstacles to the Texas man are vapor. So the complex is firm and reality must be examined. We can not assume they are just having fun out there. The only dead end problem is the kids. They want to change the world and change is not apparent. ~~There things to do places to go people to see –for you and me –~~ that supersede youth. When did this teenager thing happen- it didn’t for us. I think we should have paid attention to that Elvis goon instead of allowing him to join the army when we should have taken action. **IT WAS THE SPIRIT OF THE THING** not the man. SO when I finally got the go it was just for that stupid plane crash in North Dakota. Buddy Holly wasn’t really an issue was he. Great 5 for the price of 1 –but then the fucking outlaw walked. He will come back to haunt. Ignatz’ big mistake was that German Parker. He was supposed to limit the growth of Elvis. But Germans are so efficient- its their greatest failing in the end. Who would have thought that Elvis would become a movie star? This music thing is ACTIONABLE ACTIONABLE ACTIONABLE ACTIONABLEACTIONABLE. FINALLY Build a team/set objections/enter the field/cultivate relationships/take action. We have the first group prospects selected. They will be better than that bungled Dallas Texas Book Exchange job. Who could believe it could have become so complicated. That’s what happens when you work with perverts. We don’t have any Jack Ruby here. That was sweet but we do have that pathetic Mike Jeffries. Ignatz would love a player like that. ~~And I will hit him with a plane! Where does~~

~~the line between Dr. Moriarty and Gary Francis Powers meet - ha hah ha ha never!~~

The never ending Back story

The History of the OSS is as good as its first success which was the secret agreement to help Hitler break the back of the German Labor Movement in 1926. There the seeds of U.S. covert interests first tested the waters and found them “delightful.” By the end of World War II the loosely controlled and highly effective OSS was disbanded and became the CIA. It was said the disbanding took place only to protect over 50 OSS operatives from having to explain their entanglements with the Nazi’s. Meanwhile the family business evolves,. The Walkers, Dulles and other founding families continue to this day protecting us from our greatest enemy -ourselves.

From 1950 until 1965 the country was more united than it had been at any time. In any case, the myth did manage to hold firm for a few more years. It powered on through civil rights legislation and the war on poverty. But because of a rapid succession of events after 1965 — like -

1. the escalation of the Vietnam War,
2. the government’s attempts through programs like Cointelpro to spy on and repress its own people
3. and The generation gap

-things just simply became difficult.

Basically the spirit of the old OSS was still at play as decisions to simply disassemble the process of dissent in the old simple way, step by step- person by person,.were still the standard . The means and persons are and will be intangible –the results are predicable.

Here is a simple actionable memo:

Dept of Navy RE/Eider Chess

OF INTEREST/US INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES;

ex-US Army Paratrooper currently gathering unprecedented attention in London as a musician. James Hendricks/US Army/”among others”. :ACTIONABLE

And the simple truth was:

If an ex-paratrooper could become the one black voice 20 million white middle class hippy kids would hear or a nearsighted ex-Baptist College Coed would be their dream fuck there was a need for an intervention. Black ops would learn to use sensitive sources, money, drugs and sex to infiltrate and the artists so identified as threats who whether wittingly or not, played active roles in determining their own respective fates.

September 18, 1970- Within a week of his London premier as the Experience, Jimi Hendrix was signed to a management deal with ex-member of the UK Band the Animals, Chas Chandler. That provided rock credibility. But Chandler was as indigent as **his** ex-manager Mickey Most could leave him. To even start representing Hendrix he was forced to seek financial backing. He couldn’t have done worse as is typically the case. His cold as ice new money man partner was an ex MI5 op named Michael Jeffries., and predictably the Jimi Hendrix Experience soon grew into an international phenomena. But over the 4 year ultimate ride of the decade the “Experience” would actually become an intolerable nightmare. It was like Korean War brainwashing techniques were exercised on the artists against themselves. Creativity was blatantly discouraged and that could not have had any other purpose other than breaking the spirit of the Experience. It was the same songs every night, the same hotel rooms, an endless parade of girls, fighting over the girls, hitting the girls, beatings, harder drugs and harder drugs. Only one thing became easier – the ability to control Hendrix through the use of all of the above. The impossible part of the project was – to control the popularity of the band which had no boundaries. Noel Redding the original bass player was beginning to understand the truth. He began to openly question management. There was no money for any of them and Hendrix as a man had been compromised. One day virtually overnight Redding was fired and replaced by an old Hendrix Air Force buddy -Billy Cox. It made no sense. Redding was part of what made the Experience so accessible to the fans. Eventually this new- Band of Gypsies simply imploded. One day Cox just left mysteriously and daily Hendrix was personally embarrassed on stage by the antics of other new band mate-Buddy Miles. Had Jimi Hendrix simply been compromised painlessly? A European Tour commenced and Hendrix was now hooked up with a new mysterious woman-Monika Dannemann who was so unlike his old girl friends Devon and Kathy who loved him so much.

One night between shows Jimi met up with old friend Eric Burden of the Animals. After jamming with Burden, Hendrix returned to a flat he was staying in -in London with Dannemann. Supposedly Hendrix went to sleep as Monica stayed up in another room.

