

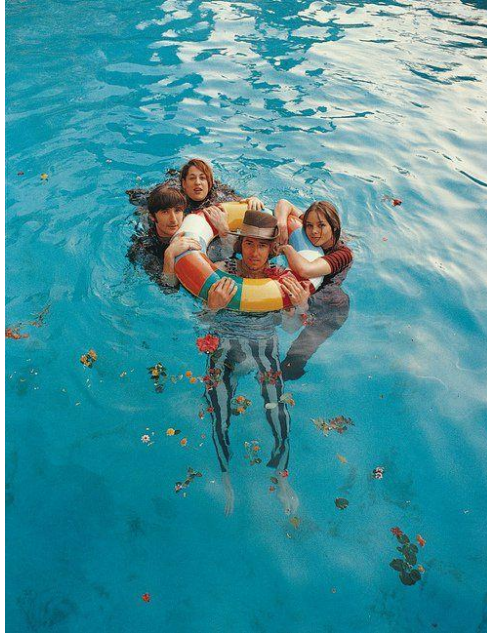


It's Only Murder *If* They're Dead:  
The Manson Murder Hoax

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## PRELUDE: The Mamas and The Papas Were *Spooks*

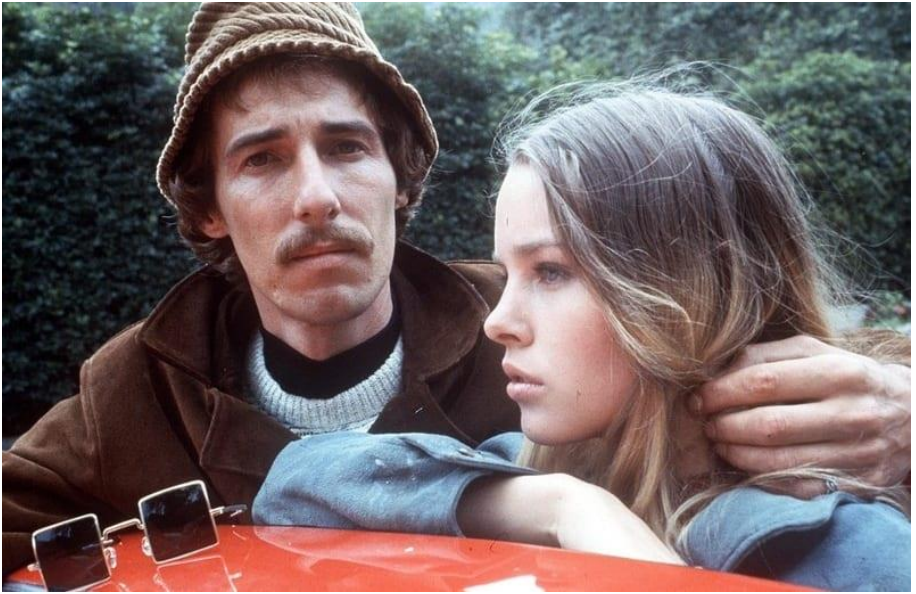
BELIEVE IT or not, this chapter is intended as a *prelude* to the Manson family murder *hoax*. What you are currently holding in your hands came about on the mere basis that I decided to do some digging into the **Sharon Tate** and **Roman Polanski** movie set house, and far too many familiar names, whom I'd never thought to associate with **Charlie Manson**, began ringing the doorbell, hoping for a part in the production. If you're curious as to why I've concluded that the Manson murders are faked, then you will have to wait a little longer. The purpose *here*, as I've already begun to explain, is to lay the foundation as to how *The Mamas & the Papas* are connected to The Sixties psyop. *Sure*, they're spooks. But that's an understatement. Because even their friends are spooks.

