

AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

I am the lone surviving witness.

Such is my destiny. This, over time, I have come to accept. But what I cannot accept, must never accept, is for the truth to remain buried. Thus does my conscience demand.

In this book I'll touch upon the specific event to which I was a regrettable witness; I shall also share with you my knowledge of the covert machinations that transpired afterwards. My story, if I can call it that, is in fact a series of tightly guarded events. For almost four decades now this arcane secret has been steadfastly safeguarded. We are a fraternal order, you see, we of the Beatles' circle, an apostolic group of divergent yet committed personalities. For me to break rank shall be considered a betrayal to all that is sacrosanct. For more than a quarter century I have been the most ardent and loyal of disciples; my allegiance has never been questioned, my reliability beyond reproach. While others have openly threatened to divulge our secret or inadvertently given insight, I have never so much as implied that there was subterfuge of any kind.

Keeping the secret has not been easy, but I have succeeded. It was my sworn duty, you see, and I could not have done otherwise. I gave my word to John Lennon and, true to my word, all these years I have kept my mouth shut. I have adroitly hidden from the zealots who invaded my privacy, who knew something was up and could not rest until they uncovered the truth being hid from them. So too have I avoided the determined sleuths who never tired of making inquiries and investigating leads, both actual and false. How many times have they come close, these seekers of truth? More often than even *they* realize. Far more often. And yet, each time the truth managed to elude them.

But now, finally, I have made the decision to speak, and the truth shall be denied them no more. Here I present for them - nay, for everyone - the prize that's been so steadfastly searched for. I, Jerome Wallerstein, being of sound mind if not body, of my own free will shall herein reveal details of a grand conspiracy. No one shall wrest the story from my grasp, nor steal it, nor sell it, nor claim it as their own. No one shall hide the truth from those to whom it really belongs, nor alter it in any way. No one shall sanitize the truth for history, nor abuse it by presenting a mitigated version to future generations.

Though as promised I shall reveal the details in the pages to follow, for those of you with little patience in brief here is what transpired: Paul McCartney, the

world renown musical genius and trend-setting pop star of Beatle fame, died in a car crash in 1966. A concerted and clandestine campaign to divert attention from the matter was immediately undertaken; no one peripherally in The Beatles' employ was authorized to speak a word of it. The facts surrounding it were tightly guarded, the details obsessively concealed or obscured.

McCartney's was a horrific car accident, to which I was an unfortunate witness. Rather, more precisely, I was witness to the revolting and immediate aftermath, I should say. Straight away McCartney's death was covered-up, for reasons I can only conjecture (and do so later). The truth was immediately buried in a frenzied yet amazingly well coordinated subterfuge, the likes of which envy the most cunning of those ever undertaken by the American CIA. Rumours of McCartney's death were intentionally leaked, but for years they were rendered ineffectual by an organized stratagem of brilliant counter-intelligence and devious mis-information, orchestrated by the remaining Beatles and their loyal retinue. I was but one devoted apostle among the many in this faithful entourage, yet well versed in responding to media inquiries.

Before reading on, I feel compelled to give full disclosure so as not to appear self-aggrandizing or obsequious. I state here and now, for the record, that I do not know precisely why they chose to replace Paul McCartney with Mr. William Campbell (more commonly known as Billy Shears), nor do I know what individual, or group of individuals, made the decision to do this. Although I bore witness to a great deal of activity related to the cover-up, these two aspects remain outside my realm of absolute knowledge, and I can only conjecture based on what I know. I shall share with you what I observed, and allow you to draw your own conclusions.

Having provided that caveat, please note that there is a great deal more to Paul McCartney's death, and the subsequent conspiracy, than meets the eye. Far, far more. Indeed, what I have to share with you goes leagues beyond the horrible episode itself, though few events shall ever transcend the tragic loss of this man.