But other sources say that numerous visitors came and went including 3 strangers who came with an ex band mate. The story was one named Eider throws a packet down on the floor where all sit. In time Hendrix & the 4 men are the last remaining and party on. Later that morning Hendrix is taken dead to a hospital by Dannemann. The emergency room physician stated his hair and shirt were covered with over a half of bottle of wine. Another half a bottle was pumped out of his stomach along with a cocktail of barbiturates. Dannemann said she was there all night with him alone and he was asleep the whole time until she finally checked on him and found him in that state.

3 July 1969- Previously in England the Rolling Stones are the top of the pop and why?- it's because of a musical genius named Brian Jones, Perhaps no one person of his time had a stronger influence on men's personal style, appearance and attitude. But he would become *the butterfly on the wheel*.

Supposedly Brian was intolerant of drugs and liquor. A little bit went a long way –especially because of his predisposition to asthma. The incredible respect he earned as a multi-instrumentalist in the Rolling Stones was wearing thin as the Jagger- Richard song writing duo didn't need his arrangement and A&R skills any more to assure hits. Initially Brian was encouraged to write songs–and he couldn't. This was his downfall. He began to lose interest in his band mates' pop- direction. This gets compounded by his girl problems. They all seemed to eventually end up leaving him making him morose and difficult. It was decided by his band mates, that he should take leave of the Stones at least temporarily. He agreed and thought he might just start again with a new crew. So he moved into a rustic home – Cotchford Farm to recoup. He got a new girl friend the demure Anna Wohlin – an unusual choice for the flamboyant Brian. She came from Sweden and was not remarkable as had been Marianne Faithfull and Anita Pallenberg- to name just two earlier companions. And the only real crew he assembled was an unusual group of completely incompetent construction workmen. These men were hired to repair and modernize the house. But they seemed more like a bunch of military types on R&R. They enjoyed the amenities of the home, partook in random women guests, the drink or drug of the day and took great pleasure in demeaning and physically challenging Brian. It made no sense. What Brian was doing with them? And to say the least, nothing was built or fixed. All that had transpired was that he had been mentally separated from his mission as an inspirational musician and *rendered to a game playing macho situation of which he had played a major role in determining his own fate*. On what became the evening of question once again everyone of accountability seems to have disappeared. The girl friend has even conveniently left the immediate scene. Brian has moved the party to the swimming pool. He is acknowledged as a strong swimmer. He has not taken a lot of drugs or drink.. Several of the workmen are his only companions at the pool. They eventually all leave. In a short while a woman guest goes from the house to the pool to find a now drowned Brian at the bottom. And no one knows how it happened. In short order the workmen disappear permanently and are untraceable and no one knows who they were. The girl friend disappears off the face of the earth and appears to have come from nowhere. She was not heard of for over 30 years. "Death by misadventure."

October 4, 1970- The Big Ball Express is a disaster. The Band and Grateful Dead join with Janis Joplin's Full Tilt Boogie Band and others for a festival tour across western Canada by train from city to city. Somehow the tour is compromised by a terrible political situation. There is a campaign to "make the music free". *This cry mysteriously erupts in each city as if there are covert operators out to sabotage the event*. The concerts aren't free to implement. There are extensive expenses in mounting the shows and moving the bands from city to city. Everyone tries to keep a good attitude and there is drunken camaraderie on the long train rides by the musicians and promotion team. But this issue is throwing a damper on the on the series of events. The Janis Joplin persona/character is a strong well defined icon to both the performers and audience. She is known to be a provocative and sexually outspoken woman with a serious attachment to Southern Comfort. Unlike most of the California or "Hippie Bands" she is unique as her persona is not strongly associated with drugs, although a back story posthumously appeared of her depression -fueled by heroin. Up until then -she is a person strongly associated with alcoholic "abuse". At any rate she is not considered a druggo as almost all the other tour mates are. Although when one sees the films of the performances on the tour –it is not the Janis from films in Port Arthur Texas or filmed shows of Big Brother. On those occasions she appears as a trim and perky young woman in the most revealing outfits of the era- maybe not the prettiest

but certainly very desirable. On this tour she seems swollen and is dressed modestly. More importantly this was a new Janis trying to pick up where she left with Big Brother. This tour was important to her career as a next step. But other forces are at play, more important than negating an artist's career. It was the beginning of the "Secret" China White Heroin Plague which decimated the S.F. and associated Bands over and over again in the next few years. The train was almost like the Orient Express. There were all kinds of hangers on and "unusual types" arm and arm with the very wasted rock stars. They were a captive audience. Well eventually the train makes it way to a gruesome end in Western Canada and the bands return home. Janis never really jump started her career again. She did make a new male friend on the tour and in the next few months there was a parade of unfamiliar faces in her life. But one day in late fall Janis is found dead in her hotel room of what is called a hot-shot, enough heroin to boil the blood and organs in your body. There were descriptions of self inflicted body desecration's due to the pain she experienced before dying. ***Again there are accounts of strange unknown visitors, a mysterious lover, comings and goings and once again a lonely death.***