Every so often somebody stumbles upon one of my papers, reads every word from beginning to end (which never ceases to amaze me), and then writes an e-mail confessional, explaining how they didn't know who Paul McCartney or so and so was, and could I elaborate on their importance a little further? If this is *you*, then we should probably first get a couple of details ironed out, hoping for better clarity. The decade is The Sixties, and *The Mamas & The Papas* had a few notable hits. Their first was 'Go Where You Wanna Go,' quickly followed by 'California Dreamin',' and then, 'Monday, Monday,' in that order. There are others, but already the point has been made. They were hit makers until, quite suddenly, they weren't. If you were born anytime during or after the Apollo missions, then you would have had to dial into the local oldies radio station in order to hear them. Los Angeles County, where I was raised, had K-Earth 101.

Beginning in 1966, *The Mamas and The Papas* released four albums and then disbanded in as little as three years—a short run. The name of their third album was "The Mamas & The Papas *Deliver*," emphasis is my own, because that is simply not true, since only their first album, "If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears," delivered. Hence, the short run. Come to think of it, The Sixties were short lived, but that is not to say the foursome, along with their spook friends, didn't play a major role in spreading the emerging youth-counterculture across America and the world.

And now for some name drops.

Papa **John Phillips**. Papa **Denny Doherty**. Mama **Cass Elliot**. And Mama **Michelle Phillips**, *aka* Holly Gilliam. By the time I am through, you will hopefully have little trouble transplanting the words *Mama* and *Papa* for *Agent*.

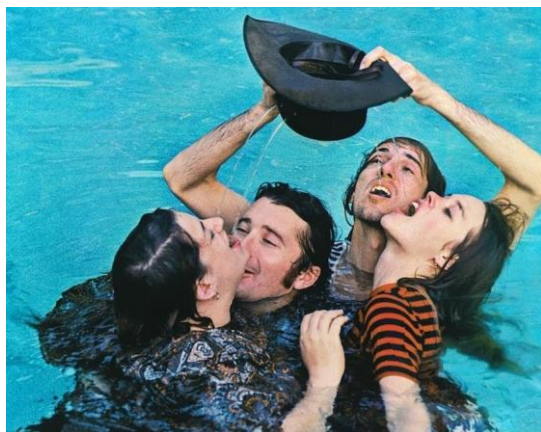


## The Wolf King of L.A.

EVERYTHING I AM about to *say* about Papa John Phillips can best be described by the *above* picture. Take a *second* look. Observe how Papa seems to caress Michelle's hair while simultaneously throttling her neck. Mama looks away in submission. It's like two shades of sexual in one frame. He has taken off his glasses, albeit square lenses, and shown you the *true* face behind the transistor radio. There is no mistaking it. Papa is a pimp and Mama is *yours* for the taking, but only *if* you're invited to the inner-circle.

Fingering every person who's bedded with Michelle is like identifying a who's-*who* in the spook world. Think I'm being unfair? We shall turn to Michelle repeatedly for the remainder of this book, because Phillips was described by those who knew him, and in no uncertain terms, as a pimp and a controller. **Lou Adler**, producer and manager for *The Mamas and The Papas*, said: "John was the *ultimate* controller." Emphasis is once again my own. While Mama Michelle said that John's third wife, **Genevieve Waite**, "was practically his slave." Michelle knew the title, and she wore it well.

Another picture which you'll want to revisit sits at the very top of *this* chapter. *Go ahead.* Flip the page and study it closely. You'll see *The Mamas and The Papas* lounging around inside a Southern California pool with all of their clothes on, because that was apparently their idea all along while *California Dreamin'* from afar. But look *closer*. Papa John Phillips is in the center ring. Appropriate for *two* reasons. Phillips' original name for the group was the occult-based *Magic Circle*, and secondly, Phillips was unquestionably their ring master. Only he is inside the magic circle. Everyone else latches on.



The *next* picture I'll ask you to study derives from the same photo-shoot and can be seen right *here*. Everyone is drinking water out of a hat—Papa John's hat. The hat only has four holes in it, which means nobody drinks except they first be preordained by Papa. It is Papa John who is feeding them.

Papa John had a name for himself. The Wolf King of L.A. He *also* has a biography. Let's get to it then.