Paul McCartney was certainly one of the 20th century's most celebrated musicians. His tragic death in 1966, had it not been so adroitly covered up, would have represented *the* signature event for an entire generation; as it was, that generation - my generation - is left with little more than a handful of snapshot moments of iconic import, a bloody and senseless war, and series of politically motivated assassinations. Yes, this is our legacy, we the children of the 1960's.



I know I have nothing to be ashamed of, that I need no longer "carry that weight", to coin their phrase. I've honorably done my share. I've honorably played my part. I've honorably covered for them. Indeed, I've been nothing *but* honorable, every step of the way, and I am now torn up inside. Quite frankly, I've done far *more* than my share, at the expense of my health and peace of mind. Besides, most everyone who was involved is now dead and buried and even their families don't care anymore - why should I?

I know you are interested in celebrity, so fear not; this tome shall not be about me. I understand you crave the mystery and intrigue of the grand conspiracy. Most everyone would, of course; this is only natural. We are curious creatures, after all, and need conundrums such as these to occupy our pathetic imaginations. I know full well that it is *The Beatles'* involvement in this adventure that people are interested in, not my own. That's as it should be. I am not so vain as to think there is any other reason for people to take interest in my little tale.

When I made it known to a celebrated acquaintance of mine that I was ready to break my silence, that I was finally prepared to unburden my heavy soul, he contacted the good people at this publishing company. Why? Oh, I imagine he gets a handsome cut of the publishing royalties, or that in some roundabout way he'll end up profiting from the venture; such is his nature. And I don't begrudge him that. At this stage of my life I don't particularly care *what* others do. My only concern is that the truth be shared.

He certainly did get the word out. Within days of my offer to divulge the story, my phone started ringing incessantly; the good people from Evening Star Publishing wanted to talk to me, and were bound and determined to meet face to face. I had never met any of them previously and did not care to know any of them now. These were people who had too much charm to be trusted. These were people who thought they were somehow special, people who couldn't resist telling me how much Paul McCartney, or The Beatles, or even "the sixties" itself, meant to them. These are people whom had romanticized years gone by. These are the people with whom I agreed to publish my book.

My acquaintance assured me that of all the publishing companies in the known world, this one would be the most sensitive to my needs, the most in tune with my story. Evening Star Publishing would "provide my story with the treatment it deserved"; his words, not mine.

Trying to buy myself time to organize my thoughts, I let it be known that I intended to be as discriminating as possible. Within hours, offers of riches came pouring in; enticing proposals, with side-agreements appended to each oh so surreptitiously. One person even offered me the use of his spacious and beautiful home, a stately mansion nestled high upon the cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

Nancy was the one who ultimately convinced me to hand my book over to Evening Star Publishing. She worked for the obscure firm and, as she helped me to realize, there *is* something appealing about this "no-name outfit" scooping the mega-firms of London and New York. It appeals to my iconoclastic sensibilities, so familiar to me during a youthful and regrettably short-lived period of social activism – a period long-since buried.

I knew straight away that it wasn't *me* in whom they were interested but rather only that which I had to tell them - about Paul McCartney, about the cover-up, about anything Beatles-related. Before releasing the rights, though, I did secure a worthwhile agreement; specifically, I am allowed my own voice. I'll tell my tale my way, in my own fashion, at my own leisure. Ours is a symbiotic relationship, Evening Star Publishing and mine, cemented by the knowledge that each party has its own agenda.

As I read back on what I've written I see I've made a fine mess of the opportunity, talking on about things other than The Beatles. Rubbish.

I originally intended to discuss how difficult it's been keeping this god-awful secret to myself, how tormented and guilty I am by years of dishonesty and subterfuge. I accede to the fact that you the reader aren't interested in me either, however, and so shall spare you my personal hell. I will speak just this once to the suffering I contend with. Afterwards, I'll organize events into "chapters", and try to bring some semblance of cohesion to my story. Bear with me.