July 3, 1971 And the last story is of a bang and a whisper. All the others were either fresh off success or still part of the scene. But then all were less pop stars than counterculture icons. Jim Morrison was a pop star and the Doors were a pure mainstream pop band. As fate will have it- Electra's big money maker was the Doors. It was Jim Morrison who caught the imagination of a generation of music fans. The biggest sex god of the 60's was Morrison. He is credited with the quote: "Id rather die young and leave a well preserved corpse". Well by 1970. Morrison was a bearded, fat and physical nightmare to behold on stage. The last albums Morrison Motel and L.A Woman showed no signs of musical decline. But the beautiful Jim was over and it wasn't ever about the music as much as it was about "the Jim". He eventually just quit the band and moved to Paris with his long time junkie girl friend Pamela Courson. Morrison was depressed and doing all kinds of things to "just get through the day. He may have just simply died from a misadventure with heroin but there is another story. It is of Jim going to a seedy Paris night spot to find heroin for Pamela. There he met mysterious drug dealers and died at the club as "he supposedly took the heroin". He was then unceremoniously taken to his flat and left dead in the bath. This version the evening's events kind of rings of the other tales.

So what connects the stories? Well they all seem to follow the same method. All are littered with comings and goings of unknown characters and all the tales typically took a long time to unwind- and suffer from revisionism. But all suggested a similar almost planned scenario with lots of similar twists. Usually some survivor profits from the premature death or creates a cottage industry around the victim. Most interestingly ***when one follows some similar short success stories the value of the estate clearly diminishes simply because the one time star lives to play another day (under less bright lights)***. I saw one time arena rockers Badfinger playing in Lodi NJ to 6 people in 1991 and Gracie Slick and "Jefferson Airplane" appeared at Kroges Bar in Sparta NJ in 1996 playing to an audience of 40.

So what happened next

This all took place between July 1969 and July 1971. All died at age 27.

Mike Jeffries was killed in an unusual midair plane collision in 1973 after having collected on Jimi's life insurance. The other plane landed safely. The Jeffries estate continued to sell bootleg Jimi Hendrix cds and records until 2004 even though the Hendrix Estate owned rights to all of his recordings.

Monika Dannemann took Jimi's black strat at the time of his death. It was last seen in 1996. She committed suicide that same year but her paramour Ulli Roth feels she succumbed to foul play. ***Jimi didn't drink wine. Anna Wohlin disappeared for many years and mysteriously reappeared to write a book about her short time with Brian Jones in 1999. All of Brian's belongings were looted from the farm by -someone within hours of his death. The watch he was wearing when he died -which disappeared was sold at Christies in 2006. There was an alleged deathbed confession by one of the workers who said they were paid to kill Brian. Joplin has almost no loose ends. 3 relatives attended her funeral- there was no public service. The lover simply ceased to exist.***

Neither the FBI nor the Intelligence Corps has any record of this program. Both OSI and CIA have denied conducting it. The report is not in their files. But their operative name for not interfering with the counter culture was "Our Gamble With Destiny".

As the youth movement grew so did the intelligence community's interest in following it to a deadly trail.

Post script.

The lesson was learned. It became very easy to control these fragile personalities. You didn't have to kill

them you only had to place enablers in their midst. The principles would then gladly handle the whole deal on their own. The secret was to make their preferred life style incredibly available to them. Too much of anything is a given. And the long term introduction of China White Heroin into the international music community clearly diminished the spark of creativity and genius. After the time of Janis's death the use of heroin accelerated among the San Francisco music groups as the quality of their music and more specifically their recordings rapidly degenerated. Many will argue this but this list of deaths –in the day is notable:

Grateful Dead

Keith Godchaux, Donna Godchaux, Jerry Garcia,

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Dino Valenti (disputed), John Cipolina (Denied),

Moby Grape

Skip Spence(disputed) .

The Band

Richard Manuel, Rick Danko

A Very Short list of Others

Paul Butterfield, Gram Parsons, Rick Gretch, Chris Wood, Danny Kirwan, Paul Kossoff

Jim Morrison lives!

[The Eider Tapes E Pluribus Unum Sextion- It's not just water falling over a hill, stupid](#)

Chapter II:

[Tales of the Golden Eye- Conspiracy](#) — Tags: [backstory](#), [channeled](#), [common good](#), [conspiracy](#), [Easter Island](#), [Fall of Rome](#), [megomania](#), [new paradyne](#), [people in glass houses](#), [repartee](#), [SATS](#), [spies](#), [the super intelligent](#) — rickhoff @ 3:00 pm The Eider Tapes

E Pluribus Unum Sextion- It's not just water falling over a hill, stupid

This is a step back from one of the incredibly exciting “72 Unknown Superiors” operations tales. But this is more important because these parts of my memoirs explain why!

Its about SPECIAL PEOPLE. Yeah it's not just water falling down a hill stupid! And this section is more relaxing to me. I can simply tell you things. There's not some incredible confession involved like there is when we have an “operation”.

We are all so naive. You're either an insider in our society or you are out. I wanted to be in. But first you have to figure out that there even is an in. Perhaps when you were a kid you [thought you] were (a) smart (ass). Some pretty fancy grammar there! Hope you get the point. You find out you aren't a couple of ways . You may live with the para-dyne- “I don't get great grades because of the teachers, but I am going to get 800's on my SATS”- and you don't. Or once I get to the stuff that I really like everyone will see how smart I am – and then you don't. And you know there are others who are simply different. It's not even about how smart you are. Its upper class or commoner. There is royalty even in America and you are born into it or you can buy your way in. You always could. Think -you could always just buy an army.