On August 30, 1935, John Phillips was born in Parris Island, South Carolina, to a *retired* United States Marine Corps officer. These bios often begin this way. Retired. *Sure*, John Phillips may have been the child of an intelligence agent, but Captain **Claude Andrew Phillips** “was retired”—see what I mean? It's easy to fudge those little details. Throw the man a retirement party and then send him “on vacation” to Haiti, if you get my drift. Meanwhile, John's mother **Dene Phillips** worked most of her life for the federal government in an unspecified capacity, leaving John to attend a series of elite military prep schools in the Washington DC area, specifically **Alexandria**, all of which culminated in an appointment to the prestigious US Naval Academy at Annapolis. Carrying on the family business, *hmmm?*

Time and again we see these Sixties rock *gods* rising as a phoenix from the ashes of the Corporate United States military complex or Intelligence communities. If you pull a fact-check and then hang your hat on Phillips having dropped out of the Academy after his freshman year, then explain why one of his first gigs was working on a fishing charter boat.



*Hold on*, I'm not through yet.

The crew consisted of a “retired” Navy officer and four “retired” Army generals, and *also* a Naval Academy drop out. We shall see these sorts of discrete episodes repeatedly throughout Phillips’ career. But if that doesn’t impress you, then you will have to explain how Phillips ended up in Havana, Cuba in 1958, just as the Batista regime was about to fall to the revolutionary forces of **Fidel Castro**. *Officially*, John claims he was there merely as a concerned private citizen with the intention of “fighting for Castro,” just as the fishing charter boat consisted of retired military personnel. *Sure*. We often see Intel parents pimping out their children, as is the case with **Jim Morrison**, but rarely do we see private citizens traveling abroad to thwart CIA operations. *Also*, while taking up Castro’s cause, Phillips recalled how he was “once whisked off the street by a director, straight into a TV studio to appear on a live Havana variety show.” Let’s go with that.

Clearly, agent Phillips had a *thing* for Cuba because, only a few years later, he found himself alongside Naval Air Station Jacksonville and Naval Station Mayport for “two weeks of rest and rehearsal” in 1962, which just so happened to coincide with the Cuban Missile Crisis. This incident occurred one year after Phillips had met and bedded with 16-year-old Michelle Phillips, his second wife. Like many *pimps* in his generation, The Sixties were finally upon us, and Agent Phillips had turned his attention

away from international espionage to recording studios, communes, and music festivals.

Think I'm *still* being unfair? Nobody is otherwise capable of explaining who financed *The Mamas and The Papas* on their drug-fueled Caribbean adventure, where the band formed. Papa John described their first stop at St. Johns in terms of snorkeling on acid for several weeks. They then ferried over to St. Thomas, setting up shop at a dive beachfront boardinghouse. It is there where Mama Cass Elliott, aka Ellen Naomi **Cohen**, enters the narrative. Mama Cass and Papa John Phillip's nephew arrived together, being childhood friends, but it gets better. Mama Cass and Papa John had attended the *same* George Washington High School, having both grown up in **Alexandria**.

The group next arrived at the famed Creeque Alley, where they apparently opened up a commune and simultaneously wrote an entire album's worth of material—their *only* iconic and lasting material. Place a Buzz Aldrin moon landing flag right *there*, because as we have already seen in my last book, *The Hidden Hand of Camelot*, Jim Morrison had already written his catalogue of music before arriving on the world stage as a fully emerged sex rock god. The defining difference is that Morrison could not read nor write music, and therefore had no way of communicating to his fellow band mates how to play or record them. At least Mama Cass could *sing*.

In his autobiography, *Papa John*, Phillips quotes Papa Denny as saying that everyone in the counterculture music scene was “evolving toward the same sound at the same time without really communicating with each other about it.” Sure. *Mm-hmm*. That's probably it.

Already, I'm getting ahead of myself, because right about when John Phillips dropped out of the Naval Academy to charter a fishing boat, he *also* married **Susan Adams**. If the surname sounds familiar to you, it's because Susan Adams is a *direct* descendant of President **John Adams**. I could not find an easily accessed photo of her online, so we shall have to settle upon John and Susie's daughter, **Laura Mackenzie Phillips**, who was born on November 10, 1959, and in **Alexandria**, Virginia, of all places.



