

Black Dahlia Avenger

Chapter 15 Pages 183-4

The Los Angeles Hotel, 1969

About two years after the Mamas and the Papas concert, Dad saw Tamar again in Los Angeles when he was making one of his business trips through town from Manila. Tamar was pregnant when Dad took her to lunch at one of the Beverly Hills hotels. As they were walking through the lobby, George suddenly stopped and pointed to a design on the carpet. He asked Tamar, "What does that remind you of?" She looked at the carpet and said, "I don't know, some kind of flower or something. Maybe rhododendrons?" George said, "No," and pointed around the edges with his finger. Then he said, "No, look again, it's a vagina and lips." He said, "They are nether lips." Then he stomped hard on the design and he said, "Did that hurt?" "God," Tamar told me, "I couldn't believe it. It sent chills down my spine. 'Nether lips.' He never used that word before."

The next day, George took out Tamar's daughter, Deborah, who was then thirteen. Deborah is Tamar's second daughter, born from her marriage to folk singer Stan Wilson.

Deborah kept secret for many years what happened that night, only telling her mother about it after she had become an adult. At dinner, Deborah suddenly became groggy, attempted to stand up, and almost collapsed on the floor. As she described it to Tamar, both the waiter and George rushed to her side, Dad catching her before she fell. Dismissing the waiter, he then helped her walk out of the dining room. The next thing Deborah recalled was waking up in a hotel. She was lying on a bed, completely nude, having been undressed while she was unconscious. Her legs had been spread open, and George was taking pictures of her with a camera. Deborah was convinced she had been drugged.

Tamar was stunned at hearing her daughter's disclosure. Now, she thought, with Deborah's supportive testimony, maybe Tamar's mother would believe her. But it was not to be. "We both went to my mother and told her the story, thinking that finally it might make her believe the truth of what happened to me back at the Franklin House," Tamar told me. "Well, she didn't believe either one of us, and said she never wanted to see either of us again. She refused to believe her granddaughter just as she refused to believe her daughter." To this day, Deborah told her mother, she "still hopes that the truth about what happened to her in that hotel room with her grandfather would be believed." As for Tamar, since her truth has been buried for more than fifty years, I suspect she has by now given up all hope of ever being vindicated.



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