And then- There are people who, when you were growing up –appeared to be morons about “how things are” or “the clever repartee” but eventually they got all A's. But they didn't really impress you. They didn't seem “bright”. They were school smart- not street smart as it is “popularly said. But seriously **NO ONE is truly street smart**. Or why do most of us just shuffle off to our favorite baseball fan-tasy or are Dancin wid the Steers. **If there really was such a thing as being “street smart” why would we allow ourselves to be channeled?** The very smart and the very rich (SPECIAL) folks are unattached to the cattle activity. They operate below the radar. The problem is that for all their smarts or bucks they always fall victim to the one thing they have in common with regular people- the tendency to succumb to obsession or some particular vice. In fact that is the one thing that makes my job easy. I have studied what it is every person I have ever had to deal with fucks up with and used it against them. They usually tell you it in 5 minutes if you pay attention to them. And then don't forget to use it every time you deal with them.

back to the “*brainies*”-

Simple Facts

1. They are all the same- YOU CANT MISS THEM
2. Once they realize they are totally “smarter” they usually develop a quirk or avarice trait
3. That doesn't mean they will fail but it gets them off target a bit
4. You cant beat them at anything so don't think you can- its their game
5. They don't work well together – they are solo artists- a tragic flaw
6. They like to be the power behind the throne-

So what are they really?

In the past- In a time when everything was much clearer to us, about **what we were here for**; they were acknowledged and identified. They were never meant to be in charge for obvious reasons. Somehow in the course of time they just got integrated as we were wrongfully told “*hard work and perseverance will lead you to success.*” It seems even that idea was their doing. They are incredibly smart but *they never accomplish anything which improves the lot for anyone* but for themselves. Our history is a series of repeated events of risings and fallings because of their megalomania. Actually it was *the “smart asses” who were always supposed to be in charge. As the race of man We were never supposed to lose sight of “the common good”. And quite frankly that fell off the table a long time ago.*

What's going on? **THERE IS A CONSPIRACY**

it's very simple. *There is a plan for there to be many less people on earth.* How else can **WE ALL HAVE EVERYTHING?**

The ONES THAT WILL have been selected- oh didn't you get your letter in the mail yet? Well guess who did! With so many of us all gone just imagine how wonderful it will be for the 30 million that have been selected. Don't worry that you won't be there to see it. Expect Easter Island.

The good news

this has been the plan for at least 1300 years. If you think its bad now don't forget the fall of Rome, The arrival of the Europeans in America, The plague or World War II. Somehow one of them flips the chess board every time and that s why I'm here.

[The Tale of Ignaz](#)

Chapter III:

[Tales of the Golden Eye- Conspiracy](#) — Tags: ['Deutsche Arbeiterpartei'](#), [Beltway](#), [bush](#), [dulles](#), [eider chess](#), [good overcoming evil](#), [mp](#), [OSS](#), [parliment](#), [power brokers](#), [transient nature of our elected officials](#), [walker](#) — rickhoff @ 6:17 pm

Welcome to my story

I am Ignaz Treblitch Lincoln- I was born in 1879 in Hungary. My life has been a miraculous series of events. I was born of a wealthy orthodox Jewish family. I immigrated to England in 1899 where **I converted to Christianity**. In my lifetime I became an **Anglican Minister, a Member of Parliament in England, “The Greatest German Spy of WWI”, an “agent of the Counter-Initiation,” a Buddhist Monk** and finally **the First Director of the Golden Eye**. We can skip the details for now and get right into how the last item occurred.

One of the most amazing realities in the teaching of history in the west is the vague explanation of “who started World War One”. Of course we are always the good guys. The story is that after the assassination of Arch Duke Ferdinand the rest of the world mindlessly lined up either with the Germans or English based on various treaties and alliances. How could something so dangerously serious just happen and why is something so significant given such pathetic explanation.

Remember

The war to end all wars basically was responsible for:

the end of the 500 year Ottoman Empire which sowed the seeds of current turmoil in the modern middle east

the end of the Russian Czarist Empire establishing Communism

And the British and French punishment of Germany for “unacceptable colonialism and political behaviors” which led to the rise of Hitler and the second world war which was only ended by the nuclear abomination.

So- While I was serving as a member of the House of Commons I took offense to the actions of another member of Parliament- Lord Cardigan. This sealed my fate. As a skillful player of international policy and an “undeniable Eastern European Type” I was a natural to become “a patsy”. Since the 1880's the Germans had interest in Central and Southern Africa. The Boer War was a given and perhaps should be looked at as analogous to the role the Spanish Civil War was to WWII. But of more importance at the time the German role in the Belgian Congo was considered a completely unacceptable abuse of diplomacy by the English. Steps were taken to intertwine and trap Germany in a situation which would force a war upon them. And so it was. It could be argued that the Germans were up for the fight but most importantly -this war didn't just happen.