In turn, this makes Papa John's children direct descendants of two presidents, both of whom were 2nd and 3rd great-grandsons of Mayflower passengers **John Alden** and **Priscilla Mullins** (the Windsor-Bush line can be traced to the Mayflower through passengers **John Howland** and **Elizabeth Tilley**), but ultimately of **Charlemagne** and **King John**. Mackenzie was also close kin to **Dick Van Dyke** and buxom blond bombshell **Raquel Welch**—because they're all related. Papa John and **Grace Slick** of *Jefferson Airplane* were not so distant cousins. Their first child, **John Phillips**, was born on December 13, 1957—a Friday. John set out for Cuba immediately thereafter. *Now* we are caught up again.



It's not like John Phillips stumbled straight out of the Academy and into a trailer park. Aside from her blue-blood lineage, Susie's father, **James Adams Jr.**, had been involved in what she personally described as "cloak-and-dagger stuff with the Air Force in Vienna." *Intelligence*. Put this in slightly other terms, James Adams Jr. was a *spook*. We are furthermore given no indication that Susie ran off with an Intel drop out. Contrarily, all indications steer us towards a woman who had both eyes pressed upon a career in line with her father's work, and Papa John Phillips has a part to play in that. After Papa bedded with 16-year-old Michelle, John and Susie divorced. But I'll go out on a limb here and suggest that this was all a part of the operation. Susie found employment at the Pentagon right alongside John Phillips' older sister, **Rosie**, where they dutifully worked for some three decades—which takes us right up to the September 11 hoax and false flag event.

You may recognize Mackenzie Phillips from *American Graffiti*. In 2009, Mackenzie told **Oprah Winfrey** that her father had injected her with cocaine when she was 11 years old. This would put us somewhere around

1970. During that same interview, she furthermore claimed that, at the age of 19, John raped her on the night before her first wedding in 1979. “I woke up that night from a blackout to find myself having sex with my own father.”

When she confronted John months later, her father simply replied, “Raped you? Don’t you mean we made love?”

What followed was a decade-long sexual relationship with her father, all of which was reportedly consensual. She described their intercourse as “a sort of Stockholm syndrome, where you begin to love your captor.” The incest ended after Mackenzie became pregnant and subsequently had an abortion, which her father paid for.



Take another look at Mama Michelle, *aka* Holly Gilliam. In practically every picture I can find of her, the woman who married Papa John Phillips at 16 years of age looks like she was passed around *a lot*. Her eyes are telling. This is likely due to the fact that Papa Phillips did just that. He passed her around to practically everyone *but* Papa Denny Doherty. That certainly didn’t stop Papa Denny from bedding with her. It just means that—as the *official* narrative goes—Papa John never pimped Mama Michelle out to Papa Denny.

Consider the following men who bedded with Mama Michelle. **Jack Nicholson**. *Spook*. **Dennis Hopper**. *Spook*. **Warren Beatty**. *Spook*. Roman Polanski. *Spook*. **Gene Clark** (of *The Byrds*). *Spook*. Come to think of it, Mama Michelle was *only* passed around among spooks.

## Lady of the Canyon

I WILL remind you that John Phillips “dropped out” from the Naval Academy. That was probably just a cover. We’ve seen this happen before. In an upcoming chapter on Woodstock, you will read my investigation into the festival’s co-founder, **Artie**



**Kornfeld**. *Same* story. The Brooklyn-born **Joo** attended American University in Washington D.C., a career center for **CIA** recruiting, reportedly to study pre-law. It was *there* where Kornfeld and Cass became cafeteria singing buddies. In short time, Kornfeld dropped out. Why? You shall have to wait a little longer. The point of mentioning Kornfeld was to whet your appetite. Now read on.