Paul McCartney's death has been cast as some sort of clever "who done it" by the media, portrayed alternately as a macabre relief from the boredom of being a Beatle and a clever marketing tool designed to sell records. Most contend that The Beatles had nothing whatsoever to do with the "hoax", claiming that a DJ out of Detroit came up with the fanciful notion late one night, and that the fateful broadcast was responsible for starting an avalanche of publicity and clue searching.

To which I say: bollocks!

If you *really* want to know what happened, read this book. I'll answer all the questions that have been put to me and to others, as well as some that haven't; piss on the ramifications. I shall be dead in short order, you see, as I have been diagnosed with terminal cancer, and so I either speak now or forever keep my peace.

Keep my peace. I can't help but chuckle at the irony of that expression, as I have not been at peace for...well, for many years now. Although I am finally reconciled to the role I originally played, admittedly I have not been at peace with my silence. Therefore, as I gaze with frank clarity at my impending demise, I know I have no option.

Let us not delude ourselves. In our lifetime alone there have been many more conspiracies of greater import. But the point of this book is not to rate this particular cover-up on a scale of one to ten, nor to compare or contrast it with any other conspiracy. The point is to share my story before I succumb to cancer; otherwise, it shall never be told, and I believe it's important to have it heard. If I'm supremely fortunate, the book may provide insight to those who care.

To be completely honest, I desire to unburden my heavy heart, and to live my final days in peace.



Paul McCartney's death was horribly gruesome, and the accident scene itself was one of the most revolting and nauseating sights one could possibly imagine. Not only did shards of glass slice and mutilate his upper torso, but the force of the impact - combined with unrestrained projectiles of metal - resulted in his virtual decapitation. For anyone who has ever witnessed a horror of this magnitude, you know the ghastly sight shall forever haunt you. Blood collected in the reservoir-like shell of the automobile, more blood than I had thought the body held in reserve. I still grow nauseous when I visualize the scene.

Imagine a large and regal animal - an elk, perhaps - the noble patriarch of a proud herd. Balanced high upon a cliff, the stately creature surveys its domain as the evening sun casts a faint shadow on distant rocks. Resplendent in all its glory, the animal revels in its oneness with the world, basking in its rightful place among all the creatures of this earth. Serenely unaware, the magnificent creature is one with the moment as a stealthy and silent assassin stalks his oblivious victim. Creeping up, the killer takes aim before swiftly slashing a cold

and lethal machete through the flesh of its neck. The animal is felled with a single stroke; no emotion, no remorse, no after-thought.

Thus was Paul McCartney's death.

Death struck swiftly, as swift as any thief, and then it was over. It was all over. But I? I am left with a vision of carnage that continues to haunt me. When I happened upon the scene, though the body lay struggling, Paul McCartney himself – the essence that *was* Paul McCartney – was already gone. In his place lay an inanimate object, convulsing in fits, waging an instinctive and spontaneous yet completely futile struggle against death. I stood transfixed as death took mortification one step further, mocking the sanctity of life by causing this blessed prodigy's blood to spurt forth in an ever weakening rhythmic beat. The musician suffers no greater indignity than to have the rhythm of his heart fade against his wishes. As tears dripped to my chin and my throat constricted, I stood mute, completely helpless to alter the events as they unfolded. There before me lay the now motionless, lifeless, mangled torso of the once vibrant and dynamic creature we knew as Paul McCartney. In all it took mere moments, yet still today replays itself over and over in agonizingly slow motion.

My nightmares, I suppose, are not unlike those suffered by many hundreds of thousands of war veterans; like them, I have seen first-hand, in the surreal flash of a moment, an acquaintance's very existence ripped from his body. For those who have never witnessed such a thing, I say count your blessings; your nightmares are not so troubled as you may imagine.

Believe me, the images of the crash scene, so vividly replayed in my mind to this very day, shall never cease. For more than three decades they have haunted me, incessantly and without mercy; indeed, I have come to accept them as a part of my mortal coil. Yet despite my repulsion, my mind demands I revisit the events; from the crash scene to the frantic scramble to cover it up, from the lies we told afterward to the macabre toying with the event to satisfy these artists.