So how do I fit in. In 1919 the smoke began to settle on the devastated post WWI world and as things go people wanted to know what had just happened and why! “Sapiento post eventum” Cardigan named a German Master spy who supposedly turned the wheels, pushed the buttons and sold out the Empire. It was me. I was charged with conspiracy, arrested and tried in quick order. And then I escaped.

I decided to write my memoirs and tell my side of the story explaining how I had been duped. But of course You know how those things go- my side was discredited. In the end it all led to my incredible magical mystery tour of a life which took me all over the world and the never ending involvement in the back rooms of international diplomacy and turpificury.

Later in 1926 I was close to recapture by the English in Shanghai when I was secretly transported to Munich by friends to Germany. I was introduced an American Labor/Investment Legation who were trying to create business opportunities and help the upstart ‘**Deutsche Arbeiterpartei**’ with a developing labor situation. There I first met three men who were to become significant in my copious and clandestine future. They were, George Walker, Prescott Bush and Allan Dulles. Their fascination with my “agent of the Counter-Initiation,” persona was what whetted their interest in me. As I continued to frequent circles of influence for the next 20 years our paths would occasionally cross and finally culminate. The Triumvirate as I came to call GW,PB and AD would ultimately become among the most influential behind the scenes **power brokers** in America.

These were lovely men, for instance, George Walker had a wonderful singing voice and was not shy about using it. Long brainstorming sessions of our ongoing International Scion the “72 Unknown Superiors”. –were frequently interrupted with his interpretations of [Jacopo Peri's Dafne](#) and [Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor](#). He was a man with a voice like a sweet singing nightingale!

Later on and After many years and other tales to tell at other times, the American **OSS** was doing a tidy up some loose ends of World War II. The most significant consequence of war is the **redistribution of finances** and persons as events have determined. In the course of these activities the covert blanket was disturbed and by 1945 it was obvious that numbers of operatives would be compromised in the overwhelming mantra of “**good overcoming evil**”. Sadly such simplicities are naive and not yet a attribute of our underdeveloped species. So as OSS operatives were implicated in saving the enemy from prosecution and the separation of their wealth, it was in the best interest of all to simply shut down the agency. So the OSS was disbanded and quickly a new agency the CIA was created. **What was learned then was there is a need for a clearly non-public side for the new bureau. These activities would be completely private, typically secreted from even and specifically, the highest members of our government.** Moving forward the agency would operate in non political modes. **Programs and operatives could not be undermined by the transient nature of our political system and its here today and gone tomorrow elected officials.** These activities require permanence and stability to be effective. In fact large segments of **the operation would simply be private and answer to no party or elected person.**

So I could play a role in this plan it was decided that I would be executed by Nazi Agents for conspiring against the German Government! And that tale is part of another story. I spent the next 3 years on vacation in el Verde Sinaloa where I went back to one of my old careers of oil speculating –something I used to do in Bulgaria in 1912. After the Second World War, when Alan had the new bureau in place, I reunited with the “72 Unknown Superiors” who set me up with a headquarters in *Matanzas* which was to be my new home for the next 23 years. The town is located 37 miles off the state highway on a cut off that goes up a 2 laner into the mountains and down into a blind valley. One road in one road out -the old main drag, and off course the lake and the channel, but of course that’s another story as well. By the time I moved in there were 300 residents and one company Gold-EN-I Tools. I moved the new sub-bureau into the two room office and met my new young assistant **Eider Chess**. We were distributing tools for oil rigs and in May of 1947 we were visited by Alan and some of the new crew as we formally made operational plans for our new venture.

The HAUT MONDE – Eiders Journal Part I

Chapter IV:

[Tales of the Golden Eye- Conspiracy](#) — Tags: [Agnew](#), [Ballin Jack](#), [Charlie Crist](#), [Groucho Marx](#), [Hendrix](#), [jim morrison](#), [MIAMI](#), [mike jeffries](#), [National Guard](#), [Pink Floyd](#), [Pyrotechnics](#), [Syd Barrett](#), [Woodstock](#) — rickhoff @ 5:26 am

“I’d never want to be in a club that would have me as a member”.

The infamous 60’s- didn't start as a popular movement until about 1964 and self destructed by the sheer weight of its numbers by about 1976. The 'LIFESTYLE (*as it was per se*)’ succumbed to the principle invoked in a quote by Groucho Marx many years earlier; “*I’d never want to be in a club that would have me as a member*”. The quality of the membership had simply degenerated and “the original members (hippies)” had to disenfranchise as they couldn’t tolerate the (new hippies) unwashed masses. It became more or less like looking at yourself in a mirror and not liking what you saw. Skip 3 haircuts wear old jeans and buy some pot and you were in. Very low standards- like Communism. The membership wanted to turn you on –it was one of the tenets of the movement. *Very nice!*