Because really, the subject of this chapter *includes* the friends and associates of *The Mamas and The Papas*, one of which is **Charlie Manson**. I was initially suspicious of Mama Cass while digging into my Woodstock article, but the ultimate tip-off came when learning that Manson personally attended John and Michelle Phillip’s New Year’s Eve party on December 31, 1968, just months before the summer of *Helter Skelter*. Actually, the Family’s iconic bus had been seen parked at their home earlier in the fall.

Laurel Canyon *spooks* needed a place to congregate, and the home of Mama Cass was their meeting point. *Rolling Stone* noted that “Mama Cass

Elliot's cozy canyon house functioned as a sort of rock salon." Other journalists report that it was always unlocked—a 24-hour open house, bustling with musician activity. **David Crosby**, whom I suspect as being groomed for a potential leading role in the person we now know as Manson, made the house of Mama Cass his habitual hangout. If you think visits from Manson is odd, then you'll want to take note of the fact that Mama Cass lived just across the road from the house at 2774 **Woodstock** Road, occupied at the time by **Abigail Folger** and **Wojciech Frykowski**. There it is *again*, Woodstock. In turn, Folger and Frykowski were murdered right alongside Sharon Tate and **Jay Sebring**, *and* in the house of Roman Polanski, whom Mama Michelle was sleeping with. *Small world*.



And *now* it is time to become better acquainted with *this* friendly looking fellow. **Pic Dawson** was the son of a **US State Department official** who, according to John Phillips, was suspected by authorities “of using diplomatic pouches to move drugs between countries.” Dawson, though I imagine everybody called him *Pic*, was a regular dealer at Mama Cass’ home, but *also* at the 2774 Woodstock Road home of Folger and Frykowski, *as well* as the house on 10050 Cielo Drive, occupied *first* by **Terry Melcher** and

actress **Candice Bergen**, until it wasn't occupied by them, at which time Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in.



The rest is history.

If we scan out on our photo of Pic, we can see the same scene but with a better picture of Dawson's friends. Mama Cass Elliot is one of them. Is that a unibrow? I think it is. The scene is the *Whiskey-a-Go-*

Go. How can I tell? I used all of my detective skills to magnify the paper napkin under the glass. Apparently, Pic was the sort of drug dealer that everybody wanted to take out to dinner.

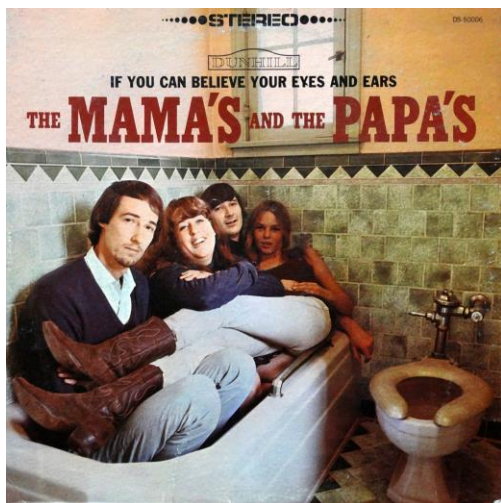
A *second* drug dealer worth mentioning was a guy named **Billy Doyle**.

Just about everybody in the Canyon knew about Billy. After the marriage between Papa John and Mama Michelle dissolved, Michelle tried her hand at marriage with Dennis Hopper, another backstage player in the Manson murders and friend with fellow *spooks* Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty. By the way, Mama Cass' home had previously been owned by **Natalie Wood**. *Follow* the dots. A decade earlier, Wood had starred in *Rebel Without a Cause* alongside **James Dean**, who soon thereafter died in a “car wreck.” In turn, Dean had been good friends with Hopper, and Wood eventually “drowned” just off Santa Catalina—more mysterious causes. In turn, Hopper claimed Billy Doyle was filmed while being flogged at the 10050 Cielo Drive Tate-Polanski house just three days before the murders, but that's all theater. And speaking of *theater*, their marriage only lasted eight nights. After exchanging vows on Halloween, 1970, Michelle claimed that Hopper kept her handcuffed and imprisoned for a week while making “unnatural sexual demands,” and promptly filed for divorce. Their eight-day marriage coincided with Michelle's breakout into acting, *via* bedding with Nicholson, and for the most part, her career was a success.