You've heard of Mal Evans. You've heard of Neil Aspinall. Hell, you've even heard of Alf Bicknell, The Beatles' chauffeur, but you've never heard of me. Why is that? Because I was kept a secret, along with so many other "Personal Assistants" in their employ. In point of fact, I was The Beatles' primary "drug dealer", so to speak, though I certainly never thought of myself in those terms.

I do not, however, come before you to make my name known; rather, I come before you to offer my confession. Not a confession for sins perpetrated with respect to the drugs, mind you, but for my role in the entire conspiracy to obscure the truth. And let us be clear – though I confess my role, I do *not* ask your *forgiveness*. Frankly, I don't give a damn how you view me. The moment I pass away, your verdict shall fall to the wind. Rather, I seek only to relieve my troubled conscience, to set the blessed truth free.

Understand, it is not easy for me to divulge this information. And when I reveal the details in the pages to follow, I know my betrayal shall shatter the confidence of many, many people. I also know that for this treachery I shall be judged harshly, for which I am fully prepared, and *to* which I reply: to hell with that. I shall not be lowered into my grave a prisoner.

For years I have been completely guilt-ridden by my role in the whole charade. I have struggled to understand myself, making many a therapist rich in the process, only to learn that I had simply sought freedom. I always knew I was in over my head, certainly I did, yet I could see no escape. But now, through my death sentence, the good Lord has given me my out. My “betrayal”, if you will, paves the way to an ignoble exit to be sure, but provides the long-sought freedom nonetheless. My confession shall assuage my guilt and bring me some small measure of relief. Indeed, merely embarking on this process has enabled me to feel cleansed. Cleansed and honest.

I have stopped and started, stopped and re-started this book dozens of times. Unglamorous as it may appear, the volume of pages you now read had its humble origins as random notes logged in a dog-eared, coffee-stained notebook; this was yonks ago, way back in 1964. I see it as a wayward child, this book of mine, now grown to adulthood. Only time knew what fate held in store for my notes. Only time revealed, when it was good and ready, what their ultimate metamorphosed state was to be. Interestingly enough, the Beatles' drug inventory comprised the bulk of the notebook, and it was really thence from which the rest of this book sprang.

The Beatles' consumption of drugs was quite prodigious, especially Lennon's and Harrison's. The truth of the matter, though, is that *my* consumption was every bit as prodigious as theirs, as was the consumption by most of our friends and associates. And we all made it through splendidly; most of us did, that is. It could be argued that those who didn't weren't meant to anyway.

To modern audiences our drug use seems foolhardy and illicit. What most fail to understand however is that doing drugs was for us far more than a recreational pastime; although it did serve as the core activity of our social circle, in point of

fact it was a tool to personal examination. Each generation has its prophets, and many of us who opened our hearts through the use of drugs were rewarded with insight and growth. The enlightenment we gained was no different from, and certainly every bit as illuminating as, that achieved through other institutions. I believed it then and I believe it now. And so our search for the source, with drugs as our consort, was conducted recreationally, but with a serious intent. I liken it to this; a jogger exercises recreationally, but with the serious intent of achieving physical fitness. We ingested drugs recreationally, but with the serious intent of achieving metaphysical fitness. At the risk of sounding an old buffer, it was a different time, with a different mindset. Also, the drugs themselves were actually different from today. Better. Much cleaner.

Returning now to my story...

I have edited and worked around parts of this book so as to give it greater cohesion. I have transcribed contemporaneous notes and other literary ramblings, as well as some tape recordings that came into my possession. Evening Star's editor tells me that it's still a bit of a hodge-podge, and that it needs to be cleaned up before it is fit for publication. But I've never aspired to be another Nabokov, and I'm of the belief that people aren't looking for that from me anyway - they just want behind-the-scenes Beatles dirt. And thus shall I give them - in my own fashion. Warts 'n all.