But let’s go back to a few years earlier when we were worried the love & peace culture was simply going to steamroll its way across the world. By 1970 it was the dominant trend (over capitalism -in the free world). So -there we stood in America with two incompatible life styles. Obviously Ignatz and I had worked long and hard to keep the status quo 50’s lifestyle and its blind obedience in place. Who would have thought! and The children of the HAUT MONDE had become one of our biggest problems. ~~Long spoiled and endured the children of privileged society were turning. Apparently they didn’t want to miss out on “any of the fun”.~~ From time to time they appeared in the midst of our most important missions and had to be removed before they were implicated. As I have explained before, for the most part we stopped persecuting the counter culture. We had learned it was easier to let them fall into the depths of their own depravity. ~~Many went on to stronger drugs or looser lifestyles which led to psychopathic disorders and more entanglements.~~ But we were there to guide their way and on occasion to mix things up. And that’s what this story is about. Bear with me & pay attention it’s complicated ~~and marvelous!~~

I always fit in nicely as an operative. I kept in style with the times and had a youthful countenance. That all that was needed. Back then I entered a social group of partiers’ and friends who attended events & dabbled in current cultural activities. **The Golden Eye was still actively mixing things up with our formula of infiltrate, influence, win confidence and move key targets on to a higher level of indiscretion. We really didn’t have to do anything- but sometimes we just DID for fun. And that was what we did for the mission we planned in MIAMI.**

Woodstock had been a bungle. Our goal there was to shut it down. There was no reason we didn't succeed. We played with the zoning. Got our money boys in the game like **Mike Jeffries demanding upfront payment for Hendrix** - but the show still went on somehow & without the human disaster we orchestrated. ~~Hell we even passed out 1000 tabs of **violence inducing acid** our agency chemist developed- but the **goody goody Hog Farm was there nursing the freaked out attendees.**~~ But this time we would go

all out at and try even harder again at the MIAMI ROCK FESTIVAL and I was the author from soup to nuts.

Meanwhile while under cover I had manipulated my little Counter Culture Family to total player status- it was amazing!

- First there was Peter, a better foil couldn't be found. Peter was 38 he had been a professional-bowler (really) and he had enough cash to buy his way into guru status- if he would want to be a hippy. His beautiful wife Carrie was all any man would ever want and more. When she got him to go to Woodstock it was really just to spice things up a bit for a couple of days. They were really 50's hipsters, now wearing mod clothes, living a quasi-Hugh Hefner life style and lightly embracing a "beautiful people- party phase." But she never expected he would get dosed and hook up with an Amazon-like 19 year old beauty and turn their whole life upside down. In the end 19 year old Chloe moved in with them and converted their conventional relationship to something else. After the festival he never came out of the fog and started to create a circle of friends in their suburban home. Peter was like a man on a mission he could become Pecos Pete and he did- in time.
- Initially their new friends were art students, and then came bikers like Morton – today we'd call him an A.D.D. Type. He hooked up with nympho Susie there and Morty's problem –a temper like a madman – like a bad drunk but on pot became an issue for all of us.
- And Morty had biker friends. Two were of notoriety –6 foot 220 pound Asian Twins –Bot & Chingas & they sold weight & TO ANYBODY. And Pete as a newbie-guru was thrilled to add to his families' fame with their franchise –as that was what the hippie scene had become. Who could be the biggest hippy? And you did that by dealing drugs.

All I did was hang and make the right comments to the appropriate people & push their buttons- ~~like Manson did in California –but that's another story. By the way have you seen Charlie's suite in Folsom –no regular person has!~~ So people came & people went & Peter cultivated a relationship with the Circus Max Concert Club –the 2000 fan venue downtown where his brood attended every show, every week & greeted the bands backstage at the end of every show with the option of a great party ~~on Ogontz Avenue instead of a lonely night back at the Ben Franklin Motor Inn.~~ AND THEY WERE GREAT PARTIES. Most bands came with them as the options were stacked. Chicago, The Byrds, The Kinks and Ballin' Jack all attended at their various nights in town.

AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME THAT PINK FLOYD CAME AND STAYED AT PETER'S HOUSE FOR 4 DAYS.

Syd Barrett had just imploded. It was Pink Floyd's first tour sans front man. The boys held court in Peter's bedroom. ~~God knows where Peter, Carrie and Chloe slept those nights.~~ And when the band finally moved on they had recruited a new pyrotechnics master for their shows as Morty would trip the night fantastic for several months with his simulated Napalm attacks on the audience the likes of which had never been experienced on the American Stage. So with the players in place we were set for the Miami Rock Festival:

HERE WAS MY PLAN for MIAMI

1. First of all it was in a stadium- **no escape to the woods** for the contained crowd.
2. Florida Governor **Charlie Crist** agrees to master of ceremony our event
3. **Morty** was there with his explosives
4. WE had a player who was completely in the power because of our new mind control drug- **Jim Morrison**. We could make him do anything.
5. And the Coup d'état – we with cooperation of the promoters financed Bot & Chingas to deliver 10000 hits of acid to the event. And they arrived in their rented self-contained and fully equipped Airstream Travel Trailer which they drove in the front gate & parked center stage left on the 10 yard line.