A *third* dealer was **Bill Mentzer**. He would later be convicted of the “brutal murder” of Cotton Club producer **Roy Radin**, a crime which I confess I know practically nothing about and have yet to look into. **EDIT:** I did a little more digging and a group called The Process Church of the Final Judgement, which is claimed to have deep ties to the Manson, Son of Sam, and Cotton Club murders, showed up at Mama Cass' door too. *Mm-hmm*. The CIA has all sorts of ridiculous little side projects with silly names like The Church of Satan. I'm willing to bet The Process Church of the Final Judgement, like **Jim Jones**, is another one—albeit MI6.

We will talk more about Folger and Frykowski in my follow-up chapters dealing with the Manson murders, as well as Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski, *obviously*, but for now I feel it is important to cover the drug dealers. *Sure*, they dealt drugs, but they're all a sloppily written plot point

to a fictional horror movie. Four of the LAPD's initial prime suspects in the Tate killings were drug dealers associated with Mama Cass Elliot. The LAPD described Mentzer as a member of "some kind of hit squad" or whatever. They were very quickly dropped from the narrative, but not before America was embellished with the manufactured drama and Roman Polanski traded director duties in order to play the character, Polanski, P.I., thereby fumbling his way through dens of iniquity in search of his wife's murderer, even going so far as to offer to pay **Bruce Lee** for a new pair of prescription glasses, hoping to match his with the killers. *No*, I am not making this up. You are already receiving a preview of what is to come, and it's all a movie.



## The Art of The Mamas & The Papas

*THE MAMAS and The Papas* very first LP had something to do with a bathtub and a toilet for a cover. If you visited a record shop in 1966 and happened upon a first edition, then you will likely agree that this is how they were

introduced to the world. It has the distinction of being the very first album to feature a toilet, which was quickly declared indecent and cropped over. *The Rolling Stones* would up the ante on upcoming albums, but *The Mamas and The Papas* set the standard for bathroom photography. You will have a better understanding of what I'm talking about if you read my paper on **Jackson Pollock**.

They sang *go where you wanna go and do what you wanna do*, and here we can clearly see that they're making an example of it. The Mamas and The Papas came all this way from the Caribbean, westbound, to hang out in a Southern California bathroom. And much like the pool, with all of their clothes on. Probably for the acoustics. Or perhaps because they needed

to clog the pipes with cocaine at the drop of a hat. Who really knows? And *also*, because clothing and reverse psychology plays a part in much of their imagery.

The photographer was none other than **Guy Webster**, who provided pictures for the cover of *The Byrds*, *The Rolling Stones*, *Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band*, *Paul Revere & The Raiders*, *Simon & Garfunkel*, Tim Buckley, and Nico. But unlike his other covers, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears* doesn't scream Webster. It has all the markings of Papa John Phillips.

Once again, we see Papa John in control of the meeting and Mama Michelle getting passed around to everyone.

Hopefully, you are finally beginning to understand what *Rolling Stone* writer **Rob Sheffield** meant when he remarked, "The Mamas and The Papas celebrated all the sin and sleaze of Sixties L.A. with folksy harmonies, acoustic guitars, and songs that told inquiring minds way more than they wanted to know. And on their January 1966 debut, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears*, they somehow made it all sound groovy." Hook, line, and sinker. The Charlie Manson Intel project drew people in through pimps and handlers, but with the promise of enlightenment.

*Why* am I not surprised to learn that Papa John Phillips and Papa Denny Doherty were invited to the Cielo Drive home on the night of the murders? During a 1990 interview, John Phillips told **Bob Costas** that **Wojciech Frykowski** showed up at his door *three* days in a row, starting in the whereabouts of August 5, 1969. *Of course*, he did. When Frykowski asked if he could come in, Phillips refused him entry. Frykowski returned on the following day. And then again. He was refused admittance on the *third* day—August 8. Frykowski then returned to Polanski's house, where Phillips was invited later that evening.