And the stage was set. On with the show- life is wonderful the second time around. (Woodstock was the first) The concert is beautiful, everyone is settled in as the show goes on and on. *Jim Morrison is scheduled to come out in an hour as a long forgotten band "the Package" is currently on stage.* Things are cool in the trailer as I sit with Bot and Chingas. The word is out about the LSD STORE and there have been many visitors. There are also a salt and peppering of "wrong looking types" all over our immediate environs. The ever diligent Asian Giants are aware of the Hawaiian shirt types in the crowd and it is becoming difficult to

simply say – “*you know this is Florida people dress like that here.*” I hate our operations. There are just too many agents who couldn’t attend a church picnic without out creating suspicion. Meanwhile Chingas and I are hanging out with a young college student named Gary:

“*Say Gary how many hits did you & your friends need.*” Gary leaves with 50 tabs of acid. He goes back to his contingents tent about 20 yards from the trailer. There his beautiful girl friend Lucy awaits. She told him she needed some acid to get their relationship to the next phase. He is boiling with frenzy as He thinks he has finally cracked the hierarchy of his little social group and is now the best hippy of the Stoney Brook crew. And quietly Just outside the gates about 3000 Florida National Guard await to enter the show. They plan to arrest everybody!!!!!!!!!!!!At nearby Dade County Airport Governor Charlie Crist has just hit the sky. He will land via helicopter on stage just as Jim Morrison is breaking thru to the other side. Charlie says “***Nothing would make me happier than to decapitate that motherfucker with the propeller when I land on his sick ass***”. Charlie is ready to go. He even has more testosterone flowing in his loins than Gary. He is expecting the publicity of the biggest hippy drug bust of all time to propel him into the US VP slot soon to be vacated by indited Spiro Agnew of milk price fixing fame. “***I am going to be president!***” “***I am going to be president!***” “***I am going to be president! Crist has come in his pants.***

Our boys in Hawaii shirts have a tent as well just down the trail from Gary and his college friends. DEA Agent Dale Crouton is manning the communication center. Dale says to his partner Jimmy Flynn; “***why did you have to wear a Hawaiian shirt too Jimmy?***” just then the phone rings. It seems that the surveillance camera feed from high up on the top of the stadium has picked up a face of one of the children of the HAUT MONDE.

Back at “**72 Unknown Superiors**” headquarters at Matanzas a desperate call is going out to Dale from none other than The Director. The conversation proceeds more or less like this:

“***Croton, the event is cancelled***”. Dale responds; “***Mr. Hoover you have no authority over us, have you spoken to Ignatz.?***” Hoover replies, “***Of course you you Hawaiian shirted moron!***” “***How do you know what I am wearing? sir***” “***Shut up and get Eider NOW. And by the way I am here with Ignatz.***” “***Holy shit.***” “***Yeah your face- get Chess NOW!!!***”

Crouton had never been so compromised and emasculated and both in one conversation. Ten years of operating in places as diverse as Berlin and Laos and now forced out of “cover” and into.....

[The events which transpired at the Miami Rock Festival](#)

Chapter V:

[Tales of the Golden Eye- Conspiracy](#) — Tags: [Charlie Crist](#), [doors](#), [eider chess](#), [jim morrison](#), [MIAMI](#), [Pink Floyd](#) — rickhoff @ 5:26 am

Crouton hangs up the phone. This is the first cancel ever in the history of the bureau and that includes the Lee Oswald mess. What could be wrong? He thinks it must be the eyes on. No one has ever watched a project live. How can we do anything without collateral damage- it’s in the game. With a stadium full there had to be something someone would see and it was just that.

Back in Matanzas. Senator Louie B. Sweet is staring down the barrel of the satellite feed at his son Gary. “***That bum fuck. He told us he was at cotillion with that sweetie Rose Mary that mother handpicked for him to marry.***” Actually they were watching Gary coming to age with the incredible Lucy, a woman the likes of which he would never forget. Secretly the chairman was very happy with the turn of events. Any extreme measures such as Ignatz group was constantly partaking could never be traced to him but added to the world of fear and cowardice that surrounded the bureau. ***Its all good –its all chaos.***

“***Don’t worry Louis I have boys there. We will save your Gary. It will just slow things up a bit. Let Crist’s shit sit above the bowl a bit.***” - “***Ignaz can your boys find me my man- you know Biloxi Lentrant.***” Ignaz always the tower of power, the Doctor Moriarity in Fu Manchu’s clothing seethed a bit. **Lentrant had been the heir apparent of the Golden Eye. A 6’4” Louisiana native mixed of Black Creole French and**

Teutonic Knight and owing allegiance to who knows what unspeakable God his mother had dredged up for him out of the Bayou. But in 1962 Biloxi went public as a six figure star 1st baseman on the Baltimore Orioles where he eventually met Jay Edgar and made that man a lady once again.

Ignatz dialed the Hawaiians'.

"Hello Dale, get Jimmy to look for Mr. Lentrant."

"Lentrant is here! I thought this was Eiders event?"

"Look Dale let's just see if we can keep this from Eider, besides he's in the business tent and you Hawaiians' better not even act like you can even see that Airstream- comprende!"

Dale mindlessly simply answers *si*. –

"Jimmy, Ignatz wants you to find Biloxi Lentrant, he's here somewhere –it's not like you are going to have problems finding him."

Jimmy just stared at Dale with his mouth open and backed out of the tent into the behemoth event outside. When they were doing business it became easy to forget that there were 60,000 God Hating people smoking dope, dropping acid and fucking within 15 feet of their perimeter. Within 10 seconds he could see all of the above before his eyes. Now Jimmy really loved Bob Jones University. It was a dream come true place for a Methodist kid from 60 miles outside Raleigh to go to for college. At school he became a deacon, met the sturdy Lursallee Gones who became wife. It was there he **got recruited for the bureau**. But these assignments, ***-The pulchritude, naked womanliness and that damn pot. Every time he smelled it- it went straight to his loins.*** Somehow Jimmy had no recourse other than to do his job and start a slow shuffle in recon circles getting ever larger every circle, around his tent. Meanwhile **The Package** continued their mating call drone up on stage which unfortunately did not lead to even slightest rock and roll credibility- but then they were from Bob Jones too and doing their best. After several minutes Jimmy was in sight of the stage looking closely at the band thinking/when while in the clutch of his virtual stupefied sex mind fucked mantra he felt a strong hard hand on his back.

"Hi Mister buy some candy to help my church."

Jimmy was shaken awake from his breast staring drool frenzy pot stupor and returned to the kind gentleness of his youth as a door to door Christian Missionary. When he turned expecting to see a young man in a black suit with a box of 3 musketeers economy sized for your Church or school boat instead there stood all 6'4" 240 pounds of rippling muscle covered bronze skin popping out of a tight shirt and tighter jeans topped with a magnificent shock of platinum blond hair.

"Lentrant?"

"- Ignatz wants to talk to you."

"Sorry Jim you know I don't work for the Eye any more."

"Well there is something going on here and the mission is scraping."

"What can I do for your sorry asses this time , kill Ruby again?"

"Just come in."

It was then that Jimmy realized that Biloxi had come from a tent site of beautiful and scantily clothed woman of a quality to which he had never imagined even existed let alone for the mere mortal eyes of man. Once again he lost sight of his purpose as ***the behemoth cloud of passion and drugs engulfed his soul, dragging him down by the loins to the pit deep inside his soul where Darkness Darkness.*** (be my mirror)

In time the two returned to the com center. Crouton just leered at them. He knew Jimmy **Flynn was fucked by the whole deal and so was he but this Lentrant is just –who can even give a shit. How can you better Mickey Mantle one day and out class the Rolling Stones as needed on the side?** Why bother. And meanwhile through it all Eider was being betrayed not 30 feet away deep under and out of touch.

"Lentrant call Matanzas."

"Why would I – this is more R&R for me than our deal. I'm just here as an observer."

The Directors in Matanzas."

"In Matanzas?"

Hello can I speak to Mr. Hoover?"

"Hello Biloxi. We have a problem. It seems that a CHILD OF the HAUT-MONDE will be compromised by the mission. And he has been selected for advancement by the 72 Unknown Superior and it just will not be. So we need you to get him out of the foray and keep his sorry ass away from the situation until it is no longer such. At this point he is involved in the heart of the storm and all those within its eye will perish"

either from this earth or to the deepest unknown land of the lost that our glorious nation can and will muster. Am I clear."

"You are clear. Who is he?"

"Gary B. Sweet- son of the Senator."

"Where is he?"

"He was in the Airstream with those Asian Giants and we need him out of the court record and out of Florida. We have eyes on him about 60 feet west of your location. He's with his with friends. he just made a drug purchase and is reaping the rewards of his fucking finesse."

Ten minutes later there was an incident amongst the Stony Brook contingent. It seems the Package invited Lucy back stage to the VIP Tent. Their road manager spotted her from the stage and she didn't just leave she took trot. Gary sat outside the tent and stared at the stage. Who would think? His drug buying accomplishment was just old news now. He was just one of duh boise again to Lucy. Hell it was all just about her anyway.

He vocalized to no one in particular *I hate townie bitches*

"what was that my friend"

He looked up at.... You guessed it- shock of blond hair.....

Nine minutes later as Governor Charlie Crist landed on stage during the performance of Jim Morrison the same helicopter that brought him in was carrying Gary and Biloxi away from the festival for a debriefing on the unfortunate events to the FBI Office in Atlanta.

"aren't you Biloxi Lentrant the first baseman for the Baltimore orioles"

"it's my day job son. More importantly you weren't even ever here and further more....."

and at just about that time it was said:

"ladies and gentlemen i am your governor this despicable vermin you are ogling on this stage will be the first of you booked for licentious and immoral behavior, drug abuse, trafficking thereof, conspiracy, white slaving, prostitution and crimes against humanity and we will prosecute to the fullest....."

Whereupon Jim Morrison simply took his limp dick out

Post script:

When the dust settled, Butt and Chingas had mysteriously died in a car accident several months later since they couldn't be indicted let alone tried. They never returned to Philadelphia. After a few years of selling coke Peter opened up a trendy western clothing store and became known as Pecos Pete. He went to jail for many years for selling way too much to cops. After the festival Carrie left him for the artist Pat Jungkurth and Chloe just left. Later that year Morton blew up some audience members at a Pink Floyd Show was fired by the band and simply became an ass fuck with a motor cycle. Gary married Rose Marie. Susie got tired of being a nympho and became a florist. And Charlie Crist never became vice president nor was he ever asked to run.

Eider